



## CURRENT COMMENT

Holy Father on the eve of his ninety-third birthday continues to be the wonder of Rome. A New York Times correspondent writes:

"On coming from the Pope the other day, Dr. Mazzoni was interrogated as to the state of his patient's health, and he replied: 'I do not say that he is the strongest man in the world, but there is certainly no one who is more free from ills. There is absolutely nothing the matter with him. I let him do exactly as he likes.'"

The correspondent adds that the faith that Leo XIII. is for long in this world amounts to a conviction in Rome, where preparations are already making for the Pontifical Jubilee, which will take place on March 6 next. That will not be Leo XIII.'s last Jubilee if he lives a year longer. On Dec. 13, 1903, he will round out the half century of his cardinalate. "Thus it is the firm belief of Catholics here," writes the correspondent we have quoted above, "that Leo XIII. will live to celebrate all possible jubilees as priest, bishop, cardinal and Pope—a circumstance without a parallel."

The Northwest Review, while regretting Mr. Deegan's withdrawal, gladly welcomes Mr. F. W. Russell to the presidential chair of the Catholic Club. Mr. Russell was practically the editor of this journal in the first years of its existence and has always continued to contribute to its success.

The welcome news was flashed across the ocean last Monday that the King's influence was bringing the settlement of the Irish land question within sight. The Prime Minister and a majority of the cabinet agree with His Majesty that a great effort should now be made to settle the whole question. And, what is more wonderful still, what is declared to be the most notable event that has occurred in Ireland for several generations, is the winning over by royal persuasion of extreme landowners, like Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Barrymore and Lord Clonbrock, who, after first doing their utmost to make the Dublin Mansion House conference futile, now express approval of Lord Dunraven's report. They now see that the representatives of the tenants are more than willing to go half way in an endeavor permanently to pacify agrarian Ireland. The rental to be dealt with is just over £5,000,000 and the amount that the Imperial government would have to pay for the solution of the great problem would be about £600,000 a year. When we remember how successful the King was in ending the South African war before his coronation, we have every reason to hope that his marvellous tact will succeed in reconciling landlords and people—a consummation devoutly to be prayed for.

"Irish Mist and Sunshine—Balads and Lyrics," by Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon), comes to us from the Toronto publishing house of W. E. Blake. This tasty volume of poems has for its frontispiece an excellent portrait of the author, who looks very young to bear the burden of so much sadness. For his lyric muse sings mostly in a minor key. It is mainly, as Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., says in his sympathetic preface, a "tale of deep and haunting pathos." In his Ontario parish Father Dol-

lard thinks ever of his native land and lovingly dedicates this book of Irish verse to his mother. The Prelude, which gives its first title to the entire volume, also affords an insight into his manner and his favorite subjects.

### IRISH MIST AND SUNSHINE.

(A Prelude.)

Soft mist on Irish mountain,  
Bright sun on field and dell;  
Swift tides of joy and sorrow  
In Celtic hearts that swell;  
Green glen and haunted woodland,  
Loved homes by laughing streams;  
Firm faith and matchless manhood;  
Lo! these my varied themes.

Round tower and ivied abbey,  
Low whispering of the Past,  
Around life's early pathway  
Their dreamful shadows cast;  
Wild wind-blasts sighing voiceful  
Far o'er the moorland lone  
Brought throbbing fairy music  
To thrill with mystic tone.

Gray mist and flashing sunshine  
That fleck the gorse-land brown;  
High deed and cloudy legend  
Of Eire's old renown;  
The saints' and martyrs' yearnings,  
The patriot's rhapsodies;  
With tim'rous touch uncertain  
I strike the Harp to these.

Fair land of Mist and Sunshine,  
The distant exile thrills  
In dreams of home and kindred  
To see thy holy hills,  
Should song of mine show clearer  
Old scenes and skies of blue,  
Old hopes that crown life dearer,  
I hold my trust made true.

In copying this poem we have had to supply sixteen necessary marks of punctuation; the original has nothing in that line but four periods (one at the end of each stanza) and a colon-dash, which ought to be a semi-colon. We take this to be an indication of the author's general lack of polish and scholarly care. Not a line in his easy flowing verse naunts the memory; not a few lines are decidedly weak. Compare his "The Fallin' o' the Rain" with Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela" in her Songs of the Glens of Antrim. The general idea is the same—loneliness for home. Father Dollard draws it out to 36 lines of rather monotonous iteration. Moira O'Neill compresses it into 24 lines, each one of which is a cameo patiently and deftly cut, presenting each time a fresh picture. The consequence is that "Corrymeela an' the blue sky and the low south wind an' the same soft rain" abide with us for ever. Compare again Father Dollard's "The youngsters are like city lads with boots upon their feet" (Knock-au Faerin, from the Irish), with Moira O'Neill's "There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!" This is vivid, that is tame. What Sliav-na-mon needs to cultivate is the saving sense of humor and the "limae labor." That he has them both in reserve he shows in the well worked out "Cruise of the Blue Maureen," which has the lilt of a true ballad and a terseness that occasionally puts one in mind of the Ancient Mariner.

Most aptly does the Tablet editor, in an able review of what Catholics and Anglicans have won by the new Education Act, characterize the sort of religion dissenters were satisfied with in the old system which has now happily passed away. "Even if the broad simple principle of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work had been extended equally to both systems" (Board and Voluntary Schools) "from the first, Congregationalism would still have had the enormous

advantage, that it was free to teach in schools it had not paid for, and during school hours, its own peculiar religion—its compound of Bible stories and reminiscences of the ancient geography of Palestine."

The same writer, speaking of the old "pauper system," in which the salaries of Catholic teachers had to be eked out by bazaars, theatricals and conjuring tricks, says: "And the strange thing is that it was the Liberal party, men who have all the cant of education constantly on their lips, who delight in talking of the dignity of the teacher and the sacred nature of his calling, who were most anxious to perpetuate this pauper system. Fancy having to talk to a teacher about the dignity of his calling when you and he both knew that the payment of his salary was dependent upon the success of a jumble sale or a ping-pong match, and might be imperilled by the cold of a comic singer or even the whim of a performing flea!"

Our esteemed contemporary, "The Commercial," of this city, lately published an article on "Religious training," in which the conduct of the Jews in erecting a substantial building in the city to be used as a school for the moral and religious training of their young people is held up as a shining example "to those who are clamoring for religious instruction in the public schools." This plan, in which the hours of study have been arranged so as not to interfere with the public schools, is praised as "the most reasonable solution of the question."

It may present that appearance to the average Protestant mind, but it does not to the Catholic. When the Commercial, at the end of its article, comes down to detail, we find that two or three hours a week is all that is to be devoted to "moral and religious teaching." The rest of the time, say from 25 to 30 hours a week, is to be sacred to purely secular, public school instruction. Now this may suit the Jews, but it does not suit us. What we want is a Catholic atmosphere, rather than special hours for religious instruction. Give us truly Catholic masters and mistresses teaching Catholic children and we will answer for the moral and religious training of youth. Even if no special hour is set apart for catechism, even if the sacred name of God is seldom mentioned, the truths of the only true religion are always presupposed, they form a solid groundwork on which the whole educational edifice is built.

But if the child is to be exposed, during thirty hours a week, to the poisonous atmosphere of false views of Scripture, history and morals, two or three hours of the perfunctory administration of an antidote will hardly cure the little victim. We have in mind a case of this nature. A mother, fervently attached to the Catholic religion which she had embraced after her marriage, was obliged to send her sons to a public school not fifty miles from Winnipeg. There the elder boys who had made their first communion were so stuffed with Protestant lies by the teachers and so ridiculed by their Protestant companions that they openly abandoned the Catholic faith. The mother, hoping to save the youngest boy, removed him from that typical public school, and put him in a Catholic boarding school with a view to getting him prepared for his first communion. But it was too late; the 12-year-old lad was a confirmed Protestant, saturated with all the falsehood which he had imbibed.

## Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Mireault, went to Rat Portage Thursday of last week and returned on Saturday.

Rev. Father Lalonde, of St. Adolphe, said Mass last Friday in the chapel of St. Boniface college and breakfasted with the Fathers.

Rev. Father de Corby, O.M.I., of Fort Pelley, spent last week at the Archbishop's House and St. Mary's Presbytery, Winnipeg.

The Society of White Fathers, at work in the desert of Sahara, has published recently an account of the progress of its propaganda. The number of its African stations is 65, served by 261 missionaries.

Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.I., of Rat Portage, came in on Tuesday and went to St. Pierre on Wednesday.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., accompanied by Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., Rev. Fathers Cherrier, Cloutier, Proulx, S.J., Trudel, Beliveau and others, took the 8 a.m. train on Wednesday morning for Otterburne on their way to the celebration of Rev. Father Jolys' silver jubilee at St. Pierre.

Rev. Father Boutin, E.M.I., has accepted the mission of Whitewood and will make it a centre for the religious of his congregation expelled from France.

Rev. Father Lavigne, of Neche, came here last Monday and went to St. Pierre on Wednesday morning.

His Lordship the Right Rev. A. Pascal, O.M.I., arrived here last Saturday on his return from Montreal. While travelling the Bishop of Prince Albert had the misfortune to lose a pocket-book containing about \$500. The porter of the Pullman car, George Hutton, after a long search, found the pocket-book, and although he might have kept the money without fear of detection, he showed his honesty by handing the pocket-book to Bishop Pascal, who was so delighted with the recovery of his much needed funds that he immediately offered ten dollars as a reward to the honest porter, but the latter modestly refused to accept more than five dollars. His Lordship spent Sunday with His Grace the Archbishop and continued his homeward journey that evening.

Rev. Father Drummond will preach in St. Mary's church next Sunday evening, the 18th.

Rev. Fathers Guillet, O.M.I., and J. A. Magnan, O.M.I., went to St. Pierre last Wednesday.

His Grace the Archbishop was at St. Norbert last Monday with Rev. Father Boutin and the Rev. Father Inspector of the Brothers of Mary. On Tuesday the Archbishop visited St. Charles with Father Boutin.

## Persons and Facts

The term "Southwestern" in the following item is strikingly relative and sectional, since it refers to places in the northern part of Ransom county, which is in the south-east of North Dakota, but happens to be also southwest of Fargo.

"Rev. J. B. McDonald is publishing a little monthly paper called the Southwestern Catholic for the people of the missions of which he has charge at Sheldon, Lisbon, Verona, LaMoure, Enderlin and Leonard. The paper is serving a very useful purpose disseminating church news and keeping Father McDonald and his able assistant, Father Fogarty, in touch with their widely scattered flock."—The Sheldon Progress, Jan. 3, 1903.

Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, whose humorous name is "Mr. Dooley," got all his college training in St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and is one of the most prominent Catholics in that great city. He was lately married to Miss Margaret Abbott, who is said to be a "famous Chicago beauty." Before he achieved fame by his clever hits on current events, he was a reporter on various Chicago newspapers; but even before that, at the Jesuit college, he had given promise, in humorous sketches anent college happenings, of the line in which he is now so successful.

"The Freeman" of St. John, N. B., has passed into other hands and starts anew with the title, "The New Freeman," Vol. 1, No. 1, "a weekly paper devoted to Catholic interests," under the managership of Mr. J. O. McWilliams. "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!"

The following comment from the eastern shores of the Dominion shows that we struck a responsive chord:—

"Things must be pretty much the same in Winnipeg as in St. John. Our esteemed contemporary, the Northwest Review, commenting on the death of Mr. W. K. Reynolds, says he "was the victim of a surgical operation, which was, as usual, a great success, although incidentally it killed him."—The New Freeman, Jan. 3.

## THE POLICEMAN.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"  
Said little Nan to me,  
"Is the one who stands outside our school  
When we're let out at three.

"He's dressed just as the soldiers  
are;  
He wears gold buttons, too;  
And he stands up so proud and straight,  
The way the soldiers do.

"He always says, 'Come little kids,  
I'll take you across street,' and I guess 'cause I'm the littlest girl  
He always holds my hand.  
"And all the cars and horses stop—  
He's so big they don't care  
To say 'Get up' and drive 'em on  
Because he's standing there.

"He makes believe to chase the boys,  
And shakes his fist, and then  
He laughs and laughs, and they all come  
A-scrampering back again.

"Sometimes he pats me on the head  
And says, 'Ho! little girl,  
You going to wait till Christmas comes  
To cut me off that curl?'"

"And one time when it rained, the street  
Was muddy, and I cried;  
He picked me up and carried me  
Right to the other side.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"  
Said little Nan to me,  
"Is the one who stands outside our school  
When we're let out at three."

THE IRISH QUESTION

By Rev. P. C. Yorke, in the Leader, San Francisco.

(Continued from last week)

The third fact is that if a people accepts the foreign tongue it disappears from the catalogue of nations. The Gauls, for instance, were once a mighty people. When Caesar attacked them they were still formidable enough to excite terror in Imperial Rome. But once conquered, they allowed their language to lapse. In a century Gaul was a Latin-speaking country. The result was the Gaulish nation disappeared. When next the territory occupied by the Gauls appears as a nation it is with other blood and another tongue.

The fourth truth we must bear in mind is that when one nation tries to conquer and assimilate another it always begins by rooting out the old speech. For instance, in the Philippines we are importing schoolmasters and schoolma'ams by the ton in order to compel our new subjects to speak English. If the United States would hold its new possessions we must wipe out the Spanish language, which is the sign of Spanish domination, and then the native tongues, which are incitements to native independence.

When the province of Alsace-Lorraine was taken by the French, the French monarch strove to extirpate German. When they were retaken by the Germans the Berlin Government strained and is straining every nerve to outroot French. Well do all governments know that the tongue of the conqueror in the mouth of the conquered is the tongue of a slave.

To recapitulate, we must bear these facts in mind. First, every nation has its own language. Secondly, a vital nation will in the long run throw off a foreign language imposed on it. Third, a dying nation will accept the conqueror's speech. Fourth, a conqueror always tries to abolish the old national tongue because it is a perpetual reminder of ancient independence.

The last fact we have to bear in mind is that where two nations speak the same language the community of speech is a perpetual menace to their mutual independence. We have to-day certain notable examples of this tendency.—Belgium and France, Austria and Germany, England and the United States. I need not tell you how French-speaking Belgium has been united to France or how the German-speaking districts of the Austrian Empire have been agitated for a union to Germany. But perhaps the most noticeable example is this country itself. How often do we hear the cry of blood-thicker-than-water, of lands-across-the-sea, of the Anglo-American alliance. Though three-fourths of our American citizenship is not Anglo-Saxon yet the community of language is continually drawing us to England. Although we have learned in fire and sword, in the blood of our patriots, in two wars, in the help given to every domestic enemy, that England is not our friend, yet the influence of the common language is so great that vast masses of our citizens look to England as our natural ally and are moving heaven and earth to bring about what they call a union of the English-speaking people.

Let us now apply these principles to the case of Ireland. If Ireland gives up her national language and becomes a country speaking only English it is quite possible that in the first generation of English speakers there may be many good Irishmen. It is quite possible that in the second and the third generation the impulse of patriotism may still persist, but as sure as the night follows the day, as sure as the rivers run down to the sea, so surely will the law work out. Old thoughts will be forgotten, old ideals cast aside, higher and higher will arise the tide of Anglicization, until at last it will submerge forever the poor remains of Irish nationality.

Now you may say that I am too pessimistic; but why should the Irish expect to be an exception to the laws that govern all other nations. Indeed, if you care to look you will see the process going on under your own eyes. What has be-

come of the thousands and tens of thousands that poured into the great cities of England? Their descendants to-day are more English than the English themselves. During the late Boer war the most patriotic Anglo-Saxons in Britain were the sons of Irishmen. We need not indeed go beyond our own shores to find people, whose grandfathers and grandmothers spoke Irish now completely absorbed by the English. Here they wear English clothes, play English games, cultivate a fearful and wonderful English accent, and when they go overseas some of them may indeed visit Ireland as one would visit the unexplored regions of Central Africa, but London is their center and the English aristocracy the shrine of their devotion. They have thrown a few half-pence at the political pipers that periodically pass this way hat in hand, but as far as education, science, art, industry, charity they have done absolutely nothing. And why? Because they have no patriotism, no love of country. Their parents cast off the only national thing worth preserving,—their old language and the children are Janissaries, the hireling soldiers of another race.

Consider Ireland herself. Let us take a fact that we all wondered at a few years ago. During the Boer war as far as I can make out it was said that Irish sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the Boers. There were a few scoundrels here and elsewhere that had the courage of their convictions and declared for England and civilization "mar eadh," yet what are the facts? Thirty thousand Irishmen fought for England against the Boers, not 300 fought for the Boers against England. It is not pleasant to say this, but what is the use of blinding our eyes to the real condition of things. We have given up our language, and having given up our language we have become English. They may orate and demonstrate and resolve in Parliament and out of Parliament, but the logic of deeds tells. There may be ten thousand in this generation that will not bend the knee, but they pass quickly and the generation after them may preserve its quota, but the day must come when all will pass away; because the salt of nationality, the language, has been cast out. The complete Anglicization of Ireland is the only possible result. Ireland will be an English shire.

Your own memory can bring back to you how the Irish customs are disappearing. With all the millions of Irishmen in the United States, I believe there are not three cities in the Union to-night that could give you the exhibition of things Irish—Irish music, Irish singing, Irish dancing—that you have seen here just now. And with what an expenditure of energy and time and money have we wrought here. In Ireland itself the conditions were nearly as bad. The singing and dancing and music, the athletic sports, all had nearly disappeared. English customs, English sports, nigger melodies, tough dances, cricket, lawn tennis, and ping-pong, these were the favorite relaxation of the people. The old Irish games, if they remained at all, were low and vulgar, for the Irish were speaking the English tongue, and therefore thinking English thoughts and in the English thought the Anglo-Saxon is the superior race, and all other races were created by God for the Saxon's greater honor and glory.

Religion, it is true, is supra-national. It is the same in every land, among every race. In Ireland religion had become part of the people's nationality, and let me say you cannot destroy that nationality without injuring religion. Not till the judgment day shall we know of the millions of Irish Catholics lost to faith, lost to God in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, in England, in Scotland. We have, it is true, been apostles by the sheer force of numbers. Even those who hold the faith, is it not evident to every one that there is a lowering in its quality. The faith of the accomplished girl who speaks the correctest English as she is taught in our boarding schools, even convents, is not of the same quality as the faith of her Irish-speaking grandmother, to whom God was as near, aye, nearer, than

those she saw and spoke to around her. In the Irish tongue there was a wealth of prayer, of piety, of poetry, of imagery, of religion, that has been squandered and lost. Not speaking Irish we cannot have the Irish thoughts. Compare the dead, dull catechism and the stiff formulas the child has now to learn in the English language with the outpourings he would have inherited in the sweet Gaelic, where heart speaketh unto heart and man is God's child, lying on His loving on His loving breast and murmuring softly those loving phrases that the saints of Erin invented and that the language of Erin conserved. Aye, in losing the speech of Patrick and Brigid and Colum Cille we are losing that which was as it were the most precious shrine that ever held religion.

And let us make no mistake, in losing the language we are losing even that attenuated national idea known as Home Rule. People may tell you that if you keep eighty members hammering away at the English Parliament Ireland will come to her own again. But let us take thought for a moment. The very idea of Home Rule means that Ireland is different from England. Now in these days that difference cannot be a mere physical difference, inaccessibility or the like. Every part of Ireland is more easily reached from London than many parts of England. The difference therefore on which the necessity of Home Rule is predicted must be a moral difference. Now if there is no moral difference, where is the argument for Home Rule? Suppose they got up an agitation in Alameda County for separation from the State of California under the plea that Home Rule was a good thing, would we not say, "Why should you have Home Rule, are you not of our blood, do you not speak our language, have you not the same customs and institutions, is not our law as fair as human laws may be, your territory is in the heart of our State, easily accessible, in fact, a vital strategic point in case of war; why then should you want to separate?"

Let things go on as they have been in Ireland, and in a short time Ireland will be in precisely the same condition as Alameda County. When the members ask for Home Rule the English can well retort, "Why should we give you Home Rule and not give it to Yorkshire or Devon. You are just as much a part of England as they are, you have the same manners and customs, and, indeed, you speak better English. Once upon a time you were a distinct nation, you could say to the world, and your very speech would bear you testimony that you were not English. But all the things that made you a nation you cast away. Why should we be more solicitous than you of those things that made for your independence? You forget that you are the same as England now. Why should England undo what you yourselves have done? Would England be not justified in making that argument? By what reasoning could we invalidate her plea? The nation that loses its language loses the idea of a distinct nationality. It may get improved county government, it may get improved State government, but all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot set up a nation that has betrayed its speech.

Another result of the complete assimilation of Ireland with England would be the material ruin of the country. You may say to me that material prosperity is something that has nothing to do with language. Money speaks in one voice all over the earth. Yet, strange as it may seem, the language question is intimately connected with Irish prosperity. There was a time when Ireland was in a fair way to become a prosperous manufacturing country. The English were compelled in self-defence to make the strongest kind of laws against Irish produce, and by these laws they effectively strangled the growing Irish trade. Now the time England was compelled to make those rules to protect herself was precisely the time when Ireland was in spirit and speech thoroughly Irish. During the last century there were no laws against Irish manufactures, yet during the last century the few Irish industries that

survived were steadily going down hill.

If we think for a moment we will see the reason of this state of affairs. All manufactures exist to supply a demand. If people wish to have a certain article that article will be manufactured for them. No manufacturer is in the business for his health. If the people cease to buy a certain class of goods that production of that class of goods will cease. Now, demand is of two kinds, natural and artificial. There are certain things, such as food, clothing, and the like, which we must have; there are certain things which we think we must have. The artificial demand is produced by judicious advertising and other means familiar to you all. Even the natural demand is influenced by the same means. I suppose ladies must have bonnets. The demand for bonnets then is a natural demand. But the kind of bonnet the lady will wear is determined by artificial reasons. For instance, if passing down Market street, she sees a charming confection marked \$5, she will pass it by with a sigh. It is not for her. The next day she sees it marked down to \$2.98 and she is nearly killed in the crush to capture the bargain. Again, if a very useful article is left in the warehouse or on the shelves no one will ask for it, because no one knows about it. But put this article in a display window, cover the dead walls with recitals of its virtue, put up poetry about it in the street-cars, let it stare at you from the prominent pages of the newspapers, and soon a great multitude of people will think that life is not worth living unless they add it to their possessions. Now, during the past century in Ireland, while there was a natural demand, the artificial demand was entirely absent. The Irish manufacturers took to thinking that there was no use in competing with the superior nation, and while the English manufacturer was advertising in season and out of season the Irish manufacturer who would advertise would be almost boycotted for unprofessional conduct.

The result, of course, was that whatever artificial demand was created in Ireland was created for foreign goods, while the natural productions of the country suffered from the consequent perversion of taste. For instance, it has been proved that soap can be produced in Ireland cheaper and of a better quality than anywhere else, yet the Irish people would not buy Irish soap because their taste ran to a dearer and inferior article that bore a foreign trade mark. Indeed, in order to sell the Irish product at all the dealers were compelled to put French and English wrappers on it. The result was that the industry was dying out and the people it should have supported were flying over the sea to England and America and Australia.

What is true of the soap industry is true of several other industries, and you see that the cause of their decline was not an economic reason, but a moral reason. The people got it into their heads that English made goods were superior to Irish made goods, because they took the English at their own valuation. But now, when the Gaelic League is trying to revive the language a different spirit is abroad. The first step in the revival was to give the Irish a good conceit of themselves and to teach them to love, honor and support things Irish, simply because they were Irish. With this new sentiment came a radical change in the condition of Irish manufacturers. All over the country they took a new start. As yet the movement is in its infancy. The green deeps have not been moved, but if the day comes that the Irish people will believe that their own language is as good as the English language and that Irish brains can conceive and Irish hands produce as good manufactures as any other nation then the day of her prosperity will not be far off. I take great pleasure in commending this view of the case to the people who are perpetually airing the bread and butter argument. They want us to think that the revival of the Gaelic means that two raggedly Irishmen will sit one on each side of a bog-hole talking Irish between them. The Irish language is Irish



"Now is the winter of our

DISCONTENT."

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nationality and the expression of Irish self-reliance and Irish self-respect. The revival of it means that the people are looking to themselves, having confidence in themselves in accordance with the words inscribed on the banner of the Gaelic League, "Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein Anihain."

On a third point I can only touch briefly, as I have detained you too long, and that is on the education problem. The system of education in Ireland has been easily the worst in Europe, because it was introduced by a foreign power to rob the people of their faith and nationality. Owing to the opposition of the clergy its anti-Catholic influence was neutralized in some measure, but its anti-national influence was never seriously combatted. The object of the national school was to root out the Irish language, and as every machine can only do a certain amount of work and the national school had after their operation no energy left for education. Its sole achievement in seventy years was to teach the Irish people very bad English.

Now, in Ireland, as in every other country, we want a system of education suited to the temper of the people and suited to the needs of the people. The old style system of the schools which taught the three R's only is passing away. The enlightened nations are recognizing that the boy must be trained in school for his work in life. The system that is good for an industrial country is out of place in an agricultural country. You must make some distinction, even at an early age, between the man who in after life is to follow the professions and the man who in after life is to follow the plough.

Such a system of education cannot be imposed from without or above. It must grow out of the conscious needs of the people. The first right to education belongs to the parent, and unless the parents know what is needed for their children, and are able to control the machinery of education so that they can get what they need for their children there will be no system of Irish education. To-day, with the most elaborate and costly system of schools in the world, the Irish parent's control of education is almost nil and his interest in it is if possible less.

When the Irish people learn that they have as many rights as other peoples, when they realize that duty is to be done, not talked about, when they are taught self-respect by respecting their national speech, then the schools will be the schools of the people. Then, like the schools of Germany, they will send out the youth of the nation trained in the best methods with heart and hand and eye properly instructed to serve the motherland.

Again, the only possible solution of the Irish university question is in a real Irish University. The failure of the university education in Ireland has not come from want of efforts, or money, or zeal, or brains, but from the law of nature that you cannot engraft the institutions of an alien people on a vital race. The Protestants started their English university known as Trinity College and failed. The Catholics tried the same kind of a university under the greatest English university man of the age, John Henry Newman, and failed also. The Queen's College tried it and failed, the Royal University tried it and failed, and let me say the brand new university they are dickering about now will try it and fail.

A University is a growth, it must represent the thought, the mind, the culture of the people. In Ireland such a university must grow out of Irish ideas, Irish aspirations, Irish civilization, in a word must grow out of the Irish language. When the teaching part of the Gaelic League develops into a college of all the sciences then, and then only, will we have an Irish university. If the Gaelic League fails an Irish university, Catholic or Protestant, will be an abortion till the process of Anglicization is complete, and then very likely Trinity College will be good enough for the Anglo-Saxons.

This, then, is the outlook as I see it for Ireland. There are two possibilities. One is that the force which gathered such strength dur-

ing the nineteenth century will continue to grow during the twentieth and will finally obliterate every distinction between Ireland and England. In such an event the only future for Ireland is the future of an English shire. I do not care, ladies and gentlemen, if the manhood of Ireland should face the ancient foe and beat them on a hundred fields, I do not care if they should be able to set up a free and independent government, republic or monarchy, or what not. I say to you that as long as they speak the English language and obey the English customs, and model themselves on the English law no power on earth can keep those two countries separate. The epitaph of Robert Emmet, if written in English, might as well be written in sand.

But there is another outlook. If the Irish people will realize the dangers of the past century, if they will open their eyes once more to the history and civilization of their fathers, if they will teach their children the ancient tongue, not as a scholarly accomplishment, but as the very essence of nationality, if they will take control of their own schools, if they will back up that organization that has within five or six years plucked mountains up by the roots and cast them into the sea, if, in a word, they make their country a Gaelic-speaking country then the future is serene. No matter how powerful England may be her day will come, and when it does come Ireland will be ready to step into her own, a nation as she always was, complete in thought, in sentiment and resources, born and bred to freedom and the throne.

And let us not be afraid of those that say "Will you turn your backs upon the great English-speaking civilization of to-day? Will you cut yourselves off from all contact with your kindred in America and in Canada, who have only the Saxon tongue? Will you go back to a foreign language that no other country speaks, a language unknown to commerce, to science, to modern literature? Will you make yourselves another hermit nation?"

And suppose we answer, "Yes." What then? Once upon a time the same question was put to Greece. Persia ruled the world, her's was the sword, her's the highway of commerce, her's the learning, her's the future. When her heralds came to Greece there were many to back their words, "Better to be a portion of this great world-power than to moon and starve on our rocky islands and barren headlands." But Greece chose and Thermopylae and Salamis and Marathon gave the answer. She was strong enough to stand alone and to be small. And what was the result? Do we not still sit at her feet! As long as she was self-contained and self-reliant she was great. When she, in another age was tempted again by empire and her language was spread over half a world by Alexander then, indeed, she died and her name became a synonym for everything that is base.

So, now, I believe that if Ireland should turn her back upon the English tongue and know that in her own speech alone can she hear the things that are for her peace, she would achieve for herself something as great and as glorious as once before when cut off from Europe she became the Island of saints and scholars. At least she would retain her self-respect and her children would not be raised to be helots in America or to do the dirty work of England in the four quarters of the globe.

To-day the choice is before her and us which God will she serve. Oh, dear friends, let us work and strive that she will not forsake the god of her fathers for Baal or Astoreth, or any of the demons that the gentiles serve. We have it in our power to help. We can do something. It depends upon ourselves to be Irish, to love everything Irish, to stand up for everything Irish, to help by hand and voice and purse that noble band of men who are standing in the Gap of Danger to preserve our nation for itself. As of old, every Jew was proud to help in building up the walls of Jerusalem, so should we be proud to build up once more the walls of our motherland. From

over the sea comes the sound of men girding themselves to the work and to the stroke of pick and the clang of the hammer and the tap of the trowel. Shall we stand as strangers? Rather let us come with our help and our offering and our words of cheer, that when the work is done and Ireland stands once more as a city whose walls are well compact together, you may point them out to your children and your children's children and say, "These hands have helped."

#### PAPAL BULL AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The Roman correspondent of the London Tablet summarizes the papal bull, just issued, on the Philippines, as follows:

The papal document, the publication of which I announced last week, recognizes the hierarchy in the Philippines, and arranges many points of ecclesiastical discipline affecting the clergy; both secular and regular. A well-deserved tribute of praise is given in the preamble to Msgr. Chapelle, archbishop of New Orleans, for his successful work in the islands as apostolic delegate extraordinary, for his settlement of matters that required urgency and his general report on the whole position of affairs to the Vatican. An allusion is also made to the special mission of the United States government to the Holy See; to the skill and moderation of the commissioners is attributed the smoothness of the negotiations which led to a final agreement. It is a general opinion in Rome, however, that Msgr. Guidi, the permanent apostolic delegate, will have no small difficulty in carrying out the terms of the agreement.

Four new suffragan sees are added to the three already existing, and all are subjected to the metropolitan see of Manila. The Cathedral chapter of Manila is to consist of at least ten canons, and until it is found possible to establish cathedral chapters in the suffragan sees, the bishops will be aided in their administration by bodies of consultors chosen from the ranks of the secular and regular clergy. In the absence of a cathedral chapter, the metropolitan will undertake the administration of any see that is vacant. Priests are ordered to make a retreat at least every three years. The bishops are recommended to have separate colleges for ecclesiastical students who are doing the course of humanities and those who are engaged in the higher studies of philosophy and theology, and none of the students may be allowed to visit their home except for some grave reason. The doors of these seminaries must be closed against all who are not intended for the priesthood. Young priests have to undergo an examination in dogmatic and moral theology once a year for five years after they have finished their course in the seminary. The bishops are recommended to send some of the more promising students to study in Rome.

#### The Orders Stay.

The bishops are to give charge of parishes to the regulars after consultation with their superiors. If difficulties arise the apostolic delegate will intervene.

The constitutions "Firmandis" of Benedict XIV. and "Romanos Pontifices" of Leo XIII. will regulate the relations between the bishops and regulars who have charge of missions.

The bishops are exhorted to see that missions are given at stated times in the different parishes, and it is strongly recommended that a religious house should be founded in each province with seven or eight regulars who will devote their exclusive attention to this work of missions. Both bishops and priests are reminded of their obligation of preaching the faith to the heathen and idolaters in the islands. Collections of money will be made by the faithful for this purpose, which the bishops will distribute impartially among the various missions. The apostolic delegate is ordered to call a provincial synod as soon as possible to arrange for the carrying out of the new discipline. The Holy Father finally exhorts the native inhabitants of the Philippines to abstain from revolutionary agi-

tation and give the reverence and obedience which are due to the lawfully constituted authorities.

#### Kleptomaniac or Thief?

Virginia Johnson in the Police Court.

By all odds the most interesting prisoner before Judge Lafontaine to-day was Virginia Johnson, who was charged with stealing a \$39 fur cape from the Marchand fur store, Notre Dame street, near St. Henry street.

The stranger in court who heard Virginia's first reply to the charge would be tempted to take her part and argue that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor. For a moment it looked as though the kleptomaniac of the upper ten had in reality found its way to the unfortunate creature who spoke as though she really meant what she said.

Virginia Johnson admitted that she took the cape, but she said: "Your Honor, I am not well and a sudden fancy came over me to take the cape. I did not intend to steal it. I just wanted to make the clerk run after me, and when he did, and caught me, I gave him the cape back again. But I could not help taking it, no matter what I should suffer."

Evidently she forgot that the officers of the court have a pretty good memory.

It developed that Virginia is one of the best known shop lifters in Canada. She has been in the habit of spending about ten months a year in prison for the past thirty years. Ever since she was a child she has earned her prison bread and gruel by stealing from city stores. When she was reminded of this fact to-day, she smiled and said that that had nothing to do with the case. Weeks ago she had decided to reform and be good. "Why," she said, "did not a great man fall three times? Give a woman a chance. I'm a kleptomaniac, I am. I'm one of those women that has a disease and can't help it."

The trouble about this argument was that in nearly all her thefts there have been signs of well laid plans to get the goods that she could easily sell. In the case of Saturday's theft she put the cape under another cape and shawl she wore, and ran down St. Henry street.

She did not seem to worry about the amusement she caused by her statements, but she did object to being sketched. As she caught sight of the artist making her portrait, she forgot the dignity of the court and turned so as to hide herself, as shown in the accompanying sketch.

Judge Lafontaine told her that the enquete would take place on July 13.

"Thirteen has always been unlucky for me," she said as High Constable Bissonnette bowed her from court to cell.—Montreal Star, Jan. 5, 1903.

#### VIRGINIA'S LACKING SYMPTOM.

Virginia Johnson tried to escape punishment for "litting" a fur cape by confessing that she was "one of those women that has a disease and can't help it." This was pathetic; but the judge thought that her case called for the rest cure. The trouble is that Virginia does not seem to be rich enough to afford so high-class an ailment as kleptomaniac. In these days, we must choose our disease with some regard for the condition of our purses. If Virginia had not needed the cape, she might have "kleptomaniacked" it; but when she could use it handily and might even find a little money raised on it convenient, she must be content with a failing bearing a shorter name.

On most other "counts," she could have produced the symptoms. It seems that she has done this sort of thing so often that she has become one of the best known shop-lifters in Canada; and a steady misunderstanding of her true and sad condition has caused the unfeeling police authorities to keep her in gaol a good deal of the time for the last thirty years. Now if she had only been rich, this persistence in helping herself would have been

proof positive of kleptomaniac. But she was poor. And poverty and kleptomaniac cannot be enjoyed by one and the same person.

Poor Virginia! If she ever wishes to be understood, she must first take the precaution to get wealthy.—Montreal Star, Jan. 6.

#### LEADING IRISHMAN DEAD.

Captain Patrick O'Farrell, of Washington, D.C., a Noted Character, Passes Away.

A fighting man of the fighting race has died. A soldier of the Sixty-ninth—a veteran of the Corcoran legion—a man who fought to make men free. This is the record of Captain Patrick O'Farrell, of Washington, D.C., who was buried at Arlington last Friday.

He was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1832. Seeing that the life of the Republic was threatened he came to the United States in 1862, and within twenty-four hours after landing he enlisted as a private soldier in Company G, Sixty-ninth New York Infantry (Corcoran Irish Legion). Participating in the engagements of the regiment he was promoted to a second lieutenant in January, 1863.

For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1864, he was made first lieutenant and for his bravery at the battle of Reams Station in August, 1864, was breveted Captain.

He was admitted to the bar in June, 1885, and not being in sympathy with the Cleveland administration was removed from office on account of his decided political opinions. Before, during and after the war he was a pronounced Abolitionist and ardent Republican.

Captain O'Farrell was a member of the Loyal Legion, was prominent in G.A.R. circles, and was also a member of the Union Veteran Legion. He was prominently identified with the Anti-Trust League, and was a member of the Irish-American Historical society. There was no better chess player in Washington than Captain O'Farrell. He was a member of the Washington Chess Club and was the champion chess player of the city for several years.

In Catholic affairs Captain O'Farrell took an active and prominent part. During the period when the A. P. A. was more or less dominant in congress, his opposition was strong. The opposition to the Father Marquette statue was fought by him with the aggressiveness and zeal which always characterized him.—Catholic Citizen.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 21, 1902.  
Mr. R. F. Hinds, Secretary Branch 52, C.M.B.A.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of draft for two thousand dollars, being amount of beneficiary certificate held by my son, Augustin, in your association.

I am deeply grateful to you and your brother officers of Branch 52 for your promptness in putting this payment through.

I would ask you to express my sincere gratitude to the members of the Branch, not only for their kindness in this matter, but also for the cordial sympathy extended to me in my bereavement.

Yours sincerely,  
MARY A BROWNRIGG.

#### GOD KNOWS BEST.

By Amadeus, O.S.F., in January Donohoe's.

Thou know'st not what is best,  
Then be thou e'er content  
To let thy wishes rest  
With that which God hath sent;  
He knows thy work and place,  
He holds thee in His care,  
And gives, with helpful grace,  
Not more than thou canst bear!

The future, all unseen,  
Is His, and sweet 'twill be  
Upon His strength to lean  
When sorrows come to thee;  
Then do thou not complain,  
Or deem thyself alone,  
One Heart absorb'd all pain,  
One Love is still thine own!

# Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, JAN 17, 1903.

## CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

### JANUARY.

- 18—Second Sunday after Epiphany. Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.
- 19—Monday—St. Canute, Martyr.
- 20—Tuesday—Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.
- 21—Wednesday—St. Agnes, Virgin, Martyr.
- 22—Thursday—Saints Vincent and Anastasius, Martyrs.
- 23—Friday—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.
- 24—Saturday—St. Timothy, Bishop, Martyr.

## CATHOLIC REFORM.

The Tablet, of December 27th, prints a very striking paper by Bishop Keppler, of Rottenberg, who replies to a school of would-be reformers that has been of late creating some stir in Germany. Many of his aphorisms are epigrams sparkling with fresh, unthought-of truth. Dealing with the necessity of reform from within, His Lordship writes: "Our Catholic reformers seem to pay no respect to the inner life of the Church. Their whole effort goes to the intellectual side of the Church. This is shallow, and we must protest against it. We require heart and soul, not only mind and intellect. The aim of Catholic culture is not only that Catholics should believe more, but also that they should know more than educated non-Catholics. But this knowledge is rather of a spiritual than of an intellectual kind. For this reason the education of a Catholic will always and of necessity be more mediæval than modern. The mediæval spirit is outwardly rough but inwardly noble; the modern spirit is outwardly fine but inwardly mean. The Catholic, therefore, will always fare better if he follows the former rather than the latter. Thus at least he will not endanger his soul and his eternal salvation."

Proceeding to consider the origin of all real reforms, he continues: "The Divine Spirit must be the soul of every reforming movement within the Church. But if this be so, then the reform of the Church or of Catholicism can consist only in a vigorous campaign against all that is contrary to the Spirit of God, in a renewed effort to beat and ward off from her the anti-Christian spirit, the spirit of the age, the world, the devil. If a reform comes in the name of the spirit of the age, it must necessarily be a false reform. To call in and admit the spirit of the age as a judge, corrector and reformer of the Church, is to degrade the Church. If, as Harnack (Wesen des Christenthums, p. 5) has truly remarked, it is an insult to the Christian religion to ask what it has done for the progress of civilization, before deciding on the merits of the latter, how much more insulting is it to drag the Church before so incompetent a judge and so doubtful a tribunal as the spirit of the age or modern culture? Those who do this understand the nature neither of Christianity nor of modern culture. I know it is the fashion with

some to look upon Catholicism as antiquated. But it is surely far more true to say that modern culture is antiquated—has grown old and become senile—and that modern society requires to be renewed unto youth. And whence is this renewal to come to it except from Christianity and the Catholic Church? To be worn out, old and senile, and yet to disport oneself as full of vigor and youth is a peculiarly modern feature and quite characteristic of our present age."

The above extracts suffice to show how very suggestive and thought-provoking is His Lordship of Rottenberg. We shall have occasion to quote from him again.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

Very Satisfactory Reports—Mr. F. W. Russell Elected President—Presentation to Past-President T. D. Deegan.

The third annual meeting of the members of the Catholic Club held on Thursday evening last was the most successful gathering ever held in connection with this very flourishing organization. The large hall was crowded and those present were thoroughly representative of Catholic social and business life in the city. The very greatest harmony prevailed and the unanimity and enthusiasm which characterized every stage of the proceedings spoke eloquently of the good feeling and the loyalty which animates the membership in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the club. President T. D. Deegan occupied the chair, and the first business was reading of the annual report by Honorary Secretary Russell.

This document reviewed the work of the past year, emphasizing the fact that progress had been made all along the line. The old debt had been paid off and the members would start the new year without one cent of pecuniary obligation and with all the handsome appointments of the rooms absolutely their own, fully paid for. The membership had shown a satisfactory increase and the attendance at the club was getting ever better every month. The report also detailed the social features of the year and concluded with thanking all who had assisted at the various entertainments and social gatherings.

Mr. R. F. Hinds, Financial Secretary, then read the details of the auditor's report, which proved most satisfactory.

President Deegan supplemented the report by commenting on the various points and in an eloquent speech appealed to the members to keep up the good work. He announced his own retirement from the Presidency and bespoke for his successor the same hearty good will and generous co-operation that he had always received during his three years in the office.

The reports were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted on motion of Mr. J. Fahey, seconded by Mr. A. H. Kennedy.

Next came the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—  
President—F. W. Russell.  
Vice-Pres.—J. T. Dumouchel.  
Hon. Secretary—H. Brownrigg.  
Fin. Secretary—R. F. Hinds.  
Treasurer—D. T. Coyle.

Executive Com.—T. J. Langford, W. Jordan, O. Marrin, E. R. Dowdall, J. P. Raleigh, T. F. Gallagher and M. Dalton.

All the officers with the exception of the Executive Committee were elected by acclamation.

President-elect Russell, in rising to thank the meeting was greeted with enthusiasm. He was evidently deeply affected by the honor done him, but made a very graceful acknowledgment of the compliment. He spoke of the interest he had taken in the club since its inception. Having served for three years as honorary secretary, during which period he had been very close to President Deegan, he was in a position to thoroughly understand the responsibilities of the office to which he had now been elected, and at the same time he was fully aware of his own limitations, his inexperience. One thing he could, however, assure the members and that was he would administer the duties of his office fearlessly and honestly, with kindly feeling and courtesy for all. He asked the same

consideration at the hands of the membership and he was confident that if they lived the next twelve months in that spirit of fraternal charity and co-operation which had characterized the period of President Deegan's administration the year 1903 would see steady and satisfactory progress in the affairs of the club. He concluded by again in eloquent and earnest words thanking them for the trust they had reposed in him and resumed his seat amidst loud cheers.

Stirring speeches were then made by Rev. Father Guillet, N. Bawil, E. Cass, D. Smith, J. Fahey, Bro. Lewis, C. H. Forrester, Dr. McKenty, H. O'Connor and others.

Next came a most pleasing incident, namely the presentation of a handsomely illuminated address and gold locket, suitably engraved, to the retiring president. The presentation was made by Mr. Russell, and the recipient was evidently taken quite by surprise, not even a hint having been given him that anything of the kind was contemplated.

The address spoke of the success achieved during the three years' existence of the club, and declared that this was in no small measure due to the fact that the institution in its inception had at its head a gentleman of such sterling social qualities and magnificent administrative abilities as Mr. Deegan, and he was asked to accept this accompanying gift, not for its intrinsic value, but as a memento of the early days of the club, and as an evidence of the very high regard in which he is held by the members.

Mr. Deegan was evidently hard put to it to command his feelings, but pulling himself together he succeeded in his own eloquent way in thanking the members for their thoughtful kindness. Once again he bore testimony to the good will which the members had always shown him and he declared he would treasure the address and the locket amongst his most honored possessions in memory of the happy years he spent as President of the club, and of the excellent body of men who composed the membership. He was heartily cheered during the speech and on resuming his seat.

From this point President Russell took charge of the meeting and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to retiring Vice-President Genest and Treasurer Jordan for their services during the year.

The other formal business of the meeting was then rapidly completed and this memorable meeting was brought to a close.

## Chats with Young Men

If my readers will turn back with me to some of the chats we had before Christmas they will review how earnestly I held forth the necessity of possessing a forceful character to one who desires to influence and lead others, or who aims at success in business. Men act from impulse or according to reason; and impulse is often the result of a powerful impression made by another person, while reason is subject to the logic of stronger minds or dictates a course of action pursuant of paths along which high minds lead. Thus the silent influence of a strong mind is responsible for opinions and actions of a large circle of dependent creatures. How conducive it is then to the uplifting of humanity that the cardinal elements of noble living,—honesty, truth and honor, should reign in the minds and hearts of those who lead the world. But character, while forceful, must also be clothed in pleasing manners. Sometimes the strong-minded are cold and forbidding and fail to influence because they lack the smile that makes a ready connection with an admiring multitude. Hence we must attend to it that the little embellishments which complete and add strength to character may be found linking the many to the thrones of the few to whom the people look for direction.

Last week I wrote of the advantage as well as the pleasure of enlisting as friends all with whom we come in contact. I dwelt much upon the negative attitude, that of not antagonizing anyone by care-

less, uncharitable remarks. There is much more to be said on the positive side, that of impressing favorably those with whom we actually have words or dealings; and that my remarks may have some centre round which to arrange themselves in your memories, we shall call the theme of this chat Amiability. From the derivation of the word I would judge it means quality of winning friends. That at any rate is a good enough meaning for us. It is largely a gift born with us, and hence the exercise of it comes more naturally and more easily to some than to others. In this respect it resembles all other gifts of nature. Each person has a special and peculiar individuality embracing in a marked or unmarked degree certain of the Creator's bounties. Accordingly what is the easy unfolding of some natures requires forethought on the part of others. Thus it is some have the good fortune to make friends on every side, while others seem to have the misfortune of making enemies or at most lukewarm friends. Should one be contented then if one is outstripped in this direction by those who have more genial dispositions. No, this is the very point at which I wish to meet every young man who reads the chats. For if he is ambitious either to become a leader among men or for his own success in business he must acquire the ways of getting close to the hearts as well as to the minds of men.

In the first place we must get at the true concept of amiability. It does not consist in fawning, foolish smiling, or in yielding to good humor when the subject comporting not with honor or decorum; neither is it obsequious bending to the fountained condescending of the great. It is manifested rather in a simple and dignified bearing in commonplace and uncommonplace matters, where an exchange of good will is involved, so long as our good will is not maintained at the expense of something more precious. To mingle with persons who, like ourselves, have failings we must often disguise our dislikes. If we should avoid everyone who does not please us in every particular we should soon be quite isolated. That is quite impossible, however. We must go among our people every day and must see day after day in the same persons peculiarities or faults that we do not like. If we manifest our dislikes either openly or by studious avoidance of all meetings with such persons we not only violate the requirements of amiability but we are certain sometime to lose friends who might be valuable to us.

Again, too, when for the sake of pleasure or convenience our wishes are opposed to those of others of our party, it is well to yield to the majority when nothing of importance to ourselves is involved. In casual meetings, too, it is best always to give and take the friendly greeting, to reward a joke with a deserving smile, and to consider every one sincere in his approaches until we know him to be otherwise. We must recognize everyone with an honest and appropriate greeting whether persons are older or younger, superior or inferior to ourselves. In a word, let us consider that our hearts were given us to love those in whom our minds perceive the image of God; that life is too short to spend half of it in hating; that there is enough unhappiness in the lot of every creature without our adding our mites by expressing our dislike for failings that in each individual are sufficient punishment in themselves.

Thus, young men, you are responsible for the good cheer of your own life as well as for the happiness of many others. You can make friends by studying the feelings of your fellow creatures. Your sympathy should be broad as humanity. When you have a world of hearts that have cause to love you, at your bugle call in the hour of need eager and loyal friends will spring to your aid as each crag and bush yielded up its gleaming blade to James Fitz-James. This for your success. Moreover, your force of character will lead men along the highways to your heart and the standard of living will be raised and earth happier because you have lived.

Finem Respice.

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## A BIRD DINNER.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the hungry robin, "I wish I had lived about three hundred years ago."

"Nonsense! What for?" demanded the sparrow.

"I've just been reading something in a religious paper about a Diet of Worms they had then."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE KNEELING DEER.

(From Our Dumb Animals.)  
A traveler through Canadian woods  
Was hurrying benighted:  
'Twas nearly midnight; and the  
moon  
His lonely pathway lighted.  
When suddenly a shadow passed  
Along the footpath gliding:  
He paused, and 'neath a low-hung  
bough  
Beheld an Indian hiding.  
"Hush!" and he held his finger up,  
While through the umbrage steal-  
ing—  
" 'Tis Christmas Eve! Me watch  
to-night  
To see the wild deer kneeling."

The air was still, yet overhead  
The pines were softly singing;  
While glowed the moon upon the  
snow,  
Their silent shadows flinging.

Ah! we may say the legend old  
Was but an idle notion:  
A Cornish peasant's fancy wild  
Transplanted o'er the ocean.

Yet on the first Christmas eve,  
Around the lonely manger,  
The soft-eyed brutes with angels  
gazed  
Upon the heavenly stranger.

And he who came to show man-  
kind  
The true way and the narrow,  
With his great love and tenderness  
Could note the falling sparrow.

We cannot know how far and deep  
Their mystic instinct reacheth,  
Nor what mute sense of Right and  
Love  
These poor dumb children  
teacheth.

But Love that could redeem and  
save,  
For evil good returning,  
Could hold all creatures to its  
heart,  
The humblest never spurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak  
The cruel jest unheeding,  
For those who cannot speak them-  
selves  
A word of friendly pleading.

WRONGLY APPLIED TO  
OUR LORD.

In a telegram from London, of  
last Wednesday, the absurd mis-  
take which we recently corrected  
with regard to the phrase "Imma-  
culate Conception" is again perpe-  
trated. It is evidently the idea of  
non-Catholics who send such mes-  
sages that it is to the birth of our  
Saviour that the term applies. The  
density which prevails with regard  
to this subject is truly amazing.  
However, it has a hopeful side,  
when properly considered. We be-  
lieve sheer ignorance of our religion  
is really responsible for much of the  
aversion with which non-Catholics  
regard it. Did they really under-  
stand what it actually signifies, pre-  
judice must vanish with misconcep-  
tion. Of course, there are some  
who do understand it and still per-  
sist in hostility to it for unworthy  
reasons. These we may not hope  
to reach; but the great mass of the  
other sort offer the most tempting  
material for the patient and kindly  
missionary.—Catholic Standard and  
Times, Nov. 29.

NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

Epiphany.—The Old Year is dead  
with a smile on her lips, and the  
New Year comes up like Our Lady  
of Snows (Maria ad Nives) with  
sunshine flooding her blue mantles.  
Peace to the elections now pass-  
ed away, having for epitaph  
"Quem Deus vult perdere prius  
dementat," which means in plain  
English, that the electors of Ste.  
Rose did not on this occasion show  
any of that intelligence, for the ab-  
sence of which they are so remark-  
able.

We wish God speed to the Review,  
adown the rapid waves of Time,  
and a cheery welcome in every  
Catholic home, convent and college  
during 1903, and why not? Its  
bright and refined pages tell of  
things that we love and those that  
would shock and pain a delicate  
conscience are left out in the cold,  
as they should be.

INGERSOLL AND WALLACE.

In the preface to "The First  
Christmas," General Wallace tells  
how the story of the Three Wise  
Men from the East had so interest-  
ed him that he decided to write of  
their journey, intending to publish  
it as a magazine article. But he  
says he was timid about letting it  
go before the public, and laid the  
manuscript away in his desk. On  
one occasion, going to Indianapolis  
to a political convention, he met  
Ingersoll on the train and got into  
a religious discussion with him. Be-  
fore this, says Wallace, he had re-  
garded religion with indifference,  
but when he left Ingersoll he for  
the first time realized its impor-  
tance and promptly decided to read  
and study the life of Jesus Christ,  
and as a result took up his former  
sketch and brought the story down  
to the time of the crucifixion—  
hence came "Ben Hur." This is a  
most interesting bit of history to  
know that Ingersoll was to some  
extent the cause of giving to the  
world the masterpiece, "Ben Hur."  
—R. C. Gleaner in the "Catholic  
Columbian."

A RITUALIST CHURCH.

The opening recently of the new  
edifice of the church of St. Ignatius,  
New York city, afforded a  
striking demonstration of the pro-  
gress of ritualism in the Episcopal  
church of New York. It is a very  
costly structure, on which there is  
only a very small debt, is a re-  
markable example of Gothic archi-  
tecture, and at the opening service,  
when High Mass was celebrated by  
Bishop Grafton, it was crowded  
with an apparently sympathetic  
congregation.

The services approached closely  
the ritual of the Roman Catholic  
Church. The robes of the priests,  
the incense, the sanctus bell and the  
genuflexions suggested Catholicism,  
and the preacher, the rector of the  
extremely ritualistic and exceedingly  
prosperous church of St. Mary the  
Virgin, proclaimed with em-  
phasis that "this church is a part  
of the Catholic Church and not a  
part of the Protestant sect," "is  
the Church of the worshippers in  
the catacombs and through the  
middle ages to to-day," "is the  
Church authorized by Christ  
through St. Peter." He promulgat-  
ed the doctrine of the real presence,  
defended "the right of the priest to  
grant, through the confessional, ab-  
solution according to the warrant  
of the gospels," and contended that  
this faith and these practices "are  
growing all over the land" in the  
Episcopal church.—Ex.

Quebec Mercury of Thursday, Jan  
8. "At L'Islet yesterday morning,  
Mr. Jos. Burke of Winnipeg, was  
married to Miss Dion, sister-in-law  
of Mr. L. V. Dion, the popular pro-  
prietor of the St. Louis hotel in  
this city. On their way west last  
evening they stopped over in the  
city and enjoyed the hospitality of  
Mr. and Mrs. Dion. A very sum-  
ptuous dinner was served the wed-  
ding party and the dining room was  
handsomely decorated. Mr. and  
Mrs. Burke leave to-day for Winni-  
peg, their future home."

ALCOHOLISM CAN BE CURED.

Rev. Father Quinlivan's Opinion of  
the New Antidote.

The good points of this new dis-  
covery for the cure of the liquor  
habit, in my opinion, are the fol-  
lowing:—First, if taken according  
to directions, it completely re-  
moves all craving for liquor in the  
short space of three days; its use  
for a longer time is intended only  
to build up the system. Second,  
it leaves no bad after-effects, but,  
on the contrary, aids in every way  
the health of the patient whilst  
freeing him from the desire for  
drink. Third, the patient may use  
it without intertering with his  
home. All other liquor cures I have  
yet heard of are very costly, oper-  
ate slowly, are doubtful as to ef-  
fects, and often impair the health  
and constitution of the patient. I  
therefore look upon this remedy as  
a real boon, recommend it heartily  
to all concerned, and bespeak for it  
here in Montreal and elsewhere  
every success.—J. Quinlivan, S.S.,  
pastor of St. Patrick's, Montreal.

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beautiful couch. Regular value \$18.50. Special Sale Price ..... \$14.00

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12 only, Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, Walnut frames, spring seats, covered with best quality  
velours. Regular value \$28.50. Special Sale price ..... \$21.50

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18 only, Extension Tables, Golden Elm, nicely finished, heavy fluted leg. Regular  
value \$7.00 and \$9.50. Special Sale Price  
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## Home Column

### THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S WARD

My boy lay cradled for his last, long sleep,

On the white pillow of his coffin-bed,

With rose-buds in his hands; I came to weep

Above the stricken glory of his head,

And, "Oh! I cannot have it so," I cried,

"Come back to me from Heaven, my babe, my own."

"No sorrow such as mine the whole world wide

Has ever seen!" was my unreasoning moan.

Above me, where I wept my precious child,

The dear Madonna clasped her infant Son;

And thus she seemed to say,—that Mary mild:

"O mother, loved I not this little one?"

Yet through a life of pain I saw him go,

Till on the cruel cross I saw him die!

Be still and think, is this, thy young hearts woe,

Like my pierced soul's long pain and agony?"

Such gentle piety seemed her lips to move,—

The Blessed Mother of the Blessed Lord,

Her accents seemed so full of tender love

From that dear heart once pierced by sorrow's sword.

I said, "O Mary! as thou lovest thine,

Guard thou the treasure I intrust to thee!

Fold thy fond care, as I had folded mine,

About my boy, and keep him safe for me!"

And so I yielded him to her embrace,

I know she keeps him through the long years gone!

I charge thee Mary, when I see thy face,

Lead back to me in Heaven thy ward, my son!

—M. B. C. Slade.

### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Last week our talk was on Generosity in a general sense and how home was the fountain head of all virtues, more especially that one so dear to our Master—"The greatest of these is charity." So indeed is home the place where we can habituate ourselves to kindness in small things, to the use of the small change of life that makes it bearable and pleasant or the reverse. People are apt to forget the little things in life in striving to accomplish the big undertakings. There is a thrifty old proverb that says: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." All of us have had ample occasion to prove the truth of the homely old saw and to find out how much easier it is to economize on big things than it is on little. It is comparatively easy to do without the expensive articles you desire, but it takes Spartan fortitude to keep from throwing away your dimes on silly things that you don't really want, but buy because they are so cheap. It is seldom the dollars that we waste. It is with the small change that we are reckless. Might not a very similar application be made to many other things in life? We are scrupulously careful of the big moralities. We do the duties that the Church and society and conventionality have marked out for us. We should be horrified at the very idea of harming our neighbors or mistreating our families, but how often were we utterly neglectful of the little things—the kindly word that cheers a lonely heart, the gentle consideration that makes the daily work easier for some one, the tender deed that we might do so easily if we only would. It is a question of small change over again. If it were something great we would do it. There are devout women who deny themselves to send money to support religion among the heathen, but never think of rising earlier or assisting in any way to allow the servant the opportunity of hearing Mass or attending Vespers. There are wo-

men who belong to societies for the extension of human brotherhood throughout the world, but who treat the shop girl who waits on them as if she were an automaton with no more feeling than a wooden image. There are women who would die for their husbands, yet who grumble over the inconveniences and trials incidental to married life and seem never to have a smile or pleasant word for them. In discussing our affections for our loved ones, we are apt, one and all, to indulge in certain rhetorical flights, such as that we would willingly die for those we love, or we would beg for them, if necessary. In practice we are not quite so heroic, however, and we grumble often because we have to rise early and give all our time and strength to the performance of duties we have so voluntarily undertaken as mothers and housekeepers. And right here is the mistake. Facing a multiplicity of household duties, nothing helps like a cheerful heart, and we can cultivate good cheer, if it be not natural. One duty only can be done at a time, take up the one next and the other will fall in line, and at night you can look back over the day and wonder how much has been accomplished; best of all the smiles and kind words, the good cheer you have diffused through the home. In reality we can no more afford to neglect the little courtesies of life and the little duties, than we can afford to throw away our pennies. The prompt answer to a letter, the note of thanks for a book or paper we owe to some one's thoughtfulness, the genuine appreciation of the effort to entertain us may seem trifling, but they go a long way toward making or marring our happiness. They are the small change with which we pay our passage through life, and if we neglect them we are in the inevitable position of one who is trying to dead-beat her way. "If we take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves." If we take care of the little duties, if we were sweet and kind and considerate, wouldn't the big duties take care of themselves? More homes are wrecked by bad temper than by drink. More affection is alienated by fretting and nagging than by all the corespondents ever cited in the divorce courts, more friends are lost through carelessness than by treachery. It is always the little things, the etceteras for the gown that run up the bill at the dressmaker's, the tiny leak in the household economy that counts at the end of the month, and the mothers who would be happy and wealthy must keep a sharp lookout on the small change of life!

### Brandon Notes.

The Brandon Branch of the C.M.B.A. will hold a smoker and social in the C.M.B.A. hall on Jan. 21st, the anniversary of the organization of the Branch.

The marriage of Mr. Andrew Crawford to Miss Charlotte Bailey took place on Wednesday morning at the residence of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Crawford, Fifth street. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Godts, C.S.S.R., was a very quiet affair, only the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties being present. The bride was very prettily attired in a wedding gown of white silk, trimmed with white applique. Miss Crawford was bridesmaid and Mr. Robt. Crawford assisted the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford left on Wednesday morning on a trip to Winnipeg and Rat Portage. Upon their return they will take up their residence in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Therrien returned on Monday morning from Wolseley, where they have been spending a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. M. Ryder.

### AUSTRALIA'S CATHEDRAL.

The crowning work of the faith and generosity of the Catholic body in Australia is St. Patrick's cathedral, Melbourne, which occupies one of the finest sites in the city, being at the same time at the junction of the main thoroughfares. St. Patrick's is completed save the spires and at the final meeting of the building committee, which was

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held the other day, some interesting facts and figures in connection with its erection were given. The total amount expended on it up to the present has been considerably over \$1,000,000, \$400,000 of which has been disbursed within the past twelve years.

The dimensions of the whole building are nave, sanctuary and Lady chapel, three hundred and fifty feet clear length; nave aisles and transepts, internal width, seventy-six feet; transepts, one hundred and sixty-two feet; height of roof, ninety-eight feet. It will be seen that St. Patrick's in Melbourne has a greater length than its namesake in New York by some twenty feet. We can better realize the dimensions of the Melbourne cathedral by comparing it with some of the historic cathedrals of the United Kingdom. Its area is thirty-five thousand feet, while that of Litchfield is one thousand feet less. It is half again as large as St. Giles, Edinburgh, and Christ church,

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Dublin. In its general appointments and ornamentation it is equal to any of its size in the world. Had the Catholics of Victoria done nothing else during the past half century but raise this magnificent temple to the honor and glory of God, it would have been creditable to their faith and generosity, but this is only one of many fine edifices which stud the city and suburbs, and owe their erection mainly to the liberality of the industrial classes.—Ex.

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SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.  
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and 8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sunday School at 2.30. Baptism from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and Benediction at 7.15.

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

### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

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SUNDAYS—Low Mass, with short instruction, 8.30 a.m.  
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.  
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.  
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.  
N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

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

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

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Mass with sermon in German,  
9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon  
in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School  
at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benedic-  
tion, 7.30 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

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mayer; Trustees, J. Shaw, N. Ber-  
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E. Manning.

### BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG.

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

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President—Bro. W. F. Brownrigg.  
1st Vice-President—Bro. P. O'Don-  
nell. 2nd Vice-President—Bro. W.  
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## How the Flag was Saved

Our party was seated around a large circular table in a private apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City. It consisted of veterans of the Civil War, many of whom carried upon their bodies, in the shape of scars, the proof of their gallantry.

The glasses were filled, and we waited for the words of the toastmaster.

"I have one toast to propose, gentlemen, and I have purposely reserved it for the last, in order that proper respect may be done it. Let it be drunk standing, gentlemen, and in silence. Here's to the memory of gallant Sergeant Sheridan!"

"Who was he, Colonel?" asked one of the party. "The name is not familiar to me."

"Neither are the names of thousands of brave men. Their valorous deeds are unheralded, and they fill heroes' graves all over the South, their gallantry unknown except to a small circle of their comrades. This was the case of Sergeant Sheridan, who fell at Fredericksburg. Were you at the battle of Fredericksburg, Captain?"

"No, Colonel, I was in the Army of the Tennessee when that bloody battle was fought."

"You characterize it properly. It was a terrible day for the Union troops, and, but for the prodigious valor they displayed upon the field of battle, the repulse would have ended in a rout and Washington might have been taken by the enemy. But I digress."

"It was the night following the disastrous repulse of our troops. All day long they had stubbornly charged the enemy's works on the heights of Fredericksburg, making desperate efforts to drive the Confederates from their position, but without success."

"Our men fell like hail from a thunder cloud. Over their dead and mangled bodies the troops in the rear pressed on bravely, only to meet with a similar fate. The wide-mouthed cannon on the height mowed us down on all sides. Our soldiers did all that brave men could do, and it is no reflection upon their gallantry to say they suffered defeat. The Confederate fortifications were impregnable."

"Night found us a beaten army, and we retreated to the cover of the woods that skirted the banks of the Rappahannock; but not to sleep, for we expected that the enemy would follow up the advantage and attempt to drive us into the river."

"A night of intense anxiety followed a day of frightful slaughter. Only those slept who were never to awaken again in this world."

"Always in the hottest of the fight, our regiment stood the brunt of battle the entire day. Driven back again and again, we reformed and renewed the assault upon the enemy's works until my command was reduced by casualties from a regiment to less than a company."

"I remember distinctly the final effort. The cannons on the heights pointed directly towards us belched forth grape and canister unceasingly."

"We reached the gully, crossed it and began to climb the heights when the confederate sharpshooters opened upon us a deadly fire. It staggered us for a moment. I called to my men to press forward. They made a desperate effort to reform, but with the fire of a hundred cannon concentrated upon them, this was impossible. They turned and fled panic-stricken into the woods in the rear."

"As we retreated I looked for the colors of the regiment, and my heart throbbed with joy as I saw them in the grasp of our standard-bearer, still waving gallantly in the smoke; and bearing proof in the numerous rents which appeared in their silken folds of the desperate nature of the conflict."

"We reached the woods, and, as I endeavored to concentrate the scattered remnant of my brave regiment, I heard news that made my hair turn gray."

"The colors had been lost!" "The brave color-bearer had been shot down while we were retreating, and the flag was lying upon the field about midway between the woods and the enemy's lines."

"As the news of our loss spread among the men, its effect was apparent by the look of despair that appeared upon their faces."

"Twilight was fast fading away when I crawled to the edge of the woods and gazed cautiously out upon the battle-field. The enemy's sharpshooters were upon the alert, and a careless exposure of one's body meant instant death. I strained my eyes as I gazed upon the thousands of our dead and dying who were lying in bloody heaps upon the field of battle, endeavoring if possible to catch a glimpse of our flag, determined if I could locate it to head a forlorn hope and secure it; but among such a mass of dead and dying I was unable to discern it, and as I gazed the twilight faded away, and darkness hid the battle-field from view."

"As I returned to my command an idea suddenly suggested itself to my mind. I would see Sergeant Sheridan and get him to crawl out upon the field and secure the flag. 'Sheridan was a young Irish lad, about twenty, and had been in the service for over a year, in which time, on outpost duty and as a skirmisher, he had invariably distinguished himself, not only by his gallantry, but by his coolness in trying moments.'"

"Send Sergeant Sheridan to me," I said as one of my men appeared. "He left to execute my order, and in a short-time returned."

"Sheridan is not among our men, Colonel. He must have been killed in action to-day, and is doubtless lying upon the field in front of us."

"I waved my hand for the soldier to depart, for I dared not trust myself to speak, so overcome was I by this news. He had been my main reliance in many a trying ordeal, and had always faithfully executed the many difficult and dangerous duties I had imposed upon him since the day I had assumed command of the regiment."

"It is not characteristic of the soldier to be overcome by his feelings as I was at that time, but you must remember that the colors of our regiment had been lost in the fight, and with Sheridan's aid I felt satisfied that they could be recovered; but the sergeant being dead, all hope of recovering them seemed to die with him."

"The midnight hour arrived and with our arms in our hands we anxiously awaited the executed onslaught of the enemy. It did not come, however, but instead thereof, the wounded of our army, or such as were able to do so, crawled into our lines in search of succor."

"Among the number came one who, when he got safely within our lines, raised himself to his feet and leaned feebly against a tree for support. He was faint from loss of blood, while the pallor of his face and the feeble accents of his voice unmistakably indicated that death had claimed him as his victim."

"Where's Colonel Bosworth," he said; 'lead me to the Colonel. I must see him before I die. Take me to him at once,' gasped the wounded man."

"Two soldiers ran forward and grasped him in their strong arms as he was about falling to the ground."

"I heard the well-known voice and recognized it at once."

"It was Sergeant Sheridan!" "I hastened to his side and putting my arms around him, I led him to the trunk of a fallen tree, and upon that we sat."

"The colors, Colonel—the colors of our regiment," gasped Sheridan. "I know all about them, Sergeant. They've gone; we've lost them now, my poor boy; think of those at home. Have you any message to send them?"

"He gazed into my eyes for a moment with an expression of thankfulness, but immediately reverted to the old topic."

"The colors, Colonel! The colors! Water! Give me some water; do not let me die."

"I seized my canteen, pressed it to his lips, and he drank a deep draught."

"Now Sergeant, about the colors," I gently suggested, for I perceived he was dying fast, and I feared that he might expire before he told me his story."

"The standard-bearer is dead, Colonel, I left his cold body upon the battle-field, when I crawled here."

"I thought as much, Sheridan." "The same deadly volley that struck him down laid me low, and we fell side by side upon the field. I soon became unconscious. How long I remained so I do not know, but when I recovered and looked about me I saw the little stars of heaven shining sweetly down upon me."

"I thought of the colors, Colonel, I thought of the colors. I could not bear to think that the enemy might capture them and carry them off as a trophy, and determined to secure them if possible, crawl into the line and restore them to you; for I knew you were in these woods."

"Our color-bearer was still lying beside me. His flag, stained with his blood, was under him, as though in his death agony he had purposely fallen upon it to protect it from the enemy with his dead body. I seized the flag and tore it from the staff."

"Oh, boys, it was terrible to see Sheridan then. The hand of death had touched his heart, but he was not ready to die. He desired to tell me more. He jumped to his feet and looked imploringly toward me, as if I could stay the fatal moment."

"You tore the flag from its staff Sheridan," I yelled in his ear. "You have already told me that. What did you do with it then?"

"With an unnatural strength he seized his coat with both hands and tore the breast of it open, scattering the buttons around him in every direction."

"The flag stained with his blood fell upon the ground, and with a triumphant smile upon his lips he sank down beside it—dead."

"Gallant to the last, he died a hero's death."

"We carried those colors to the end of the war, through the dark tangled wilderness, through the bloody battles of Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Ream's Station, and in front of Petersburg, but never lost them again."

"The superstitious members of the regiment attributed that result to the belief that the spirit of Sergeant Sheridan constantly hovered around them, guarding and protecting them."

"Such, comrades, is the history of the death of Sergeant Sheridan, whose memory we honor to-night."

When Colonel Bosworth had concluded his story he found himself surrounded by men whose cheeks were pale and whose lips trembled visibly in their efforts to suppress their emotions."

"Colonel," said one of the veterans, "you have told us the story of one who has long filled a soldier's grave. Although no headstone marks the spot where the remains of that gallant Irish lad now lie, we will to-night perpetuate the memory of one who died to save our flag! Let us drink once more to the dead soldier. Permit me, Colonel."

"Now, gentlemen, let us drink the toast again. 'Here's to the memory of gallant Sergeant Sheridan.'"—M. C. Walsh, in *The White Owl*.



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365 Main St., Winnipeg.

**REGINA ITEMS FROM THE WEST, JAN. 7.**

Irene Donohoe left on Saturday evening for Winnipeg to attend St. Mary's Academy.—Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McCarthy entertained the employees of the firm of E. McCarthy & Co., at their residence on Rose street, last Tuesday evening. The genial host and hostess warmly welcomed their guests about eight o'clock. After all had gathered they sat down to a magnificent supper, which had been prepared under the supervision of Mrs. McCarthy. Oysters had a prominent place on the menu. After supper a lively evening was spent in games, speech making, music and singing, and so pleasantly was the time spent that the early hours of the morning had arrived before anyone noticed how quickly the time had sped. All the guests expressed themselves delighted with the evening's entertainment. The success of this gathering warrants the belief that the staff of E. McCarthy & Co. may look forward to a recurrence of this seasonable event before the present year expires.

**AUSTRIA'S PATRON SAINT**

Saint Colman, the patron saint of the Austrian Empire, was born in Ireland. In the year 1012 he left his native land to visit the Pope, was seized by some marauders and hanged in a place named Stockeran. His remains were conveyed by Prince Henry of Austria to his residence in Melek. On its removal the body was found entire, and was placed in St. Peter's Church, of that town, on October 7, 1015, three years after the saint had been murdered. A Benedictine monastery, established here in honor of St. Colman, has become very famous, and still exists in great splendor.

**A PROTESTANT TRAVELLER'S "MARE'S NEST."**

From the Ave Maria.

An amusing illustration of the tendency of Protestant travellers to discover "mare's nests" in Catholic countries is afforded by an article in the November "Fortnightly." The writer, who is a professor in Cambridge University, discoursing on the vagaries of Latin pronunciation, says: "A number of years ago a classical scholar in high place at one of the universities was present at an ordination service in a Roman Catholic church on the Continent. There he heard the Deity addressed as Domine, which he was in the habit of pronouncing Dominee. So he did not recognize it and mistook it for Domina. Furious with zeal he wrote to the local newspaper on his return, denouncing upon the evidence of his own ears the idolatry of the Virgin in the Roman Church. The Roman Catholic priest of the place promptly took up the challenge. Over the painful sequel I draw a veil." It was not the first—nor the fiftieth—time that zealous Protestant critics have made similar discoveries, and we fear it will not be the last. So long as people are over-suspicious and under-scrupulous about the Church these diverting blunders will be made.

**DEATH OF A CATHOLIC FIRE-MAN.**

Father Smith, chaplain of the New York Fire Department, gives the following incident as an example of a Catholic chaplain's work among the firemen:—

"It was in the cold of winter at a huge fire consuming chemicals, Fireman Daniel O'Connell, of Engine Company 6, fell headlong from a roof to the rear yard. For a few moments it seemed as if he was doomed to be roasted alive, but several of his comrades, at the imminent risk of their own lives, carried him unconscious through the dense and pungent smoke of the burning drugs to the street. While awaiting an ambulance, I administered restoratives, and, during a spell of consciousness, heard the dying man's confession. It was a weird and impressive scene. There, amid the roar and rumble of a dozen snorting engines, the glare of the flames and the heavy clouds of

suffocating smoke that rolled from every opening in the building, stood a dozen fire laddies and policemen with bareheads, forming a semi-circle. Within this space I knelt, my ear close to the dying man's lips. Suddenly the fire department searchlight turned its bright light on the reverent group and held it there motionless, while I gave Extreme Unction to the fireman whose eyes were fast closing."

**HE GOT THE HALF DOLLAR.**

One of the best dog stories which has been told in a long time is related in the Nashville Banner. The narrator of the anecdote was driving in a town in Mississippi with the owner of the dog. To show the animal's cleverness he got out of the carriage, held his pocketbook to the dog's nose, and then taking therefrom a half-dollar, hid it under a large rock. The men drove on for a half mile, and then the dog was commanded to fetch the half-dollar.

The animal, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained that as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and it would naturally take him some time. It did, for he had not appeared when we retired, about ten o'clock.

Early the next morning we heard a sharp bark at the door. When the door was opened in rushed the dog, dragging with him a pair of trousers, which he dropped on the floor.

Of course we were mystified, but the explanation soon came in the shape of a neighbor who lived several miles distant. He rode up on a mule, and inquired if a dog with a pair of trousers in his mouth had come into the house. Just then the pointer walked out on the porch, and the man exclaimed, "Why, there's the dog now."

The caller said that late in the afternoon of the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road, and thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and to his surprise found a half-dollar underneath. He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper.

At night when the family retired the dog was put out of doors, but he kept up such a racket that no one on the place could sleep, and when the man opened the door to drive the animal away he rushed into the bedroom and at once became quiet. He lay down near the foot of the bed and slept there all night.

Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his trousers and, jumping out the window, fled with them. The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

Of course my friend searched the pockets of the trousers which the dog had brought, and there found the half-dollar.

**WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY?**

By Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D., in January Donahoe's.

Our third and last query: What has been, and what is being, accomplished by the Vatican Observatory? is partially answered in the foregoing sketch of Fathers Denz and Laiss, and although much more might be written on this point, our space will admit of but a passing reference. The importance of this institution in the scientific world may be learned from the fact that it exchanges reports with over 300 Astronomical Observatories, and is in constant correspondence with 122 Italian and 259 foreign Institutes and Societies. Its own astronomic and physical records, enriched with numerous photographic and lithographic views, have been published in six volumes entitled, "Publications of the Vatican Observatory," bearing the dates 1891-93-94-98 and 1902 respectively. These volumes comprise the results of much valuable work in photographing the moon and planets, comets, nebulae and stellar spectra; and of the clouds also have been made many pictures of deep interest and great value to

meteorologists. The event of greatest importance immediately connected with the Vatican Observatory must ever be, of course, the substitution of the Gregorian for the Julian Calendar, for thereby a revolution was accomplished in the method of computing the flight of time for all ages and for practically the whole civilized world.

**TRANSLATION FROM BLOSSIUS—FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED.**

From B. Herder, St. Louis, comes a translation by the Rev. Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.S.B., of a work called "Comfort for the Faint-Hearted," by the celebrated Benedictine, Louis de Blois, Abbot of Liessies. This translator's preface says:

"The title of this book is attractive—'Comfort for the Faint-Hearted.' Many will exclaim directly it catches their eye: 'That is exactly what I want!'"

"The faint-hearted! How many there are! Truly may we say, the faint-hearted we have always with us.' In fact, is there any one, however brave a soldier of Christ, who is not sometimes afraid, cast down, discouraged, faint-hearted—or at least sorely tempted so to be?"

"Every one who has had to guide good, devout, pious souls, whether in the world or in communities, will acknowledge that what ninety-nine out of every hundred—perhaps not excluding the hundredth—want above everything is encouragement. The spiritual director has constantly to be saying: 'Deal manfully! Be brave! Let thy heart take courage! Wait thou for the Lord!'"

"No one can study this treatise of the great Benedictine Abbot without feeling his heart and soul enlarged. Joy enlarges the heart. Confidence puts new vigor into the spirit. The soul, despising all fatigue, regardless of all failures, begins to run gladly, nay triumphantly, in the way of God, doing His will with joy and praising Him. This book ought to have that effect."

An index accompanies this carefully prepared volume of 178 pages, which has the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan. The frontispiece, after Fra Angelico's fresco at St. Mark's, Florence, is reproduced from the Arundel Society's chromolithograph. The very reasonable price is 75 cents.

B. Herder also publishes a paper-covered book of ninety-six pages, "Thousand and One Objections to Secret Societies," by the Rev. J. W. Book, R.D., revised and enlarged by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R., price 15 cents.—Sacred Heart Review.

**"IN MERRY MOOD."**

"This little book is not so bad, Or so it seems to me, As what you might have thought it, had

I made it thicker, see? And should you note some slight defect

Within this wreath of verse, Please don't forget to recollect I've written stuff that's worse."

In this manner Nixon Waterman introduces his volume of verse, "In Merry Mood." The title expresses exactly the nature of the book. Every poem in its 208 pages is filled with that cheery element which is so characteristic of Mr. Waterman's work. The book is published in attractive form by Forbes & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.—Sacred Heart Review.

**YOU ARE FOUR FOOLS.**

An English officer in Malta stopped, in riding, to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of his shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool, then," said the officer.

But the man knew enough English to ask:—

"Do you understand Maltese?"

"No."

"Do you know Arabic?"

"No."

"Do you know Italian?"

"No."

"Do you know Greek?"

"No."

"Then you four fools. I only one!"

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