



CURRENT COMMENT

A curious thing happened lately in London. The Anglican Bishop having accepted the resignation of the Rev. H. M. M. Evans, who, after being eleven years the incumbent of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, found that he could not agree with the Protestant views of his Bishop, a large number of his parishioners agreed to attend Mass and Vespers at the new Catholic Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, about 400 yards from St. Michael's. On Saturday last a notice was left in every house in the parish, inviting all to attend Low Mass with English hymns at 8 and 11.15 a.m., and musical service and Benediction at 7 p.m., in the Catholic Church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, Eldon St., E.C., Sunday, Feb. 8.

That same day most of the Sunday school teachers told the children that, as there could be no proper service at St. Michael's, they (the teachers) would take them to a proper church. The children accordingly went with their teachers by appointment on Sunday morning and were marched off to the Catholic Church. At the end of the morning service they were each given a medal of the Sacred Heart "in commemoration of the first Romanistic services."

A correspondent of the Tablet (Feb. 14) thus describes what took place afterwards. "Last Sunday the new Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, was opened and quickly filled by a congregation consisting almost wholly of the people of St. Michael's. The early Mass at eight o'clock was said by Father Chase, formerly Anglican vicar of All Saints, Plymouth, "and eleven o'clock Mass by Father E. A. P. Theed, who in his Anglican days was Father Chase's curate at Plymouth. During Mass Catholic hymns were sung with great fervor and devotion by the Protestant congregation, who seemed perfectly familiar with every detail of the service. . . . In the evening the Rosary was said, and here again the Protestant worshippers were perfectly at home, and showed themselves thoroughly accustomed to the devotion. The "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" were beautifully sung by the children during benediction and with the perfect ease that comes with long familiarity, while the organ was played by the organist from St. Michael's. It may be added that the children know the Catholic catechism by heart." In fact the Anglican congregation of St. Michael's have used for some years past the halfpenny catechism published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

The same correspondent, who knows the locality well, continues: "As the accommodation in St. Mary's is limited, it may be necessary next Sunday to take steps to exclude persons attracted only by curiosity or the novel sight of an Anglican congregation worshipping in a Catholic church. For the moment, at their own request, St. Mary's is opened primarily for those in the neighborhood who have just discovered that the teaching of the doctrines of the Catholic Church is forbidden in the churches of the Establishment, and the course of instruction from the pulpit will be for some time specially adapted to their needs. Meanwhile great efforts are being made by the Anglican authorities to persuade the people that there is no need to look to Rome, and that they can find all they want at St. Michael's. On Sunday there were altar lights and vestments as usual

and even the Angelus bell was rung, but the people will not be easily satisfied. They ask, when told that all will go on as before: "Then why was our Vicar driven out?"

Of the clergy attached to St. Michael's the Tablet says "there is good reason to hope that two are already following up the resignation of their charge by preparing to be received into the Catholic Church." Our metropolitan contemporary does not say if the Rev. H. M. M. Evans is one of these two clergymen; but the London correspondent of the Dublin "Freeman's Journal" does write: "The Rev. Mr. Evans, of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, is said to have gone to a Southern wateringplace, with the object of preparing for his reception into the Catholic Church." All good Catholics will hope and pray that this may be true: for his farewell sermon, as summarized in the "Church Times," shows him to be an earnest, sincere and kindly man who felt he had no alternative but to follow the dictates of his conscience.

The Tablet wisely warns its readers against reports of wholesale secession and conversion in connection with this extraordinary incident. "Attendance at Mass is not quite the same thing as reception into the Catholic Church. . . . Father Chase has commenced a complete course of instruction for those who may wish to go further, and no one—man, woman or child—will be received into the Church who has not been individually and thoroughly prepared."

The London "Daily Chronicle" of Feb. 11 prints a letter from a correspondent signed 'Common Sense,' who says that the collapse of the "Revolt from Rome" leads him, as an old-fashioned Protestant, to question whether the sympathy of Protestants with ex-Roman priests is not misplaced. "These gentlemen," he says, "can generally be classed under one of two headings: (1) Persons who afterwards become a credit to no one; and (2) persons who return sooner or later to the Roman obedience." The correspondent adds: "I may mention that the recent return of the well-known Count Campello within the pale of the Roman Church has been the direct cause of a relative of my own seeking instruction in the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion."

The prospects for Ireland continue to brighten. Walter Wellman, writing in the American Monthly Review of Reviews on "Ireland's Emancipation," tells how Sir Anthony MacDonnell came to be appointed under-secretary as follows:

When Prime Minister Balfour and Irish Secretary Wyndham decided that the greatest work to be done for the unification and strengthening of the empire was to make Ireland loyal, that Ireland could not be made loyal without contentment, that contentment could not be had without prosperity, and that prosperity could not be secured without the abolition of landlordism and the introduction of the sound principle of individual ownership, they cast about for men and means with which to carry out the new policy. Chief Secretary Wyndham has the work directly in hand, but as he must remain most of the time in London he needed a man—the right man—to represent him in Ireland. While in India as viceroy, Lord Lansdowne had known of the work of Sir Anthony MacDonnell, in the Northwest provinces of India. MacDonnell had solved—scientifically and satisfactorily—a land problem similar to

that in Ireland. On Lansdowne's recommendation—and this is a state secret—he was sent for. Lord Lansdowne took him to King Edward, who feels the keenest interest in the project to make a new and loyal Ireland. "I am willing to undertake the work," said Sir Anthony to the King, "but you must bear in mind that I am not only an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, but a Nationalist and Home Ruler." "That makes no difference," replied the King; "you are the man we want." So Balfour and Wyndham sent MacDonnell to Dublin as under secretary. He has been there only two months; but in this short time he has thrown old traditions and prejudices to the winds; he has consulted not only the landlords, but the true representatives of the Irish people,—the Nationalist members of parliament and T. W. Russell, the Scotch Presbyterian, who has brought Ulster in line for land reform and for the first time enabled the Irish people to present a united front, Catholic and Protestant, Nationalist and Unionist, Leinster, Munster and Connaught along with Ulster,—for settlement of the land problem upon the sound principle of individual ownership in place of dual ownership and landlordism. As a practical administrator, dealing frankly with the landlords on the one side and the Nationalists on the other, he had up to the time I left Ireland, in December, secured a general agreement upon the details of the project which the Government will present to parliament in a few weeks. More than 80 per cent. of the landowners whose rentals exceed five hundred pounds a year had given their consent, and most of the remainder were expected to join. If a remnant stand out, the project will go ahead just the same and something akin to compulsion, or the law of eminent domain, will be applied to them, for the government is determined this time to make a complete and final job of it, and to leave no sore spots for centers of discontent. The Nationalist leaders—Wm. O'Brien, John Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, John Dillon, Michael Davitt and others—will support the government measure in parliament. Mr. Brice and other leaders of the Liberal party tell me that if the bill is a good one,—and, of course, English political and journalistic methods are such that they do not yet know what the measure may be,—there will be no opposition.

The Free Press has lately taken the Provincial Government to task for applying public school funds to an agricultural college. The Telegram, the Government organ, has not replied, and yet we think there is an excellent answer to this charge. Here it is: If public school money is freely used for collegiate institutes that give university training, why should it not—a fortiori—be used for an agricultural college in an agricultural country like Manitoba? Surely agriculture is more in keeping with the needs of the general public than the study of Latin, poetical literature and elementary general science. This retort is, we believe, unanswerable; but the Telegram apparently dare not use it because it goes counter to the general practice, in Ontario and Manitoba, of applying the hard earned taxes of the poor to higher education which must of necessity be limited to a chosen few. But general practices outside of Catholicism fail to produce reverence or awe in us. If we find them bad we say so. As Catholics, who pay a large fraction of the public school taxes, as Catholics whose own school buildings are heavily taxed to support a system which we abhor, we protest against using public taxes for such orna-

mental purposes as collegiate institutes, and we hold that it would be much better to apply a part of these taxes to the teaching of scientific agriculture. Hence we thoroughly approve of the local government's action in this matter.

Mr. Harriss, the promoter of the great cycle of musical festivals, says His Majesty the King has been pleased to allow him to name any new Mass written for this occasion "The Coronation Mass of Edward VII." How does this chime with Edward VII.'s accession oath in which the Mass is declared to be idolatry?

By the way, the Tablet urges, for the re-opening of Parliament, renewed agitation for the suppression of what the Prince of Wales once called 'that horrid oath.' And in point of fact there is no time to lose. The King was seriously, if not dangerously, ill last year; age does not diminish his liability to disease; if he should die before the removal of that offensive declaration, his successor would make it as a matter of course, unless he should suddenly develop an amount of honest independence as yet unknown in royal circles.

We crave our readers' indulgence for the mistake made by the printers last week. They omitted an article on Sir Charles Gavan Duffy which formed the subject of our first comment. They also omitted a report of "Two Shrove Tuesday entertainments." Let us hope they will not fail to insert them this week.

The Silver Jubilee of the Pope's Coronation last Tuesday, March 3, passed off with even more magnificence than the 25th anniversary of his election on Feb. 20. In spite of persistent rain it is estimated that 75,000 people were present in St. Peter's; of these about one thousand were Americans. There was a continuous roar of welcome as Leo XIII. passed in and out in the Portable Chair. To quote from the newspaper cablegrams:

"From his elevation on the new Sedia Gestatoria, carried by 12 men in costumes of red brocade, flanked by the famous spreading fans and surmounted by the white and gold canopy, the Pope appeared to be more than a human being. He seemed to be a white spirit, this impression being added to by the Pontiff's white robes and white mitre, delicate features, face as white as alabaster and his thin hand moving slowly in benediction. It almost seemed as if all human attributes had been expelled from that slender venerable form."

And, strange to say, this is the same man of whom we read in a cablegram of last Saturday, three days before this fatiguing celebration, that the Nuncio in Belgium had received alarming reports of his health. Of course the Pope must die some day, and the older he grows the more likely he is to die; but there have been so many cries of "wolf" that when the wolf does come, few will believe it.

A VERY BIG TEMPEST IN A VERY LITTLE TUMBLER.

Western Watchman.

A very picturesque person is Colonel Arthur Lynch. He fought among the Boers and let all the world know it. He was the only Boer soldier that made anything out of the Boer war. He won a seat in the House of Commons. He knew that in taking sides with the South African insurgents he was committing an act of constructive treason, for which he might some day be tried and hanged. Common

sense should have dictated the policy of staying out of the British Isles. But Colonel Lynch was determined to make a stir in the world and he proclaimed himself a candidate for parliament. He was elected without serious opposition, was promptly jailed and tried and condemned to death, like hundreds of others whose glory he sought to share. His sentence was a farce, as everyone knew that it would never be executed. The King lost no time in commuting the death penalty to imprisonment for life.

This insignificant instrument has been used to excite the Irish people at home and abroad to a degree that appears little short of ludicrous. There is nothing of the hero in Col. Lynch. Like that other Boer hero, who travelled round with the "Irish Joan of Arc," he is a Boer soldier for advertising purposes. In fact, in his plea before the court that sentenced him to death he declared that he was less a soldier than a journalist, and went into the Boer war chiefly in the latter capacity. The avowed purpose of those Irish Boer recruits was the formation of the nucleus of an Irish army, which when England's flag would be hauled down in South Africa, would concentrate in Ireland and drive England out of Erin forever. To our mind this is a criminal agitation. We believe in making it as difficult and as unpleasant as possible for England to govern Ireland; but the end of all political and social obstruction should be to compel England to do justice to the sister isle, not to bring about political separation. None of the wisest leaders of the Irish people want absolute political independence for Ireland. They want the injustice of the past so far righted as to enable the Irish people to start out on the high road of national prosperity with some promise of successful competition with other nations. There was a time when Ireland might have been able to set up for herself; but that time is gone. England of to-day is not the England of a hundred years ago; and King Edward is not his bigoted old ancestor. He is a liberal prince and we expect much from him in the way of remedying the ills of Ireland. But silly agitation, such as this aroused by the opera bouffe martyrdom of Colonel Lynch, will not aid Ireland to help herself or induce others to help her. Still the whirlwind of indignation that swept around the world at the mere mention of the death penalty for Col. Lynch only goes to show that the Irish people will not permit any of their fellow-countrymen to suffer for political offenses against English law. The law is a dead letter in Ireland and always was. We hope this trifling incident will not turn the honest people of England from their expressed purpose of doing justice to Ireland. It certainly should not.

The nomination of the Hon. John T. McDonough of Albany, N.Y. for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, which was sent to the Senate on February 4 and hung fire there for about ten days, had been withdrawn, but was confirmed on February 19. There was some mystery connected with the delay, the withdrawal, the renomination and final confirmation and it goes without saying that Mr. McDonough's religion was partly the cause of the trouble.

In his message to the legislature Gov. Doekery shows plainly that he is not an advocate of free books in our public schools. The only people benefitted by the measure would be the publishers and the rag men.

He is truly great who hath great love.—Thos. A' Kempis.

Young Woman's Corner

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE!

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till filled with the once sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone!
In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Oh, still, let me, living and dying the same,
In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away!
Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fixed on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky!

—Thomas Moore.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing,
nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud,—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

THOMAS MOORE.

In a question and answer department of a popular monthly journal of a recent date, in answer to the question: "What shall I do to become a lady?" a course of reading and several other means to that end were recommended, but the greatest emphasis was given to regular Church attendance in the matter of refining the mind. If those outside the church can get in their meeting houses that which makes for refinement how much should those within it feel the refining influence of church going.

In the Protestant Churches there is nothing to elevate the mind but the eloquence of their preachers whereas in the Catholic Church let the sermon be never so indifferently delivered there is always that all prevailing Presence that speaks to every mind and heart that listens the sweetest and most refining messages ever heard.

Many Catholics go to Church only when they are obliged by the precepts of the Church so to do.

These are no doubt good Catholics but are not yet amenable to the most refining influences of the Church.

It is those who love to go there to do adoration and to rest in holy and ecstatic communion with their God in Blessed Sacrament who come out purified in speech and refined in action.

Catholics have the advantage too of being able to avail themselves anytime of the refining influence of the Real Presence in their Churches. It is always there waiting for adorers. Those of other denominations must wait the coming of their preachers in order to get anything at all out of their churches.

There can be nothing more refining than communion with the Real Presence in our churches and many a half hour spent by Catholic girls in reading up rules of etiquette with a view to taking on new refinement could be occupied with infinitely greater profit within the shadow of the altar lamp in the sacred quiet of the Real Presence.

AMICA.

Brandon Notes.

Rev. Father Godtz returned on Thursday from Weyburn, a point on the Soo line, which is seldom visited by a priest.

Rev. Father Lietaert spent Saturday and Sunday at Whitewood.

Mr. Eugene Murphy, proprietor of the Mount Forest Woolen mills, Mount Forest, Ontario, spent Thursday and Friday in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Purcell.

Mrs. D. Berry is spending a month with friends in Winnipeg.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Chapman, whose baby girl died in Portage la Prairie on Sunday. The little one had been ill for only a few days and death came as a great shock to the bereaved parents.

Mr. David Graham, who for the past few months has been attending the O'Sullivan Business College has been appointed book-keeper at the Experimental Farm and entered on the duties of his position on Monday last.

Mr. John Kelly arrived at his home on Wednesday suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, he is improving, however, and expects to resume his duties in Winnipeg in a few days.

Rev. Father Godtz has been somewhat indisposed since his return from the west, and on Sunday at High Mass Father Caquay took his place in the pulpit.

Mr. R. A. Chapman, who for the past two years has resided at Cranbrook, B.C., arrived in the city on Tuesday to take a position in the C.N.R. dispatchers office here. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman's many friends are pleased to welcome them back to Brandon.

On Friday, Mr. Clarence Bertrand, of Souris, arrived from the east, accompanied by Masters Bert Clarence and Sigonri Bertrand who will in future reside with their father, Mr. William Bertrand.

ST. PIE LETELLIER.

The Rev. Father Proulx, S.J. will preach a mission here beginning on the 8th of March. We hope the weather and the roads will permit of our assisting faithfully at all the services. Since last I wrote Letellier has lost one of its parishioners who had been ill for some time, Mr. Laurence. There was a large attendance at the funeral, R. I. P.

Mr. Norbert Forest has gone to look about, with a view to establishing himself at Duck Lake. Mr. A. Houle and family, late of Letellier, reside in that neighborhood.

The doctors seem to be kept pretty busy. There are several cases of typhoid fever lately declared. This appears to be the worst time of the year for this long and serious illness. For the last two years there have been many cases about this season. What a boon it will be when we can get inoculation for typhoid fever.

The very mild and delightful weather experienced at the beginning of the week has caused several patches of mother earth to appear at places, thus impairing the roads, which were splendid, but the wind has gone round to the north again and has a wintry sound.

Mr. Alexandre Cadieux was married to Miss A. Derosier on the 16 inst. The wedding festivities were well kept up by both families.

Mr. McCrea talks of selling his hotel and rumors say that Mr. Lennie of St. Pie intends buying it. However we believe no papers have yet passed.

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LADIES OF ST. CUTHBERT'S MEET.

The ladies of St. Cuthbert's beg to announce to their friends that they have cancelled this year their annual supper. Yesterday after divine service the ladies met in the school room and unanimously voted that instead of the annual St. Patrick's supper the opening of the subscription list to make up the amount generally realized by this annual event. The leading ladies headed the list with a generous amount which was followed by the other ladies at the meeting. In a very short time an amount much exceeding a hundred dollars was subscribed. Two ladies were appointed by the committee to call upon the ladies unavoidably absent from the meeting and receive their subscriptions. The meeting was very satisfactory to all and at the close Father Viens congratulated the ladies on their good spirit, and remarkable generosity and the

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kind manner in which they always answer to the appeal made by him on behalf of the Church.

The ladies intend to devote the proceeds of their subscription towards purchasing a bell to be placed in the tower of the Church in the near future.—Portage Graphic, Feb. 23.

ST MARY'S CHURCH.
Cor. St. Mary and Hargrave Sts.
RECTOR—Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I.
ASSISTANTS—Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I., Rev. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.
SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and 8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sunday School at 2.30. Baptism from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and Benediction at 7.15.

WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass in summer time at 6.30 and 7.30. In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
Austin St., near C.P.R. Station.
Pastor, REV. A. A. CHERRIER.

SUNDAYS—Low Mass, with short instruction, 8.30 a.m.
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.
On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

HOLY GHOST CHURCH.
315 Selkirk Ave.
PARISH PRIEST—Rev. J. W. Kulawy, O.M.I. Assistant priest, Rev. J. Cordes, O.M.I.

SUNDAYS—Low Mass, 8 a.m. High Mass with sermon in German, 9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benediction, 7.30 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

C. M. B. A.
Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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

The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

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Chats with Young Men

As the body is the instrument of the mind and is often the only means we have of judging the habits and standards of the mind, so it is that we should pay great attention to the outward expression of the nature within which the body discloses to the world. Active minds are denoted frequently by sprightly movements of the body, sluggish minds by sluggish movements. Pure and modest tastes of mind are seldom mingled with loppish tastes of dress. So ordinary is this observation that it is a common practice among all classes of men to judge others by their external appearances. This, no doubt, leads many into mistaken ideas when it is their intention and to their interest to have accurate opinions about persons whom they meet for the first time and with whom they might have had a desire to deal. But the fact that the first impressions formed in this way are of vital interest to persons who have no opportunities to lose, to wit young men, makes it an important consideration how they shall deport themselves outwardly to the world. Thus it is that I wish to make some remarks on neatness.

First I might speak of dress. There are some mistaken ideas among people who affect a false humility with regard to dress. We hear it sometimes said that a man looks better always in a plain suit of clothes: it matters not what his station in life may be. Happily this is not the prevalent, or by any means a common opinion; but there are persons who hold it. Now, I think those persons would admit with me that a gift should be according to the dignity of the giver. A king confers duchies and titles; a merchant prince bestows fortunes and endowments; the ordinary wealthy citizen gives tens where the working man gives dollars. We would almost despise the rich man's gift if it were not in accordance with his means. This is aristocracy of gifts. I believe too, that men should dress according to their means. A frock coat, a Castor hat and a cane will give a dignity to the man whose position in society such articles of apparel designate, yet they do not make him any more of a man, nor any better than the more humble clad individual. This may be called an aristocracy of dress. Any one who is liberal in thought will recognize such aristocracies as worthy expressions of the differences between man and man in human society, whether we regard abilities, achievements or position. These things would be irrelevant to our subject if I did not wish to impress upon young men the desirability of being liberal in these matters. Moreover, those observations lead up to the few remarks I have yet to make on dress. The first is that every man, young or old, rich or poor, should be neat in his person. Whether his dress is that of the aristocracy spoken of above or of any other order down to the poorest workman, his dress should be neat at those times when he goes forth among his fellow men. Of course I do not refer to a man's appearance while at his daily toil. I consider a man neat in dress whose clothes are a good fit and are up-to-date in style so far as his means will permit; I see him in immaculate linen, polished shoes carefully brushed hat and clothes. Even if this outfit is old it may still be neat if the points mentioned are attended to; and neatness is more than luxury in dress. I need hardly say that the hair should be tastefully combed, the face and hands unsoiled, the nails clean and trimmed and the teeth in the best possible condition. I need hardly mention that it is quite as imperative for young men to have the same regard for their personal appearance at home as abroad. The pride which mothers and sisters take in neatly dressed sons and brothers is alone reward enough for well disposed young men. But the impression made on employers and prospective employers by the neatness of employees and applicants is a very important factor in a young man's success. In some places of business

such as stores and offices, neatness is indispensable. It impresses the customer with the order and methods of the merchant or manager; while, on the other hand, merchants and managers consider neatness in their employees indicative of taste.

It would be only an enumeration of unnecessary details to apply my remarks on neatness of dress to other departments in which young men may be judged. Care and neatness in one's correspondence; tidiness and order in one's apartments rank next in importance to neatness of dress. It would be almost superfluous to write on this subject in the column for young women. It is hardly pardonable for a young woman to fail in matters of neatness or tidiness, that is, if we let young men be the judges. Nor would there be pardon for young men who fail in this regard if women were as harsh judges as men. The fact is, some young men take a kind of pride in being told of their untidiness; others are indifferent from no motive at all; and I am glad to say, even at the end of my remarks, that the majority of young men are neat in some things, if not in all. But there is no excuse for anyone being untidy in dress, in his work, in his room or in his correspondence. Neatness involves no additional expense and hardly any additional time; in fact habits of neatness save expense and time. The purpose of these remarks is to awaken every young man to the importance of forming such habits early in life; they teach him to take pride in himself, they will win him the respect of others and they will undoubtedly contribute, on more occasions than he will be aware of, to his success in life.

FINEM RESPICE.

Home Column

PATIENCE WITH THE LOVE.

They are such tiny hands; They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness and make them go,
More sure and slow.
They are such little hands; Be kind. Things are so new and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found.
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard you know.

They are such new, young lives; Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins—They see so much
That, being immortal, they would touch,
That if they reach
We must not chide, but teach

They are such fond, clear eyes; They widen to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To suns of showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts; Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by-and-bye
Give them not love—but more—above
And harder—patience with the love—

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

Among the many qualifications indispensable to the good housekeeper stands pre-eminent that of a good cook; because that, more than all else, affects the health and spirits of the entire family. A growing family is no small responsibility, as every mother's heart will own, and in order that the children may become strong and robust, their food should be as carefully selected and prepared as the doctor's prescription. It should be regularly served at stated hours, and placed on the table

in an attractive form at all times, as outward appearances form no small part in the enjoyment of the meal. The viands served in each household are so various no rules can or should be given, except that in all cases simple, wholesome food is far preferable and really more palatable than the indigestible dainties so often placed on the table. Therefore mothers should teach their daughters that great and truly beautiful accomplishment, the secret of being a cook. Order and cleanliness may well come on the housekeeping list, for they also have no small part to play in the harmony of the family and the enjoyment of the household. Every cupboard, pantry and drawer should be subject to frequent cleansing and straightening up process, sufficient to keep them in perpetual order; otherwise, by a little neglect, the housekeeper will have her burdens doubled and her work sadly disarranged. Only by extreme care, where there is but one pair of hands at the helm can the management of a household be sustained with comfort, allowing a few hours for rest and reading. In such a household everything should be done as simply as possible; no extra tucks on the pillow shams or cases, fewer ruffles to flute, tables painted to avoid scouring, etc. Ruffles, tucks and fancy work may look well, but not half as well as a happy, contented mother, whose face is not marked with lines of care and weariness. Little will the babies care how many tucks were in their tiny dresses, when they become men and women. Better a thousand fold will it be the sight of a bright mother's face than one wearied and fretful, grown cross and morose, or, it may be, gone forever, with quiet, folded hands resting at last.

Too many women who have been bright merry maidens, sink into dull, fault-finding wives and mothers. Why is it? Some may fancy because the duties are beyond their weak bodies. And so they are. Sometimes the husband is responsible in driving his business and work, and paying no heed to his wife's help and convenience; but in a larger number of cases the wife herself is really at fault. In nearly every household the work can be cut down and simplified; that is, can be, if we but overcome some of the old housewives' notions in regard to work. If they would only realize that a house can be kept, and prettily too, without such an immense load of quilts as required months, and even years to accumulate. Cheap spreads, that are easily washed, nice new comforts and blankets are far preferable—and what a gain for hours of reading, rest and improvement; and this is only one instance, there are many more.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW MEXICO?

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

The Outlook having commented unfavorably on New Mexico's fitness for statehood. Mr. C. H. McLenathan, a New Yorker, who has resided in the territory for a dozen years, writes a letter of protest to the editors, in the course of which he says:

The lower-class Mexicans are not vicious. Their worst characteristic is that they do not lead a "strenuous life." The proportion of the violations of the law is not so great in New Mexico per capita as in New York; while many of the crimes committed in the east are unknown here. Since the organization of the two countries comprising the rich valley of the Pecos, there has never been a case of homicide the object of which was money or robbery. There has not been a single case of burglary of a dwelling house. In short, crimes caused for greed for money or crimes against the sacredness of home are unknown. The petty thief is conspicuous by his absence. The writer has been a householder for the past twelve years, and has never pretended to keep doors or windows locked. I'll wager that your doors are double locked and your door mat chained down.

The reference to unlocked doors and windows reminds us that James Anthony Froude bore testimony to Irish honesty in almost

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the same words, it is not because they are Mexicans or Irish that they are honest; but because they are good Catholics.

The only fault with the lower classes of New Mexico says a correspondent of the Outlook is that they do not lead a "strenuous life." Charles F. Lummis, who knows these people better than any other American, gives to his book describing them the title of "The Land of Pauco Tiempo," that is "The Land of Bye-and-Bye." Other travellers remark that no word strikes so often on their ear as "Manana," "To-morrow," indicating a desire to defer some work "pro crastina die." Procrastination is sometimes sin; at other times it may be a virtue. Old Manuel del Valde, now taking his daily walk or sitting in the sun, as The Ave Maria informs us, at Menlo Park, California, being as the baptismal register shows one hundred and fifty-seven years old, was probably not a "hustler" at any time in his life. Charles M. Schwab, who boasted that he worked twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four for months, while organizing the United States Steel Corporation, was a "hustler" whom the world pointed to with wonder; to-day, as a result of his gigantic labors, he is a victim of locomotor ataxia before his fortieth year, and condemned to idleness for the rest of his life. A "strenuous life" is praiseworthy in many respects, but we believe Manuel del Valde has fasted more happiness than Charles M. Schwab, and perhaps has done just as much good in the world.—The Casket.



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SATURDAY, MAR 7, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MARCH.

- 8—Second Sunday in Lent.
- 9, Monday—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
- 10, Tuesday—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.
- 11, Wednesday—Votive office of St. Joseph.
- 12, Thursday—St. Gregory I., Pope, Doctor.
- 13, Friday—The Holy Shroud.
- 14, Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

The following is a summary of Father Drummond's lecture at the Collegiate Institute on Feb. 27:—
"The Irishman is a fair specimen of the rational animal. His intellect is bright and quick. No surgical operation is needed to get a joke into his head; he has not to wait till the next day to see the point. The Irish mind, however, is not only bright, it is profound. It is much given to mathamatis. The lecturer instanced a boy of twelve who, when coming over to Canada in a sailing vessel in 1825, made all the navigation calculations for the captain who was ill. Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Kt., of Dublin—not Sir William Hamilton, Bart., of Glasgow—made the greatest mathematical discovery of the nineteenth century when he invented the calculus of quaternions. The Irish intellect is not less strong in metaphysics, as many subtle and deep thinkers witness, from Duns Scotus—who is claimed by England, Scotland and Ireland, but whom we may put down as an Irishman—to Berkeley, the father of modern Idealists. The Irish peasant has always manifested a great thirst for knowledge. In the sad days of the penal laws, when schools and schoolmasters were forbidden to the Catholic Irish under the direst penalties, the supposedly ignorant peasants carried their literary studies into the silent fields under the shadow of the hedges, and studied Homer, Virgil and Euclid. This was the origin of the famous "hedge-schools."
The Irish imagination has a wider range than that of almost any other race. Their whole history is redolent of a better past, and thus there runs through their poetry and music a minor vein of melancholy. As an example of the melody of Irish verse, Father Drummond read D. F. McCarthy's "Pillar Towers of Ireland," emphasizing especially this stanza: Here was placed holy chalice that held the sacred wine, And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine, And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the east, And the crosier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest!
To show that Irishmen were also capable of that thought-provoking style which condenses truth into a terse epigram, the lecturer quoted many gems from the writings of

John Boyle O'Reilly, who, an escaped convict, captured the culture of Boston, which thinks itself a little better than heaven. Only a few of these quotations can be given here:

DISTANCE.

The world is large, when its weary leagues two loving hearts divide; But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the other side.

TO-DAY.

Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have glooms or have double suns?

Like a tide our work should rise—
Each later wave the best,
To-day is a king in disguise,
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.
In a short poem called "An Autobiography," John Boyle O'Reilly says:

He hated a mill, and a mine, and a town,
With their lever of misery, struggle, renown;
He could never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.

Of Irish humor Father Drummond gave several amusing instances, some of which he had himself heard at first hand. To show the Irishman's love of his native land, and how he preferred its genial poverty to the stiff respectability of England, he read Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela," in which occurs this immortal stanza:—

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

We have seen lately in the papers that brighter days are in store for Ireland. If Englishmen will only understand—and they are learning the lesson more and more every day—that the Irish temperament cannot be made regular and methodical like the English, they will let them rule themselves. Allowance must be made for national characteristics. The Irishman has many faults, but no mean ones. He is a born idealist, imaginative and generous. But he must have leaders that know him well.

It has been said that the Irish could not govern themselves. How is it, then, that so many of them are leaders of their fellows all over the world? Governors like Lord Dufferin, Generals like Lord Roberts. Irishmen are splendid fighters; their bravery is proverbial. We know what it was in the late South African war, we have heard what it was in the American Civil war, especially at the battle of Fredericksburg, where one thousand and out of twelve hundred Irish soldiers were cut down but did not retreat. Nor is it even necessary for Irishmen to join some well disciplined army in order to learn obedience. Count Peter Lacy, entering the Russian service as a subaltern, reorganized the savage hordes of the then undisciplined Muscovites and transformed them into conquerors of the hitherto invincible Swedish King, Charles XII.

The Irish are often accused of lacking perseverance and constancy of will. To prove the contrary the lecturer dwelt at some length on the life and marvellous deeds of John Nicholson, born in Dublin, who died a heroic death at the siege of Delhi. He was a man cast in a giant mould, with lustrous, menacing eyes. Thoroughly versed in all the habits of the natives of India, he exerted over them a more than kingly influence. A brotherhood of Fakirs renounced all other creeds and devoted themselves to the worship of "Nikkul-Seyn." When they heard of his death they came together to lament, and one

of them stood forth, saying there was no gain from living in a world that no longer held Nikalsain; so he cut his throat deliberately and died. The others, reflecting that this was not the way to serve their great hero, determined to learn to worship Nikalsain's God, and the entire sect of Nikkul-Seynees actually accepted Christianity on the evidence of Nicholson's personality. Lord Roberts writes, in his "Forty One Years in India": "Nicholson impressed me more powerfully than any man I had ever met before, or have ever met since." He was only thirty-seven when he died; what fame he might have won had he lived, no man can tell. He was certainly one of the greatest soldiers the British Empire has produced.

ORDINATION OF FATHER THERRIAULT.

Last Sunday at the Cathedral, in lieu of the usual High Mass there was a Low Mass with ordination to the priesthood. The ordainer was His Grace the Archbishop; the ordained, Father Antoine Therriault, who came here some months ago for the sake of our dry climate and whose health has in fact greatly improved. He is 25 years old, was born at St. Modeste, Que., educated at the College of Rimouski and at the grand seminary of the same town. His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface said Mass and conferred on the young cleric the priestly sacrament of the Holy Orders. The priests who assisted in the laying on of hands were the Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., Rev. Father Hudson, S.J., rector of St. Boniface College Rev. Father Boutin, E.M.I., Rev. Fathers Messier, Dorais, O.M.I., and Dandurand, O.M.I., Rev. Doctors Beliveau and Trudel. Father Trudel preached a carefully prepared sermon explaining the symbolism and supernatural efficacy of the ordination service.

U. S. CATHOLIC NEWS.

STEPHENS AND LODGE

For years the Government has allowed the Indians annual rations in consideration of the cession of certain lands. Until 1901 this contract was faithfully carried out by the Government, but now only Indians who attend government schools, or no schools at all, receive these rations. If they attend a Catholic school they receive nothing. To correct this glaring injustice the following amendment to the Indian Bill was offered before the House Committee on Indian affairs:

That no rations be withheld from any Indian entitled thereto under the treaty with the United States by reason of the fact that the child or children of such Indian may be in attendance upon any other than a Government school.

The members of the House Committee, Mr. Stephens of Texas excepted, favored the amendment. Mr. Stephens, who had supported it last winter, was now bitterly opposed to it. And thereby hangs a tale:

Last winter Mr. Stephens' district was composed of 80 counties, a great many of which contained a large Mexican, Catholic population. Narrow bigot that he is, he was compelled, for the safety of his political hide, to suppress the natural impulses of his little soul until the legislature of his State came unwittingly to his relief and in redistricting the State mercifully took the offensive counties away from him. The real Stephens who had been foxily kept in the background, now comes to the front. In an interview he said that he was opposed to a union of Church and State, and that nothing that could be said on the subject would change his mind. When asked what this amendment had to do with a union of Church and State his little temper rose on its little hind legs, and he dashed back on the floor of the house, leaving behind him some acrid remarks about Catholics.

It was then decided to bring the amendment before the Senate Committee, which voted to put it in the bill. On February 14th the bill

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was laid before the Senate and the amendments were considered first. When the above amendment was reached Senator Lodge promptly raised the point of order against it and was with equal promptness sustained by the chair. Lodge has the reputation of being a statesman and a man of scholarly attainments, but if there was ever a man upon whom the broadening influences of education had just the opposite effect, that man is the junior Senator from Massachusetts. When it comes to lying in ambush for some measure intended to give a few Catholic Indians their rights, Lodge is the man, for there are fortunately few men in the Senate who have, like herent qualifications for such despicable work, the proper animus and in-plicable work.

Important engagements are broken; pressing committee work is neglected; the cards of prominent callers are inhospitably returned; an array of Latin quotations which he has been rehearsing for the future delectation of the Senate, is dismissed from his mind; an urgent call to the White House is recklessly disregarded; and there sits the great Lodge, statesman and scholar, watching anxiously and eager for the opportunity to raise his point of order; his point of order, for no other should have that pleasure, although Senator Gallinger would have been glad to relieve him of his place in the sentry box of bigotry.

Last winter when the President decided to appoint Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia on the Indian Commission, this same Lodge who is Mr. Roosevelt's personal friend and political adviser, went to the White House to protest against the appointment, but the President remained firm. Senator Quay and Penrose recommended and urged the appointment and succeeded in having it confirmed.

LEADERETTES.

Col. Saunderson has resigned from the Grand Mastership and Shank-hill Road is in deep mourning. The remote cause of the trouble appears to be a revolt among the rank and file. The ordinary unwashed brother has been dominated too long by the "biled shirt" faction. It is a good sign that the poor fools are seeing how they have been worked. The order was founded to keep them at enmity with their Catholic brethren in the ranks of labor so that the rich might divide the spoils.—Leader.

Poor old "General" Ortis of Los Angeles has fallen upon evil days. He has sat up late o' nights prophesying that the Governor would withdraw Father Yorke's name and the Senate would refuse to confirm him as Regent of the State University. And now that his augury proves false, the warrior of Caloocan gnashes his gums like a toothless hound and calls Father Yorke various unbeautiful names. That a Catholic priest should hold a position filled by a Unitarian minister for a quarter of a century is a bitter pill for some people.—Leader, San Francisco.

They say now that oil has been discovered in Ireland. We hope the knowledge of this find will be kept carefully concealed from the Standard Oil Company. While St. Patrick banished snakes and reptiles from Ireland, we are afraid if the octopus gets its hold on Old Erin, it will be hard to dislodge it.—Ex.

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Obituary.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah McIlroy took place Saturday morning from the family residence, 51 Adelaide street, to St. Mary's church, where requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Dwyer. The deceased was a favorite among the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, and was also a member of the children of Mary; and all the members of the society turned out in a body to attend the service of their departed sister. The scene was very impressive, as the members wore black dresses with blue capes and white veils. Solos were sung by Miss Blanche Hazel, Brother Thomas and Brother Lewis. The flowers were many and beautiful. The bearers of the casket were Messrs. F. O'Donnell, Garnatt Lee, E. Chevrier, E. Doherty, F. Nagle and A. Egan. After the service the remains were laid to rest in St. Mary's cemetery.

Mrs. Mondor, nee Goudin, widow of the late Francois Mondor, died on Sunday afternoon at the residence of her son, Mr. F. Mondor, proprietor of the St. Boniface hotel, after a short illness. Deceased was one of St. Boniface's most highly respected residents and her demise will be mourned by many friends. She was born in St. Paul Joliette, Que., in 1822, and emigrated to Manitoba 28 years ago, and leaves a large family. The sons are Messrs. Fred. E. Mondor, of St. Boniface; E. Mondor, Mariapolis; Francois and Joseph, and the late J. Baptiste Mondor, of Lorette; the three daughters are: Mrs. (Judge) Prendergast, Mrs. A. Turner, Mrs. F. Parent.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mondor took place from the residence of her son, the St. Boniface hotel, at 9 a.m. on Tuesday morning, to the Cathedral, where requiem High Mass was celebrated, by the Very Rev. Father Dugas, assisted by Rev. Fathers Trudel and Mirault, and the remains were afterward interred in the Catholic cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest seen in St. Boniface for some time. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. G. B. Desautels, F. Jean, C. Cyr, M. Guilbeault, J. C. Delorme, and M. Marcoux. The deceased was one of the oldest settlers and one of the most respected residents in the district, and was very widely known. A large family remains to mourn the loss of their honored mother.

Mary, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Youst, died on Monday at 421 Anderson Ave. The funeral takes place this morning at 8.30 to the Holy Ghost church and from there to St. Mary's cemetery.

Rose Vanuieuwenhuysze, beloved wife of Fred Vanuieuwenhuysze of St. Boniface, died on Monday aged 53 years. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Boniface Cathedral and cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Senez, of St. Boniface, mourn the loss of their little daughter, Roseanna, who died Wednesday afternoon. The funeral takes place to St. Boniface cemetery on Friday at 3.30.

Mr. Trudel, father of the Rev'd. Dr. Trudel, secretary archivist of His Grace Archbishop Langevin, died at his home in St. Boniface on Thursday afternoon. The funeral takes place at the Cathedral on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

Edward James McDonald, the four-year-old son of Conductor Hugh McDonald, died Thursday of diphtheria at the Winnipeg General Hospital. The funeral will be held on Friday at 11 o'clock to St. Mary's cemetery.

Rev. Father Cherrier is expected home at latest on the 7th inst.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., begins, on the 8th inst., a mission at Letellier.

STE. ANNE DES CHENES.

Rev. Father Ferland, curate of St. Eustache, sang High Mass here last Sunday, he is, I believe, the nephew of Mr. Champagne, one of our old settlers.

Rev. Father Defoy was also present; he has just been appointed curate here. The parish is getting so big that there is too much work for one priest. We are sorry to hear that Father Defoy is suffering from ill health, but we hope that our bracing country air will soon set him up.

Last week Mr. A. Morin was married to Miss Pauline Gauthier. The young couple are both 19. We hope they will be very happy. Cupid has not been very active here of late; but I heard someone say lately that during Lent his darts were more dangerous, as people had more time to think about such things, and Tennyson says:

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

So perhaps at Easter we may have a whole budget to announce. I have heard that on one Low Sunday some years ago there were not less than five banns published. Quite a few knots for our good priest to tie in one week.

We have been, well yes, rather dissipated of late with parties here and there, but now that Lent is upon us we mean to be very quiet and good.

The ice on the river is covered with water, not water from the melting of the snow, however; for although we have been enjoying the most beautiful weather lately, it has not been mild enough to thaw very much. The water welled up from under the ice and came out at the water holes.

On Ash Wednesday our new curate sang Mass and Father Giroux gave a very eloquent sermon on the necessity of doing penance to obtain pardon for our sins. Everybody left the church in a serious mood.

VICIOUSNESS OF COMBES.

The French Premier is having it all his own way at present, says the London Catholic Times. A stroke of his pen and away goes now one religious institution, now another. Not only teaching orders, but nursing orders are suppressed. It is difficult to see on what plan he decides the fate of the Sisters, who devote themselves to the necessitous poor or the suffering sick. He has granted authorization to six houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, but refused it to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Cambrai. He turns nuns out of hospitals here and stops stipends of priests there. Nothing is beneath his notice if he can see a chance of displaying his persecutor's zeal. Thus quite recently he ordered a railway company not to grant a reduction of fares to religious travelling together. One wonders how he finds time to enquire into all the possible avenues of persecuting legislation. At any rate he is doing his work with a thoroughness unequalled by preceding persecutors. They caught the objects of their dislike with a wide-meshed net, which, while securing the greater orders, allowed the smaller ones to escape. M. Combes narrows the meshes and captures great and small.

IRELAND WANTS MORGAN.

According to a dispatch from London, Richard Croker, John Redmond, M.P., and many other influential Irishmen, are trying to get J. Pierpont Morgan interested in Ireland.

For a month past the Irish Industrial Development Committee, in which both Richard Croker and his brother are largely interested, has had a party of surveyors at work collecting details concerning the anthracite coal mines in Ireland, which have been neglected for years, and which the committee wants to see opened with American capital.—Ex.

A Special Providence

By George F. Seymour.

Late in the spring of 1864, on the old Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, which had been taken possession of by the military authorities, I was doing "spare" work, which meant that sometimes I would run a shifter in the yard and perhaps the next thing would take an extra train out over the road.

We didn't have very much in the way of rolling stock at that time, as the "Johnnies" had run most of it away when they evacuated Nashville, and we were particularly short of good engines. One day I was sent out with an extra train and told to pull it down to Chattanooga with the shifter. This had been in its day a first class engine, but it was very old and had been patched and doctored up for use in the yard. We had a squad of soldiers for a guard, and orders had been given for everything to be kept out of our way.

Several changes have been made on the road since I had been out, but the only one having anything to do with this story was with regard to a siding about two-thirds of the way down. This was a spur some thousand feet or so in length, running into a gravel pit. There was quite a gully between the main track and the pit, and the siding ran for some distance over a trestle. Some of the rails had been taken up and used to lengthen out another spur track farther down the road. The switch stand had been removed and the switch spiked fast.

We stopped at a water tank just this side of Stevenson. Here the lieutenant in charge said he had a wounded guerilla, and, as he didn't know what to do with him, we would have to take him to Chattanooga with us. So he was carried into the conductor's car, at the rear of the train, and laid on the floor.

It was now well along toward evening and growing dark very rapidly, more so than usual, as a thunderstorm was coming up. Before long it was upon us, and it was a terror. I rolled the old engine along for all she was worth, and as there was a pretty stiff grade on this part of the road we were making tolerably good time. About three-quarters of an hour after passing Stevenson the gong gave the signal to stop. Never, before or since, did it send such a thrill through me. Before the sound of the bell had been swallowed up in the roar of the storm I had whistled for the brakes and reversed the engine. I knew that this would be of little avail, for the rails were slippery as glass, the train was heavy and we were running down an eighty foot grade. Just then I chanced to look back and saw Tom Gage, the conductor, climbing over the rear end of the tender. A moment later he was in the cab, and his face was as white as a sheet. He shouted in my ear:

"How far are we from the old gravel pit siding? Tell me, quick!" The fireman had come over to my side of the cab, and I motioned him to answer the question. "A little more than 300 yards, I reckon. Why?"

"Why?" Tom repeated in a shout. "We're all of us going into the ditch, that's why! That guerilla chap has just come to his senses, and he says his gang pulled out the spikes and then threw the switch, so as to open the sidetrack, and that a whole lot of the gang are waiting for us there now. I'm going to climb down before we get there. So goodbye, boys!" And, jumping to the side, he disappeared.

"Jump, Jim!" I cried to my fireman. "I'm going to stay here and take my chances, but you need not!"

He looked at me steadily for a second, shook his head and turned to his own side of the cab. Our speed had now slackened, but not sufficient to offer the slightest hope of ever coming to a stop before reaching the fatal siding. And I remember now that I fell to calculating how long it would probably be until we struck the switch. I noticed that we seemed to be run-

ning into the heart of the storm. The lightning was terrific.

And now we were in the cut—just beyond it was the siding—and I knew that within the next three minutes the story would be told, for we were still running at a fair pace. As we came out of the cut the siding was in plain sight in the lightning, and I saw in a moment that the wounded man had told the truth, for the switch had been thrown over and no earthly power would save us from turning off to the left, passing over three or four sections of the trestle, and then, when we reached the end of the rails, pitching twenty-five or thirty feet down into the ravine.

Something prompted me to turn my eyes toward the other side of the track, and there I saw a group of men, ten or a dozen of them, all armed, crouching at the foot of the embankment. At the sight all my calmness took flight. I forgot all about the danger we were in. Drawing my revolver, I emptied it into the midst of the group and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them tumble over. Then I threw the lever forward and pulled the throttle wide open, for now I was anxious to have the thing over with, and the end, whatever it might be, reached at once.

The train jumped ahead, and we were almost on the switch when I saw a bolt of lightning coming directly toward us. I say I saw it. I did see it and that is all I know. The concussion that followed made the old engine rattle in every joint and almost jolted me from the cab.

When, a moment later, the realization of our position returned to me, I saw that the engine had passed over the switch. A minute later and the entire train was across and then I knew that by some means which I could not understand we had escaped the trap that had been laid for us. A moment before we had reached it I had seen the open switch as distinctly as I ever saw anything in my life, and yet we passed over it in safety.

It was like a miracle. We pulled into Chattanooga about midnight. The assistant superintendent happened to be there, and early the next morning he sent for me.

"You seem to be the only man likely to give a clear account of your last night's experience," he said. And when I had given it he added sharply, "You are certain you saw the open switch?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "perfectly sure of it."

Then he turned to me suddenly and said:

"What was it that closed the switch and let you over?"

"That's more than I can say," I replied, "but something closed it or we would have gone out over the siding and then down into the gully."

"No doubt of that," he said; "none whatever. And you mentioned something about an unusually sharp flash of lightning which came at about this time." He paused significantly, then added: "Well, I want you to keep this matter entirely to yourself. Take the first train going out, make a thorough examination of the switch and find out, if you can, what closed it so suddenly. The next train coming this way will pick you up, and as soon as you arrive here report to me."

The assistant superintendent's suggestion about the lightning kept my brain busy during the trip. Could that flash have been the agency whereby we were turned from certain doom into the path of safety? I got the answer as soon as I arrived at the scene of our adventure and examined the switch. Not only had the switch been closed by being thrown violently into place, but the parts where they came together had been fused and welded by heaven's fires into a mass so solid as to prevent the switch from ever being opened again.

Some may say it was nothing more than chance, others will call it good luck, but I never think of it without realizing that the bolt which struck the switch and forced it back into place came straight from Him who "holds the lightning in his hands."

A CHANCE FOR MISSIONARIES.

Instead of sending missionaries to Cuba and the Philippines to convert Catholics, our Protestant brethren should evidently direct their misguided efforts towards Connecticut. If what the Rev. H. I. Hutchins, who has been making a tour of that State for the Connecticut Bible Society says is true, and we see no reason to doubt his statements, there is a splendid field for missionary work in some of the smaller towns in Connecticut:

"Not far from the outskirts of New Haven there was an astonishing condition of social life, due partially to the sparseness of the population and consequent habit of the inhabitants of inter-marrying, but mostly the result of two free indulgence in hard cider. The old New England stock, once pointed to with pride, was rapidly becoming extinct.

"Ashford, where there are 197 families, 36 per cent of which do not attend any church, and where the stores are open on Sunday, where the residents work on Sunday as they do any other day of the week, and where the greatest curse of the people, as well as in other small villages, is hard cider, he pointed out as especially vicious. The one ambition of the young men of the town, he said, is to belong to the band that furnishes the music for dances.

"In one town he found eight men living with their housekeepers. There is more imbecility and murder in those small places than in the larger towns in the State.

"He found in one house twenty-one persons living in five rooms, including the parents, a married son and two married daughters, with their children. There were two boarders in the family.

"Opium eating is prevalent among some of the poorer residents of the northwestern part of the State.

"In the town of Salisbury he found twenty-five of these wretched families of the degenerate type. He ascribed lack of educational facilities as another cause of the condition which, he declared, exist."

Here is an opportunity to spread the Gospel among people who have evidently lost all trace of the Word of God. Instead of trying to proselytize Catholics, our Protestant friends can certainly find enough to do nearer home among their own people, who surely seem to have been neglected.—American Herald.

FATHER PHELAN IN THE WESTERN WATCHMAN.

For fifty years we have been school-crazy. It would appear that we are fast becoming College-crazy. "Higher Education" is the demand of the hour. There should be a commission in every community to discover every child's capabilities; and the laws against cruelty to animals should be invoked to prevent education beyond capacity.

Knute Nelson held the floor six days with his speech against admission of New Mexico and Arizona. His chief objection was that more than one-half the people of the two territories were of Spanish descent and spoke Spanish. Nelson is himself a Norwegian, and Minnesota's population is 57 per cent. Scandinavian. What is more, they are shaky in their English as in their morals.

Our humorists are generally as honest as they are funny. Mark Twain has sacrificed his life to pay his debts. He has bequeathed his skull to Cornell University, with the stipulation that if he does not die in ten years—he is now seventy—he shall pay rent after that date.

Appropriating coal in transit has come to be regarded as an act of popular sovereignty, and juries will not convict, even where it is shown that the appropriators used violence. The fact is that the coal trust is now recognized as an outlaw, and may be proceeded against any way that will do him most harm.

**MAUD GONNE TO MARRY
MAJ. M'BRIDE.**

(Catholic Citizen.)

Maud Gonne, the "Irish Joan of Arc," and John McBride, the organizer and leader of the Irish Brigade in the Boer war, are soon to be married at Paris.

Marriages of this kind do not take place more than once in a century, and hence the engagement of the two Irish enthusiasts—the one a brave soldier, the other a beautiful heiress—is an announcement of unusual interest.

Before the marriage can take place, however, certain formalities must be complied with. The gallant major is a Catholic, and his fiancée is a Protestant. Miss Gonne, therefore, is to join the former church before becoming the wife of the Boer leader. It is understood that for some time past she has been under a course of preparation and instruction at the Carmelite convent at Laval, and that this week she will be formally received into the church at that institution. Her reception will make smooth the way for the marriage, which, it is said, will be solemnized in the very near future.

HAS MANY ADMIRERS.

Miss Gonne has many admirers and friends in London, especially among the Home Rule section of the Liberal party, who like her as much as the Ultra Unionists hate her. Her great beauty, her youth, and the glamour of her wealth, together with her passionate devotion to the cause of Irish liberty, have made her one of the most notable figures of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and the beginning of the twentieth. Miss Gonne inherited the wealth of her father, who was a rich colonel of the dragoons in the British army. She was born in Dublin Castle, and before conversion to the cause of Ireland she was the pet of the viceregal set in Dublin society. One day she saw an eviction, and the sight so vividly impressed her that thenceforth she swore to live only for the uplifting of the Irish people and the righting of their wrongs.

Miss Gonne of course was ostracized by her anti-Irish acquaintances, but for some years she has been the idol of the people of her adoption. She has made campaigns in half the countries in Europe, especially France and Belgium, and has even crossed the ocean to speak for Ireland in America. As for her former friends, she has flung her defiance in their teeth, and her marriage with Major McBride will be the culminating act of her remarkable career.

**FATHER PHELAN ON
SAGASTA.**

Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of our esteemed contemporary, The Western Watchman of St. Louis, Mo., has no false sentimentality about men, however high their station, who have spent their lives outside of practical religion, and come back at the last. He writes thus of Sagasta, the late Spanish premier:

"It would seem that the good thief was vouchsafed mankind for the special consolation of death-bed penitents of the statesman class. Dumas had the priest at his side in his last moments, not by his wish or contriving, but by the accident of the association in death. Sagasta, late prime minister of Spain, died last Monday, fortified by the sacraments of the Church. In the full possession of his faculties, he consented to go to confession to the Archbishop of Toledo.

Sagasta began life as an arrant infidel. He rose to power on the backs of the vilest rabble that ever infested Barcelona. Like all Red inces, he became conservative. He began to associate with the aristocracy and rather liked their company. He thought he saw a way to reconciling the moderate Republicans with the dynasty, and spent the latter part of his life in a vain attempt to work out the problem.

He sometimes played the two extremes of his party against the Royalist middle; at other times the Royalist middle against the Republican extremes. He was a successful trimmer, a most available party bluffer and died missed by all and mourned by none. But

we are not interested in him as a politician.

Sagasta received the sacraments before he died. He was not given any instructions on the doctrines of the Church. These he knew almost as well as his confessor. He was not told that he should go to confession and receive the Viaticum before dying. It was enough that he knew that he was going to die. This man never for one moment in all his life dreamed of dying without the sacraments. He gambled with the devil, his soul and heaven being the stakes, and at the final cast of the die he won—that is, he received the sacraments.

This is what the vast majority of so-called infidels of Catholic antecedents do everywhere. These men are gamblers, and they will not quit the game while there is a stake on the table. Cavour had the priest. Voltaire had the priest. Kossuth had the priest. The only one of the hold blasphemers of the present day who, in a religious sense, died with their boots on, was Garibaldi, and that poor fellow was crazy all his life. We, cold-blooded believers of more logical climes, cannot understand the syllogisms of French, Italian, and Spanish blasphemers. They curse the Church, because it is a part of the game. They stay away from the sacraments because while their antagonists are on their knees they take a trick. They despoil the sanctuaries because they have gambled away their last sou and would play on. The sin of blasphemy in Catholic countries is an economic rather than a moral transgression. These people should be taught to work with their hands, and not with their jaws. A good cotton mill would cure more infidels in Spain than a thousand sermons. A railroad would be worth a thousand jubilees.

MEN AND AFFAIRS.

Rev. White, a Methodist minister, has sent to the Northwestern Christian Advocate 200 new subscribers. The Advocate tells how Mr. White does it:

"He not only succeeds in getting the paper into every family of his own congregation, but he persuades others of Methodist affiliations to take it. He takes a paper into his pulpit, holds it before the congregation, calls attention to its mechanical make-up and to the fact that it contains more matter than other religious papers which sell for the same price or more. He impresses upon his members the importance of having a religious paper in a Christian family, and tells them that their own church paper should be first taken into the home. He suggests that those who can send it to relatives or friends as a gift would be conferring upon them not only a favor but a blessing. One family in his church subscribes for five copies, which are thus sent to friends. Another family subscribes for three and several for two copies.

"In addition to the public notice, Bro. White makes a personal canvas, during which he emphasizes other points of value in the church paper which he was not able to present from the pulpit. He also visits the husbands and wives of those whose companions were reared in the Methodist church. He casually learns of three men who had married Methodist women and who had gone with their husbands to sister churches. He called on those gentlemen, congratulated them on their good sense in selecting Methodist girls for wives and suggested that they take the Advocate for their companions, and each readily and cheerfully assented."

**AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
FOR THE NORTH WEST
TERRITORIES.**

The difficulties that beset the settlers in the North West Territories in the matter of adapting their ways to local agricultural conditions will shortly be overcome by the establishment, at Regina, through private intervention, of an agricultural College and experiment station. The necessary funds have been

provided to insure, the work for a couple of years, and an efficient staff is being engaged to cover series of three months' courses in the seven main branches of practical agriculture, under the managing directorship of W. H. Coard, L.L.D., of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. The fee for the Short Course will be \$10 and Dr. Coard will leave Ottawa for the west on the 2nd of March to "spy out the land," and arrange for the commencement of active educational operations. The staff will comprise professors of agriculture, chymistry, veterinary science, dairying, horticulture, and natural history and anatomy; a lecturer on domestic science and cookery, and a burser and librarian. Dr. Coard will hold the professorship of Agriculture and the lectureship of entomology; and the names of the other professors will be announced during Dr. Coard's visit to the west. The syllabus will be issued shortly, and the Short Course will present exceptional opportunities to farmer's sons as well as new settlers to receive an agricultural training of a practical character. The College is being established under substantial patronage, and, while not being inaugurated by either Federal or Provincial Legislatures, will receive the educational support of both.

**TWO SHROVE TUESDAY EN-
TERTAINMENTS.**

Time was when two entertainments of any kind in one evening were supposed to interfere with each other in Winnipeg. That day is long past. Now four or five entertainments the same evening will draw full houses. But Shrove Tuesday was the first time two French seances on the same evening were equally well patronized. The choice of the same evening came from no spirit of opposition, but merely from the approach of Lent and the shortness of the time in which to prepare.

The annual entertainment of La Gauloise Society was held in Alhambra hall, which was quite filled. The music was nearly all furnished by the St. Boniface orchestra. The principal performers were Mrs. L. du Galemert, M. de la Giclaiss, Miss Mollot. In "Le Premier Pas," by Labiche, Miss Pambrun won great applause and was presented with a bouquet.

The "Two Hours of Vaudeville" in St. Boniface College Hall completely filled it. Mrs. Harry Lunt's sweet voice and unaffected manner delighted the audience. The chief performer was Mr. Jobin, whose versatility as an entertainer is really wonderful. He kept the people in roars of laughter and on one occasion was recalled four times in succession; it seemed as if the audience could not see and hear him often enough. With such refined histrionic talent it is a pity he attempted the negro minstrel style, which was altogether beneath him. One of the best things he did was his talking to some invisible person in the wings while 'making up' for Mephistopheles. The proceeds were for the new cathedral.

SICK ROOM PHILOSOPHY.

Never confine a patient to one room if you can obtain the use of two.

Never play the piano to a sick person if you can play on strings or sing.

Never stand or fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down.

Never complain that you cannot get a feeding cup if there is a teapot to be had instead.

Never read fast to a sick person. The way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly.

Never judge the condition of a patient from his appearance during a conversation. See how he looks an hour afterwards.

Never put a hot water bottle next to the skin. Its efficiency and the patient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow the patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.—Ex.

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OGILVIE OATS
DELICIOUS FLAVOR. FREE FROM HULLS. WARRANTED PURE
PUT UP IN ALL SIZED PACKAGES
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CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHEL
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
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Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343

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All critics agree that we have done so.

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He is truly learned that doeth the will of God, and forsaketh his own will.—Thomas A' Kempis.

Yet alas! such is our weakness, that we often rather believe and speak evil of others than good.

It is great wisdom not to be rash in thy doings, nor to stand stiffly in thine own conceit.

NO TALKING NEEDED.

How many of the Little People have ever made remarks like baby's brother here referred to?

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't have to talk."

"Doesn't have to talk?"
"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything there is in the house that's worth having."—Ex.

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FREE A VALUABLE book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get their medicine FREE
KOENIG MED. Co.,
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SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY AND HIS STORMY CAREER.

A Fellow-Worker with D'Arcy McGee in the Cause of Irish Independence—His Relations with O'Connell—Honoured for Imperial Services in Australia.

Montreal Star, Feb. 14.

Death has removed the doyen of Irish agitators in the person of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, at the age of eighty-seven years. The friend and foe of O'Connell, the intimate of Carlyle, the colleague of D'Arcy McGee, the young Irishman of Ulster, the Prime Minister of Victoria, this is the career brought to mind by the mention of Duffy's name. Though it cannot be said of him that he was as great as O'Connell, O'Leary, or Davis he made up for lack of pure genius by a streak of common sense which won for him fame and riches, while many of his friends, worn out in early middle age by their heroic struggles for the land of their birth, died in hopeless exile. Three young men working side by side in the dingy little office of the Dublin Nation; three strong-hearted Irishmen, a Canadian Minister of Agriculture, an American General, a Victoria Premier—here are McGee, Meagher and Duffy, "the stones rejected by the builders." One of them died at the assassin's hand on the street of Ottawa, cut off suddenly at the height of his career, the other, the inferior intellect of the three lives to receive a knighthood from his Sovereign, as a recognition of his services to the Empire.

WORKED WITH MCGEE.

Charles Gavan Duffy was born of well-to-do Roman Catholic parents in Monaghan, in the year 1816. The grim tragedy of '98 was fresh in the minds of Irishmen in those days, and as the boy grew, he drank in hatred of English rule with every breath. An early inclination to literature pointed out his path for him. While a mere stripling he took an active part in an election against a landlord, and as a result some of his father's property was confiscated. Gavan went to Dublin, and became sub-editor of a paper when 23 years old. Five years later he was already prominent in the seething discontent of the time. Young Duffy was a worker, and though his newspaper duties might well have kept him busy, he read for the bar during his spare hours. In 1842 he took a step upon which depended the whole of his future career. With Davis, one of the brightest names in the history of Ireland, and Dillon, the father of the present Nationalist, Meagher, D'Arcy McGee, and Smith O'Brien, Duffy founded the Nation, a journal devoted heart and soul to the cause of Ireland. With O'Connell their leader and idol, they toiled at the time honored Celtic profession of agitation. Surely the atmosphere of the little newspaper office must have been fairly electrical with genius. Then came the dark days, when O'Connell, suspected of timidity by his friends, and accused of treachery by his foes, stood undecided and dumb while all Ireland waited for his call to arms. But the far-famed meeting at Clontarf was never held, and the great Liberator's sun was set. The Nation turned on him, and so did the young Irishmen, who cried, "We'll die for Ireland!" And the "mighty, magnificent, mean old man," answered with a jest: "You and I, boys, will live for Ireland."

END OF THE YOUNG IRELANDERS.

When the Courts pursued the gallant young Irishmen, and McGee and Meagher fled the country, the former to glorify Canadian politics, the latter to lead a brigade of Confederate troops in the Civil War, Duffy alone escaped exile. He languished in gaol for nine months, and on his release carried on the old campaign for six years, in Parliament and out of it. But failure, famine, and depopulation had taken the heart out of those who duly listened to him, and then Duffy decided to shake the dust of the Emerald Isle from his shoes forever. In "My Life in Two Hemispheres" he says of his leav-

ing: "I determined to quit Ireland. I could no longer promise the suffering people relief; and to witness injustice without curb and wrong without remedy would render life too painful. An Ireland where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church was an Ireland in which I could not live." So he went to Australia, and rose in Victoria as McGee rose in Canada. After having been Prime Minister, he accepted the position of speaker in the Legislature, which office he held for some years, finally retiring to Nice as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C. M.G.

GOETHE WAS DUFFY'S MODEL.

Goethe became his ideal. He concluded that true philosophy was best displayed by the great German novelist when he shut his ears to the world clamour of the French Revolution, locked himself in his study, and wrote books. So Sir Charles for the last twenty years of his life devoted himself to literature. "Chief among his publications are "Young Ireland," "Four Years of Irish History," "League in the North, and South," "My life in Two Hemispheres." The best society in Europe was open to him success in the new country had healed the wound of failure in the old. His declining years must have been the happiest of his life. Once he wrote to a friend that he was weary of new countries and longed for the green pastures where we wandered of old."

GLIMPSES OF GREAT MEN.

It has been said of him that he was utterly incapable of appreciating O'Connell's denunciation of slavery in the United States, that he was a niggard in his praise of the devoted men who took up his task when he laid it down, that he was, to paraphrase Orsini, "a prince in words, a beggar in action." But when Duffy founded the Irish Tenant League, when he defeated the Chief Secretary for Ireland, when he initiated the present system of independent opposition in the House of Commons, surely he was the man of action. His writings show him at his best. He has the polish of the literary man, the easy charm of the cosmopolitan. His pages abound in charming biographical tit-bits of the great men of the century. We are introduced to Bright, Browning, Carlyle, Disraeli, Gladstone, Peel, Mill, Macaulay, Forster, Newman, Manning and Thackeray. Tom Moore went to see him one day, and is described as "A little middle-aged man with pleasant smile and lively eyes, but of a countenance far from comely, and so elaborately dressed that the primrose gloves which he wore did not seem out of harmony with the splendor of his attire." The last of the young Irishmen has passed away, a grey-haired old man, but his memory will long be kept green on the two continents.

THE BIBLE THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE CHURCH.

The Eminent Members of the Newly Appointed Commission for Biblical Studies.

(Special correspondent Freeman's Journal.)

Rome, Feb. 4.—It is only now that people have begun to be alive to the extraordinary importance of the newly appointed Commission for Biblical Studies, but the truth is at last clear. The Bible is to be the battlefield of the Catholic Church for the next half century at least. Even already the reports that have been reaching the Eternal city for the last few years show that almost all countries have been more or less influenced for evil by the rationalistic writers of Germany. Not even Ireland has escaped, as Father Sheahan has pointed out in "My New Curate." The blighting influence in England was made painfully manifest when Mivart openly renounced his faith. The evil has spread to an alarming extent in France; and the worst symptom of it is not the outrageously anti-Catholic tendency of the writings of the Abbe Loisy, which have just been condemned in France. A very considerable section of the young clergy have become infatuated with new theories.

Here in Italy there have been many signs of a dangerous latitude in matters scriptural.

All this is not very surprising when it is remembered that the Vatican Council recognized even thirty years ago that the time had come for refining many things concerning the sacred books. But the troubled state of Italy and Europe generally brought about the suspension of the Council, and Pope Leo, foreseeing no possibility of its speedy resumption of its sitting, has now taken in hand the great work thus interrupted. Cardinal Parocchi, the first head of the new Commission, was no sooner appointed to direct its labors when he was called to his reward, but his place has been at once filled by Cardinal Rampolla, certainly one of the greatest lights of the Catholic Church in our times. And now the Commission is at last in working order. This week the official Osservatore Romano has published the official list of the Consulters—and a very eloquent list it is. I have succeeded in finding out a number of details about its members. It is very important, however, to note first of all that with hardly a single exception the Consulters for Biblical Studies are all noted for their keenness in making use of modern discoveries which tend to throw light in any way on the origin, structure, text and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, while at the same time they are as one in their zeal for the preservation of the integrity of the written word and their veneration for all the declarations of the Church on it.

After the Cardinals who form part of the Commission the two most important members are the French Father Fulcran Gregory Vigouroux, of the Society of St. Sulpice, and Father David Fleming, the Irish Vicar-General of the Franciscan Order. Father Fleming is justly regarded as one of the most brilliant scholars in the Catholic Church, and has devoted great part of his time for many years to the study of modern writers on the Holy Scriptures. Father Vigouroux is easily the first scriptural scholar in France. He has been for some time Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of San Sulpice and of the Catholic Institute of Paris. He is the author of a four-volume work on the manuscripts of Scripture and of another on "The Bible and Modern Discoveries," and he is at present engaged with a number of collaborators on a Biblical Dictionary. These two have been chosen by the Holy Father to act as secretaries of the Commission for Biblical Studies.

Next, perhaps, in order of distinction come two famous Dominicans—Father Lepidi, Master of the Sacred Palaces, for many years Professor of Theology at the Minerva in Rome, and the author of many learned theological works; and Father Thomas Esser, an Austrian, who is secretary of the Congregation of the Index. Monsignor Ceriani is Prefect of the Ambrosian Library; Fathers Hummalhauer and Cornely are two German Jesuits who are at present engaged on a monumental work on the Scriptures; Father Pratt is another German Jesuit, whose name is well known in the learned Reviews of the Fatherland and who has contributed to the Civiltà Cattolica the latest contribution in that great magazine on the subject of the interpretation of the sacred book; Father Gismondi is an Italian Jesuit, who has been for the last fourteen years Professor of Scripture, Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, etc., in the Gregorian University in Rome, and who has spent a considerable portion of his life in the East studying the languages which throw light on the Bible; Monsignor Lamy, Professor of Sacred Scripture in the University of Louvain, is well known as a writer for the reviews; Dr. Otho Bardenheuer if Professor of Bible Exegesis in the University of Munich, editor of the famous Review of Bible Studies and author of a patrology which is now being translated into Italian; Father Mercati is a writer of the Vatican Library and Secretary of the Commission for the Liturgy; Father Ceresedo is an oratorian and an author of a work on hermeneutics; Father Hoonacker is Professor of Scriptures at Louvain and a prolific writer on Scriptural

subjects; Mgr. Talamo, Canon of St. Peters, is editor of the Rivista Internazionale for Social Studies; Father Grannan, the solitary American representative on the Commission, is Professor of Sacred Scripture at the University of Washington and has devoted many years of study in different European universities to the question of the bible; Dr. Kaulen is Professor of Exegesis in the University of Bonn and one of the collaborators of the Kirschenlexicon; Dr. Schaefer is Professor of Exegesis in the University of Breslau; Father Amelli is Prior of the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino and universally recognized as a profound student of Scripture; Father Clarke England's only representative, has written some books on scriptural subjects; Father Lefrange, O.P., is one of the Professors of Sacred Scripture in the College of St. Stephen in Jerusalem; Father Fracassini, Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Perugia; Dr. Hoberg, rector of the Academy of Freiburg; Canon Fouard, formerly Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Rouen, has written much on the early history of the Church, including two volumes on St. Peter and St. Paul, and is now engaged on the life of St. John; Dr. Weikert, Professor of Scripture in the Benedictine College of St. Anselm, Rome, and a famous Rabbinical scholar; Father Schell, O.P., Professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes in Paris, who has been for some time engaged in the excavations of Susa; Canon Gouffon, Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Florence; Monsignor Legendre, Dean of the Faculty of Antwerp, where he is Professor of Scripture, has made a special study of the geography of the Holy Land and published a map; Mgr. Gutherlet, Professor of Scripture in the University of Fulda; Dr. Veller, Professor of Exegesis in the University of Freiburg; Fr. Poels, Professor of Louvain and author of a series of studies on the sanctuaries of Jerusalem; Father Fillon, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris; Father Mangenot, Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Nancy; Dr. Weiss, Professor of Exegesis in the Lyceum of Brannsborg; Father Torio, Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Valencia; Canon Lesetre, of Paris; Dr. Dusterwold, formerly Superior of the Albertin College in Cologne; Canon Chauvin, formerly Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of Laval; Father Balestri, O.S.A., formerly Professor of Sacred Scripture.

It will be seen that the Holy See has spared no pains in selecting men for the new Commission on Biblical Studies who will do honor to the Catholic Church. Papers of all shades of opinion and belief in Europe have commented in laudatory terms of the selections made. The members of the Commission who reside in Rome have already held two meetings. Even now there is evidence of a keen interest in scriptural studies.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Is it one of the signs of our prosperity that in the State of Pennsylvania alone there are 17,000 girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen working in manufacturing establishments, and that of these 4,000 work all night? In a description of the condition of the latter by the special correspondent of the Evening Post (N.Y.) we find the following: "The tangles are always worst when I am tiredest," said one small girl. "I have to twist back the reel for a long, long time, until all the tangles are gone. The big girl who has charge of our department often scolded me, and sometimes the man who was night superintendent told me he would discharge me if I couldn't do better. Then my head would ache something awful, and I would have to cry, and some other girl would straighten out the tangle." This is distressful kind of reading to people who are troubled with hearts. Do you hear the children weeping, Oh, my brothers?— They are weeping piteously. They are weeping in the playtime of the others, In the country of the free.— N.Y. Freeman's Journal.



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Persons and Facts

To J. A. O.—"Recommend," used as a noun, instead of "recommendation," may be a U. S. colloquialism, but it is not English.

Somebody wrote to the St. Louis society journal, the Mirror, asking "What is the most beautiful poem ever written to a woman?" The reply was that "this distinction belongs to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, a part of Roman Catholic ritual."

On the 14th of last month Mr. and Mrs. N. Bawlf were at Nassau in the Bahama Islands. The average temperature was 80 degrees in the shade. The daily bathing was delightful. Mr. Bawlf's health is greatly improved. They cruise about in glass-bottomed boats to see the ocean floor twenty feet below. The island teems with sponges, pine-apples, bananas and all other tropical fruit.

In the official list of Winnipeg marriages last month 13 were credited to Father Kulawy, 3 to Father McCarthy, 1 to Father O'Dwycer, 1 to Father Guillet, 1 to Father Cordes, and 1 to Father Zoldak, in all 20 Catholic marriages out of a total of 71.

The first Church of the Immaculate Conception, which is now used as a Catholic school for girls, was dedicated twenty years ago, March 4, 1883.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Columbian, in its issue of Feb. 28, has a fine engraving of the exterior of St. Peter's and the Vatican; but, unfortunately, what it labels as "Interior of St. Peter's" is really the interior of St. Paul's Church outside the walls of Rome.

Miss Maude Gonne has had a multitude of admirers wherever she has gone, but now that she has met a man who could make bride any woman he meets, her own name is gone for ever.

After a visit of over two months at Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto and Orillia, Mrs. C. J. O'Toole has returned home very much delighted with her trip.

Clarke Bros. & Hughes have recently invested over half a thousand dollars in the purchase of a pair of beautiful white horses to be used in connection with their white funeral car.

Clerical News

Rev. Father Seguin, O.M.I., of whom mention was made by the Rev. M. Mahony in an article quoted by us last November (p. 379), has not been able to return, as he wished, to "his savages" near the Arctic circle, in Northern Canada. After forty years out there, he was brought back to France, to be treated, when sixty-nine years of age, for cataract and a dislocated shoulder. For some one else we might say that he had only come home to die. But, for such a one as he was, we must surely say that it is now he is at home. He died on December 11, 1902. R. I. P.—Missionary Record, O.M. I., February, 1903.

Rev. Father Fillion left last week with Rev. Father Jutras and a couple of gentlemen from St. Jean to explain the advantages of Manitoba to some prospective settlers who had written from Minnesota. Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., took Father Jutras' place at Letellier.

Rev. Father Poirier of the Cathedral, has been condemned to absolute rest and is now recruiting at St. Jean.

The Very Rev. Father Lacombe reached his 76th birthday last Saturday, Feb. 28. He is still hard at

work as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Calgary. We wish him many more years of usefulness and a little more rest from arduous labor.

The following extract from The Casket of Feb. 19 refers to the Right Rev. John Cameron, D.D., who, being near the end of the 33rd year of his episcopate, is the second in order of seniority among the Bishops of Canada. Long may he continue to rule his learned diocese.

The Bishop's Birthday.—Monday was the seventy-sixth anniversary of his Lordship's birth. An informal reception was tendered to him at Mt. St. Bernard's, which was attended by the College professors and students of the senior year. The most notable feature of the reception was the address in verse, which contained some noble stanzas. The words of his lordship in reply were brief and helpful and fatherly. The twenty-sixth of July next will be the fiftieth anniversary of the Bishop's ordination to the priesthood, an event that the whole diocese is preparing to celebrate.

Rev. Father Campeau and Rev. Father Claude, C.R.I.C., were at the Archbishop's House early in the week.

Rev. Father Therriault, the newly ordained priest, said his first Mass last Monday in the chapel of the Grey Nun Mother House, and his second last Tuesday in the chapel of St. Boniface College.

The Hon. and Right Rev. Mgr. Stanley has been appointed Bishop-Auxiliary in the archdiocese of Westminster.

On Feb. 24 Rt. Rev. John Francis Regis Canevin was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, auxiliary Bishop to the Venerable Bishop Phelan, by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. Six bishops and a large number of prominent clergy from Pennsylvania and other States assisted at the consecration.

At latest mail news from Ireland Monsignor Gargan, President of Maynooth College, was very seriously ill. The Bishop of Salford, England, was also in a critical condition.

On Tuesday last the Holy Father's Jubilee was observed in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, where the Delegate Apostolic, Archbishop Falconio, celebrated Mass in the presence of Archbishop Farley, Archbishop Quigley (not yet gone to Chicago), and six other bishops.

Rev. Father Maillard, of Fort Ellice, came in on Monday and returned on Thursday.

Rev. Father Drummond preached at High Mass last Sunday in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. His subject was the gospel of the day, the Temptations of our Lord, and he drew therefrom the lesson that there are certain temptations which we cannot resist without the grace of God; hence the necessity of earnest prayer and self-denial; and that, with the grace of God, all temptations will assuredly be overcome, provided we do not expose ourselves to unnecessary occasions of sin.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface accompanied by Rev. Father Antoine (d'Aubigny), Trappist, left last Monday for Ste. Rose du Lac.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate intend to erect a church and mission at Napoleon's Kop, the scene of the death of the Prince Imperial on June 2, 1879.

Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., is hard at work in St. Mary's parish, Calgary.

Jesuits are popularly supposed to be preternaturally wily persons, but the percentage of simplicity amongst them is, says the London "Daily Chronicle," probably as high as in any other class. A Jesuit Father was recently killed in a suburb of Sydney. He was out walking when a runaway horse attached to a van came tearing down the road. As the horse approached, he stood in its path and opened out his umbrella, thinking that that would stop its mad career. He was knocked down, his skull fractured, and he died in a few hours.

Rev. Father Fournier, of Wild Rice, North Dakota, came here last Wednesday and returned home on Thursday.

Rev. Father Vales, of Fort Alexander, Man., while paying his subscription in advance, says he will do his best to secure additional subscribers among the men who work in Mr. Drake's mill at Bad Throat. Father Vales is one of the best friends of the Review. He also asks for prayers for his Catholic Indians in the reserves of Hole River and Brokenhead.

Our friend, Mr. John Riordan, hitherto C.P.R. roadmaster, has accepted the higher position of General Roadmaster on the C. N. R. His former employees farewelled him last Saturday with an address in which they praised his well-known fairness and ability; they also made him a present of a handsome gold watch and chain. Mr. Riordan, with his usual modesty, replied that his success was due to the valuable assistance of his foremen and men. Mr. Riordan leaves behind him a matchless record. During his time of office not a wheel of a passenger train has been off the rails in any part of his division, one of the most important in the whole system. Last March, at the time of the unprecedented snow storm, he cleared the line almost twenty-four hours sooner than was expected.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Bawlf, writing from Nassau, Feb. 25, expect to be back in Winnipeg on the 10th or 12th of March.

TO MAP SOUTHERN HEAVENS

Georgetown University is branching out beyond the confines of the Western world and establishing a great observatory in far South Africa. This new institution is to work in co-operation with the observatory long ago built by the Jesuits on Georgetown Heights. Here in the National Capital Rev. Father Hazen, S.J., aided by a body of learned assistants, has from time to time given to the scientific world volumes of instruction that are recognized authorities by all students of astronomy. Rev. Edmund Goetz, S.J., is the moving spirit in this stupendous undertaking. He is now on his way to Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa, where the observatory will be located. This observatory will be in constant communication with the one in Georgetown, and the discoveries in South Africa will be given to the world from Washington.

Father Goetz is an Alsatian by birth. He made his early studies in Paris, but, desiring to devote his life to work in South Africa, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in England. Having decided to make astronomy his speciality, he gave his entire time to the study. Unconsciously he has risen, step by step, to be the leading light in this branch of science. His investigations of the variable stars have been more far-reaching and conclusive than any other work done in this line.

During the months of arduous scientific study at the Georgetown University, Father Goetz was also earnestly engaged in spiritual progress. On February 2 he made in the chapel of the college his final religious vows, thus forever binding himself to the life of a Jesuit.

We must not trust every saying or suggestion, but warily and patiently ponder things according to the will of God.—Thos. A' Kempis.

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