

Northwest Review



THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

VOL. XXII, No. 13

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1905

\$2.00 per year
\$1.50 if paid in advance
Single Copies 5 cents

CURRENT COMMENT

On New Year's Day the Free Press headed a despatch from New York in this way: "Campania's voyage unusually rough—Nearly eight days." In point of fact the voyage lasted only seven days, eight hours and thirty-one minutes. But any transatlantic trip on a first-class liner looks long now when it extends over seven days. And yet, barely thirty years ago transatlantic travellers were looking forward eagerly to the time when the "pond" might be crossed in eight days. And as late as 1883 the American Cyclopaedia said that the most successful transoceanic steamships took from eight to ten days to make the passage. To-day we are hoping for the four-day liner.

On the fourteenth of last January the Northwest Review had the following:

Madame de Thebes, a Paris clairvoyante, whose predictions have hitherto been vouched for after the fact, now makes bold to prophesy publicly before the events. She says the year 1905 will be a disastrous one, the most striking events of which will be the death of King Edward VII., and a great revolution that will overturn the throne of Germany. Nous verrons.

We have seen nothing of the kind. 1905 has not been a disastrous year for France, except in the continued persecution of Catholics, which people of Madame de Thebes' stamp consider a very auspicious proceeding; nor has it been particularly disastrous for any part of the world except Russia. The King is happily very much alive and has clasped hands with France during this very year. No revolution even threatens to overturn the throne of Germany.

These are plain facts contradicting the prophecies of this bold humbug. How is it, then, that she still holds the floor and is out with a new prediction for 1906, which most of the papers publish without any reference to so obvious and recent a failure? One of the many reasons that might be given for this gullibility of the public is that the ordinary editor does not take the trouble to remember the predictions and then see if they square with the facts. Take, for instance, a much more easily verifiable case, and one which professes to be a deduction from scientific data—Foster's weekly weather forecasts. We have repeatedly proved in these columns that his forecasts either are so indefinite as to be practically useless or that they are rarely verified when they are definite. One of these rare exceptions was Christmas week at the end of 1905. He prophesied that it would be mild and it was. But follow him closely during the rest of the year and we shall be agreeably disappointed if his definite, clear forecasts come true once in five times. When he happens to be right he never fails to do a gloat, and says nothing of his wrong forecasts. Yet his predictions may easily be tested from week to week and need not be so speedily forgotten, whereas the Paris clairvoyante gets general notice only about once a year, creates a momentary sensation and is soon out of the public mind.

She is careful, however, to remind her dupes that she predicted—it is she who gets the papers to say this—the Paris charity bazaar fire and President Carnot's assassination. Of course she did not do anything of the kind. After these two tragic events her admirers, no doubt at her suggestion, industriously spread the report that she had predicted the holocaust of the Rue Jean Goujon and the violent end of the French President. But when a diligent search was made of her utterances reported in the papers previous to these two events, all that was found was, in one case, the prediction of a disaster with great loss of life, and the other, the violent death of a ruler. Such predictions are too indefinite and

too much within the range of probability to be anything more than coincidences. Hardly a year passes in a country of forty million inhabitants without some such disaster as a fire attended with great loss of life, and when we remember that in the last forty years more than one ruler a year, on an average, has been done to death somewhere in the world, the announcement that one such tragedy would occur in a given year is a tolerably safe prediction that anyone might risk.

It is well for Catholics to bear in mind that no created being, angelic or human can make a definite prediction of a future fact that depends upon the play of freewill, without special inspiration from God, who alone can foretell what free agents will do in future circumstances. The reason why God alone can foretell future free acts is that the practically infinite contingencies that may arise from the clash and interplay of created wills cannot be foreseen with certainty by any intelligence that is not infinite. What depends entirely upon necessary causes may, of course, be foreseen even by human intelligence. Thus astronomers can announce long beforehand an eclipse or the future return of a comet, though in this latter case always with the proviso that the comet has not worn itself out or been interfered with by some other heavenly body. Physicians may, from their profound knowledge of diseases, predict, with tolerable accuracy, the hour of death a few hours ahead, or the day a few days ahead, or even the year some years ahead, but there is no certainty in these predictions, especially when they cover a long period, because unforeseen accidents may hasten the fatal issue, or miraculous intervention may restore health to the dying. And yet we have in such cases, the necessary development of an incurable disease, upon which free will has no influence at all. But when we come to political events, which depend chiefly upon the conflicting wills of men, the impossibility of a definite and detailed forecast by mere human intelligence is almost a truism. Shrewd guesses, and very lucky ones sometimes, are quite possible, but nothing that deserves the name of prophecy.

However, may not pure spirits predict the free future? This question is perfectly allowable in the case of clairvoyancy which often professes to be due to communication with spirits. We reply that pure spirits cannot predict with certainty future events that depend upon the play of free will. Their intelligence, albeit vastly greater than that of the greatest human genius and aided by world-wide accumulations of forgotten past events, is still finite and cannot therefore decide which one of a thousand million free contingencies will infallibly occur. To be sure, they may be enlightened by God Himself and then predict with certainty future free events. But the infinite wisdom and majesty of God would never so demean itself as to communicate such purely divine knowledge to professional exploiters of the public purse who aim at nothing but pecuniary profit and worldly fame. It would be preposterous to suppose that good angels could be employed as the bearers of such messages to such persons. God may indeed, as in the case of Balaam, bestow the gift of prophecy for the furtherance of truth, upon evil men, or even, as in several well authenticated cases of diabolical possession, upon evil spirits. But this hypothesis cannot apply to Madame de Thebes, first, because her predictions do not contribute to the spread of the true religion, and secondly, because, if she had been in communication with evil spirits, they could have informed her that the scene of a great revolution in 1905 would be not Germany but Russia. Satan and his host of fallen spirits, being scattered all over the world and knowing in particular the dispositions of every Russian in the empire of the Tsar and the most secret plots of the revolutionists, could easily have conjectured the probable date of the great explosion. For this no infinite knowledge, no grasp of the future in the Everlasting Now, is needed. A mere man, with the knowledge undoubtedly possessed by evil spirits,

could have guessed the extremely probable result. And yet Madame de Thebes saw nothing of this in her forecast for 1905.

Let us wait and see if she will be more fortunate in her forecast for 1906. As one of our American contemporaries puts it, "she predicts that Germany will be threatened with general smash early in the year; that South America is to be torn with upheavals; that an unconquerable epidemic is to sweep the United States; that Belgium will play a curious part in the transformation of Europe; that the attention of the world will be centred on Turkey and the near east, and that there will be serious losses to the art world." Barring the "unconquerable epidemic" and the "serious losses to the art world," there is really nothing here that requires preternatural foresight. Germany has been for some time threatened with war. South America, at least in some of its parts, is subject to chronic upheavals. Belgium, as is well known, is preparing for a great electoral contest this year with the vital issue of Catholic education opposed by Masonic irreligion, an issue which is sure to greatly influence the rest of Europe. The attention of the world was, long before Madame de Thebes opened her mouth, centred on Turkey and the near east. So there is not very much that we need remember in order to check this mild attack of clairvoyance.

There is one thing, however, in it that would almost suggest the inspiration of those evil spirits who carry with them their eternal woe. We mean the complete absence in Madame de Thebes' forecasts of any pleasing event, such as a bountiful harvest, the peaceful solution of some national difficulty, or the advent of some great and good ruler of men. The lurid and the tragic, horror and terror, the marks of the Evil One, are more in her line.

The completion of 1905 without any marked relief to Catholics in France disposes of another alleged prophecy which has been going the rounds of the Catholic papers during the last two or three years. The story was substantially this: A nun who is now over seventy years of age went to Ars, when she was a young girl, to consult the Blessed John Vianney, then parish priest of that village, about her vocation. The venerable saint, about whom many authentic prophecies are recorded, told her that she would become a nun and that she would serve as a nursing sister in the hospitals of the Crimea and of Italy during Napoleon III's campaign there. The saintly priest went on to say: "You will see the new century" (the twentieth); "the first years, one, two, three, four, will be disastrous to the Church in France, but after that God will take a hand in events (Dieu y mettra la main)." One year having now elapsed since that extreme limit, the correctness of the prediction seems, to say the least, very doubtful. Besides, the fact that the public did not hear of this prediction till more than fifty years after it was supposed to have been made gives it the appearance of a story concocted after most of the events mentioned in it. But what makes it utterly unreliable is the absence of all proper names and all reference to living authorities who might be consulted for purposes of verification. No doubt such a prophecy as this stands on a very different footing from the vapourings of a professional clairvoyante. It is antecedently quite probable that the saintly pastor of Ars may have been inspired by God to make such a prophecy, because he made other predictions which were afterwards fully verified. But we have no proof that he did make this one, or that if he did utter some such prediction, it has not been distorted in the lapse of half a century.

Last Monday morning the Free Press had a thoughtful leader on the New Year. It is a healthy sign that the most widely circulated paper in the centre and west of Canada should be able to count upon a sufficient number of responsive readers to justify its editor in expressing such sentiments as this:

At such a time the thoughtful must muse on those old Mysteries of Time and Space and Existence—Mysteries no nearer solution than when the epic of the beginnings of earthly things was written down so many ages ago by some man or men with eyes as clear seeing as those of any man since, and with a far diviner gift of poetic narrative.

Rightly interpreted this constitutes a refreshing relief from the current platitudes about indefinite human progress. Progress merely onward among stubbornly material forces is but sorry comfort for an immortal soul. True progress, which means a heavenward uplift, is clearly hinted at in the following passage from the same editorial:

A thousand years add something to human knowledge, something to the ameliorations of life, but little to our conceptions of truth itself; and in the multitude of our thoughts, we take what comfort we can in this, that a thousand years are but as yesterday or a watch in the night. They are carried away as with a flood, by the Source of Truth, and are as a sleep. Man's thirst for truth will not be slaked until he reach its Source.

The Telegram, in one of its editorials last Saturday, quoted the following from the Rev. C. F. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"Protestantism," he says, "is a kind of modern Cerberus, with a hundred and twenty-five different sects, exclusive of twelve kinds of Baptists and eighteen kinds of Wesleyan Methodists. This Cerberus has one hundred and twenty-five heads all barking discordantly and is like the mob of Ephesus. Thoughtful Christians looking on and beholding with sadness this confusion worse confounded cannot fail to ask: 'Did our Lord Jesus Christ come to earth to establish this pitiful mob of debating societies, or a Church of the living God, capable of making itself felt as a pillar and a ground of the faith?'"

To be sure the Telegram sugar-coats the pill by saying that Mr. Stowe "is a victim of pessimism," and by reducing the multitude of sects to three great divisions, the united Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregationalist body, the Unitarians, and the Anglicans who cannot abandon the Apostolical succession; but, as the Rev. Dr. Sparling, in his recent commendation of the outward union effected lately between the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, expressly excluded all idea of "ecclesiasticism" (which, we need hardly say, means Church unity), as the Unitarians are known to be rampant individualists, and as the Anglicans are, dogmatically, as comprehensive as the most "pitiful mob of debating societies," Mr. Stowe's words still remain the only convincing feature of that article, and call logically for an affirmative answer to his second alternative: Yes, our Lord Jesus Christ did establish a Church of the living God, capable of making itself felt as the pillar and ground of truth.

Clerical News

Rev. Father Giroux, pastor of St. Anne, Man., dined with the Jesuit Fathers on Wednesday. His sight, we are happy to say, is greatly improved.

Very Rev. A. X. Bernard, formerly Vicar-General of the diocese of St. Hyacinthe, has been appointed Bishop, succeeding the late Bishop Decelles.

Archbishop Duchanel, of Ottawa, was received in private audience by Pope Pius during the holidays.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites in a meeting held at the Vatican Palace in December discussed the following points:

1. The Cause of Beatification and Canonization of the Ven. Servant of God, Francois Rudigier, Bishop of Linz.
2. Confirmation of the "Cultus," paid from time immemorial to the Ven. Servants of God, Placidus, Martyr, and

Sigisberto, Abbot of the Order of St. Benedict, with the approbation of officers for their festival, and its insertion in The Martyrology.

3. Confirmation of the "Cultus," paid in like manner to the Ven. Servant of God, Margaret of Louvain, V. M.

4. Concession and approbation of office and Mass in honor of St. David, King and Prophet.

5. Like concession in honor of Blessed Cristoforo da Romandiola—Conf. O. F. M.

6. Concession and approbation of the offices and Masses proper to the Via Dolorosa—and in honor of the Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin—for the Order of Minors.

7. Confirmation of the election and concession of the B. V. M. or Her Most Holy Name (commonly called Bien Aparacida) as principal Patroness of Santander.

8. Similar confirmation with regard to St. Sebastian, Martyr—as the Patron of the diocese of Pouso Alegre.

9. As to the revision of the writings of the Ven. Jose Maria Diag Sarjargo—and Melchiorre Garcia Sampedro—Bishops and Vicars Apostolic in Tonchin, of the Order of Preachers.

10. And lastly as to some liturgical doubts.

Archbishop Quigley will establish a school of music at Chicago, where the Gregorian chant will be taught by professors who have received their training from the most celebrated conservatories in Europe. All organists must attend this school and receive their diplomas therefrom, in order to ensure uniformity.

Right Rev. Efen Giesen, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Shan Tung, China, has been created a Mandarin by the Chinese government. The honored prelate is a Dutch Franciscan who distinguished himself for bravery in defending his faithful during the Boxer rebellion, for which he carries scars to-day.

At the International Eucharistic Congress of Rome, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Lugi, Spain, stated that perpetual Exposition has been maintained for centuries at the main altar of his Cathedral.

Rev. Henry Moeller, of St. Louis, has been appointed provincial of the Missouri province of the Society of Jesus.

Persons and Facts

Mr. A. D. C. Crommelin, recently re-elected President of the British Astronomical Association, is a Catholic.

Pope Pius has asked for a translation of President Roosevelt's messages and speeches. The Pope is anxious to study the American President's views before issuing an important Papal document concerning social problems.

The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council held in Australia lately wrote of the Catholic press as follows:

"Towards that section of the press which is Catholic in purpose and management, all Catholics owe a duty to support and encourage. The publication of a newspaper is an undertaking of no small responsibility and expense; and its success depends entirely on the help provided by its readers. It is to be feared that many of our people do not realize their responsibility in this matter. They do not take the interest they should take in the welfare of the Church, and so they are content with the small quantity of news about the Church they get in the secular papers."

Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, will give four lectures on Gaelic literature at the Californian State University. Ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco will defray the expenses.

Niagara University (Buffalo) will celebrate its golden jubilee this year. (Continued on page 5)

BERNARD SHAW

Cynical Irish Dramatist Whose Play Has raised a Furor in New York. A case of "Supercivilized Celt." Philosophy of Shawism.

By Dr. Maurice Francis Egan in the Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen"

The sensation of the moment in New York is the Celtic Shaw—a type of the supercivilized Celt, without principles; and the slave of the conditions of his time. The Celt is clear sighted, and, when he reasons, is most logical of men. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Candida," and the cynical play against which Mr. McAdoo of New York is protesting, is one of the cleverest and most brilliant writers of the day.

He is as much of a mocker as Voltaire was, without the bitterness of Voltaire. He has all the clear sightedness of the Celt, all his love of form and symmetry, and all that audacity and recklessness which makes the Celt a terror in war and the most dangerous of rebels, whether against religion or society, when faith fails him in either one or the other, or in both. Faith has failed Shaw, as it has failed George Moore, as it is failing many cultivated young Irishmen in Ireland to-day, under the influence of a baleful supercivilization.

The difference in the Saxon point of view as evidenced in the epic of Beowulf and in the saga of Chuchillain is, in the main, the dimness which clouds the outlines of things in the first and the luminousness of all outlines in the second. There is, too, an analyzing determination on the part of Chuchillain and Queen Meave and the rest to go to the bitter end in everything they undertake. This is a Celtic trait. The Irish are accused of possessing every defect under the sun, but they have never been accused of being "quitters."

This Shaw is not a "quitter." He sees that a greater part of society—the supercivilized part—has determined to do without religion. He sees, too, that, while assuming that a system of ethics is necessary for the preservation of society, it will not accept the very source of ethics, Supreme Ruler, or the only source of the power that binds society together to-day, Christianity. He takes conditions as he sees them, the woman of the upper middle class, who declares that she does not want her husband to live with her after the moment he ceases to love her, the man who declares that there is no sensation which a normal human being ought not to accept as part of his development. To bid goodbye to one's husband when he sees another woman more attractive, is a duty,—Ibsen thinks so. To wreathe oneself with roses and lose oneself in wine or lust—is also a duty; that gentle rebel, Maeterlink, comes very near it.

And there are hundreds of men and women whom we meet every day among the intensely respectable classes who think and say these things in the language of Ibsen and Maeterlink. "In my time we had God," says an old-fashioned French woman, in a comedy, as she reflects on a condition of society in which there is no high court of appeal. Supercivilization means the substitution of culture for faith, of anarchy, in theory at least, for the conservatism of real civilization.

The ballet at the opera in St. Petersburg, which is amusing the great nobles in Russia while the people clamor, is called "Civilization." Its centre—its pivot,—its point of light,—is a body of the character of the scarlet woman mentioned in the Bible. She is the sun, and she dances as the sun is supposed to dance on an Easter day; and she hops; and she turns a hundred times after the manner of Herodias, and she is the very soul of civilization, which translated, means "supercivilization," whose father is Unfaith and whose mother name is unmentionable.

Shaw, in "Candida," in "You Never Can Tell," follows premises to their conclusion, laughing, or, rather, grinning all the time. If marriage does not bind, how absurd it is, he says. If it does bind and it inconveniences you, how absurd it is still, if the Christian belief is a myth! He shocks people by making objective the abstractions which their inclinations nurse, and which they do not dare to put into action.

The play which is interesting New York and horrifying Mr. McAdoo, is a story which any school girl may read at the breakfast table if her father will let her have the morning newspaper. Only,—the paper makes it brutal, and that,—if she understands,—may repell her;—Mr. Shaw laughs at the horrors

so that they do not seem so horrible. The profession of the female in Mr. Shaw's fashionable play is the most nefarious known to the human race. But, he seems to say, grinning.—Why should you who think that right and wrong are matters of desire or expediency, object to anything? The woman in the play is nefarious, her circle is nefarious;—here is an Anglican clergyman, too, who has sinned, who is unrepentant. Is he any better at heart than the creatures who go on being openly unrepentant and nefarious? If there is no God,—no Court of Rule, no Court of Appeal, no system of ethics,—nothing makes any difference! You go as you please!—and Shaw laughs, and makes epigrams, as only a Celt or a Frenchman can make them, and is mercilessly logical. Then he dives deep into the mud, and very gracefully spatters it over the gilded idols which supercivilized society is "pretending to adore!"

The real evil is not with Mr. Shaw. In a society in which a woman can be divorced at twelve o'clock and be "married" at two, and then appear everywhere, jewelled and acknowledged, received and uncensured, Mr. Shaw ought not to be stoned. In a social condition in which the youngest boy or girl is permitted to read every day details of horrors that deserve to be unspeakable, the mockery of Mr. Shaw is virtue itself to the complaisance of the cowardly, who condone adultery because it is opulent and shrink from vice when it happens to be poor.

SELL YOUR COLD FOR \$1?

You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid sniffing cold? Go to any druggist and get "Catarrh-ozone," and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrh-ozone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrh-ozone, perhaps it is not so wonderful. Certainly, there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrh as Catarrh-ozone. Refuse a substitute and insist on having only "Catarrh-ozone."

VATICAN ATHLETICS

Pope Pius Discourses on Value of Physical Exercise

The Vatican has been in the hands of the athletic youths of Italy for the last three days writes the Tablet correspondent from Rome, under date of Sunday, October 8. Several hundreds of picked youths from Catholic clubs and colleges all over Italy have been here for the first really great national athletic gathering ever assembled in this country. They have had bicycle races, running, walking, jumping, gymnastics of all kinds, and their contests have been watched with great interest by some of the highest officials of the Vatican. Cardinal Merry del Val stole several hours from his grave cares of State to be present at the games, and Mgr. Bisleti was specially told off by the Holy Father to give an account of how things went. But the ceremonies of to-day might be called the apotheosis of muscular Christianity in Rome.

The youths gathered this morning in the Church of Sant' Ignazio to assist at the mass celebrated for them by Cardinal Cavagnis, and from there marched in serried ranks preceded by a fine band to the Vatican. By ten o'clock they were all lined along the loggia on the first floor awaiting the arrival of the Holy Father.

When His Holiness made his appearance, he was greeted with a lusty cheer. He gave his hand to kiss to each of the young men in turn, pausing here and there to ask details about some of the clubs, or to say a few words of praise to one or other of the victors in the recent contests. The solemn reception took place a few minutes later in the Sala Regia, and it was noticeable that the Pope had elected to give it special importance, for he was attended by his maestro di camera, majordomo, several chamberlains and pickets of Noble and Swiss Guards.

The president of the committee of the athletic gathering then read a brief address to the Holy Father, and begged His Holiness to say a few words to the young men. Unfortunately the Sala Regia had been divided for the occasion in such a way that many of the youths could not hear a word of the address. There was some confusion among them which was brought to a sudden end when the Pope, before beginning to speak, warned the noisy members of the throng that if they could not keep silence the door was open for them. After that you might have heard a pin drop.

Leading Canadian Physicians

Endorse The Canadian Discovery

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

DR. ALEXANDER FALKNER, Williamstown, Ont., a physician who has enjoyed a large practice for the past thirty years:—"I have much pleasure in certifying to the value of 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as a medicine for chronic constipation and biliousness, dyspepsia, etc., etc. I have prescribed this medicine for the past six months and can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' in all cases of constipation, indigestion and flatulence, headaches due to weakened digestion, etc.

DR. A. FRANKFORD ROGERS, Ottawa, a physician who has enjoyed one of the largest practices in that city, states:—"I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as the fact of these tablets being made from a laxative material extracted from ripe fruit appeals, and has appealed to my judgement, and I have used these tablets extensively in my practice and always with most gratifying results. The proprietors of this medicine do not hesitate to furnish the formula of the tablets to physicians, and hence any physician can use these tablets and recommend them without loss of self respect. The formula of 'Fruit-a-tives' is certainly a magnificent one, and in my experience no medicine ever used by me has given such excellent results in constipation and stomach and liver trouble as 'Fruit-a-tives' has. That these tablets act beneficially on the kidneys and skin is beyond doubt and in many cases where the skin was sluggish and inactive and the complexion bad 'Fruit-a-tives' have given the most pleasing results."

DR. D. J. COSTELLO, member of the internal staff of the General Hospital, Ottawa, and who has extensive experience, states:—"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' with most beneficial results in obstinate constipation and biliousness, and found their action mild and non-irritating, and yet more curative than any medicine ever used previously. I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to those suffering from these complaints."

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"I am glad," said Pius X., "to find myself among you, for I consider myself as a companion and friend with you. I bless your games and your athletic exercises. While they make your bodies healthy and strong, they are certain also to have a powerful and beneficent influence on your minds. Physical exercises, occupying your bodies and your minds, will keep you from idleness, which is the father of all the vices. Recalling the words of the youngest of the Apostles, so dear to Jesus Christ, I exhort you to be strong in keeping and defending your faith, strong in combating temptations, strong in overcoming the obstacles that lie in your path. Do not be afraid that in asking you to be good and religious I would deprive you of your pastimes or require of you great sacrifices beyond your years; on the contrary, I wish you to have recreation of body and of mind, which is necessary for you, so that in the autumn of your life you may be able to reap the fruit of a healthy springtime. The foundation of all your work must be love of God, for in piety you will find strength to fulfill your apostolate, and remember that your apostolate is first of all that of affording a good example, which is of far greater avail than preaching." And the Holy Father quoted poets and philosophers to show the poor figure cut by him who preaches well but practises badly. The world is not quite so bad as pessimists paint it to-day, but it is unhappily true that a great many have come to forget the golden maxim: Do unto others as you would be done by. All this is due to the lack of the religious principle. "I earnestly exhort you all, therefore," the Pope concluded, "to be good Catholics in deed as well as in name. Don't be afraid of the ridicule that the irreligious may try to cast upon you, for the religious spirit you show—they will, in the end, be forced to do homage to your virtue."

All went on their knees as Pius solemnly called down on them and

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their organization the blessings of God, and three rousing cheers finished the function. Before leaving them the Holy Father stopped a few moments to congratulate the youths of the club "Giovane Roma," whose candidates carried off the greater part of the athletic honors of the last few days.

This afternoon it looked as if the rain were bent on spoiling the distribution of prizes in the Cortile of San Damaso, where a temporary throne and platform had been erected for the occasion. Fortunately the clouds broke just in time, and the Holy Father appeared again before the eager athletes, surrounded with the same pomp as in the morning, and this time accompanied by Cardinal Merry del Val and by Archbishop Bourne of London. A number of gymnastic exercises were gone through, and then His Holiness conferred the four principal prizes on the winning clubs amid great applause. Among the other prizes which have been awarded this evening were a beautiful oil-painting, offered by Cardinal Merry del Val, gold and silver medals presented by Cardinal Respighi, Vicar-General to His Holiness; a beautiful album, the gift of Cardinal Cavagnis, and a set of cut glass offered by Mgr. della Chiesa, the vice-secretary of state.

The Liberal papers have devoted a great deal of space to the proceedings, and many of them have urged on the Government the necessity of rivaling the Pope in his encouragement of athletics among the youth of Italy.

A REMARKABLE CHURCH

Notre Dame de Bonsecours, Montreal, Has Unique History

High on the bank of the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, stands a quaint little old church that dates back to 1657. It is known as Notre Dame de Bonsecours. From the land side it is very unpretentious, but on the river side, far aloft, stands a great golden image of Our Lady of Good Succor and there is scarce a pilot or a boatman on the river who passes it without crossing himself. One who steps into the dimly lighted interior will be struck by the rows of miniature ships swung from the overhead arches, each bearing always a burning taper. One who cares to make enquiry will hear a quaint story.

In the beginning, the church was a place where all good Catholics might go to say their prayers, make confession and give their alms. There were always river men and ship men among the pious visitors. Then back in the days of the struggles of the Pope to retain his temporal power, a company of French Canadian Zouaves went from Montreal to offer their services to the Church. In midsea their ship was overtaken by a great storm, and only by the merest good chance did they reach Italy in safety. On their return to Canada they had made a small ship of silver, which was given as a thanks offering to this church on the river bank, and hung in

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

EARN CASH

In Your Leisure Time

If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?

Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar.

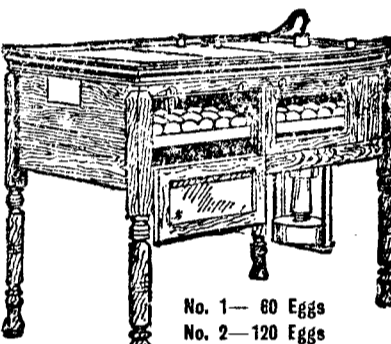
Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is out-classed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.

Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



No. 1—60 Eggs
No. 2—120 Eggs
No. 3—240 Eggs

CHATHAM INCUBATOR AND BROODER.

"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 52 chicks out of 52 eggs. This was my first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. THOS. MCNAUGHTON, Chilliwack, B.C."

"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 180 eggs. Who can beat that for the first trial, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunville, Ont."

"The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day. R. MCGUFFEE, MOOSE JAW, ASSA."

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments.

You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.

Send us your name and address on a post card to-day.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham.

The Manson Campbell Co., Limited

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Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

the sanctuary, where a light burns perpetually in remembrance of the succor of the Virgin in time of need. Since then various pilots and others who sail on the river have presented similar ships from time to time, until now a double row swings above the worshippers' heads. And the church has come to be known by the name that every sailor on the river loves.—Exchange.

Some Scottish Signs

The signs put up by "sma' merchants" in Scotland are often very amusing. An Aberdeen sign ran, "Fresh Butter and Eggs Laid Here Daily by Betsy Smith." Another not far distant was, "Peats, Coals and Other Groceries Sold Here." In an East Lothian town an announcement was printed, "Balls and Marriage Parties Purveyed." —Ex.

"THE VULGAR WISDOM OF INCREPUDITY."

Sacred Heart Review.

The London "Spectator" has a rebuke for a certain writer of books of travel who, visiting a shrine in an out-of-the-way corner of Italy, describes it at some length. "One can not help wishing," says the "Spectator," "that it was not necessary to spoil the tone of the picture by sneering, ever so slightly, at these old devotions. . . . The true artist should see these things as they are without attempt at explanation and, above all, without any touch of that patronage of the ancient and mysterious hardly worthy of a cultivated mind." This reminds us of a passage in the London "Athenæum's" review of F. M. Capes' "Life of St. Catherine de Ricci." Speaking of the Stigmata which this saint bore in her body, the "Athenæum" says: "The phenomena which made her extraordinary, and her convent a focus of power, even as they form the leading feature of the present book, belong to that class which various minds will view variously. But those best acquainted with modern experiment on the influence of mind over body will be least disposed to the vulgar wisdom of incredulity."

The "Athenæum's" further description of the ecstasies of St. Catherine are interesting coming from such a source. "Constantly meditating on the Passion, she—like the Assisian and others since him—exhibited on her own body the Stigmata, the marks of Christ's wounds, even to the traces of the thorny crown, and the long bruise of the cross on shoulder and back. But this was the least striking of her manifestations. The most extraordinary was that she began regularly and periodically to fall into ecstasy on the day and at the hour of the Saviour's Passion, and during this state followed in vision the whole sequence of His sufferings, from the Last Supper to the giving up of the ghost. She not only accompanied everything with the spontaneous words and exclamations of an eye-witness, with moving and appropriate prayers often drawn from Scripture, but also in her own person showed the reflex signs and tokens of the agonies she spiritually witnessed. At the close she exhibited a corpse-like pallor and exanimation, appearing more dead than alive. It was, in effect, a kind of Passion Play, so vivid that the beholders seemed to have before them the suffering Christ, and were moved to impassioned devotion and tears. She even at times addressed those present in the person of Our Lord, with Whom she became identified. This extraordinary drama soon brought down on her the Church authorities, but, summoned before them, she answered with a humble and submissive prudence beyond her years and sex, which confounded their suspicions. They came to judge and ended by admiring approval. The highest and noblest from all parts of Italy flocked to witness the phenomenon—incredulity went away converted and moved to reformation of life. The obscure nun became, single-handed, an incalculable force against the Reformation which was secretly undermining Catholicism in its centre and stronghold, Italy. One illustrious Tuscan only held aloof, the Duke Cosmo, and it is the most potent witness to Catherine's efficacy that he did so because he feared lest he should be subdued to reformation of life against his will."

St. Catherine is one of those Catholic saints, the scarcity of whose like in the Protestant church Mr. Starbuck very likely has in mind when writing, as he does this week, of the "neutral gray of Protestant religious history."

Wedding Festivities in Germany.

By Cornelia Cress, in December Donahoe's.

The festival of all festivals, however, the crown of German merrymaking, is a wedding, which always includes the "Polter Abend," a dinner, and a dance, and sometimes in the country, or in old-fashioned circles, means an entertainment lasting several days, and embracing drives and excursions. The Polter Abend, an evening entertainment, is the German version of our dinner to the bridesmaids and ushers, and is given the night before the wedding. It is usually restricted to the wedding party, the family on both sides, the more intimate friends, and is very informal in character. Congratulatory verses are read, verses composed for the occasion, in which the names of the bride and groom (in Germany the engaged girl is called "braut," a bride, until she marries, then she is spoken of as "the young wife") are introduced, a young sister personifying joy, or youth, or some other agree-

USED UP AND TIRED OUT MEN AT THE OFFICE WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and finally causes decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

able quality, wishes them all happiness, there is a little play perhaps, turning on some event appropriate to the occasion, every one's health is drunk, and the braut is kissed enthusiastically by all her girl friends.

Even an engagement, however, has unusual features. In the first place, the announcement is not made haphazard on any day that may seem good to the chief actors, but the news is kept till Christmas, Easter, a birthday, or some other festival, and then broken to an expectant world. It is quite usual to hear girls say apropos of some friend, "We shall soon hear a bit of news, hers will surely be a Whit-Monday engagement." Everything appertaining to this stage is regulated by custom, even the suitor's dress. A girl would feel the man was indeed wanting in respect towards her if he went in anything less than full dress to ask for her father's consent. For that interview he must be in "frack and cylinder" (evening coat and high hat) no matter if it is at eight o'clock in the morning.

WHY DO WOMEN SUFFER

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache, when 25c. buys a cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unflinching relief. You feel better fit once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nerviline prevents indigestion and stomach disorders—keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nerviline and should use it too. In 25c. bottles everywhere.

Father Judge in Dawson City.

By Arnold F. George, in December Donahoe's.

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898. Dawson was a city of tents—and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H——?" was his first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H——? Why I didn't know he was here."

"Yes!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."

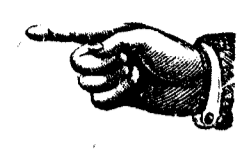
"Who is this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummiest lot you

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ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a'been sick. And say! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of them alive up there, waiting for medicines to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

My acquaintance, B——, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as something funny occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the beg?" I asked, grinning at B——'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me—two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H—— and ask him."

Quaint Customs in Wurttemberg.

By Cornelia Cress, in December Donahoe's.

A custom, touching in its kindly good feeling, is that of putting a wreath of flowers over the hall door, to celebrate the return, after a journey, of any member of the family. Usually the word "Welcome" is printed on a big card and encircled by the wreath; but sometimes the entire door is framed in green, and a bunch of flowers at the top gives brightness to the whole. A bride who did not have her new home decorated for her entry would feel she had indeed been badly treated. If there is no one else to put up the wreath, no friends or family, if the bride is beginning life in a strange city, then the servants give the decorations themselves, and it is they who provide a floral welcome for the family when it returns from its summer trip.

Wurttembergers, like other continental peoples, live in apartments, one reason perhaps why the children are less boisterous than with us, as the fear of the lower floor's anger is always present, to the mother's mind at least, and the boys are obliged to put on felt slippers when they begin to play. Each family in succession cleans the general staircase for a week, and in modest households a gaily colored card representing a policeman talking to a maid is the sign that it is "Kehrwoche" (sweeping week) and is hung near the entrance door of those whose turn it is to labor for the general good.

An Accommodating Witness

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," roared the lawyer. How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

His 1905 Open Letter

MR. W. J. GAGE TELLS OF THE GROWTH OF THE CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITALS IN MUSKOKA

Accommodation at Free Hospital Increased by Twenty-five Beds

URGENT CALL FOR FUNDS TO MEET INCREASED BURDEN FOR MAINTENANCE

Dear Friend:—

Contributions from rich and poor, young and old, received by the Free Hospital for Consumptives, tell of the love and charity towards the great work carried on in Muskoka.

Thousands from all parts of Canada not only sent their "God bless the work" but their money also to help to answer their prayers.

The poor widow out of her hard-earned savings, telling how her own heart was made lonely through the dread scourge, as well as the rich insurance companies, have sent their gifts.

2,000 patients have been cared for since the opening of our Homes in Muskoka. 560 of these were treated in the Free Hospital. 150 patients in these two Homes to-day, show how this life-saving work has grown.

Premier Whitney, replying to a large deputation in the interests of the National Sanitarium Association, stated that "personally he thought \$100,000 would not be too much for the Government to set apart for this work."

Seventy-five patients to be cared for in the Muskoka Free Hospital for

Consumptives means a large weekly outlay. The Trustees accept this obligation, believing the needed money will be forthcoming.

The world is full of good and generous people ready to give. But they want to be sure that their money is wisely spent. In no other place can your money do so much good.

The growing knowledge of the contagious character of the disease has made the lot of the consumptive poor a hard one.

The Muskoka Free Hospital is today the only place where a sufferer in the early stages of consumption is admitted free.

Will you not help to save the life of a sick one to whom all other doors are closed?

What greater blessing could crown your giving, than the knowledge that it helps to snatch a fellow-being from the very jaws of death?

\$50,000 is wanted for the coming year. Will you join in this greatest of all charities?

Faithfully yours,
W. J. GAGE.

Toronto, Can.

"Will the Court make the—"

"I have, yer worship," said the witness, anticipating the law. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long, and a man five feet ten."

"Your honor—"

"It's a fact yer worship; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leant his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What isn't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case. His name's Jones."

"Your worship," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the magistrate, "you must answer the question put to you?"

"Great Scot! ha'n't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What, weren't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us ever Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Constable, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thick-headed lawyer I ever laid eyes on!"—Ex.

Four White Fetlocks

In France in former times a horse that possessed four white stockings had the privilege of being free from toll. There is a passage in one of the works of Frederic Mistral, the famous poet of Provence, to the following effect: "By the rule of the road there was an old custom which was respected by all, that the carter whose leader had four white stockings, whether going uphill or downhill, had the right not to leave the road—that is, the narrow paved part when the rest was in a bad state—and thus arose the proverb, 'Who has four white feet can pass everywhere.'—Ex.

Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1905.

Calendar for Next Week.

- 7—Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany.
- 8—Monday—Of the octave of the Epiphany. Eleventh anniversary of the election of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface.
- 9—Tuesday—Of the octave.
- 10—Wednesday—Of the Octave.
- 11—Thursday—Commemoration of St. Hyginus, Pope, Martyr.
- 12—Friday—Of the Octave.
- 13—Saturday—Octave of the Epiphany.

A SERVANT OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE

Soul-piercing in its transparent truthfulness is the plain, unvarnished tale of Mark Fagan's career as related by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, under the appropriate title, "A Servant of God and the

People" in the January McClure. Mr. Steffens is a master of the best kind of business style: few adjectives but many facts crammed into a small space. At the very beginning of his story we guessed that his hero, with the Irish Catholic name, was one of us; but we feared that the writer might disguise or minimize this most important circumstance, and we were proportionately delighted that he makes it the fitting climax of his wonderful sketch. Mark Fagan, born of very poor parents, was only six months at school, began life as a news-boy, passed on to be a helper on a waggon, then a frame-gilder, afterwards an undertaker, and found his true vocation in politics, but politics of a new sort, honest, pure, kind, but firm as adamant. He is now serving his third term as Mayor of Jersey City, his native town, which was but lately the most corrupt city in the most corrupt of the United States. Bribery and graft met him on every rung of the political ladder; but he gently said No, and worked honestly and faithfully for the people who adore him. His gentle firmness is a mystery to all who know the little shy man whom everybody calls by his Christian name, or rather it was a mystery till Mr. Steffens, who is an unconquerable searcher, found out the secret and revealed it to the world in spite of the hurt he knows it will inflict on Mark's truly humble soul. Before relating this infinitely valuable discovery in Mr. Steffens's own words reporting a heart-to-heart talk with Mark Fagan, we will condense it into a formula which every enlightened Catholic will readily grasp. The Mayor of Jersey City is a fervent Catholic, a man of prayer, listening to the promptings of the Holy Ghost, going very frequently to confession, and feeding



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the flame of divine love by spiritual reading.

"Why do you care about other people? You seem to like men. Do you really?"

His look answered that, but he went on to talk about his boyhood and his experiences as an undertaker.

"What do you mean by the people? The poor people? The working people? When you address a crowd, do you appeal to labor as labor, to the unions, for example?"

"Oh, no. I never do that. I mean everybody. The poor need the most, and most people over here work, but by people I mean men and women and children, everybody."

"Railroad Presidents? Do you hate the railroads?"

"No," he said, reflecting. "They do a good deal that is wrong. They corrupt young men and they don't care anything about Jersey City. They should stop corrupting politics, but you can't expect them to look

out for us. We must do that." He paused. "I have hated men, almost, some of these corporation men, but I don't any more. I used to hate men that said things about me that weren't true, that weren't just, but I've got over that now."

"How did you get over it?"

"I have a way," he said, evidently meaning not to tell it.

"You must have been tempted often in the four years you have been in office. Have you ever been offered a bribe?"

"Only once, but that was by a man sent by somebody else. He didn't know what he was doing, and I didn't blame him so much as I did those who sent him."

"But the subtler temptations, how did you resist them?"

"I have a way," he said again.

This time I pressed him for it; he evaded the point, and I urged that if he knew a way, and a good way to resist political temptations, others should know of it.

He was most uncomfortable. "It's a good way," he said, looking down. Then looking up he almost whispered: "I pray. When I take an oath of office I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is an oath, and afterwards I pray for strength to keep it."

"A silent prayer?"

"Yes."

"And that helps? Against the daily temptations too?"

"Yes, but I—every morning when I go up the steps of the City Hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me and—to resist them. And at night I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"When you were considering whether you would give out that letter to Governor Murphy, why did you say 'let the consequences go?'"

"Well, when anything is to be done that I think is right, and the rest say it might hurt my political career, I ask myself if such thoughts are tempting me, and if I think they are, I do that thing quick. That was the way of the Murphy letter."

"They say you want to be Governor of New Jersey?"

"I know that I don't," he said quietly. "I have asked myself that, and I know that I don't. I don't think I would be able to be the Governor, I mean able to do much for people in that high office."

"What do you want to do, then?"

"Why, what I am doing now."

"Always? Do you mean that you'd like to be Mayor of Jersey City all your life?"

He looked up as if I had caught him at something foolish or extravagant, but he answered:

"If I could be—if I could go on doing things for the people all my life, as Mayor, I should be very happy. But I can't, I suppose, so I shall be satisfied to have done so well that whoever comes after me can't do badly without the people noticing it."

"Well, what do you get out of serving others, Mr. Mayor? Try to tell me that truly."

He did try. "I am getting to be a better man. You know I'm a Catholic—"

"Yes, and some people say the Catholics are against the public schools. Why have you done so much for them?"

He was surprised. "I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people."

WRITE FOR OUR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY SALE CATALOGUE

HERE are some lines of staples taken out of our January and February Sale Catalogue. The prices illustrate the kind of values we are giving in every department of our Store. The Catalogue will be found of value to all who are anxious to save money, and it is sent free on request to all who cannot possibly visit our Store. No matter where you live you can participate in this Great Sale. Our Mail Order Department is in better working order now than it has been since we opened in Winnipeg, and we bespeak prompt service and satisfaction. **STUDY THIS LIST CAREFULLY: IT WILL PAY YOU.**

<p>***** * 11-9001. Full Bleached all Pure Linen Huckaback Towels, even weave, splendid drying towels, made from pure flax, hemmed ends; size 17 x 34 inches, per pair. * Special Sale Price 25c. *****</p> <p>TABLE CLOTHS</p> <p>11-9005. Full Bleached All Linen Damask Table Cloths, finished with border all round, assorted designs; size 2 x 2 yds. Special Sale Price .98</p> <p>11-9006. Satin Damask Table Cloths, Irish manufacture, new range of designs, guaranteed all linen; size 2 x 2 1/2 yards. Special Sale Price 1.43</p> <p>11-9007. All pure Linen Satin Damask Table Cloths, Irish manufacture, well assorted patterns; size 2 x 3 yards. Special Sale Price 1.73</p> <p>11-9008. Double Damask Table Cloths, finished with border all round, grass bleached, choice designs; size 2 x 2 1/2 yds. Special Sale Price 2.09</p> <p>FLANNELS AND FLANNELETTES</p> <p>11-9011. Superior quality of Canadian Striped Flannelettes, assorted in light, medium and dark colorings, guaranteed fast colors, 33 inches wide, and extra special, per yd. Special Sale Price .08</p> <p>11-9012. Extra fine quality of Dyed Saxony Flannelettes, plain weave, no dressing, assorted in plain colors of pink, cream, white, or blue. 32 inches wide, per yd. Special Sale Price .10</p> <p>11-9013. Fine Dyed Saxony Flannelette, superior in quality and finish, plain weave, in solid colors of pink, blue, cream or white, guaranteed fast colors, 34 inches wide, per yd. Special Sale Price .12 1/2</p>	<p>BLEACHED DAMASK</p> <p>11-9016. Full Bleached Table Damask, assorted patterns, superior finish, 60 inches wide, per yd. Special Sale Price .27</p> <p>11-9017. All Pure Linen Table Damask, well assorted designs, full bleached, 61 inches wide, per yard. Special Sale Price .39</p> <p>11-9018. 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Irish Satin Damask Table Napkins, in assorted designs, guaranteed all linen, full bleached; size 17 x 17 inches, extra special, per doz. * Special Sale Price .89 *****</p> <p>TOWELLINGS</p> <p>11-9034. Bordered Crash Roller Towelling, superior quality, even weave, 17 inches wide, per yard. Special Sale Price .05</p> <p>11-9035. Heavy Crash Roller Towelling, bordered, excellent drying towelling, 16 1/2 inches wide, per yard. Special Sale Price .07</p> <p>11-9036. Extra Heavy Crash Roller Towelling made from pure flax, even weave, bordered, 19 inches wide, per yard. Special Sale Price .10</p> <p>11-9037. Red or Blue Checked Glass or Tea Towelling, superior quality and finish, 16 1/2 in. wide, per yard. Special Sale Price .05</p> <p>TOWELS</p> <p>11-9040. Three-quarter Bleached Huckaback Towels, fringed ends; size 18 x 35 inches, per pr. Special Sale Price .17</p> <p>11-9041. Bleached Huckaback Towels, hemmed ends, plain white or red borders, guaranteed all linen; size 16 x 34 inches, per pair. Special Sale Price .20</p> <p>11-9042. Fringed Turkish Bath Towels, grey with red and white stripes, linen finished; size 20 x 40 inches, per pair. Special Sale Price .25</p> <p>*****</p> <p>* 11-9004. Heavy Plain Crash Roller Towelling, made from selected yarns, firm even weave, excellent drying towelling, 17 inches wide, special value, per yard. * Special Sale Price .08 *****</p>
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"Well, you were saying that you are a Catholic—"
 "Yes, and I go to confession ever so often. I try to have less to confess each time and I find that I have. Gradually I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about hating men that were unfair to me shows. Some of them were very unfair; from hating them I've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I'm trying to be right and just to everybody. Maybe some day I will be able to like them."

"Like them also! What is it, Mr. Mayor, altruism or selfishness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you?"

He thought long and then he said he was "afraid it was the fear of God."

"What is your favorite book, Mr. Mayor?"

"The Imitation of Christ.' Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, anywhere, every day."

I wouldn't tell Jimmy Connolly, nor "Bob" Davis, nor Sam Dickinson, nor to their faces could I say it to many men in Jersey City; I'd rather write than speak it anywhere in this hard, selfish world of ours, but I do believe I understand Mark Fagan, how he makes men believe in him, why he wants to: The man is a Christian, a literal Christian; no mere member of a Church, but a follower of Christ; no patron of organized charities, but a giver of kindness, sympathy, love. Like a disciple, he has carried "the greatest of these" out into the streets, through the railroad yards, up to the doors of the homes and factories, where he has knocked, offering only service, honest and true, even in public office. And that is why he is the marvel of a "Christian" community in the year of our Lord, 1905. And, believe me, that is how and why Mark some day will make his Jersey City "pretty." This gentleman has found a way to solve his problems, and ours, graft, railroad rates and the tariff. There may be other ways, but, verily, if we loved our neighbor as ourselves we would not then betray and rob and bribe him. Impracticable? It does sound so—I wonder why?—to Christian ears. And maybe we are wrong; maybe Christ was right. Certainly Mark Fagan has proven that the Christianity of Christ—not as scholars interpret it, but as the Nazarene taught it, and as you and I and the Mayor of Jersey City can understand it—Christianity, pure and simple, is a force among men and—a happiness. Anyhow that is all there is to the mystery of Mark Fagan; this is what he means.

Persons and Facts

(Continued from page 1)

The new Catholic Church Extension society has received another endorsement from the American Southwest, in the form of a letter strongly approving of the work, signed by Archbishop Glennon and the Bishops of Kansas City, St. Joseph, Wichita, Concordia and Leavenworth. The idea of the society is to provide travelling missionaries in districts where there are few or scattered Catholics.

Under the auspices of the Catholic Colonization society, organized last spring by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, 13,500 acres of land have been purchased in Dunklin County, Mo., whereon Catholic families will be invited to settle. The idea is to keep Catholics together and provide many living in large cities with a happier living, perhaps.

Reports at the public meeting of the Catholic Converts' League in New York showed a membership of over 600. Thirty new members were received during the summer. Early New England conversions were referred to by Prof. J. H. Webb, of the faculty of Yale law school, a convert of 16 years' standing.

The golden jubilee of the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at St. John, N.B., was celebrated on Christmas Day. The diocese of New Brunswick was established on Sept. 30, 1842.

The Western Catholic Review, an illustrated monthly magazine, is out with its first number from Prescott, Arizona. Rev. Alfred Quetu and Hon. Judge A. L. Morrison are co-editors of the monthly.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., a staunch Irish Catholic, has just retired from the army at the age limit, the sixty-seventh year.

A movement is under way for a Central Catholic club or a Catholic Society hall in Toronto. There are in the Ontario capital seven Catholic societies, with 50 branches having a membership of 3,000.

Press despatches report that Pope Pius has declared his intention of sending a wedding present to Miss Alice Roosevelt. The gift will probably be a beautiful piece of mosaic work from the Vatican factory.

The Catholic bishops of Ireland are making another attempt to stem the tide of Irish emigration. A circular signed by Cardinal Logue and Bishop Sheehan of the diocese of Waterford, has been ordered to be read in the churches throughout Ireland warning the younger generation of the evils of emigration, appealing to the people not to be allured by the enticements held forth in letters from the United States, and especially dilating on the dangers that beset the path of girl emigrants.

Lord Brampton, once better known as Judge Hawkins, and a recent convert to the Catholic Church, has made the handsome contribution of £1,000 to the building fund of the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. It is not the first evidence he has given of interest in the structure, because he has also presented a side chapel at a cost of £5,000.

At Christmas, Rev. John McDonald, S.J., preached several times at Oak Lake, Rev. Father Bouillon, the pastor, was delighted with the conciliatory tone of these sermons. A bazaar was held, under Father Bouillon's direction, and it netted nearly one thousand dollars.

On Dec. 23, 24, 25 and 26 Rev. Father Drummond preached eight sermons at St. Thomas, North Dakota. This Christmas triduum was well attended and several who had not been to their Easter duty received the Sacraments. The pastor, Rev. S. J. Arsenault, with his well known musician skill, directed the excellent choir of St. Thomas's church.

On Dec. 29 Mr. John M. O'Connor, of St. Thomas, N.D., brought in his aged cousin, Mr. James O'Connor, to St. Boniface Hospital to have him treated for advanced diabetes. The patient's case gives great concern to the doctors.

Mr. Justice Prud'homme and his wife have had an interesting private audience from the Pope. They are now visiting the Holy Land. On Christmas Day they both received Holy Communion in the grotto of Bethlehem.

NEWMAN'S NEWEST CRITIC.

"Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse" is a book from the pen of W. C. Wilkinson, recently published by Funk and Wagnalls. We have not seen the volume, but we infer from a review of the book in the London "Athenæum" (Sept. 23) that Professor Wilkinson has had the temerity to criticize that master of English writing, Cardinal Newman. The "Athenæum's" reviewer first gives a quotation from Professor Wilkinson's himself,—as a sample of Wilkinson's style. This quotation is a paean of praise for the Protestant preacher, John Hall, and it runs:—"John Hall." Fix your eye on that name. How foursquare it looks! Speak it. How solid it sounds! Speak it again. What weight it carries! Once more! How evenly balanced it is! Consider it. What freedom from surplussage! What honest scorn of distinction!"

Says the "Athenæum's" comment: "We suppose there are people who like this sort of thing, and who even regard it as good writing, or else it would not be possible for a periodical to pay a man to write it. But we must confess that the tendency to produce it augurs ill in a would-be critic of style. It is not, we think, wonderful that the writer of the paragraph above quoted should find John Henry Newman's manner a little lacking in 'felicity'—his most eminent characteristic. It is a well known fact that that master of English wrote a Latin sentence every day as an exercise. We suppose that is why Professor Wilkinson tells us Newman could, in his opinion, have written Greek better if he had written Latin more. The prospect of a Newman purged of his Græcisms by Professor Wilkinson is indeed alluring. Doubtless the author of the John Hall symphony would correct that 'tendency to formlessness in style' which he discerns in the writer of 'The idea of a University.' We have given a sufficient specimen of

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Mr. Wilkinson's quality to enable the reader to judge for himself whether he wishes to read the book. Those who regard the criticism of Newman as discriminating, or who derive satisfaction from the paragraph at the head of this notice, will win, we dare say, abundant pleasure from this volume." Of course Professor Wilkinson's book is written from the Protestant viewpoint. Hence the force of the "Athenæum's" further comment: "The book will be useful, for it affords evidence of what a certain kind of 'religious' journalism tends to foster. It is fairly characteristic of the world of which it is the symbol; it will do little harm to those who like it, and none to those who do not, and will serve as a landmark to many of the distance that divides us from the Middle Ages. Only the Reformation, which was started by a journalist of genius, could have made a book like this possible. The author evidently enjoyed writing it. But, personally, we prefer the 'formless infelicity' of Newman."—Sacred Heart Review.

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EVOLUTION OF THE JAUNTING CAR

In Ireland the evolution of the modern wheeled vehicle in its perfection as the jaunting car can be seen in all its stages, says the Boston Transcript. The jaunting car is peculiar to Ireland and is a very highly developed vehicle, far more suitable to the wants of the country than would be either the hansom cab or the brougham. Rich and poor alike use the jaunting car, and show daily that they prefer it to the vehicles in general use in other countries.

Side by side with the most up-to-date vehicles one sees the ass with the paniers on its back. Now the jaunting car is the lineal descendant of the panier.

There is, for instance, the slide, which is barely a step in advance of the panier. Then comes the solid-wheeled, low-backed car, of the sort in which fair Peggy charmed her admirers. Then comes the spoke-wheeled car, and next in development is the vehicle with which the tourist of to-day is familiar.

While other countries have departed from the panier principle in their vehicle development, Ireland has clung to it from first to last. The jaunting car of to-day practically carries its passengers on either side of the horse's back, just as the paniers did a thousand years ago.

Strolling through a Donegal village the writer met a peasant on his way to the nearby market town. With him was his beast of burden—an ass, and strapped on either side were two huge baskets in which was carried from bog to home the turf that the peasant used as fuel.

A bit of sacking lay across the back of the ass, and over this the baskets were slung. In each basket sat a child, pictures of happiness.

The writer asked the peasant where he had found the idea of transportation he had developed.

"It's not new," he replied. "I learned it from my father, and he from his. They do say it comes down from the old, old times."

A little farther on was a group of peasants cutting turf in a bog. Some had only baskets, which, when filled, they would carry home on their backs.

Another peasant, the owner of an ass, carried home his turf by means of a slide consisting of two long poles harnessed each side of the animal, shaft fashion, and with the ends dragging on the ground. The basket is lashed on the top of the poles, and the animal is thus relieved of the weight of the load.

The slide, the second stage in the evolution of the jaunting car reminds one much of the method of the American Indian transporting his lodge or tepee, from place to place.

The third stage of evolution may be seen in almost any Irish village. It is a rough wheel, approaching more the square than the round. It is usually of home manufacture.

The load, however, is raised from the ground, and the rolling motion substituted for the sliding method. The body of the car is of the roughest construction, consisting simply of a few boards so arranged as to retain the load.

The fourth stage in the evolution process shows no advance in principal from the third. It is merely a refinement of the block-wheeled, low-backed car. This is the vehicle in use to-day among the more prosperous of the peasantry.

The wheels are of the spoke pattern, and are made by a wheelwright, while the body of the car is generally put together by the village carpenter. Such a car is used by the peasantry for both freight and passenger service. Often the tourist gets his first jaunting car experience on a springless vehicle of this sort, and prefers walking thereafter.

The really modern Irish jaunting car beautifully upholstered and mounted on the best of springs, is a comfortable vehicle. As an aid to sight-seeing it is far superior to most methods of transportation.

Still, it is true to the principle of the panier. The passengers sit back to back on either side of the horse, but the load, instead of being over the animal, is a little farther back and supported by shafts.

It Didn't Work

His knock on the door of a certain house was answered by a demure little woman, and he felt quite sure of a cold bite, as he led off with: "Madam, do not think me impertinent, but let me ask if it so happened that you had a son wander away from the family fireside years ago?"

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"Yes, I did," she replied, as he opened the door a little farther.

"He went out into the world and became a wanderer o'er the face of the earth?"

"Yes, he did."

"Days and weeks and months ran into years and you heard no word of him? You know not whether he lived or died?"

"As you say, I knew nothing," replied the woman as she stood in the door and looked fixedly at the tramp.

"Well, ma'am," he continued, "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but—but—"

"But you are just a little too late!" she finished, as he swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to wipe away a tear. "My wandering son returned about two hours ago and is now taking a soak in the bathtub. Had you called early this morning, you know—"

"Then, the situation is filled?"

"It is."

"Just my luck, ma'am; but of course, you are not to blame for it. I congratulate you and your wandering son, and will bid you good day and try the family next door."—Ex.

An Excellent Piano.

Mr. S. L. Barrowlough, the well known musician and western manager for the Morris Piano Co., has just unloaded a carload of fine pianos. He says, go were you will, search every piano wareroom and every piano factory from coast to coast, and you will not find a piano that will give you more solid, permanent satisfaction than the Morris piano. Viewed from any standpoint, it will justify the most extravagant praise. In tone quality this piano possesses an individuality that at once places it in a class of its own. It is looked upon by musicians, piano experts, and the trade, as one of the few really artistic pianos in the market. Mr. Barrowlough says that the Morris piano finds a ready sale because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action. He invites the most critical comparison of the Morris pianos with those of other high-grade makes. Whether you wish to buy or not, you will be a welcome visitor at the Morris warerooms.

Theatre-Goers in Germany

By Cornelia Cross, in December Donahoe's.

A favorite amusement is the theatre. It is a very comfortable one, no trouble, no fuss. At a little before seven the maid or the man servant takes the girls to the performance; they mount the dusty stairs, leave their wraps in the "garde robes," and go to their box, where they pass the whole evening unchaperoned. At first, this seems rather a strange exception to the usual custom; the explanation is, however, that there is no visiting in the entrance, and as German girls of good family only sit in boxes for which they

have subscribed they know quite well who is on each side of them, and very probably are surrounded by acquaintances. The two first rows of orchestra chairs are reserved for officers.

A kindly feeling reigns between the audience and the actors; many of the latter are engaged for life; and though there are no stars the average is decidedly higher than with us, and therefore according to European ideas, the whole is smoother, and more artistic than under the opposite rule.

At half-past ten even the longest play or opera is over. The officers wait on the pavement to see the audience come out; the girls slip by, a little embarrassed by the glances of the "Herr Lieutenant," and get into their carriage; the stout shopkeeper turns up his coat collar and goes to his customary inn, where at his usual table he discusses the play, and drinks his last glass of beer; and in a quarter of an hour the street is silent again. Early hours are so much the rule that if a performance requires more than three and a half hours, it begins at six or half-past.

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A Scene in the Dawson Hospital

From the "Klondikers' Friend," in December Donahoe's

As Father Judge entered the room with a brisk step and serious mien, every patient that could, raised himself up in the bed, while all heads were lifted. Oddly enough there was a smile on every sick face; only the priest looked dull and old. He passed at once to the centre bed, containing the man I heard named as "Jack." Jack had a rather uncouth, stolid face. He tried to rise as the priest approached, reached out and took one of the priest's hands tenderly in his own. H— and everyone else had stopped all conversation. All looked on. H— whispered softly to me:—

"Jack's going to die. The scurvy's got up into his spleen and he's all swelled up. They all die when it gets there. Two died last week that way."

I was sitting nearest Jack's bed. I watched the priest's solemn face slowly light up as from a glow within. The age disappeared. Patient and priest looked earnestly into each other's eyes for a full half minute. Then in the softest tones ever heard from a man's lips, Father Judge said:—

"I've been praying for you, Jack. If it is the good Lord's will you're going to get well. The medicine is beginning to come down river. Nurse will be here in a minute with what you need. Your good old mother is going to see you again if prayers and medicine can avail. Say your prayers, my boy. I'm going down to the chapel again, and I'll leave your case in good hands."

The priest smoothed back the sick man's hair from his forehead, and then I saw the man was crying. As the Father turned away, Jack raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it fervently, then buried his face in his pillow.

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How Japs Cheat

(New York Times)

While Minister Takahira was at Portsmouth, he, one morning, chanced to overhear a remark made by a Rockingham guest, who ventured the opinion that lazy and slothful nations naturally disliked the earnest, progressive little Japs—disliked them because they dreaded them. Half smilingly the diplomat from the Land of the Rising Sun turned and, with an apology for taking part in the conversation, said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I heard only the other day, something which bears most closely upon what you say. "I was in Washington, and two ladies whom I have the honor of knowing, were talking. Said one: "The Japanese should be excluded from America. No sooner do their young men come over here and matriculate in our schools and colleges but they begin a systematic course of cheating." "You don't say so," exclaimed the other; "why, how is that?" "Quite simple," returned the first speaker. They only pay for one tuition and they always learn enough at least for two."

HOW TWAIN GOT RICH.

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean

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Howells on one occasion, the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift" he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money" he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel, I kept it, and so became rich."

DION AND THE SYBILS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

But none of the roof-doors were open that Wednesday evening. Something ailed the Holy City. Out of the hushed heavens, mysteries and a stern doom were brooding over Jerusalem. Already the fermenting germ of those dreadful factions which were to tear to pieces, with intestine rage, the whole Jewish body, while the city was writhing in the vain death-struggle against Titus, a few years later, had begun to make itself sensible to the observant. A fierce hatred of the Romans and an insane eagerness to re-establish the old Jewish independence had taken possession of certain youthful fanatics; and "possessed" indeed they seemed. On the one side, the Roman officers of the garrison, from Pilate down, had received anonymous warnings in the wildest style, requiring them to withdraw from Jerusalem within a given time, or they should all be executed in the streets, as opportunity might occur; on the other, the prefect of Syria had been earnestly requested by Pilate to strengthen the garrison; while in the city itself the soldiers were strictly admonished to keep to their quarters, to avoid late hours, and to hold no intercourse when off duty with the inhabitants. Leaves of absence were stopped. A few legionaries had been already murdered in the neighborhood of wine-shops, in the small winding alleys, and in places of evil repute, and no efforts succeeded in identifying the perpetrators.

But these were only the feeble and evanescent symptoms, destined to disappear and reappear, of a political and social phase which was not to become the predominant situation until another situation should have exhausted its first fury. This, the first, was to be the war of the Synagogue against the disciples of the Messiah, whom those disciples went about declaring to have risen from the tomb, according to his distinct promise; whom they went about declaring to have been already seen and heard and touched by themselves again and again.

No wonder, then, if Aglais and Paulus and Esther had discussed in hushed tones and in Greek the wonders and various portents attendant upon the supreme and central fact—that Resurrection of the Master which absorbed their whole hearts and minds, leaving no room for any other interest therein at this tremendous epoch—the grand turning point of human destinies and of our whole planet's history.

From the parapet against which they were leaning, they now gazed in silence upon the splendid scenes below and opposite. Across a maze of narrow streets they saw the mansions, the towers and that great supernal "Temple of God" all so soon to perish violently in a general, a complete and an irreversible destruction. They saw the play of light and shade upon one long trellised side of Herod's proud palace; they saw the ripple of quivering leaves reflected upon the white colonnades (and their tessellated shady floors) of Pilate's fatal house; and, while revolving thoughts and questions of unspeakable importance and solemnity, they all three suddenly beheld an acted picture a passing scene, voiceless to them, yet impressive, which blent itself into their recollection of other scenes, never to be effaced from the memory of mankind, which, not a week before, had been under those very colonnades enacted.

A woman in the attire of the Roman matron came quickly forth upon the first storey balcony in the house of Pontius Pilate, and leaning over the rail, waved her hand with an imperative gesture to some one below.

She was followed into the balcony more slowly by a man wearing the grand costume of an ancient Roman military governor, who held in his hand a sealed and folded letter, tied with the usual silk string. The man was evidently Pilate himself. He looked long and gloomily at the letter, and seemed to be plunged in thought. He even let what he carried fall at his feet, and did not appear to be aware of this for some moments. It was the woman who picked up the letter, and gave it back into his hand. Then Pilate leaned over the balustrade in his turn, and spoke to a man below in military costume, who was mounted on a powerful horse, and seemed to be equipped for travel. The soldier saluted, looking up, when he was addressed, and saluted again when his superior had ceased speaking; whereupon Pilate dropped the letter (a large and heavy despatch), which the soldier caught and secured under his belt,

inside the tunic, or "sagum," immediately afterward riding away at a canter. Our three friends saw Pilate, his head bent, and his eyes on the ground, slowly and ponderingly re-enter the house by a screen door, the same through which he had come out upon the balcony; but the lady, clasping her hands a little in front of her forehead gazed into the heavens with a face ashy pale, and with eyes from which tears were streaming.

It is a well known and for centuries universally received tradition besides being a fact recorded by one most respectable and trustworthy author (who besides, was not a Christian, but a Jew)—a fact without which the allusions to it in various authorities ancient together with Phlegon the Chronologer's subsequent recital of Tiberius's extraordinary conduct, would be unintelligible and unaccountable—that Pontius Pilate, harassed by the unappeasable reproaches of his wife, and something within his own bosom which allowed him peace no more until (sleepless, and unable again, unable for ever to sleep) he bequeathed, some years afterward by an awful death, whether intentional or not, his name to a great Alpine hill, a hill not henceforth named, or to be named, while time and mountains last, by any name but Pilate's among distant and then barbarous nations—it is well known, I say, that Pilate sent to Tiberius Caesar a long and minute relation concerning the life, the death and the disappearance from the tomb of him whom the Jews had crucified, together with a notice of the supernatural wonders wrought by him; his previous notorious announcement of his own intended resurrection; the directly consequent and equally notorious precautions taken to hinder it; the disappearance, in spite of this, of the body; the testimony of the soldiers that they were witnesses to the abstraction, which they were unable to stop, because they alleged that they were not witnesses of it (being buried in sleep); that, in fact,

their testimony proved nothing save the body's disappearance from the massively-sealed tomb (which would have stood a small siege); the failure of the Synagogue to account for the body; the account of it by the disciples; and, finally, the admission of the Pharisees that all their prophets had become unexplainable if this was not their Messiah, yet that such a conclusion was to them impossible, because he was to have been their king, and to have founded an empire extending through all nations and tongues; their stern and ever-growing disaffection to the Roman rule; the universal amazement, excitement and anxiety arising from the circumstance that, while neither the Synagogue nor the soldiers could throw any light upon what had become of the body, the disciples of him who had predicted his own resurrection explained the event openly and fearlessly by stating that they had again and again met him since the previous feria prima; that they cared for no protection except his alone; that the dead was once more among them—living and henceforth immortal—their Master and God; the ultimate Judge of this world, and the foretold Founder of an everlasting kingdom! Pilate added several strange and astounding particulars.

(To be Continued.)

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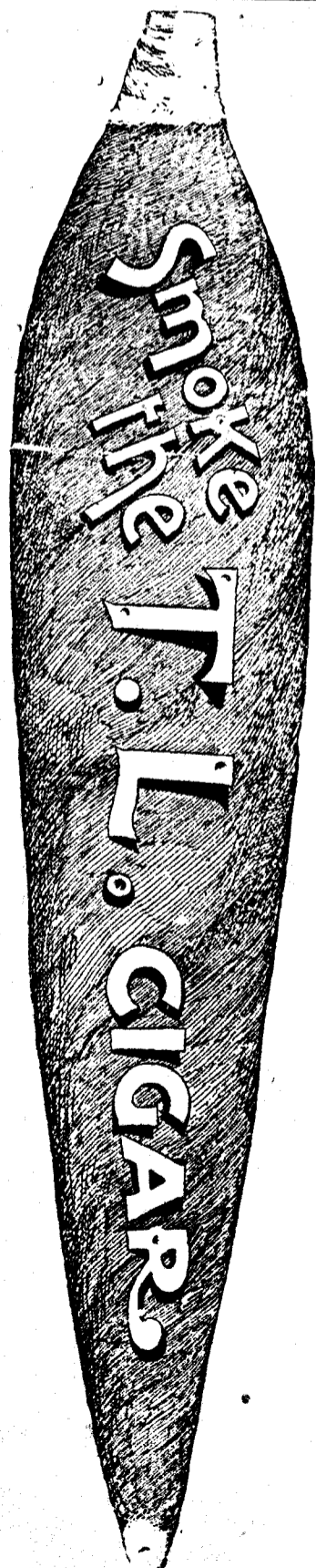
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THE JANUARY INTENTION

The General Intention recommended by the Holy Father for the incoming month of the New Year is Citizenship. It is a life-giving, inspiring theme, a fit and proper subject for the prayers of millions. What is needed to-day is citizenship in the best interpretation of a much abused word; that true love of our country, that larger national aspiration, which must arise within the mind and will of any man to whom his country is not a mere storehouse for his food, not a mere business place for his money, but an object that appeals to what in his ideas is noblest as well as to what in his heart is holiest and best beloved. Wherefore the man who loves his country wishes his country's good.

But, what kind of good must he desire for his country? What kind of good must he earnestly wish and devoutly work for? Love of country includes every order of things that are human and reaches even to the order that is divine. Our physical existence, our material surroundings, our social circumstances, our intellectual atmosphere, the moral breathing and throbbing of our character, are each and all reasons why we should love our country; so in each and all of these orders should be exercised the citizenship to be prayed for, and which is for our country's good.

This citizenship desires material prosperity, farms yielding their products, cities thriving in business enterprises; everywhere good work and good wages; honest energy and deserved success; everywhere thrift, tidiness, taste. This citizenship desires the practical usefulness and the ideal graces of education, the success of sound science and the triumph of noble art. Beyond and above all, it prays for a dignity, an innocence, a sturdiness and a stability of human character that shall render the people worthy of the reverence of the world. Towards this ideal the citizen will humbly but strenuously work.

This citizenship has its grand centre in the Christian home, the abode of human affection and the sanctuary of holy love; that is the truest and highest aspect of a home. There is no place like that home, blessed in love, journeying together, hand in hand, toward that other home where shall one day be united the darling loves of this human spot of exile, without its tears, and the eternal union of the dear ones without good-bye.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

HAWAII'S BISHOP

Returns from his Visit to Rome.

Right Rev. Monsignor Libert Boeynaems, bishop of Hawaii, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Father Valentine, and three missionaries for the islands, lately passed through the States on his way back from his first adlimina visit to the Holy See. The missionaries accompanying the bishop to Hawaii are the Rev. Fathers Servais Halinde, Rodrigue Frans and Brother Engelbert Kwakman. They are to labor on five of the islands of the Hawaiian group. On the sixth island, Molokai, the leper colony is situated.

Next year Bishop Boeynaems will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival as a missionary in Hawaii. He was consecrated in 1903 in St. Mary's cathedral, San Francisco.

Bishop Libert Boeynaems intends never again to leave the Hawaiian Islands. In an interview he said:

"I am Flemish and from Antwerp at that. I have never forgotten anything of that which binds me to my native land, but for the good of the people who have been placed under my care for the success of my mission, and to satisfy my own private feelings, I have become a citizen of the United States. So that even if I am Flemish and a son of Antwerp I am an American by adoption."

Bishop Boeynaems has for the past 24 years been a missionary in the islands which compose the territory of Hawaii, viz: Oahu, Maui, Kawai, Hawaii and Molokai.

He left Honolulu in April last accompanied by Father Valentine. While in the States they had interviews with President Roosevelt and Cardinal Gibbons. They went first to the headquarters of their order in Paris, and while there the superior and members of the order were expelled from France. The headquarters of the congregation is now in Belgium.

The bishop and his secretary were received by the pope who was kind and gracious.

Father Valentine, who accompanies the bishop as his secretary, is undoubtedly the most popular clergyman in the Hawaiian Islands. He is a former member of the volunteer fire department, bandmaster of the Catholic Mission band, organist of the cathedral, director of the choir and is also pastor of St. Augustine's church at Waikiki, Honolulu's aristocratic suburb. In his congregation are included former Queen Liliuokalani, Prince and Princess David Kawananakoa, the Democratic national committeemen from Hawaii, Col. Samuel Parker, former minister of the kingdom and present Republican national committeeman from Hawaii.

The bishop and party sailed from San Francisco on the Asia on November 29. Information has been received that the Federation of Catholic societies and the citizens of Honolulu gave the bishop a welcome that will long be remembered.

PRIEST ENDS STRIKE.

The polishers' strike at the Wehrle stove foundry, Newark, O., inaugurated last June, seems almost ended. Rev. B. M. O'Boylan of St. Francis de Sales church, who has been for three weeks endeavoring to adjust the difference, says that he believes a basis of settlement has been reached, adding: "There is no reason to doubt that the strike will end in a few days. I can state that practically all cause for further trouble is removed and that with a little patience and good sense there can be no further friction."

Father O'Boylan declined to talk of the terms, and the company is reticent. The strike at this foundry, employing 2,500 men, has caused two murders and several shooting and stabbing affrays.

PROTESTANT GIRL

Receives a Silver Medallion From Pope Pius.

Cecil Lacy Evans, the twelve-year-old daughter of Rev. N. Evans, pastor of the Trinity Methodist church, Seattle, a few days ago received, through Bishop O'Dea, from Pope Pius, a silver medallion. Last summer the child picked up in the street a stone with a perfect white cross in the centre of it. When Bishop O'Dea left Seattle for his periodical visit to Rome several months ago, he carried with him this natural curiosity in a carefully sealed package for his holiness from little Miss Evans. The Bishop delivered it, and in return the pope sent the little Protestant child the medallion.

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