



## PURGATORY.

What an infinite blessing is purgatory! What a terrible mistake did our Protestant friends make when they discarded purgatory and left it out of their formularies of belief? How can they console themselves in the death of relatives who, they are conscious, have gone into eternity with many imperfections and venial sins? We are told in Holy Writ that nothing defiled can enter heaven. They can not believe that their friends deserved to go to hell, nor that they were so free from imperfection as to deserve to go straight to heaven. They may be forgiven their moral sins through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, but something is due to the justice of God after sins have been forgiven. David, who was a man after God's own heart, was forgiven the great sin of which he had been guilty with the wife of Uriah; nevertheless, he had to satisfy the justice of God, which exacted the death of his favorite son, whom he loved as his own soul.

Heaven is the beatific vision of God, where angels and saints and glorified spirits dwell, and it stands to reason that no soul shall ever be permitted to enter there until it has paid the last farthing of penalty to the justice of God and has been cleansed and purified from every stain of impurity and defilement. Blessed be God for the consolation which Catholics enjoy in being able to pray for their departed friends, with the full confidence that their prayers and charitable sacrifices will be made available for their purification and final happy entrance into the world of light and bliss above.

This is no new doctrine. It is founded in reason, and is as old as Christianity. It was believed even under the Old Law before Christ came, as is testified by that striking passage of Machabees, so often quoted, in which the valiant Judas sent twelve thousand talents of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for the sins of the dead soldiers who had been guilty of purloining the votive offerings which hung in the temples of the idols of those whom they had conquered. "For," the account concludes, "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

That prayers for the dead were practiced by the early Christians is proved conclusively from the testimony of St. Augustine in the fourth century, who expressly declares: "Let heretics object as they may, nevertheless, it was a very ancient practice of the Church to pray and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for the dead." A very ancient practice, observe! And this great Father tells, himself, that his mother, Monica, enjoined it upon him that he should remember her after death in the Holy Sacrifice. St. Gregory Nazianzen says: "The practice of praying for the dead has been handed down to us from the very disciples of Jesus."

Catholics have no doubts in regard to a doctrine so old, so reasonable and so consoling, yet it may be a question whether they always appreciate it as they should. There are two ways in which they

may fail to derive all the benefits from it that it is calculated to bestow. In the first place, there is danger that they may underrate the evil of venial sin and go on indulging in it, under the impression that they can escape hell by purging away their venial sins in purgatory. Of course, a man who is conscientiously struggling against deliberate, habitual, venial sins may well console himself with the reflection that by passing through the fire of purgatory he may escape the fire of hell. But that is a very different thing from making purgatory an excuse for continuing in sin. Such a one has reason to fear that he may be compelled to go farther and fare worse.

In the second place, it is feared that none of us realize the severity of the punishment of purgatory. Of course, it would be an infinite gain for any soul to suffer the most excruciating torments for a thousand years, if by so doing an eternity of suffering could be avoided. But, surely, every reasonable man should esteem it an object worthy his most strenuous exertions and most generous sacrifices to obtain the shortest period possible in purgatory.

No doubt many will remember the very remarkable incident published in the *Ave Maria*, a few years ago, of the appearance of a dead nun to some of her former companions in her convent, when, to show them what she was suffering, she placed her hand on a door of one of the rooms and left there a charred impression of her hand burned into the door. Father O'Neil, C.S.C., was allowed to see this door and to take a photograph of it, and the impression was reproduced in the columns of the *Ave Maria*. Father O'Neil was fully convinced of the truth of the incident, and there is every reason to believe that the nun had actually been allowed by Almighty God to appear and give this evidence not only of the truth of the doctrine of purgatory, but also of the nature and severity of the ordeal through which even pious religious may be compelled to pass, even for what seems to us as small venial sins, for this nun acknowledged that she was suffering for some comparatively slight neglects of her Rule.

What are the practical lessons we are to learn on this subject? First, let us never cease to pray earnestly and offer the Holy Sacrifice as often as possible for the repose of the souls of our departed friends, even though they may have died with the reputation of sanctity. Second, let us be careful to lay a good foundation for ourselves, for the time to come, by carefully avoiding deliberate, even venial sins, thus striving to make our purgation as light as possible, remembering, always, that the more prayers will we secure for ourselves in the day of need, and the more quickly will we pass to our glorious reward in heaven. —*Sacred Heart Review*.

### AN AERIAL DOMICILE.

(Written for the Review by an English Banker.)

In former times, when imagination and superstition occupied the

position which science now holds, the four elements—as then understood—fire, water, earth and air, were believed to be the homes of innumerable hosts of various ethereal little beings. Fire had for its genie the imaginary salamander; water its graceful nymphs and naiads, ever youthful, and ever beautiful; earth its gnomes and pixies, ugly little misshapen creatures dwelling in the darkest recesses of caverns and mines; while air was peopled with throngs of fairies, elves, fays, sprites, and other diaphanous beings, mostly charming and extraordinarily lovely little existences, whose chief pleasure was supposed to be dancing by moonlight, or assisting in some way or other some human being with whom they had become enamoured; but occasionally spiteful, mischievous, and malevolent.

With the advance in knowledge, however, and the resulting disappearance of superstition (at any rate in reference to this particular subject), the belief in these fanciful creatures has vanished away. We find, however, that their place is taken by myriads of other forms, not diaphanous and ethereal, like the fairies and elves, but solid and substantial, some teeming with life, some inorganic and extra-terrestrial, which crowd the lower ranges of the great aerial ocean by which we are surrounded.

To form some faint idea of the infinite profusion of these extraneous occupants of the atmosphere, it is only necessary to bore a hole in the closed shutter of a room, through which the direct rays of the sun may shine, and, with a powerful double hand—magnifying glass to examine the ray of light projected through the aperture. The first thought inspired by the marvellous spectacle is one of wonder that it is possible to escape instant suffocation, for the air appears so heavily charged with masses of solid impurities, mostly of inconceivably grotesque and fanciful form, that it is difficult to imagine how breathing can be carried on. It would be impossible to describe the heterogeneous collection of matter which is so thickly floating about, and so weird is the appearance that if a magnified photograph could be taken of the ray it would be received with utter incredulity.

The floating corpuscles of the atmosphere, when microscopically analysed, are found to consist, in addition to the minute detritus of almost everything on the surface of the earth which the winds could take up, of cosmic dust from burnt up meteors or "shooting stars," of living infusoria, with also myriads of their skeletons, minute seeds and eggs, portions of human epidermis, carbon, in towns in profuse abundance, perhaps neutralizing the deleterious effect of the more noxious particles, with microbes, bacilli, and innumerable other organic and inorganic substances.

The old-time fancies with reference to fairies and gnomes had, however, a solid basis of truth about them. For although there are no sprites or elfins dancing in the moonlight round toadstools, yet the air is full of ethereal beings hovering around us, some desperately striving to drag us down to

perdition, some as anxiously desiring to see us keep to the paths of rectitude and obedience. And if only a child of man could see with mortal eye for a single moment these bright angels, and these black hovering spirits, surely he would cry with passionate earnestness to the Eternal, for the Saviour's sake, to enrol him amongst His children, and to give him divine strength to resist the evil. Then would they flee away and be discomfited, while those bright angels would close around him and ever minister to him.

### OBITUARY.

#### MR. MICHAEL BENOIT.

The parish of St. Anne's mourns the loss of one of its best young men, Michael Benoit, son of Francis Benoit and Bridget Neville. He was born 24 years ago at Lyndock, County of Renfrew, Ont., his father being a devout French-Canadian, his mother a truly Catholic Irishwoman. By his thoroughly Christian spirit, his love of work, his thriftiness and sobriety, Michael was a model for all the young men about St. Anne's. He had never tasted any intoxicating beverage, and even during the attack of typhoid fever that carried him off he steadily refused to take any. "No liquor has ever passed my lips," he said, "and I won't let it do so now." He died as he had lived, a faithful Catholic, fortified with all the last rites of Holy Church. Generously yielding up his young life to his Maker, he said to his devoted pastor, Rev. Father Giroux, "I would like to live; but, if it is the will of God, I am ready to offer my life to Him."

The Sunday before his death, he said to his mother, "Don't forget to send the children to Mass." Towards eleven o'clock he added, "Mother, are you ready to recite the Rosary?" Thus he went to his account in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

At the end the typhoid fever changed into inflammation of the lungs. This excellent family is sorely tried. For almost seven weeks there has been typhoid in the house: First the father, then the only daughter, eighteen years of age, and then one of the boys, of whom there now remain six. The father and daughter have received the last sacraments, and seem to be on the mend.

Michael was the last to catch the fever and the first to succumb. Father Giroux says he has lost in him the pearl of his younger flock.

R. I. P.

#### LORD RUSSELL'S OPINION OF A TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

"Cross-examination," says Lord Russell, "rarely hurts a really honest witness. People think that anything can be done by cross-examination; but, as a matter of fact, if a witness is honest, it can do very little. Speaking for myself, I can say that I never rise to cross-examine a witness with any heart or interest unless, from something I know of him from my brief or from his demeanor in the box, I have reason to believe that he is not telling the truth." —*Gerald Stephens, in Nov. Donahoe's*.

#### MARIE CORELLI.

(The New Century, Washington, D.C.)

Marie Corelli's "Master Christian" is a good example of the present craze for teaching everything by means of the novel. The amateur theologian, like Mrs. Humphrey Ward; the amateur philosopher, like Mr. James Lane Allen, and a number of others insist that their mission is to teach instead of to make life more unendurable by the exercise of their gift of storytelling.

Marie Corelli is, of all living writers, the most incapable of teaching anything. She writes in a glare of red fire. She lives in a world of her own creation. She knows less of life than Ouida, and she has all the contortions of that literary sibyl, without any of her genius.

She is adored by the average Englishman. And this, so far as taste goes, is the worst thing you can say about her — for the average Englishman is the most inartistic creature living. In the "Master Christian" she grasps the planets, the lesser stars, the heaven and earth and protoplasm, and makes an iridescent bolus of the whole mass which she tries to force down the throat of the dazed reader.

In "Barabbas," — which was widely read by Catholics because some paragrapher announced that the Oracular Marie was of the faith — she shows us how sweet, simple, and balmy Judas was, and what a grizzled old hypocrite she would like St. Peter to be. Before "Barabbas" appeared she had invented an electric religion; — five drahms of Buddhism in solution with an equal quantity of the essence of evolution, with a good deal of bad whiskey and a red cherry or two probably expresses the concoction in words worthy of it. Her characters never lived in world — therefore, she made of them romances of two worlds. Her appeal was to those so uneducated by contact with good literature that they could not see the difference between corrupt rhetoric and honest expression.

Wise, in her own conceit, she wraps her flame-colored robe about her, crowns herself with tinsel stars, gives stage directions for thunder and lightning, and utters thousands of weird and amazing tin-plate prophecies.

Hall Cain was foolish enough in "The Christian" — he showed how silly the expert novelist can be when he tries to be an expert theologian — but the "Master Christian" has capped the climax; it is the apotheosis of self-conceit, the acme of complacent ignorance, a cataract of verbiage and an avalanche of stilted nonsense.

Miss Corelli's vogue shows how unconvincing is popularity. She has succeeded in selling more books than any other living author. She is beloved in the rustic home and adored by the city hearth-stone — all of which goes to show that the masses of the people ought to be educated in the essentials of taste, as well as in the essential three R's.

This is, of course, rank aristocracy — rank intellectual aristocracy? Probably — yet intellectual aristocracy is not a bad thing, if it keeps the minds of rich and poor alike from admiration of such fantasmagorias as the "Master Christian."

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1900.

## CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

### DECEMBER.

- 2—First Sunday in Advent.
- 3—Monday St. Francis Xavier, S. J., Apostle of the Indies.
- 4—Tuesday—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Doctor.
- 5—Wednesday — Votive office of St. Joseph. Fast Day.
- 6—Thursday—St. Nicolas, Bishop.
- 7—Friday—Vigil. St. Ambrose, Bishop, Doctor. Fast Day.
- 8—Saturday—Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Holy day of obligation.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

We are in receipt of the first three monthly numbers of the *Labour Gazette*, the official organ of the Department of Labour, which was established by order of Parliament under authority of the Conciliation Act, 1900. By Order-in-Council dated July 19, Mr. Mulock was appointed Minister of Labour. The editor of the *Labour Gazette* is Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. Among the regular labor correspondents figures Mr. John Appleton, of this city. The *Gazette* is published in both English and French. Orders and subscriptions—three cents per single copy, or twenty cents a year, payable in advance—should be addressed to The Accountant, Department of Labour, Ottawa. Remittances must not be made in postage stamps. It is recommended that money be sent by postal note, made payable to the order of the accountant. If sent in this way, letters need not be registered and may be sent free of postage.

Each number of the *Labour Gazette* contains 42 pages of great practical interest to all right-minded citizens. The best way to give an idea of the scope of this publication is to reproduce the contents of the November issue. It opens with an editorial notice of the more important articles. Then follow reports from local correspondents in Halifax, St. John, N. B., Quebec city and district, St. Hyacinthe, Que., and district, Montreal and district, Toronto and district, Hamilton and district, Guelph and district, London, Ont., and district, Winnipeg and district, New Westminster and district, Vancouver, B. C., and Vancouver Island. Next come schedules of retail prices of articles for domestic consumption, rents of houses for workingmen,

rates paid for board and lodging by workingmen. The labor difficulties at Valleyfield, Que., are reviewed. A list of unions formed during October comprises seventeen trades, including the union of civic employees in this city. "Legislation in Canada for the protection of persons employed in factories" is a very thorough digest of the laws on this important question. A list of eleven government contracts for October follows, with fair wages schedules in each case prepared by the "Fair Wages" officer, Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who is one of the oldest and best known labor leaders in the Dominion. We read in the September issue of the *Gazette* that "in one or two instances he has reported that the rates being paid were not those current in the district, and the government has taken immediate steps to secure the payment of a fair wage." A table of ten trade disputes in Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec during the month of October gives the grievances of both employers and workmen, the time each dispute lasted and the results. "The coal mining industry in Canada" covers nine pages of facts and figures. There we learn that the coal areas of Manitoba are roughly estimated at 15,000 square miles, yielding lignites of a very good quality. In the "Enforcement of the Alien Labor Act during October," we read of the complaints made and the action taken in regard to each. Reports of the London (Eng.) Board of Trade on wages are discussed at length. Among increases in wages are those of farm laborers in England and Wales. The last article contains synopses of recent legal decisions affecting labor, one of which is *Kelly vs. City of Winnipeg* re the minimum rate of 17½ cents per hour on corporation work.

The above summary is sufficient to show what a mine of information for the student of the conditions of labor is furnished in the *Labour Gazette* for three cents, and what a valuable yearly history of this most vital question one can secure for twenty cents. The labor question is one which the Sovereign Pontiff has treated in a masterly fashion himself, and on which he desires that all enlightened Catholics should be well informed, especially if they have a voice in the framing of municipal, provincial, or federal laws. The workingmen are the thews and sinews of the nation, and are fast becoming a great factor in its directive brain.

"The Jubilee" is the appropriate General Intention for December in preparation for the year 1901, during which the benefits of the Jubilee will be extended to all the faithful, even to those who cannot go to Rome. His Holiness wishes that the Holy Year should be the solemn glorification of the Redeemer of the world. "In the forthcoming manifestations of faith and religion," says Leo XIII., "let this special intention be kept in view—hatred of all that which within our memory has been impiously said or done against the Divine Majesty of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make amends publicly for the injuries publicly inflicted upon him."

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## BUTTER AND CHEESE.

At the end of a year which has been, on the whole, decidedly unfavorable to the great Manitoba staple, wheat, it may not be amiss to direct attention to that other stand-by of our stock-raising farmers, the dairy interest. Our city contemporary, *The Commercial*, whose authority in business matters is paramount, devotes more than two pages of its issue of Nov. 17 to the Convention of the Butter and Cheese Makers' Union, and has the following editorial leader on the report of the meetings:

"The sessions of the new Manitoba Butter and Cheese Makers' Union held last Thursday and Friday, to which reference was made in last Saturday's *Commercial*, were more than usually interesting. The purpose of the meetings was to discuss ways and means of improving the dairy products of Manitoba, particularly cheese, which it is well known is not what it should be as regards quality. The promoters of the new union are engaged in both the making and selling industries themselves and have been for some time pointing out in their individual capacity the faults that have made necessary the formation of this new union, which appears to be in some respects usurping the functions of the old Manitoba Dairy Association, and they have been subjected to rather severe criticism at times for their course in the matter. Now that the opinions they expressed have taken shape in the formation of this union the truthfulness of their contentions is being generally admitted and the industry awakened to a sense of the danger with which it is threatened. The meetings of last week were well attended and there seemed to be no two opinions as to the reality of the difficulties which have confronted the dairying industry of this province. It was also gratifying to note that the opinion of the meetings seemed to be unanimous upon the main points brought out in the discussions. Unity is above all things needed if this fine industry is to be placed and kept in the place which it ought to occupy as compared with other provinces of Canada. There can be no room for dissension. Not only must the makers of the goods be at one with each other in effort to improve the industry, but the dealers must also be at one with the makers, and the government's dairy department with both. It cannot be said that this has been the case for some time past, and the inferior quality of cheese is largely due to lack of unanimity and singleness of purpose in the management of the industry.

The new union starts out under good auspices if the attendance and feeling at last week's meeting are anything to judge by. There seemed to be no division of opinion so far as those engaged in the industry are concerned, and a good programme of work for the future was mapped out. Before the gathering broke up a deputation waited upon the government to urge certain reforms which are thought to be necessary. A full report of the meeting is given elsewhere in this issue.

A considerable portion of the report is taken up with the address by the President of the Butter and Cheese Makers' Union, Mr. S. M. Barré, who proved up to the hilt the necessity of organization and centralization if Manitoba cheese is to be brought to perfection. He gave an exhaustive review of the butter and cheese factories in this province, pointed out their most glaring defects, and suggested practical remedies such as are ap-

plied most successfully in Ontario and Quebec.

The evening session of Thursday, Nov. 8th, was, we are pleased to see, attended by several priests: Rev. Dr. Béliveau, representing His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface; Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., pastor St. Mary's; Rev. Father Lacasse, O. M. I.; Rev. Father Jolys, representing the largest cheese centre in Manitoba, and Rev. Father Jutras, of Letellier. This evening session being largely attended by cheese makers from the French parishes, the President repeated in French what he had said in the afternoon session. Rev. Father Lacasse, who has done so much to improve farming in the Province of Quebec, addressed the meeting, and showed the progress made in Eastern Canada during the last fifteen years.

Rev. Father Jolys, of St. Pierre, which is, as we have said, the largest cheese centre in the Province of Manitoba, next spoke on dairying in Manitoba, showing what had been accomplished in his own parish and pointing out the fact that the parishioners would not feel very much the effects of the grain crop failure this year, as they mostly depended on the cheese crop.

Nor did all these interesting speeches end in nothing. At noon the next day a large delegation of butter and cheese makers waited upon the Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, expressed their views on what should be done to improve the quality of our butter and cheese, and embodied these views in a petition containing eighteen suggestions of highly practical value.

Mr. S. M. Barré deserves great credit for having so ably conducted the labors of the convention and for having secured the co-operation of the parish clergy, whose influence and experience in such matters was fully recognized and appreciated by the lay members of the convention.

## THE MUNICIPAL OUTLOOK.

During the past twelve months the citizens of Winnipeg have had almost unlimited opportunities of marking their ballots, but probably the most important election of all, involving as it does issues which come closely home to every taxpayer and householder in the community, is that which will decide during the next few weeks into whose hands shall be committed the affairs of the city during the first year of the new century. Already there are many signs that there will be no lack of candidates for the important positions of mayor and aldermen which have to be filled, and it is clear, too, that the battle, although it must be a short one, will, in all probability, develop a bitterness which good citizens would desire to avoid.

Already personal feeling and individual animosities have come to the surface in connection with the campaign inaugurated by certain of the leading aspirants for civic honors. For instance, there is the case of Alderman Ross, who is in the field for the mayoralty. The main plank of the platform on which he appeals for support seems to be the alleged incapacity or blundering of the city engineer, and this is advanced with a bitterness and a persistency which have already lost the alderman scores, and we believe hundreds, of votes he might otherwise have got. The mass of the people are not yet prepared to condemn the engineer. The evidence that has been given them is not at all clear or convincing, and with the love of fair play that always characterizes Winnipeg people, they do not intend to assist in sentencing Col. Ruttan until he is found guilty. They know his case is before the courts and they feel that it is, to say the least, indelicate to make a matter that has been referred to a judge of the courts a subject of debate and discussion on the hustings, and the foundation of an appeal to the electors. It may be that the court will sustain all that has been charged against the Colonel, although those who know him best believe that he will come through the judicial enquiry with flying colors, but whether

he does or not, there can be no doubt that the verdict of the court will be binding on next year's council and the cause should not form a prominent feature of the present election. Besides Ald. Ross there are at least three other candidates for the mayoralty, namely, Mayor Wilson, Ald. Mitchell, and ex-Ald. Arbutnot. To our mind the last named is the best of the bunch and would in all respects make a worthy mayor of the city. He is one of our unobtrusive but useful and public spirited citizens whom it should be our delight to honor and, as he is willing to devote his time to serving us during the next year in the capacity of mayor, we are of the opinion that the citizens should avail themselves of his services. As to the aldermanic candidates, not much can be said at this writing. We do not agree with the sentiment that seems to prevail in some quarters that a clean sweep

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should be made of the old members of the council. No doubt there are many points on which mistakes have been made during the past year, but not all the retiring aldermen are responsible for these. Each man amongst them must be judged on his merits and it is very problematical whether any twelve of our citizens would have done better on the whole under existing circumstances. Next week we shall probably know more definitely just who the candidates are to be, and we may then be in a better position to express our opinion as to which of them should be elected.

**OUR EXCHANGES.**

It is no wonder if now and then a voice is raised against dancing, considering all the evils that can be traced to this senseless pastime. The matron of a home for fallen women in Los Angeles, Cal., declares that seven-tenths of the girls received there have fallen through dancing and its influence.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Race and religious cry cut no figure in elections in the Province of Quebec," was the heading of an article in a daily paper last week. Of course not. The Catholics of Quebec, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Catholics of every place else, do not refuse to vote for Protestants. Sixteen English-speaking Protestants were returned to the Canadian Parliament from French-Canadian Catholic constituencies. That is a pretty good proof that Catholics, when they have the chance, do not make religion a political test. People who are worried about Catholic federation please take notice.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*Blackwood's Magazine* stigmatizes Miss Corelli's "Master Christian" as containing "common, pert and ungrammatical sentences," and herself as a writer "not trammelled by reverence or decency." It suggests "that a formal attack upon all the churches should not be made by an unlettered lady who knows not the rudiments of theology or criticism." Finally, Miss Corelli is described as "irreverent, illiterate, rhetorical and inaccurate."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Few, if any, great reforms have been obtained in any country except after years, often generations, of struggle with the influences and powers that have always been arrayed against popular demands for justice.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

A man who, knowing nothing of science, doubts its truths, is looked upon as a fool. A man who has never studied religion, but who doubts the existence of God, is looked upon as a brilliant thinker. That is the world's way.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

**PERSONS AND FACTS.**

The smoker at the Catholic club rooms last evening was a great success. The chair was occupied by T. D. Deegan, president of the club. Games were indulged in, while fragrant "weeds" were passed around and enjoyed by the members of the club and their guests. An excellent programme was carried out and music and good fellowship reigned supreme until about midnight, when the company retired.—*Morning Telegraph, Nov. 23.*

Two Sisters of Providence of Saint-Brienc passed through here last week on their way to Prince Albert.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin went to St. Daniel, near Carman, last Saturday, accompanied by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Béliveau.

The splendid new Church of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver, will be dedicated on the 9th of next month.

The conversion of the gifted novelist, Paul Bourget, to practical Catholicism is so thorough that, like Paul Féval, under similar circumstances, he is undertaking a complete revision of those of his works in which faith or morals have been lightly dealt with.

Bishop Haid, of North Carolina, has written to the *New Century*, of Washington, denying the rumor, given in that journal, that he intends resigning his see.

Mr. Larramore, a cousin of Consul General Goodnow, of Shanghai, was recently received into the Church in Kentucky.

Rev. Sister Prince, so well-known as the Superior of St. Roch's, the isolated annex to St. Boniface Hospital, left last week, in company with Miss Adeline Ducharme, to take charge of the Indian Industrial School at Touchwood Hills, north of Qu'Appelle.

*The Little Manitoban*, the story-book, made up of prize stories by children and other stories by "grown-ups" is now going through the press. A meeting of the canvassers for this charitable work was held in the city council chamber last Saturday afternoon. On comparing notes it was found that several of the canvassers had already sold about fifty books each. At this rate the first edition of two thousand copies will probably be sold before it appears.

**WHY "I" DON'T READ THE CATHOLIC PAPERS.**

"I never read the Catholic paper."

When he has delivered himself of this pregnant information, the alleged Catholic looks about for the universal admiration that ought to shower upon him on account of this literary revelation.

A semi-intellectual grimace sprawls over his so-called countenance.

His bump of self-esteem swells with inflated pomposity.

He tells his secret to the world with the air of a gourmet who disdains ordinary common food. Oh, no! "the Catholic paper" is not good enough for his pampered appetite, his dilliantante taste, his refined palate!

Other reading has the favor of his critical attention.

It may be the story column in a patent inside weekly, where the "old story" of love-and-a-maid is ground out in gruesome effort by some clumsy apprentice. It may be the casualty or criminal news in a metropolitan daily. Or it may possibly be that he doesn't know how to read.

In all or either cases, the Catholic paper doesn't come up to the high-water mark of his supposed intelligence.

It doesn't give his brain the right kind of exercise. His rudimentary cerebrum is not titillated at the point of active intuition. Consequently, he "never reads the Catholic paper!"

The Catholic paper ought to be ashamed of itself, or it ought to improve.

Some of its articles, at least, might be printed in monosyllables. It might clip more instances of railway accidents, fires, poisoning trials and slashing affrays from the immaculate dailies.

Why write so much of Catholic rights, Catholic morality, Catholic

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education, Catholic faith? Why not publish partisan politics? Why look to Catholic papers when the dailies "do as well?" Why not introduce as "family reading" something more lively, more light and less instructive?

These are some of the questions asked by the thoughtless, to whose patronage the splendid superstructure of Catholic journalism owes nothing.

The man who has no interest nor intelligence outside of the price of groceries or the state of the market; who knows of nothing beyond bread-winning and low politics; who has the rabies for a kind of flamboyant patriotism, such as self-respecting Catholic papers do not furnish; who can't be interested with anything but local news and gossip from Mud Flat; whose religious make-up is too tender to bear the strain of anything else than the short sermon he hears on Sunday; whose parsimony seeks a defence in weak sophistry—these are the class of men who make a boast of "not reading the Catholic paper!"—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**SPANGLES.**

He—"Do you dawnce?"  
She (who has been informed that he is a bore)—"No."

He—"Neither do I. Let's spend the evening just talking to each other."

"Hush! There are visitors in the drawing-room."  
"How do you know?"  
"Listen; papa is saying 'My dear' to mamma."

Miss A.—"When I'm asked to sing, I don't say, 'No, I can't sing,' nor wait to be coaxed, but sit right down at the piano and—"

Miss B.—"Leave the company to find it out for themselves."

Jones—"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've taken a house on the river."

Mrs. G.—"Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day!"

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In Twenty-five Years the population increased from 12,000 to 200,000; the land under cultivation from 10,000 acres to 2,000,000 acres; the number of schools from 16 to 982.

A comparison between the years 1885 and 1889 shows the following results:

**GRAIN PRODUCED.**

	1885.	1889.
Wheat . . . . .	7,429,410 bush.	27,922,230 bush.
Oats . . . . .	6,364,263 bush.	22,318,378 bush.
Barley . . . . .	1,113,481 bush.	5,379,156 bush.

Total . . . . . 14,907,184 bush. 55,619,764 bush.  
Increase, 40,712,580 Bushels.

**MANITOBA LANDS**—For sale by the Provincial Government. Over 1,600,000 acres of choice land in all parts of the Province are offered at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per acre. Payments extend over eight years. SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to 500,000 acres along the line of the Manitoba Northwestern Railway at \$3.00 and \$2.50 per acre.

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**To the Public**

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**THE NEW BOY.**

"You had better eat meat, you know, Rodgers," said Monks.

"Monks is a terror," whispered another; "you had better."

"I can't," expostulated Rodgers. "Catholics can't eat meat on Friday."

"But you'll have to," continued Monks.

"I shan't," was the quiet answer.

"See here," said Monks, "if you don't, I'll make you. We shall stand none of your bigotry here."

"Try."

Monks reflected, made a mental estimation of the newcomer's fighting powers, and seemed to hesitate, then stammered: "Well, I would, only I don't like to hurt you."

Rodgers smiled. He was a newcomer to Seaforth's Boarding School. Seaforth's, you know, was one of the most successful schools in the colony. It was a Presbyterian school; but professed to be perfectly impartial in matters of religion. To this academy Willie Rodgers was sent by a father who was ambitious that his son should carve his name on the future history of Australia. Mrs. Rodgers ventured to expostulate. She had been so careful of her son's training from the cradle that she looked with some anxiety to the prospects of his living in such an un-Catholic atmosphere as a Presbyterian boarding school. Her husband was inflexible.

"My dear," he said to her, "you shut your eyes to Willie's best interests; the boy has talent, remarkable talent, and it would be unfair to him, as well as to ourselves, if we were to deprive him of the advantages of such an education as may be had at Seaforth's. There are always plenty of Catholics there. Major Hardy told me last summer he was sending his two boys there."

So Willie was sent to Seaforth's; late in the term, too, which caused every one to talk of the new-comer. He had been put on the bowl at cricket the first day and took Monks' wicket the first over. Every one was delighted except Monks; for Monks was a bit of a bully, and was, in consequence, secretly hated by the boys.

His first night the new-comer knelt down by his bedside to say his night prayers, as was his un-failing custom. There was a titter in the dormitory. Some one threw a pillow at him, another hit him with a sponge; but he didn't appear to mind. Monks hit him with his slipper. That hurt. 'Twas mean, too. Rodgers seemed vexed when he looked round, and Monks pretended to be engaged with his toothbrush, but the night prayers were finished without further interruption. This was the beginning of it, but the real trouble came on Friday.

On Friday the new-comer found that no provision had been made for any one who did not wish to eat meat. The dishes came one after another, but, with the exception of some vegetables and a potato, he found there was nothing he could eat. This was hard for a hungry youth like himself. Potatoes and vegetables are never satisfactory in such a case. It was still harder to see his neighbors on all sides watching his evident discomfort. They were staring and sneering at him so. He could hear whispered remarks and polite inquiries about his health and appetite. He felt the shame burning on his cheeks at so much attention being paid to him; yet it no more occurred to him to eat meat than to cut off his head. At length Monks, the biggest boy at

the table, took it upon himself to compel the new-comer to eat his meat. His attempt failed ingloriously, as we have seen above.

After dinner Rodgers found himself in the midst of a crowd of boys regarding him with feelings of mixed wonder and curiosity, as the boy who "checked Monks and refused to eat on Friday."

"What a silly as he is," he overheard one say.

"Oh, yes, a little bigot," responded another; "this is the first time a Catholic refused to take what he got on Friday. We'll soon teach him better."

"Oh, let him alone," said a bigger boy, who just joined the group. "He will soon get tired of his abstinence. He will eat meat like the rest next Friday. Let the youngster alone. It's not quite fair to a new-comer."

The majority of the boys began to feel ashamed of themselves, and hurried off to their cricket and tennis, leaving their recent victim in peace. He repeated more than once, "He will eat meat, like the rest, next Friday. Why, what a stupid lot of duffers they are," he thought, "not to know that a Catholic can't eat meat on Friday. But I wonder if it is true that the Catholics here eat meat. Here comes Hary. I'll ask him."

Hardy had been a distant, former acquaintance, and had acted as the new-comer's patron since his arrival at Seaforth's. Great, then, was Rodgers' surprise when this young gentleman called out:

"What the dickens did you want making such a fool of yourself in the refectory to-day? The sooner you drop such nonsense and do as every one else does, the better. I thought you were a fellow of some sense."

"Sure, Hardy, you don't mean to say you eat meat to-day, Friday?"

"Why, you little idiot, do you suppose one can live on potatoes and bread? One can abstain on Friday at home if he likes, but in Rome one must do as the Romans do. Have a little sense in future, Rodgers."

"And you call yourself a Catholic, Hardy?"

There was such a degree of contempt in the voice and gesture of the new-comer that Hardy blushed for very shame. Muttering something about narrow-minded bigotry, he hurried away to hide his confusion.

As Rodgers knelt by his bed that night he was assailed with quite a shower of stockings, sponges, pillows, etc. Without showing the slightest alarm or irritation, he finished his prayers. Many whispered from their beds, "The new-comer is a plucky fellow, at any rate." Henceforth he was seldom disturbed at his devotions.

There was trouble yet in store for him. He found next day that many of his friends looked coldly on him; some even refused to let him join in their games, alleging that they wanted no bigots there. He found a few, indeed—and in every school such a few will be found—who showed him some kindness and defended him from the worst of his enemies, though they persisted in advising him to give in. But what grieved him above all was that he had to suffer most from his fellow-Catholics. They persecuted him most unrelentingly, and tried to make his life as miserable as they could. They little knew the strong character they had to deal with. Rodgers weathered this storm. He had many qualities that endeared him to the schoolboy heart. Sharp and quick of intellect in class, in the playground he promised to become a champion. He was overflowing,

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too, with good nature, which no amount of annoyance could stamp out. Before many days had passed he was popular among an ever-widening circle of friends. Friday came, however, bringing with it a fresh load of troubles.

(To be concluded next week.)

**THE COLLEGE PLAY.**

Last Monday evening the students of St. Boniface College gave an entertainment in aid of the Athletic Club. The great feature of the evening was the well-known French play, by Father du Cerceau, S. J. (1670-1730), "Grégoire, ou Les Inconvénients de la Grandeur," wherein Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, persuades a cobbler to take his place as Duke during one day. The grotesque thoughts of the suddenly exalted cobbler and his frequent perplexity afford room for the highest kind of comedy, and the author rises fully to the level of the situation. The cast was as follows: Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, A. Sabourin; Charles, Philip's son, A. Béliveau; Grégoire, the sham Duke, P. Beaubien; The Marshall of Burgundy, the Duke's confidant, E. Beaupre; Hue de Lannoy, sham Chinese Ambassador, J. Magnan; Jean de Berge, officer, A. Dubuc; Jacob du Roussay, treasurer, A. Bertrand; Carmagnole, quarry to Jean de Berge, J. Lord; Fadius, ridiculous pedant, a physician, D. Collin; an astrologer, H. Cormier; Lubin, Grégoire's chum, N. Bellavance; a member of a provincial parliament, L. Pambrun.

All the actors played well, though some did not speak loud enough; but the star of the performance was Mr. Beaubien. The structure of the play makes him almost the only comic character therein, and he bore his responsibility with splendid ease and naturalness.

The orchestra, directed by Mr. Albert Bétournay, helped greatly to the success of the entertainment.

As each entrance ticket gave a right to a prize drawing, the prizes were awarded after the play, and, as generally happens, the award had most amusing surprises.

The audience was large, select and most appreciative, the clergy being present in great numbers.

The Athletic Club is more than pleased with the pecuniary result of the entertainment.

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WINNIPEG.

**Canadian Northern Railway**

Time Table, October 14, 1900.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going S.	Leave Going N.	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinax, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thurs, and Sat.		7 30	17 45
Dauphin, Makinax, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed and Fri	11 40		22 30
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tuesdays		7 30	21 15
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg Wednesdays	7 15		22 30
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Fridays	17 00	11 00	
Dauphin to Swan River and Track End, Wed, and Sat.		8 20	19 40
Track End and Swan River to Dauphin, Mon & Thurs	7 00		18 20
Dauphin to Gilbert Plains, Tuesdays		12 30	14 15
Gilbert Plains to Dauphin, Tuesdays	15 15		17 00
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon, and Thurs	8 20		15 50
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues and Fri.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed, Thurs and Sat.	8 20		12 06
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues., Wed., Fri and Sat.		12 40	16 40

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KLONDIKE.

**Great Britain, Europe, Africa.**

Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3 cents per mile; 1,000 Mile Ticket Books at 2 1/2 cents per mile, on sale by all agents.

April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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Winnipeg.

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**TIME TABLE.**

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.	DEPART	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily		1 45 pm	1 30 pm
Morris, Brandon, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.		10 45 am	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.			4 30 pm
Portage la Prairie, Mon., Wed., Fri.		4 30 pm	11 50 pm
Portage la Prairie, Tues., Thurs., Sat.			10 35 am

Last Thursday, when the case of Lizzie Blutoff was brought before the Winnipeg assizes, the jury blew 't off in two minutes with a verdict of "not guilty."

**ST. MARY'S CHURCH**  
Cor. ST. MARY and HARGRAVE STS.

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Rev. D. GULLET, O.M.I.

ASSISTANTS—  
Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I. Rev. C. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.

SACRISTAN—  
Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.

**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
CHURCH OF THE  
**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION**  
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**Sundays—**  
Low Mass, with short instruction, 8:30 a.m.  
High Mass, with sermon, 10:30 a.m.  
Catechism in the church, 3 p.m.  
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7:15 p.m.  
N.B.—Sermon in French on 1st Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meetings of the Children of Mary, 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

**Week Days—**  
Mass at 7:30 a.m.  
On 1st Friday in the month Mass at 8 a.m., Benediction at 7:30 p.m.  
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in morning before Mass

**C. M. B. A.**

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.  
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C. M. B. A.  
for the Province of Manitoba, with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

**Branch 52, Winnipeg**

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

President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest; Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshal, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees—G. German, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnish, M. Conway.

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The attention of all our subscribers and exchanges is earnestly directed to the fact that the NORTHWEST REVIEW is now published, not in St. Boniface, but in Winnipeg. Consequently, all communications and exchanges should be addressed "P. O. Box, 499, Winnipeg."