



THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Preached at St. Mary's Church, Folkestone,
Sunday, October 16th.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.
Liverpool Catholic Times.

"Now, faith is the ground of things hoped for, the evidence of things which are not seen" (Hebrews xi, 1). Two most serious charges, my brethren, have been often urged against the Catholic Church, so as that many are led by them to distrust her doctrines, and many more to detest her practices. She is declared to be infected with superstition and furiously bigoted. Bigotry and superstition—these are the words of ill omen that greet her when she would preach to the multitude and make her message known. She is told that in all she does religion falls into vile extravagances, and in all she says there is an assumption of most unwarrantable authority. Now, this morning we considered, from our own experience, how in her sacred rites and outward form the Church never does intend aught save to bring home to us the divine Presence of Christ, Who is her treasure and possession, whence it follows that those to whom she is intimately known will speak, not of superstition but of Sacraments and will soon see Christ everywhere ministering within her sanctuary, Himself the great High Priest, the sacrifice, and the example, in Whose strength all we that are Catholics live and are borne up. To-night we will look a little into that other charge of bigotry. And we shall see that it is merely the name given by strangers to Faith as the Church teaches it and we accept it. The end is always Christ. He alone sets up the altar; He alone proclaims the creed. And what can the Church do except follow His commands to teach and sacrifice? Is she not His body, in the words of St. Paul? Behold a great Sacrament, but "I speak of Christ and His Church."

THE OFFENCE OF DOGMA.

Accordingly, I have taken my text from the Greek, in which we learn what Faith truly is, after the New Testament; and the words, as you remember, lead on to a glorious catalogue, or, as it were, a canonisation, of the men and women who have lived by that Faith and overcome the world in its name. Faith is the "ground of things hoped for"; it looks to Our Saviour, it longs for His redeeming grace and the glory that follows. But Faith is not sight, as hope is not possession, for "the things that a man hath, why should he hope for them?" And it is the "evidence of things not seen," the argument on which we act as though we did see them, the reason why we affirm them to be true, and firm, and real. When that which Faith declares is sta-

ted with precision, when those statements are connected together, and when the grounds on which we hold them are given explicitly, we talk of "dogma." That is what "dogma" means—it is the witness of Faith, not loose and vague, not devoid of outline, nor a sort of blind feeling about in the dark, but clear as regarding its terms, peremptory in its utterance, exclusive of the false doctrine opposed to it. Dogma is the Faith so expressed as in every age to be accessible to the intellect and defended by its very precision from the assaults of unbelievers, rebels, and rationalists. It is "the mind of Christ," on the lips of His Church. "My Word which I have put into thy mouth shall not depart from thee, nor thy seed, nor thy seed's seed, from henceforth and for ever," saith the Lord God Almighty. Such is the Catholic dogma, fulfilling in substance and drift the definition of Faith which our text has offered us.

DOGMA IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

But will any man dare to say: "I cannot believe the Church has a 'ground' on which to stand of this description; there is no such 'evidence' of things not seen"? Surely he has ceased to be a Christian that talks a language so violently opposed to the Scriptures themselves. I hold the original New Testament in my hand; I strike its pages open where you will, and everywhere I find dogma. It abounds in dogma; it tells us of mysteries high as Heaven, deep as the abyss. If I turn to the most human—seeming of the Gospels—let us say, to St. Mark—there, amid the lowly details of its story, do we not come upon affirmations categorical and precise, touching the Divine Person and the supernatural mission of Our Lord Jesus Christ? And what is the Gospel of St. John but a poem at once and a dogmatic treatise, all its miracles, incidents, conversations, and scenery governed by certain leading ideas to which the parts are subordinate? Wherefore, at last the Apostle bids us remark, "These things are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and believing may have life in His Name." No life without believing, and no belief unless we take the word of our teacher as what it proclaims itself to be, the Word of God issuing from inspired lips and clothed in the language of men. And thus, too, St. Paul enters into deep considerations, lays down a doctrine, will have it believed under anathema. What is all this, if it is not dogma in its most decided form? But do we dream of putting it aside as impossible? May we make our petty minds the measure of God's Revelation? Or have we any call to do more than ascertain that this is indeed an authority given by God, to which we must bring every thought into subjection? Dogma, then, and the New Tes-

tament are convertible terms: if we submit to the one we cannot proudly reject the other. We are, by Divine appointment, under "the obedience of Faith."

CHURCH AND NEW TESTAMENT ARE ONE.

But again, it is popularly said: "Of course I believe what the Bible teaches, for its writers are inspired by the Holy Ghost; and I will not believe anyone except the Bible." To which I reply: How, my good Brother, do you know its writers are inspired? Whence have you learnt it? Not always, or mostly, from the writers themselves, who do not say so. Nor yet from your own reading, research, or private judgment, which would leave you often doubtful. If you know, it is by the witness of that little company which was with Jesus and which inherited His mind and Spirit. But that company, from the second century onward, has been called the Catholic Church. A thousand times have we heard its commission announced:

"Go, teach all nations." That is the charge laid upon it. And the security for its fulfilment? "The Holy Ghost shall lead you into all truth." And the promise that it shall not fail: "Lo, I am with you always." And the obedience on our part: "Hear the Church." And the end in view: "That ye be all of one mind, all say the same thing, not carried about by every wind of doctrine." Here is the provision made by God himself whereby to keep living and inviolate "the Truth as it is in Jesus." And has it not been kept? Behold, brethren, an argument of convincing power, undeniable, and even awful in its majesty. Where dogma has prevailed, Jesus lives as the Son of God incarnate, Redeemer, King, Immanuel, the Judge to come. Where it has been cast out alas!—

THE DOGMATIC CHURCH HAS KEPT CHRIST.

When altars were broken, creeds did not fare much better. As soon as dogma fell into discredit, the New Testament suffered grievously at the hands of those who professed to appeal to it. Christ Himself withdrew into a cloud. His saving Name passed by degrees into a memory, a record of the past, a doubt and a myth. He was no longer to be the Son of God. Individuals, and they a growing crowd, questioned, denied, despaired. Look at the millions now in our immense modern cities; listen to conversation in society; glance at the books of the day; sound even the pulpits in many churches. Is not the Lord Christ become to multitudes as merely human as them selves? And how is the fine gold dimmed! I will not desecrate this holy place by quoting the names which have drawn after them a third part

of the stars in Heaven. But I do say, and you are all aware, that doubt and scepticism have fastened on the Gospels as their prey, and the rejection of dogma has brought in its train a denial of Him Who is the Author and the Object of our belief. A terrible argument! An argument, moreover, enforced and driven home by the amazing events which now pass before our eyes. While so many, by a fatal logic, turning from the Creed as the Church sets her seal upon it, lose also the heavenly treasure which it holds and protects, others there are, devout, loyal to what was left them of ancient tradition, that would fain not lose their Christ. And they—by what painful steps and slow do they not advance upon the path where light shines, the old path which their fathers forsook, and new the children do their best to recover, one by one, the articles of that rejected Creed. Mark, however, that it is not individual reasoning which they employ as an instrument, but the authority of the Catholic Church—her tradition is their guide, her presence their surety. And oh! what a proof is here of the consummate wisdom that knew how to wield definition and to hew down heresy with the sword of the spirit, and to forbid the excesses of the human mind, ranging with unhalloved curiosity beyond its bounds! This, then, is the service that so-called bigotry has done by its contentings on behalf of the Faith once delivered to the Saints. It aimed at keeping the Gospel message still in the world. And now, when these returning children would set up an altar, they term it Catholic. And when they preach Christ they borrow our language, rely upon our evidence, and are undoing the work of the "Reformation."

THE VICTORY OF FAITH DUE TO GRACE.

Let us not boast ourselves, my brethren, in this astonishing change of scene. It is not our triumph, but the victory of Faith. And Faith is God's gift freely bestowed. Who are we—a handful in a corner, a remnant, lying in the gloom which fell upon us long ago, and has not yet lifted—who are we that we should take credit for a revolution so unexpected, so widespread, so promising? It is God's grace, not our endeavour, which has brought within the sanctuary those who stood afar off, and is bringing others, and stirring into life the dead bones. His gracious Spirit it is that has come down upon the deep and is brooding there, to call up a world that was not and rejoice in its beauty as in the days of old. Faith, I say, is the mind of Christ; and charity is the life of Christ. Unless we live that life, we run a risk of losing that mind. Every falling away has had its beginning in unrighte-

ousness. Take care that we ourselves be not a "ground" of offence against the Church rather than evidence of its comeliness; that by our lives we repel not where it should be ours to attract and subdue. The Gospels, creeds, councils, definitions—what is it they intend from first to last? What but to convey the mind of Christ to those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to bring men into His admirable light, and persuade them that there is joy in His presence? Faith is the seed of vision, love is its charm and its reward. The "ground of things hoped for," the "evidence of things not seen," is dogma, and Catholic dogma. But all is written, defined, insisted on, that from century to century we may believe in Jesus. Who is the Christ, the Son of God, and, believing, may have life in His Name.

THE UNIVERSITY SITE.

At the last meeting of the University Council on the 9th inst., the acceptance of the local government's offer to lease in perpetuity for a nominal rent the site so hotly debated at the previous meeting was confirmed by much diminished majorities of the members present. Mr. Archibald's amendment to postpone the final acceptance until the fundamental question of the patent had been settled was lost by a bare majority of one vote, and would have carried had not two of the St. Boniface representatives been absent and had not one of the St. John's men come in after the vote had been taken.

From allusions made by several speakers it was evident that Archbishop Langevin's recent offer of some eighteen acres as a bona fide gift has given pause to many members of the Council whose vote was first cast in favor of the Driving Park site. It seemed, on second thought, to dawn upon them that the St. Boniface site was truly central, much roomier and far worthier in every way of the future development of our Manitoban university. Public opinion, as expressed in the daily papers, seems decidedly veering in this direction.

THE LIGHT IS BREAKING.

The London Literary World does not love Catholics, but it does not seem to have sworn eternal enmity to historic truth. Reviewing Father Taunton's "Black Monks," it declares that the work of Catholic historians "is more and more compelling truth-loving Englishmen to abandon as partisan misrepresentations the views of the Reformation that satisfied their grandfathers." It also admits that the grounds commonly alleged by Protestant historians for the spoliation of monasteries, namely, "the corruption of morals," were almost wholly invented by the tools of Henry VIII. The light is breaking everywhere.—Ave Maria.

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NOTICE.

We have sent out circulars and bills to our subscribers requesting prompt payment of dues. If any who have already paid should receive a bill for arrears, we beg of them to attribute the mistake to some accident resulting from the recent change in our business management. In such cases the best defence is satisfactory proof of payment in the form of a receipt.

WHY WE DO NOT "JUSTIFY."

For the information of those of our readers who seem to think there is something wrong with our columns, we repeat in substance what we said last week. We abolish "justification," because, by so doing, we save time, and therefore, money, in composing, correcting and "distributing," and because, by the consequent regular spacing between words and the irregular margin, the page becomes more easily legible and more artistic.

CURRENT COMMENT

"The Review," of St. Louis, keeps up its high standard of excellence in a truly remarkable way. It has a knack of unearthing bottom facts in the world of Catholics and getting behind the scenes of the weaker brethren's stage that makes it one of the most interesting periodicals we know of. Its contributors are many and generally very able, nor is there any tedious sameness in their contributions. The only thing they agree in is the soundness of their doctrine and their scorn for liberal bubbles and gewgaws.

However, we do not agree with everything that everyone of Mr. Preuss's co-workers says. This week we have a crow to pick with A. Wegmann. He is taking a Catholic writer to task for ignorance of certain rules and practices of the Church. On page 243 of the first Supplement

of "Our Boys' and Girls' Own" it is stated that Polly "made her First communion at the next Midnight Mass." On this A. Wegmann remarks: "Notwithstanding the fact that the late Brother Azarias claims, in a letter to his sister, dated Christmas 1890, that he communicated at the midnight mass, to administer holy communion at that mass is strictly forbidden by the Church. Did the author of "Taming of Polly" not know this? Are only non-Catholic writers [who are] ignorant of the laws and practices of the Church, to be accused of ignorance or carelessness?"

Now, the fact of the matter is that the author thus taxed with ignorance or carelessness is less ignorant or careless than A. Wegmann. No doubt there is a law forbidding the administration of holy communion at Midnight Mass; but, like many disciplinary laws, it admits of dispensation by indult, and in point of fact such dispensation is very common in many parts of the world-wide Catholic Church. The Bishops of French Canada are proverbial sticklers for liturgical laws, and yet the practice of receiving Holy Communion at the Midnight Mass is very common in their dioceses.

We have known as many as four thousand persons to receive communion at the Midnight Mass in the large church of Notre Dame, Montreal. The same custom prevails in this diocese. It is the ordinary Christmas communion for the lay members of the most fervent religious orders. All which is surely enough to make Benziger Bros., the publishers of that interesting juvenile monthly, "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," rest easy on this special accusation of ignorance, though A. Wegmann undoubtedly has them on the hip when he scores one of their contributors for saying that god-parents cannot marry each other. What is true is that a sponsor cannot, without dispensation, marry the godchild or one of the parents of the child he or she has held at the baptismal font.

The Ave Maria Press has sent us in pamphlet form the learned articles of Father Henry G. Ganss which appeared lately in the famous Notre Dame magazine under the title "A City of Confusion—The Case of Dr. Briggs." Dr. Charles A. Briggs, it will be remembered, was suspended from the Presbyterian Church for heresy in 1893 and has since been admitted into the Episcopalian body, where he is preparing for priestly orders. Father Ganss considers this event so important that he has collected an anthology of exclusively Protestant testimony proving "that Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism were really interchangeable at the birth of the English Reformation; that Protestantism and Episcopalianism were not only convertible terms, but that the ordination to which Dr. Briggs will submit was seldom exacted; and that if ancient Episcopalian precedent were followed, Dr. Briggs"—who still cling both to the Westminster Confession and to his destructive criticism of Holy Scripture—"would be admitted to exercise the functions of the ministry with as much alacrity as he was

to share the privileges of Episcopalian membership."

Of the 63 pages in this admirable pamphlet, which, by the way, costs only 15 cents, 44 are made up of quotations from celebrated Anglican writers of the last three centuries, all startlingly conclusive as to the essential Protestantism of the Church of England. Father Ganss's introduction reminds us, in pungency of style and aptness of quotation, of the late T. W. M. Marshall's irresistible manner. He is as much in his element here as he was in his former masterpiece on "Mariolatry." This short but telling work is invaluable as a cloud-dispeller and a refutation of the theory of continuity. Its fifty Protestant witnesses are simply unanswerable.

The Editor of "The Tablet", who is now crossing the Atlantic on his way home, has a letter of his own in his paper on the Manitoba School Question. Among other good things, he says: "The school question is not settled, and has got to be settled before there can be peace in Canada." It is truly wonderful how travel opens up a man's mind.

The report of the inaugural ceremonies on Sunday before last in Rev. Father Gillies' church at Whitewood was in type and marked for our last issue, but the foreman unfortunately omitted it by mistake. With this explanation to our friends at Whitewood we insert it this time.

One of the woes of the proof-reader is the miscarriage of his corrections. A case in point occurred last week. In an item concerning a funeral at Portage la Prairie the proof-reader had inserted an "s" after "Mr." to show that it was "Mrs." and not "Mr." Fullerton who was buried; but the compositor transferred the "s" to an other "Mr." three lines further down and thus transformed the kindly Superintendent of the Home for Incurables into a lady.

"Donahoe's" for November is called a "Thanksgiving Number," though there is nothing about thanksgiving in it. The cover is a fairly well done imitation bas-relief, and the magazine is thickly studded with good illustrations. In his "Men and Things" Mr. Henry Austin Adams, who we understand, has since vacated the editorial chair, speaks, as one who has been there, of what the Ritualists are doing and suffering in the Church of England. "A regular old wave of no-Popery has begun to flood England, the like of which has not been seen these forty years and more." The number contains five stories and six short poems. The most serious articles are "A Question before Congress" by Hon. Walter D. Ramsdell, "A Ramble in Literary London" by John de Morgan, and "The case of Dreyfus" by James W. Clarkson.

Perhaps the most interesting article in the "Catholic World" for November is Regina Armstrong's charming sketch of the late Richard Malcolm Johnston, "Gentleman and Man of Letters," a figure as far above Thackeray's Colonel Newcome as genteel poverty for truth's sake is above spendthrift chivalry. One feels that it must have been a rare

privilege to have been on familiar terms with Colonel Johnston.

Another excellent article is John J. O'Shea's defence of Father Arthur O'Leary (1729-1802), "a great Franciscan, a great wit and a great enigma." Prof. Austin O'Malley puts in a strong plea for higher education for such girls as thirst for it. "From the days of Mariana the mother of Fulgentius, and Anthusa, the mother of John Chrysostom," he writes, "down to the time of Augusta Drane, the Church has been actually crowded with learned women that were in no degree injured by their wisdom, while the world was made better for their presence." He is an M. D. and says, after showing that co-education is dangerous to purity: "I cannot speak of co-education from wide, personal experience, except in medical schools. There it is an abomination."

There is a gleam of hope for "United Canada" in the fact that Mr. J. K. Foran, LL. D., has become its literary editor. Mr. Foran, who is a practical pressman, having had a brilliant experience with the "True Witness," will no doubt attend to this wonderful sheet's grammar before lifting it to the heights of literature. Spelling and vocabulary are the foundation stones of sentences. Mr. Grace; do please get Mr. Foran to set yours in order. For instance in your last number we read "vicitudes," "unimitable," "decipline," "blaspheming," "infinitely," "sixpense," "tallence" (talents), "pleb-site," "guranted" (guaranteed), and "accidently" as a heading in large capitals.

It is not generally known, and has nowhere been mentioned in his various obituaries, that David A. Wells, who died at Norwich, Conn, on the 7th inst., was for some time a student of Nicolet College, Que., where he went on purpose to learn French. This we had from his own lips when he passed through Manitoba ten years ago. The famous "Special Commissioner of U. S. Revenue" preserved the happiest recollections of his sojourn as a youth in Canada. He was a man of vast and well digested information on economic questions and a charming, unassuming talker.

"The Owl," which so long blinked wisely athwart the cover of Ottawa University's organ, has been replaced by a stern, laurel-crowned figure in bold black and white set on a pointed oval arabesque ground, the lower point of which holds the Oblate Fathers' escutcheon, and the title of this excellent monthly now is "University of Ottawa Review," the first volume of the new series beginning with the September number. We wish it long life and great success.

The November number of "The Holy Cross Purple," of Worcester College, Mass., is prelete with highly interesting matter. "Some Personal Experiences of a Surgeon in the late war by P. O'Shea '92" and "Campaigning with the 12th U.S. Infantry, by T. P. Conneff, Sp. '96," are really valuable contributions. In the department headed "College World", which is fully comprehensive enough to bear out

its title, we read the curious testimony of a former Rector of Storyhurst College to the effect that Arthur Conan Doyle was there during his rectorate. "Both father and mother were Catholic and of course Conan himself was. There has been no open apostacy but rather a cessation of Catholic profession. Once a paragraph appeared in the Review of Reviews attributing to him hostility to the Jesuits. As soon as it came to his notice he sent to the papers a manly repudiation of such sentiments."

In one of his latest letters to his paper, "The Tablet," Mr. Snead Cox says: "There is no coal-field nearer [Winnipeg] than Pennsylvania on the one side, and the Rockies on the other." Now the nearest coal-field in the Rockies is 917 miles away, and the Pennsylvania coal-fields are some 1200 miles east of us. But—and this Mr. Cox might have learned from the advertisements in the daily papers—there are, less than 300 miles from Winnipeg, three coal-fields each of which keeps about one hundred men steadily employed. Thus we are nearer to coal than are Montreal and Toronto.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Some months ago we noticed in a Catholic magazine of large circulation a phrase which we thought at the time incorrect and even misleading. Alluding, without mentioning any name, to Cardinal Manning, the writer spoke of him as "the great English Cardinal." One of his readers objected that the phrase, as it stood, more properly designated Cardinal Newman. We think it fits best on Cardinal Wiseman. After a second and more careful perusal of his life by Wilfrid Ward, we have no hesitation in placing the first Archbishop of Westminster at the head of the illustrious trio. The three, in each of whose names by a curious coincidence the word "man" figures prominently, were undoubtedly great men. But in originality of conception, breadth of view, wide range of sympathies, encyclopedic learning, warmth of heart and depth of feeling, and above all, in influence upon his own and the following generation, Nicholas Wiseman seems to us even greater than John Henry Newman. Several of the latter's best ideas are now shown forth as having originated in Wiseman's capacious brain. This is particularly true of their defence of Catholicism as it exists in Italy. The treatment of this complex question by both is substantially the same, and we now see—in this truly wonderful biography, the greatest biography of the century, as we rightly called it when first we reviewed it—where Newman borrowed his views. He himself affirms that it was one of Wiseman's articles in the Dublin Review that first let the light into his soul.

As to the position of Cardinal Manning in the illustrious trio there can be no hesitancy in the mind of any man who can appreciate the difference between genius and talent. Henry Edward Manning was a singularly clever and good man, in mere technicalities a better

administrator than the other two, more masterful in the presence of other men than they; but he could not, as they could, originate great and lasting movements, neither had he that warmth of heart which they, each in his own way, so distinctly possessed.

"The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman" by Wilfrid Ward is truly a revelation. The marvel is that it should have been kept back from us so long. But now that we have it, it behooves us to make it known. For a thoughtful man or woman no better birthday or Christmas and New Year's gift could be presented than this intensely interesting panorama of a life round which were grouped all the interests of Christendom for sixty-three of the most soul-stirring years of this century.

A LITERARY TREAT.

Last Sunday, at 4.30 p. m., the Literary Society (Académie Française) of St. Boniface College, held an open meeting under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop, attended by a select audience of ladies and gentlemen. After a few well chosen words of greeting from the President, Mr Lajoie, Mr. Bellavance delivered, in a most interesting and self-possessed way, a valuable lecture on the superiority of the Greek and Latin classics as instruments of culture. This was followed by a debate on the relative influence of Mahomet and Luther, Mr. Alfred Bernier depicting, with a wealth of historical detail, the havoc wrought by the followers of the Prophet, while Mr. Sabourin expatiated on the disastrous results of Luther's misdirected genius. The latter gentleman not having had time to finish his speech, the debate was adjourned till the next meeting. The entertainment closed with a classic scene from Racine's Plaideurs, in which Messrs. G. Bélanger, J. Lord, J. Prud'homme, J. Magnan and A. Béliveau distinguished themselves. His Grace congratulated the speakers on their praiseworthy performances and expressed himself as highly delighted with this glimpse of their literary activity.

ECHOES OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

The following letter from one of the students of St. Boniface College to a friend in the west was not originally intended for publication; but, having been allowed to see it, we thought the additional details would interest our readers.

St. Boniface College,
Nov. 4th 1898.

Dear Friend,

I am sure you would be delighted to hear about a pilgrimage that we made to St. Ann on All Saints'. After having heard mass at the college and received holy communion we went down near St. Boniface to take the cars on the new line. The journey was not very agreeable, for owing to the recent rains the sleepers were sunk so unevenly in the mud as to cause the cars to sway to and fro. However no accident happened either going or coming. Before the train stopped we recited the beads and sang the Magnificat. It was really beautiful to mingle our voices with the rumble of the cars.

When we reached our destina-

tion we unfurled our national flags and banners and followed two by two the large crowd who were escorting His Grace to the presbytery. I could not help admiring the faith of the people of this parish who came in such numbers to celebrate this grand occasion. When the bishop had blessed the new church we proceeded to the sacristy and choir, for we had been called upon to serve and to sing.

I suppose you know that this town has been chosen as a place of pilgrimage for all Manitoba. These pilgrimages are to be made in honour of St. Ann; consequently the church has been dedicated to her. It is built of brick, and is quite large. It is not finished inside yet, but when it is I believe it will be one of the finest churches in Manitoba. During mass, and vespers I heard several sermons preached by His Grace. He never seems to forget his schools; it seems to be his dominant idea, and I can see clearly that he is right. He sees very well that religion is the basis of everything. I cannot help remembering what he said about our friends across the line; his observation on the result of their public schools exactly agreed with my own.

After mass an ample repast was served to us by the ladies of town, in the old church building. I must say that they are not in the least behind the times, for the dinner was first class in every respect.

Vespers were sung at three o'clock. The singing was unusually good, as it was at mass. The good pastor, Father Giroux, would not let us depart until he had thanked the pilgrims for their generosity, and informed them that they were always welcome to make a pilgrimage to his church whenever they had occasion to do so. Yes! I hope I shall often have the occasion of celebrating such a beautiful feast by making a pilgrimage to this church.

After a little lunch we prepared to take the cars. It was here that a few of my companions and myself witnessed a scene which showed the geniality of our archbishop. I shall never forget it. We were standing on the platforms of two adjoining cars. Groups of people were standing at intervals on the ground to bid His Grace adieu as the train pulled out. When they repeated the words "Bonssoir, merci," they sent him back a volley of "hurrahs which were repeated until the last group was reached. And then, with some emotion, His Grace, whose clear tenor carries so far, broke out with the song "Bonssoir, mes amis, bonsoir"; we all joined in the chorus with a will. Our beloved archbishop then retired into his private car and I saw him no more. It was then that the reflection came to me: "If society was made up of similar men, how much better the world would be."

The journey back was very agreeable. Our bright young friends from the Industrial school supplied us with music all through the journey. We ended this day, long to be remembered, by reciting the beads and singing the Magnificat again. It is my earnest wish that we may see many similar days.

An Epileptic Sufferer.

A FENLON FARMER TELLS OF HIS REMARKABLE CURE.

At Regular Intervals He Was Subject to Fits, and Doctors Told Him the Trouble Was Incurable—Now Free From the Malady.

From the Warrier, Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Robert McGee, of the 9th concession of Fenlon, Victoria county, says in speaking of his cure from this terrible malady:—"I am 35 years of age and live on the old homestead where I was born and have lived always since, and where my own little family were born. This part of Fenlon is known as McGee's Settlement, there are so many of that name living in the vicinity. Never in my life did I know what a day's sickness was until March, 1895, when without any known cause and without any warning I was stricken down with an epileptic fit. It came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for myself I neither felt nor knew anything that was going on about me. After coming out of the convulsion, which they tell me usually lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, I would fall into a heavy sleep from which I would awake with a dull, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be able to attend to my farm work, but strange to say every four months after as regular as a clock I would be seized with a

fit, which always came on in the night. Various doctors and specialists were consulted and I took several different medicines, but without effecting a cure. Several doctors said the disease was incurable. I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the newspapers and was advised by friends who had experienced cures from other seemingly incurable ailments, to try them. In November 1896 I commenced and kept on taking them regularly for a year. The dreaded period passed and passed again and again without a repetition of my trouble, and I felt that I was at last released from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In conversation with Mrs. McGee she said that her husband's trouble was the cause of most seriously affecting her nerves and general health, as she was always living in dread, and could never enjoy a night's rest. The slightest noise would startle her, and if it had not been for the kindness of a neighbor who always came and stayed at the house over night, she believes she would have broken down altogether. She also is thankful for the great change that has been wrought, and is only too glad to let others with similar afflictions know that there is a remedy for this terrible disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent

post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville Ont.

ROSEBERRY PRONOUNCES "BEACONSFIELD."

Lord Roseberry in delivering an oration on Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield the other day, was corrected for mispronouncing the place, but justified himself as follows according to the Times report:

"As I have been reminded by my friend the rector, I spoke of Beaconsfield, not 'Beaconsfield.' I well knew what I was doing. I was brought up to believe the pronunciation was 'Beaconsfield' until on the creation of the title of Lady Beaconsfield, and still more of Lord Beaconsfield, I was impressed by those distinguished persons with a creed, which will only leave me with my life, that the proper pronunciation was Beaconsfield, and not 'Beaconsfield.' I can assure you it would have required more courage than I possess to address Lady Beaconsfield as 'Lady Beconsfield' or Lord Beaconsfield as 'Lord Beconsfield.' I do not know how it will be fought out in this district, that conflict of pronunciation; I only give you the historical authority on one side, and I do not know whether it will countervail local tradition on the other."



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WAGHORN'S GUIDE AT BOOKSTORES 5c

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

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

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

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

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIEDMAN.

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

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

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 16 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (THE TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Father George, O. M. I., at latest accounts, was in Rome.

Rev. Father Audemard, O. M. I., returned last Thursday from a trip to Joliette, N. Dak.

Rev. Father Camper, O. M. I., and Rev. Father Poitras, O. M. I., were in town last week.

Rev. Father Blain, S. J., held services at St. Cuthbert's, Portage la Prairie, last Sunday.

Mgr. Grouard O. M. I., Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie, has been visiting Rome, and had a special audience with the Holy Father on October 18th.

Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., went last Saturday evening to Austin to say Mass for the Catholics there and returned by the delayed train from the west on Sunday afternoon.

A report of the annual election meeting of the St. Mary's Aid and Altar Society and of the work done during the past year came in too late for this issue and will appear in our next.

The Montreal papers have published a letter from Rev. Fr. Lacombe, explaining his project for the establishment of a half-breed colony, and subscriptions are now being received from the public.

Last Thursday the ice on the Red River was strong enough to bear one man who skated from Winnipeg to a neighboring village, but the surface is very rough owing to the snow, falling when the river froze.

Nurse Wagner, a devoted assistant to the late Sister Mary Xavier at St. Boniface and Calgary Hospitals, came down from Calgary last Wednesday, having in her charge Mr. Thomas E. Hazel, who has been in the Calgary hospital for the past five months and is now in the General hospital in Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Kullavy's sermon to the Polish Catholics of Winnipeg took place, not in St. Mary's Church as our reporter had it last week, but in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Rev. Father Cherrier accompanies Father Kullavy in his visits to the Poles of the former's parish.

It is reported that Fr. Maturin, the distinguished Anglican clergyman, late of the "Cowley Fathers," who was received into the Catholic Church about two years ago and was recently ordained in Rome where he has studied since his conversion, is to join the Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, which Order Cardinal Newman introduced into England. He will, it is said, be attached to the Brompton Oratory in London.

Many citizens of St. Boniface protest against the Southeastern Railway being allowed the privilege, recently granted to it by the St. Boniface town council, of running a spur along Provencher Avenue in front of some of the best residences and especially directly in front of the new convent, so that little girls from five to seven years of age will have to cross the railway track four times a day. When a few of the dear little ones have been sent to join the angelic hosts our

worthy archons will no doubt realize the danger.

Rev. Father Beaudin, O. M. I., removed yesterday to Selkirk, where he will henceforth reside, continuing, however, to superintend the financial interests of this Oblate vicariate.

Rev. Fathers Martin, of St. Eastache, and Woodcutter, of Gretare guests of the Archbishop; so is Rev. Father Pouliot, Rev. Fr. Audemard is assistant priest at the cathedral. Rev. Father Bellevau is steward at the palace.

Rev. Father Kruse, O. M. I., a native of Prussian Saxony, whose health has been seriously impaired by prolonged study, leaves to-day for Lafayette, Ind., the home of his parents, where he will enjoy a much needed rest.

Reverend Mother Bond, Superior of the Faithful Companions of Jesus at Duck Lake, Sask., stopped over here last Friday evening and continued her journey to Rat Portage by the delayed Atlantic express on Saturday.

Next Thursday evening, the 17th, the students of St. Boniface college will play "La Cagnotte," one of Labiche's most amusing comedies, for the benefit of the College athletic club. Reserved seats at 50 cents may be secured at J. B. Leclerc's store, St. Boniface, where the plan of the college Hall is on view.

During last week Rev. Father Cherrier, accompanied by Rev. Father Kullavy, O. M. I., visited fifty families of Catholic Poles in the Immaculate Conception parish. They were warmly welcomed everywhere, but they found nine tenths of these good people living in crowded hovels the unsanitary conditions of which clamor for prompt remedy on the part of the civic authorities and especially the Board of Health.

St. Beuno's College, in North Wales, where several Canadian Jesuits have studied theology, celebrated, on the 20th of October last, the fiftieth anniversary of its opening. There are still living in Great Britain six members of the first batch of students who began their theology at St. Beuno's in October 1848, and, as the average age for beginning theology in the Society of Jesus is 30, these half dozen survivors have long since passed the allotted three score and ten.

There was a large attendance at the High Mass of Requiem celebrated last Thursday by His Grace the Archbishop for the late Sister Mary Xavier and Sister Gascon. The assistant priests were Rev. Father Beaudin, O. M. I. and Rev. Father Dorais, O. M. I., the deacon was Rev. Father Gravel and the subdeacon Rev. Fr. Béliveau. Rev. Fr. Drummond, S. J., was present in the chancel. Little Albert Sinclair, of the Industrial School, supported by the Cathedral choir, sang sweetly the "Miseremini Mei."

NEW CHURCH AT WHITEWOOD.

Last Sunday was a gala-day at Whitehood, Assa. Rev. Father Gillies' new Church was blessed by Rev. Father Paquin, S. J., Rector of St. Boniface College, whom His Grace the Archbishop had expressly commissioned to represent him on this great occasion. The neat new edifice can seat about one hundred, but at the High Mass there was hardly standing room.

In the morning Father Paquin preached on worship as a necessity for the whole man, mind, heart and body; hence the need of external worship, of

a specially blessed edifice, which is the centre of spiritual life and the source of graces for the neighborhood.

In the afternoon he dwelt on the reasonableness of the sacrament of Penance, particularly with reference to auricular confession. At both services, but more especially in the afternoon, there was a large proportion of Protestants.

The devoted pastor, Father Gillies, is deeply grateful to all who helped to build the church and to enhance the splendor of the inaugural ceremonies. He tenders his thanks in particular to the many Protestants who contributed to the building fund, to the Anglican organist who volunteered to play in the new Catholic Church and to others of our separated brethren who joined the choir on that memorable day.



It is a painful sight to see an otherwise robust man limping along on a crutch or cane, a sufferer from rheumatism. Rheumatism is a disease that will never attack a man who keeps his blood pure and rich. There is just one way to do this. That is, to keep the digestion and assimilation perfect and the liver and bowels active. All cases of rheumatism are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It creates a keen, hearty appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, and all weakness of the stomach. It makes the assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, the nerves strong and steady, and it drives all impurities and abnormal acids from the blood. It allays inflammation and dispels pain. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not build flabby flesh, but tears down the unhealthy, half-dead tissues that constitute corpulence, carries them away and excretes them, replacing them with the firm tissues of health. Thousands have testified to its merits. Sold at all medicine stores.

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism and kidney trouble," writes Mr. C. B. White, of Grove, Geauga Co., Ohio. "I suffered untold pain. I was afraid I would lose my mind. At times was almost entirely helpless. There had not been a night for three years that I could rest in any position. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I used three bottles of it and am well of both diseases."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them and there's nothing else "just as good."

FOUND

On the 14th inst. at Lorette, Man. two horses hitched on two wheels, one being a red mare, with a white left hind leg, the two fore feet shod, and a white spot on the fore part of the head; and the other being a brown horse with a white right fore leg, the four feet shod, a white strip on the fore part of the head, and the end of the tail cut. The owner can get them at M. COLIN McDUGALL, Lorette, Man.

A New Boarding-House For Small Boys.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Boniface, yielding to repeated requests from various quarters, have determined to undertake the management of a boarding-house for boys between the ages of six and twelve. Special halls will be set apart for them, where, under the care and supervision of the Grey Nuns, they will be prepared for their First Communion, while attending either the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College or the classes of Provencher Academy. This establishment will be known as "Le Jardin de l'Enfance" (Kindergarten). The results already attained in similar institutions of the Order give every reason to hope that this arrangement will fill a long felt want.

Board and lodging will cost six dollars a month. For the boys who attend Provencher Academy there will be an additional charge of fifty cents a month; and for those who take music lessons, \$3 a month. Bedding, mending and washing will be extra. The Sisters are willing to attend to these extras on terms to be arranged with them. The boys who attend the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College will have to pay the tuition fees of the College.

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Branch 52, Winnipeg.

Meets at St. Mary's School House every 1st and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 o'clock P. M. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Guillet; Chancellor, Geo. Germain; Pres., M. Conway; 1st Vice-Pres., G. Gladish; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. O'Day; Treas., W. Jordan; Rec.-Sec., H. A. Russell; Asst., R. F. Hinds; Fin.-Sec., D. F. Allman; Marshall, J. O'Connor; Guard, A. D. McDonald; Trustees, J. O'Connor, R. Murphy, P. Shea, G. Gladish, S. Starr; Representative, D. Smith; Alternate, P. Shea.

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