



CURRENT COMMENT

A striking example of the continuity of the Catholic Church is given in an event which took place recently in the diocese of Plymouth, England. After a lapse of exactly 365 years (Feb. 24th, 1538—Feb. 24th, 1903) since the suppression of the last Abbot of Buckfast, the first abbot of the revived order, was installed on the 24th of February last. From the (Plymouth) Western Weekly News we get this bit of interesting history about the ancient abbey: "The Abbey of Buckfast is of very ancient foundation, and its early history is lost. It appears in 'Domesday' as Bucfestre, and therefore existed before the Conquest. It is believed to have had unbroken descent from Saxon times until it was despoiled in the reign of Henry VIII. Originally the monks were of the order of St. Benedict, but in 1148 it became Cistercian, how or why seems very uncertain, except that in that age the Papal authority was largely supplanting that of the diocesan bishops in the religious houses, and the Cistercians were under the direct control of the Pope. In these early centuries, however, the monks were very industrious, and were the chief manufacturers and traders of the neighborhood. In 1236 they were admitted to the Guild Merchant of Totnes. Nearly a century later it is recorded that Abbot Philip obtained a grant of a weekly market at Buckfastleigh and of a yearly fair at Brent. In April, 1297, the Abbey had the honor of a visit from Edward I. Worth says that the Abbey produced no notable men unless we except William Slade, a Devonshire man, who became the head of the house in 1413. He is described as not only a scholar and a theologian, but an artist, and zealously in the discharge of his duties. The last abbot was Gilbert Donne, or Downe, who was appointed in 1535, the very time when all the smaller monasteries were being suppressed, and Downe had held the office barely three years when he considered it politic or expedient to surrender the monastery into the hands of the King's commissioners. The Abbey and the adjacent lands were then granted to Sir Thomas Dennis. After passing through various hands the Abbey fell into decay, and a factory and other houses were erected out of its ruins. In 1882 the site of the old Abbey, with the ground immediately surrounding it, was purchased on behalf of the community of Benedictine Monks, who were then recently expelled from France. By them the modern house on the site was taken down, the foundations of the old buildings were unearthed, and a new Abbey has been erected on the site. A four-storied tower at the west angle, known as the Abbots' Tower, is the only part of the old building which remains."

The Right Rev. Boniface Natter, O.S.B., has been chosen first Abbot of the restored community. The ceremony of blessing an abbot is similar to that of the consecration of a Bishop, except that the chrism is not used. The new abbot took the oath to be true to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, and to preserve intact the possessions and privileges of the order; and replied to certain questions of the Bishop as to his willingness to observe the rules of the order, to govern justly and to live holy, and to use the property and means of the monastery for the benefit of the poor and of strangers. The offertory included a cheque for £1,000.

Father Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., contributes to the pages of the Catholic World Magazine for March an article of more than usual value on the spiritual perception of the soul in the things that relate to God. The article is of immense practical utility—of guidance and of consolation. We give but a short selection from it: "In the secular branches of knowledge called science and art, progress is insured the moment men learn that their defects are remediable. It remains to be proven that they will display similar energy in regard to matters spiritual. One fears lest those who are striving so diligently to perfect their powers of observation and appreciation, may be less enthusiastic about the corresponding development of spiritual sense and religious feeling; or, to take another point of view, lest cultured minds—even if Catholic—that have been trained to fine mental accuracy may be content to remain very dull indeed, with regard to things of divine import. The varying lessons of the liturgy may continue to pass unheeded; Prayer and Gospel and Introit with their heart-stirring messages of resistless inspiration may remain unfamiliar still; the majestic harmonies in which during long centuries the Church has chanted forth to God the strains of human plaint and human praise may swell and sink unnoticed. Perfect methods of training will possibly obtain for generations before attention will be turned to the spiritual aspect of life's opportunities. Only the few will know the suggestive symbolism of rite and ceremony; only the few will remember the history of God's saints; only the few will thrill with a sense of the deep meaning of the Morning Sacrifice—although in very truth a vigilant soul might mount heavenward upon these steps like the visioned angels upon Jacob's ladder. But the 'blind' never see the rays of glory that are streaming in through sanctuary pane; nor watch the flickering altar-light rise, and fall as it sighs out its life there in the dusk so near to God; nor read the divine romance writ on the faces beside the entrance of the dim confessional; nor feel hot tears well up as the white-robed little ones pass by on their way to learn for the first time how truly and tenderly Jesus Christ has loved them."

Another timely article in the same magazine is that on the Jubilee of Leo XIII: "We might use the word 'world' without limitation whatsoever; for if there be one fact more remarkable than any other connected with Leo XIII the Thirteenth's reign and character, it is the universal respect and admiration in which he is held. During the twenty-five years that he has sat upon the throne of Peter there is not a serious thinker, a religious man, a social reformer, an earnest student, a ruler of peoples who has not, either in body or in spirit, made pilgrimage to his throne. Leo handled the problems before him with the skill of a Hildebrand, and his continued years have but given additional evidence of his power and ability as an interpreter of events and a ruler of hearts. He has, first of all, shown that the Church of Christ is independent of human government or human forms of government. Its welfare is not necessarily one with either monarchism or republicanism. Leo XIII. has been foreign to no country, and has been the friend and supporter of every legitimate form of government. But he has gone further, and positively advised those who opposed their legal government at home to support it heart and soul, and make it work for the welfare of the church. He has championed the rights of the state;

and fearlessly against the same state has he stood for the rights of the individual and of the people. Liberty and authority, one impossible without the other, in perfect sympathy are to work out the perfection of the individual and of the nation. Leo XIII. has done a greater work still. He has proved to the world, which obstinately refused to believe it, that Catholicity is an intellectual religion; not alone intellectual, but that the speculative reason, dwelling upon the positive, revealed truths, may find more than ample exercise for every one of its powers. Science has prospered under his encouragement, but he has always shown that science—restricted to the material and the sensible—is but a narrowing of the scope of human reason and a debasing of the soul."

Many of the leading thinkers of the day, Catholic and non-Catholic, pay their tribute to Leo XIII. in the pages of the March number of the Catholic World Magazine. Among them are Dr. Kerby of the Catholic University, Carroll D. Wright, President Schurman, Lyman Abbott. Dr. Kerby thus writes of Leo's work in the field of sociology: "Officially, Leo XIII. has taught a harmonious Christian social philosophy in recorded conversations, allocutions, and letters—which philosophy meets the problems of modern life directly and, one may say, adequately. The culmination of Leo's teaching is found in 'Rerum Novarum,' the Magna Charta of laborers. In it is synthesized, confirmed, and taught, as in a code, the Catholic reform thought that had become vital in Germany, Switzerland, France and Austria, as well as his own personal convictions. All in Catholic thought and action before the encyclical leads to it; all subsequent, proceeds from it. The great activity in thought and organization for the past twelve years may justly be called the fruit of that encyclical. When the wisest and best in modern nations shall have reached a satisfying readjustment of thought and life, the principles of that adjustment will not be unlike those elaborated in the teaching of our Holy Father. The nations may recoil from his leadership; they shall yet accept his teaching or fail to meet the problem of our civilization."

His Grace's Anniversary



Last week was one of congratulations and festivity at the Bishop's Palace, St. Boniface. The occasion was the 8th anniversary of the consecration of Mgr. Langevin, which occurred on Thursday, Mar. 18th. The celebration commenced with a "Scientific Evening" given on Wednesday under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface College. The programme consisted of an address to His Grace, musical renderings, and scholarly discourses on such subjects as fire, animals, sound, and wireless telegraphy. At

10 o'clock on Thursday Mass was celebrated by His Grace, and a powerful sermon preached by Rev. Father Lietrand, C.S.S.R. After Mass a dinner partaken of by over fifty priests was served at the palace on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening a very pleasing entertainment was given at the convent of The Holy Names, St. Boniface. The joyous occasion ended on Friday evening with an edifying entertainment at St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg.

Adelard Langevin, son of F. Theophile Langevin and Maria Pomela Racicot, sister of Mgr. Racicot, Vicar General of Montreal, was born on 23rd of August, 1855, at St. Isidor, P.Q. His first studies were made at the parish school of St. Isidor. In 1867 he went to the college conducted by the Sulpiciens at Montreal. After having studied there for eight years, he occupied a professorship of Latin for two years in the same college. In 1881 he entered the Congregation of Oblates and was ordained in 1882. From 1882 to 1885 he acted as missionary priest at St. Peter's church, Montreal. From 1885 to 1893 he lectured in Theology at the Ottawa University. In 1893 he came to Winnipeg as pastor of St. Mary's church. About a year and a half later he was consecrated Archbishop of St. Boniface, which sacred office he has graced during the last eight years.

Persons and Facts

According to recent statistics the progress of the Catholic Church in America has been most satisfactory and encouraging. Up to only a very few years ago the continent of America was classed by statisticians as a Protestant continent, since it was the only one of the five great divisions of the earth that had a majority of Protestants. This last continent is now lost to them, the latest authentic figures being: Catholics 58,000,000, Protestants 57,000,000.

The influx of settlers at Moosejaw is so great that enterprising boarding-house keepers are coining money. The hotel accommodation is altogether insufficient.

The new bells for St. Mary's church, Calgary, are coming from Europe round the world by ship and then from Vancouver eastward. This is the cheaper method.

The Scientific American of a recent number describes the new telescope of the Jesuit college at Montreal, Canada. This telescope, it appears, was built from the designs of Rev. Father Garais, S.J., by the members of the Jesuit college. The spherical mirror of this telescope is in point of size the third in North America, being excelled only by those of the Yerkes and Lick observatories. "No little admiration is due," says our esteemed contemporary, "to the man who has not only designed the whole and constructed the principal parts of so intricate an instrument, but who has moreover with his own hand erected the machinery required for its production. The working gear was prepared under the supervision and according to the directions of Father Garais, who also designed all the parts and furnished the wooden models."

The Bishop of Southwark, England, says an average of six hundred converts are annually gained to the Church in his diocese.

The conversion of Christianity from Mohammedanism and Buddhism last year in all pagan countries is now officially placed at 250,000. Of these, the Catholic Church received 74 per cent.

The Rev. Charles W. Davey, formerly Anglican curate at Marnhull, Dorset, Eng., has been received into the Catholic Church at St. Mary's, Clapham.

All the Methodist clergy in Buffalo attended the services at St. Joseph's Cathedral in honor of Archbishop Quigley prior to his departure for his new field of labor. It was the first time in the history of the city that such a striking manifestation of esteem on the part of the separated brethren had been extended to a Catholic priest or prelate. Special seats were reserved for the ministers, who attended in a body.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., the students of St. Boniface College furnished a highly instructive and most interesting scientific entertainment in honor of His Grace Archbishop Langevin. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Archbishop upon entering in company with a large number of the clergy was greeted with an excellent orchestral selection, under the direction of Mr. Betournay, Mr. Norbert Bellavance and Mr. Jos. Arsenault then read addresses to His Grace in French and English, after which Mr. A. Beaupre delivered a short prologue to the lectures and experiments that made up the evening's delightful programme. Mr. J. Mondor discussed the theory of combustion, illustrating his explanations with such clear and vivid experiments that even the most uninitiated could not fail to understand and appreciate. At the close of this truly enjoyable lecture Master Maurice Gelley delighted the audience with a song entitled "Little Black Me" in a manner to win the well-merited applause of all.

Then followed a dissertation on zoology with stereopticon views, delivered by A. Laurendeau and N. Bellavance. The facility with which these young gentlemen treated their subject showed a good knowledge of this interesting branch of scientific study. At the fall of the curtain a violin and piano duet, Schubert's Serenade, was pleasingly rendered by Mr. John Tremblay and Rev. Father de Mangaleere.

The theory of sound illustrated by experiments was next discussed by Philippe Beaubien, whose highly successful efforts were not lost upon the distinguished audience. After this number, Henri Manseau sang "Mon Drapeau," which was enthusiastically received.

An explanation of wireless telegraphy was then given by Jos. Arsenault and the principles clearly demonstrated by the use of the wireless instruments.

"Les Ecoles du Bon Dieu et de Monseigneur," sung by the members of St. Cecilia's Music Club, was followed by another selection from the orchestra.

His Grace then rose and after expressing his hearty thanks for the addresses, congratulated those who had helped to make the entertainment such a success, and by his kind words encouraged the students to work faithfully and take advantage of the excellent opportunities offered them in this institution of learning. After the playing of the national anthem all departed with words of praise for the young men who had made the evening so enjoyable.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCXXXII.

Sacred Heart Review.

After having, as we have seen, on page 116, ascribed to the Pope two titles which the Roman Church abhors and rejects; three others which she does not abhor but does not use; and three others which she does use, but which, like the former three, are not blasphemous, Lansing goes on as follows, speaking of the relations of Pius IX. to Victor Emmanuel II.: "Without prejudice, make up your minds what spirit dwells in a man, or a church, that can employ the following course."

Thereupon he reels off the familiar string of vulgar imprecations, with which all are acquainted who read "Tristram Shandy."

As this vituperative formula is wholly unknown to the use of the Roman Church, is not found in the Roman Pontifical, or in any other office-book now in use, most Catholic clergymen, even scholars, imagine that it was invented outright by Lawrence Sterne. I have repeatedly seen it so declared by cultivated Catholic writers.

However, this appears to be a mistake. The form seems to have really had an ecclesiastical origin (so also a Brighton professor assures me). It is ascribed, and probably with justice, to Ernulfus, Bishop of Rochester, living about 1120, a barbarous man in a barbarous time. They say that the original manuscript is still preserved in the archives of Rochester cathedral.

This document fell under the eye of Lawrence Sterne, of course in its original briefer and less unseemly, though sufficiently unseemly form. The author of "Tristram Shandy," with his congenial love of baseness and filth, has slightly enlarged it by certain humorous but inexpressible indecencies. Thus prepared for Protestant acceptance, it was unsuspectingly swallowed down by the credulous and orthodox readers of the novel, and still stands in the Anglo-Saxon Protestant world, among people of Lansing's level, as the authentic form of a Roman excommunication.

Its currency in this country has been advanced by the fact that some sixty years ago or more a priest named Hogan was excommunicated by the Bishop of Philadelphia. As the solemn form of the Greater Excommunication is very seldom used, so rarely that its application to Dr. Dollinger called out general consternation, the Bishop, no doubt, simply declared Hogan divested of his priestly faculties and debarred access to the sacraments until he should repent. In other words, as I understand, the offending clergyman was placed under the minor excommunication. We must remember that even in the sixteenth century many priests, and even a considerable number of bishops, appear to have drifted away from the Church, against whom no form of excommunication whatever was employed. Their defection being notorious, they were regarded as excommunicate "ipso facto." Of course we must remember that no ecclesiastical denunciation is needed to separate a man from the Church, if he rejects, wittingly, a single one of her doctrines, or if he permanently contemns her authority. A simple neglect of her authority, however prolonged, I do not understand to have the same effect.

Thus we see that the probable sentence against Hogan was what we, in the Protestant churches, call a simple "suspension." However, the word "excommunication" caught the ear of a religious blackguard of that time, whose book I read in my boyhood with the unhesitating faith of a bigoted young fool, anxious to atone for all manner of good offices, spiritual and temporal, received from Catholics, by showing that he was now as good a hater of "the scarlet woman" as the best. I retain the general tenor of the book, but have forgotten the writer's name.

This man, hearing that Hogan was excommunicated, and wishing to instruct his readers what a Catholic excommunication was, and having evidently no acquaint-

ance with the Roman Pontifical, thought himself of his "Tristram Shandy," and reproduces, probably with undoubting belief, the rude imprecations of Ernulfus, augmented by Sterne's obscenities.

I may remark that in the Middle Ages there were one or two forms a good deal like this of Ernulfus, in use in the Low Countries. Probably, being neighbors, they had a common stock. For some two hundred and fifty years, however, the Roman Pontifical, having been made generally obligatory, has extinguished these local aberrations. Yet there is no reason to suppose that the religious blackguard of whom I speak had any other source for his imaginary form than "Tristram Shandy," as he does not vary at all from this.

This writer, as I recollect, was a few steps above Lansing in intellect, and a few steps below him in vulgar ribaldry. However, from of old there has been an unflinching succession of ignorant and evil-minded slanderers. This reviler and falsifier of two generations back is the authentic predecessor of the Lansings and Christians of to-day.

Since 1570 there have been, as I remember (not counting in the insignificant Duke of Parma), only two European monarchs excommunicated by the Pope, Elizabeth and Napoleon the First, the former by name, the latter, as I understand, only by unmistakable description. Elizabeth, as we know, was also declared deposed, a clause, however, to which the English Catholics paid little attention, and which, by papal consent, soon fell into neglect. The Spaniards themselves would not act on this part of the bull.

Setting aside the question of deposition, which, as the papal legate in France declared, was "problematical," the language of Pius V. concerning Elizabeth, though austere, is grave and dignified, and assuming his right to excommunicate the Queen, is altogether worthy of a Christian man.

I have never seen the bull of the seventh Pius against Napoleon, but as his excommunication is indirect: as manners had gone on softening; as official language had become more and more fixed in the grave mould of the Pontifical; as Pius VII. was of a very benignant character, and moreover unshakably attached to Napoleon, notwithstanding his breach with him; and as the Emperor's complaint was not the style of the excommunication, but the fact of it, we may be sure that its language, while decisive, was mild and restrained.

Since then no monarch has been excommunicated. When Victor Emmanuel, between 1866 and 1870, began to occupy the States of the Church, Pius IX. issued an edict, which was published in full in the newspapers of the time, and which I read at length. It struck me as a little querulous in tone, but it was exceedingly restrained in language. It did not name the King, nor even describe him. It simply described a certain category of despoilers of the Church, among whom, naturally, the King was understood to be. Even against these the Pope promulgated no penalties. He simply declared that by the force of the canons already subsisting, and to which he adds no personal enactment of his own, all such offenders incurred "ipso facto" privation of the sacraments while in health. King Victor himself, we know, on his deathbed, duly received absolution and the Communion, and the Pope's blessing, and was buried with ecclesiastical honors.

Humbert, having no time for the last sacraments, nevertheless was buried with all the offices of the Church. Why was this, since he had not, like his father, been absolved? The answer given by the Roman divines, as we are told, was that the Church does not willingly withhold her final honors from a monarch of a dynasty which is not heretical, nor, in the spiritual sphere, schismatical, whose sovereigns have never been placed under the Greater Excommunication, nor even, individually, only inferentially, under the lesser. We remember with what displeasure Victor Emmanuel, at Edinburgh, rebuked the Presbyterian Provost and Council for language disparaging the Pope's spiritual sovereignty.

As some Catholic journal remarks, the House of Savoy is at variance with the Holy See on a matter of ecclesiastical policy, but is perfectly Catholic in faith.

Lansing, I believe, is too young for personal memory of the Pope's reserved and carefully guarded decree. However, being perfectly unintelligent, both by natural shallowness and religious animosity, being almost incapable of personal research, always acting on the simple principle that whatever impels people to hate the Papists is sufficiently attested by that fact, and having vaguely heard that the Pope had "excommunicated" the King, and having probably never looked into the Roman Pontifical, or been able to read it if he had, not even being able to put together two words of excessively vulgar Latin without twisting one of them out of all recognizable shape, he has had no resource but to fall back on "Tristram Shandy" concerning a King, who, strictly speaking, can hardly be said to have been excommunicated at all, and who died under the papal benediction.

CHAS. C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

CARDINAL MANNING'S FOUNDATION.

Cardinal Vaughan's recent appeal to his flock for further assistance towards the maintenance and extension of the Reformatory, Industrial, and Certified Poor Law Schools of the Archdiocese draws attention to one of the most successful efforts of his eminent predecessor, Cardinal Manning. It was in 1865 that the latter first directed his attention to obtaining the transfer of Roman Catholic children inmates of workhouse and workhouse schools to Roman Catholic Certified Poor Law Schools. In 1867 he had erected and equipped one Reformatory, two Industrial, and two Certified Poor Law Schools, with a total number of children of 48, of whom but 70 were sent by and chargeable to 11 unions and parishes. To-day there are in the Archdiocese one Reformatory, four Industrial, and twelve Certified Poor Law Schools, and the total number of inmates is 2,644, of whom 1,810 are children sent by and chargeable to 58 unions and parishes. Before his death Cardinal Manning was in the position to state that there was not one orphan or deserted Roman Catholic child of his Archdiocese being educated in workhouse schools. His example was followed by other Bishops of his Church, and with the results that to-day there are 14 Roman Catholic Certified Poor Law Schools for boys, with accommodation for 2,655 inmates; 25 for girls, with accommodation for 3,027 inmates; and 11 mixed schools, with accommodation for 1,158—a total of 50 Certified Poor Law Schools with accommodation for 6,840 children.—London Daily News, of March 2nd.

IRELAND'S EXPECTATION.

All Ireland, it may be said, is on the tip-toe of expectation at the present moment as to the course the Government is likely to pursue with regard to the settlement of the Land Question.

Day after day it is becoming more evident that the country at large has ratified the recommendations of the recent Land Conference. The names of the representatives of the rival interests at that important gathering promise well to be writ large in the future records of Ireland.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that as soon as the recommendations of the conference had been signed by the various members Mr. William O'Brien exclaimed most impressively "God save the King!" adding words to the effect that this was the first occasion in his life on which he had given utterance to such a sentiment. On hearing this, one of the advocates of the landlords' interests is said to have reciprocated Mr. O'Brien's compliment by crying out, "God save Ireland!" The occasion of the signing of such a document was, of course, unique, so we must not be surprised if, laboring under the emotion of the moment, some of the members

gave emphatic utterance to their feelings. By the bye, we feel assured all Irishmen will have reason to sing out right heartily, God save the King! and no Orangeman, be he landlord or artisan, but will a few years hence be prepared to join in the chorus of "God save Ireland." Time brings many changes and we feel confident that the work of time will be altogether on the side of Ireland and the future of her people.

The question which is being discussed most widely in Ireland as we write these lines is what will be the amount of the bonus the Treasury will have to advance to the Irish landlords? It is the generally received opinion that the sum of £20,000,000 will be needed for this purpose. Many writers here in England express themselves alarmed at the mere mention of such a sum. They cry out that the country cannot afford it. Such people, however, know next to nothing of the tremendous issues at stake in Ireland, and find it convenient to ignore the vast sum of money which England owes to Ireland as a matter of simple restitution for the most flagrant over-taxation during the last century. The exact amount of this sum, which runs to hundreds of millions, was fixed a few years since by the members of the Royal Commission, including some of the leading English financiers, appointed by Parliament to enquire into the financial relations between England and Ireland.

When we call to mind the hundreds of millions England has had to pay for the privilege of muddling through her unfortunate campaign in South Africa, and the millions she is spending to-day on the work of repatriation of the Boers, who are certainly none too grateful for the efforts made on their behalf, we can scarcely find patience to deal with the men who raise their hands in horror at the bare mention of giving a few millions of the national wealth for the settlement of a problem of vital concern to a country which, as a nation, we have robbed unblushingly since the passing of the Act of Union, not to mention the centuries of oppression and spoliation on the part of England towards Ireland for long generations previous to the passing of that ill-starred Act in 1800.

Few Englishmen to-day know, or care to know, anything of the past dealings of their country with Ireland, and it is just as well that certain facts should be brought under their notice for their guidance and information when they set themselves to deal with present Irish problems.

We wish that the letters recently published by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in the Nationalist papers, by way of criticism on the recommendations of the Land Conference could be studied as they deserve to be here in England. Dr. Walsh candidly admits that Ireland as a whole has ratified the report of the conference. Yet he cannot blind himself to the fact that from the tenants' point of view the report is not devoid of weakness and blemish.

First of all, His Grace points out that the conference defined to a penny what the landlords are to get for their property, to wit, 27½ years' purchase, at second term valuation. But he thinks that the conference did not define with equal clearness what the tenants will have to pay.

There are three ways in which the 27½ years' purchase to be paid to the landlords may be obtained for them: (1) The tenants might be called upon to pay the amount in full without any aid from the State. This, of course, would mean a considerable extension of the term of annual payments. (2) The amount could be obtained with the help of a State grant of eight or nine years' purchase of the land, which would fill up the difference between the 18½ years' purchase, which is said to be a fair valuation and the 27½ years' purchase, which the landlords are to define exactly what amount of grant would be required from the State in the opinion of the members to bridge over the difference between the tenants and the landlords.

As matters stand at present, the Government may elect to give a bonus equivalent only to four or



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five years' purchase money. But it is earnestly to be hoped that the Ministry will see its way to deal in a large and generous spirit with this tremendously important question. It would be a thousand pities if the tenants' term of waiting and paying was prolonged unduly. Meanwhile, as we have said, Ireland is all expectation. If only England shows a generous spirit now, the two countries cannot fail to be brought close together in the bonds of lasting affection.—The (London) Universe.

Wagsby—Old Publicity is, beyond a doubt, the most eccentric man I ever saw.

Wagsby—How so?
 Wagsby—Not fewer than half a dozen papers have printed portraits of him, and the contrary creature actually looks like every one of the pictures.—Baltimore American.

First Newsboy—See dat guy wid de big whiskers? Dat's Bod Fitzsimmons' doctor.

Second Newsboy—How'd you know he is?

First Newsboy—Cause he's got a sign in his office window what reads, "I cure Fits."—Kansas City Journal.

Biggs—It is all off between Harry and Nellie. She has told him she will be a sister to him.

Griggs—Sho! Does she hate him as bad as that?—Boston Evening Transcript.

Northwest Review

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POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, MAR 28, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MARCH.

29—Passion Sunday.
30—Monday—St. John Damascene.
31—Tuesday—Feria.

APRIL.

1—Wednesday—Feria.
2—Thursday—St. Francis de Paul.
3—Friday—Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
4—Saturday—St. Isidor.

CONDITIONS TO BE MET.

Speaking last week to a gentleman who knows something of the different elements which compose the vast body of immigrants who have been pouring into the country during the last few months, he pointed out the significant fact that a very considerable proportion of the new comers are Catholics, and, he added, as systematic arrangements have now been perfected for the encouragement of this class of immigration and the settlement of the people in colonies where they will have every facility for worship and education there is no doubt this feature will be even more marked in the future. In Alberta, along the line of the Calgary and Edmonton railway several Catholic centres have recently sprung into existence. In Saskatchewan there is the German Catholic colony founded under the direction of the Benedictine Fathers, who have secured an immense tract of excellent land, which will soon be occupied by thousands of settlers. In Assiniboia the Catholic settlement at Balgonie has spread south to such a degree that three new churches will be erected this summer at points along the new railway line from Arcola to Regina, and priests are coming from Germany to minister to the spiritual needs of the rapidly growing flock. Another well organized Catholic colony is to take possession of a fine stretch of country between Alameda and Estevan, and the Catholic settlement in the same district at Alma is prosperous and thriving. These are only a few of the many indications there are that a very wonderful percentage of the new-comers are practical and devoted members of the Catholic Church, and it is consoling to know that adequate provision is being made for their spiritual well-being.

There is, however, another point connected with this matter that is worthy of consideration, and that is the provision that will have to be made in the very near future for the accommodation of the increased Catholic population of Winnipeg. It is very evident that the number of Catholics in this city is growing weekly and churches will have to be built here as well as in the Catholic settlements in the country districts. It is well known there is already a demand which cannot be met for pews in St. Mary's—for instance—from many families recently arrived in the parish, and the large crowd of strangers seen every Sunday at Mass indicate that this question will become very acute at a not distant date.

Catholics will undoubtedly soon be found in considerable numbers residing in such residential districts as Fort Rouge and the western parts of the city, which are now included in St. Mary's parish, and as the present church will only accommodate a certain number and has already just about reached the limit it is clear something will have to be done very shortly.

ST. PIE-LETELLIER.

March 17th, 1903.

On Sunday evening an eight days' mission was brought to a close by a big reception of men in the "League of the Sacred Heart." Before benediction the officers of the new league were elected as follows: Mr. Guilbert, President. Mr. Jacques Parent, vice-president. Mr. P. Turner, secretary. Immediately after the service Mr. Parent read an address to Father Proulx, S.J., expressing the thanks of the congregation to the missionary who had so devoted himself the whole week in their spiritual interests. The Reverend Father replied most kindly, congratulating all on the zeal they had displayed in assisting at all the services, in spite of the very bad roads. His Grace, the Archbishop, who arrived at Letellier on Friday afternoon, accompanied by the Reverend Father Lecoq and Dr. Belliveau was present at the evening service on that day. Mr. Gravelines read an address of welcome, to which His Grace replied with his customary eloquence, telling us, among other things, that he had come to receive the vows of one of the sisters himself, not only to honor and encourage our sisters, but also to honor the parish and show his appreciation of the way in which Letellier had first striven for a convent and then received the sisters with open arms.

On Saturday morning the ladies of Ste. Anne who have been a congregation for some time, but who had not yet been formally received in the Church, publicly consecrated themselves to Ste. Anne, to the number of fifty. The Archbishop again kindly addressed a few words to them before leaving for the train.

The first young lady to join the "Mission Sisters" here is Miss L'Oiselle, who leaves Letellier in a few days with the Mother Prioress of Ste. Rose du Lac for the noviciate.

The Reverend Fathers Fillion and Bastien assisted during several days at our retreat. Our pastor can feel at ease now, as probably all the Easter duties in his parish have been fulfilled.

A petition has been signed and forwarded to the Lieutenant Governor for the formation of an agricultural society at Letellier.

Mr. and Mrs. Bois, of St. Pie, reached home on Saturday after an extended trip in the Province of Quebec and Eastern States.

OUR ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT,

17th March, 1903.

Many were the praises extended to the President and members of the Catholic Club for the great success achieved at their St. Patrick's annual concert. We are loath to introduce any discordant note into the sweet harmonies of the day,

still we consider it our duty to express regret at one item at least on the programme of the evening. A year ago some selections were made and given as a recitation from Drummond's book on the habitant of the Province of Quebec. As many French Canadians had thought it proper to do honor to the Great Patron Saint of Ireland by being present at the concert, they could well have expected that some consideration would have been entertained regarding their national feelings. Still nothing was said, for poor as the English of the Habitant might appear, it is worth much more than the French of most of our English-speaking fellow-citizens. The same thing was repeated on the 17th March of this year. Again perhaps we would have held our peace on the subject, but when the elocutionist of the evening showed the bad taste of giving a recitation not only injurious to the French Canadians present, but partaking so glaringly of the nature of a slur on the miracles wrought at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaufre of Quebec; and when the gentleman seemed to have merited not only the applause of the audience, but even the honor of an encore, we are at a loss how to understand the spirit of Faith of our Irish Catholics on the circumstance. We more than doubt that the Great Saint Patrick could have been pleased with them. And so we ventured to tell the organizers of the St. Patrick's concert that it would not only be good policy but good common Catholic sense not to allow in the future their grand programme to be disgraced as it was on the 17th of March, 1903.

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HONORING IRELAND'S DAY.

The opera house was well filled last evening on the anniversary of St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint, and those who attended were well repaid by listening to the excellent lecture on Irish Orators, delivered by the Rev. Father Drummond.

The lecturer chose six famous Irish patriots and orators, Grattan, Edmund Burke and Sheridan, as representing the intellect of the Irish race; and Curran, Shiel and O'Connell, as remarkable for their warmth of heart. The lecturer showed how Grattan overcame great natural defects so completely that he astonished the British House of Commons by his eloquence. It was he who created the Irish parliament, and unfortunately he also witnessed its destruction. Edmund Burke was spoken of as the greatest prose writer on political and social questions in the English language. His mind was, if anything, too vast for practical oratory. His speeches were sometimes too prosy to listen to. Sheridan was considered by Byron, the most gifted man the latter ever knew, and in the celebrated Warren Hastings trial, convinced Hastings' lawyer, that Hastings was the worst criminal in the world.

At this point an intermission took place, and some interesting instrumental and vocal music was offered to the audience. Captain Bagley's orchestra rendered some selections of Irish airs, and B. J. Walsh sang Kathleen Mavourneen. The choir rendered their part very well, as also did Mrs. Winter in the famous songs, 'The Piper,' and 'The Minstrel Boy,' and both were encored.

The numbers given by the choir during the evening were St. Patrick's Day, and Oft in the Stilly Night.

In delivering the second part of the lecture, Rev. Father Drummond began with a reference to John Philpot Curran, and gave several amusing instances of his humor. Curran was no mere trifler, but a man of deep pathos. He struggled fiercely to defend the victims of judicial injustice in the rebellion of 1798. He was an example of the combination in the Irish character of merriment with melancholy, and both of these feelings sprang from the same source, a sense of incongruity.

In depicting Richard Lalor Shiel, the lecturer said he was a great man, the author of the most wonderfully clever book, "Sketches of the Irish Bar." He was a man of

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great oratorical power, in spite of glaring natural defects. He was also a man of great sincerity, as was proved by his personality in acting as assistant to Daniel O'Connell, or Shiel was from a literary point of view a much greater man than Daniel O'Connell, though the latter was by far the greatest orator.

The last part of the lecture was a panegyric of Daniel O'Connell, who was a man who had had no training except that of the will, and wanted no corrections of natural defects. He seemed to spring full armed into the public arena; physically, mentally and morally he was complete. Providence seemed to have chosen him expressly for the time when he appeared. He had every style of oratory, the humorous, the argumentative and the pathetic. He was the people's ideal, and really Ireland's uncrowned king.—Calgary Herald, Mar. 18.

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A HEROINE.

Apparently there is a poor Catholic woman somewhere in Chicago, who is a heroine. There is Protestant testimony to this effect. In the Northwestern Christian Advocate (Methodist) of January 28th, Rev. J. Clayton Youker gives an account of a visit he made in company with Adjutant Storey of the Salvation Army, among the homes of the poor. They found a woman sick abed, no food, no fuel, rent due, children half clad, husband gone. They gave her \$5 out of her slender store. Then she said, according to the Advocate:

"I owe this little girl (a creditor) \$1.50; her people are very poor and need the money; may I pay them?" We said, "Yes, pay them." Then she said: "There is a woman a few doors away who keeps a little store; she is now sick abed; I owe her \$10. I would have perished if it had not been for her help. She is helping eight or ten families and is in danger of breaking herself up in business by it. May I pay her \$3? I would have 50 cents left." We said: "No, we will see the lady." We then paid the rent and called upon the storekeeper. A kind, motherly woman we found her—a Catholic in faith and Catholic in sympathy.

"A Catholic in faith." "Keeps a little store." "I would have perished if it had not been for her help." "She is helping eight or ten families." All this at a time when poor people were freezing in Chicago. This tells the whole story. The poor woman with her little store was saving those poorer than she from starving—in her humble way another St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She, too, was a heroine, and a Protestant minister records her nobleness in a Protestant journal. After this who may declare the world? Somewhere God has it written that at a moment when merciless coal barons were trying to freeze thousands to death in Chicago for the sake of unhallowed gain, one poor Catholic woman was using her slender means to save eight or ten families from perishing. Yet we venture there are many such whose deeds never get into print.—Pittsburg Catholic.

A CURIOUS OLD WILL, AND ITS MORAL.

The Weekly Freeman of Dublin had the following account of a curious old-time last will and testament, in which the thoughtful reader may find a sufficient moral:—

"John Langlay was one of Oliver Cromwell's followers. He got possession of a large estate in land in the County Tipperary. Some time before his death he made the following will:—

"I, John Langlay, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own handwriting. I do leave all my house-goods, and farm of Black Kettle, of two hundred and fifty-three acres, to my son, commonly called Stubborn Jack; to him and his heirs forever, provided he marries a Protestant woman, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me Oliver's whelp. My new buckskin breeches and my silver tobacco stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmel, when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake; every one shall have two quarts of the best aqua vitae, and each one a skeen, dish, and knife laid before him; and when the liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to earth, whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand this third of March, 1674.—John Langlay."

"When this testament was finished, and the report of it was spread about among Langlay's friends, they wondered very much, because they knew that it was little friendship he had always had for the Irish. Accordingly, they questioned him why he was willing to go to such an amount of expense on ac-

count of Irishmen, people for whom he had such a hatred. He answered that if they should get drunk at his wake that it would be very likely they would get a-fighting, and that they would kill one another, and that it would be a means to diminish the breed."

The lack of legislation in Ireland regulating the liquor traffic, the ease with which, up to quite recently, licenses to sell liquor could be obtained, the many ways in which liquor selling and liquor drinking were at least tacitly encouraged by Ireland's rulers—all these seem to show a spirit akin to that of John Langlay.—Ex.

WHISPERING IN CHURCH.

The following words are addressed by a Protestant Bishop—Bishop Huntington—to a Protestant people. How much more closely do they apply to Catholics in whose churches God Himself, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, is on the altar? "The worst of all kinds of sound in church is that of human voices not engaged in the services; worst in indecency, worst in moral transgression. Even religious conversation is wrong; secular conversation is profanity. Comments on the service itself, if favorable and friendly, are impertinent; if critical, are disgraceful; if comical or calculated to provoke laughter, are infamous. For all mutual communications that appear to be necessary, a sufficient forethought would, in most instances, obviate the necessity. If those who whisper would think first, they would commonly see that no serious harm would come of keeping still till after the service. The insult lies against His courts, against the congregation. A whisper reaches farther than the whisperer imagines. And whenever it reaches it may rightly stir indignation. It is a form of ill manners, the more deplorable because it is scarcely capable of rebuke and suppression by any other means than a general sense of good behavior and a right education."—Michigan Catholic.

THE WIDOW'S COW.

"I have been over to Widow Dilman's this afternoon and brought home that cow," said Farmer Merrion as he sat down to supper.

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Daisy, "what will the poor widow do now?"

"I had never thought of that," laughed the farmer.

"Well, I call that real mean," spoke up Joe. "We've got a whole barnyard full of cows, while that poor woman has just one."

"The widow has been buying provisions off me all along. The bargain was that as soon as it amounted to \$30, if she had not the money to pay me, I was to have the cow. So, you see, the cow is bought and paid for."

"Oh, papa, it's a shame, because she's half their living. Poor Mrs. Dilman has been sick so long, you know, and now that she is getting about again, I know she must feel almost lost without poor old Whitey." And there were tears in Eva's eyes.

At last, pushing back her food untasted, she sprang up and went around to her father, and pleaded with him to take back the cow.

"I would, father," said his wife. "You know what the Bible says about being good to the poor."

"Tut, tut!" said the farmer. "You can all be very free with other people's money. How many of you, I wonder, would give anything out of your own pockets?"

"Papa, dear, you shall have my bank and every dollar in it," said Eva.

"And you needn't buy me a new overcoat this winter, father. I'll wear my old one," said Joe.

"Please, papa, can't I sell my pet pig to help pay for the cow?" asked Daisy.

"Well, I declare," laughed the farmer. "Tell me where you all learned so much generosity."

"I have tried to instill it into them, my dear," said Mrs. Merrion, "as Jesus has taught it to us through His Word. 'He that hath pity on the poor,' you know, 'lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.' God's word is sure."

The result was that the next morning the farmer sold the cow to his children! and what fun they had driving her home! As they drew near the cottage they became so boisterous that the widow and one of her sons came out to the gate, and there stood old Whitey patiently by the fence with the children around.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dilman; we've brought back your cow," cried Joe.

"For the land's sake," cried she, holding up both hands. "Don't you want her?"

"You want her worse," said Joe. "and so papa sold her to us children, and we've brought her back a present to you."

"You blessed children! God be praised!" exclaimed the widow, bursting into tears; and little Mark threw both arms around the cow's neck.

Farmer Merrion's children declared as they were returning home "that they never felt so happy in their lives." They had learned that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."—Ex.

The Gratitude of Kittie.

Hilda was stolidly dipping chocolate creams when Kittie looked toward her down the long table and wondered if she had heard the news. But Hilda's head, with its flaxen braids, was bent steadily over her work and betrayed no emotion. Like a well-regulated machine, she lifted the soft, white centres, dropped them into the pan of melted chocolate that was kept at the right temperature by a gas flame underneath, and then quickly returned them to a sheet of waxed paper, putting a little twist on each candied morsel by a deft turn of the wrist.

Even Kittie's eager eyes could detect no tremor in the movements of that hand. It was plain that nothing had happened to disturb Hilda's peace of mind. Kittie sighed and looked down into her own pan of melted chocolate and at the tray of snowy mounds beside it. If she was to dip her usual number of creams that day she could not afford to lose any more time. Besides, was not her work needed now more than ever?

Presently Kittie's curls were bent as low as Hilda's braids, and Kittie's right hand was moving with the same machine-like regularity, as tray after tray was filled with the tempting sweets and carried away to the cooling-room by the very little girls who had not yet arrived at the dignity of being "hand-dippers." It was one of these who had told the news to Kittie, whispering to her as she brought a fresh lot of fig and almond centres.

"Factory's going to shut down," she had said. "Mr. Bradford's goin' to fail."

"Don't believe it!" Kittie had responded, sharply, as a grown-up person of fifteen should speak to a mere child of thirteen who had no business to be working in a factory anyhow, even if Kittie herself had started at twelve.

"But he said so," said the unabashed assistant, indicating the foreman with a sugary thumb. "He told Jim the boss had lost all his money and was gain' to shut up shop."

It was then that Kittie had put down her wire dipper and looked across at the unresponsive Hilda. Hilda, she felt sure, would have that same queer feeling of tightness in her throat at the mere thought of any misfortune coming to the "boss." For back of his cheery smile, they had reason to know, lay a genuine kindness of heart which stove for expression in ways that made the Bradford factory different from any other in the city.

Kittie had known so little kindness in her short, sordid little life! There had been a few years divided between a noisy school and a teacher who did not understand and a more noisy home with a mother who, in the struggle for existence, had forgotten her childhood.

Then had come the factory, as a matter of course. Born of factory-bred parents, knowing only children of other factory-bred mothers and fathers, Kittie had never thought of looking forward to anything else. In a vague way she knew that somewhere in the world there were

girls who went to school indefinitely, and emerged at some far day school teachers, or forewomen, or perhaps even glorified beings who wore marvellous clothes and called one "dear" in low, sweet tones when the Pansy Club met at the settlement Wednesday nights.

But Kittie, in her wildest day-dreams, had not imagined such a future for herself. She had gone to work just as she had gone to school, carrying home her wages on Saturday evenings just as she had once carried home her weekly reports on Fridays. It was what all the girls she knew did, and she thought nothing about it.

But she did know there was a difference between the Bradford factory and the other big places in town where candy was manufactured by the ton. It was not that the Bradford girls did not work ten long hours every day, just as the girls in other factories did, or that they were paid any better. Competition in the candy business was too sharp to permit any expensive philanthropy, but Bradford, it was generally, if reluctantly, acknowledged, did more for his work people than any one else in town.

Perhaps it was because he had two little daughters who had not so much as seen the inside of his establishment that made him feel particularly tender with the hundreds of little girls who came to him for employment. He would have much preferred not to take them at all, but if they did not work for him they would work for some one else, since there was no law that could prevent them from working.

So Bradford eased his conscience by doing what he could to make the time they spent at work more pleasant. It was he who had tried the plan of a fifteen minutes' recess in the middle of the morning and of the afternoon, despite the assertions of his superintendent that the loss of a half-hour's work a day meant just so much less in the week's total output.

"Never mind, Tom," he would say on such occasions. "If there were no better reason, kindness pays. They work better for the rest, don't they?"

"Well," half assented Tom, "it don't look natural."

Tom had likewise protested when a big brass urn was bought, and Bradford announced his intention of serving a cup of coffee free to every employee at noon. Was it not enough to buy gimcracks all round at Christmas, and to send pails of cold lemonade to the workrooms on hot summer days? If you do too much for the people, they will not do anything for you, an argument that Bradford invariably met with an enigmatical smile.

"We can't tell about that," he said, bringing the conversation to a close for the hundredth time. "Besides, it's a man's sheer duty to do what he can."

"Bradford's crazy!" said the other manufacturers, hearing with unforgotten alarms of his intention to build a working people's club-house so that his employees could have reading-rooms, a gymnasium and baths.

But Bradford only laughed at their misgivings. The club-house was only on paper so far, and as for the other things he was doing, he declared them the best possible investment of capital. It was quite bad enough, he asserted, to run a business on the labor of children without trying to do all that a man reasonably could to make life easier and brighter for them.

He admitted that that was something that their fathers should have been doing, but since it was plain that some one was neglecting his duty, he, for the sake of his own pink-cheeked daughters, meant to do all he could.

He never said anything of this to the girls in his factory. He really never said anything to them at all, except "Good morning!" when he happened to meet them, but every girl in the place cherished the memory of the smile which always accompanied the greeting. Kittie recalled how it had cheered her when she came back the day after her father was buried; and she remembered the cheque that had found its way to her widowed mother. And now the factory was going to close; the boss was to lose all his money!

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"Hurry up!" said Kittie. "I've got something to tell you."

"All right," said Hilda, viewing her work with pride. She was a young person of slow movements and limited English.

"Come over in our corner and I'll tell you!" urged Kittie.

Hilda produced a tin lunch-box. "Where's yours?" she asked.

"Never mind," said Kittie, who had forgotten all about eating. "Hilda, have you heard about it? Did you know the boss has lost his money and the factory's goin' to shut down an'—?" The warm-hearted girl began to sob. Hilda listened stolidly. It was difficult for her to express her emotion in words, but her blue eyes grew moist and her sandwich took on a strange new saltiness.

(To be continued.)

PARAGRAPHS FROM CATHOLIC TIMES OF FEB. 20.

A Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury.—Cardinal Stephen Langton, Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, is claimed by England and the United States as the historic father of their liberties. The part he took in obtaining Magna Charta is known to every schoolboy, and the Constitution of the United States is its robust offspring. This great Catholic prelate has left many legacies to the world. He was ever doing good. His influence extends to the whole seafaring community at the present day. He was the first to found a society for systematically putting fixed lights on dangerous headlands to guide ships safely on their way. He called it the Guild of St. Clement and the Most Holy Trinity; and Trinity House, which now rules all English lighthouses, is its direct descendant owing its origin and its name to him. He was the first to divide the Sacred Scriptures into chapters and verses. He brought the Dominican and Franciscan Friars to England when he heard that their chief work was preaching the Gospel among the poor. The Cardinal opposed the accumulation of wealth by the clergy, and labored in Church and State to have the rights of the poor respected. He strove might and main to correct abuses which had arisen in religious houses under the evil rule of King John; and he held a Council at Osney, near Oxford, to consider how best to remedy the general laxity of morals and conduct in all classes, and to raise the estimate in which were held human life and the rights of property. Here we briefly recount a few of the many things done for Old England by a genuine Catholic Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Most Rev. Dr. Healy.—Telegrams from Rome have been received in Dublin and other parts of Ireland stating that the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, has been appointed to the See of Tuam, vacant through the death of the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly. Dr. Healy is a prelate distinguished for high mental gifts. His career has been one of continual success. As a student in Maynooth College he displayed singular ability. After his ordination he acquired experience as a teacher of classics. He next gained still more useful experience as a priest on the mission. Then he returned to Maynooth to take a Chair of Theology. In 1884 he was nominated Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—and on the death of that prelate, Dr. Healy became his successor. Like Cardinal Moran, Dr. Healy has devoted himself largely to Irish anti-quarian studies of an ecclesiastical kind and he is recognized as an authority on the customs of the early Irish Church. His pen has been very busy, and when the Irish Hierarchy sought a writer to do justice to the history of Maynooth, the work was undertaken at their request by Dr. Healy and was executed brilliantly. When Cardinal Newman put forward the "obiter dictum" principle of interpreting the Scriptures his position was assailed by Dr. Healy in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," and the Cardinal issued a special pamphlet in reply. Dr. Healy is not only gifted intellectually but is also an excellent administrator.

Catholics and the Education Act.—The Rev. M. F. Glancey, whose views on the education question have at critical moments afforded a good deal of light and leading, spoke very clearly on a recent date at Bloxwich as to the policy which Catholics should, in his opinion, pursue under the conditions created by the new Education Act. We are pleased to note that he is entirely in accord with the suggestions contained in our leading article last week. Father Glancey strongly insists upon the importance of vesting power as a protection for Catholic interests. Catholics, he holds, should devote their efforts to the promotion of a solid organization, should see that the strength of the Catholic vote is maintained, and should let people feel its solidarity. Some men, who profess to administer the Act in an

equitable spirit and who have fair words on their lips, have at the same time daggers up their sleeves. When those who are inclined to play the Denominationalists false find that they cannot do so with impunity they will confine themselves within the limits of fair play. Watchfulness is necessary; but if we rightly use the franchise we need have no fear as to the working of the Education Act.

Fewer Public Houses.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson is in excellent spirits, and as an indefatigable agitator for temperance reform he may well rejoice. Unquestionably the anti-drink feeling which has been so manifest of late is the result of the work of the United Kingdom Alliance, the League of the Cross, and other abstinence organizations. Some years ago they succeeded in moving Parliamentary men to action, but political guides were then so accustomed to the old method of setting down the publican as an almost omnipotent factor at elections that some Liberals raised the cry that the Party's prospects were ruined by the temperance advocates, and for a time there was a reaction. The sentiment of the country in favor of temperance has been reasserting itself, and now there are no politicians who dread or despise the help of total abstiners. In different parts of the country the licensing magistrates have just been reducing the number of licenses. At Blackburn a scheme is to be adopted which will reduce the license of the borough by as many as fifty-one. It is clear that the big brewers have been maintaining a large number of public houses in districts which did not need them.

Emigration and Decreasing Crops.—Whilst the Irish peasants have been emigrating to America in large numbers, and Irish cotters coming to England for the harvests many acres of land in Ireland have been going out of cultivation. From a report recently issued by the Agricultural Department it appears that in 1860 the number of acres in oats, meadow, wheat, barley, flax, potatoes, turnips and other root crops was 5,859,674, and by 1902 there had been a decrease to 4,597,336. In the years between 1855 and the present time the acreage in oats has decreased by 48.9 per cent., or by over a million acres; in wheat by 90.1 per cent., in barley by 26.0, in flax by 48.8, in potatoes by 35.9, and in turnips by 21.4 per cent. The acreage devoted to root crops other than turnips has extended from 22,567 to 77,144 acres, and in meadowing there has been an increase of 64.9 per cent., or 853,657 acres. The figures are a condemnation of the present system of land tenure. If the land were owned by the masses of the people nearly every acre that has gone out of cultivation would have been made productive of crops, and the money thus obtained would have been of service not only to the proprietors, but also to the inhabitants of the towns.

Last week we mentioned that the Rev. Father M'Enroe had lost his life through an accident in the streets of Sydney, New South Wales. The Sydney "Freeman" states that Father M'Enroe was walking in North Sydney when a runaway horse rushed along the street, and was about to dash into a group of children who were playing in the roadway. The aged clergyman—Father M'Enroe recently celebrated his 71st birthday—jumped forward and endeavored to stop the horse by suddenly opening an umbrella in its face. The manoeuvre succeeded, for the animal swerved, and was then easily secured by a passer-by. Sad to relate, however, the horse in swerving knocked down the reverend gentleman, who succumbed an hour later to fractures of the skull and ribs. When the mail left a fund had been opened, and was largely supported, to erect a monument to the heroic priest.

Mrs. Stubbs—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, my dear.
"Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?—Tit-Bits.

SIN OF APOSTASY.

Is No Argument Against the Catholic Church.

It is certainly a subject of sincere congratulation that after twenty years' apostasy and alienation from the Church, the ex-prelate Count Campello has had the grace to return and be reconciled to the Church. We have not forgotten with what triumph the apostasy of this ex-canon of St. Peter's was hailed by the Protestant press, but is it not a curious fact that we have noticed but few allusions to his return in that same press?

This case serves to emphasize a truth so often taught by ex-priests and "escaped nuns," but which our Protestant friends are so slow to learn, that apostasy from the Church does not prove anything against the Church itself. On the contrary, we believe it is generally a pretty sure indication of defect in moral character on the part of the apostate. The only honest one of good character and any distinction that we now recollect was Blanco White, who was made so much of some forty or forty-five years ago by Protestants of London, but who ran a logical career of intellectual development till he finally landed in blank skepticism and died and made no sign. That of course is not strange, as it is impossible for an honest, logical Catholic who understands his religion to abandon it without developing, as White did, into skepticism and infidelity.

Dr. Achilli, rendered notorious in 1852 by the scandalous libel suit brought, on his account, against Dr. Newman (who had dared to indicate his real character in a lecture), was of a very different stripe from Blanco White. He had indeed set the Protestants of London all agog by his "astounding revelations," especially about the Inquisition. Newman stood ready to prove in defence, by witnesses summoned from Italy, that Achilli was a corrupt man. But in spite of all efforts, he was most unjustly condemned and heavily fined. The New York Tribune at the time denounced the decision of the judge as a travesty of justice.

Time would fail us to speak of Gavazzi, a selfish adventurer; of Father Chiniqui, a sad slave of pride and sellwill; of "Bishop" McNamara, who formed a new Irish Catholic church and caused himself to be made bishop, and consoled himself with a doubtful connection with the notorious swindler "Countess" Dis Debar; of Joseph Slatery, who contracted habits unworthy of his calling, and after expulsion from the priesthood took the usual method of vilifying those with whom he was unworthy to associate; of Victor M. Ruthven, a consummate hypocrite, imposter and swindler; of the notorious Maria Monk, who was exploited by leading New Yorkers for more than she was worth until she was proved to be a liar and impostor; and last though not least, that corrupt and shameless defamer of Catholic nuns and sisters, Margaret L. Shepherd, whose salacious lectures "to females only," reeking with filth and nastiness, never lacked appreciative audiences of the gentler sex. These, with others of a similar character but less notoriety, all had their day of triumph and decline, being courted and caressed by our Protestant friends while the delusion lasted, but dropped like hot potatoes when the imposition became too glaring to be ignored.

Now is it not a fair inference that if people of such character have been obliged to leave a certain church, it is not at all likely that that church is a corrupt one? On the contrary, if they can not find a home there, is it not more likely that it is their own unfitness for the purity, the sacredness, the holiness of that Church which has made them unable or unwilling to stay in it?—Boston Review.

Ella—How long did it take Fred to propose to you?

Stella—He talked about twenty minutes.

Ella—That's an awfully long time.

Stella—I know it seems so; but then you must remember he is a lawyer.—Philadelphia Ledger.



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Barley	11,848,422
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Rye	49,900
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NOTES FROM MACLEOD.

Our St. Patrick's dinner and bazaar, raffle of cow, and to the most popular young lady a watch was put up. The dinner was splendidly got up, the sale of articles was very quick, and the cow bringing in a good large sum, was won by Master Fred Parker. The watch to the popular young lady, was won by Miss Gardner. The whole amount coming near \$700.00.

Our popular parish priest, Rev. Father Danis, is doing good work, and it will not be long before this church will be second to none in southern Alberta.

Spring is now opening and many people coming in from the South are seen around implement stores buying for spring and fall work.

Arrangements are being made for a long distance telephone from Edmonton to Cardston, which will come in handy for the community.



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According to all appearances, many buildings are to be put up this spring, so property is becoming valuable.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AND YOUR RUBBER STAMPS MADE BY THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

She—A queer dirge he plays on the piano all the time.

He—Yes, he's in love with a widow and only plays on the black keys.—Boston Herald.

The Fortune of Flora.

(Continued from last week)

Young Mrs. Eversley folded this characteristic letter carefully, put it away, and then communicated the contents to her youthful partner in the adventure of matrimony. Two years older than her husband, she felt an almost maternal, or at least an elder sisterly feeling toward the joyous and irresponsible youth whom she had undertaken to love, honor and obey. And Laurie, as she afterward told Miss Mitchamore, had behaved like a "perfect angel." He was knocking the top off an egg at breakfast, and his wife was eyeing this characteristically British performance with awe and admiration, when she summoned up courage to tell him that from now onward she would have to look to him and to his family for her maintenance. Fortunately, as she had told herself, a peer of the realm in England must be rich enough to support his children, a theory which showed our young lady's meagre acquaintance with European family arrangements.

There was just enough of the check left to take them back to London, and one windy and rainy night in February found a four-wheeled cab loaded with trunks and containing the happy pair drawing up at the Worthing mansion in the Cromwell Road.

But this again proved no abiding place for this much-tried young couple. Two of the younger children had developed scarlatina; the house bristled with starched hospital nurses, the doctor's brougham stood at the door and Laurie and his bride had to take refuge in a neighboring hotel. Next morning Lady Worthing appeared. She had only the worst of news to bring. Lord Littlehampton, it appeared, in the lightness of his heart, had entangled himself in some promise to a chorus girl, and this young person, an Amazon of gigantic proportions and vivid coloring, proposed to resign her claim to his coronet only on payment of a substantial sum. At all costs, Lady Worthing announced her intention of raising the money. As for herself and the children, they might go to some cheap spot in Normandy or the Ardennes, and for Laurie, she was convinced that Mr. Cyrus P. Dodge would provide.

To say that our poor hero was astounded at the astonishing turn which things had taken is to convey but a faint impression of his feelings. Here he was, the gayest, the most insouciant of created beings, at twenty-three, a married man, with a penniless, opulent-looking bride, and at the odious necessity of finding the wherewithal to live. Could Fate have played him a more cruel trick? There sat his Flora, a lovely, sumptuous vision in a negligee of Mechlin lace, eating candy and reading a French novel, while downstairs, in the dingy bureau, the manager was adding up a bill which Laurie saw no immediate prospect of paying.

But he was not easily depressed, nor did he ever forget his charming manners. Taking up his hat and cane, he kissed his wife's fingers and remarked carelessly.

"I think I shall go and see Aunt Charlotte. She always has ideas. She is quite a wonderful woman!" He slipped out, and, for the first time in his life—for Laurie had heretofore spent most of his time in hansoms—walked from South Kensington to the little house at the back of Knightsbridge, where Miss Mitchamore occasionally planted her weary feet. He found his aunt in a pince-nez, smoking cigarettes in her morning-room and reading a new work on Uganda, a country which she proposed to visit as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. Already she had travelled a good deal in West Africa, and was understood to be on the friendliest terms with one or two dusky kings. Charlotte Mitchamore had something of the outward appearance of an Oxford High Church curate, and as on her travels she usually wore a manly coat and skimpy skirt of drab tweed, it is possible that these black potentates had not yet realized that she belonged to the inferior sex.

Aunt Charlotte was sympathetic. She was fond—though not foolishly

fond—of Laurie, and she detested Littlehampton. Also she thought her sister a fool.

"What is to be done?" asked Laurie. "Do, like a dear, have one of your ideas. You see," he added, "I'm only a half-educated boy! I've got taste, of course, but taste is only a drawback unless you've capital to indulge it. That strange beast—the British Public—is always distrustful of any one who doesn't like what it likes."

"True," said Aunt Charlotte. "The only thing for you to do," she added, after a pause, in which she rather deliberately lighted another cigarette, "is to get some work."

"Some work!" ejaculated Laurie, with naive surprise, "how curious that sounds. Yet I have heard that work is quite delightful—a sort of tonic—when once you get used to it! Shall I have to go in the Two-penny Tube every day, at a quarter to nine and lunch at the A B C shop?"

"Rubbish!" said Aunt Charlotte. "You're not going to be made a martyr of. I have forseen something of this kind," she went on. "I didn't like your marrying without any settlements, so I've just kept my weather eye open. Take that armchair, help yourself to a cigarette and listen."

The conference lasted an hour. Laurie stayed to luncheon, and at 3 o'clock he was whisked away in a closed coupe by his aunt toward Piccadilly.

Meanwhile, at home in the South Kensington hotel, the Honorable Mrs. Eversley was holding a conference with a person in whom she had cultivated confidence—and that was herself. Seeing the whole situation at a glance, she had no illusions left about peers of the realm and their capability of supporting the various members of their family.

The girl had thrown away her French novel on Laurie's departure and, pushing back her fair hair from her capable looking forehead with a gesture which recalled her father, she marched up and down the shabbily carpeted room, thinking hard. Half an hour later she dressed herself quietly in black, drove to the American Consul General and got the information which she desired.

When the young husband and wife met that night they both looked as pleased as if they had come into a fortune, though each was somewhat reticent.

"My child," said Laurie, helping his wife to hock, "figure to yourself that our cares are temporarily at an end. I have got something to do—a kind of business which I think I can manage. How charming you look. You must always wear heliotrope and pink when we dine alone."

They went into lodgings next day, lodgings where Laurie insisted on pulling down all the oleographs and hanging the walls with a striped, flowery cretonne. He also brought his Oxford Chippendale furniture, his prints and books, and a number of white fur rugs. With a pink azalea bush in full bloom in one corner the place looked pretty enough. And here they began married life.

The little comedy which ensued was sufficiently diverting. Laurie, who had remained quite vague on the subject of his "work" used to leave the house about 9.30 every morning. Directly he had turned the corner of the street Flora put on her hat and ran to catch the omnibus. When they met at dinner she was becomingly arrayed in one of her beautiful trousseau gowns, and had assumed an air of elaborate repose.

Before Miss Charlotte Mitchamore left for Uganda she had had many private interviews with her niece by marriage, of whom, as she announced to all and sundry, she now thoroughly approved.

Meanwhile Laurie's devotion was complete—for he was a kind of being who, when he once takes up an idea, waxes more and more enthusiastic, even if that idea is marriage. Yet one wet day, as she was running along Dover street under an umbrella, she caught, to her amazement, a glimpse of her husband in the vestibule of Froufrou's, the famous milliner's. A handsome woman, in summer finery, was

eagerly talking to him, and she saw him come down with her to the door of the little brougham, which was waiting. Yes, there he stood, laughing and chatting at the carriage window, as if he were loath to tear himself away, while the fine rain beat down on his handsome head. What could it mean? Laurie professed to be hard at work all day—and certainly the boy looked tired enough, when they both sat down, dressed, to their lodging-house dinner. Flora certainly never imagined that he had leisure to attend dames of high degree to their dressmakers in Dover street. For the first time since their marriage she felt uncertain of Laurie.

Young Mrs. Eversley was too fine, as well as too proud, to discuss this curious affair with her husband. She determined to be perfectly amiable, as usual, to hide her time, and to see what would happen next. Laurie was just as gratefully affectionate as of old, his charming manners had never altered with their adverse fortunes, and what especially made her profoundly grateful to him was the fact that he never, by word, look or tone, reproached her with the failure of Cyrus P. Dodge to provide her with a jointure. Flora had heard so much of the avariciousness of Englishmen in respect to dollars that she was agreeably surprised and wrote the most flattering accounts of the youthful Laurie home to Milwaukee. Mr. Cyrus P. Dodge was too much occupied in fighting his particular trust to remember to send any more checks to the lodgings occupied by his daughter and son-in-law.

Six months had gone by, and it was now high summer. With the beginning of July London was feverish with dissipation. The town seemed speckled with striped awnings and blatant with red blaze; all night there was a ceaseless whirl of cabs, carriages and motor broughams, and through the open windows of drawing-rooms came the monotonous sound of string bands playing the valse of the hour. All this, however, affected the young Eversleys very little. They accepted no invitations, for they had determined not to go out while their prospects remained so uncertain. It was much remarked that Flora even refused to be presented at court, although Lady Worthing (now sojourning with her numerous family at Parame) had several times suggested a suitable personage to introduce her daughter-in-law.

It was a sultry evening and Laurie had not yet returned from his work. Flora herself was tired out, but the bedroom looked untidy—Laurie had a way of throwing his clothes about which was most exasperating—so she set about collecting the scattered garments, folding them up and putting them away in the chest of drawers. The little note which falls out of the marital pocket on such occasions did not fail now. It was small; it had an earl's coronet upon it, and it contained a few agitated phrases, many of the words being heavily underlined. I do not claim for my heroine that she was more than human. Flora picked it up and read it.

"Dear Laurie,—How could you disappoint me? Why did you not come? I counted on you absolutely. It is cruel of you, and besides, this is not the first time it has happened. Unless you can give me a satisfactory explanation (for I am not accustomed to be treated like this) I shall go there no more."

"Gertrude Gorleston."

The note slipped from her fingers and she stood, absolutely bewildered, as if frozen to the ground. Gertrude Gorleston—the famous Lady Gorleston, a beauty whose reputation was world wide, and whose face was almost as familiar in Milwaukee as in London. Was this her rival? How could she hope to compete with such a personage? In a flash she remembered that it was indeed the countess whom she had seen that day in Dover street, with Laurie's sleek head half in, half out of her carriage door. Was this how he spent his superfluous time? And then the difficulties of her situation began to dawn upon her. She was quite alone in Lon-

don; owing to their peculiar circumstances she had made no friends; there was no one whose advice she could ask. If Charlotte Mitchamore had been in England she would indeed have gone for her advice, but Miss Mitchamore by now was in Uganda.

Meanwhile, the latchkey was heard in the door, and the sound of Laurie's footstep was audible coming up the stair. She must decide and quickly. If there was anything of which this astute young person disapproved of it was having a "scene" with a man, or appearing to upbraid him. For herself, she was determined always to assume the beau role. To appear in the light of a nagging, jealous wife was odious to her. She would have left him for good if it were necessary, but reproaches she held were feminine and absolutely futile. She thrust the note back into the pocket of the morning jacket from which it had fallen, slipped into her prettiest lace tea gown and awaited her erring spouse.

"Why, you look real scared, Laurie," she cried, "I guess you're just too tired for anything. Why, you're as white as a sheet."

"I've had a shock, dear," he said, slipping into the nearest chair, his lips twitching as he spoke. "Aunt Charlotte—there—there is very bad news."

"She died of fever a week after she landed in Africa," said Laurie, sorrowfully.

Flora burst into tears. "She was the best and kindest woman I ever knew," she cried, "my only friend on this side. It's just too dreadful for anything. Oh, my, oh, my." And these two young people, who were both sincerely attached to Miss Mitchamore, were drawn closely together in their grief.

Yet Flora could not altogether forget Lady Gorleston's letter, and as they sat by the open window, in the summer dusk, after dinner, she said, as if with a sudden impulse.

"Laurie, what do you do all day?"

Her husband looked surprised, but he answered simply and with perfect courtesy, "I 'create' gowns and superintend the trying-on at Froufrou's, in Dover street. It was poor Aunt Charlotte's quite wonderful inspiration."

Laurie, to this day, never can understand why his wife threw her arms round his neck and gave him what she was wont to call "an American hug." "Oh, you dear. You're just too perfect for anything. My! Fancy your settling down to that. And say," she added, as a new light seemed to illuminate her brain, "doesn't—er—Lady Gorleston dress entirely at Froufrou's?"

"She does," replied Laurie, without any enthusiasm in his voice, "and a confounded nuisance she is. Always fussing, always having alterations. She has got it into her head now that I must be at every fitting. If not, there's a devil of a row."

"I see," said Flora, profoundly, with the memory of a certain note in her mind.

"I counted on you absolutely. I shall go there no more." Well, thank goodness, she was not a jealous woman. Meanwhile, she felt in the mood for confidences.

"Well, Laurie, I'm going to tell you something. You thought that we weren't going to have any holiday this summer, because—well, you know why. Now, I want to tell you that I've not been idle, either. I've just been keeping the books and seeing customer's at a photographer's in Baker street, and here's my half year's salary, £75. I never shall forget poor Aunt Charlotte's delight when I told her I'd got a situation. Why, she just hugged me. Isn't it just too delightful for anything?"

"You are a wonderful woman!" declared Laurie, with conviction, "a quite wonderful woman!"

But there were more surprises in store for our young couple. When Miss Mitchamore's will was opened, it was found that with the exception of some legacies for scientific researches, she had left the whole of her comfortable fortune to her dear nephew Laurence and his wife Flora, because they are plucky young people, who know how to face ill luck, who are not afraid to work, and who don't go about whining."

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The house in Queen Anne's Gate is theirs now with all its gay and sane appurtenances. And Flora, who firmly believes in Cyrus P. Dodge and his ability to circumvent the trust, exhibits a pathetic belief—not shared by Laurie, who has, however, hopes of succeeding to the title—that she will still come into her phantom fortune.—From the Lady's Pictorial.

Obituary.

LOUIS GABRIEL MONET.

On Sunday evening, March 15, Louis Gabriel Monet, aged eighteen years, a student of St. Boniface College, was called to his eternal reward after a sickness of but a few days at St. Boniface hospital. When the sad news of his approaching end was announced, every one who knew him hoped that he would still be spared. On Sunday morning he received Holy Communion, and in the afternoon the last Sacraments of the Church were administered. Rev. F. Bourret, his parish priest, who had come in from Ste. Agathe during the day, remained with him to the end in company with his grief-stricken parents and his brother Joseph. The severe pains that during his illness he had borne with an edifying spirit of atonement and true Christian resignation, were overcome in his last hours by a quiet feeling of calmness and profound spiritual joy. He expired about 8.15 while those who had gathered around the bedside scarcely perceived that the soul of their loved one had gone to meet its Maker. The news of his death was immediately telephoned to the college and prayers were offered up for the repose of his soul. The next morning at early Mass all the classmates of the deceased received Holy Communion, and at 8 o'clock a requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Hudon, Rector of the college, at which the parents and brother of the deceased and all the students assisted. Before Mass Father Rector in a few touching and forceful words dwelt on the striking lesson, so suddenly brought home to them, of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being always prepared to answer the final summons. Referring to the college life of the deceased he extolled the rare qualities and exemplary virtues of their late genial companion. The Rev. Father finished by earnestly exhorting all the students to pray for the soul of their beloved friend. The remains were taken to Ste. Agathe, the home of the deceased, for interment.

Louis Gabriel Monet entered St. Boniface College in the fall of 1899 to take up the studies of the classical course. He was always a model student in every respect. A member of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, he edified all by his piety and earnest faith; a cheerful and kind-hearted friend, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in trouble; a zealous and untiring worker, he was a constant source of emulation and noble endeavor to his classmates and others. The vision of that kind face which so recently beamed upon all, will long remain in the memory of those who knew him but to love him. At a meeting of the members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception connected with the college it was resolved to send a letter of condolence to the sorrowing family of the deceased.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven unchain'd it,
To water the Eden where first was its source."
—Moore.

H.I.C.

THE POINT OF ATTACK.

The enthronement of an Archbishop of Canterbury presents matter for consideration to people outside of his own communion. Nowadays, the Primate of Anglicanism stands for much more than did his predecessors a century ago. Though technically only the head of the Established Church at home, he has, by the natural tendency of sympathies and interests, grown to be the chief personage in the eyes of all Anglicans in the colonies and elsewhere abroad. The spread of

the English-speaking race has resulted in the exaltation of the principal ecclesiastic in the religion to which the vast majority of them belong. This nation has been the fertile mother of young and vigorous colonies. Those colonies have their own Churches, which, as is but natural, turn with filial affection towards the Mother-Church at home. There has been no conversion, of course, but merely a transplantation and diffusion. Still, the effect is, all the same, of interest and importance. To use the testimony of the "Times" in this regard: "The English Churches outside England have their ideas of what is due to them in the way of independence and self-administration. But when they are assured of their rights they can give rein to their sentiment, and their sentiment converges on Canterbury as surely as the sentiment of the Roman on St. Peter's." That testimony is undoubtedly true, and we may pardon one word in it for the sake of the whole sentence. It is a testimony which cannot be too carefully considered by all who are working for the extension of Catholicism in this country. It brings before us the fact that the daughter Churches of Anglicanism have, by a momentum which must of necessity continue to grow, verged nearer and nearer towards a union with Canterbury, which will tend to strengthen and increase the powers and prospects of both mother and daughters. Nor should it escape notice that, as is peculiar to Englishmen, the daughter Churches are primarily concerned with "independence and self-administration," and only thenceforth with the "sentiment" which attracts them towards Canterbury. In other words, the Colonial Churches, like the Colonial States, carry their democratic love of justice, liberty, equality along with them, and value nothing else at the expense of these first principles.

Naturally enough, this point did not fail to arrest the attention of the newly-enthroned Archbishop. At the luncheon in the Cathedral library, immediately after the installation ceremony in the Chapter-house, Dr. Davidson, addressing the company present, remarked at the end of his speech, with an obvious allusion to the difficulties of his own position and to the principles on which his future action in it is to be conducted: "We are living in a democratic age, and neither in State nor Church will arbitrary government or rule be other than an anachronism." Here again we have a testimony to the way in which Canterbury stands related to the growing Anglican communities abroad. The Archbishop is to be the president, if we may so term it, of isolated groups of Anglican communities, exercising over them such power as their own request or the exigencies of events may permit. He will rule, or direct, or advise in ecclesiastical, as statesmen do in political, contingencies. That is, he will be content to exercise such power as may be conferred upon him, usurping none, nor arbitrarily employing any. His action will be strictly constitutional. He will respect every man's rights, and demand that every man shall respect his. He will consider himself as the head of an Anglican Confederation of Churches, each of which, including his own, is frankly democratic, as frankly democratic as the State after whose mould they are largely fashioned. His will be a Primacy of honor, not of indefeasible jurisdiction. He will be the Pope of Pan-Anglicanism, without Papal power.

That is the real significance today of the enthronement of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and brings us face to face with the problem which confronts every thinker who ponders over the hopes or chances of converting the English-speaking world back to allegiance to the Holy See. No one can doubt the incalculable advantages to the Church of a return of Anglo-Saxondom to the allegiance which it threw off well-nigh four hundred years ago. But, unfortunately, no one can doubt also that the signs are few and insignificant of such a blessed event. Certainly, we may admit that our lot has improved; that old controversies are largely dead; that many of our doctrines

and practices are better known and sometimes widely adopted; that we and our religious beliefs are no longer penalised or persecuted. But how much of all this is due to religious indifference, which has seized upon the minds of men like a creeping paralysis? How much is due, let us say, to any conviction that the English people are inclined to come to terms with the Holy See itself? Very little, we believe. Indeed, it is peculiarly there, on this point of the necessity of allegiance to the Chair of St. Peter, that we make no impression. Those who accept some of our doctrines shrink from that. Those who accept none scout it with contempt. As to the vast masses of the population, such religious doctrine as they still retain may be summed up in the words: No Popery! On this point then, it seems to us, all the forces of our attack should converge. Progress at other parts of the line will not assist the main battle. We are not decrying the good which is done elsewhere; but the success, if it is to be achieved, must be achieved here. We must open our eyes to the prejudices of our fellow-countrymen against the Holy See and its methods. We must prove to them that the Holy Father and his Curial Administration are as much a fount of justice and liberty as any government in this world. The old and oft exploded tales of tyranny must be shown to be fictions. Such evils as unquestionably did exist in the bad past must be frankly admitted and deplored. Englishmen must be brought to see that under the sovereignty of the Holy Father in religious matters their civil and political government would run no risk of interference from outside. Bogies must be laid, and interested lies must be put to the proof and disproved. For all this, we need men of light and leading, who know whereof they speak, who can go for their facts to the documents, and who are able to show beyond chance of refutation, in a clear and scholarly way which alone rivets attention, the rights of the Papacy, the grandeur of its action, the beneficence of its rule, and the advantage to Christendom of a recognition of its place in the religious world. Such an exposition of the Papal Power would infinitely outweigh in usefulness a hundred small contributions to controversy; it would direct the forces of Catholicism to the real point of attack, and by converging, strengthen them.

A REMARKABLE MISSION.

The Jesuit Fathers have just completed a most remarkable mission in Chicago at St. Columbkille's parish. The number of confessions heard was 6,000. The number of communions distributed was 5,000. The number of children who attended the children's mission was 1,800. The special feature of this mission was the large number of grown people who applied to be instructed in the private class for the first reception of the sacraments. One hundred and sixty-nine were instructed for first communion, and of these 175 received the sacrament at the end of the mission, and the remaining 64 were retained by the pastor for further instructions. Sixty-seven grown people were instructed for confirmation only and received certificates of sufficient knowledge. Thirty-seven Protestants were instructed for baptism, and of these twenty for conditional and seventeen for absolute baptism. Five thousand memorial pictures of the Sacred Heart were given out during the mission. The closing of the men's mission was most impressive. Beautiful aluminum medals were given to some 1,600 men. The condition imposed was that each man to receive a medal should make to God at least one of the following four promises:—

1. Never to lose Mass through his own fault.
2. To receive communion monthly for one year.
3. To abstain entirely from all intoxicating liquor.
4. Never to treat or be treated in a saloon.

The missioa was preached by the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, Marshal I. Boarman and Thomas C. McKeogh.

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