



THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the St. Louis "Western Watchman," writes to his paper from Paris the following considerations on the Italian crisis:

DEAR WATCHMAN:—

I would take you away from France and her politics for one week to direct your attention to affairs likely soon to develop in Italy. The stone of the sepulchre has fallen on the second king of Italy with its heavy weight of oblivion and death, and in so falling has closed an epoch in the history of that country. The revolutionary monarchy of the first Victor Emmanuel is laid to rest forever in the pantheon. The new regime in Italy will be one of conflict, of deadly hand-to-hand grapple with the forces of the revolution.

A LITTLE RESUME OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

Carvour gave the Kingdom of Italy its breath of life. That spirit he also impressed on the revolutionists of his time. That spirit was one of irreconcilable hostility to the Church and the papacy. The popular incarnation of that spirit was Garibaldi. He wrote to his staunch friend and ally, Pyl, "Political assassination; that is the secret for bringing the revolution to its final end. The sovereigns call the friends of the people assassins. The true republicans, like Agésilas, Milano, Pietri, Orsini, Pianori, Monti and Tognetti, were called assassins. They are to-day venerated as martyrs for the people. Nobeling, Moucasi, Passenante, Solovieff, Otero, Hartmann and their companions are the true precursors of the reign of the future social republic. It is the cursed clergy who are the true assassins. It is they who have brought progress to the block and who still assassinate it by lies. Transport the clergy to Siberia, but not the brave companions of Hartmann." The spirit of this letter was the spirit of the Italian "resorgimento." This social republic has passed for nearly half a century under the name of the Kingdom of Italy. Victor Emmanuel was the executive of the lodges and his parliaments simply recorded the last resolutions of the secret meetings of the revolutionary junta. The House of Savoy became the accomplice and the King of Italy the crowned slave of the revolution.

TRYING TO GET RID OF ITS WICKED PARTNERS.

Victor Emmanuel did not like his company and he soon became restive under the restrictions of his gilded slavery. He did not like to see his noble house transplanted to sterile soil where it could never take root. The House of Savoy was of Piedmont, and there could defy all its foes, being deeply rooted in the manners and affections of the people. But what was it to the Lombards, the Tuscans, the Romans and the Neopolitans? Simply the first hasty experiment of the Revolution. Its charter of permanency was conditional upon success, unbroken, unlimited success. The Triple Alliance was an attempt to break away from revolutionary associates. The great army and navy of Italy were evoked by the spectre of the "Roman Question." Under the plea that Italy had to arm herself against the machinations of the

Vatican and the Italian people permitted themselves to be impoverished almost to the point of starvation. The renewal of the Triple Alliance by Rudini was a reprieve for the kingdom. The scandal of the Bank of Rome was the first serious discomfiture of the Kingdom of Italy. Sixty-five millions of lire, in spurious bills, had been placed on the market by the Bank of Rome; spurious because not warranted by law and wholly unauthorized by its grant of powers. This money was employed in placating the revolutionary chieftains. A prosecution was begun in defence of an outraged public opinion. What was to be done, however, to save from disgrace the ministers, the senators and the deputies who had benefited by the robbery? Cavalotti indicted Crispi. The day of the trial was set; but as the high court of impeachment was about to open proceedings, the parliament was prorogued by royal decree. Then the Abyssinian Expedition was organized as a distraction. We all know the disastrous results of that enterprise. With the defeat of the Italian army in Africa, Crispi's fortunes went into final eclipse. Rudini is again called to the helm. A reign of terror is inaugurated among the tumultuous sectaries of the North. The dragonades of General Bara are a blot on the history of the kingdom. Umberto is frightened and he calls to his aid the faithful Piedmontese, Pelloux. No sooner is he sworn in than the director of the Bank of Sicily is assassinated because he resolutely opposed the looting of his bank by the revolutionary leaders who had already squandered the sixty-five millions filched from the Bank of Rome. Then came out the terrible truth that the real head of the Italian Mafia was Crispi. He was its protector and was by it protected in turn. Pelloux determined to make common war on the Socialists and the adherents of the papacy. We know the measures of repression resorted to under his short but disastrous ministry. He appealed to the people and was beaten. The parliament was dissolved and the country ruled by royal decree. Savano was called to power and a new election ordered. Under Pelloux the government majority which was considered unsatisfactory was 107. Under his successor it fell to 28, which is the majority of the government at present. The minority was never better marshalled and never so eager for the fray.

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

The young king is not a revolutionist by taste and he is therefore quite ready to accept any expedient that will give him relief from the bondage of the lodges. The signs of the times all point to a coalition between the Catholics and the Republicans. The new party has already captured the principal cities and they need only the signal from the Vatican to seize the country. That will mean a reconciliation with the Pope. How far will the House of Savoy make concessions? How far will the Vatican be willing to go in the way of compromise? That is simply a question of detail.

POWERFUL INFLUENCES WORKING FOR A MODUS VIVENDI.

The House of Savoy was always friendly to the Temporal Power. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor his

son, Humbert, relish the position they occupy in respect to the Church. If Queen Margaret had her way the body of Humbert would now be in the Superga, and not in the Pantheon. Women count for a great deal in the present state of Italian politics. The Queen Mother is in favor of a reconciliation with the Pope. The noble princess Clotilda in her solitude prays for peace. The next Queen of Italy, the Duchess of Aosta, Helen of Orleans, is a devoted adherent of the Papacy. Maria Pia of Portugal, the only member of the House of Savoy with whom Leo XIII. can hold diplomatic relations, yearns for peace. They will raise their voices around the throne of the young King, in doleful pleading for reconciliation. It would seem that the end of the long estrangement is near, and that the moral union of Italy will at last follow the material and political union. Will the coming republic give the Pope his city of Rome and the States of the Church? Will the House of Savoy be spared in the general debacle? Nous verrons.

THE JUDGE'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men who exercised a strong influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother."

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. I think," said the judge, gravely, "that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I have ever known."

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No." The judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire, with roused apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one of us had his mug of the delicious stuff; and then we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our hearts to the dear, wise woman."

"All day long she was our comrade. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men, as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important

step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper on which she had scribbled "artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers."

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can only tell you what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.—Youth's Companion.

AN IMMATURE WORLD.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.
(Written for the Review.)

In recent articles we have given rein to the imagination, and, assuming in fancy the ethereal powers which we hope to possess in the long hereafter, have visited the centre of our solar system and some of our nearer planetary and errant neighbours. Let us again unfetter ourselves from our earth-shackles, and once more vault far into space, and, on soul-wing, continue our aerial tour.

Speeding toward that brilliant and mighty planet Jupiter, we are astounded at his gigantic proportions, his relative size as compared with the earth being as that of a tennis ball to a grain of pepper. The great planet, however, is evidently not yet sufficiently mature for habitation, being evidently in the condition in which our earth was towards the close of the first æon or the commencement of the second, an epoch when the sun, moon and stars had not yet been made to appear: for he is completely surrounded with dense, impenetrable masses of thick cloud, which must effectually and completely obscure the heavens from view. When, however, in the course of the æons, the giant watery world has cooled down, the dry land has been formed, and the vapours have disappeared, except such moderate volume of passing cloud as is necessary for the irrigation of the planet, owing to his numerous satellites the future inhabitants will very seldom have the opportunity of enjoying the glorious spectacle of a starry night. For, except perhaps about once or twice in a century, one or more of his five moons is always shining, and, like our moon, concealing by their superior brilliancy all but the brightest of the stars. How favoured is this earth by having but one moon: for had we as many as some of the larger planets the mighty vault of the universe, with its serried ranks of brilliant stars, would never have been seen by mortal eye, and the wonderful immensity of space would never have been revealed.

In other respects, too, we are more favoured than Jupiter, for this year having ten times the length of our own, each of his seasons is two and a half years in duration, while his days and nights are only five hours each.

That which, however, strikes us with the greatest astonishment, is the diminutive apparent size of the sun, which appears to be only about double the size of Jupiter as seen from the earth, though of course infinitely more brilliant. Full bright sunshine, therefore, as we enjoy it, can never be seen on

that planet.

Leaving this great immature world let us take flight through the ether and visit the little sun-immersed planet Mercury. Now we see the orb of day as an enormous fiery globe hanging threateningly above us, infinitely more brilliant and dazzling than he appears to us, his rays producing a burning heat so intense that if our own planet were exposed to it universal conflagration would probably ensue. Doubtless, however, there is some provision of Nature to mitigate the vehemence of the scorching heat: the atmosphere possibly being of such a nature as to obstruct and modify the fervency of the light and heat rays.

Returning now to our native earth, we congratulate ourselves that

Of all these shining orbs, Man has his fixed seat in the fairest and most perfect of them all; and when we compare the leaden gloom of cloud-enveloped Jupiter, or the fiery blaze of sun-parched Mercury, with the lovely adornments of our own beautiful earth, a feeling of gladdened satisfaction must arise within us that we are earth-born.

And not only is she physically beautiful above her fellows, but, far more momentous still, she has been honoured with a lengthened personal visit from the Eternal Son of God, who here gave Himself a Ransom for each and every one claiming that substituted expiation, the guilt of their misdeeds being then and there eternally obliterated and expunged from the Great Book.

MISTOOK THE COURTESY.

A very pretty girl who lives in Frankfort went to Wilmington the other day with her uncle, says the Reporter's Nosegay.

In the evening she stood on a corner in front of a huge church, waiting for a car. Many laboring men, with empty dinner-pails on their arms, were passing on their way home from work, and it touched and pleased the young girl to see how respectfully these honest, brawny fellows bowed and raised their hats to her. "They are but lately come from the mother country," she thought, as she acknowledged with a gracious smile each salutation; "and they think from my appearance that I am some distinguished person—the daughter of a senator or a governor—and they suppose it is the custom here, as it is at their home, to make obeisance humbly to such as I. It is very pleasant and nice of them," she said to herself, "but I must have acknowledged fifty or sixty bows by this time, and my neck and face are getting tired with so much smiling and nodding." On that account, however, she would not be so rude as to ignore the lowly workmen's bows, and she was working away like Mr. McKinley reviewing a parade when her uncle, who had stepped into a drug store, rejoined her.

"What in the world are you doing, Marie?" he asked. The young girl explained. "Why, you silly girl," said the uncle, "don't you see it's a Catholic church you're standing in front of? These men are Catholics and it's to their church they are lifting their hats, not to you." The uncle did not know, neither did the Reporter's Nosegay, that they were bowing to Him whose real bodily presence makes every Catholic church a hallowed spot.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

30—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Jerome, Conf., Doctor. Solemnity of the feast of St. Michael.

OCTOBER.

- 1, Monday—St. Remigius, Bishop.
- 2, Tuesday—The Holy Guardian Angels.
- 3, Wednesday—Votive office of St. Joseph.
- 4, Thursday—St. Francis of Assisi, Conf.
- 5, Friday—Votive office of the Passion.
- 6, Saturday—St. Bruno, Conf.

CURRENT COMMENT.

There are many mean ways of making amends for a fault. The "Pittsburg Observer," having been taken to task by us for appropriating some of our paragraphs without acknowledgement, thought to improve its past record by crediting a later paragraph of ours on His Lordship Bishop Grouard to the "Winnipeg Review." Then the "Midland Review" copied that paragraph from the Observer, reference and all. Our Louisville contemporary needs to be informed that there is no such publication as the "Winnipeg Review," and that even the Observer's references are not trustworthy. THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is now published in Winnipeg, a fact which the Midland's mailing list has not yet taken cognizance of.

An amusing incident happened lately on a train running west of Winnipeg. An Ontario farmer, who had come up to see how things looked in Manitoba, happened to sit down next to a judge whose Catholicism is of the most practical, enlightened and militant type. The farmer broke ground by saying, "I'm in a hurry to get home." "Where's your home?" said the Judge. "In Kent county." "How are politics there?" "Well, I'm going to poll the first Tory vote I ever registered." "Why so?" "Oh, there's too much Rome and Romanism in the government for me." There and then the Judge pointed out to the astonished farmer the erroneousness of the reason for which he was going to poll that otherwise unobjectionable vote.

The coal strike is assuming alarming proportions and ought to give the coal trust men very serious pangs of anxiety, if so be they are accessible to any such feelings. For, sooner or later capitalists as

well as workingmen are sure to suffer from these gigantic strikes. The damage done to the former may not be so swift as it is in the case of the latter, but it may be more lasting. Some day the people may rise in their might and kill the trusts. And even if they do not, general business is apt to be so seriously crippled as to react on the wealthy companies themselves. Take, for instance, the effect the recent C.P.R. machinists' strike has had on the rolling stock of our great railway. Three weeks after the strike was over the Imperial Limited had to be pulled out of Winnipeg by an engine, which, for want of proper repair, could not make schedule time. On another recent occasion an engine started from Winnipeg with only four cars and "died" fifteen miles out on the prairie. These shortcomings materially interfere with general traffic long after the immediate results of a strike have passed away.

One of our far away subscribers, having noticed with pleasure our article on the Greek play "Philoctetes," performed last spring in St. Boniface College, writes to ask what pronunciation of Greek was then used and what rules of accent adopted. We are happy to accommodate him. The actors followed the method of pronunciation recommended in White's Greek Beginner. The consonants were uttered as in English, the "theta" having the sound of hard "th" as in thin; the only exceptions were "chi," to which was given the German guttural sound, and "zeta" pronounced like the "dz" in "adze." The vowels had the continental, not the English sound, being pronounced long or short according to the nature of the Greek vowels, for instance, "epsilon" was like the "e" in *met* and "eta" like the first "e" in the French word "fete." The performers adhered as strictly as possible to the written accent.

The *Casket* announces, in tones of warm commendation and regret, the retirement of Mr. Wall from the editorship of that admirable paper. He finds that his legal practice suffers from the time he has to devote to editorial labors, and the *Casket* cannot afford to give him a salary at all proportioned to his great ability. We happen to know that efforts have been made to attract Mr. Wall to Ottawa, where he could edit a Catholic paper worthy of the Capital of Canada; but rightly enough he will not relinquish the certain emoluments of his growing practice for the uncertain possibilities of a journalistic venture. It is quite true, as the *Casket* says, that, had Mr. Wall's editorials appeared in a celebrated and widely circulated journal, in the *London Tablet* for instance, they would have won the admiration of the entire literary world. The *Casket*, under Mr. Wall, combined literary finish, honesty and the staunchest and most enlightened Catholicism to a degree which no other Catholic paper in America has attained. But what Catholic paper in Canada or the United States could give him a salary commensurate with his intellectual or social standing? Besides, the life of a lawyer like Mr. Wall is so bound up with his home and its surroundings, with the social and public life of his province, that residence anywhere else holds out no inducements. This is one of those cases where a man of extraordinary capacity is pinned down to a very limited sphere.

VENTILATION IN SCHOOLS.

The recent reopening of schools, coupled with the approach of cold weather, suggests the great import-

ance of properly ventilating the schoolrooms. Bad air has a disastrous effect both on teacher and pupil. It befuddles the brains of both, makes them either listless or cross. The health of multitudes has been and still is, alas!, ruined by the vitiated atmosphere of the school. Thus it becomes a paramount duty to secure the best possible ventilation. When the air circulates freely and regularly teaching becomes a pleasure and the pupils disperse with heads as clear as when they assembled.

We admit, however, that thorough ventilation, without the direct impact of cold draughts, is a difficult financial problem. It is easy enough with plenty of money to establish an effective system of ventilation; but when funds are low what is there to do? Well, the first requisite is to be convinced that some ventilation is necessary for the well being of all who have to spend five or six hours in a crowded schoolroom. Then will follow the obvious inference that a large part of whatever sum is spent on the school must be set apart for the introduction of fresh air into the room. This may be done by a square wooden conduit communicating with a hole in the wall. That conduit should end in a tin box surrounding the stove—we allude here to buildings that have no furnace—and the cold air after circulating round the stove should be allowed to escape through holes in the top of the tin box, whence it spreads gradually through the room until it escapes through a hole in the ceiling and ultimately through a pipe into the open-air. This primitive method has often been found very serviceable in poor country schools. Of course this supposes an additional expenditure of fuel, but the added outlay is amply made up by the improved cheerfulness of the teachers and pupils.

In a word we would say to all managers of schools, if you have five hundred dollars to spend on your school, devote at least two hundred to ventilation; if you have only one hundred, devote forty to pure air.

Another method of purifying the air has just been discovered by Desgrez & Balshazard, as the "Scientific America" tells us in its Science Notes of the 15th inst. The principal regenerating agent seems to be sodium dioxide. In a suit provided with this purifier a diver can move for hours under water without drawing air from the surface. Doubtless this method would be more economical than an elaborate ventilating apparatus.

The main point is that good ventilation does away with much worry, much affliction of spirit and, what is most important of all, much downright sin.

THE NEWMAN OF THE NORTH.

The Ablest Protestant Theologian in Denmark, Sweden and Norway Becomes a Catholic.

Writing from Denmark, a special correspondent of the *London Catholic Times*, himself a convert, gives some interesting particulars concerning the conversion of K. Krogh-Tonning, D.D., the famous rector of Old Aker parish, in Christiania, and admittedly the most learned Protestant theologian in all the three northern countries of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

"At the beginning of the year," writes the correspondent, "he resigned his office, which was one of the most remunerative in the land, and half a year afterwards he made his submission to the Church.

"Dh. Krogh-Tonning is now fifty-seven years old. From his early manhood he has been an eminent theologian. He began as an

orthodox Lutheran, but his development went on in what in England is called a Ritualistic direction. Twenty years ago he published an able work on confession, in which he maintained that absolution as 'a word from God to the sinner' is really in absolute conformity with the Lutheran Symbols, though completely forgotten by the Protestants of the present day.

"With the lapse of years Dr. Krogh-Tonning continued his studies, and his reputation continued to grow. He would have been made a Norwegian Bishop had it not been noticed that his views became more and more Catholic. This is to be seen very clearly in his five-volume book on Dogma, the greatest work ever published on subject in Danish or Norwegian.

"As the single volumes appeared one by one, it became evident that he was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the Catholic Church. The question of the Primacy was the last obstacle that separated him from it. In particular he examined both dogmatically and historically the doctrine of the Church on grace and pointed out convincingly that the Pretestant charges about the Semi Pelagianism of the Catholic Church are completely false. This he specially set forth in two smaller works, written the first in German, the other in Latin, viz., *Die Guedenlehre und die stille Reformation*, and *De gratia Christi et de libero arbitrio*.

"His scientific development was accompanied by the growth of grace in his heart. He used to pray: 'O Lord, teach us to know Thy will in truth, to do Thy will in sincerity, and to follow Thy will in obedience,' and the Holy Ghost has heard his prayers. After a time spent in study and pious meditations among the Jesuit Fathers in Aarhuus, in Denmark, he obtained the grace to follow the will of God, and he is now a very happy child of the Catholic Church.

"Some of his friends had already 'gone the same way' before the learned master, amongst them Cand. Theol. Sorensen, in Norway, and the writer of this little piece, who asks the readers to excuse his very bad English.

"NIELS HANSEN, Cand. Mag.
"Former Protestant Rector."

ST. PIE, LETELLIER.

Your correspondent was very glad to welcome the NORTHWEST REVIEW four weeks ago, having felt rather lost without it during the two foregoing months. If good wishes count for anything it will surely enjoy a prosperous career.

Harvesting is of course over, threshing well advanced despite the frequent rains. A good portion of the parish was devastated by hail in the month of July, so crops are very light, and the "mighty dollar" will be pretty scarce this year, still we must not complain as it is very seldom we have had a bad year in this favored part of the world.

Things are very quiet at present, so there is not much to tell that would interest your readers.

The Letellier school is in charge of the Misses Keroach, of St. Boniface. Miss Blondeau, of St. Vital has resumed her post at St. Pie.

A JESUIT RULING CHINA.

The Catholic World Magazine has a very readable article on the "Prospect of the Church in China," beautifully illustrated, too. It details something of the introduction of Christianity among the Chinese, and among others relates the following curious story:

"An interesting incident showing the prestige of the Catholic mission-

aries in China in the second half of the long reign of Kang Hi is related in a letter by the French Jesuit, Father Jartoux. A famine resulting from an inundation, was during this year devastating the province of Shantung. The mandarins were unable to cope with the evil. A number of them were punished and many others fell into disgrace. It was then the emperor summoned the missionaries to his presence. He informed them that it was their co-operation alone that he desired in combating the dreadful scourge. He placed some thousands of taels in their hands and requested them to go forth and take measures for the relief of the suffering. It is a charming picture that the missionary draws of the troops of starving Chinese flocking to the Catholic priests with the confidence of obtaining relief; of the method of

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the latter in cooking and apportioning in the various districts the huge quantities of rice and herbs necessary to satisfy the urgent needs, and of their carrying out the whole arrangements with a discipline and order as perfect as if a highly trained European army were concerned. This was in the year 1704, more than a century before the first Protestant missionary set foot in China."

DEATH IN THE COBWEB.

Beware of the cobweb! It contains a deadly microbe. A woman in Washington, D. C., fell some time ago and cut her head. Neighbors rushed to pick her up and found the blood spurting from a deep gash. Instantly the time-honored remedy of cobwebs was suggested and a hasty search produced a handful, which was instantly applied to the wound. The bleeding stopped quickly, but some days later the woman went down with tetanus, the dreaded lockjaw. Fortunately her constitution was strong, and, barring the wound, she was in excellent health, so she is now recovering.

"There is no doubt the woman was given the lockjaw by the germs in the cobwebs," said an amateur scientist of skill and repute, who made the examination. "Cobwebs stop bleeding because they are soft and permit the blood to coagulate about them, but their use is dangerous as attested by this instance. Several days ago I had occasion to look into the matter of cobwebs, and went into my stable, where I procured a handful. It those cobwebs I found 61 different disease germs, among them being a large number of the germs of tetanus. Placing those cobwebs on a cut would be almost a guarantee that the patient would develop lockjaw. This is natural, for cobwebs usually form in cellars or stables, or dark and dirty places, where disease germs are plentiful. They are light and filmy and they catch the light spores of the disease germs while floating in the air and hold them. Then when the webs are placed on a wound the germs enter right into the blood."

CONVERT MAKING.

The following story bears out the truth of adage that good example, even shown by little ones, can sometimes effect wonders. Some months ago a little English girl of non-Catholic parentage was sent to a Preston Catholic girls' higher grade school, and among other subjects she learned the Catholic Catechism. Anxious to acquit herself with honor at the examination, she requested her father in the evenings to test her in religious knowledge by getting him (Catechism in hand) to put the stated questions to her. After a time the father (who had attended no place of worship for some years) began to be religiously impressed and at last informed his wife of his determination to attend some place of worship on Sundays. His wife, of course suggested a non-Catholic

church, but her husband said he would go to a neighboring Catholic church and hear Mass and a sermon. The Sunday following his wife accompanied him, and this went on for several weeks. Meanwhile the child (who was the cause of this change in her parents) became distressed because her classmates were going to make their First Communion and she could not. Both father and mother took their child to witness the First Communion function, with the result that the father promised his little one that she should be instructed and have the privilege of making her First Holy Communion along with her father and mother, while the younger children have also been received into the Catholic Church.—Catholic Register.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Lord Chief Justice Russell was the brightest ornament of the British bench as he had years before been of the British bar. Revolutions bring some men prominently to the front. The chance of war or politics sheds glory on the favorites of fortune. Merit seldom succeeds in attaining the highest place in the temple of fame. In other words: some men are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them; the very few achieve greatness. Of these last was Lord Russell of Killowen. He came upon the scene when routine ruled the hour and the mediocre was in its pride of places. He made every position he occupied illustrious, and by dint of brilliant and masterly strokes of native genius he not only showed he was worthy to occupy the highest place in his chosen profession, but he made its gift the willing and generous act of a nation's recognition. Lord Russell was of humble Irish parentage and began life under auspices that gave little ground for the highest anticipations. He was an Irishman of the best Irish stock; full of intellectuality, courage, quick wit and indomitable rectitude. Above all his gifts was the man; a true Irishman; an uncompromising Catholic and an humble Christian gentleman. He carried all these traits with him to the bar and to the bench. It was his fealty to his creed and country that finally won for him the proud position he occupied in death. It was during the defence of Parnell that his great qualities as jurist and debater shone forth and attracted the attention of the whole world. When he closed his famous six days' speech for the plaintiff and sank exhausted into his chair, the world pronounced its judgment: "behold a great man." That peroration will live as long as the Irish race endures. He said he was not pleading for the rights of an individual; he felt that he was speaking for his native land, he loved so much, and for its people of whom he was, to the last fibre of his being. And this loving son of Ireland; this patriotic champion of the Irish people, this fearless, outspoken Catholic, the English people took to their arms and made the highest judicial officer in the Empire.

Lord Russell was elected to Parliament in 1880. He was a devoted follower of Gladstone; and in 1886 the latter called him to his cabinet and gave him the office of attorney-general. When the Liberals were returned to power in 1892 he was again made attorney-general. In 1893 he was the attorney of Great Britain at the Paris commission of arbitration in the famous Behring Sea dispute between this country and England. From that time his fame became world-wide. The following year saw him Lord Chief Justice of England. During the six

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NOTICE.

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

years he has held that office, he has been recognized as the greatest living light in the jurisprudence of English speaking nations. He has been to this country; and we have cheerfully proclaimed him facile princeps of English speaking jurists. He has been identified with all the great cases before the English courts for the last quarter of a century. He pleaded the cause of Mrs. Maybrick. He was attorney for Sir Charles Dilke. He was the chief counsel in the Jameson Raid case. But his defense of Parnell brought him his spurs.

He was the greatest cross-examiner since O'Connell. He was overwhelming in his masterly impertinence. He was humorous even in his sarcasm. One day a juror presented himself before him with a petition to be excused from service. The man evidently had good reason to want to be excused, if he had not a valid excuse to offer. Lord Russell asked for his grounds of exemption. In a key pitched suspiciously high, the man said he was deaf. In a tone almost of whisper the Chief Justice said: "Sir you may go—"the man turned upon his heels, supposing the sentence finished, when to his amazement he heard the court add—"to your seat, and resume your duties." But there was nothing theatrical about the man. Bismark was an actor, and a great man withal; Gladstone was an actor always. Lord Russell was always plain and simple and his greatness of intellect became evident only on occasions that demanded its exhibition.—Western Watchman.

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A comparison between the years 1885 and 1899 shows the following results:

GRAIN PRODUCED.		
	1885.	1899
Wheat.....	7,429,440 bush.	27,922,230 bush.
Oats.....	6,364,263 bush.	22,318,378 bush.
Barley.....	1,113,481 bush.	5,379,156 bush.
Total.....	14,907,184 bush.	55,619,764 bush.

Increase, 40,712,580 Bushels.

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BRIEFLETS.

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle. "What is that?" quired the Irishman. It's a machine to ride about the town on." "And, shure, what might be the price of it?" "Fifteen pounds." "I'd rather see fifteen

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pounds in a cow." "But what a fool you would look riding round the town on the back of a cow!" "Shure, now," replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"—Dublin Independent.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan, there are inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. On one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is a sculptured cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription; "That only is important which is eternal." These inscriptions are well worth remembering.—Selected.

FATHER FALLON'S LECTURE.

Those who braved the elements and attended Rev. Father Fallon's lecture on Monday evening at the Catholic Club were well rewarded for the pluck they had shown in leaving their homes on such a boisterous night, for they were favored with an intellectual and oratorial treat, the equal of which has rarely been enjoyed in this City. The "The Nineteenth Century," and, as we cannot give a lengthy report of the lecture, we shall simply say that from the first word to the last the gifted orator held the closest attention of his audience, who frequently burst into spontaneous applause and otherwise manifested their deep appreciation of the lecture. Mr. T. D. Deegan presided, and the room was well filled. At the close Mr. N. Bawlf moved and Mr. E. Cass seconded a vote of thanks to Father Fallon, which was enthusiastically carried. The Catholic Club have certainly placed the people of Winnipeg under an obligation by providing them with an opportunity of hearing Father Fallon and it is to be hoped they will repeat the experiment on some occasion in the near future.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Drummond left last Thursday for Nelson, B.C., where he is now preaching a mission. He will return next week.

His Grace the Archbishop returned last Thursday.

Rev. Aloys Lebert, O. M. I., a native of Bavaria, stopped over at Winnipeg last Wednesday to visit his old friends at the Ottawa scholasticate, the two Fathers Kulavy, and continued on to the Pacific coast the next day. There he will meet Very Rev. Father Gendreau, O. M. I., and both will proceed to Dawson.

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.
(Continued from last week.)

He heard steps approaching him. Then they stopped. The backs of the two men were turned to him and they were not ten feet away. The men talked in whispers, paying no attention to the listener, who was seemingly absorbed in the fountain playing in the hospital court.

"Yes, that's the most interesting case we've got. I hope you noticed her carefully. I didn't want to say anything at the time."

"Yes, of course. If I can only keep her alive another month, it will be a great triumph."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, angina. I diagnosed it as a hopeless case five months ago, and gave her two weeks at the outset. She has no relations or friends. It's a beautiful case and I couldn't resist it. She's bound to die, any way."

"Ah! And—she—?"

"Two months ago she developed excellent symptoms of— Here the whisper fell below hearing. "It's a wonderful study. It's taking finely. If I can only hold her up."

"And she?"

"She? She understands that her symptoms are the common accompaniment of heart disease."

"But supposing, Dr. Savage, she recovers from angina? Isn't it wise to confine experiments to rabbits and dogs?"

Jason turned softly like a panther in time to see the doctor.

"Oh, I graduated from animals some time ago." Dr. Savage shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "They do not furnish such conclusive experimentation. Besides, this graft might be cured—if—if necessary. This is an unusually safe case. But let's go down to the laboratory. I want to show you some cultures that Dr. Perkins, our bacteriologist, is very proud of."

Jason watched the doctor into the hall. He was a small, swarthy man, with a full, dark beard, with the slight stoop of the very near-sighted, and with the walk of authority not uncommon to house-physicians. In him it looked like a strut.

Then Jason sought the nurse. "No. 39," he said laconically.

The tall nurse as abruptly pointed to a cot in the corner.

"There," she said, "take this chair. I think she is asleep."

Jason, carrying the chair, approached his wife softly. He read the temperature card and the number at the head of the bed. Then his eyes fell, and he saw a white, emaciated profile turned toward the wall. Could that ghost of a woman be his own Polly, whom he had courted and kissed, married and neglected? Timidly he came nearer on toptoe. He placed the chair by her side as if its feet were muffled, and sank softly into it. Not daring even to touch the cot, he interclasped his hands in a grip that would have pressed another's into pulp. Cautiously he bent over the sleeping woman, in vain trying to recognize his buoyant bride in those lifeless, attenuated features. And as he studied that face eroded by tears, grooved by sorrow, and seared by a nostalgia more fatal than angina of the heart, he uttered a great sob and threw his face into his hands. For even his eye, untrained to the finer diagnosis, had recognized in her dear countenance symptoms to which his own were akin. Then the truth filtered into his soul. Together, united and loving, they would be strong to live. Apart, divided by bitterness and anguish, she would die, and he would go to the devil. With fierce misery he looked upon her unconscious face again. The way-marks of the malady did not disfigure his love for her. They made his yearning for his poor wife almost unbearable. They also filled him with horrible apprehension. If there were any connection between them and the talk he overheard, he wanted to get up and kill somebody.

But Polly awoke. She feebly turned her head, her faded hand grasping at the bedclothes for support. Then she saw the man bending over with a broken countenance. The dying patient uttered a great cry that hushed that busy hospital ward.

"Jason! Jason!"

His mighty arms underran her

wasted shoulders, and he lifted her face to his. When he laid his cheek to hers she felt that it was wet. At first he could only think of one word: "Forgive! Forgive! Forgive me, Polly. I was a mad brute. I do love you."

"Oh," she wailed, "I thought you would come and hunt me up—I expected you to find me. I'm afraid it's almost too late." As she spoke she coughed incessantly.

"Too late be d—d!" shouted Jason. "I'm going to take you home to-day."

The familiar expletive put more life into Polly than her husband's kisses. It was so homelike! She snuggled into his arms ecstatically, and closed her eyes. Jason looked down upon her, and cold drops started upon his forehead. He thought she had fainted. But Polly was not faint. She was very much alive, and quaffing vitality in every nerve. Now suddenly life seemed worth while to her, and there arose in her the power to contend for it. Then she opened her eyes, and the hectic flush upon her face blended to a color that the nurse had never seen there before, and that made it beautiful as it used to be not so very long ago.

"Dear Jason," said Polly, "let us start all over again, and if you take me home I think I can get well. I was only dying for you."

But the nurse put her hand upon Jason's shoulder and spoke decisively. "I am afraid she cannot stand any more excitement. It would be very dangerous for her. She's a very valuable patient. You had better go now. I didn't know she had any friends," she added under her breath.

"This is my husband," said Polly proudly. The strength of her voice was so marked that the nurse looked at her sharply.

"I intend to take her home with me to-day." Jason Dare raised himself hurriedly to his splendid height, and glared upon the nurse. Polly looked up at him from her pillow with the admiration of a child for a god. But the nurse was used to assertions and bravado and answered coldly:

"I am sorry. You must go now. You will have to settle that with the superintendent or the house physician." And as she spoke, she deftly placed herself between the man and the patient, and advancing upon him made him retreat before her in a most humiliating way, down the aisle toward the door. Smothering his fiercest oath in a repertoire that was not out of stock, he gave way, and made for the hall, but not without a masterful look of encouragement at his wife.

(To be continued.)

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave		Arrive
	Going South	Going North	
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Mankin, Dauphin, etc., Tues., Thur. and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Mankin, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thurs.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon. and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon. and Thurs.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East		15 10 West
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thurs.		8 20	15 45
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed., Thur. and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.			16 40

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

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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3cts. per mile, 1000 Mile Ticket Books at 25cts. per mile, on sale by all agents.

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

J. T. M'KENNEY, H. SWINFORD, City Passenger Agt. Gen. Agent Winnipeg. CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul.

TIME TABLE.

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