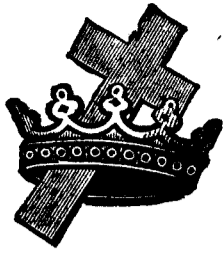


Northwest Review.



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

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NEWS FROM AN UNEXPLORED REGION.

A LETTER FROM THE FAR NORTH.

We have been favored with a communication of the highest interest. The following letter, a copy of which was kindly lent us by the person to whom it was written, describes the winter quarters of a large party—60 in number—of prospectors who headed for Dawson City by the Mackenzie River route more than a year ago. After descending the great river to the Arctic Sea they ascended the Peel River district to the point which they christened Wind City. This letter, which took over eight months to reach its destination in Winnipeg, is much more graphic than a letter of the same date from another member of the same expedition published in a recent number of the Montreal Star.

WIND CITY, Nov. 14, 1898.

Like Aeneas of old I have built me a city and reside therein. I presume, however, I had better acquaint you with our journey from the time of our departure from Fort McPherson. We had great luck for a while after leaving the dirty hill and its non-descript fort—actually sailed 60 miles. The current then becoming too swift to make headway with sails we took to tracking, that is, drawing the boat with ropes from shore in canal-horse style. In this way we succeeded in making another 60 miles; then the weight of the boat was too much for our limited crew. There was nothing to do but rebuild, so the old "Imisk" was consumed and phoenix-like from her remains arose two smaller boats. Our boat building took two weeks, so that it was August 2 before we were ready to tackle the stiff current again. From the ship yard to our present location we have worked like galley slaves. We could not carry more than 2,500 pounds at a time; so that each 10 miles meant 30 to us, having to make three trips, not to mention the running back with the current. There are 60 men in Wind City, of all classes and nations (Besant and Rice might look this way for a sequel to "All sorts and conditions of men"), and among them old chaps that crossed the plains to California, but all agreed in saying that our work on the river was the most difficult they had ever seen.

We were continually in the water for hours at a time, and when one got up in the morning it was only to put on wet clothes and resume the old drudgery. Then the banks were precipitous in places, compelling one to crawl along for a foothold, all the time with a strap attached to your shoulders on which you were obliged to strain to pull Mrs. Boat up. There was continual danger of being pulled off the bank by an unskilful steersman exposing suddenly an extra foot of boat to the current, in fact a couple of poor chaps have lonely graves on the river, being dragged off the bank and drowned. Then there was the landslide which seems to be of daily occurrence on this river, and one had to keep a sharp look out to prevent being struck by falling

stones. The water and bad travelling played the deuce with our clothes and boots; I wore out one pair of boots in three days. We usually got away by 8 in the morning and stopped for the night between 6 and 7. It was customary to build a big fire and attempt the drying process, but as we had continual rains during September, the order of things was more usually wet blankets than dry clothes. It was astonishing what quantities of beans, pork, etc., one could get away. I was troubled at meal times lest I should not have time enough to eat all I wanted to. Under these conditions I have actually grown fat although I worked like a negro, and consequently am looked upon with due respect by all residents of our Arctic City. We reached our present position on Sept. 25, and there being quantities of good wood in the vicinity; and the weather having turned wintry (so that we had snow on the ground, while the water was very cold) we decided to build our winter quarters here. We have 15 houses all told, of course built of logs, but really very comfortable. We cut down the trees and shaped the logs so that the ends fitted, filled up cracks with moss and clay and whip sawed lumber for floor and inside boarding. It took us 10 days to put up our shack. It is 14 by 12. On the front side is the door in one corner, the fire place (open) in the other, and in the centre the window, underneath the window the cook stove, then the beds, raised two feet from the floor with mattresses of pine boughs, are at the back of the shack, forming three sides of a square, the table between them, while the walls are lined with shelves, etc., from which our household goods hold forth in dumb show. Our goods are stowed in the tent which is pitched 10 yards from the window and protected by a log barricade. I am enclosing you a map which we have compiled and which will give you a good idea of our exact situation. We figure ourselves to be about 100 miles east and 60 miles north of Dawson City in a straight line, and it is possible that some one from our camp may proceed thither this winter; this necessitates, however, an Indian guide, and we are not sure whether we may be able to get hold of one. We are all subscribing to send down this mail to McPherson. The great question on the tapis at present is whether we should build toboggans or sleighs for our trip up the pass. We went three miles inland and secured some very good birch. This winter travelling is going to be severe but we must succeed in getting our goods up whilst the snow furnishes us with a mode of procedure. The mean temperature since we have been here has been 18½ degrees below zero, although we have had it as cold as 42 below; in spite of this the river is not completely frozen over yet, the current being so swift; in fact we pulled the boat up places where there was a fall of 42 feet in half a mile (no rapid), and of course the nearer we get to its source the swifter the old stream gets. I suppose you will wonder how we were able to compile the map I enclose when we have only got 10 miles up the Wind River. The knowledge of the pass was so important to us, however, that shortly after building our boats we sent

up a party of six men to explore and report. These men carried food to last them two months and went in light marching order with a skin boat (a frame work of wood with moose skin stretched over it); they penetrated as far as the pass and saw the water flowing in the other direction. The observation on the map above Windy City refers to their expedition. These men also report the country full of game, herds of cariboo and moose were seen, and bears and wolves abounded; in fact even this far down we have secured game of all kinds. I have shot moose and caribou, but have not brought down my grizzly yet; in fact the majority of men here, though reckless enough fellows as a rule, hesitate about tackling a grizzly. The reported size of some of these monsters seen by residents of our city is almost incredible, and moreover at this time of the year we meet only old staggers as the younger bears hibernate. It is customary for us to hunt in pairs in this country as one can never tell what he may run across. Last week, however, I took my rifle and travelled alone some 10 miles up a ravine at the back of the city; I had no luck, however, and sat down to rest awhile before turning back. I was sitting on a slight elevation on the right side of the ravine under a pine and happening to look back the way I had come, I saw something following in the path I had made. I thought at first it was a dog from the camp, but as it got nearer I saw that it was too large for a dog, and must be a timber wolf. These timber wolves are usually too cowardly to attack a man but in the winter sometimes become desperate from hunger. This chap was evidently tracking me, the hunter was being hunted. I got behind the pine and thought I would wait until my friend was sufficiently close to make sure of him. He got wind of me, however, and stopped about 40 yards away. I shot as soon as he stopped and he fell, but got up again at once and started up the side of the ravine. I pursued him now in turn, there being blood upon the snow. I could not, however, keep up with the gentleman, the snow being some two feet deep, so started for home. I reached camp at 7 o'clock, long after darkness had set in. We followed the tracks the next day and found some bones in a pine wood about three miles from the ravine. There had evidently been a tragedy enacted and we gathered from the trampled state of the snow that some of his brethren had taken advantage of his wounded condition and eaten him. I looked back frequently on my return trip that night and had an uneasy feeling that one of those long grey creatures was still on my track. This is the only hunting experience that I have to date that was exciting. I had a couple of dips on the river, however, in which my swimming stood me in good stead. Frequently the boat would run on bars and of course would have to be worked off before we could proceed. I usually returned from the track line, got my shoulder under the rim and heaved her off. When one felt her floating again he would shout and the man on the track line would start again; however, this premature starting would frequently merely result in running the boat on again if the bar

was a long one, so I had got accustomed to walk out to where the bar ended (so that the steersman would know where to head for) before I shoved off, I proceeded to do this one day in a rapid. I was walking in water about a foot deep when suddenly the sand gave way and in I went. Of course the men on the shore were helpless, the steersman tried to give me a rope, but the current carried me down too quickly. When I saw the way things were going I let the current take me, which it only did near the opposite shore, where I landed in due course. I walked up above the rapids and allowing for the drift, swam across again, and although I went in wet clothes until night never suffered any evil consequences. Our time here is by no means hanging on our hands. In the first place we have to get wood, sawing down trees and splitting them for the grate, which must be kept going night and day on account of cold; then cooking, and housekeeping takes a little time (we cook week about and I can bake excellent bread), then our daylight is very scarce, lasting just now, from 10 to 3 only, and of course will be less shortly. We attempted to sink pits for gold but were stopped by the water, in fact, this gold, the chief object of our expedition, is not yet attained. The skin boat expedition found one color the size of a pin's head.

Of course we have not labored hard as yet to get gold, our work being to get our goods and selves into the gold region. In this I think we have been very successful especially as we were continually told on the way down the McKenzie that it was absolutely impossible to get up the Peel. We are all looking forward to a good search for the yellow metal at the head waters of the Stewart.

I expect to be much improved not only in health but in knowledge also, by the time we reach Dawson City. We have literary meetings in the city every Friday, when singing, recitations, etc., are in order. Lectures on astronomy, navigation, and medicine have been given. We have bi-weekly classes in French, German and telegraphy, and in fact our city bids fair to become a second Boston. If we have not got Browning, we have at any rate beans. There are five doctors and four lawyers in the city including myself. We had a mock trial the other day in which I acted for the crown. Dr. Brown, a Stratford man, but who is in command of an American expedition with us, is sending contributions to the Stratford Herald describing the trip up, etc. I have asked him to request the editor to forward you a copy which will doubtless interest you. — and — want me to ask you to have some one telephone to — in Winnipeg and give their regards to —, saying also that they are in the best of health and spirits. We are only sending out one letter each, as every half pound counts travelling over the snow, and the boys have 250 miles to cover to reach Dawson. I have received no mail since I left Athabasca Landing and am in great hopes of receiving some on the return of the men from McPherson. One feels so infernally cut off from everyone in this snowbound land. "Darkness broodeth over the earth" in all truth, and one longs for a good sunshiny day. We have, however, some beauti-

ful nights with the northern lights flashing over the heavens in a thousand brilliant colors. The atmosphere is so crisp that we can hardly believe that it is so far below zero, but we are toughened, I expect. I know that on our last trips down the river, although it was freezing, I was walking in Highland costume as far as my legs were concerned, that is, I had on only a pair of trousers, cut off at the knees so as not to hamper me in the water; socks and boots. In this rig I could walk in the icy water without feeling the cold after the first dip, my legs would get red merely, but then, of course one was taking extreme exercise in pulling the boats, as the strain never relaxed.

Christmas, I am afraid, will be extremely like the centre piece in the New York Life, which I glanced at so casually last Christmas at —. I want you to consider this very patched up tale as a family possession and send it to —. Doubtless you will not receive this epistle much before next spring, but on receipt please write me at Dawson. I am most anxious to hear from you all. I would send Christmas greetings, but they would seem absurd to you in May. I expect to find letters for me at Dawson and will let you know immediately I reach there. I figure we have enough food to last us for another year. If we find good paying dirt we will probably get provisions sent in to us in some way or other and stay and work our claims out if we find little or nothing. I will be in Dawson City next September. Do not worry about me, I can hold my own very easily. I know that this last year has only increased my knowledge in general and made me more fit to hold up my head anywhere. We may be looked upon as Arctic explorers, being the first white men, the pioneers in this section of our country.

THE NEW POLISH CHURCH.

A meeting of some of the aldermen, some Roman Catholic clergymen and several residents of Selkirk street was held Wednesday afternoon in the vicinity of the new Catholic church, which is being erected on Selkirk, near Aikins street. The object of the gentlemen was to settle the question of closing the lane running parallel between Selkirk and Pritchard streets. The church authorities own a solid block of twelve lots extending between these two streets and want the lane closed to make room for the church. In return they offer a lane of equal width on the west side of their property, which gives free access onto both Selkirk and Pritchard streets. For some unaccountable reason the residents object to this and a spirited meeting was the result. Alderman Mitchell spoke in favor of the church's proposition and showed how it was giving 4,200 square feet of land in exchange for 3,500 feet, without any inconvenience to the residents. The matter will probably be discussed again as no conclusion was arrived at. Meanwhile Father Kulawy continues the erection of his church, merely cutting off from the chancel the five feet that encroached upon the lane.

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1899

CURRENT COMMENT

The Lounger in "Town Topics" (July 29) goes into ecstasies about Swinburne's poem in the North American Review for July. We are sorry we cannot see it in the same light. We even wonder at his admiration. His other writings show a sense of humor, and we cannot understand how a critic who can appreciate incongruity does not yawn over Swinburne's rapid sonority. We revel in true poetry. There are poetical masterpieces which give us renewed delight on the thousandth perusal. But we simply cannot read Swinburne to the bitter end. Most of his lines are 95 per cent. sound and 5 per cent. sense; in many nonsense predominates; take this one, for instance: "And the rage in the roar of the voice of the waters was heard but when heaven breathed free." This is from the same poem, and neither the preceding nor the following lines throw any light on its meaning. The rest of the poem is so noisy that we fancy heaven must have been "breathing free" all the time of that stormy channel passage.

Those who have suffered much from incompetent proof-readers will have a fellow-feeling for "T. C. D." in a recent number of "Town Topics," where he is made to say "never forgetting that he bore the race mark of birth and education." Evidently what the gentlemanly dramatic critic wrote was "hall mark"; but then, you see, "race" has the same number of letters as "hall," and so some ass of an half-educated compositor set up "race mark," which has no warrant in English literature, while "hall-mark" is just the sort of word that could never occur to anyone but a gentleman accustomed to see silver and gold thus stamped as a guarantee that they are not plated.

Stovel's Pocket Directory for August has evidently profited by the remarks we made on its last issue. The seating capacity of St. Mary's Church and the Cathedral is raised, in both cases, to 1000. On the other

hand, the publishers have not taken our hint about the Catholic chapels on both sides of the river. Waghorn's Guide is somewhat better in this respect, since it recognizes the existence of a chapel in St. Boniface Hospital. But the largest chapel of all, the Grey Nuns' Chapel, which can seat about 350 people, i. e., more than most of the Protestant churches in Winnipeg, is not mentioned. And yet the chapels of St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, St. Boniface College, the St. Boniface Convent school, the Industrial School and the Hospice Taché, are in much more constant use as places of worship than any Protestant church in the world.

The Montreal correspondent of the Free Press, "Onlooker," whose contributions appear every Saturday, writes entertainingly, and with no little discernment, so long as he keeps clear of matters Catholic. In these both his animus and his facts are wrong. About ten days ago we found him attributing the backwardness of the city of Quebec to the heavy tithes the Catholic citizens have to pay to their clergy. Now, the fact is that there are no tithes in cities or towns, and, moreover, what the Catholic laity pay for the support of their priests is not one fourth of what the Protestant laity in the city and province of Quebec pay for the support of their ministers. This remark applies everywhere in Canada. Right here in Winnipeg Protestants are expected and morally forced to contribute to the support of their ministers and churches four or five times as much as is expected by priests from their flocks. We know of one Presbyterian church in the city which, with a congregation of 2,000 souls, gathers in the shelds annually to the tune of \$12,000—six dollars a head for each man, woman and child. Against this place the average receipts of the province of Quebec from the Catholic laity, viz., about 50 cents a head—twelve times less.

But is not Quebec backward? Perhaps. The point we are making now is that this backwardness is not due to the Church; else the Protestants ought to be four times as backward. There is not so much feverish bodily activity in Quebec as in, say, a western American town; but there is probably ten times more mental activity of the best kind and a hundred times more real comfort and happiness. If business is slow, that is due to local causes and to political mismanagement. It must be borne in mind that one of the chief motives for uniting Upper to Lower Canada in 1841 was in order to saddle upon the French Catholic province, which had no debt, one half of the immense debt of Ontario. Lower Canada has been groaning under this unjust burden ever since, while Ontario, which has six times more mortgaged private property than Quebec, crows over its freedom from public debt.

Last Saturday "Onlooker" set to work to grossly misrepresent Mr. Tardivel, the editor of "La Vérité." He said the latter wished to make Quebec a second Ecuador, the most retrograde of

the South American republics. This shows how little "Onlooker" knows of Ecuador. At present it is, indeed, the most retrograde of these southern republics, but precisely because it has sworn Mr. Tardivel's principles. When Ecuador was ruled by Garcia Moreno, a consistent Catholic statesman, it was the most progressive State in South America. Since it has fallen under Masonic and revolutionary leaders, it is a perfect pandemonium of lawlessness and official murder. The rest of "Onlooker's" supposed sketch of Mr. Tardivel's views is all the work of "Onlooker's" own imagination. This deliberate travesty of a great writer's opinions reveals the true basis of that Free Press correspondent's mind. In his first letters he spoke patronizingly of the venerable Catholic Church, with the usual Protestant claptrap about ritual and ceremonies; latterly he threw out malicious hints; now he comes out in his true colors as a falsifier of texts. In literature this is tantamount to forgery in business—a crime that stamps a man as a literary malefactor.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have more than once in these columns stated that in our opinion the existence of a bitterly partisan press in Canada is a menace to the free institutions under which we live and which are not only our pride but should also be among the most cherished and carefully preserved of our possessions. As all the power of our rulers and law makers under the constitution comes from the people it stands to reason that unless we have an enlightened electorate we must fail to derive the full benefits of the wise provisions of the laws on which our system is built up, and to have an enlightened electorate we must have a press which will at least give fair and impartial accounts of what is being done in the political life of the country. The newspapers are the only sources from which the bulk of the people can obtain information on which to judge of the men in whose hands the destinies of the Dominion for the time being have been placed, and as the matter now stands we have a number of journals the sole object of whose existence seems to be not to give the actual facts on this important point, but rather to do their utmost to misrepresent, to mislead, and to utterly prevent their readers from getting any fair and accurate knowledge of what is going on. We noticed a striking example of this in the evening papers of Thursday last. The Tribune published evidence given that day before the West Huron investigating committee which shewed there had been a wholesale tampering with ballots, so much so that at some polls where a majority of the electors swore they had voted for the conservative candidate the returning officer gave in a majority for his Liberal opponent. The Free Press summed up the matter by saying that a few witnesses were examined and nothing new or important was elicited. Now we contend that if the affairs of Canada are to be properly administered the people must know the true details of such

crimes as are being unearthed in West Huron, and any paper that will for partisan purposes keep its readers in the dark on a matter of the kind is a dangerous element in the community. This is only one instance of dozens that might be quoted and there are very few papers that we know of from which selections might not be made. There are daily instances in which words that they never uttered are put into the mouths of public men, or where what they may have said is adroitly changed by the insertion of a word here, a phrase there, or the omission of some qualifying clause—all done for the express purpose of deceiving the public and injuring the speaker in the estimation of the electorate. This hateful journalistic system has been growing of late and it is now assuming such proportions that the public are taking alarm and we venture to say there will soon be a general demand for the paper which gives the fairest and fullest news, and which confines to its editorial columns its efforts to serve a party.

Whilst Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal in London was speaking in flattering terms of the Doukhobors as desirable settlers for Canada the Trades and Labor Council of Winnipeg was writing to the Hon. Clifford Sifton a scathing letter denunciatory of the Immigration policy which brings these peculiar people and others of a similar class from various parts of Europe to this country. The question arises who is right—the noble Lord who represents the government in the metropolis of the Empire or the horny-handed and clear-headed sons of toil who speak for the working men of this city. We do not hesitate to say that if the opinion of the people of Manitoba and the North West goes for anything in this matter the verdict lies with the working men, for our experience gathered in all sections of the country is that never were the residents of our Province and the adjoining districts so unanimous on any one point as they are in their dislike of the results of the Immigration policy of the present government. There is without doubt a general feeling of uneasiness and alarm at the way in which thousands of what most of our people considerable undesirable immigrants are being rushed into the Province and the Territories, and when Lord Strathcona spoke as he did in London he was speaking in his capacity as the political representative of the government and not by any means as the spokesman of the Canadian citizens who are directly and personally interested in the development of this portion of the Dominion.

The continued prosperity of our great trans-continental railway—the Canadian Pacific—as shewn in the monthly financial statements published in the daily press must be a source of gratification to all true Canadians. It is undoubtedly true that we frequently hear complaints about the way in which this immense system is managed and it is sometimes claimed that some sections of the country are not fairly treated in comparison with

other districts, but these complaints have on the whole been local and considering the territory the system covers it would have been wonderful if it had entirely escaped criticism. Taking everything into consideration we venture the assertion that no people under the sun have greater reason to be proud of any public institution than the Canadian people have of the C.P.R. It has been wisely and prudently administered and has done more to give the Dominion standing in the estimation of the rest of the world than any other business concern in the country. It has, too, opened up the resources of the various provinces and continually been on the alert to extend its operations as the needs of the country have demanded. The C.P.R. deserves well at the hands of the people of Canada and there is no section of the Dominion in which it should be held in higher esteem or receive more generous treatment than in the west for which it has done so much.

AN OCTAVE OF FOUNDERS.

The feasts of the founders of our great religious orders come next week, when the Church honors the virtues of St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Alphonsus Liguori and St. Dominic.

This is an editorial note from the "Catholic Columbian" of July 29th. It calls attention to a chronological curiosity, which becomes still more curious if we add one day to the week and make it an octave. Between the 31st of July and the 7th of August, both inclusive, the Church celebrates the anniversaries of the entrance into glory of no less than five founders of religious orders, and they are real anniversaries, not mere days chosen by the Church for honoring their memory. Five great founders all died in the octave beginning with the last day of July and ending with the seventh of August. St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, died July 31st, 1556; St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, died August 1, 1787; St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Preachers, commonly called Dominicans, died August 6, 1221; St. Cajetan or Gaetano, founder of the Regular Clerks, died August 7, 1547. And now comes the fifth, who, though little known at present, left behind him a congregation which for three hundred years did much good in Italy. We refer to St. John Colombini, founder of the Jesuates or Hieronimians. By a strange coincidence, he died July 31, 1367, on the same day of the same month as the founder of the Jesuits.

St. Gaetano is the patriarch of all the orders of Regular Clerks. He founded his institute in 1524. Then followed in 1533 the Regular Clerks of St. Paul, or Barnabites, founded by St. Anthony Mary Zaccaria, who was canonized two years ago by Leo XIII. In 1540 the Regular Clerks of the Society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, were approved by Pope Paul III. In the same year, 1540, were founded, by St. Jerom Emiliani, the Regular Clerks of Somascha. In 1588 came the Minor Regular Clerks of St. Francis Caracciolo;

in 1591, the Regular Clerks, ministering to the sick, of St. Camillus de Lellis; in 1621, the Regular Clerks of the Pious Schools, founded by St. Joseph Calassanz, who, in 1597, had started the first free public school; and in 1628, the Regular Clerks of the Mother of God, founded at Lucca by Blessed Leonardi.

Thus more than an entire century was filled with these religious foundations due to the initiative of St. Cajetan. His order was the vanguard of a legion of heroes and saints whose labors are still bearing wonderful fruit. His immediate disciples, to whom the designation of "Regular Clerks", without any addition, belongs, are now confined to Italy where they are commonly called Theatines, from Theate or Chieti, of which John Peter Caraffa, their first General, was Bishop.

CATHOLIC WORLD FOR AUGUST.

The "Catholic World" this month presents a strong number. The opening article, "The Peace Conference and What it Might Have Been" shows that the present Sovereign Pontiff was the first instigator and suggester of the now famous proclamation of the Czar. The writer of this unsigned article, whose directness of statement affords internal evidence of his veracity, affirms that the facts he now reveals are "undeniable, incontrovertible and advanced on the highest authority." Immediately after the coronation of the present Czar in Moscow, Monsignor Tanassi went on a special mission to St. Petersburg to propose to the Russian government that the Czar should take advantage of the inauguration of his reign to publicly and solemnly call upon the nations of Europe to join hands in an effort for peace and gradual disarmament. Though the proposal was at first received with diffidence by the Russian ministers, they were won round by Msgr. Tanassi "and the young Czar himself clinched matters by taking up the idea enthusiastically and instructing the Papal representative to inform the Holy Father that his desires in the matter would be accomplished to the fullest." Leo XIII. also arranged all the details of the plan, and, foreseeing that Holland would be the most suitable place for a Peace Conference, he long since appointed Msgr. Tanassi apostolic inter-nuncio at the Hague.

The conference has become a glorious fiasco because the Pontifical representatives were excluded therefrom. Instead of bringing about disarmament, it has simply prepared for the exigencies of war. "As a Peace Conference its results have been Dead Sea fruit. No one alive deploras this fact more than Leo XIII. But those who organized the Conference may well reflect what measure of the ill success of the undertaking is attributable to their want of judgment and foresight" in truckling to the jealous protest of "a practically fifth-rate European power" and "excluding from the Conference the potentate who was the real father of the project, and who alone could have aided most

mightily in its successful outcome."

Miss Anne Elizabeth O'Hare writes a thoughtful paper on that old but ever fresh subject, "The Influence of Newman." In speaking of the Tractarian Movement, however, she fails to note, as almost all writers on that wonderful period fail to note, what Wiseman, who knew it so well, so often insisted upon—we mean, the influence of the exiled French clergy on the religious mind of the English people. For the first time since the Reformation the upper classes came into contact with holy clergymen, men of prayer, lovers of poverty, martyrs to duty. Newman was the first to put into matchless English phrase the ideal of a Church which these exiled French priests had made a reality. This is the only adequate explanation of the origin of the Tractarian movement.

Father Walworth's reminiscences of a Catholic crisis in England 50 years ago are charmingly garrulous as becomes an octogenarian. His personal recollections of Newman are particularly attractive and elevating.

The "Talk about New Books," which is always a commendable feature in the Catholic World is especially well done this month: witness, the reviews of Dr. Fox's "Religion and Morality," of Father Madden's "The Reaction from Agnostic Science," of Father Joseph Rickaby's "Cambridge Conferences," and of Father P. H. Casey's "Notes on Lea's History of Auricular Confession."

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

SHE SUFFERED UNTOLD AGONY FROM STOMACH TROUBLES AND SICK HEADACHES—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURED HER.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Pickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced them again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this test-

imony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statements of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

We had our annual fête on the 19th in splendid weather. Those friends of ours that "sting in caressing" charmed by their absence, being wafted abroad by the wind, which also played havoc with our hats. There was not much going on of an exciting character, a few horse races now and again. If we did not win the first prize, which fell to an outsider, at any rate, a horse belonging to Ste. Rose came in second, and in the "slow competition," a Ste. Rose animal won. During the intervals of the race, our ladies had the pleasure of displaying their summer bravery and we, of admiring the same, for "not even Solomon in all his glory" was arrayed as some of these. Certainly, there was one novelty in the shape of ice cream; this is, you know, crème de la crème, for the higher you get in the social scale, the colder grows charity.

I was reading the other day in a learned book of high repute the following remarks about church music: "The merits of the Gregorian are known to all. If St. Augustine wept upon hearing the Ambrosian chant—"when I remember," says he in his confessions, "the tears which I shed at the chants of Thy Church, in the first days of my recovered faith, and how I am still moved by them, not indeed by the song, but by the things that are sung," many more recent than he have wept, too, on hearing the simple but soul-stirring strains of the pure Gregorian. The Venerable Bede, for example, tells us how deeply affected St. Cuthbert used to be when chanting the Preface, so much so, that his sobbing could be heard through the entire congregation, and, as he raised his hands on high at the "Sursum corda," his singing was rather a sort of solemn moaning than anything else. (Vita S. Cuthbert, cap. XVI.) The renowned Haydn was often moved to tears at listening to the children of the London charity schools sing the psalms together in unison according to the Gregorian style; and the great master of musicians and composers, Mozart, went so far as to say that he would rather be the author of the Preface and Pater Noster, according to the same style, than of anything he had ever written."

We had thought church music was intended for the honor and glory of God, but it seems now it is often intended for the

honor and glory of some human beings. "So your daughters are going to compliment the Almighty by singing in church today," said, with a fine irony a gentleman I knew, to a friend of his. How false some of our notes must ring 'mid angel choirs, those of us who, not even in our own hearts, have listened to the angels' singing, so could not learn from them.

In the Spirit of the Curé d'Arx, he tells us a charming little story of a young girl who desired, above everything, to hear the Blessed Virgin sing. At last, one day, when in prayer, she heard a most delightful voice and passed into a kind of ecstasy. When she recovered, she said: "Ah! indeed, it is beautiful to hear Our Lady sing." "My child, you deceive yourself," said her Guardian Angel. "It was only St. Catherine you heard singing. Truly, if you had heard Our Lady sing, you would have died of happiness. But you must go to heaven to hear her."

SISTER FISETTE'S JUBILEE.

The fact that we have still with us, and still in the full use of her faculties, so as to be able easily to act as assistant to the Mother Superior of the Grey Nuns in this diocese, a sister who was for three years in St. Boniface during the lifetime of its first bishop, Monseigneur Provencher, makes us realize how rapidly this western country has grown up.

On the eve of the venerable sister's jubilee, Sunday last, the ladies of St. Boniface tendered her a nice reception and presented her with many costly and interesting gifts, none of which pleased Sister Fisetete more than those she received from the Indian children of the Industrial school. Yesterday, the 7th, the fiftieth anniversary of her profession, there was, in the Grey Nun's chapel, solemn benediction by Rev. Father Cherrier, with Rev. Father Gravel as assistant, Father Blain, S. J., as deacon and Father Béliveau as sub-deacon. In the chancel were Fathers Dugas, Messier, McCarthy, O. M. I., Couture, S. J., and Drummond, S. J. The "Magnificat," "Te Deum," "Quid Retribuam" and "Tantum Ergo" were beautifully sung by the sisters, after which all adjourned to the reception room to wish to the venerable jubilarian many more years of cheerful devotion to God's service and to sing a song composed for the occasion.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious colic coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the ailment continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIDOMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indicating that Ripans Tablets, she determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes Ripans Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons of Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets. ARTHUR H. BLANKEN.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS TABLET COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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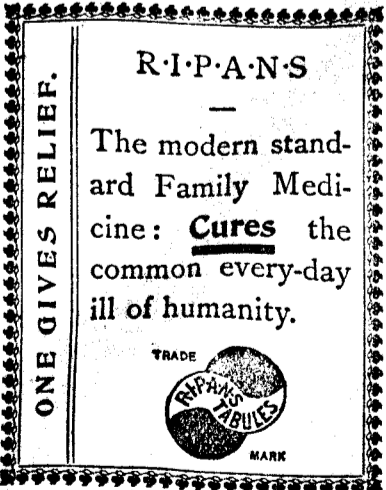
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ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager, WINNIPEG

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am sure Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from a aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, he is in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. FRANK.



RIPANS TABLETS The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

AUGUST.
 13—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. Parting of the Apostles.
 14, Monday—Vigil. Our Lady Refuge of Sinners.
 15, Tuesday—The Assumption of the B. V. First class feast with octave.
 16, Wednesday—St. Roch, Conf.
 17, Thursday—Octave of St. Lawrence.
 18, Friday—St. Hyacinth, Conf.
 19, Saturday—Fast day, being the eve of the solemnity of the Assumption.

BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Father Cloutier returned from the east last Friday.

Rev. G. S. Lebel, S.J., is giving the retreat to the nuns of Port Arthur.

Rev. Z. Lacasse, O.M.I., is preaching the retreat to the nuns of St. Laurent, Man.

St. Boniface College is now equipped with 12 new Dominion Fire Extinguishers.

A stationary fire protection plant has been installed in the St. Boniface Industrial School.

The new presbytery at Rat Portage is going up very rapidly; the outside walls were finished last week.

Next year all our letters will bear the postmark "00", which, according to American college slang, may be pronounced "nitty nit."

Mrs. M. M. McIntyre, who was recently called to Milwaukee on account of her brother's illness there, returned with him to Winnipeg last week.

Rev. Father Tourangeau, S.J., who is supplying for the Catholic priest at Lambert, Red Lake Co., Minn., is expected back at St. Boniface College on the 17th.

Mr. D. Smith, inspector of Dominion public works, returned on Friday from Brandon and Eikhorn, where he inspected improvements in the Indian school.

Dr. Graves, the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, died lately. He leaves behind him very clever sons, one of whom is the author of that popular song, "Father O'Flynn".

A transposition slipped into our list of the St. Boniface College staff last week. Father Robichaud is to teach Latin Elements, not Syntax, this latter class being taken by Father Couture.

Mr. L. N. Champagne, Liberal M. P. for the county of Wright, with Madame Champagne and family, are in the city on their way to the Pacific coast. They are the guests of Messrs. N. and R. L. Chevrier.

"Vox Urbis" asks if the Bron-tosaurus, fossil remains of which have lately been unearthed in Wyoming, indicating an animal several times larger than any other known animal, may not be the Behemoth of the Book of Job.

"Vaporitaha", locomotive; "ferreum iter", railway; "pyrobalista", cannon; "cursus electrici", electric cars; "Nova Valia", New South Wales; these are some of the new Latin words deftly coined by "Vox Urbis".

The three bells which Father Cherrier has ordered from Tellin, in Belgium, were to have been here long ago, had not there been some unaccountable delay at the bell foundry. News was lately received that they would surely be cast about the 21st of July, and they may be expected here early in September. One

weighs 1200, another 700 and the third 500 lbs.

A biographical sketch of Sister Fiset is crowded out of this issue and will appear in our next.

The addition to the Provencher Academy, which is 28 by 32 ft. and two and a half storeys high, is already roofed in.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, in a recent speech, said the people of the Soudan were already paying over five times as many taxes as he had expected they would.

The infant and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. McQuillan, of McDermot avenue was interred last Sunday from St. Mary's Church to Fort Rouge cemetery, the services in both places being conducted by Rev. Father Guillet.

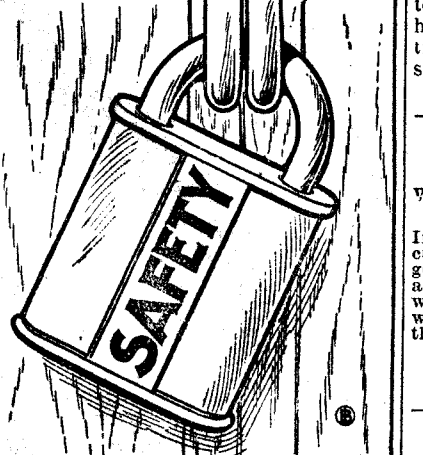
Hitherto passengers by the excursions to Rat Portage on Wednesdays and Saturdays had no chance of buying so much as an orange on the train; but the C. P. R. will henceforth accommodate them with a dining car. It never rains but it pours

G. F. S.—One of the best manuals is "Short Catechism of Church History" for the higher grades of Catholic schools, by the Rev. J. B. Oechtering, published a couple of months ago by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., 30 cents, 127 pages.

The earthquake in Rome on the 19th of July created quite a panic among the Romans. The whole population seemed crazy with fear. But the damage done was far less serious than at first thought. Some of the churches and other buildings have developed cracks which are fast being repaired.

Colclough, the name of one of the new teachers at St. Boniface College, is pronounced Coke-ly. The first "l" is not sounded, but simply serves to lengthen the preceding vowel, as the "l" in "palm" merely lengthens the "a." It is more difficult to account for the sound given to the final "ough." Why should this combination of four letters be pronounced like short "y"? Or rather, why should it not, since English spelling is no guide to sound? We have already eight ways of pronouncing "ough," as in plough, cough, enough, though, through, thought,

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hough and hiccough; who's to prevent us from having another?

M. T.—Many thanks for private letter. Always glad to hear what people think.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface has intimated that he will be here next Saturday.

Three sets of fifteen have already been formed for the League of the Sacred Heart in St. Vital.

Rev. A. Couture, E. Colclough and W. Tessier, all members of the Society of Jesus, arrived from the east at St. Boniface College last Saturday.

The Bishops of St. John and Chatham, N.B., have applied to Rome for Coadjutors with the right of succession. The rumors of appointments already made are quite premature, as it will take several weeks, perhaps three months, for the Roman officials to reach these cases. So says the "Casket."

The Mother Superior and Sister Bernard, of the Regular Canonesses of the Five Wounds, established at Lourdes, Man., left by the Imperial limited Wednesday evening for Quebec, whence they sail for France. They have completed arrangements for a large convent to be built at once at St. Alphonse, Man.

M. Thos. Jobin, Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters, who has carried on a large retail grocery business at the corner of Main street and St. Mary's avenue, is contemplating an entrance into the wholesale market, and it is proposed to erect a large warehouse on Market street east, connecting with the spur track on the Transfer railway. A decision as to the dimensions and details of the new block will be reached soon, and it is possible that a handsome building will be erected at once. Mr. Jobin, it is understood, has purchased the vacant lot with excavation adjoining Brown and Rutherford's property.

PAPAL EXCLUSION FROM THE HAGUE WILL BE SEVERELY JUDGED.

London, Aug. 3.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily Mail says the Pope, through Cardinal Rampolla, papal secretary of state, has addressed a note to the nuncios abroad denouncing the attitude of the Italian government toward the Holy See, in connection with The Hague conference. The note says that all the governments except the Italian desired to see a papal delegate. "This unworthy spectacle will be severely judged by history," says the Pope, "while the papacy will lose nothing by the exclusion."

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