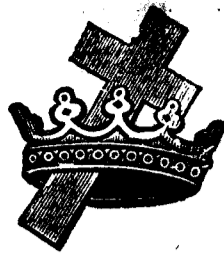


Northwest Review



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

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MR. JOSEPH BERNIER'S SPEECH.

At the Manitoba College Alma Mater Society's Dinner—Feb. 8th.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It affords me great pleasure to be here to-night and to be called to say a few words in answer to the toast which has just been given.

On behalf of the staff and of my co-graduates of the College of St. Boniface, I extend you the good wishes which they and each of them entertain for the welfare and the success of the institutions of learning which dot our new province, and of all those who, whether as professors and teachers or as students, are connected therewith. It would be out of place for a youth like me to pretend to address myself to the professors and teachers of the college, except, however, to mark my respect for them.

Such may not be the case with regard to my fellow-graduates and the undergraduates; as to these I may be allowed to call their attention to the gratification it must be for us all to have in this province, young as it is, institutions where men of devotion are spending their lives for our benefit, in working us up to a standard of education second to none in this Dominion.

It behooves us at such gatherings as this not to forget what we owe to our professors and teachers and to convey to them the expressions of our everlasting gratitude. Not satisfied with the care they take of us during our student life, they follow us up in after years and open the doors of the Alma Mater, as they have done to-night, and welcome us again under the roof which they have built up to be the temple of learning. Nothing to my mind is better calculated to produce good results than these gatherings. I venture to say that they are most effective means of spreading throughout all ranks of society that spirit of friendship which must reign over a nation if she wants to become great and prosperous.

They call back together young men who would otherwise lose sight of each other, and amidst the amusements and the gaiety of such celebrations these young men are likely better to know and appreciate each other, and in this way their education, as it were, is continued and perfected in the broad spirit which every body in the land must desire.

We are in a new province, the possibilities of which are immense; we have the ambition of becoming one of the jewels of Confederation; we the young men of to-day will soon be called to be the factors of the prosperity and of the development looked for in future years; we, each of us, have a duty to perform in the building up of this province.

I have been imbued both by my Alma Mater and under the paternal roof with the idea that, diverse as are the people of this province in so many ways, yet there must be but one mind all through, in the fostering of the interests of the country. That is the opinion which I now stand by, and am glad to say, will always do so.

It is under the influence of such ideas that I have come here to-night, sure to meet friends to whom I could most heartily convey the best wishes of the students of the College of St. Boniface. I therefore beg to thank you, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind invitation, and renew the expressions of our best wishes for the success and prosperity of your college.

The Life of a Great Gun.

(Written for the Review)

A hundred ton gun is a big thing. It takes 16 months to build it, it costs the feeding for a week of all the citizens of Winnipeg; its projectile could at one blow kill them all if they were strung out on a straight line, because it is hurled through space by an explosive force, which represents some 24 million horsepower, though that power strikes its blow only during the hundredth part of a second. Was there ever such an engine? Yet so shaken is it by each performance that it is not safe to fire it more than one hundred times. Only 100 times does this monster engine act, and only for the hundredth part of a second; after that it is worth its weight in old iron and steel; hence its useful life is just one second! Is its life worth living?

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES.

II

A Chicago Church.

"Odd idea, that of you Romanists, building fine churches in the middle of old slums!" "Don't you think they are some times almost as much needed there as on the avenues?" was the response. Yet in slums there are degrees—slums and slums—and St. Peter's Church, Chicago, is in the heart of the slummiest slum I ever invaded. It belongs to the Franciscans and contains a picture which I was very anxious to see, not for any artistic merit it was reported as possessing, but because concerning it I had heard a sweet little true story of the sacrifice (a great one to her) that a latter end of the nineteenth century public school child, in the city of Chicago, made for the faith once delivered to the saints. So one sunny afternoon I plunged bravely into the aforesaid slum, holding my skirts well above the contaminations of the pavement.

Half a dozen languages smote upon my ears in as many seconds and for once I was glad that my linguistic acquisitions were very limited. Sights there were too as well as sounds of which I would fain have been unconscious. And as for smells, so unspeakable were they that even at this distance of time and space I cannot recall them with any degree of equanimity. Yet, I was not surprised when in this milieu I suddenly encountered a bevy of well looking, well mannered, and decidedly well dressed, American girls. They were young and pretty too, and even the gold-framed pince-nez which the leader wore could not quite spoil the effect of her fine eyes. For once I think young Miss America was a little daunted, for she clutched me as eagerly as the proverbial drowning man the proverbial straw. "Do you know where the Franciscan church is in this neighborhood?" "No; but I soon shall, for I am going there."

"Oh, may we join you?" asked she of the eye-glasses. "Certainly," I answer, falling into the little procession, wondering meanwhile what has brought them there. But I do not wonder long, for the spightly leader hastens to inform me that they are a Philosophical Historical and Literary Club, bearing some Greek title which I shall not venture upon. "We have given a great deal of time to Hegel this winter and I felt the need of some intellectual diversion for the younger girls, so in odd moments we read 'Ramona' and, learning that there were some real Franciscans in Chicago (with an emphasis that suggested that the imitation article was of frequent occurrence) I thought it would be delightful to come and see them in their picturesque garb, just the same as dear Father Salvierderra wore when he blessed Ramona. But you have not read it?" with a sigh for my supposed ignorance. I have just time to reassure her upon this point as we find ourselves in front of the church, a quaint gray stone building, faintly suggestive of the California missions. I hear that it has been restored and altered and I am heartily sorry, for I loved it as it was. "Won't our special artist find some lovely bits here?" said one of the girls, and I noticed that one of the club had armed herself with sketching paraphernalia (that was a couple of years ago and kodaks were not quite as ubiquitous then as in these evil days they have become). With clicking of French heels on the stone floor, musical tinkling of bangles, swishing of dainty draperies and diffusion of faint odors of violet and heliotrope, they entered the church. A lovely picture they made in the dim old pile, and the sun peeping at them through every available bit of glass flecked them all over with rose and amber, purple and gold. Not one of them acknowledged in any way the presence of which the red light glowing dully in the wonderful old bronze lamp spoke so eloquently to a Catholic heart.

Presently a deep toned bell rang several times and a procession of friars filed sombrely into the sanctuary. They wore brown serge gowns with cowls and girdles of rope about their waists. Kneeling before the altar, each extended his arms in the form of a cross and remained thus motionless for what seemed many minutes. The artist was

watching quite breathless with delight. "Just see that lovely one with the long white beard," I heard her whisper; "what a perfect Father Salvierderra he would make! How I hope he will keep still while I sketch him." After a while the friars rose and entered their stalls. This brought the unconscious model into a better position for the artist. I almost forgave her her enthusiasm for he was a man of venerable mien, with an unmistakable dignity, I had almost said majesty, of bearing that his poor coarse garments could not hide. When he rose and prepared to depart with the others, the poor artist was in despair. "Do you think I might ask him to kneel just a little longer?" she asked me eagerly. "I don't know," I said doubtfully; but, as I was vainly searching my memory for a precedent, a slender, white-gowned figure flashed up the aisle in time to intercept the departing model. I watched for a glimpse of his face as he turned to her. I do not know in what words the favor was asked, and refused, for he passed out at once; but the beautiful eyes, beautiful with the beauty of holiness, rested with a look that was full of kindness upon the girlish face, and though disappointed I could see that she was neither vexed nor hurt.

Now, that the friars were gone, I ventured up to the high altar. The great painting represents our Lord giving the keys to St. Peter. It is in an excellent light at this hour and I understand how it made such a vivid impression on the child's mind. She was born and bred in Chicago. Her father was a Protestant, her mother a Catholic. For some reason, perhaps shame that her husband never went to church with her, the mother attended this rather obscure church. Sunday after Sunday the child studied the great picture over the altar, and the lesson it taught sank deep into her heart. She had a great trouble, her father whom she dearly loved, never came to church with them. Though she was only ten years old, this fact cost her many an anxious thought.

They were poor working people and had but few pleasures; but once a year on the child's birthday (she was their only one), the man took a day off, and they went for an excursion to one of the parks on the lake. They all looked forward to this, the child especially. On her eleventh birthday she was allowed to choose their destination, and for weeks beforehand she thought of little else. But a few days before the event, something happened that had never occurred before (so the woman told me) in the course of their whole married life. She and her "man" had "words" about religion. Poor coward; she had always managed to keep her unlucky faith in the back ground 'till then, but as fate would have it, while her "man" was at home, some Sisters of Charity called for some pennies she had promised them. He attacked the church, and goaded to desperation she made some poor defence. The child heard it all. The man ended the controversy by saying that "Peter wasn't no more than the rest of the apostles," and bid his wife shut her mouth, which she did. I have heard the same effective line of argument adopted by men much higher in the social scale. The child held her tongue; but on the morning of her birthday she said "You will come anywhere I like, father?" and he said "yes." "Then come along." "Why, where are you taking us, child?" asked the mother, as the three trod the familiar streets that led to St. Peter's church. "To church," said the child. "Why, you can go to church every Sunday." "Yes, but I can't take father—I want to show him something he never saw." In silence they enter and the child takes her father's hand and leads him straight up to the main altar. The mother falls back and the two stand alone together, the father and child in front of the great painting. The figures on it are clear and life-like: our Lord giving the keys to the Prince of the Apostles, who receives, kneeling, and with bowed head for himself and his successors, this solemn and awful burden of dignity and responsibility. "Look father," she says pointing to it all with one little hand. "I wanted you to see this even more than I wanted to go out on the lake, for I knew that you only said what you did because you had never been to church and knew no better."

CARDINAL MANNING.

VIEWS OF ENGLISH PAPERS ON THE NEW LIFE.

The Liverpool Catholic Times has this to say editorially of the Purcell's Life of Manning.

We can scarcely be surprised that in their hatred of the Church the ultra-Protestants seized with avidity on Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning." The editor of the "Rock" delights in calling it a damaging expose. Apart from the erroneous criticisms of the biographer it is by no means damaging. On the contrary, fairly judged from the deceased Prelate's own acts and words, Manning's character will come out of the ordeal higher in public esteem. Amidst all his trials we see him rising to the height of every situation in which he was placed, penetrated by one great guiding motive—that of bringing the Kingdom of God to the hearts of men. This is the view even of opponents of the Church—honorable opponents, such as the editor of the "Independent." At the same time, non-Catholics can hardly be blamed if, in the light of Mr. Purcell's extraordinary interpretations, or rather misinterpretations, of motives, they form unwarrantable conclusions. What can be thought of the judgment of a biographer of Cardinal Manning, who tells us that his Eminence shirked losing or unpopular causes? Could anything be more contradictory to the plain facts? In the three most striking acts of his life, the chances of popularity and success were adverse to him. When he left the Church of England he was on the road to the highest promotion he could receive as an Anglican ecclesiastic. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone who, as Premier, has so often had the nomination of bishops in his hands. Undoubtedly he could assure himself of no such honors when he cast in his lot with the Catholics, with out knowing how they would appreciate his qualities. Again, can it be said that Cardinal Manning was taking the winning and popular side when he became an advocate of total abstinence? The hostility such advocacy brings is well known, and the unpopularity of the cause can be judged from the fact that it has been commonly assigned as the secret of the Liberal rout at the last general election. Lastly, can it be said that Cardinal Manning was not facing unpopularity when he became a champion of Home Rule? He himself declared that he recognized Mr. Gladstone's isolation and that his sympathy went out to him for that very reason. We do not know what was the matter with Mr. Purcell that he could make such a charge against a man who manifestly had in him the spirit of a hero and a martyr.

In a masterly criticism of Mr. Purcell's Life of the late Cardinal Manning, the "Athenaeum," we are glad to say, ably vindicates the character of the willom Archdeacon of Chichester, and at the same time severely but justly criticises the manner in which the biographer has performed his task. It is indeed to be regretted that Mr. Purcell thought it necessary to lay such emphasis on the shortcomings of the Cardinal, and still more to be deplored that he should have bestowed so much time and space on unveiling the early squabbles of the Westminster Chapter and the Chapel incident which followed Manning's conversion, instead of, as the "Athenaeum" suggests, leading his hearers into a higher sphere, where the Cardinal's imposing personality was the centre of attraction. Never, says this critic, was there better material for a first-rate biography, and never has a biographer been more harsh towards his hero. Happily, the late Cardinal was so popular and so much beloved by all classes that Mr. Purcell's severity may perhaps rouse many Englishmen to defend a memory of which they are justly proud. The "Athenaeum," it is right to say, attributes Mr. Purcell's severe criticisms and his indiscretion in raking up matters best left alone to over-conscientiousness on his part.

Remember!

All who pay their subscription will receive a copy of that admirable up-to-date book, "PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS."

ARCHBISHOP INTERVIEWED.

Mgr. Langvin Asked by the Tribune What He Thinks of the Remedial Bill.

Feels That "The Government Will Give to Us Substantial-ly Our Rights."

Upon the Question of Text Books His Grace Did Not Care to Touch on Details.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface was seen to-day by a reporter of The Tribune in reference to the Remedial Bill now before the House at Ottawa, and talked at considerable length on the same. His Grace was in good health and in a pleasant frame of mind, and talked freely. The first question asked was: "What do you think of the Remedial Bill now before the House at Ottawa?"

"I would not care to speak on the matter yet, because I have not seen a copy of the Bill, and Hon. Mr. Dickey's explanations, as he said himself, will hardly give a full conception of the measure unless the text is before one. Mr. Dickey spoke truly when he said the bill had not been submitted to the Church. I have not seen a copy, and of course, do not expect to until my friends send me the printed bill."

"But, speaking in a general way, does it seem satisfactory?"

"I feel that they will try to do us justice. They have modified the bill from time to time without consulting us, and I do not want to continue to modify it, but I feel they will restore to us substantially our rights. They have no need to consult us, for by petitions and the efforts of our counsel, Mr. Ewart, they know what we want; and on the other hand they know the law, and know how far they can go in giving us what we ask. I feel that between these two limits they will succeed in framing legislation that will be satisfactory to the minority."

"You say you think they will restore substantially the rights of the minority. Do you mean that they will restore the system as it existed previous to 1890?"

"We believe that they will restore to us what we deem are our rights. We do not hope that they will restore the system just as it was before 1890. We must expect that there will be some changes, because we realize that the conditions are not always the same, and besides we cannot dictate what parliament will do."

"I ask this especially, because in your address at Edmonton you are reported as practically saying that nothing less than the complete restoration of the old system would be satisfactory."

"The address at Edmonton has been both mis-reported and mis-understood, and if I were to go into details I would be misunderstood again, but this I will say, that once the people see what we really want, they will be surprised to find how reasonable we are. And they will be amazed to see how easily and harmoniously the system will work, and will ask themselves why this was not given before. We never asked for the text of the old law, and we have no intention of interfering with the present school system. When our rights are restored, the restoration will not interfere with the present school system, nor with a single teacher or a single child. All the change will be that there will be a little less money to carry on the public schools. But then, we are very poor people, and the Protestants do not want the little money we contribute to help support their schools. All we want is to have our taxes for our own schools."

"And as to the government grant?"

"That is a delicate point. The provincial government will not be forced to give the grant, but if our schools are given us by law then we have a right to it, but we are ready to suffer. Besides the government need not help any school unless the school is efficient. They will have full opportunity of examining to see that the school is efficient, and if not we will not ask a grant for an inefficient school. A great deal of misunderstanding exists about this whole

Continued on page 8.

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The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Two Typical Speeches.

What a contrast was presented last Friday to the local House in the two speeches of Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Sifton! The former was a courteous, argumentative statement of facts, so incontrovertible that all Mr. Sifton could say against it was that it was not new; the latter was a cool, audacious concatenation of unsupported denials and unproved assertions. Mr. Sifton has a happy knack of not hearing the good points made by the Opposition; this accounts for his unblushing defence of the fraudulent voters' lists. Taking it all in all, his speech was a very lame performance as compared with the Hon. T. M. Daly's attack in Ottawa and Mr. Prendergast's able support of the remedial bill.

Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Vaughan writes to the Nineteenth Century a criticism of Mr. Purcell's recent Life of Cardinal Manning. He shows what a betrayal of trust that Life is, and incidentally he points out that, toward the end of his long career, "senile decay" had obscured in his predecessor "the delicate balance of that sensitive faculty, the judgment." This explains how Cardinal Manning committed the astounding blunder of entrusting his private diary and some of his most confidential letters to so indiscreet a friend as Mr. Edmund Sheridan Purcell. However, regrettable as are the latter's indiscretions, we think good will come out of this atrociously compiled biography: thoughtful men will acknowledge that Catholics are no hypocrites, that they are not afraid to lay bare the failings of their great men. Besides, Mr. Purcell's two volumes provide much excellent material for a future judicious biographer. Here is an epigram of the then Archdeacon of Chichester: Wilberforce, seeing that Manning wavered (before his conversion), proposed to set up a "Free Church" just as the Presbyterians had set up a Free Kirk; Manning answered: "No. Three hundred years ago we left a good ship for a boat; I am not going to leave the boat for a tub."

A Clamorous Cleric.

The Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, Alberta, writes a long letter to the Calgary Herald on the Separate Schools. Because he wants to have his own way, he will not let us have ours. Because Catholic Schools exclude error, such as his violent oration is full of, he says it limits human thought; so does every ascertained truth limit human thought. Before the source of the Nile was discovered, men had great liberty to think as they pleased about what was then a problem. Now that the problem has been solved, that liberty has been circumscribed by fact. We have the truth direct from Christ through His Church; Mr. McDougall has it not and wants to have his fling looking for it; we don't object to his delighting in the search; what right has he to call us names because

we have found the priceless treasure? He complains that the hierarchy tells us what we should do, and his entire letter is a very loud and blatant laying down of the McDougall law. What credentials has he compared to those of the hierarchy? The Lord Himself said: "if he refuse to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a Gentile and a publican." Which of the two does Mr. McDougall prefer? He says the hierarchy pretends to be "the sole custodian of knowledge and government"; the hierarchy never put forth such a pretention; so long as so-called knowledge and government do not attempt to slay the immortal souls confided to its care, the hierarchy never interferes. Of course Mr. McDougall airs the threadbare trash about a "national system," "unity," "breadth of sympathy" and all such fudge. But "variety is the spice of life." It is the dead-level uniformity of the U. S. public schools that has made the American people the most uninteresting nation in the civilized world. The variety of European culture is one of the factors of its pre-eminence. In Britain especially, to which Mr. McDougall ignorantly appeals, the diversity of school and home training is the principal reason why there is more originality of thought and breadth of culture in the smallest shire than in all the 46 United States. If Mr. McDougall had any breadth of sympathy, any Christian charity, any the slightest germ of Gospel spirit, he would not play the tyrant as he does when he proposes the abolition of separate schools. On the other hand, if he were logical in his quest of unity, he should advocate not only uniform schools, but uniform food, uniform clothing, uniform pay, in a word, downright socialism; for his boasted system of undenominational schools is a long stride towards socialism. It is our views that make for true liberty.

Sketches From Life.

Read the second contribution of our clever correspondent who visits, pilgrim-wise, out-of-the-way shrines. These sketches are not merely founded on fact; the facts therein are all true. How very American is the dilettante damsel who asks a holy friar to remain kneeling a little longer, so that she may finish her pencil-portrait of him! And then, how touching is that story of the little girl sacrificing her holiday to bring her father to church!

A Catholic Daily.

That excellent college journal, The Purple, of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., discourses at some length on the need of a Catholic daily newspaper in the English language. It is a pity that so suggestive an article is marred by mistakes that might easily have been avoided. The writer says the "Amerika," published in German at St. Louis, "enjoys the distinction of being the only Catholic daily paper in the United States." Now there are at least six Catholic dailies in Uncle Sam's dominions: five of them, four German dailies and one Bohemian, are named in Hoffmann's directory (1895), pp. 554-9; the sixth is a French Canadian newspaper in the eastern States. Moreover, as the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times points out, the Purple critic "seems to think that the Dublin Review is a monthly and ranks it in a merit below the Month," and "he evidently has not seen many of the Protestant weeklies," or he would not say that "it would be easy to name twenty Protestant journals which are incomparably superior to the best Catholic journals published in this country," since "only two or three Protestant religious journals are above mediocrity, and these are rather weekly magazines than newspapers." Finally, he starts out with the assertion that "there are about a hundred Catholic newspapers in the United States." Hoffmann describes considerably over two hundred. This fundamental inaccuracy rather cripples the Purple's estimate of the combined circulation of all Catholic publications as 500,000. It is probably

much nearer 1,000,000; which—allowing six readers to each paper, a fairer estimate than the writer's four—would give as many readers as are to be found (excluding infants) in the entire population of the U. S. However, making due allowance for these mistakes, the Purple truly says that the only thing "lacking to bring about the establishment of a great Catholic daily is the will." Precisely so; get the willing man, and the undertaking will prosper. If a Catholic millionaire, like Mr. John Brisben Walker, instead of frittering away his business ability in publishing the un-Catholic and flimsy *Cosmopolitan*, had the grace and the Catholic spirit to put a part of his fortune into a Catholic daily, he would soon make it a success, besides doing something that would be of use to him and others in the next world. The real difficulty is that the average English-speaking Catholic in the United States has not the deep religious conviction of those noble German Catholics to whose example the Purple points. Semi-Protestant notions and prejudices and Liberalism in religion play havoc with his practice of Catholic duties. He is ready, he says out loud, to die for the faith; but, unfortunately, he has no Christian piety, he does not frequent the sacraments, his trust is not in God, but in himself and in a traditional pride in his religion, of which he knows too little. What he needs most is conversion to a Christian life and contempt for all un-Christian shibboleths. Convert him and he will straightway insist upon his Catholic daily. Meanwhile Catholic weeklies and monthlies and quarterlies are, as our Holy Father says, "perpetual missions" to those that read them.

"The New Dispensation."

One of the greatest obstacles to the practice of the Catholic virtues of humility and self-denial, without which the wished-for Catholic daily will ever remain an impossibility, is the claptrap of a certain superficial and untheological school about "the new dispensation," as if Leo XIII, who is proverbially devoted to Our Blessed Mother, who has given new life to the venerable Third Order of St. Francis, who has called Freemasonry "Satanic," who is more medieval in his philosophy than any of his predecessors, could possibly advocate "bringing the Church into harmony" with the age. So much the worse for the age if it does not bring itself into harmony with the Church. Those who have adopted the contrary course, who are fond of coquetting with the champions of error, have succeeded only in putting back for some twenty years the cause of Catholic education and in arousing the A. P. A. Even their missions to non-Catholics, albeit praiseworthy in purpose, are lamentably barren. We do not hear of a single conversion as the result of lectures to one hundred thousand Protestants. Brownson knew better, when he said: "Preach to Protestants as you would to bad Catholics." The old-fashioned mission preachers of one single province of one religious order in the U.S. from Sept. 1894 to Easter 1895, baptized just three hundred converts from Protestantism or Infidelity. But they don't prate about "The New Dispensation."

WHY QUEBEC WILL NEVER RETALIATE.

Fear has been expressed in certain quarters lest, in the event of the remedial bill not passing or becoming ineoperative, the Quebec Catholics might retaliate by cutting off all government grants from the Protestant schools of that province. This fear is quite groundless. No such wrong could be perpetrated there, simply because the Catholics are too intelligent to be imposed upon by fanatical agitators, who would have no leverage of popular ignorance to work with. The reason why an iniquitous measure like the Manitoba Schools Act of 1890 can be assented to by a Protestant majority is their astounding ignorance of Catholic matters, which casts an impenetrable veil

over the popular vision. Between the realms of Catholic faith and Protestant opinion hangs a cloud, luminous and transparent to the Catholic, ominous and opaque to the Protestant. The former gives the latter credit for sincerity, though he knows him to be mistaken; the latter—we are speaking of course of the average Protestant, not of the few broad-minded and well-informed adherents of the Reformation—looks upon the former as a fool or a knave, though he cannot make good this strange view.

This ignorance of Protestants is a truism among Catholics. Men who trust you implicitly in business will be found to entertain the most ridiculous notions of your Catholic belief. The incompatibility of these notions with the fact of your being trusted never strikes them, because they live in an atmosphere of religious chaos and contradiction, where logic has no resting-place for the soles of her dainty feet. Catholics may live in the same house, may even be members of the same family as Protestants, and yet be most absurdly misunderstood. The natural man cannot understand the supernatural man. They move on planes that never meet, though he on the higher has a clear view of the lower plane.

A distant parallel to this may be found in the difference between the knowledge of a gentleman and the ignorance of a boor; we say a distant parallel, because it seldom happens that the boor is so ignorant of the gentleman's ways as the average Protestant is of Catholic ways. But it will do for the purpose of illustration. A gentleman who really wishes to enter into the minds of ill-bred people with a view to improving their condition finds it extremely easy to think down to their level: "facilis descensus Averno." But the incorrigible boor, the man that no contact with gentlemen can refine, has the oddest notions of the gentlemanly mind; he thinks all gentlemen are triflers, vain idlers, proud contempters of the masses, sinks of moral iniquity, or at least he cannot have the remotest conception of the tenderness, gentleness, patience, forbearance, high thoughts and aims of the true gentleman. And if the boor meets with a well-educated gentleman, he probably despises his book-learning and prides himself on his superior knowledge of some trade or mechanical pursuit. He has not a dream of what art, literature, scholarship, the charm of classic language, the ecstasy of poetic rapture may be to the gentle, refined and intellectual man.

Similarly, the average Protestant elector is so ignorant of things Catholic that he is ready to believe the most sweeping calumnies of the glib demagogue. With his childhood fed on the vilest slanders about Papiets, with his youth and manhood drilled in the traditional lies of Protestant popular histories, he would indeed be an exceptionally brave man if he were to break through the trammels of prejudice and think for himself. What can he know of the soul-satisfying beauty and coherence of the Catholic faith, of the peace that sweetens self-conquest and humility, of the gladsome presence of the Holy Ghost in the shriven soul?

This is the only way we can explain how it is that the average Protestant in Manitoba, though fairly intelligent in worldly affairs, does not see the injustice of forcing Catholics to pay for schools they conscientiously condemn. If he saw that it was wrong, we feel sure he would not support such a measure. It is his ignorance and his prejudice growing out of ignorance that prevent him from seeing. In his case the wrong does not spring from malice but from sheer blindness.

No such difficulty bars the way to the average Catholic's comprehension of the Protestant position. Most readily does he take it all in, because it is on a lower plane. Like the typical gentleman whom Newman so admirably describes, he is "merciful towards the absurd." This is particularly true of Catholics throughout the Province of Quebec. They are constantly proving their generous intelligence by electing Protestants to positions of trust and honor, as they lately elected by acclamation a Protestant mayor in the "priest-ridden" city of Montreal. It would,

therefore, be absolutely impossible so to work on their prejudices as to make them elect a government that would deprive Protestants of their rights. The Catholics there have no prejudices to be played upon; they give their Protestant brethren full credit for thrift, business habits and whatever natural virtues they may possess. As to Protestant ignorance in matters religious, Catholics, however much they lament it, do not despise its victims, because they know that invincible ignorance is the only chance of salvation for those who are left to the "uncovenanted mercies of God."

SHAMELESS GALL.

"If under similar circumstances a clergyman of the Protestant church were to use such language towards our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, the country would be made too hot for him to live in, as the people of his own persuasion would denounce him from one end of the country to the other."

It is quite unnecessary for us to tell our readers that the above utterly false forecast is clipped from an editorial of the Winnipeg Tribune. Without the circumstances being similar, and without any provocation from Catholics, the clergy of the Protestant denominations in Winnipeg have been guilty of language and conduct towards their Roman Catholic fellow citizens, a hundred fold more insulting than anything said by the Catholic clergy of any part of Canada, even assuming that everything charged against the latter was true, which it is not. It would be easy for us to furnish, from the columns of the Tribune, abuse enough from the Protestant preachers of Winnipeg to fill a whole volume. The politicians of Manitoba in abolishing Catholic schools and fastening upon us a purely Protestant system of education, after having pledged their honor not to do so, were guilty of an act of public immorality such as has never been equalled by any civilized government in this century, and from whom did they obtain the highest and strongest indorsement? Examine the columns of the Tribune for the past five years; look up its reports of the various synods and conferences and the public and official records of the various Protestant sects; read the sermons, lectures and multitudinous utterances of the Protestant clergy of Manitoba, and there you shall find a reply to our question. It mattered not to these moral and religious teachers of the majority that the government of Mr. Greenway violated every code of honor and honesty; trampled under foot every solemn and unsolicited promise made to the Catholic minority; waded through every form of treachery and duplicity in accomplishing the abolition of our schools. These politico-clerics became the apologists of Mr. Greenway and in every way in their power indorsed and approved his action. From pulpit, platform, and synod or conference, came forth the same unvarying and hearty indorsement; while from these same vantage-grounds rang out the most wicked and malicious misrepresentations of the Catholic conscience. We were represented as a superstitious, ignorant and priest-ridden lot of fools who did not know what we wanted. We were told that our consciences were "mere perverted sentiments" and that we were such poor weaklings, that it was an act of charity for our Protestant robbers to protect us from the evil designs of our priests. Every form of impudent advice; every term of insulting ridicule; every kind of contempt which ignorance or malice could dictate was directed against us. Because we were a weak minority, these kind, benevolent and loving teachers in Israel saw an opportunity to offer further insults to our many injuries. It was a noble and manly way of teaching us the beauties of Protestant tolerance. It helped to demonstrate to us what treatment our children might expect in the schools of these Christian gentlemen, were we to forget what we owed to them by sending them to the Protestant schools. When the lights of Protestantism accused us of being a priest-ridden and ignorant lot whose consciences were likened to a loathsome equine disease, what could we expect from the children of such teachers? What respect could we hope for

from the sour and spectacled old maid whose moral lessons on Sunday were drunk in from such a venomous fountain to be doled out to her pupils during the week? What chance would a Catholic boy or girl have in the hands of such teachers? How much of respect and veneration would they be taught for religion, when they witnessed the ill-disguised sneer, the ill-natured remark, or the open insult offered to the Church to which they belong, by some half-educated individual who was profoundly ignorant of what the teaching of the Catholic Church is! During the last election, every form of insult was hurled against us. The press and political platforms misrepresented us and lied about us. They were well prepared with the necessary ammunition, culled from the choice language of their political preachers.

If under similar circumstances, the Catholic clergy were to use such language they would be deserving of the contempt which all honest men must feel for the average politico-Protestant preacher of Winnipeg. If under any provocation, they were guilty of the vile vituperation in which their Protestant confreres indulged, the people of their own persuasion would be the first to blame them.

If the Catholic clergy of Canada, who have seen their Catholic people robbed and defrauded, dare to say one word in defence of the wronged members of their flocks, we are told that they should be denounced. Why? Unlike their Protestant brethren of the clergy, they are not seeking to deprive Protestants of any of their rights or privileges, but simply defending themselves against such invasion by Protestants. Are they not citizens of this country, with all the rights and liberties of free born British subjects? As such, have they not a perfect right to defend themselves and their rights, as well as those of their co-religionists from the hands of the despoiler? Must the Protestant cleric be allowed to turn himself into a political engine to destroy the rights of Catholics and misrepresent and malign us, while the Catholic cleric, who is deeply interested in the preservation of these rights, is to maintain a stolid silence? Our Protestant friends may rest assured that Catholics, both cleric and lay, will never attempt, whether in a majority or a minority, to interfere with any of their rights; but neither will we allow them to trample upon ours. The Protestant pulpit and press may howl and rant and cant; they may make every appeal they choose to ignorance and passion; but they can never prevent us from standing up for and manfully defending our rights and liberties. These liberties are as dear to us as theirs are to them, and when we are poltroons enough not to defend them, the time will have come when we shall no longer deserve them.

ARCHBISHOP INTERVIEWED.

Continued from page 1. matter. In the first place we have no desire to break down the present school system, and in the second, we don't desire to be independent of the local government. It is certain that with the old system we were under the local government. They had the right to place on the board whom they choose, and we have no desire to become independent of them now. All that we are asking for is liberty of conscience. It is all very well to talk about the bright picture of one grand national school system, but what is it if the people have not liberty of conscience? It would be so to Protestants if the conditions were changed. Before Mr. Gall's amendment, guaranteeing separate schools in Quebec, was made to the constitution, Protestants were leaving Quebec every year and many more would soon have gone if the amendment had not been made." Upon the question of text books His Grace did not care to touch, nor would he go into details until he had a copy of the bill.

From the Tribune of Feb. 18th.

Newman's Thoughts on the Mass.

O To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words, it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes

present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom the angels bow, and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore." So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent, "waiting for the moving of the water." Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers; separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation;—not painfully or hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and scope of it. ("Loss and Gain," ch. xx.)

A LIGHT KEEPER'S STORY.

HIS WIFE WAS A FEARFUL SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Were Swollen and Distorted, Her Nights Almost Sleepless and Her Appetite Gone—Suffered for Several Years Before Relief Was Found.

From the Kingston News.

Mr. Hugh McLaren, lighthouse keeper on Wolfe Island, is one of the best known men in this section, and to his vigilance in the performance of his duties is due the safety of the many craft sailing in that part of the St. Lawrence. Mrs. McLaren, his wife, has been an invalid for a number of years, and in conversation with a reporter recently, Mr. McLaren stated that she was rapidly regaining her old-time health under the treatment of that most marvellous of modern medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Asked if he had any objection to giving the particulars, Mr. McLaren replied that emphatically he had not if such publication was likely to benefit any other sufferer. He said: "A number of years ago my wife con-



tracted rheumatism, and for a considerable time was a helpless invalid. Her joints were swollen and distorted; her nights were sleepless and her appetite poor and very fickle. During those years she experienced excruciating tortures, the pain never ceasing day or night. She had the benefit of skilled medical advice, but the treatment afforded no relief, and we began to fear that her trouble had gone beyond human aid. On a number of occasions I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this at last determined us to give them a trial. She had used some three boxes before any improvement was noticed; and then we began to note that she slept better and that her appetite was improved. Then the pains gradually began to subside, and after using about a dozen boxes she was able to get up and walk about. She continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and although occasionally she feels twinges of the trouble in changeable weather, she now enjoys better health than she had done for years, and can sleep as soundly as she ever did in her life, while her appetite never was better. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a wonderful medicine, for I know they have done wonders in my wife's case, and I feel certain that if any who are afflicted as she was will give them a good trial, equally happy results will follow, and I therefore give this testimony freely, hoping that it will benefit some other sufferer." Mr. McLaren's strong testimony proves the claim made that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes, which some unscrupulous dealers, for the sake of extra profit, urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy "just the same as" or "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the genuine always have the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.

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Grand Deputies for Manitoba. Rev. A. A. Cherrier and Dr. J. K. Barrett. District Deputies for Manitoba. F. W. Russell, Winnipeg; Edmond Trudel, St. Boniface.

Branch 52, C. M. B. A. Winnipeg. Meets at Unity Hall, McIntyre Block every 1st and 3rd Wednesday. Honorary President, Rev. Father Guillet; Vice, L. O. Genest; First Vice, R. Driscoll; Second Vice, R. Murphy; Treasurer, N. Bergeron; Sec. Gen., H. A. Russell; Assistant Sec. Gen., M. E. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Marshal, E. Laporte; Guard, C. J. McNamee; Trustees, J. O'Connor, T. John, G. Gormain, E. L. Thomas and R. Murphy; Representative to Grand Council, F. W. Russell; Alternate, Dr. J. K. Barrett.

Branch 163, C.M.B.A. Winnipeg. Meets at the Immaculate Conception School Room on first and third Tuesday in each month. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. A. A. Cherrier; Pres., J. Picard; 1st Vice, M. Buck; 2nd Vice, J. A. McInnis; Treas., P. Klunkhammer; Sec. Gen., P. O'Brien; Assistant Sec. Gen., A. Macdonald; Fin. Sec., Rev. Father Cherrier; Marshal, F. Wellnitz; Guard, L. Bergeron; Trésorier, G. Gladish; Marshal, P. Klunkhammer; Guard, D. P. Aoust; Librarian, H. Sullivan; Corresponding Sec., J. J. Golden.

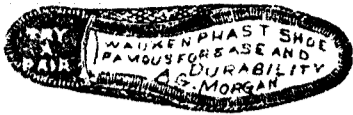
St. Joseph and Catholic Truth Society OF NORTHWESTERN CANADA. Meets every Thursday at 8 p. m., at 183 Water Street. Honorary President and Patron, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Pres., A. H. Kennedy; 1st Vice, D. F. Coyle; 2nd Vice, M. E. Hughes; Sec. Gen., F. W. Russell; Asst. Sec., G. Tessier; Fin. Sec., N. Bergeron; Treas., G. Gladish; Marshal, P. Klunkhammer; Guard, D. P. Aoust; Librarian, H. Sullivan; Corresponding Sec., J. J. Golden.

ST. MARY'S COURT No. 276. Catholic Order of Foresters. Meets 2nd and 4th Friday in every month; in Unity Hall, McIntyre Block. Chaplain, Rev. Father Guillet. O. M. L.; Chief Ran., D. F. Allman; Sec. Gen., T. John; Fin. Sec., H. A. Russell; Treas., G. Gormain. J. D. McDonald, D. H. C. R.

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CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 23 First Sunday of Lent.
24 Monday—St. Peter Damian, Bishop. Doct. Vigil of St. Matthias
25 Tuesday—St. Matthias, Apostle.
26 Wednesday—Of the Lenten Ember Days. Fast and abstinence.
27 Thursday—St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent.
28 Friday—Of the Ember Days. Fast and abstinence. Feast of the Lance and Nails of Our Blessed Lord.
29 Saturday—Of the Ember Days. Fast and abstinence.

Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface.

- I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.
1. All Sundays in the year.
2. Jan. 1st. The Circumcision.
3. Jan. 6th. The Epiphany.
4. The Ascension.
5. Nov. 1st. All Saints.
6. Dec. 8th. The Immaculate Conception.
7. Dec. 25th. Christmas.

- II. DAYS OF FAST.
1. The forty days of Lent.
2. The Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent.
3. The Ember days, at the four Seasons, being the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of
a. The first week in Lent.
b. Whitsun Week.
c. The third week in September.
d. The third week in Advent.
4. The Vigils of
a. Whitsunday.
b. The Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul.
c. The Solemnity of the Assumption.
d. All Saints.
e. Christmas.

- III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.
All Fridays in the year.
Wednesdays in Advent and Lent.
Fridays
Thursday in Holy week
Saturday
The Ember Days.
The Vigils above mentioned.

CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

Branch No. 52 of the C. M. B. A. meets in Unity Hall this evening.

St. Mary's Court No. 276 will hold a regular meeting in Unity Hall on Friday evening.

To-day is Ash Wednesday and there were the usual services this morning in the Catholic churches of the city.

It is stated that next month Sir Chas. Tupper will visit the city and deliver an address on the political situation.

It is reported that "Joe" Gandaur, the champion oarsman, is about to become a resident of Winnipeg. He has several relatives in this country.

Paris-Canada. Mr. Fabre's Parisian paper, chronicles the fact that Mr. A. Bernhardt, of Winnipeg, is inscribed as a visitor at the General Commissariat, 10 rue de Rome, Paris.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the annual concert in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul society are hard at work and will shortly be able to announce something definite.

The daily press of Monday commented in most complimentary terms on the singing at St. Mary's church last Sunday, especial reference being made to two solos rendered by Miss Barrett.

For fine tailoring go to Wm. Markinski, Rossin House Block, near C. P. R. He does ladies, and gentlemen's tailoring in first class style and at reasonable rates. Ladies furs altered to latest fashions and repaired.

One of the recent patients at St. Boniface Hospital, having experienced great relief from cocaine, thought he would take a large supply of it with him when he left the hospital; so he asked to buy a pound of it. When the sister druggist told him a pound would cost sixty dollars, he concluded to buy a few grains.

Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., of St. Boniface, will deliver an address before the Catholic Truth society at their Hall on Water street, on Thursday evening. There should be a good attendance of members.

Those of our readers who recently had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Father Kavanagh's lecture on the famous passion play at Oberammergau will hear with regret that the chief actor in that sacred spectacle, Joseph Mayer, while assisting in placing a heavy tree upon a wagon a few days since met with a most unfortunate accident. The tree rolled over and crushed one of his legs so severely as to render immediate amputation necessary, and the latest news to hand said that the sufferer was still in a precarious condition.

Branch No. 38 of the C. M. B. A. Relief Association held the first meeting of the new year on Sunday last. The reports presented by the officers, especially the secretary treasurer, Mr. J. Shaw, were of a satisfactory character and showed that although not many new members had joined the branch is in excellent shape. During the past year upwards of \$200 had been paid out to members in sick and other benefits. For the future the meetings will be held at 7.30 on the first Tuesday evening in each quarter, the next one being the first Tuesday evening in April. The reports presented

proved that this auxiliary of the C. M. B. A. is run on good solid business principles and that it is gradually winning its way into the favor of all C. M. B. A. men.

Mr. J. E. P. Prudergast delivered an eloquent speech in the Local House on Friday in the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the Throne. He dealt especially with the school question and incidentally protested against the tone regarding Catholics and their religion adopted by the mover of the address, Mr. Myers, of Minnedosa, whom he described as a member of the legal profession and a gentleman of education, who, instead of being moderate in his speech, seemed to pride himself upon his violent denunciation of everything Catholic.

Portage la Prairie.

The Rev. Father Kavanagh, S. J., of St. Boniface college, will on the 6th March, at Portage la Prairie, deliver his lecture, illustrated with limelight views, on "The Passion Play at Oberammergau." Father Kavanagh is no stranger to the Prairie town, where for a long time he ministered to the spiritual needs of the Catholics and it can be safely said that his visit next month will be hailed with delight by many residents. As all those who heard it in Winnipeg can testify, the lecture is an interesting one, and should not be missed, and we earnestly recommend our Portage readers to make a note of the date, and to carry the news to their friends.

THE JESUITS.

From the Church News.
What a remarkable set of men are the Jesuits. We have long known their work in behalf of souls, but now we are told that they are possessed of some kind of supernatural power and that they cannot be kept out of any place or any society. At a meeting of the New England Christian Association the other day one of the speakers boldly stated that the "black Jesuits" are in all the Masonic bodies. This important information, coming from a New Englander, must be true.

Surprising as this news is, we were still more greatly astonished to be gravely told that the "black Jesuits" are in the A. P. A. and that they control the deliberations of both the Masons and the latter society.

Seriously speaking, is it not strange that men will allow their hatred for the Church to blind them to the fact that they are making fools of themselves, and that if they don't know it, others do?

"Worship" "Adore."

We find it necessary to be quite accurate in describing the devotion which Catholics pay to the Mother of God.

Cardinal Manning says: "The devotion—or worship, as we say in our old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: It is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we would have borne to her were we on earth with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her, next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him and His kingdom."—Catholic Citizen.

BISHOP CAMERON'S PASTORAL.

Daily Nor-West, Feb. 13th.

We suppose a bishop or a clergyman has a right to political opinions as well as a layman. It is entirely in the manner of his expression therefore that he may be subjected to criticism. It turns out that the letter of Bishop Cameron, which has been described as a pastoral, was private correspondence, marked as such, and did not figure at all extensively in the Cape Breton election. In the meantime the bishop has been advertised extensively and made to appear as an eminent politician. There is no doubt he does take a strong interest in public affairs. Most people familiar with the history of the last two or three years will agree that the clergy of all faiths who have made deliverances on the school question established no precedent in doing so. Many preachers of all denominations have discoursed in the pulpits on the subject. Synods, associations, presbyteries, general assemblies, conferences and conventions have passed resolutions and made declarations on this theme. They will probably go on doing so, and the people will give each deliverance, whether of presbyters or prelates, or assemblies, such value as it seems to them to represent. As a matter of fact the pastoral letter story of the Grit press is nothing more than a garbled extract from a private letter written by the bishop, and not intended to be made public in any way. The right of a clergyman, be he bishop, priest, moderator or minister, to express his views in a private letter will scarce-

ly be questioned. Indeed, we do not have to go outside of Winnipeg, for instances where Protestant clergymen, in private and in the pulpit, have expressed themselves against remedial legislation. These Protestant clergymen, have not, so far as we know, been subject to vilification by Roman Catholic newspapers or newspapers holding that the Manitoba minority have a grievance that should be remedied.

GREENWAY AND HIS ORANGE BRETHREN.

They Know Him.

We have been requested to publish the following resolution unanimously passed by Exeter L. O. L. No. 924, of which Hon. Thos. Greenway was one time a member:—We the members of Exeter L. O. L. No. 924, do refuse to endorse the action of our Grand Master, N. C. Wallace, in quitting his post in the Government of the Dominion of Canada. We believe that his resignation was wholly uncalled for and calculated to weaken, if not to kill, his political influence and usefulness. We cannot fail to recognize the fact that the only possible result of our Grand Master's course will be the one most to be dreaded by all true Orangemen, i. e., to place the government of our country in the hands of Wilfrid Laurier, the man who publicly stated that he thanked his God there were no Orangemen in his ranks. Nor do we forget that the Protestants who are loudest in their howl against the re-establishment of separate schools in Manitoba, (prominent amongst whom are some of our Protestant clergy) are the self-same Protestants who supported and defended separate schools and Mowat's legislation for the Catholics in our own Province of Ontario. We, in this district, are too well acquainted with that Political Arch Traitor and Conspirator, Thomas Greenway, to place any confidence in either him or his legislation, and with our personal knowledge and experience of the man, we refuse to endorse anything and everything with which he is in any manner connected. We refuse to be drawn into an open quarrel with our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens until all constitutional means for a settlement of our differences have proved futile, and we are quite satisfied to give them as we expect for ourselves every right and privilege granted by the Canadian Constitution.—The Bruce Herald.

Rheumatism Cured.
SOLDIER'S COV., N. S., Jan. 30, 1890.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.:
DEAR SIR,—Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are the best medicine for Rheumatism that I have ever used. Last spring I was troubled greatly with it in my leg; I used one box of Dr. Morse's Pills and I am cured.
Yours respectfully,
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