



CURRENT COMMENT

On Sunday, the 15th ult., the Church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, of which we spoke last week, was again filled with worshippers from the Anglican Church of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. The Tablet, of February 21, says there were certainly more people than on the previous Sunday. On the following Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings the special services arranged for non-Catholics were largely attended. Up to the present fifty persons from the former congregation of St. Michael's have come and definitely asked to be instructed with a view to being received into the Catholic Church. Many of these, of course, will bring children with them, and the latter know their catechism so well that they have very little to learn."

The High Church and Ritualistic papers are full of editorials and correspondences on this subject, and it is amusing to read their protestation that they are Catholics, coupled with their definite statements as to their use of private judgment in the question at issue. The Guardian says in its first leading article: "The principal point on which Mr. Evans came into conflict with the Bishop was the invocation of the Saints. He claimed the right not only to teach that Invocation is a legitimate element in private devotions, but to introduce it into the public worship of the Church. Legally, his case was a hopeless one, but so much importance did he attach to the practice that, rather than allow his congregation to be deprived of this spiritual privilege, he was willing to resign his benefice. How far he felt the practice to be in itself absolutely essential to the religious life of his people, and how far he was actuated by the desire to maintain it as a Catholic custom which a National Church has no right to abandon, we are unable to say. We suspect, however, that with him and some of his sympathizers the latter reason is stronger than the former; but, be that as it may, Mr. Evans made a definite claim for the recognition of the practice in the Church of England, and that claim is supported by some who are very far from endorsing his course of action." These last words show that the Guardian leans towards the Invocation of the Saints as a part of public worship.

The Church Times once more affirms its critical attitude toward the Anglican Episcopate. "Correspondents accuse us of unfairness to the Bishop of London. There are some, indeed, who rebuke us for presuming to criticize him at all. For them we have a short answer. We shall not so far depart from our traditions as to treat any Bishop of Christendom as above criticism, nor shall we pander to party spirit by passing over in one Bishop what we should treat sharply in another. Rather, because we are sure that the Bishop means well, we have criticized him the more unsparingly." This curious version of Catholic obedience, according to Mr. Athelstan Riley, who writes to the same paper, is based on historical precedent, which, of course, he claims with as little proof as his assertion is sweeping. "If we are to resist Bishops successfully," he says, "when they exceed or abuse their authority, as Catholics in all ages have resisted them, surely we should render the most scrupulous obedience when they exercise their

authority lawfully." Of this lawfulness, on Mr. Riley's view, the flock, not the shepherd, is the proper judge. His position is summed up in the following words: "To priests who call on us to be Catholics outside the Church of England, and to Bishops who bid us be Protestants within, we have but one answer to give. Gently, but most firmly, we say, as Catholics we and our children have lived within the Church of England; as Catholics, please God, we will die." The Anglicans under instruction at St. Mary's, Moorfields, have a keener sense of humor than Mr. Athelstan Riley.

An article by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the famous evolutionist, in the March "Fortnightly Review," has been deemed sufficiently important to be cabled, in substance, across the Atlantic. The eminent writer's subject is "Man's Place in the Universe," and his contention is, first, that the earth of our solar system is the physical centre of the universe; and secondly, that the supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of a living soul in the perishable body of man." This does away, at one stroke, with the objection too common among superficial sceptics. Supposing, without any warrant, however, as we shall see, that the universe is infinite in extent, they are pleased to point out the unreasonableness of believing that the Creator of all this unimaginable vastness of suns and systems should have any special interest in so pitiful a creature as man, a degraded or imperfectly developed inhabitant of one of the smaller planets attached to a third or fifth rate sun, while that God should have selected this obscure globe for a scene so tremendous and so necessarily unique as the sacrifice of His own Son in order to save a portion of these miserable sinners from the natural consequences of their sins, is, in their view, a crowning absurdity, too incredible to be believed by any rational being.

Here the cable despatch says, whether quoting or not Dr. Wallace's words, we cannot tell: "It must be confessed that the theologians have had no adequate reply to this rude attack, while many of them, having felt their position to be untenable, have renounced the idea of a special revelation and a supreme Saviour for the exclusive benefit of so minute and insignificant a speck in this immense universe." Veritable men of straw must these theologians be who cannot give an adequate reply to so threadbare an objection. The sceptics who make it are careful never to read the only philosophic replies, those given over and over again by Catholic philosophers, and so, in their blind ignorance, they crow over the inadequate replies timidly uttered by the small fry of non-Catholic thought. The first and most obvious answer cuts the ground from under the whole objection by denying the infinity of the universe. Even if our telescopes revealed an ever-widening universe—which, as Dr. Wallace tells us, they do not—we should not, therefore, conclude that the universe has an infinite magnitude, simply because no material thing can be infinite. Infinite, according to the etymological meaning of the word is that which has no limits. But all material substances, that is to say, all bodies, whether solids, fluids or gases, must have limits. We may call them unlimited because they are so vast that we are unable to assign their limits, but they cannot be really unlimited; just as we may speak of "infinite number" and

"infinite space," although it is absurd for any one but an obfuscated disciple of Kant to think that number and space do or can exist without limit. No doubt imaginary space and ideal numbers may be conceived as unlimited, but we know very well all the while that we are dealing in imaginary, not real quantities. The universe, on the contrary, is a real and therefore a definite quantity. Even if it were a decillion times larger than we know it now, the very fact that we attempt to measure it shows that it is measurable.

To be sure this line of reasoning, which is elementary among Catholic philosophers, will not approve itself to the followers of Locke, the chief originator of the loose English understanding of the word "infinite." He maintains that we have no positive idea of anything infinite; we have only, he pretends, a negative idea of something greater than aught we can conceive. In other words, for Locke the infinite is merely the indefinite. But, being a nominalist, he mistakes words for ideas. The word "infinite" has a negative form, it means that which is not finite; therefore he argues the idea expressed by "infinite" is also purely negative. Locke's conclusion is false, for it is based on the false major premise, "All ideas expressed by negative words are negative." On the contrary, there are many negative words which express thoroughly positive ideas. Thus, when we speak of a public official who, during fifty years of service, never failed in his duty, we bestow upon him praise of the most positive kind. Tennyson's "wearing the white flower of a blameless life" shows how beautifully positive is the idea of deserving no blame. "Incorruptible," "undefiled," "inviolate," are specimens of a large class of negative words expressing very positive ideas. Yes, we have a clear idea of infinitude; but precisely because we have a clear idea of it, we cannot apply it, except by metaphor or hyperbole, to any other existing being than God.

It may be urged, however, that, although the universe be not really infinite, does not its vast size overawe us and make us deem this earth too insignificant for the unique tragedy of our Lord's death? By no means. We repeat what we said lately in refuting a similar difficulty of Mr. Mallock's: size is no criterion of greatness in the thing that is big. Doubtless size does attest the greatness of the Creator of that big thing. His infinite power, His boundless resources; but mere size is no proof that the big thing is deserving of especial reverence; otherwise we should worship giants, whales and elephants. Adaptation to intellectual and moral ends is a far better test of greatness, and in this respect astronomers have no facts on which to base the supposition that any other planet is comparable to our earth, and anthropologists have every reason to believe that man is still the only bodily being capable of intellectual and moral perfection.

Understanding, then, the word "infinite"—which Dr. Wallace uses in the ordinary loose way of inaccurate contemporary thought—to mean "indefinite," when applied to stars or any other created beings, we proceed to give the evidence he adduces, from a great body of new facts and observations within the last quarter of a century, that the earth's position in the material universe is special and probably unique. He first asks are the stars infinite in number? He points out

that with every increase in the power of telescopes until recent years there has been a proportionate increase in the number of stars visible. There are about two hundred thousand stars between the first and ninth magnitudes, the number at each lesser magnitude being about three times that of the next higher. Now, if this rate of increase continued down to the seventeenth magnitude, there would be about fourteen hundred millions visible in the best modern telescopes. Telescopic observations and photographic charts show nothing approaching this number. The latest estimate does not exceed a hundred million; that is to say, it is fourteen times less than what we expected. As telescopic instruments reach farther and farther into space, they find a continuous diminution in the number of stars, thus indicating an approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe. Dr. Wallace next considers the most striking proof of the limits of the universe, which is derived from an analysis of the laws of light. He quotes Professor Newcomb and other physicists who affirm that if the number of stars were infinite their combined light would be fully equal to the sun at midday, whereas starlight is only one-fortieth of moonlight. This proof, when taken in connection with telescopic research, Dr. Wallace regards as altogether conclusive of the limited extent of the stellar universe.

Dr. Wallace then goes on to discuss in elaborate, fascinating, and easily intelligible details the distribution of stars in space, the latest knowledge of their movements, and finally the position in the universe of our solar system. His conclusions are:

"The results so far reached by astronomers as a direct logical conclusion from the whole mass of facts accumulated by means of the powerful instruments of research which have given us the new astronomy, are that our sun is one of the central orbs of a globular star cluster, and that this star cluster occupies nearly the central position in each plane of the milky way. But I am not aware that any writer has taken the next step and, combining these two conclusions, has stated definitely that our sun is thus shown to occupy a position near, if not actually at the centre of the whole visible universe, and therefore in all probability in the centre of the whole material universe.

"This conclusion is no doubt a startling one and all kinds of objections will be made against it, yet I am not acquainted with any great inductive result of modern science that has been arrived at so gradually, so legitimately, by means of so vast a mass of precise measurement and observation and by such wholly unprejudiced workers.

"It may not be proved with minute accuracy as regards the actual mathematical centre. This is not of the least importance. But that it is substantially correct there seems to be no good reason to doubt, and I therefore hold it right and proper to have it so stated and provisionally accepted until further accumulation of evidence may show to what extent it requires modification."

Finally Dr. Wallace, having laid his foundation broad and firm, erects upon it the structure he has been preparing so carefully—"Man's Place in the Universe"; in other words, our position in the solar system itself as regards adaptability for organic life. "Here, too," he writes, "I am

not aware that all the facts have been sufficiently considered, yet they are facts that indicate our position in this respect to be as central and as unique as that of the sun in the stellar universe."

Without following him through all the cogent arguments by which he disproves the adaptability of the other planets to the development of organic life and the higher forms of intellectuality, we may be allowed to quote this pregnant passage:—

"The writers on this subject usually have been content to show that certain planets may possibly be now in a condition to support life not dissimilar to those on earth, but they have never adequately considered the precedent question could such life have been originated and developed upon these planets?"

This, Dr. Wallace considers, is the real crux of the problem, and he believes that full consideration of the required conditions will satisfy us that no other planet can fulfil them.

As to the materialistic and unphilosophic objection about the want of proportion between the creation of so vast a universe and the production and development of man, Dr. Wallace asks if there is any such want of proportion, and replies that there can be no such thing as want of proportion if the end to be reached were a great and worthy one, and if the particular mode of attaining that end were the best or perhaps even the only possible one.

His final conclusion is:—

"The startling facts that we are in the centre of a cluster of suns, and that the cluster is situated not only precisely in the plane of the Milky Way, but also centrally in that plane, can hardly now be looked upon as chance coincidences."

And he adds wisely: "Those thinkers may be right who, holding that the universe is a manifestation of mind, and that the orderly development of living souls supplies an adequate reason why such a universe should have been called into existence, believe that we ourselves are its sole and sufficient result and that nowhere else than near the central portion in the universe which we occupy could the result have been attained."

When we reflect over Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's high place in the realm of biology, when we remember how he began almost fifty years ago as an evolutionist, coordinate with, not subordinate to, Darwin, and how he afterwards took up with spiritual ideas, we feel that this luminous pronouncement of his green old age—he is now in his 82nd year—must have a most beneficial effect in dispelling many of the cloudy and unsubstantial, but specious, objections against the fitness of the Christian revelation. His facts will impress a generation that does most of its thinking with the imagination instead of the intellect.

While regretting, with all the parishioners of St. Mary's, Father Guillet's departure for Duluth, we gladly welcome the new pastor, Father Cahill. Although he cannot hope to eclipse his predecessor's success in conciliating rival nationalities, he has the natural advantage of being himself a representative of both the English-speaking and the French-speaking elements, since he is Irish on his father's side and French-Canadian on his mother's. Those who knew him when he was assistant pastor some years ago are sure that he will win his way to the reverential affection of all his flock.

Young Woman's Corner

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk through the Valley of Silence,
Down the deep voiceless valley—alone;
And I hear not the fall of a foot-step
Around me—save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where Angels have flown!

Long ago, was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago, I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the Human—and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And said, "In the world, each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is thrown on the shore of the Real
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the false with the True;
I sought mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human,
And I mourned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me: since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And above me a voice said "Be mine."
Then rose from the depth of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing
That to men, like the Dove of the Deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.
Do you ask me that place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?

It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.
—Father Ryan.

To do much work poorly, or to do little work well that is the question that the circumstances or accidents, or perhaps the plan of life, is continually forcing on us. It is in the daily routine that this question becomes very perplexing. There is so much we would like to accomplish, so much we have set our minds to accomplish, and there are so many other things occurring to interfere with our accomplishment of what we would do. Here is where our impatience shows. We are impatient of these interruptions and the interruptions have a disagreeable way of appealing to us as duties and so the worry. First we worry at the interruptions. Then we worry because we did not take up the interruptions cheerfully, as we now think it was our duty, to have done.

Take the example of the scrupulous housekeeper. She has a system. She washes Monday, irons Tuesday, bakes Wednesday, sweeps Thursday, and so on down to Saturday. Her work for each day is to be finished at a certain hour. In the midst of the washing Monday a neighbor runs in to get some help in cutting her little Jack's coat. All the time the woman with a system is secretly fretting at the delay in the washing and wondering how she can make up the lost time to get it on the line at the usual time.

There is another bad habit common among women of thinking all the time while performing one task how they are going to crowd into the day the others that they have set themselves. This habit of crowding one task into and on to another must be detrimental to good results. Many persons show the same avidity about reading. They decide to read so much every day and consider the time that must be given to chance callers—that is callers outside their day—entirely lost. What is worse they give in so entirely to this idea that instead of trying to entertain these callers or be entertained or informed by them, they let their minds dwell on the enjoyment they might have had out of their books. So by their inattentiveness, they run the risk of being dubbed 'bad mannered,' of losing a chance of learning something or some other golden chance.

The most important point is the disturbance to the peace of mind in this restlessness about doing what we have laid out for ourselves to do.

Man proposes; God disposes. The better part is to try to do for God's sake whatever comes in our way to do.

Perhaps it will not be necessary to do the task at all to-morrow that we were prevented from doing to-day.

This restlessness to accomplish much is very wearying and worrying to the associates of the restless one as well as to herself.

It is detrimental to that repose of manner that marks the lady. It is very hurtful to any depth of character. It is a plain disregard of God's ways and an entire regard of ours. It is the making of unhappiness where there might be full measure of content.

AMICA.

THE NEW RAT PORTAGE HOSPITAL.

The handsome building on the point of Tunnel Island, which was run as a young ladies' academy for some years, has been overhauled and transformed into a modern hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity of the house of Providence, Montreal. Messrs. Stevens and McKinnon, the well-known firm of builders, had the contract for remodeling the structure, and the hospital as it looked on Sunday last as the crowd of citizens trooped through it, certainly reflects credit upon the firm.

The interior has been furnished and fitted up by the Sisters, who have spared no effort to make the new hospital a model of

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twentieth century achievement. The operating room fully equipped with surgical appliances is situated in the south-east corner of the second floor with the windows facing east and south, thus ensuring abundant light.

Besides the public wards in which are arranged the spotless beds, there are several private wards furnished handsomely, yet scientifically, everything being arranged with a view to perfect hygiene and sanitation, consistent with comfort.

The citizens who visited the new hospital last Sunday took advantage of the opportunity to present the Sisters with a sum of money collected in town.—Rat Portage Miner, Feb. 24.

The sum mentioned by our contemporary is \$211, collected from persons of all denominations. The Catholic ladies of Rat Portage have already collected one hundred dollars.

PRIEST IN PROTESTANT PULPIT.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 27.—When the worshippers of the Immanuel Baptist Church (colored) of this city entered their church last night to assist in the revival incidental to the remodeling of the church, they were surprised to see Rev. Clement Thuente, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, of this city, step into the pulpit to preach the sermon.

Fr. Thuente wore the full Dominican habit. Before he began his sermon, the pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. A. C. Powell, told his congregation that the appearance of a Catholic priest in a Protestant church marked a new epoch in the Christian religion. The hymns sung by the choir were "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Rock of Ages." The priest preached on "Christ the Savior."

ST MARY'S CHURCH.

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

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

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

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

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.

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Home Column

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I love you, mother," said little Ben,
Forgetting his work, his cap went on;
He was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep."
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Selected.

IS YOUR CHILD POPULAR?

The bodily ailments of very young children often cause them to cry, and there is no denying that there are pain and disturbance in hearing them; but the accidents of illness are the exceptions to the rule of life, and even in these cases they are less annoying if habitually yielding and good when they are well; and when people prefer to go where there are no children, they are not thinking of those who are ill.

It is easier to yield than to show a child that he cannot be indulged; it is far easier to quiet a restless little spirit with a forbidden plaything than to insist on his amusing himself legitimately; but every day the mother or nurse who would grieve sincerely that any lack of care or forethought had entailed a bump or bruise, will permit him without regret to acquire habits which make him a trial wherever he goes, and which only the rod of life's hard discipline can remove.

The subtle form of selfishness which causes this lamentable result hides itself away, under many coverings, but in the end the finished work is the same: the distasteful, annoying, obnoxious child owes his condition to his mother, and she has been very cruel to him.

LET CHILDREN AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Mothers often worry their children unnecessarily by too much attention, and by continually reproving the little ones make them nervous and irritable. A child should be left alone and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without the constant direction of a nervous mother. A boy, for example, enjoys more a few simple toys and something which his own ingenuity has worked out than the most elaborate plaything which has been bought. In the same way the little girl will lavish her affections on a misshapen doll, probably made at home, while the most artistic production of the toy shop will lie in state, to be taken up on rare occasions. Keep children well, clothe them sensibly, let them understand they are to amuse themselves, and don't "fuss" them.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN CHINA.

The New York World.
The International Catholic Truth Society, through its Paris correspondent, states that highly interesting additions to the light already

possessed with regard to the beginning of Christianity recently have been found in China. These, it is claimed, result from the discovery of a monument that dates back to the first Christian ages. If we do not mistake, a writer in the Catholic University Bulletin told us much with regard to this monument last year, nevertheless the Paris writer gives an interesting account. Considering the mass of new testimony brought to light during the last two years one begins to wonder where the result of all these discoveries is going to end.

The monument, he says, bears an inscription in Syriac giving the name of the metropolitan of China under whose auspices it was erected. The Syriac text engraved on the margin says: "Patriarch from the time of the Father of Fathers, Mar Henan Jesus, Catholicos." Corresponding to this is the inscription in Chinese: "In the year of the Mester of the Law, the Seng Ning Chow, Governor of the populations of the countries of the East." On the margin of the gate to the right is the text in Syriac: "Adam, priest and choreveque and papas of Cinstan," corresponding is the inscription in Chinese, "Erected by the Seng Kingtsing."

The inscription further affirms that: "In the year 1092 of the Greeks, Mar Yezdelouze, priest and choreveque of the Royal City Koumdan, son of the Blessed Millis, priest of Balah, in the city of Tabaretan erected this stone shaft on which are written the Redemption of our Saviour and the preaching of the fathers before the King of the Chinese."

"The Seng (Ling Pao) Adam, deacon, son of the choreveque, Yezdebouze Mar Sergius, priest and choreveque. The Seng Hingtong, inspector of the prefectural police, has reared this stone. Gabriel, priest and archdeacon and chief of the Church of Roundam and of Sarag. The Seng Ys-I-suv, inspector of the prefectural police, president of the Court of Sacrifices, chief of the Monastery and Wearer of the Violet Robe."

The lists on the lateral walls include sixty-eight names of persons who, with the eight preceding, make a total of seventy-six names. All these personages are designated by the title "sing," which is equivalent to "religious" or "Bonze."

It is certain that these texts cannot allude to Mahometanism, since the inscriptions antedate the birth of the prophet by more than a hundred years. Can they allude to Mazdeism? Not in the opinion of expert archeologists who have carefully examined and compared them with the extant evidence of the creed. There is, therefore, only one plausible conclusion left: that they attest the highly interesting fact that in one of the early centuries of Christianity the faith was carried by missionaries into the depths of China, and that it was firmly rooted in the soil and received the sanction of some of the constituted government authorities of the ancient empire.

There really exists no good reason why we may not yet have still greater light cast on the time of our Lord, as Prof. Lanciani, at Rome, last year ventured to assert ultimately will take place. The papyri of Oxyrhynchus, recently exhumed, put Sappho, the Greek poet, in an entirely new character before the world, and the lately translated Book of Hamurabi showed us Babylonians of whom we never dreamed. Who knows what mass of evidence in like manner may yet await Christianity?

EDITOR.

IGNORANCE THE MOTHER OF SHAME.

The following eloquent passage was drawn from Father Yorke, of the San Francisco "Leader," by a letter of complaint against his outspoken denunciation of Stanford University, from certain cowardly Catholics who attend that thoroughly heathen institution:

"What have the Catholic students in Stanford to fear? We can well understand a young man neglecting his duty in school and church. That is a human thing. But why should he be afraid of bearing

the name of his father's faith, of registering as a Catholic. Why should he wish not to be known as a Catholic? Is there anything in Catholic teaching to be ashamed of, or in Catholic achievement? Is there anything in your race or blood that causes you to hang your head before the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon swineherds. We see appended to your letter names of the oldest races and purest blood in Europe—families whose men fought in the crusades, were pioneers of discovery, defenders of national liberty, champions of human rights, whose women were and are the models of true womanhood. Who is there in your whole University has as much right to be proud of yourselves, your people and your faith as you have? What do these others know about religion—they the half-baked agnostics of the high school, the sappy simpletons of the mourner's bench, the utter heathens of the ranches. You have been raised in the courts of the Lord. You are the heirs of nineteen centuries of Christian culture and teaching. Religion is not to you a guess or a feeling. It is a science, a certainty. To elaborate it, to defend it the greatest geniuses of our age and of every age have devoted their talents. The bravest soldiers have fought for it. The most unselfish and heroic of men have lived for it. The noblest and purest have died for it. The language you speak, the civilization you enjoy you owe to that Catholic Church whose name so many of you seem ashamed to bear.

Suppose the Catholic students of Stanford had taken up Heber Newton's attacks on their religion, and had protested either to Dr. Jordan or to Mrs. Stanford, would any one have thought the less of them? Herbert Newton himself would have had much more respect for them, and we cannot think less of Dr. Jordan or Mrs. Stanford. Suppose they had as a body refused to attend the dedication ceremonies for conscience sake, would the "surviving founder" have taken it as personal insult? We don't believe she would. The letter accuses us of being unchivalrous, but a woman is as much responsible for her acts as a man, and we have done nothing but point out that responsibility. We are convinced that Mrs. Stanford's religious plan is false in principle, and in practice is a grave danger to the University Students. The fact that she is a generous woman, does not free her from criticism nor absolve us from the duty of criticizing. As to the relation of the professors towards Catholicity, with all respect to the "Catholic students of Stanford," we beg to repeat our charge. Our evidence in particular cases is personal. We state what our eyes have seen and our ears heard. Indeed the cause of the want of courage among the Catholic students is that their religion is never thought of except to sneer at it. The Stanford professor considers not only Catholicity but all Christianity as dead and buried. It never enters into his mind that there is a Catholic philosophy, a Catholic world view. For him it is a superstition, an outworn outlived garment. Is it any wonder that the young Catholic in such an atmosphere as this considers Buddhism or Christian Science respectable in comparison with his own creed, the mother of civilization?

As to the charge that things are as bad at Berkeley, even if they are two wrongs don't make a right, and we can deal with Berkeley in its own season. As to the satisfactory explanation of the absence of Catholic literature from the library we have our doubts. The University is founded on a principle which of its very nature will exclude every reference to the Church. It is through and through Pagan, and nothing more is needed to prove this assertion than the letter of the Catholic students itself. "We Catholics," says that letter, "who are now here, or have been here for several years, are too loyal to our Alma Mater not to feel our position keenly." It is the old choice. Christ or Diana, God or Caesar. The "Catholic students" are in Stanford for certain material advantages; they wish to cultivate their minds or their hands. Through the beneficence of their

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SATURDAY, MAR 14, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MARCH.

- 15—Third Sunday in Lent. Solemnity of the feast of St. Joseph.
- 16, Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
- 17, Tuesday—St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.
- 18, Wednesday—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
- 19, Thursday—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Patron of the whole church.
- 20, Friday—The Five Wounds.
- 21, Saturday—St. Benedict, Abbot

SORROWFUL FAREWELL.

"It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old." This fact was brought strikingly home to the parishioners of St. Mary's Church last Sunday morning, when Rev. Fr. Guillet, O.M.I., announced his early departure for Duluth. This announcement he reserved for the last and made it hurriedly because it was quite evident that his feelings would not allow him to dwell upon it. Though the congregation had for some time previous intimation of the conditions, yet the official announcement fell upon them like a pall.

His genial manner, kindly nature, whole heartedness, broadmindedness and freedom from racial bigotry have clung about the hearts of Winnipeg Catholics with fibrous tenacity.

If, as Channing says "A friend is he, who sets his heart upon us, is happy with us, does for us what we want, is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, on whom we can rely in all cases," then surely Father Guillet was our friend.

THE CATHOLIC CLUB,

In the advancement of which he has taken such a practical and untiring interest, could not let the occasion go by without a manifestation of their gratitude and esteem. Accordingly on Monday evening the club assembled in more than usually great numbers and presented him with a gold-headed cane.

President F. W. Russell in a short pleasing address assured Father Guillet of the deep regret with which they had heard of his removal from Winnipeg. The news had come as a great sorrow to all the Catholics of the city, and especially to the members of the club, who realized not a little of the success achieved was due to the active interest which the parish priest of St. Mary's had always taken in the institution. Father Guillet was beloved by his people and they would all hold him in affectionate remembrance. They trusted he would find in his new parish a body of devoted, generous and large-hearted Catholics, and that his labors there would be as fruitful of good as they had been in Winnipeg.

The president also paid many tributes to Rev. Father Cahill, the

new parish priest, who was present.

FATHER GUILLET REPLIED.

Rev. Father Guillet, who was heartily cheered on rising, and who was visibly affected by the warmth of the greeting, thanked the members of the club for their thoughtfulness, and assured them he highly appreciated their good will. He spoke of the love he had for the work in Winnipeg, and for Catholics individually, and especially his admiration for the work which had been so successfully carried on by the club. He assured them that he should always hold them in affectionate remembrance, and as an Oblate Father, he would still belong to the province of Manitoba. St. Mary's would continue to be his mother house, and he looked forward to occasionally seeing in the future his dear friends of this city.

Mr. T. D. Deegan then voiced in a few well chosen words the sentiments of the club in his reference to the pastorate of Father Guillet at St. Mary's, and as the president of the club, paid a glowing tribute to the encouragement and practical assistance he had given the club in the early days when it badly needed friends.

Short speeches, appropriate to the occasion were made by Rev. Father Cahill, O.M.I., and Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O.M.I., and at the close of the proceedings Rev. Father Guillet bade an affectionate farewell to each one present.

If the slightest doubt as to the favorable reception of Father Cahill existed in the minds of any members of the club, it was quickly dispelled upon his rising to speak. His naturalness of manner, his quiet humor and happy hits greatly relieved a sorrowful situation and provoked several hearty outbursts of laughter. In Father Cahill we can rest assured of a competent and popular Pastor.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, who has just been elected by acclamation to represent Galway, is, we believe, the first member of the Imperial House of Commons who will bring into that great assembly a thorough knowledge of the French-Canadian third of the Dominion. Other Canadian members of the British Parliament have hitherto been either strangely ignorant of so important a factor in Canadian affairs, or at best they have only a passing literary acquaintance got up for the purpose of bookmaking as in the case of Mr. Gilbert Parker, or a kindly and benevolent acquaintance with French-Canadian members of our Federal House, often not the best specimens of the people they are supposed to represent, as in the case of the Hon. Edward Blake. But Mr. Devlin has been brought up amid French-Canadian surroundings, and may therefore be trusted to enlighten the "best club in London" on many points to that club as yet unknown. How warmly he will espouse Ireland's best interests his friends do not need to be told.

CHURCH FAREWELL TO FATHER GUILLET.

On Wednesday evening there was a sacred concert in St. Mary's Church, consisting principally of the Stabat Mater. At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. T. A. Deegan stepped forward and read the following address:

Rev. Father Guillet.—On the eve of your departure for your new field of labor, the parishioners of St. Mary's desire to tender you an expression of their deep sorrow at your removal from this parish, and to add thereto an assurance of the heartfelt esteem and affection in which they will ever hold you. Your eight years' pastorate in this parish has endeared you to every member of the congregation, and we realize that we are losing one who has been in truth a loving father, and at the same time an able administrator of parochial affairs. The great development that the parish has undergone during your administration and the solid progress that has been made speak abundantly of the zeal and ability which have been manifested in the upbuilding of the parish; and the universal sorrow with which the news of your departure has been received, speaks with equal force of

the sterling qualities of the devoted priest and father which have endeared you to all your people.

We pray that God will bless you in your new mission, and that you will meet with every success in your future efforts to promote the interests of the church and the religious, moral and social well-being of the people amongst whom you will now labor.

In conclusion, we ask you to accept the accompanying gift as a token of appreciation from the parishioners of St. Mary's. (Signed) T. D. Deegan, M. Healy, N. Bawli, F. W. Russell, Martin Kelly, I. O. Genest.

The address, which was beautifully illuminated, was accompanied by a well filled purse.

Father Guillet, whose long standing intimacy with Mr. Deegan was well known, thanked the people in words of heartfelt emotion. He spoke of the harmony that reigned throughout all the parish, of the unity which had made possible the great improvements carried out during the past eight years. He declared he was bound to the parish and people with bonds of love and affection which would stand the test of time and separation, and when asking them for their prayers he promised he would remember them every morning of his life in the holy sacrifice of the mass.

At the close of the service a great portion of the congregation waited on Father Guillet in the Presbytery to say farewell, and it was evident that one and all looked upon the removal of the beloved parish priest as a personal loss.

ADDRESSES AT THE ST. BONIFACE NORMAL SCHOOL.

On Monday afternoon His Grace made his customary annual visit to the St. Boniface Normal School. A short introductory speech was made by Inspector A. I. Young, who is in charge of the school, after which a well worded address was read by Miss Mathilda Bernier in reply. Monseigneur Langevin spoke for about an hour in a most instructive and impressive way, giving valuable hints and suggestions such as only an experienced teacher could give. He spoke of the high calling which the students were about to enter and impressed them with the responsibility of the task which they were about to undertake.

His Grace having retired, the students invited Inspector Young to come to the front and he also was presented with a most flattering address, expressed in those delicate terms, for which the French language is specially adapted. The address, which was read by Miss Eugene Legu, was accompanied by a beautiful camera, which was handed to Mr. Young by Miss Rachel Bernier.

The addresses presented to His Grace and Inspector Young, were both exquisite specimens of the illustrator's art, the work, having been done by the Sisters in attendance at the normal session.

Mr. Young then invited the students to lunch with him, and during the festive meal sundry amusing speeches were delivered.

Brandon Notes.

Mr. Philip Purcell spent Friday and Saturday in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Marquis of St. John, Quebec, is in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. O'Hara.

Miss Crawford returned on Saturday from a short visit to Hartney.

Mr. Anthony Goettby of Virden, was a delegate to the "Grain Growers' Association" which assembled here last week.

Mr. Joseph Purcell returned on Saturday from a three months visit to his home in Guelph Ontario.

Mr. W. S. Lee, of Ottawa, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. B. Kelly, of Winnipeg, is visiting his cousin, Mrs. P. O'Callaghan, 7th Street.

STE. ANNE DES CHENES.

Rev. Father Defoy sang High Mass and preached last Sunday, he told us many things which were new to us, about the Old Countries. Father Giroux was absent, he had gone to sing Mass at Thibautville, it is the first time he has been able to go there on a Sunday, but now that His Grace has been so kind as to give him a curate he has promised the faithful of that district that he will go there every fortnight. The settlers will long remember the first of March, 1903. Thibautville is situated about 8 miles from Ste. Anne on the old Dawson trail, it has been but recently settled, many of the Colonists are Frenchmen. There are still quite a few homesteads to be taken, which are especially advantageous for poor people, as there is a quantity of wood. There is very little land under cultivation as yet; however, those who sowed a little grain last year pronounce themselves as very well satisfied with the result.

Until now Father Giroux was in the habit of going there once a month on Saturdays to say Mass in the school house as he could not absent himself on Sunday, and of course, according to law, he could not have the school on any other day.

The settlers are getting out logs and having them sawn (there is a saw-mill there) for the purpose of building a chapel 28x40 feet.

They hope soon to have a resident priest.

Father Giroux took advantage of the fine weather this week and went round to pay a visit to all the schools in his parish. After half-past three he confessed the children in the schools that are a long way from the village. Every one was delighted to see him, and the children were much encouraged by his kindly counsel.

WHEN LEO XIII. WAS YOUNGER.

Pope Leo speaks French as fluently as a Frenchman. Whatever knowledge of English he may have had, he has probably lost. While nuncio, at Brussels (1843-56), he is said to have practiced English conversation at the house of George Weld, brother of Cardinal Weld. He also frequented the home of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, who once sang to him a translation of the German song: "The Pope He Leads a Happy Life"—not a very reverential song by the way.

The present Pope heard O'Connell. Msgr. Volpaur says: "In 1846, the Holy Father, already nominated archbishop of Perugia, was in London during the whole of the month of February." He was invited to one of the queen's receptions, but could not go as he was traveling incognito. This, however, did not prevent his being present in the strangers' gallery of the house of commons when, among others, he heard the Irish Liberator. Pope Leo was, perhaps, with one exception, the only Pope who ever saw England; the exception being Pope Adrian, himself an Englishman.—Catholic Citizen.

NO CATHOLICS NEED APPLY.

There is a teachers' employment society or agency in Chicago whose purpose it is to find positions for its members. It issues a "Directory of Colleges," in the preface to which the managers say: "We have not included in the book the names of Catholic institutions."

They explain this exclusion as follows:

"On account of religious prejudice we have found great difficulty in placing members of the Catholic Church. We are not able to give satisfaction to candidates of this Church, and therefore have determined that hereafter we will not include them in our membership. We regret this very much, as some of the best teachers are Catholics."

This is frank on the part of the agency, but the fact they state shows that prejudice, though gradually lifting, is not and will not be for some time be dissipated.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

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THAT THREATENED DESTRUCTION.

The New World.

The activity of the Church in Chicago, in warning Catholics against accepting the principles of socialism, evidently has excited the organs of that political faith the country over. The ridiculous thing is that, almost unanimously, they declare the "antagonism of the priests will help our cause." The "unprovoked assault of the Church" is going to help, also, they assert. If they really believed their assertions true they would stop shrieking out in somewhat of agony and more of anger.

That the "present form" of the Catholic Church shall be destroyed, is the one string of the socialist harp most persistently twanged. The Church is termed a politico-religious organization; the silly fake that the Vatican is the greatest money-lender in the world, is repeated from foolish mouth to foolish mouth. That the Church is in league with capital and that its very existence depends on the perpetuation of capitalism, is another frowzy assertion without a shred of fact to back it. The comrades are going to make the Church over when they get into power—they are, really. They are very considerate; still they have numerous ancestors. The Gnostics were going to remodel the Church in the first Christian ages; but where are the Gnostics now? Then the Arians threatened destruction; yet where are the Arians to-day? No man can remember all the humbug reformers who rode their little fads for a generation or so, and then passed out. The socialists will go to the sepulchre just as inevitably as did the Arians.

The term "unprovoked assault" is good, considering that Robert Owen, the first socialist in America, deliberately set himself to uproot Christianity in 1824. The comrades themselves made unprovoked assault on the Church for more than a half century, without a word being uttered in reply until Leo XIII. spoke out in 1878. Their scheme of destroying the Church founded by Christ is an old one, but it frightens nobody. The Caesars could not do it; the socialists need not try. The widely-circulated statement that the Church is in league with capital, and that her existence depends on its perpetuation, is a stupid assertion on the face of it. The Church depends on the people. When she began in pagan Rome, capital was against her. When she reconverted Italy, after the coming of the Goths and Vandals, capital was against her. For seven centuries she has existed in Ireland in spite of Protestant capital. Her struggle in America has been made almost without capital. To-day our greatest churches are builded by the poor and maintained by them. Everybody who observes actual conditions knows this true. It is silly to bring such charges. They refute themselves in the eyes of all sensible people.

From time to time, when they find the un-Christian principles advocated by Bebel, Karl Marx and Lassalle arraigned in this country, American socialists declare it unjust to attribute to followers of the cult on this side antagonisms that characterize the movement in the Old World. That American socialism is just as anti-Christian as Old World Socialism was made amply plain by the quotation which we gave from the Chicago Socialist last week. The present hostile declarations of the comrades the country over fully reveal the dragon's terrible teeth.

ITALY AND FRANCE.

By order of the Holy Father, Count Grossoli, the new President of the "Opere dei Congressi," or Catholic social organizations in Italy, repaired lately to Florence, for the purpose of consolidating the two wings of the Catholic party, the Conservative and Democratic, represented respectively by the journals, "Unita Cattolica," and the "Bandiera del Popolo." A reunion of the entire party took place under the presidency of the Archbishop, Mons. Mistrangeli. Count Grossoli, conformably to the Pope's instructions, declared that

the social work was to be continued on the lines advocated by the "Bandiera del Popolo" (Banner of the People), and carried on by Burgisser, the Italian Harmel, Mondada and Monsignor Faradni. "L'Unita" agrees to the union and holds out the hand to the "Osservatore Cattolica," of Milan, the "Avenire d'Italia" of Bologna, and the "Patria" of Ancona, the three great organs of Christian democracy in Italy. The "Domani d'Italia" of the Abbe Murri, is transferred from Rome to Bergaund to become under the direction of Count Medolago, the authorized organ of the second group and of social action. Thus a united, well directed, and zealous Catholic Press will be a powerful agency for the social and Christian regeneration of Italy as it has already proved to be in Belgium.

Meanwhile the sordid antichristian movement in favor of divorce is agitating the Italian Parliament. As the unity and indissolubility of matrimony is one of the Christian dogmas, the Jewish wire-pullers of the Masonic lodges naturally aim at its destruction, as they do at the destruction of Christianity itself, root and branch. They have already succeeded in destroying it in the Masonic society, and they aim at its destruction in the family and society at large. It is very unlikely that the Italian people will take kindly to the law of divorce if it should be forced through Parliament. The Marquis Rudino, an ex-premier, is leading the opposition to it. The Government, urged on by the King, is strenuously pushing it forward.

Another trouble is brewing over the proposed visit of M. Loubet to Rome. Various devices have been proposed to overcome the difficulties attending the visit. One was that the King of Italy should meet Loubet in some other Italian city, in order thus to reconcile the Pope's right with the King's pretension, but the Italian rulers haughtily rejected it. The King replied—"Rome or nothing."

On its side the Holy See maintains rigorously the etiquette which is the expression of both right and propriety, and has rejected all ingenuous and hybrid arrangements—declaring that "The Pope will never receive in Rome a Sovereign or Chief of a Catholic State who goes down to the Quirinal." But the Italian King, aided by M. Nathan and the Dreyfus affair, persists in annoying him, and it is said M. Loubet, with his habitual weakness, will yield. What course precisely the Pope will take is not known, but it is certain he will not receive M. Loubet if he comes to the Quirinal in Rome. This is another engine of Jewish Masonry for attacking the Catholic religion in the person of its august Head, the Vicar of Christ.

The counterpart of this plot is going on at home, in France, through the agency of Combes, the unfrocked Cleric, who has become Prime Minister. This tyrant is trying to repeat the performance for which Henry IV. was obliged to come to Canossa by Gregory VII. He is claiming virtually the right to nominate Bishops, and is refusing to let the Bulls of appointment for two Bishops be published, and is thus openly violating the terms of the Concordat, and usurping a right which the Pope never conceded and never will concede to any sovereign or politician, as it would entail the overthrow of ecclesiastical discipline, and the very constitution of the Church of Christ. The new Bishops of Carcassonne and Aunecy have not yet received their Bulls as Combes objects to the terms in which they are drawn up. The State must, according to him, be the sole nominator, and he requires the Pope to draw them up in conformity with this demand. A rupture is therefore imminent, as the Pope never would concede this demand. It would be far worse than the veto asked by the English Government in the early part of the last century and indignantly rejected by both Rome and Ireland. Minister Combes goes even further, for he has intimated that in future appointments he won't allow the Holy See to examine or discuss the designated candidates at all. This is, under a crafty form, the assertion of a new right and pretension, unjustifiable, and utterly unaccept-

able. He further threatens that if the Vatican refuses to agree to this demand the Government will expunge the salaries for the vacant bishoprics from the discussion of the budget of worship. Behind this machination there lies a secret aim. Combes knows that to abolish the budget of public worship and break openly with the Church would be displeasing to the majority of the French people. Hence he wants to saddle the responsibility of this course on the Pope. The Holy See, he knows, will reject the Government pretensions. M. Combes will then say, "It is the Pope who has brought about the rupture." He will then turn his well-planned machinations into an engine for persecuting Catholics and the Catholic Church. Truly the Jewish lodges have the cunning of the Serpent in their schemes and plans for the destruction of Christianity.—Irish News.

FATHER SCANNEL ON SCANDAL.

Preaching on a Sunday, lately, in St. Alphonsus, Glasgow, from the text, "Woe be to him who scandalizeth," Father Scannel said that there was no sin so prevalent amongst people at the present time as the sin of scandal. It was pernicious, dangerous and fatal in its consequences. To it might be ascribed the decay of piety, reverence, and devotion. And yet there was not a sin in the whole catalogue of sins which was considered by people as of so little consequence, and so when they came to the tribunal of penance, they scarcely made the sin a matter of confession. Scandal, however, was calculated to drag our neighbor into sin. To give a plain example of it, a man who neglected Mass on Sunday gave scandal to those who lived with him, the man who got drunk gave scandal to those about him, as did the man who used foul language; and even the man who came late to church gave scandal, for he was seen by the rest of the congregation, who probably said to themselves, "Why cannot we do as this man is doing?" Scandal was given directly and indirectly—directly when they enticed their neighbor into sin, and indirectly when by some act of theirs their neighbor was induced to commit sin, though they didn't intend that he should commit it.

The scandal-giver was a murderer. "If thou persuadest thy brother to sin," said St. Augustine, "you are a murderer." Scandal was even a greater sin than murder, because the soul is greater in the sight of God than the body, and a man would be better to be responsible for the death of a hundred bodies than that of one immortal soul. It would be less cruel to plunge a dagger into a child's breast than cause the loss of sanctifying grace in its soul. "The devil," said one of the saints, "was a murderer from the beginning," and the scandal-giver was his agent. Where the devil would fail alone he succeeds by the help of the scandal-giver. Were the devil not assisted by him half the number of souls lost would not be lost. The evil he does passes from one man to another—so that whilst the scandal-giver may be in his grave, there are souls going into hell through the scandal he gave in his life. Like an avalanche ever increasing and carrying everything before it, the scandal-giver carries with him countless numbers of souls to perdition.

The greatest honor on this earth is to be the servant of God. The scandal-giver rejects and despises this honor, preferring to be the servant of the devil and to do his work. Christ came down on this earth for no other reason than to save immortal souls. For thirty-three years he led a life of poverty and suffering and died the ignominious death of the cross. All this for the salvation of mankind, and yet the scandal-giver makes all that void and robs Christ of the advantages of His passion and renders His sufferings useless and fruitless. The preacher then quoted Christ's words in regard to scandal-giving, and asked: "Has it not struck you as singular that our Divine Lord should single out that sin of scandal. Why not have singled out the drunkard and the adulterer? No;

it is woe to the scandal-giver, and His word is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In conclusion, Father Scannel asked his hearers to look into their hearts and ask themselves, "Had they ever induced any one to sin?" If so, they should bow down humbly before the great God, asking pardon for what they had done and begging His grace. Let them, in future, frequent the sacraments more regularly, giving a good example and avoiding the occasions of sin. Let them try to win as many souls to Him as they had deprived Him of, and let them have ever ringing in their ears, "Woe to the world because of scandal; woe to the man by whom scandal cometh."

WORLD-WIDE HOMAGE TO LEO XIII.

Tuesday the third day of March, 1903, will ever remain a memorable date in the history of the Catholic Church. On that day Leo XIII. celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation as Pope. When the ceremony the twenty-fifth anniversary of which was celebrated last Tuesday took place on that March day in 1878 the outlook for the Church was a gloomy one. Pius IX. had just died a virtual prisoner in the Vatican after having been stripped of Peter's patrimony. His successor, also a prisoner, beheld the Church attacked with a virulence and with an apparent success which from a human point of view seemed to threaten her very existence. Her enemies were already exulting in their anticipated victory over her.

The "man of blood and iron" was shaking his mailed fist at the Church in Germany. The Kulturkampf was in full swing. German bishops and priests were packed off to prison or sent into exile. Catholic churches were closed or handed over to the so-called "Old Catholics." From one end of the German Empire to the other a savage and relentless war was made upon the Church. Bismarck was boasting that he would never go to Canossa.

In other European countries the situation was scarcely less threatening. In Belgium a legislature in which the majority was made up of Free Masons had ordered the crucifix, the symbol of Christianity, to be torn from the school walls and thrown out into the street. The same Masonic majority dismissed the Papal Nuncio. France, still suffering from the chastening of the Franco-Prussian war, was already giving evidence of her intentions of entering upon the path which has led her to the Combes Ministry and the persecution of the members of religious orders. In Poland the iron heel of Russian despotism was seeking to stamp out the Church.

In every European country the anti-Catholic crusade inspired and sustained by Free Masonry was vigorously pushed. Leo XIII. fronted these enemies and stayed their victorious march. It is the marvel of the age that one who had no material resources at his command has been able to force the mightiest governments in the world to abandon their anti-Catholic warfare. If Germany and Russia, with their millions of armed soldiers, ceased to carry on this warfare, it was due to the wise and far-seeing diplomacy of him to whom the whole world to-day does homage. A writer in the New York Evening Post does not use the language of exaggeration when he writes: "It is not too much to say that these twenty-five years have been the high-water mark of Catholicism since the Reformation."

Mentioning this so-called "Reformation" reminds us that Leo XIII., while battling for the rights of the Church, has bent himself to the work of saving society from the pernicious effects of principles which are found in embryo in the teachings of the so-called "Protestant reformers" of the sixteenth century.

Divorce, that plague of modern society, may be adduced as one of the hydra-headed evils Leo XIII. has valiantly combatted. With an authority such as no other living man possesses he has fought persistently the greatest social danger which threatens our times. Other questions, in the right solution of

which our age has a deep interest, have been handled in a masterly manner in a series of encyclicals. Father Campbell, S.J., in his eulogy on Leo XIII., delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, gives this summary of these marvelous encyclicals:

"We find there treatises on the constitutions of States; the duties as well as the rights of rulers; the rights as well as the duties of the people; the nature of family life, marriage, divorce, education; the land question; civilization, its origin, progress and perils; social and secret organizations; capital and labor; slavery, socialism, anarchy; the higher life of clerics of every degree; their studies, social action, and others besides; along with an infinity of cognate topics entering as side issues, which are taken up, discussed, and determined, while the most efficacious remedies are assigned for the evils that accrue."

And now, after a quarter of a century of fruitful labor like this, Leo XIII. stands before the world, acknowledged by non-Catholics as well as Catholics, to be the greatest man of the age in which he lives. The magnificent and imposing demonstration which took place in Rome on last Tuesday and in which all classes of society participated gave voice to the heartfelt love and loyalty entertained for Leo XIII. the world round.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

AGAINST McFADDEN'S FLATS.

James E. Dolan, national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has issued a protest to Hibernians against lithographs used to advertise "McFadden's Flats" and against the portraits of Irish men and women in the play. Says Mr. Dolan:

"For some time past Irish citizens in general and the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in particular, have protested against the ridiculous cartooning and caricaturing of our race on the stage and by the public press. We believe that much of this cartooning is due to ignorance that shows that those responsible have not taken the pains to acquaint themselves with the customs of the Irish people in general. We believe that we are justified in withholding our patronage in the future from the theatres where our race is represented with baboon faces and whit eyes, which seem to be the only stock in trade of some would be actors of the present day. We must go even further and add that we believe that we are justified in withholding our patronage from those who permit such lithographs to be displayed in their window."

Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S.J., of Chicago, is a popular priest not only because of his personality, but also on account of his distinguished parentage, being the son of "Old Tecumseh."

His study is easy of access, as Father Sherman keeps open house, ready to serve and succor. Deep in his studies he was interrupted one evening by a seedy individual, whose soiled garments, offensive breath and general dilapidation soon filled the room with a disagreeable odor. By degrees the man directed his conversation to the inevitable plea: "A few pennies for a night's lodging."

In his peroration the vagrant wished to know if he had the honor of standing in the presence of the famous general's son. He was answered in the affirmative. Then, assuming an air of familiarity with Civil War history, the caller expressed a regret that he had not been privileged to join in that glorious march to the sea.

"I myself would not have regretted it had you joined the general in that famous journey to the sea," said Father Sherman, enthusiastically.

"You wouldn't eh?" asked the man, somewhat abashed. "Why not?"

"I am sure the general would have left you there," remarked the priest, significantly, as he opened the door and dismissed the would-be patriot with a coin.—Exchange.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review CCXXX.

Lansing, on page 114, says: "The curse and denounce those who would subject the priests to the civil power." Now as almost or quite every Catholic state in the world now tries priests before the civil courts for every offence which would bring a layman there, and as the Catholic judges who try priests are nowhere denied the sacraments on this account, this assertion collapses of itself. If a priest is condemned to death, or to penal servitude. The Church first degrades him, thereby saving the honor of the priesthood without impeding the course of civil justice.

In the Middle Ages, under a wholly different order of things, not only priests, but all tonsured persons, were largely exempt from civil jurisdiction. Yet even then the Archbishop of York, in full standing, and without a trial, was beheaded by Henry IV., and the Pope easily accepted the King's excuse of manifest treason and urgent necessity. So also the great Archbishop of Lund, Primate of the North, was hanged up in the face of day by the civil authority, with full approbation of Rome, for murderous counsel given to the tyrant Christian II. These were eminent rather than solitary examples, although it is true that the capital punishment of a bishop was then very rare. It is still very rare.

Early Christian princes punished guilty priests capitally without incurring the ban of the Church. Later princes gave wide exemptions. Later governments still have gradually withdrawn the most of these. Of course any widely privileged class is naturally annoyed at losing its privileges, and is sure to use more or less intemperateness of speech. Yet as the Catholic Church prospered before these exemptions were granted, and then during the long ages in which they were enjoyed, and as she prospers now, as the Pope cordially acknowledges, in our country, where such privileges have never been dreamed of, she has plainly no vital interest in trying to recover that which does not appertain to the essence of her functions.

As Pius IX. remarks, the temporal prerogatives of the Church vary indefinitely according to the varying order of society. Thus, says he, there was a time when the right of deposing kings had its accredited place, but it is wholly inapplicable to the present relations of things.

Of course, if we like, we can represent the Catholic hierarchy as insanely plotting to win back prerogatives which, as the Pope says, have no place in our time. So also, if we please, we can believe that Edward VII. is planning how to recover, by the use of the army, the old predominance of the Crown and submissiveness of the Parliament. So, too, if we choose, we can declare that the editor of the Congregationalist is meditating a return of the happy days when his spiritual forefathers could hang Quakers and whip Baptists only when sane and honest men are solemnly assured by those who appear to be sane and honest men, that these expect to accommodate themselves to the order of Providence as they find it, they are accustomed to believe them. Of course it is not so with knaves and fools and lunatics and liars and chronic slanderers. If the Pope were not at hand to serve their purposes, they would attack the Grand Lama. If he were not available, they would fall foul of the Archbishop of Canterbury. An angry ape must always have something on which to vent his idiot rage; it is of less consequence what that something is.

Page 116, Lansing says that one of the admitted papal titles is: "Our Lord God the Pope." A shameful lie, on the part of a man whose whole being is compact of shameful lies. The truth is this, pointed out by the English Jesuit Sydney Smith: In the first edition of the Canon Law carried through the press, the compositor

being accustomed to the phrase "Our Lord God," inadvertently blended the two and brought out: "Our Lord the Pope," and also to the phrase "Our Lord God the Pope." The unhappy error was at once remarked, but as it was too late to mend it in the first edition, it may still be found there.*

An English Nonconformist, I think the noted Baptist Dr. Clifford, but perhaps another man, whom therefore we will call Dr. Brown, declared that in the course of his medieval readings he had repeatedly found this title applied to the Pope. At the same time he gave warning to the pestilent Baptists that he had no mind to submit to an examination at their hands as to the genuineness of his citations. If they could not take an honest man at his word, they might go and be hanged. However, as the persecuting brood, true sons of Mary Tudor, would not be put off, but kept raising the dreadful cry, so ominous to this sort of folks: "Verify your references," the poor man at last fairly turned and ran. At the last accounts no further "medieval readings" have brought to light any other instances of "Our Lord God the Pope." True, the Saviour, St. John x., 34, appeals to Psalm 82 (81 of the Vulgate) as proof that it is no blasphemy to call men "God" if they represent God; but the Catholic Church has never held it lawful to convert a casual case into a settled title.

Mr. Lansing tells us that another title of the Pope is: "The Divine Majesty." Will he be so good as to give us the place? Otherwise we shall think that as he has just picked up another man's falsehood, so here he may have invented one of his own. I am by no means a great "medieval reader," but, on the most modest estimate, I have read anywhere from thirty to fifty times as much Catholic literature as he has ever dreamt of, and I have never found the phrase.

Another blasphemous title, he says, is "Prince of God." I have never seen it, but allowing the fact, pray what is there blasphemous in it? "Prince of God," of course means "Chief Dignitary appointed by God." Have there not been many such in the world? What were David and all his line but "Princes of God?" What were the High-priests but "Princes of God?" What were the apostles, in the most eminent sense, but "Chief Dignitaries appointed by God," to whom were promised twelve thrones, in token of their dignity?

Right or wrong, there is nothing blasphemous in the Catholic belief that Christ has appointed a Chief Governor of His household. Even Lansing's assurance would not venture to call High churchmen blasphemers in holding that our Lord has set a Chief Governor over each diocese. Yet if the less extensive title is not blasphemous, neither is the more extensive. Here then we have an insolent blasphemy against justice used to support a baseless charge of blasphemy against God.

Another blasphemous title, he tells us, is "Oracle of Religion." Now neither have I ever seen this. Yet Catholics do esteem the Pope the special oracle of religion. We all view certain men as oracles of religion in an eminent sense. Some of us are certainly wrong, but an error of fact need be no blasphemy. I have no doubt that there are even people low enough in the intellectual and moral scale to esteem the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing himself an oracle of religion in a peculiar degree. Of course we should profoundly pity such fatuity, and were there any reasonable prospect of recovery, should hope that it might come about by a temporary seclusion, yet we should never think of calling these poor innocents blasphemers.

Another blasphemous title, he says, is "The Most Holy Father." Now the Pope, we know, is called "The Holy Father," and in the Curia his special title is Santissimo, "The Most Holy." I have never seen the two blended, but if Lansing never strayed farther from the truth than this he would be a rather harmless creature.

Now where does he find the blasphemy in the Santissimo? Does he suppose it means that the Pope, in his individual religious experience, is the holiest man in the world? Of course he does not know, but we know, that this is impossible, since the Church forbids every Catholic, from the Pope down, to be certain that he is in a state of grace, unless he can prove a special revelation of it, something which is not supposed to come any more certainly to the Pope than to another Christian. However, if it could mean this, the assumption would be immodestly confident, but not blasphemous. There is doubtless some holiest person in the world, and we do not know that it may not be the Pope.

However, its meaning is, as sanctus in the New Testament means, "specially dedicated to the service of God." Now assuredly the Pope is this in the Roman Catholic Church; therefore Santissimo expresses a simple fact of Church constitution. Nothing but sectarian malignity, individual or inherited, would find it blasphemous.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.
Andover, Mass.
*Some say that it has been copied elsewhere.

NAVAJO LANGUAGE.

San Francisco Monitor.

Some amusement has been caused at intervals in recent years, by the attempts of students from eastern colleges to compile a dictionary of the difficult Navajo language. Most of these jokes are pure fiction, though several spasmodic attempts to this end have been made. But it is not generally known at all, that there is now and has been for the past two years, a steady and earnest effort to supply the Navajos with a written language, and that within a year a lexicon may be an actual reality in print and ready for use.

This work is in the hands of the men fitted above all others to undertake such a task: the four Jesuit fathers of the mission of La Cienga, sixty miles north of Gallup, within the reservation.

For many years these four priests have lived in the mission far from the beaten trail. They have worked long and faithfully among the Navajos, a tribe that has proved most stubborn in its refusal to give up its ancient rites for the Christian religion. All are familiar with the language as spoken by the Indians at the present day. In their long life among the red men they have delved deep into the traditions and myths and faiths of the Navajos, just as they have fathomed the Navajo character and learned how best to approach him. These men, then, propose to recreate the written language of the tribe; for that there was at one time a sign language among the Navajos is not doubted by the archaeologists who have studied the tribal traditions. There is a mythical story confused and sometimes unintelligible, among the Indians, of a series of signs written on stone and understood by the medicine men, the records of which were lost in some tribal movement from the northwest. Confused as it is with other traditions and myths, it still proves that sign writing in some form once existed in the great tribe. However, all trace of it is lost, and no Indian of the present day knows aught of writings beyond that taught him in English in the few schools of the reservation.

But the fathers at the mission have been working slowly and with all care for two years, verifying each word over and over again, proving and simplifying as best they can; and they have made progress so that now they expect within a year to be able to present to students a complete lexicon of the language and the rules that govern its use. It is difficult for the average American, unfamiliar with the peculiar jargon spoken by the tribe to comprehend the enormous difficulties surrounding this task. The years of patient study and verification, the almost hopeless use of signs and innumerable inflections, the divergence and corruption that have come into sec-



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tions of the tribe long separated; the creeping in of the Spanish and English words; the oftentimes widely different meaning given a word by men of different generations; yet travelers say that the fathers have never despaired and that now their work is nearing a successful end.

The appointment of Archbishop Ryan and Chas. J. Bonaparte on the National Board of Indian Commissioners shows that the President means to act fairly with the Catholic Indians; and it is very likely that rations will soon be restored to Indian children attending Catholic schools.

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Papa's Orgy.

Everybody in the office felt sorry for Papa, from the Old Man, who was, of course, the head of the firm, to the freckled office boy, whose fiery hair gave to a somewhat grey place its one dash of color. The head clerk had been heard to say that Papa led a dog's life and the cashier often remarked that how Papa lived and supported that family on that salary was clear beyond him. The cashier knew what it was to support a much smaller family on a much larger salary, and found it a problem that taxed his management to the utmost. What, then, became of Papa at the first of the month, asked the cashier?

It was part of the irony of fate that Papa who was pale and wrinkled, and altogether out of proportion to his huge moustachios, should have six tall handsome daughters (all at home.)

Time was when his salary had been a little larger than now, and he had hesitated a long time before marrying. It seemed like flying in the face of Providence, he said, to ask any woman to live and keep house on a salary like that; but eventually he asked her, and she undertook to make the salary suffice for herself and him.

When the first little girl came she might have noticed a look of dismayed speculation on the countenance of Papa. His real name was John Henry Craig, but he became Papa from that date. As the five other girls came in rapid succession the look of speculation deepened, and yet, somehow, the salary stretched to cover all of them, and clothe them, and give them a fair education.

If there had been another 'one of 'em' it couldn't have been done, Papa was wont to say cheerily. 'As it is, there's just enough; but another would have meant hard times for all.'

Those were the days when somebody was always hurrying Papa.

'Hurry now, Papa,' Mrs. Craig would say, the moment he arose from the breakfast table. 'Hurry and get off—you'll be late for work—and you know you can't afford to lose that job.'

And Papa hurried with cherubic cheerfulness, and trotted lightly off along the same old streets, around the same corners, over the pavements his feet had helped to wear away.

Papa's clothes had a guilty way of falling into disrepute and looking sneaking and uncomfortable, but Mrs. Craig patched and darned those time worn garments with exemplary fortitude.

Of course, it doesn't so much matter what a man wears, Papa, she said. 'Nobody ever notices what a man has on. With the girls, now, it's different. They have to look nice.'

'Certainly, Mary,' said Papa, brushing away at the garments which might be shabby, but were always clean.

'Certainly. Do they need anything special just now?'

Two or three years ago Mrs. Craig had died. She was believed to be delirious towards the last, for she kept muttering incoherently:

'Winter coming on—jackets for all the girls—your old coat will have to do another winter, Papa.'

Having buried his wife Papa went on taking care of the girls. The coat did not only for another but for still another winter after that. Shabbier, smaller, more bent, a little more bald, Papa was always at his desk, working with unflagging cheerfulness.

'No—I would rather keep my girls at home,' he said to a good natured friend of his one day, when the said friend suggested that the girls might help Papa make a living. 'Of course, if it were really necessary, you know—if I were to break down, or anything like that—why then I wouldn't mind it so much. But I don't like to see women out working, when there's a great, strong man that ought to stand between them and the world.'

And Papa lifted his head and squared his thin little shoulders in such a manner that the friend did not laugh, as he had meant to do at first. Papa had forgotten for a moment that the friend was six feet tall and strong in proportion, and that the friend's two daughters stood behind a counter from nine till seven.

About this time Papa discovered to his amazement that one of the six girls had a lover, and was thinking of being married some day not far off.

'Well, well! That Baby!' Papa said to his pipe half an hour afterwards. 'I wonder what Mary'd say to that?'

And then Papa searched about and found some extra work that he could do outside office hours.

'One of them's going to marry,' he explained cheerfully to the Old Man.

'She'll need a lot of things, of course, and it's going to take some thing. Anything you can throw my way now—I'll be much obliged.'

Papa had scarcely recovered from the marriage of the first daughter before there were two more who wanted to have a double wedding.

'It's good they gave me a little time, or I'd never have done,' Papa said, drawing a long breath when it was over.

'Then, in a little while there was another, and then another. Amazed and bewildered, Papa found himself all at once with only one of the pretty daughters at home, and that one receiving the attentions from the male sex. He knew what to expect now, any day. You might think they were babies, but suddenly you discovered that they had grown up and wanted a home of their own. Papa came out of a brown study thinking of it.

'There's only one of them left now,' he told the cashier genially. 'When that one marries I'll feel as though my responsibilities were pretty well done with. I've been thinking that I ought to celebrate it, somehow. It struck me just now that, when Lena's married and got someone to look after her, I'd go out and have an orgy.'

The astonished cashier could not get rid of the remark. Papa going out and having an orgy! He mentioned it to the Old Man with forebodings.

'It would be just like him to go all to pieces,' said the Old Man judicially.

'When people have had something to hold them right up to the scratch for goodness knows how many years, and it's taken away all of a sudden, they generally go down with a bang. Take to hard drinking, more than likely. Pity! He's a very useful man to have about.'

'Yes, sir, I've fully decided to have an orgy,' said Papa a little later. There was the far away light of speculation in his eyes. The office boy had been so startled by it that he removed the brandy ball he had been sucking and threw it under the desk.

'Whatcher going t' do?' asked the office boy hoarsely. Nobody was afraid of Papa.

'I haven't decided yet,' said Papa musingly. 'Something altogether out of the usual line, though. Something, that'll make me feel I'm free, you know, and can do as I please. It'll be a queer sensation, I haven't any doubt of that, but I think I'd like to try it once.'

Papa spoke quite recklessly, and with a devil may care manner that thrilled the office boy to the marrow. The cashier shook his head with a slow smile. The idea of an orgy appealed to him; in connection with the strange little personality of Papa it struck him as irresistibly amusing.

He made it known to the office that Papa might shortly be expected to break out; in the kindness of his heart he added a rider to the effect that nobody was to chaff Papa whatever the scrape he got into. The cashier apparently judges Papa by himself and pictured an uncertain gait and the clutch of the long blue arm of the law as the slightest evils that could result.

'She's going to be married next month,' Papa whispered mysteriously to the cashier one day; and though Papa was close beside him, and the cashier could not say a word, he made signs so effectively behind Papa's back that all the office understood at once. It is sad to relate that the cashier pictured forth the coming orgy by tilting his hat very much to one side, turning up his collar in the back, and making circular motions with his fists, as one who dares somebody to come on.

As the time drew near, Papa gave indications of a lightening heart. He was seen to sit at his desk with his faded brown hat at the back of his head, instead of hanging decently on its hook, he was heard on more than one occasion to warble under his breath a ditty which consisted principally of stirring words like, 'Tum tee tiddle dum tum tum tee.'

It was about this time that the cashier told him a man ought always to have his card in his pocket with his name and address so that he could be identified in case—er in case anything happened him.

The point of this advice escaped the penetration of Papa. His experience in orgies, as the cashier reflected, was hitherto nil; the cashier himself remembered an occasion on which the card with name and address, had been most necessary in his own case. Somehow he did not care to relate the incident to Papa.

The Old Man was generosity itself.

'I understand it is quite an event with you, Mr.—Mr. Craig,' he said. (He had come within an ace of forgetting the name.) 'Your last daughter marries this afternoon, you say? Well, now, suppose you take a week off—salary to go on of course. Oh, don't mention it! You've been with the firm a long time. And you'll find an extra sovereign in your envelope. Good-by! Hope you'll have a good time.'

'Say, now, take care of yourself, said the cashier urgently. 'You know you ain't used to high jinks, you know.'

Papa looked knowing and intimated to the cashier with an approach to a wink that he could, and would, look after himself, always putting enjoyment in the first place. He promised to relate his experiences in full on his return.

On the first day of Papa's week there was much talk in the office about this orgy. Predictions were numerous and gloomy; bets offered and taken as to the way in which Papa would make merry. But it was universally decided that (out of respect for the correctness of Papa's behaviour hitherto) much that was unseemly should be passed over this time. The office only hoped (so they said) that it might be this time only.

When the cashier reached the office on the morning of the second day he was surprised to find Papa at his desk. Papa's hat was in its place on the hook, and Papa's self was the shabby, neat, well-brushed self he had seen in that place for so many years.

'Back already!' cried the amazed cashier. 'What about that orgy you've been thinking about for so long!'

'Well, I had it!' said Papa, beaming at him radiantly. Had it. The mischief! You don't look it! said the cashier, who remembered an orgy or two of his own.

'Why, it wouldn't change my looks, naturally,' said Papa mildly. He had left off his work for the moment to rub his hands together with enjoyment. Happiness beamed in every glance.

'You see, I don't care for much excitement,' he explained. 'It's been excitement enough for me to make a living. What I want now is quiet, you know—and so I took a few shillings and a bag of buns down to the river and went and sat down. I've often wanted to do it. And I ate the buns and threw bits at the gulls. Then I took two "bus" drives, which cost only sixpence. I don't know when I ever had such a day!'

The cashier was dumb. After a while he shook hands with Papa, and then they went to their work. —Julia F. Bishop.

THE STAGE.

The Casket.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith has for many years been a champion of the stage, and he is not yet convinced that it is a lost cause. In the January number of Donahoe's Magazine he admitted that an otherwise respectable play, "The Cardinal," is marred by a breach of the seal of the confessional. That fact was pointed out in these columns more than a year ago, at the time when the play was produced in Montreal. Undertaking to show how easily the author might have avoided this mistake, Father Smith says that the Cardinal might have saved the innocent man charged with murder by notifying the authorities that he knew the real murderer through the confessional. This, says Father Smith, he might have done without breaking the seal! It is amazing to find such a statement coming from the pen of a priest, even a priest whose interest in matters theatrical may have allowed his moral theology to grow rusty. When Hall Caine justified the Pope's breach of the seal in "The Eternal City" on the ground that several ecclesiastics in Rome had told him it could be done in certain circumstances, we thought the man did not know what he was talking about. But if there are any Father Talbot Smith's in Rome, Mr. Caine may have been speaking the literal truth.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith seems to think the stage is growing better instead of worse, and mentions a few plays which he thinks justify his opinion. We have said before now in these columns that there are a lot of decent plays for those who want to see them, and that these plays are money-makers, too. But the fact remains that these plays are regarded as being of inferior literary merit, and that people of "culture" are ashamed to admit having witnessed anything so "vulgar." The plays alleged to be of surprising merit, if we except Shakespeare's, are nearly all indecent. Of the two greatest theatrical artists in the world to-day, one never took part in but one decent play in her life and the other won her greatest triumphs last season in plays which shocked the most case-hardened critics in New York. Sarah Bernhardt has never appeared on the stage other than as an adulteress, except for a few months when she made a comparative failure as Joan of Arc; Eleanora Duse is not ashamed to represent a she-devil combined of incestuous sister and faithless wife. The play is the work of an Italian author who uses the blasphemous pen-name "Gabriel of the Annunciation (Gabriele d' Annunzio). It is the greatest literary success at present on the stage. It is played by the greatest in the world. And Father Smith thinks the stage is getting better.

THE CARRICK FIDDLER.

By Rev. Wm. Dollard in Donahoe's for March.

Where is the Carrick-man of the seventies who doesn't remember Theevin? Poor old bowed, blind John! John of the gentle voice and the soft hands, around whose knees the delighted children gathered, when he had taken his shining violin from its green baize bag, and with the aid of a door-key, in some wholly miraculous manner made the instrument say "Ma-ma" during the intervals of a most melodiously accordant Gaelic lullaby, whose silvery sonorous cords linger in our hearts to this hour, and fill them with poignant love and sorrow and sighs of Fad O, Fad O! Old times, old times!

John of the gentle voice and face and gesture, John the beloved of children, from afar, across the years and the yeasty leagues and over that bourne whence no traveler returns, I hail thy hallowed spirit and pray thou hast found the Father's smile gentle as thine own to us, the harping of His harpers as full of melody, and the sound thereof as sweet and as ravishing to thine ear, as that forever haunting "Ma-ma" lullaby was to the little ones who loved thee!

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Persons and Facts

Mr. William Long, of Alcester, Man., and Mr. Michael Long, of Gretna, Man., were in town last Tuesday.

Last Sunday an important meeting was held at Eli, Man., after High Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father T. Campeau. The reverend father delivered an eloquent address, demonstrating the development of the settlement and the great need of a church. His remarks so roused his hearers that proceedings were taken at once and a committee was organized to look after the matter, composed as follows: Chairman, John Hebert; financial secretary, Maxime Alaire; treasurer, John Hebert; and John Hebert, Edward Roy, Saur Sauvageau, Edouard Bernarin, and John Kelly. It is proposed to build a church costing about \$8,000.

Mr. Z. Patnaude also addressed the meeting at some length.

Last week the convent, the convent school and the public hall in connection therewith at St. Alphonse were burned down in the afternoon during a high north wind. The parish priest, the Sisters, their pupils and some neighbors and Flemish settlers, including August Hutlet, Frank Langevin, Moreau and Mr. Castel, the teacher from Bruxelles, who were visiting at St. Alphonse, did their best to save the contents of the buildings. All the provisions, beds, stoves and part of the furniture were burnt. The insurance was \$1,300, but the property far exceeded this in value.

Next Sunday a new bell for the projected new church of the Trappists will be blessed in St. Norbert parish church by His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface. In the evening at six o'clock the young ladies of the convent will present Racine's immortal tragedy of Athalie. Although they do not pretend to render so great a drama with the perfection of art, their careful preparation will enable the audience to relish the sublime truths and maxims and the able sentiments with which this unique tragedy abounds. No other literature can boast of so sublime a vindication of God's Providence. The music for the choruses, which is very beautiful and easily intelligible, has been imported for the occasion from France.

On Tuesday last our Holy Father, Leo XIII received with great solemnity the Duke of Norfolk and a delegation of British Catholics, who presented the pontiff with greetings and offerings. The duke read a loyal address, which the Pope answered, expressing his appreciation. The pontiff looked very well, considering his late illness. He said he felt quite himself again.

The following was the most important passage in the Duke of Norfolk's address: "We cannot forget the noble series of encyclicals in which you regulate the affairs with the kingdoms of the world, while strenuously asserting the independence of the Holy See, which Catholics throughout the world will never cease to claim."

A picture, representing Lucrezia Borgia as a poisoner, is attracting much attention in Cranston's window in Main street. It is not a work of art, rather it represents the gaudy, lurid style that pleases ignorant people; but what attracts many is the supposed truth of the fables that have gathered around the name of Lucrezia Borgia. It is taken for granted by the prejudiced Protestant onlookers that she was the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and that she was a sort of official poisoner for the Papal court. Much of this unwholesome interest in a third-rate daub, would fall very flat if any of that gaping crowd had read William Roscoe or Gregorovius, both Protestants, who have thoroughly vindicated Lucrezia

from the charge of being a user of poisons, and have proved that she was a virtuous woman slandered by the enemies of her house. She was most probably the niece, not the daughter, of Rodrigo Borgia, and she was born long before he became Pope.

Clerical News

Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, bishop of Nesqually, has announced the removal of the See of his diocese from Vancouver, Wash., where it has been since the diocese was first formed, and its permanent location in Seattle.

Rev. Fathers Boutin and Theriault returned last Tuesday from a short visit to the Trappist monastery at St. Norbert.

Rev. Fathers Dufresne, Beaugard and Gendron visited the Archbishop early this week.

It is just twenty years—see Free Press, March 9—since Winnipeg was divided by the late Archbishop Tache into two parishes, Alexander street being the dividing line. Rev. Father Lavoie then had charge of St. Mary's, and Rev. Father Lebert was appointed first pastor of the Immaculate Conception. He was succeeded, July 14, 1884, by Rev. Father Cherrier, the present incumbent.

Rev. Father Cherrier returned home last Saturday much benefited by his interesting journey to Mexico and Louisiana. Rev. Father Jolys remained over in New Orleans, whence he intended to go to Florida. He will be back in his parish of St. Pierre, Man., at the end of this month.

His Grace the Archbishop leaves on Friday, March 13, for Letellier, where one of the nuns will make her profession on Saturday. The mission which Rev. E. Proulx, S. J., is preaching in that parish will end next Sunday.

Rev. Father Drummond leaves on Friday, March 13, for Calgary, where, according to a promise given last year, he will lecture in the opera house on St. Patrick's Day. Thence he will go to Cranbrook to preach a mission for the Catholics there, whose pastor is Rev. Father Ouellette, O. M. I. Father Drummond will be back at the end of the month.

The Bishop of Salford, England, is dying.

Rev. Father David Benjamin (Keldaine), B. D. of Urmia, Persia, is about to publish a work on the history of the Chaldaeo-Assyrian Church and its Missions. These MSS. have been perused by Rev. J. McSwiney, S. J., a famous Orientalist, of Manresa House, Southampton, who has acted as censor, and have received Cardinal Vaughan's "imprimatur."

Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., pastor of St. Jean Baptiste church Duluth, left for his parish last Thursday.

Rev. Father Drummond preached last Sunday in the Church of St. Norbert, while Monsignor Ritchot, whose health is fairly good, sang High Mass.

Rev. Father Lesec, O. M. I., returned last week from France to his mission on Smoky River in the Peace River district.

Rev. Father Lalonde, of St. Adolphe, was here on Thursday, March 12.

Rev. Brother Robillard, O. M. I., accompanied Rev. Father Guillet to Duluth. A large number of Father Guillet's friends, lay and clerical, including His Grace the Archbishop, went to the C. P. R. station to see them off by the 2.10 p. m. train.

Rev. Father Vachon, O. M. I., of Prince Albert, left on Wednesday for Kansas, where he is to meet prospective settlers in the Saskatchewan.

Obituary.

Mr. Alfred Trudel, born at St. Jerome, Que., died on March 5th, in St. Boniface hospital at the age of 69 years, 9 months and 5 days. Coming to Manitoba 24 years ago, he worked in the C. P. R. shops of this city as machinist 21 years. Three of these years were spent in St. Boniface with his son Edmond. During the last three years of his life the deceased was in failing health, and bearing in mind the fact that his three brothers had died suddenly, he was always praying that his own death might not be too sudden. His prayers were granted, for he had 24 hours of immediate preparation. As to remote preparation, his truly Christian life made him ever ready for the Master's call. During those three years of forced rest his great grief was that he could no longer work. His son, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Trudel, administered to him the last rites of the Church, which he received with perfect consciousness and great fervor. When he breathed his last with perfect resignation, his bereaved wife, his son Joseph and his daughter, the Rev. Sister Trudel, were at his bedside.

As he had spent his last days with Mr. Joseph Coutu, the latter kindly received the remains until the funeral. More than 550 persons came to pray in the improvised mortuary chapel; among these were represented all the religious communities of Winnipeg and St. Boniface. His Grace, the Archbishop, came himself to condole with the mourning family.

The funeral took place on Saturday, March 7, at 9 a. m. The cortege left Mr. Coutu's house for the Cathedral at 8.30, the pall bearers being Messrs. Coutu, Collin, Francois Jean, Cherrier, De Lorimier and Marcoux. Among those who followed the hearse were the Rev. Sister Trudel, Mrs. Emile Mailnot, daughters of the deceased, Mr. Edmond Trudel (his son), of Regina, and the grandsons. The remains were met at the church door by the Very Rev. A. Dugas, V. G. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Dr. Trudel, with Rev. Dr. Beliveau as deacon and Rev. Father Theriault as subdeacon. The Archbishop assisted on his throne, accompanied by Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., and Rev. Father Lavigne, pastor of Neche, N. Dak. In the sanctuary were Rev. Father Hudon, S. J., Rector of St. Boniface College, Rev. G. S. Lebel, S. J. Rev. Fathers Paul and Joseph, Trappists, Rev. Fathers Cahill, Dandurand and Dorais, O. M. I., Rev. Fathers Dugas, Messier, Sauve, Cloutier, and the clerics, Messrs. Robillard, Bellavance and Mirault. The Cathedral was completely filled.

The deceased leaves five children, 14 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Mrs. C. B. Major, of Papineauville, daughter of the deceased, and wife of Mr. C. B. Major, member for Ottawa County in the Quebec Legislature, could not come to the funeral, but telegraphed her condolence.

We regretfully chronicle the death last Saturday and the funeral last Tuesday of Mrs. Theophile Pare, of St. Anne, wife of the well known ex-M. P. P. She was a native of this country, her maiden name having been Falcon. Mrs. Pare, who was always an exemplary Catholic, leaves her only daughter a Grey Nun. We respectfully present to our worthy friend, Mr. Pare, our sincerest condolence in his great loss.

R. I. P.

The Orangemen of Ulster have had a big split in their ranks. It appears that one Imperial Grand Potentate insulted another High and Exalted Bugaboo, whereupon the brethren took sides and the cruel war is on.

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