



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## SIDELIGHTS ON IRISH CHARACTER.

Written for the REVIEW.

The Rev. Father Drummond's very able and most interesting address on "The Irishman as a Soldier" delivered on the eve of the feast of St. Patrick must have turned everyone's thoughts to the Emerald Isle, and it thus brought back to my mind one or two curious reminiscences of the appreciation of things among the lower classes in Ireland.

While spending a little while one summer near Dublin, I had occasion to go to see some very good Catholics, in limited circumstances, who lived in the outskirts of the city.

The multitude of children visible in the less wealthy parts of the metropolis of Ireland, must, I should think, seem remarkable to every stranger, but, as I approached the term of my walk, my astonishment increased more and more.

It appeared as if no family in the neighborhood could number less than six children under ten years of age, and that every member of each household was playing in the dust of the road, or on the pathway when I arrived.

Another peculiarity which would have struck me still more forcibly, had I recently arrived from Canada, was the singular scantiness of wearing apparel provided for these little ones, what in France would have clothed two children, and in England, perhaps four, was manifestly what the Irish call "stretched" to meet the requirements of ten in Dublin.

Anything like a shoe or stocking, a cap or jacket was entirely unrepresented.

Sanitary clothing is often advertised, and certain kinds of wools are declared to prolong life, but the natural conclusion to be drawn from the rude health of this half wild population might surely encourage a belief that the less material of any kind people wear the better, while, as far as the longevity of the human race is concerned, all soap manufacturers may, without risk, be ruthlessly abandoned to panic and bankruptcy.

When, at length, I had patiently stepped over and round many boys and girls, as their varying ages rendered most convenient, I rang at the door of the house where I had come to call.

After a little while, the object of my visit having been duly explained and attained, I rose to depart, and on my way to the garden gate congratulated the mistress of the house on her considerable possessions in poultry.

"Ach shure, and we have to be after buyin' no eggs."

"Most decidedly not," I returned with surprise, "you must be rather able to sell a great many."

She flashed a mischievously contemptuous glance at this sordid expectation on my part, "faith and it's not myself that sells the eggs, we eat what we want, and the rest I throw away."

"You throw away hundreds

of good new laid eggs?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"And shure and where's the harm? There'll be plenty of hens to lay eggs in the world when the green grass is growing over your grave and mine."

A few days after my conversation with this prodigal housewife, I went to stay with a friend near Tralee, whom I will call Mrs. Wilmott. She had just arrived from England, the bride of the Squire of the place, and was very pleased with the prospect of becoming acquainted with her husband's tenantry in Ireland.

The latter were chiefly Catholic, while the Squire and the minority were Protestants.

Mr. Wilmott, however, being a just man, and very well bred, was scrupulously careful to avoid showing partiality to those who shared his own religious views, and the priest of the parish had experienced during several years that all outlay which he wished to make on his church or school had been defrayed by Mr. Wilmott without question or hesitation. Between such a landlord and his people the most perfect coadjuality existed, even though I am alluding to times when on most other properties a very bitter feeling between owners and tenants was unfortunately rife.

It had been decided that, in order to make all hearts rejoice on the happy occasion of the Squire's marriage, a substantial present, besides the usual banquet, should be made to each man and woman belonging to the estates.

The steward was to distribute the gifts to the men while Mrs. Wilmott wished to have the pleasure of making a little acquaintance with the women by giving the presents to them herself.

All arrangements were made accordingly and on certain mornings after breakfast the several recipients were directed to come up to the hall. Mrs. Wilmott and her visitors expected some quite original entertainment in witnessing the welcome these warm Irish hearts would have to bestow on the young Englishwoman, who, they had been told, meant to spend several months out of the year in their midst, and wished to know them all personally.

Few English pens can, I suppose, do justice to the enthusiasm of Irish feeling—and certainly mine would be among the most incapable—so I must content my readers with relating that the peasants came in overflowing with kind greetings and that they were all manifestly delighted with the excellence of their presents; but afterwards, unaccountable as it seemed, there was a look of evident disappointment, they came gay and they left the room—many, at least—almost sad; it was quite unmistakable, and at last Mrs. Wilmott asked us what we thought could possibly be the reason of this singular change in each case.

It was impossible to offer any explanation but at last some one suggested, "the servants will be able to find out, if I were you, Mrs. Wilmott, I should get my maid to tell me."

This is for many people a common solution in cases of doubt, and one is tempted to ask with curiosity for how many centuries has it been regarded as particularly belong-

ing to the province of those whose chief occupation is the dressing of hair to search out the secrets of their fellow-women?

Many articles have surely been written on less interesting questions; so let us hope that some competent author may one day enlarge on the subject; but in the meantime one may say with certainty that, in the generality of cases, sooner or later, some confidence becomes established with those whose hands are constantly occupied with one's head, a word now and then is generally unavoidable, and there is always the option of commencing a conversation which is unfailingly responded to as flattering.

The maid is probably very often thinking about something that is not altogether indifferent to your mind and she has just come upstairs from a social centre where a great many of your acquaintances, affairs have been very freely discussed, with far better opportunity of knowing the truth than you possess; so what wonder if now and then, influenced entirely, of course, by the laudable desire to be of use to your friends, you think it better to hear what people "do find to say about nothing."

Barrington received her mistress's instructions to discover the mysterious secret with the pleasing consciousness that her success would cost but little effort, while it would increase the estimate of her abilities in the eyes of Mrs. Wilmott and her friends.

A few mornings afterwards, as she was slowly and tenderly drawing the comb through her mistress's hair, she observed: "If you please ma'am, you said you wished to know why those strange Irishwomen behaved as they did"—(the élite of English servants have but scant respect for those who have never visited London or Paris and so they find them strange) "I have found out, if you will allow me to take the liberty of telling you."

"Certainly, tell me Barrington."

"Well ma'am, if you will pardon me for repeating anything so ignorant and foolish, which I heard last night from the coachman's wife, they said, ma'am, that you were very kind and beautiful, and that the presents were much handsomer than they had expected, but what vexed them was that they had thought you were far too great a lady to be able to do anything, and so they were very much disappointed indeed to see a piece of work in your hands, and to be made aware that you use a needle and thread as they do."

So far is the simple, uncontaminated mind of the pious poor from admiring the leveling of class distinctions!

Surely there is something very touching and very noble in this honest pride in what they consider the dignity of those whom they consider their betters.

This natural sentiment, planted in the heart by Almighty God to make duty easier, had it been properly fostered, would, with the Divine help have secured in all Christian nations the happy fulfillment of the command "Render to Cesar the things which are Cesar's and to God the things which are God's."

## THE REALM OF SONG.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Apart from the "feathered songsters of the glade," man alone, of all the animal world, is gifted with the power of song. And truly when nature has bestowed that power in high degree, it is one of her most captivating gifts, and in some respects confers richer gratification, as well to possessor as to auditor, than any one of her numerous and lavish bounties, with perhaps the one and only exception of that brilliant, fiery oratory which casts such a subtle spell of rapt attraction over its hearers.

At times nature seems to have been more free-handed in her gifts than at others. In the early sixties was this especially the case, the number of singers of that period who were gifted with really unusual powers being quite remarkable. Grisi and Mario, both fiery and powerful, Giuglini and Piccolomini, sweet and melodious, Tietjens, rich and full, Tamberlik, with his chest C, Sims Reeves and Santley, our own incomparable tenor and baritone, with several others almost equally good, were all more or less in their prime at that time. But first of all undoubtedly must be placed that matchless queen of song, Adelina Patti, who for nearly forty years has charmed the civilized world with her brilliant and unrivalled powers.

The writer happened to be present almost the first time she ever sang in Europe. A mere schoolgirl, pretty and attractive, almost immediately she had commenced her first aria, she caused the audience to realize that a great singer had appeared; and as the plaintive commencement of the air changed to a passionate outburst of emotion, the rich melody literally filled the auditorium with a flood of quavering trills, whose vibrating cadence, now low and tremulous, now rising higher until it quivered in a fortissimo of thrilling melody, as if ten thousand nightingales were joyously warbling in unison, held the entranced audience spellbound and enraptured.

But when at length the last bar was sung, and the vocal pyrotechny had ceased, the pent-up feelings of the great audience gave way, and a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm ensued. "Grave and reverend signors," forgetting their customary serenity and decorum, unable to restrain themselves shouting themselves hoarse; ladies excitedly waving handkerchiefs or clapping their begloved hands, all continued vociferously and demonstratively to testify their appreciation of the young vocalist's powers.

But a solo in an oratorio appeals far more to the finer feelings of an audience than all this florid music. For instance, the singing by vocalists like the late Clara Novello, or the "Swedish Nightingale," of the pathetic series of airs and recitatives of that first of oratorios, the Messiah, descriptive of the sufferings of the Redeemer at the hands of those whom he came to save—"He gave His back to the smiters," or "He was bruised for our iniquities"

and others—would draw tears from the eyes of many, while the thunder of the glorious Hallelujah Chorus, sung by five thousand voices, and accompanied by cornet and harp, stringed instruments and trombone, flute and trumpet, organ and drum, thrills the hearers through and through, until they positively tremble and hold their breath under a sense of the majesty and grandeur of the resounding tribute of praise to the Almighty.

But there is one vast and supernal plateau of glory in the most brilliant of all the realms in the expanse of the great universe, where music and songs of praise of far higher order are continuously sung and played—for who can say that the harps and other instruments of which we read are not real instruments, or that angels and beatified spirits have nothing material in heaven—in honour of the Supreme Ruler of all, and of Him who came to this earth to save it. And those who are willing to trust themselves to His care, and to obey His behests, will be privileged to join that glorious choir, and to sing, as they have never sung before, their glad and triumphant Hosannahs.

## ST. PIE-LETELLIER.

Great changes are going on around us. Mr. Bourbonnière has bought the Letellier House for \$4,500, and intends moving in to it in June.

Mr. Bourbonnière held an auction sale at his farm at St. Pie, on Monday 19th, but owing to bad weather the attendance was poor, and the sale consequently non-successful.

Mr. Forcier has also sold his farm here, the purchaser being Mr. Saurette, who has resold it to Mr. Bois of the reserve St. Joseph. Mr. Forcier intends settling in some other part of the province.

Land is constantly rising in price in our neighborhood. Mr. Jakeway has sold his farm near Letellier to Mr. Lawrence of St. Joseph for the sum of \$10,000. The former also held a sale yesterday at which he realized about \$3,000.

Some improvements are being made in the church in preparation for the new benches.

There was a large attendance at the children of Mary's Vespers, last Sunday evening.

A Requiem Mass was sung yesterday morning for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Barnabé, it being the anniversary of her death. There was a good attendance.

Rev. Father Godts, C. SS. R., has issued, for the use of his people in Brandon, a tasty leaflet bearing on one side a photograph of the statue of St. Augustine of Canterbury in the Brandon Catholic church with a few facts about the great missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, and on the other a good translation of the collect for the Saint's feast, May 28.

If taken in time The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effect of a heavy cold quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

**NORTHWEST REVIEW**

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WEDNESDAY  
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
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Six months, " " " " " \$0.50.

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**Northwest Review.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900

**CURRENT COMMENT**

"Sidelights on Irish Char-  
acter" is a suggestive, thought-  
provoking contribution. The  
state of mind it represents is  
doubtless fast disappearing in  
proportion as the disabilities in-  
flicted on the Irish by their  
English persecutors disappear.

Father Maas's articles on  
Biblical Criticism in the Ameri-  
can "Messenger of the Sacred  
Heart" dispose effectually of the  
myth theory by which preten-  
tious and shallow critics essay  
to explain the miraculous events  
of the Old Testament. Father  
Maas, with a full and detailed  
knowledge of all the contem-  
porary literature on this subject,  
says "it is needless to repeat  
that both external and internal  
evidence point to the Mosaic  
authorship of the Pentateuch."  
The trouble with the so-called  
"Higher Critics," as with all  
sceptics, is that their judicial  
faculty is very weak, they are  
quite incapable of weighing  
evidence. Let an objector shout  
loud, although what he shouts is  
nonsense, and they will forth-  
with take up his silly cry.

We have received from Messrs.  
Longmans, Green & Co., of  
London, through the Copp  
Clark Co. of Toronto, Longmans'  
Illustrated school edition of the  
first book of Caesar. The price  
—one shilling and sixpence (36  
cents)—is wonderfully low for  
so beautiful a text-book. Worthy  
of commendation are, especially,  
the plans of battles, the fine  
clear map of Gallia, the instruc-  
tive illustrations of arms, etc.,  
the useful notes and the  
excellent vocabulary.

To the same publishers we  
owe Longmans' advanced "Ship"  
Literary Reader, which comes  
to us as a fresh dip in the  
Pierian spring. They certainly  
do these things vastly better  
in England than in America.  
Is it because those who have  
drunk in culture with their  
mother's milk have a literary  
taste and a sense of proportion  
which no amount of mere talent  
and labor can give? Here we  
have in the short compass of  
250 pages a fairly representative  
presentation of English literature  
from Dean Swift to Richard  
Blackmore. We say "fairly,"

because we miss Newman and  
Ruskin and might have been  
satisfied with one sample of  
Robert Curzon; but on the  
whole the selections are classi-  
cal and yet not too trite. What  
more charming than Elizabeth  
Gaskell's description of how  
Miss Jenkyns preferred Dr.  
Johnson to the author of the  
Pickwick Papers? Price, two  
shillings.

We occasionally receive letters  
requesting us to publish a  
review, kindly copied from  
some periodical, of a book we  
have never seen. This we will  
not do. Send us a copy of the  
book, and if we agree with  
every detail of the proffered  
criticism—a very unlikely  
event—we may possibly pub-  
lish it with a word of approval.  
But we decline to take our  
opinions ready-made from any  
correspondent, be he ever so  
learned or pious. Some ex-  
tremely learned and pious books  
are wretchedly written, and  
this we should not fail to re-  
mark, did we review them.  
Idiomatic prespicuity of style is  
as elementary a requisite for a  
book as a clear and correct  
enunciation for a preacher. The  
NORTHWEST REVIEW lays no  
claim to be a voluminous organ;  
its dimensions are very humble;  
but, as a review, it has a repu-  
tation to maintain. While  
gladly praising deep and noble  
or witty thoughts in others, to  
whom it never intentionally  
fails to give credit, it not in-  
frequently expresses ideas that  
could not easily be duplicated  
anywhere else, and it is natural-  
ly jealous of the exclusive  
mental territory it thus covers.

Elsewhere we reproduce with  
pleasure an article of our  
judicious and well balanced  
contemporary, The Providence  
Visitor, embodying a dignified  
plea for more encouragement  
from Catholic readers. The  
tone and temper of the entire  
article are so thoroughly at one  
with our own views of the  
good work done by a Catholic  
weekly that we had at first in-  
tended to substitute the word  
"Review" for "Visitor" through-  
out the article with a prefatory  
note of acknowledgment; but  
on second thought we deemed it  
better to print the original  
exactly as it appeared and say  
here that we endorse every  
sentence thereof.

Monday's Morning Telegram,  
while giving timely notice of  
the beginning of Passion week,  
is not quite accurate in calling  
it "the seven days immediately  
preceding Easter week." The  
latter term is applied not to the  
week that precedes but to the  
week which follows Easter.  
Even in the Book of Common  
Prayer the Monday and Tues-  
day immediately following  
Easter are said to be in Easter  
week. The week that precedes  
Easter is called by Catholics  
Holy week, and thus Passion  
week is really the seven days  
immediately preceding Holy  
Week. The two together form  
the holy fortnight in which the  
penitential spirit should be  
more particularly cultivated.

Archdeacon Fortin is livid  
with rage. His anger makes  
him say rash things. For in-  
stance he accuses us of throwing

mud. Mud is not in our line;  
we use more trenchant missiles,  
sharp facts, to which the mud-  
slingers reply by translating  
chaste technical Latin, which is  
as necessary for theologians as  
are for physicians technical  
treatiss on pathology, into un-  
chaste English for the horror of  
the hoi polloi, or by recommend-  
ing immoral works of incredible  
fiction. The venerable ninny's  
farrago of absurd assertions  
might amuse that stupid, illiter-  
ate and fanatical crowd which  
gathers in Exeter Hall; but we  
refuse to have anything to do  
with controversy of this un-  
educated, caddish type.

**MEN'S RETREAT.**

His Grace the Archbishop of  
St. Boniface preaches every  
evening to men alone in the  
Cathedral. At the opening  
sermon of the retreat last Sun-  
day women were allowed to be  
present, because it was a Sunday  
vesper service; but on other  
evenings they are excluded, as  
they have already had their  
special retreats. The attendance  
of men is very large and atten-  
tive to the Archbishop's eloquent  
treatment of the great truths of  
salvation. The first sermon  
was an appeal to make use of  
the means of grace, based on the  
text, "Come to me, all you that  
labor and are burdened, and I  
will refresh you" (Matt. XI. 20).  
The second was on Sin in  
general with special insistence  
on Intemperance. The third, last  
evening, was on the final Judg-  
ment. The men of the parish  
seem deeply impressed.

**WASHINGTON NOT A CHRIS-  
TIAN.**

In these halcyon days of  
superficial, showy knowledge,  
one need not prove what one  
asserts. Be startling in your  
assertions; say something out of  
the common; amplify it, not  
with proof, but with other  
ways of saying the same thing;  
and the groundlings will  
applaud all over the world.  
We find a recent instance of  
this fashionable method of hood-  
winking the masses in a special  
Washington correspondence to  
the Catholic Journal of Memphis,  
Tenn. At a meeting called  
recently in Washington, D.C., to  
organize a great centennial cele-  
bration of the transfer of the seat  
of the U.S. government to the  
District of Columbia, Senator  
Chauncey Depew said that  
George Washington, like most  
great men, did not work for  
fame. He never supposed that  
he would become the great  
figure in the world's history  
which he is to-day. His ambi-  
tion was purely local. He lived,  
as Longfellow says, "in the  
living present." History records  
the name of only one man who  
seems to have lived for his  
niche in history; and that was  
Napoleon. Poor fellow! What  
a wreck his life was.

So far Depew. He may be  
right with regard to the im-  
mortal George, although we  
doubt if he could prove that  
even he did not think of future  
fame; but he is certainly wrong  
in his sweeping assertion about  
history. There are hundreds,  
nay, thousands of men of whom  
history records that they lived  
for their niche in history.  
Suffice it to mention Alexander

the Great, Julius, Caesar, Cicero,  
Haroun-al-Raschid, Marlborough  
and most of the victorious  
leaders of men, Addison and  
most of the masters of style.  
The fact is that all able men,  
unless they be deeply religious  
and therefore keenly realize the  
emptiness of human fame, or  
unless they be natural philan-  
thopists and therefore delight  
in doing good to others, really  
thirst for fame.

However, Archbishop Keane  
takes a still higher view of  
George Washington. Referring  
to Senator Depew's remarks on  
the first President's noble  
ambitions, he said:

"The idea of the orient, the  
Greek idea, the Roman idea,  
all were incomplete. They  
strove for they knew not what  
It was the Christian ideal which  
fired the soul of Washington,  
that put consecration on his  
sword, and enabled him to lead  
to victory. His fundamental  
conviction was that the Chris-  
tian ideal was the true one for  
the individual and for the  
nation."

This would be very nice if  
only it could be proved. Un-  
fortunately Mr. William F.  
Carne proved the exact reverse  
in the "Ave Maria" for Feb. 24,  
1900. Washington carefully  
kept a journal for 52 years, and  
this now fills the greater part of  
twenty large printed volumes  
containing all that he ever  
wrote. Now in all these volu-  
minous writings the sacred  
name of our Divine Saviour Jesus  
Christ never appears. Could  
one, whose "soul was fired with  
the Christian ideal, that put  
consecration on his sword, and  
enabled him to lead to victory,"  
have spent his whole lifetime  
without mentioning the name  
of Christ? Moreover, Washing-  
ton never once professed faith  
in Christ in any degree what-  
ever. Though christened in  
infancy he was never confirmed.  
Though outwardly a vestryman  
of Fairfax parish (a semi-politi-  
cal situation), he seems never to  
have partaken of the Episcopal  
rite of the Lord's supper and to  
have purposely remained away  
on Communion Sundays. The  
most convincing proof that he  
was not at heart a Christian is  
the manner of his death. Though  
conscious to the last, attending  
carefully to the medical treat-  
ment, to his will, to the time of  
his funeral, and thanking the  
physicians, yet he says not a  
word of religion, of the next  
world, he calls for no minister,  
he utters no prayer, he has not a  
thought of God, he dies like the  
brute that perishes forever.  
This is the man of whom Arch-  
bishop Keane says: "His funda-  
mental conviction was that the  
Christian ideal was the true one  
for the individual and for the  
nation." It is a pity that exag-  
gerated patriotism and misplaced  
charity cannot be made to  
square with facts.

A Wellington paper, comment-  
ing severely on the supposed  
ritualistic practices at Welsh  
Hampton, spoke of the vicar as  
"practising the most unblushing  
celibacy."

That hacking cough is a  
warning not to be lightly treat-  
ed Pyny-Pectoral cures with  
absolute certainty all recent  
coughs and colds. Take it in  
time. Manufactured by the  
proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-  
Killer.

**ST. VITUS CURED.**

**THE STORY OF A BRIGHT  
YOUNG GIRL'S RECOV-  
ERY.**

SHE WAS FIRST ATTACKED WITH  
WITH LA GRIPPE, THE AFTER  
EFFECTS RESULTING IN ST.  
VITUS' DANCE—FRIENDS DES-  
PAIRED OF HER RECOVERY.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N.S.

The mails from Wolfville to  
Gaspereau are carried every day  
by an official who is noted for  
his willingness to accommodate  
and the punctuality with which  
he discharges his duties. His  
name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland  
and his home is in Gaspereau,  
where he resides with his wife  
and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie  
May Cleveland, a bright girl of  
fifteen years. A few months  
ago the health of their grand-  
daughter was a source of very  
great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs.  
Cleveland, and the neighbors  
who learned of the physical  
condition of the little girl grave-  
ly shook their heads and said to  
themselves that the fears of the  
fond grand-parents were by no  
means groundless. When the  
news reached the ears of an Aca-  
dien man, a short time ago, that  
the health of Miss Cleveland  
had been restored, he hastened  
to interview Mr. Cleveland as  
to the facts of the case. When  
he explained his errand both  
Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared  
only too eager to give him the  
information sought and it is in  
accordance with their wishes  
that we give to the public the  
facts of this remarkable cure.  
Early in December, 1898, Miss  
Cleveland was taken ill with a  
severe attack of la grippe and  
fears of her recovery were enter-  
tained. Careful nursing, how-  
ever, brought her through this  
malady, but it left her system in  
a completely run-down condi-  
tion. This showed itself princi-  
pally in a weakness of the  
nerves. In January symptoms  
of St. Vitus' dance began to  
show themselves. At first  
these were not very prominent,  
but it was not long before she  
was rendered altogether help-  
less by this terrible malady.  
In a short time she lost all  
control over the movements of  
her hands and feet. For weeks  
she had to be carried from  
room to room and was unable to  
feed herself. Her grand-parents  
naturally became very much  
alarmed and having tried other  
remedies without effect, deter-  
mined to give Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills a trial. Developments  
showed that their confidence  
was not misplaced. When  
three boxes had been used the  
condition of the patient had im-  
proved considerably. Then Mr.  
Cleveland bought six boxes  
more and continued their use as  
before. The sufferer rapidly  
began to recover. When she  
had consumed the fifth box  
Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose  
to one pill a day and by the  
time the sixth box was gone a  
complete cure was effected.  
Miss Cleveland is now as vigor-  
ous and healthy as could be  
desired. Her grand-parents are  
persuaded that Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills are alone responsible  
for her cure and are devoutly  
thankful for the results which,  
under Providence, they have  
produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent  
post paid at 50c. a box or six  
boxes for \$2.50, by addressing  
the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,  
Brockville, Ont. Do not be  
persuaded to try something else  
said to be "just as good."

A letter from Father Locombe,  
written just before his departure  
from Montreal, says that he was  
to sail from Halifax on the 28th  
ult. This differs from the Free  
Press statement, reproduced by  
us last week, that he was to sail  
from St. John.

MONSIGNOR RITCHOT'S FEAST.

Tuesday evening, March 27, the largest room in the St. Norbert Grey Nun convent was crowded with clergy and laity from the village, from Winnipeg and St. Boniface. His Grace the Archbishop shared with the venerable pastor of St. Norbert the honors of the evening. Following was the programme: Entrée, Qui va là, Galop, J. P. Stockton, the Misses E. Cloutier, M. Parent, and A. Blanchard. Grand Chœur, "Un jour de bonheur." A. Trojelli, accompanist, Miss M. A. Martin. "The United Workmen," a pretty little operette in which each of the following boys spoke of his trade or profession in English verse: wagonmaker, A. Leclair; blacksmith, R. Ross; cobbler, N. Lamirande; butcher, A. Lord; baker, U. Pacaud; farmer, J. Ritchot; merchant, E. Pirson; miller, N. Ross; doctor, A. Charette; lawyer, J. E. Goselin; builder, E. Morin; dentist, D. Lord. Gaudentia, a French drama in three acts: Torquinius, Perfect of Rome, Miss E. Cloutier; Cecilian, his wife, Miss M. A. Martin; Hermes, priestess of Vesta, Miss E. Dégagné; Gaudentia, daughter to Parthenia, Miss A. Blanchard; Cornelia, friend to Gaudentia, Miss M. Parent; Parthenia, Roman matron, Miss A. Charpentier; Sabine, Christian maiden, Miss M. J. Ritchot; other Christian maidens, the Misses A. Lamoureux, E. Kennedy, F. Kennedy, M. Gonczy, A. Ross, R. Lachance, T. Gonczy, G. Champagne, L. Goulet; guards, A. Parent, A. Champagne. Song, "Happy Hours," Millard, Miss E. Kennedy, accompanist, Miss E. Cloutier. Dialogue, "Military Discipline." Duet, "Waves of the Ocean," C. S. Blake, the Misses E. Cloutier, E. Kennedy, M. A. Martin, M. Parent, A. Blanchard. Dialogue, "Les Petites Musiciennes," by the smallest pupils. Addresses to His Grace and Monsignor Ritchot, Misses A. Charpentier and M. Parent. God Save the Queen, accompanists, Misses A. Champagne, E. Cloutier and M. A. Martin.

In the Christian tragedy, which was the most important feature of the entertainment, Miss Cloutier's get up and toga were quite Roman, as was also the costume of Miss Dégagné as priestess of Vesta; their acting was also quite in character, Miss Dégagné's anger being particularly vehement. The scenes between Parthenia, the heathen mother, and her Christian daughter, Parthenia, were very touching and occasionally painfully pathetic. Cecilian won the sympathy of the audience by her efforts at conciliation and one is pleased to hear of her future conversion. Cornelia, who dies a martyr before her friend Parthenia has that honor, showed calmness and dignity. The plot, a rather striking one, coupled with the natural feeling displayed by the young actresses, made the performance a most refined and interesting treat.

One of the daintiest numbers was the dialogue by the little musicians. Several little tots of girls get talking and singing round an old harmonium, and it gradually leaks out that the instrument is 35 years old, having been imported by Father

Ritchot in 1864. This leads up to expressions of gratitude to him for having purchased a fine organ for his parish, and of hope that his friends will help pay for that organ as this entertainment is intended to do.

After the completion of the programme His Grace the Archbishop asked

MONSIGNOR RITCHOT

to speak. The venerable priest at first excused himself, alleging that, since his severe illness last summer, his mind was not clear nor his memory all right; but, in obedience to his Archbishop's request, he spoke substantially as follows:

"Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Rev. Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, what we have seen this evening is most edifying and instructive. But education such as these young ladies showed they possess is

NOT NEW

in this country. Nearly forty years ago, when first I came to the west, I witnessed girls' entertainments that were very like this one. We have plenty of women, formed in this convent during the last forty years, who are not inferior to the girls of the present day. What we have seen to-night is that with all our modern superficial so-called improvements, we have not abated anything of the Christian tone of our education. Such exhibitions as this strengthen our faith and make us love our religion. There is much talk nowadays of the importance of a knowledge of figures. Well, cyphering is a useful accomplishment. I was so convinced of that fifty years ago that I had then invented a system of my own for

TEACHING ARITHMETIC,

and thanks to this system my pupils made rapid progress. But even we Catholics are sometimes so absorbed in money matters as to forget that there is something else to be aimed at in this world besides money. Money does not fill the heart. No amount of money could give you that feeling of edification and restful satisfaction which you experience this evening. Here we have complete education of the heart as well as instruction of the mind. In this sense a good education is better than much instruction. The proof that even in instruction, in mere learning, we are not backward is the success of our Catholic colleges here and elsewhere and the way our convent girls succeed in competition with others. In order that their success be publicly recognized it must be ten times true. For the last six or eight years we have had no government school grants and yet the schools continue as you see them. This is due to our system of education, which is

NOT OF YESTERDAY.

Our convents had excellent methods of education before the contenters of those convents were born. Sometimes men of narrow horizons think they have made great discoveries in education, and if they knew the history of education in the Catholic Church they would find their supposed discoveries very old. The best teachers in the world are the Jesuits, and their system is not new. We do not despise what may be good in what is really new; no; we are like the old Romans, who borrowed from the nations they assimilated whatever in their customs was really good. Let me thank

THE GOOD SISTERS.

They have been teaching in this parish for 42 or 43 years, and if they were ever to depart they would leave a great void. When I first came here, we were only five priests in this part of the vast diocese, we had to be continually on the move and could therefore not give our parishioners the continuous instructions

which they required. The Sisters made up for our deficiencies.

Here, as everywhere else in this country—let me say the word—they civilized the population. On my first visit to eastern Canada after a good many years spent here, people ask me "What about the half-breeds?" I answered that the Métis had the civilization of the Gospel, "do to others as you would wish to be done by." In those days a key was a thing unknown. We

NEVER HID ANYTHING.

I have had barns without doors to them. If we must have doors and keys now, that is due to ourselves. We have given the Métis examples they had not before. In that olden time they only had the good example of the Sisters and the thorough religious training imparted by Bishop Provencher, who taught school to the Métis continually. When I came here I found they knew their catechism and prayers and religious practices of all kinds better than most pious Catholics do now. I therefore thank the Sisters and beg of them to continue this excellent education, including respect for parents, for teachers, for priests. The other day while passing through the streets of Winnipeg I was insulted by a lot of children. That is their education. Our schools are and always have been excellent.

Let us not give up anything in our schools that is good. They have produced eminent men. The Prime Minister at Ottawa was at college with me; I was one of the professors while he was a student in another class at L'Assomption College. Chapleau and others among the ablest men in our House of Commons received all their training in our Catholic schools and colleges. We do not, as some ridiculously suppose, spend the whole day in teaching religion; but there is an atmosphere of religion in and through everything all day, and this is the special glory of the Catholic Church, to which we must cling."

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN,

turning to Monsignor Ritchot on his left, said: "Had we believed, Monsignor, that your recent illness had impaired your memory, we should have lost this impression after hearing you state the true principles of Catholic education so clearly with so many instances from the past. We cannot accept the law in what is contrary to our principles, but we take what we can of it and make the most of it. You were right in laying down the thesis that we have nothing to learn from outsiders. Whatever may be useful in their methods is generally borrowed from the Church. Only superficial people will be deceived by their pretensions to originality. I think you were right to praise the Society of Jesus, which uses its time-honored methods so successfully in our day." Turning to

THE CHILDREN,

His Grace went on: "I congratulate you. I will not pay you any compliments lest I should make you lose the merit of your good actions. You were so natural and ladylike. You seemed not to think of the audience but only of the parts you were playing. This is a merit seldom found even in actors of maturer years. Not only was this tragedy in itself a fine one, but its rendering speaks well for the refined training you receive in this house. And, as for that charming dialogue of the little musicians, it was a happy thought to make so humble an instrument as that ancient harmonium pay such a delicate tribute by the mouths of the youngest children I have already had occasion to remark—and I repeat it with

pleasure here—that the Grey Nuns have a most

HAPPY KNACK

in such matters; they have never been surpassed. When the little children spoke of the old harmonium brought here 35 years ago by Monsignor Ritchot, it was easy to gather, from the sympathetic comments of the audience, that the whole parish was moved by these grateful memories. Once more, dear children, in presence of this honorable audience, I thank you; we are all proud of you."

HOLY WEEK ON A BRAZILIAN MAN-OF-WAR.

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Sir,—A good many years ago I spent a considerable time in the service of that good and Catholic Emperor Dom Pedro II of Brazil.

As Holy week is now close at hand perhaps a short sketch of

THE BOUNDARY LINE.

When a young girl steps from girlhood into womanhood, she enters a new and strange country; a land of promise and hope, yet full of hidden danger. Whether she will find happiness or misery depends



largely upon the health and condition of the delicate, special organism which is the source and center of her womanhood. The lives of young women are often wrecked because of a mistaken sense of modesty, which leads them to neglect the earlier symptoms of feminine weakness. These troubles unless corrected, develop into serious chronic difficulties which become a dragging burden, ruining life's best opportunities and blighting all possibility of happy wifehood and motherhood.

Any woman suffering from these delicate complaints needs the health-giving power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals and strengthens the womanly organs; stops weakening drain; gives vitality to the nerve-centers, and restores perfect organic soundness and constitutional energy. It is the only medicine devised for this purpose by a skilled and experienced specialist in diseases of the feminine organism.

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Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Mo., writes: "I have used your 'Favorite Prescription' and am never tired of sounding its praise. When my lady friends complain, I say 'Why don't you take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription?' I told an anxious mother, whose daughter (18 years old) had not been right for five months, about the medicine, and after the young lady had taken two-thirds of a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' she was all right. She had been treated by two of our best doctors."

"I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and about the same quantity of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. J. C. Henry, of Strong Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana. "At the time I commenced taking your medicine I had been sick for over a year. Had doctored with five different doctors but they did not agree as to what my disease was. Then I did not take any medicine for a long time until a friend wrote me about your medicine, and told me what it had done for her. I determined to try it. When I commenced to take it I only weighed 92 pounds. Had a hard cough and was very nervous. Had some pain around my heart. Had wasting drain from internal organs very bad; dizzy head; very despondent; would have a chill when my stomach would bother me, and it would palpitate like a pulse beating. I could not sleep well nights; thought all the time that I would die. Have some of those spells now, but when I feel a little sick I just take my old stand-by. Have a nice baby boy, fifteen months old. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' at that time and was only sick a little over an hour and was not very bad then. The child was a nice, big baby. My weight now is 105. I am entirely cured of the female trouble."

"After reading your book I got three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' for my wife to try," writes George S. Richardson, of Little Creek, Kent Co., Delaware. "It is praised so highly for women with child, I took two bottles and half of the third before the child was born, and the medicine did its work to perfection. She gave birth to a 9½ pound baby girl. Our other babies were always weak and delicate, and this one is plump and fat. It is three months old and it has never had a day's sickness, and it is all due to your 'Favorite Prescription.'"

As a medical author, Dr. Pierce holds an eminent place in his profession. His great thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" is one of the standard medical works of the English language. Nearly 700,000 copies were sold at \$1.50 each. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free for the cost of customs and mailing only, 31 one-cent stamps; or cloth-bound for 50 stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

how that time was spent on board of one of her ships of war may interest your readers. In the first place no meat was allowed on board. Our food consisted of fish, fruit, bread and coffee. No bells, which are struck every half hour to denote the time, were allowed to be rung; a clapper of two flat pieces of wood was substituted. Neither conversation nor orders were allowed in a tone above a whisper. All but the most necessary work on board the vessel was suspended. The men were dressed in dark blue, though at other times white was the prevailing colour. At 12 o'clock on Holy Thursday an effigy was made of Judas dressed in a good suit of black with a saw in his hand, though for what reason that tool was put there I never could find out, and he was hanged to the foreyard arm. At the same time the lifts and braces were let go and the yards and boom allowed to swing anyway. The running and standing rigging slacked off, imparting an appearance of neglect and desolation to the usually trim corvette. A few men with black paint effaced the handsome white ribbon that marked the line of the gunports. The vessel remained in that state till 12 o'clock on Saturday when 8 bells were struck the first time that week. The yards were squared, rigging hauled tight and a few men with white paint brushes restored the usual appearance of the ship. The order was given all to dress in white, then go to a good dinner with plenty of beef. For in Brasil Lent is over at mid-day on Holy Saturday. I will be glad if you think this worth inserting.

Yours respectfully, J. N., Postmaster, St. Vital.

P. S. Alas how changed now. Freemasonry triumphed. The good Emperor was driven away. The best friend Brazil ever had died in exile broken hearted. The result is anarchy, oppression and misrule. Many years have passed since I saw and knew him; but when I saw his death in the newspapers, I felt a shock as if some near and dear friend had gone.

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CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

APRIL.

- 8, Palm Sunday.
9, Monday in Holy Week.
10, Tuesday in Holy Week.
11, Wednesday in Holy Week.
12, Maundy Thursday.
13, Good Friday.
14, Holy Saturday.

BRIEFLETS.

Weather bright and warm. Seeding will soon be begun.
Rev. J. A. Grenier, S. J., held service at Austin, Man., last Sunday.
Rev. Father Lavigne, of Neche, N. D., was here last Friday and returned home on Saturday.
The entertainment of the St. Norbert Convent was repeated on Wednesday last to a large local audience.
Rev. Father Verlooy, C. S. S. R., finished last Sunday at St. Adolphe the mission he began there last Wednesday.
Read Monsignor Ritchot's reply at the convent. It is full of wisdom and point like everything he says and does.
Rev. Father Von Heertum stayed over here last week on his way back to Regina, accompanied by Rev. Father Bresson, who goes there as his assistant.
Though the ice on the Red River is still thick and strong it is so covered with water along both banks that pedestrians must wear high-legged boots.
The Montreal "Star's" special correspondent from Cape Town, writing under date of Feb. 28th, of the steamer which took out to South Africa the Northwest battalion of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, says: "The voyage had been uneventful. Favoured by almost perfect weather, the trip had been made in wonderfully good time for such an old-fashioned, slow-goer as the Pomeranian. Not a single man was on the sick list, and Dr. Devine, of Winnipeg, who was the medical officer accompanying the detachment, had enjoyed a sinecure. The horses had stood the calm passage equally well, and out of 375 on board only nine had been lost."

WAY UP
above every other medicine stands the record of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a remedy for diseases of the blood, stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.
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THE PROVIDENCE VISITOR TO ITS READERS.

The Board of Directors of the Visitor feel that an effort to excite an increase of interest in the paper among the Catholics of the diocese is in order. Possibly there is no use in protesting that the present appeal is not a cry of distress. The Visitor is doing well, but we want it to do even better. The old Scriptural saying, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," applies to it, to a considerable extent. We prize highly the appreciation shown us by our friends throughout the country; but we prize more highly still the patronage of the good people at home. The paper is published primarily in their interest, and it is to them that the following considerations are addressed.
The scope of the Catholic weekly is quite distinct from that of the daily newspaper. The province of the latter is to keep its patrons posted about happenings in the secular world. It "surveys mankind from China to Peru," and every morning regales us with chronicles that are often more interesting than edifying; with facts which often touch us closely as Catholics, and, now and then, with comments on such facts which, in the interests of faith, call for protest and refutation.
With every day happenings, as such, the Catholic weekly has no concern. Its special province is to keep us informed concerning affairs of interest to us as members of that tremendous international organization which is called the Catholic Church. Morning and evening we pray for the extension of that organization. Every event that tends to promote its growth, every movement that tends to check its development, ought, if we are in earnest, to be taken note of by us. Doctrinal questions come up for discussion day after day, especially those that bear upon the relations of the Church to civil society—questions to which the average Catholic with his slender knowledge of his Church's teaching can give no answer. There is nothing that so scandalizes seekers after religious truth as to meet among our people those who, though they know all about arts and sciences and politics and the prize-ring and baseball records, know almost nothing of the beautiful, beneficent and reasonable faith which they profess. Moreover, old calumnies against the Church, a thousand and one times relegated to the limbo of exploded fantasies, keep bobbing up serenely; old prejudices are aired when occasion arises, and old objections to Catholic belief and discipline manifest a degree of vitality far exceeding that of the proverbial cat. To deal with these things is the province of the Catholic weekly. It aims to inspire Catholics with pride in their Church, to instruct them in the Church's teaching and to enable them to justify that teaching in the face of those who labor to impugn it. The Catholic paper, in short, supplements the Catholic pulpit and the Catholic school, and as such has claims upon the Catholic body. Where it is read, liberal and indifferent notions find no countenance, faith is lively, convictions are clear and strong, and religion is not hung up with the Sunday hat.
The Visitor is conducted in the spirit of which we have been speaking. It endeavors to promote the interests of Catholicism in these parts. Increased appreciation of its endeavors—in a practical way—will enable those who manage it to increase its power for good.

We cannot gracefully say that it does not receive from our people the encouragement it deserves, but we will say that it deserves more encouragement than it gets. And this is not said in a reproachful spirit, but simply as giving weight to our plea for more generous support.

A PIOUS AND BRAVE SOLDIER DIES AT COLENZO.

Following is an excerpt from a letter written at Frere Camp, in South Africa:
"Dear Brother, I may tell you of a young lieutenant of ours who was killed at the battle of Colenso, whom we were all sorry for. He was a real gentleman and a good Catholic, too. He and another were the only two in the regiment—the one was wounded and the other was killed. The wounded gentleman was Meldon, and the other, who was killed, was F. C. Loftus. It was only the other day I saw in an old paper, dated 19 November, of his being gazetted to be promoted captain, but by the time it reached here the poor young gentleman was lying under the clay, buried in the battlefield. It was sad to hear him calling out to his company, 'Goodbye to you all, boys!' after he got wounded for the fourth time in action. He had a medal for the West Coast of Africa. He said the Rosary for us coming out on the ship every Sunday evening."

Very Rev. Henry Moeller, who has been for nearly a quarter of a century chancellor of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, has been appointed to the see of Columbus, O., left vacant by the death of Bishop Watterson, April 17, 1899.

We claim that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence.

In the East, the term "archbishop" (archiepiscopus) was first used in the fourth century; in the West the title was scarcely heard before the ninth century. The earliest expression for a bishop having other bishops depending on him was "metropolitan."

The Family Medicine. Trout Lake, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890. W. H. Comstock, Brockville.
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C. M. B. A.

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