

Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

When man knows how to match a ribbon,
When woman learns to drive a nail,
When man can thread a needle deftly,
When woman don't make a woman pale,
When man gets off right from street cars,
Instead of facing toward the rear,
When man stops smoking bad tobacco
And drinking sour smelling beer,
When woman doesn't block the sidewalk
With spreading skirts and puffed out sleeves,
When man stops flirting with new charmers
And to his lawful darling cleaves,
When man can understand the baby
And the woman petting it talks sense,
When man proposes a new bonnet
And woman shies at the expense—

Phenomena like these and others
May strike surprised observers dumb,
But they will know by these same tokens
That the millennium has come.
—Somerville Journal.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
Hung dangling over the floor,
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She started at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet,
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one winked from a nap.
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.
—London Amusing Journal.

ROME - THE ETERNAL CITY.

Lecture by Rev. Father Hendrick.

The abominable weather of Thursday evening last undoubtedly prevented many from attending the lecture on "Rome" at St. Mary's Church by the Rev. Father Hendrick, of East Grand Forks, Minn., but there was nevertheless a very good audience, sufficient, in fact, to fill the body of the church, and those who were present were well repaid inasmuch as they had the privilege of assisting at one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the kind ever given in the city. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Tomney who gave a grand rendering of Gounod's "Holy City" after which Rev. Father Guillet stepped to the sanctuary rails and introduced the lecturer. In doing so he said mankind, although changeable, was fond of old landmarks of the past, and which were likely to be of the future, hence there was a magic in the word Rome, to which the world universally gave the title of the Eternal City. A lecture on this Rock of Ages would be a treat and he was quite sure it would be doubly so being given by the gifted lecturer of that evening. Rev. Father Hendrick was a Roman of the Romans, for who was more Roman than an Irish Catholic priest, a child of that nation which had clung to Rome. It was, therefore, a loving heart which would speak to them as of a mother and the head was there also which had a mastery over the subject. Moreover, Father Hendrick was a Roman student of long residence, so he would be able to give them a just appreciation of the great city and of its monuments. Without delaying them any further he called upon

FATHER HENDRICK,

who in opening his lecture, said the most interesting point in the world to which a traveller could bend his steps, the only city under the face of God's high heaven, which could fix their attention and fix it completely on its own self was without doubt the city of Rome, called by an especial privilege the Eternal City. It was there they found the great monuments of history under the double influence of Paganism and Christianity collected together; it was like the heavens themselves where all the planets bent their courses towards the sun: and as on this earth all rivers poured their stream into the ocean, so was Rome destined to be a centre where all events would meet and send down to posterity a history that would never die. Surely if there was anything that could arrest their attention and afford them

instruction it was a study of the history of Rome, but if the study of books on the subject was most entertaining what must be said of personal acquaintance with the city and its monuments. Rome was unlike every other city of the world in this respect, that it made an indelible impression on all who visited it—on the mind of the heathen and on the Christian of whatever denomination he might be; for everything in Rome was a monument and its monuments were the witnesses from which history weaved its wondrous web. Pagan Rome was destined to arrive at the end of seven centuries to the height of its material greatness when every nation under the sun was obliged to recognize her as its mistress, but there was a nobler destiny yet for the city of Rome—one which was to give Rome a larger empire in this world, one that would see Rome never die, and one that would make her the centre of all that was really grand and noble on earth. She saw the crown of the Caesars turned into the tiara, she saw paganism overthrown and the grand and mighty pagan empire turned into an empire of Christianity and of saints. But Rome was something else besides religious and had never contented herself with shutting her children up in monasteries. While she was spiritual and religious she was also progressive. She had always forwarded the sciences and the arts; when the other great cities of Europe were yet unborn she stood in the meridian brilliancy of everything truly scientific and as she then held aloft in her hand the torch of science never had she let it go. And as to art—where did the artists go—where could they find a model for anything they had to do if not in Rome—and were they not compelled to go to her and say "we confess you have the grandest treasures, you have kept them for the world, you are not avaricious about them, you are generous, you throw your treasures open to everyone, every nation, every creed and country and we are forced to recognize in you a generous city, a generous church even if not a true one." She civilized Europe and made it what it is to-day. Where was the university of the great countries of Europe that could deny its greatest friends were to be found amongst the Popes. Was it not the Pontiffs who sent men out to all parts of the world to go and teach all nations. That was the mission of the Pontiffs and well and nobly had they done their work. It was in that spirit they would look upon Rome that evening—as a city that was the grandest in the world—the holiest and the noblest. Having thus introduced his subject, Father Hendrick proceeded to describe scenes of the most prominent features of the Eternal City, which were thrown on to a screen by the lime light process. The scenes had been specially and carefully selected and were of excellent finish and quality. Father Hendrick's descriptions were exceedingly interesting and the large audience sat with fixed attention and found the time only too short. The lantern was worked by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S. J., of St. Boniface College, and to his skilful manipulation much of the success is to be attributed.

During an intermission a song "The Toilers" was very nicely sung by Mr. Tugwell and proved to be not the least enjoyable feature of the entertainment. At the close of the lecture Rev. Father Smet rose and said they must all feel extremely grateful to Father Hendrick for the entertaining and instructive lecture he had given them. They might read of the grandeur of old Rome but still the imagination was weak unless they had something more material to assist it than the mere lines on the page, consequently a lecture such as they had had that evening must greatly assist the student of history. By a gradual transition they had been led on from the grandeur of Pagan Rome to the grandeur of Christian Rome and they have seen that Christian Rome did not destroy the grandeur of the past, but built upon it, and they had in consequence splendid structures—and the greatest of all in the world—St. Peter's. He moved a vote of thanks to Father Hendrick.

Rev. Father Drummond had much pleasure in seconding the motion. He had thought he knew something about Rome, but he had learned so much more

that evening which he had never read in books that he found his previous knowledge had been very limited. He was reminded of something Lord Stanley said when he visited Winnipeg for the first time. He said he had only three days to visit Winnipeg and its surroundings, but he consoled himself with the reflection that that acute thinker Pius IX had said to a gentleman who had been presented to him: "If you were going to stay in Rome for a month I should say you would not see anything worth seeing, but as you are only going to stay three days you will probably see the best there is to be seen." The same might be said of them that evening. They had taken a general view of many of the most beautiful monuments in Rome and they had had the advantage of getting that view from a gentleman who spent nine years and a half in Rome—those years of his youth when he could take in its beauties, and be saturated, as it were, with the traditions of that great city. Father Drummond went on to say that he was reminded also of another fact which he heard during his sojourn in England some years ago. The Vatican library as they knew, was one of the most beautiful and important collections of manuscripts in the world, and all governments that were careful for the advancement of literature within their limits sent representatives to study these manuscripts. The British Government fully aware of the importance of studying them sent to Rome about sixty years ago one of their most learned men, a Protestant of course, but this gentleman had not been many years in Rome before the spirit of the Holy City penetrated him so thoroughly that he became a Catholic and afterwards a priest. As a priest he could no longer serve the Government in the capacity of a librarian, so they sent another Protestant to examine the archives, but he also after several years spent in Rome in that wonderfully fascinating atmosphere became a Catholic, and not only a Catholic but a priest and that was worse a Jesuit. He died only a short time ago with the reputation of being a very great historian. That was Father Stevenson who at the age of 87 received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Aberdeen. He became a priest at the age of 67 and people thought he would be useless at that age but to the Society of Jesus he remained for twenty years one of its greatest glories. But to return to the British Government—when they saw all the eminent and learned Protestants they were sending in this capacity to Rome becoming Catholics and priests and that they were losing the services of very useful men they made up their minds to next send a Catholic, for, they said, "at least such a one won't have any conversion to go through" and that was why they had since made it a rule in London that whenever they sent a representative to study up books and read up history in the Vatican library to send a Catholic. He thanked Father Hendrick for having reviewed that city which they might call the city of the souls. Other cities were distinguished, as London, for instance, which might be called the city of money; Paris, the city of pleasure; Berlin the city of learning; and New York the great Babylon of America; but of Rome they might say it was the city of the soul, and he used the word soul in the Catholic sense not as mere impulse and feeling, but as representing mind and will, for it is the centre of that great mental force which after all swayed the destinies of the world, and it was also the centre of the greatest and truest love for Christ Jesus that had ever been known. It was a curious thing that the word Rome in Latin if spelt backwards produced the word love, and the word Rome in Greek meant strength, and so they had in the name as it was used in olden times when Latin and Greek were bandied about the Forum, the great and beautiful idea of the city of love and strength. Nothing was so strong as the love of God for if no human love could be stronger than death what could not be said of that love of God which was represented in that religion whose centre is in Rome. When Christ gave to Peter the headship of His Church what was His test. It was love. "Peter lovest thou Me?" and he said "yes Lord Thou knowest that I love Thee." And He

asked him again: "Peter, lovest thou Me?" and Peter again said with humility and confidence "Lord Thou knowest that I love Thee," and when the Lord asked him the third time Peter was frightened in his spirit and he turned to the Lord and said "Lord Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." And then He said to him feed My lambs, feed My sheep." So it was love which was the foundation of all that was great in that city which to them was the city of the soul.

This brought the entertainment to a close and the audience dispersed very well pleased with the evening they had spent. The members of the Truth Society are to be congratulated on the success they have achieved and it will be well if they see in it encouragement to arrange further lectures next season.

Catholics at Oxford.

The Oxford correspondent of the Times says:—"The Hebdomadal council at its last meeting granted a license to the Rev. R. F. Clarke, M. A., of Trinity College, to open a private hall for University students at 40 St. Giles's. The new hall is to be started under the auspices of the Jesuit Order, and will consist of a certain number of its younger members, who are to pass through the ordinary honor schools of the University and take their degree. The step shows the widening influence of Oxford, and has also a considerable historical interest. It is the first instance of a return on the part of the religious orders to their former connection with the University. In the Mediaeval times nearly all the orders had houses of study in Oxford. In the old buildings of Worcester college may be still seen at the foot of the staircase the arms of the various Benedictine monasteries which sent up their young students to reside and study in Oxford, and the statue of St. Bernard over the gateway of St. John's still recalls the time when a Cistercian monastery stood there. Ever since the days of the Tractarian movement the Jesuit Order has numbered among its members not a few Oxford men and some former Fellows of colleges. For some time past the Order has been looking forward to a foundation at Oxford, but has heretofore been deterred from taking any steps by the disfavour with which the English Universities were regarded by the Sacred College of the Propaganda. Now, however, the question has been re-opened by Cardinal Vaughan and the English bishops, and the result of their representations at Rome has been that permission has been given for the residence, under certain specified conditions, of young Roman Catholics at Oxford. We understand that the new hall has partly in view the development of the literary and educational work of the Jesuit body, and is partly an almost necessary step to the adoption of the Oxford and Cambridge higher certificate examinations, instead of the London matriculation, as the final examination of the head form of the various Jesuit colleges for boys throughout the country. Jesuit education has, as may be gathered from their manual, the "Ratio Studiorum," from the very first, corresponded in almost every detail of its studies to the classical side of the English public schools and therefore chimes in with the Oxford course far better than with the programme of the London University. It may be anticipated that this new departure will be followed by a gradual increase of the number of Roman Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge. It seems likely that the secular clergy will follow the example of the Jesuits by establishing a house at Cambridge, and the Benedictines are said to be looking in the same direction. We may add that Father Clarke, the principal of the new hall, was formerly a Fellow and tutor of St. John's College. He joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1869, a short time before the abolition of tests, and was the last Fellow of a college who had to resign his Fellowship on ceasing to be a member of the Church of England. He became a member of the Jesuit Order in 1871, was the editor of The Month from 1881 to 1894, and was principal of the new foundation of the Jesuits at Wimbledon previous to his removal to Oxford.

A New Jesuit Foundation in Oxford.

From the Catholic Register.

In our present issue the interesting announcement is made that a license has been granted by Oxford University to Father Clarke, the eminent English Jesuit, to open a new hall for the students of the Jesuits College in connection with Oxford. As none of our Canadian papers have mentioned the fact, we publish in our Old Country page the article from the London Times giving all the particulars in connection with the step just taken, which reflects the broad-minded ideas both of the Jesuits and of the Oxford authorities. The next step in view is the adoption of the Oxford and Cambridge higher certificate examination, instead of the London University matriculation, as the final examination for the students of the Jesuits. Just now the new hall is to consist of a number who will pass through the ordinary honor schools of Oxford and take their degree; and as Jesuit education corresponds closely to the Oxford course a gradual increase in the number of Catholic students in Oxford and Cambridge will follow.

There is every reason to suppose that the influence of Father Clarke, who before he became a Catholic and joined the Society of Jesus was a Fellow and tutor of St. John's College, has hastened the placing of the present foundation in Oxford. Let us hope the widening influence will be further felt, for it is from such influence as this that we are to expect the banishment of narrowness and exclusion from the noble cause of education.

We commend, as briefly as we can, the object lesson to those vulgar and benighted creatures in Canada and the United States who fall into a rage every time the word "Jesuit" strikes upon their ignorant ears.

The Celtic Revival.

Nothing more remarkable in the history of modern literature has occurred than the sudden, and, in many respects, unaccountable, interest which has been recently manifested concerning Celtic influences on European thought and letters. It is really difficult to decide which is the most extraordinary—this latter-day exuberance of interest on the subject or the strange neglect with which it has been hitherto treated. Most educated persons have been aware all along that when all Europe, including Rome itself, had almost relapsed into barbarism, Celtic Ireland was not only the island of saints and doctors, but of artists and universities—a very focus of light in the darkness. All that was, of course, impossible without a literature of its own, and a far-reaching influence on the literature of other countries. German scholars have been for years working silently on Celtic studies. Matthew Arnold pointed out long ago the extent to which Celtic thought has leavened Saxon expression, and other writers have alluded frequently to the volume and excellence of Celtic, and especially Irish, manuscripts; but for some reason all of them together did not succeed in producing a Celtic revival. Now we have it with us in full swing, though the whence, how and why of its appearance at this particular juncture belong to those phenomena of public thought which elude analysis. The bare fact, however, contains abundant reason for thankfulness. We may confidently look forward not only to facilities for the better understanding of all that is great and noble in Irish history and character, but to the adoption of measures for preserving, as far and as long as possible, Irish as a living language. To our shame, we must own that the Welsh have shown far more enthusiasm for their native language than we have hitherto done. They have insisted on having their children instructed through the medium of their own tongue, and in spite of the intimate and powerful Anglicizing influences to which they are exposed, the Welsh language has actually gained instead of losing vitality. Ireland, unhappily, has a different tale to tell. Every succeeding generation of the present century has seen a decrease in the number of people who speak Irish. We earnestly trust that those who have the new movement in hand will at once set to work on the preservation of the spoken language.—Irish World.

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The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Study of English. Not long ago, at a meeting of the University Council an effort was made to raise the value of scholarships for English. One gentleman, a champion of Manitoba public school training, contended that more valuable scholarships should be bestowed for English than for Latin or any other branch. Most of the other members of the Council, who had realized in their own experience the incomparable superiority of the classics as instruments of culture, successfully opposed this innovation based on superficial views. The example of England, it was pointed out by one of the speakers, showed that, as a rule, no man had attained to any eminence in the mastery of his own language without first reading the ancient classics with care, and that the very rare exceptions, like John Bright and Tyndall, were men of genius to whom no ordinary rules apply and would probably have been still better writers, had they had a classical training. To prove that this is a universal persuasion among English university men we have only to quote the following item of news in the New York Sun of the 12th inst.: "Interest in English studies is not great in England. Prof. Skeat for over a year has tried to raise \$2,000 for an English lectureship at Cambridge, giving \$1,000 of it himself, and has obtained only \$200 in subscription." And the English people are quite right. An intelligent lad will acquire a more practical knowledge of his own language by translating Cæsar or Horace into it than by dabbling in Chaucer.

Some Examples. At the same meeting of the University Council the Rev. Dr. King remarked that, among all the speeches delivered at the Manitoba College Alma Mater Society's dinner last winter that which was the most remarkable for the excellence of the English used was Mr. Joseph Bernier's reply to one of the toasts. We have also been informed by one of the best-known professors in another of the Protestant affiliated colleges that the very best speech he ever heard at any of those annual college dinners was spoken by the late lamented Dr. Versailles, while the most slovenly in point of English phraseology was the product of a gentleman who had won high honors in the Modern Languages course and had several years' experience as a professor of English Literature. The reason of the difference was that Mr. Bernier and Dr. Versailles did not attempt any special study of English till their minds had been thoroughly trained in the practice of logical thinking and accurate expression through the classics. As an instance of the sort of blunder into which no classical student would fall, we may mention the phrase "vitally spiritualized life," with which a graduate of several universities concludes

an otherwise brilliantly written article in a recent Catholic magazine. Had this writer's knowledge of Latin been anything more intimate than that perfunctory acquaintance which is all that modern non-Catholic universities require, he would have rejected the adverb "vitally" as being nothing but a bald repetition of the idea contained in the noun "life"; but the rhythm of the phrase made him forget the meaning of the Latin adverb.

The "New Dispensation" Again.

The Kansas City Catholic says that the NORTHWEST REVIEW "has no great opinion of what it calls the 'new dispensation.' By the new dispensation it means the efforts now making by certain zealous priests to bring the Church more clearly before the Protestant and the other non-Catholic people of the country." Our Kansas City contemporary is mistaken in thinking that we invented this term. We found it used in advertisements of two books. In one of them, just after the title, we read: "Father— was the prophet of the **new dispensation**, which is so happily advocated by Leo XIII., of bringing the Church into harmony with the legitimate aspirations of the age." The other advertisement thus recommends an excellent work: "One cannot well understand the signs of the times and the outcome of the **new dispensation** without getting Father—'s views." These quotations prove conclusively that we are not responsible for this untheological expression. We never could see that the Holy Father was "bringing the Church into harmony with the legitimate aspirations of the age." On the contrary, from careful and reverent observation of his teaching during the past eighteen years, we hold that he is doing, though perhaps with unparalleled skill, what all his predecessors have ever striven to do, that he is pointing out to the age what ought to be its legitimate aspirations. Our brother on the banks of the Kaw "really thinks" that we ought not to "discourage any movement looking to the spread of the Catholic Church." We never did any such thing; God forbid that we should.

Imitation The Sincerest Flattery.

The Catholic organ of a coterie that affects to find in the United States all that is best in the world printed lately, as one of its own editorials, a long note taken verbatim, with a few unimportant alterations, not improvements, from the London Tablet. This ultra-American paper was evidently loath to acknowledge its indebtedness to an English source, though it was glad to use the outcome of English brains without acknowledgment. The Tablet was commenting on a very remarkable article by M. Spuller in the Revue de Paris, and our American contemporary, by referring to that French review in the Tablet's unacknowledged words, creates the impression that the Revue de Paris was actually read by the American editor. Smart this no doubt is, but hardly fair.

Manning And Newman.

The South African Catholic Magazine, which evidently has a man of mind behind it, compares the characters of Cardinals Manning and Newman with a power of analysis that has rarely, if ever, been equalled. Speaking of Mr. Purcell's "attempt on the life of Cardinal Manning"—as Mr. Stead calls that outrageous biography—our South African contemporary says: "The most intensely interesting portion of Mr. Purcell's book is the series of documents revealing the nature and extent of the variance between these two great men. But it could not be otherwise. Each was a type of his own philosophy: Manning a Scholastic Syllabus, clearly separating between intellect, will and affection; Newman an Imitative densist, taking a man as a whole and claiming to be himself taken as a whole. The former, a knight of true Catholic chivalry, smote hard for the honor of God and could love the man he was smiting all the time; the latter, sensitive to the finger-tips of his mind as well as to the innermost core of his affections, could never understand the combination of personal opposition with personal friendship. Hence in this famous divergence, our whole sympathy goes with New-

man, but our whole judgment with Manning. Be it remembered too, that Manning spoke the first word of reconciliation, and refused to answer the last word of impatience. "The strange thing is that Mr. Purcell cannot see the truth of Cardinal Manning's repeated assurances, with regard to both Manning and Gladstone, that his friendship for them had never changed; indeed, he insinuates that the Cardinal was not sincere on this point—he forgot that for half a century he had not met or spoken to Newman more than half a dozen times." He forgot nothing. But somewhere he says of Gladstone: "I have never ceased to pray for him every day in every mass." When Cardinal Manning met those whom he loved before the throne of God "every day in every mass," he had a right to claim unbroken friendship on his side. "Nothing, not even Mr. Purcell's biography, can, for those who knew him, dim the gracious figure of Cardinal Manning with his great severity and his saintly dignity. The words from the last page of his diary are the transparent truth: 'I dare not say 'I have fought the good fight,' and yet my life has been a conflict, and a career for the faith, and I hope I have kept it inviolate.' I do not remember that I have compromised the truth, or deserted it by silence, or struck a low note."

A Stupendous Oversight.

"C. G. M." writes to the Tablet of April 11th, exposing one of the most stupendous inaccuracies of that most inaccurate of biographies. Speaking "of that most incomparable of books, the Apologia pro Vita Sua" as he truly describes it, Mr. Purcell goes on to say (vol. II., p. 326): "In justice to Archbishop Manning it is but fair to state that the Apologia, far from making a favorable impression on his mind, only increased his dread of Newman's influence." Then in a note he adds: "The fact that in the Apologia Newman referred in the kindest terms and by name to all his more intimate friends, Anglican or Catholic, new or old, while the name of Manning from the first page to the last was never once mentioned in the Apologia, may, whether he knew it or not—to borrow his own favorite phrase of limitation—have prejudiced to some extent Manning's judgment of the famous work." Remembering some touching letters of Newman to Manning I took up the Apologia, and on page 219 find these words: "The following three letters are written to a friend, who had every claim upon me to be frank with him, Archdeacon Manning: it will be seen that I disclose the real state of my mind in proportion as he presses me." These are the concluding words of the first letter: "I do not say all this to everybody, as you may suppose, but I do not like to make a secret of it to you." As these letters occupy nearly four pages of the Apologia, Mr. Purcell must have glanced rather carelessly through "that most incomparable of books." This stinging exposure of a stupendous oversight forming the basis of a very unkind judgment should destroy any confidence that may still linger in some minds as to the value of Mr. Purcell's opinions.

Aye. Language is primarily an utterance; secondarily, when it is written, it becomes visible speech; but speech, which addresses itself to the ear, is always the essential element, while the written sign is that element made visible so that it will address itself to the eye as well as to the ear. This principle is so fully recognized by contemporary philologists that on it they base their studies of the past history of words; they always take it for granted that, before conventional modes of spelling were introduced, men wrote as they spoke and did their best to write phonetically. Even now, after centuries of unphonetic, ridiculous English spelling, a literary critic always tests the rhythm of a sentence, especially the cadence of a verse, by pronouncing it to himself. This supposes that he has already heard the words properly pronounced. But, where knowledge is mostly gathered directly from books without the interpretation of the cultured living voice, it will necessarily happen sometimes that even persons otherwise well-informed will rely upon their eyes rather than upon their ears and thus mistake the very essence of a word. An instance of such a mistake occurs in a short poem by Mary Elizabeth Blake, lately published in The Independent. In the two lines—
Spring comes back to sea and sky,
Blasted lies the field for aye,
the last word is evidently intended to rhyme with "sky" and must therefore have been pronounced by the writer

like the pronoun "I." But here "for aye" means "for ever," and "aye" in this sense has but one possible sound, that of a in "day," a sound that would never form even an allowable rhyme with "sky." What Mrs. Blake was thinking of was the totally different word "aye—yes," unfortunately written with the same letters as "aye—always," but pronounced "ah-i" or as the pronoun "I." The two words are as distinct as "by" and "bay"; in fact the one that means "yes" was written "I" in the early editions of Shakespeare. A mistake of this kind could not have occurred in the "old country," where "aye" is still so often used for "yes." It could have occurred to so brilliant a writer as Mrs. Blake only in the United States, where reading by sight is tending to monopolize the true function of language.

Centenary. Cognate to the above is an astonishing oversight with which all the dictionary-makers are chargeable. In the great universities of England, in the higher walks of English society where children learn by ear and not through dictionaries the best usage in the sound, i. e., the essence, of words, the noun "centenary" is commonly pronounced "centee-nary," with the accent on the second syllable. This pronunciation is completely ignored by the dictionaries, which all put the accent on the first syllable. Webster's Unabridged, oddly enough, illustrates the word with a line from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which cannot be scanned except by pronouncing "centee-nary." Here is the quotation:

We pray no longer for our daily bread,
But next centenary's harvests.
And yet the editors of Webster do not seem to have noticed that their example condemns their accent on the first syllable. Neither the International nor the omniscient Standard Dictionary says anything about the fashionable English pronunciation, based though it is on the long sound of the second syllable in the Latin word "centenarius"; and yet these two great dictionaries quote a great number of authorities on disputed pronunciations, the Standard in particular giving the opinions of seventy distinguished men or learned books about the proper pronunciation of some 1700 words, some of which are ten times as rare as "centenary." So true is it that mere book learning is a poor substitute for the usages of polite society.

THE LIBERAL POLICY.

Mr. Laurier's organ in this city states the matter thus: "The failure of the Remedial Bill, we believe, forever settles the question so far as parliamentary interference is concerned, for the paramount issue in the coming elections will be—shall Manitoba be coerced? And there can be no manner of doubt as to what Canada's answer will be. Indeed, it is doubtful if a dozen members will be returned in English-speaking constituencies where the Protestant vote predominates, who are not pledged against coercion. Already the feeling against forcing separate schools upon Manitoba contrary to her will is such that it is doubtful if any Conservatives, outside the French, who voted for the Remedial Bill will receive a nomination." This settles the question as to the motives which have actuated the Liberals of the House of Commons in their obstruction to the Bill. They want to make it a direct issue at the elections in order to appeal to the religious passions and prejudices of the protestant electors. This kind of politics has been tried before in Canada and it has not been a "howling success." No doubt it would be a strong card if all Protestants in Canada were built on the same lines as the Tribune man. We refuse to believe that all Conservatives "outside the French" are of that class. There can be no doubt, however, that the policy of the Liberals at the elections is a direct appeal to the Protestant vote. It is a sad and scandalous spectacle to see a great party, led by a French Canadian Catholic, appealing to the prejudices of the Protestants of Canada to return them to power, because their policy is to refuse forever to right the wrongs done to a weak Catholic minority in the face of a judgment of

the Privy Council of England. For those Catholics who pretend that this is not the policy of the opposition, the pronouncement of the Tribune should open their eyes to the real issue. Every Catholic vote cast for the Liberal party is a vote to fasten upon the minority in this province an unjust and intolerable persecution. It is simply telling 45 per cent of the people of Canada that the compacts of Confederation guarding the rights of minorities do not apply and have no force in law when the minority are Catholics.

LOOK OUT FOR IT.

Now that Mr. Laurier and Mr. Dalton McCarthy have succeeded, by their united efforts, in defeating the Remedial Bill in the Commons during the present session, we invite our friends to watch further developments in Ontario. If they do, we promise them further evidence of the wondrous love and devotion which have drawn those apparently opposite elements into close affinity. When the candidates come to be chosen, you will see how harmoniously these loving brothers will work things. Where the Liberal cannot succeed, Brother McCarthy's candidate will get the Protestant liberal vote, and should there be any considerable Catholic vote in the constituency, they will nominate a Catholic Liberal "to catch the Catholic vote," as they recently did in an Ontario bye-election, and if he lose his deposit, as he did on that occasion, so much the worse for him. But after what the Catholics of Ontario witnessed in the House; after the union of their leader with Mr. Dalton McCarthy, their deadly foe, it is not very likely that they will allow themselves to be made the dupes of this unholy alliance.

FROM THE OBLATES' MISSIONARY RECORD.

(April, 1896.)

Rev. Father Fouquet, O. M. I., who has been 36 years in the Canadian Northwest, mentions incidentally in a recent letter that he has been busy, having given five community retreats in six weeks, and travelled 1,000 miles. About fifty miles east of Vancouver in British Columbia, and close to the C. P. Railway, on a little eminence stands a neat little church. On each side of the church are two large buildings, plain, but solid. The church and the two buildings form what is known as St. Mary's Mission. The large buildings are schools for the Indians. In one, the Oblate Fathers and Brothers have charge of the Indian boys; in the other the Sisters of St. Ann train the Indian girls.

There are about 70 children gathered there from the different Indian tribes of the Lower Fraser. Nearly 30 years has this mission been founded, and ever since some native children have been instructed there.

Quite a variety of the girls' plain and fancy work was exhibited at the Westminster Exhibition in October, 1895, and the specimens were awarded seven first and two second prizes.

Out of school hours the boys learn to till the farm. They are also taught shoemaking and carpentry. They have a nice brass band. Although quite young they have attained fair proficiency. They were great favorites during the Westminster Exhibition. Everybody liked to see the dusky youngsters in their crack sailors' suits, marching in the procession, in splendid step, under Bro. Collins' direction. They were chosen to play at the station when their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen arrived. They played again at St. Mary's Hospital, when Lady Aberdeen visited that institution. Rev. Father Bunoz is Superior of St. Mary's mission and with him are Father Chironse, Father Morgan and Bro. Collins.

Mr. John F. Smith, writing from Kamloops to the Month of New Westminster says, amongst many interesting things: "The Rev. Father Lejeune, O. M. I., visited the Upper Reserve on the North Thompson river, for the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1895. With attending to the spiritual wants of the Indians, and the publication of the Wawa, he is kept very busy. It is wonderful how that little paper has worked its way to the front. It has now a circulation of upwards of 2,000 copies monthly. All the Indians of my acquaintance, young and old, read it readily. Some few months ago I received a letter from an Indian, written in Chinook shorthand-

This I could not decipher. Happily the old Indian chief came along in his wagon. I handed it to him. Dropping his reins he brought forth his spectacles and proceeded to interpret the contents of the letter. At the conclusion he remarked, in Chinook: "Not long ago I had to bring my paper for you to read; now you bring yours to me." I am now applying myself to the study of the system and hope to master it in a few months.

Rev. Father Carion, O. M. I., is in charge of the Industrial school.

THE CELTIC REVIVAL.

Scholars Eagerly Studying the Old Irish Tongue.

The Prince of Prendergast, Curry and O'Donovan's Volumes Trebled.

Writing to the New York Times, Harold Frederic, the well-known correspondent, tells a lengthy story of the Celtic revival—the renewed interest in the old Irish history, in which is locked up so much of history, of poetry, of folklore. He says:

THE CELTIC REVIVAL.

It would be easy to exaggerate the change which ten years have wrought, but that there is a very marked change observable can not be doubted says Mr. Frederic. For one thing, and perhaps it is the surest test, the price of standard books about Ireland have advanced here in London 200 or 300 per cent. I can pick at random half a dozen works, such as Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement," and Eugene Curry's and Dr. O'Donovan's books, which I could sell for more than double what they cost me in the late eighties. There has been in other words an Irish boom. I know second-hand dealers who believe so much in it that they are offering nothing Irish for sale, but buying whatever comes their way and putting it aside. Naturally the market in Ireland reflects this movement. Moreover, I hear that in place of the dozen amateur or German professional students I used to see in Dublin years ago, there are now bands of eager workers who do not expect to have their labors pass entirely without remuneration. Perhaps during the next few years we may even hope to see a chair or two of Irish medieval history established at the Queen's colleges in Ireland. But this may be hoping too much.

NO CELTIC CHAIR IN UNIVERSITIES.

It is certainly an extraordinary thing, if you think of it, that, with the exception of Trinity College, not a single professorship devoted to the old Erse tongue, in which nineteen-twentieths of all the vernacular literary remains of these islands before the Norman conquest are written, exists anywhere within the three kingdoms. Oxford has a Celtic chair, it is true, but it is filled by Professor Rhys, who is frankly interested in Welsh and nothing else. There are readers and teachers in Burmese, Turkish, Bengali, Persian and the like, both at Oxford and Cambridge, and at the latter seat of learning, King's has a full-fledged professorship of Chinese, but in neither is there any other hint of interest in the ancient British tongues.

As has been said, there is an Irish chair at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the Royal University of Dublin they have, on paper, two professors of Celtic, but I am assured that these latter are pure abstractions, or at least, were a year or two ago. I know that at a dinner of Irish dignitaries and alumni in London a short time ago, I made the statement that no Irish chair existed in any of their colleges, and no one disputed it, then or in subsequent conversation.

INTEREST IN GERMANY.

Contrast with this the fact that there are fourteen German universities in which Irish chairs are maintained! I am told that whole libraries of translations from old Irish into German exist, of which we in England and Ireland never hear. Dr. Tanner told me the other day that when he went to Berlin as a student, years ago, one of the professors proudly addressed him in what was an absolutely novel tongue, and was amazed to learn that the Cork boy knew nothing of spoken Irish. To this day there are probably only a couple of hundred of educated men in the three kingdoms who have a working knowledge of Erse in its literary forms, and many of these are English students.

Of all the signs which men think they can see on the horizon of letters, none seems to me clearer than that which points to a big Irish literary "boom" among the generation now growing up. I should not like to predict that it will be at its greatest in Ireland itself. Indeed, it may be easily that it will miss Ireland almost altogether. That melancholy island is cruelly poor.

MYSTICISM, ROMANTICISM AND LEARNING.

The little groups of young Irish writers who are now attracting attention, could not live one month in the year on the patronage of their own countrymen at home. They must appeal to the wider English-speaking world outside to exist. This they are able to do to an increasing extent, now, year by year. But, it was hardly of them that I was thinking in my prediction of a coming of an Irish period of literary interest. It was rather of an impending resurrection of a dead and almost forgotten Ireland, the Ireland of mysticism, deep learning, romance, high poetic fancy, and strange supernatural beauty which disappeared at the close of what we call the Dark Ages, and is only now after centuries of neglect and ignorance, being again brought to light like the frieze of some long-buried Assyrian palace, to show us how even the very newest of the new may learn at the feet of the old.

THE OBJECTION-ABLE COLOR.

Secretary Herbert a Suspected Disciple of Islam—Green Sacred to Mohammedans.

How Will the A. P. Endure the Grass in May and June? They Will Wear Red Goggles.

(Woonsocket Evening Recorder.)

The A. P. A., otherwise American Political Asses, have taken offense at the order of the Navy Department that torpedo boats shall be painted green instead of white, and threaten Secretary Herbert with impeachment unless some other color is substituted. The secretary of the Navy has not heretofore been thought of as a candidate for the presidency, but the well-known effect of A. P. A. antagonism may make him the one Democrat who has a chance of election.

The ostensible reason for painting the torpedo boats green was that that color was preferable to white in order to make the craft invisible. The Argus eyes of the A. P. A., however, instantly exploded a torpedo against the offending department, which they believe to be like the navy list, full of craft. Yet the full extent of the diabolical plot does not seem to be comprehended by the self-appointed detectives who are so nobly endeavoring to hold up the country by the tail.

Green is the sacred color of the Mohammedans, as well as the national color of Ireland. In choosing it for our national vessels Secretary Herbert has therefore testified to his faith in Islam, his sympathy with the Sultan and his approval of the massacre of the Armenians. Every argument that can be used against the choice of green on account of its association with the "distressful country" can be adduced with equal reason to prove its negation of Christianity.

When the warm sunshine and rain of April causes the earth to apparel itself once more in verdure, those members of the A. P. A. who live in the country, in order to be consistent, should emigrate at once to the desert of Sahara. We regret to say that the prospect of such an exodus is more remote than true Americans who love justice and abhor bigotry and narrow-mindedness could wish.

A YOUNG LAD'S RESCUE.

CONFINED TO HIS ROOM FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.

An Intense Sufferer Through Pains in the Muscles of His Legs and Arms—Reduced Almost to a Living Skeleton.

From the Wolfville, N. S., Acadian

Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, the most important hostelry in the town, and a man well known and esteemed throughout that section. He has a bright, handsome looking son, 13 years of age, named Freddie, who is a lad of more than average intelligence. It is pretty well known in Wolfville that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though, perhaps the means to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 26th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and was confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called in during his long illness. One said he had a gripe and the other rheumatic fever. He was

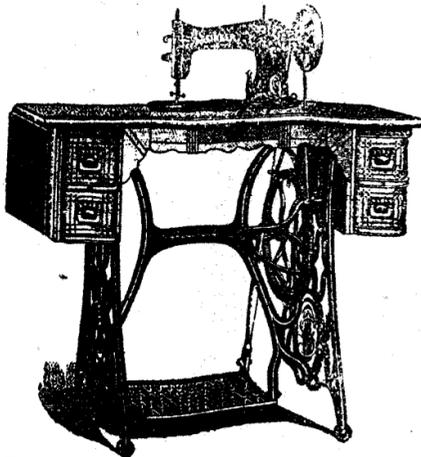


troubled with severe pains through the muscles of his legs and arms, after three or four days he was obliged to take to bed, where he lay nearly all winter, suffering terribly from the pains. He became reduced almost to a skeleton and was unable to relish food of any kind. During his illness he suffered relapse owing to trying to get up sooner than he should. Boylike he was anxious to get out and enjoy the beautiful spring sunshine, and for several days was carried out and taken for a drive. This brought on the relapse. The doctor was again called in and as he continued to grow worse he was ordered once more to bed. Things then looked very dark as despite the medical care he did not get any better. At last his father decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon after beginning their use Freddie began to feel better. His appetite began to return and the pains were less severe. As he continued the use of the Pink Pills he regained health and strength rapidly and in about a month was apparently as well as ever, the only remaining symptoms of his trying illness being a slight pain in the leg, which did not disappear for several months. It is over one and a half years ago since Freddie took his last pill, and in that time he has not had a recurrence of the attack. There is no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him, and both the boy and his parents speak highly in their praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the medical marvel of the age. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed. They are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a saturated nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public are cautioned.

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Meets at Unity Hall, McIntyre Block every 1st and 3rd Wednesday. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Gullett; Pres., L. O. Genest; 1st Vice, R. Driscoll; 2nd Vice, R. Murphy; Treas., N. Bergeron; Rec. Sec., H. A. Russell; Assistant Rec. Sec., M. E. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Marshall, E. Laporte; Guard, C. J. McNeerney; Trustees, J. O'Connor, T. Jobin, G. Gladish, E. L. Thomas and R. Murphy; Representative to Grand Council, F. W. Russell; Alternate, Dr. J. K. Barrett.

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Meets at the Immaculate Conception School Room on first and third Tuesday in each month. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. A. A. Cherrier; Pres., A. Picard; 1st Vice, M. Buck; 2nd Vice, M. E. Hughes; Rec. Sec., F. W. Bergeron; Asst. Sec., P. O'Brien; Assistant Rec. Sec., A. Macdonald; Fin. Sec., Rev. Father Cherrier; Marshall, F. Wellnitz; Guard, L. Huot; Trustees, J. Markinski, J. A. McInnis, J. Schmidt, J. Picard, J. Perry; Representative to Grand Council, P. Klinkhammer; Alternate, Jos. Shaw.

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ST. MARY'S COURT No. 276. Catholic Order of Foresters.

Meets 2nd and 4th Friday in every month, in unity Hall, McIntyre Block. Chaplain, Rev. Father Gullett, O. M. I.; Chief Rsn., D. F. Allman; Rec. Sec., T. Jobin; Fin. Sec., H. A. Russell; Treas., G. German; J. D. McDonald, D. H. C. R.

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CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MAY.

3 Fourth Sunday after Easter. Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross.
4 Monday—St. Monica, Widow.
5 Tuesday—St. Pius V., Pope.
6 Wednesday—St. John before the Latin gate.
7 Thursday—St. Stanislaus, Bishop, Martyr.
8 Friday—Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
9 Saturday—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Doctor.

Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface.

I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.

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

II. DAYS OF FAST.

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

III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

All Fridays in the year.
Wednesdays in Advent and Lent.
Fridays

Thursday in Holy week
Saturday
The Ember Days.
The Vigils above mentioned.

CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

Mr. Joseph Roy, of St. Boniface, left for Letellier the other week on business and will probably remain there for about a month.

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

The case brought by C. Boes against the Electric Street railway company for damages for serious injury sustained in an accident last fall has been settled out of court.

Sunday next, after High Mass there will be a meeting of the parishioners of St. Mary's church in the sacristy in connection with the choir. All gentlemen interested in keeping up the present high standard of the choir are requested to attend. It would indeed be a pity after all the trouble and time taken by the talented leader, Mr. Bouche, to make the choir what it now is, to see it go back again owing to lack of interest on the part of the parishioners.

At the last regular meeting of St. Mary's Court, No. 276, Catholic Order of Foresters, held on Friday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chief Ranger, L. O. Genest; Vice Chief Ranger, R. Murphy; Recording-secretary, J. Brennan; Financial-secretary, H. A. Russell; Treasurer, Geo. Germain; Trustees, J. A. McInnis, K. D. McDonald and Jas. Malton; Representative to State Court Convention, J. D. McDonald; alternate, T. Jobin.

Friday next being the first Friday of the month there will be the usual services in St. Mary's church. The Mass on that day will be celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. M. Hughes who was president of the League of the Sacred Heart. To-morrow evening at 7.30 the devotions for the month of May will commence. There will be the recitation of the Rosary, a short instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This programme will be followed out every evening during the month of May.

Jos. Martin, M. P., returned to the city from Ottawa on Saturday evening. A large number of people—some seven or eight hundred in all—were gathered at the depot when the train steamed in, but judging by the amount of enthusiasm displayed when the member from Winnipeg emerged from the car, it is within the mark to say that nine out of every ten present had gone there out of curiosity and were mere spectators. Far from being an expression of popular approval the demonstration at the depot was a distinct failure. A meeting was afterwards held at the St. Andrew's Hall where, it is reported, that there was a good audience, but the speakers and speeches were only of second rate ability, and proved how little can be said in favor of Mr. Martin's course at which would be likely to recommend him to the thoughtful elector for a second term.

The Family Medicine.
Trout Lake, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890.
W. H. Comstock, Brockville.

Dear Sir,—For a number of years I have used and sold your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." I consider them the very best for "Family Use," and all customers speak highly of them.
Yours truly,
R. LAWSON.

THE BANK OF HOCHELAGA.

Among the many financial institutions of the east which have shown their confidence in this portion of the Dominion by coming here and opening branches, there is not one which should appeal with so much interest to the Catholic residents as the Bank of Hochelaga, for it is essentially an institution which has developed amidst Catholic surroundings, and which, whilst it was founded by men of our faith, has prospered under their management. As most of the city readers of the REVIEW are probably aware the bank has been doing business in Winnipeg for some four years and has met with a fair measure of success. Recently, however, a step has been taken by the directors which they hope will mark the beginning of an epoch of increased prosperity and rapid expansion of business, for the executive feel so confident of the great future before this country and have been so favorably impressed by the sterling character of the great body of citizens, that they look upon the Winnipeg branch as one of their most important off shoots and one which should be fostered in every possible way and have the very best management. In view of what we have here written readers will see that the bank is here to stay and the REVIEW predicts for it, under its present conditions, a most successful career. There are several reasons why this prediction is certain to be verified. In the first place the management of the institution is in excellent hands, Mr. F. X. St. Charles, of Montreal, being the president, which position he has held for nineteen years and to the duties of which office he devotes his whole time and attention, having in order to do so relinquished all other business connections; and Mr. R. Bickersdike, who is well known from one end of the Dominion to the other as the chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade, is the first vice-president. Then so far as the local branch is concerned a gentleman has been sent here as manager who is particularly well qualified to attract and hold the confidence and esteem of those classes amongst which the bank's patrons are likely to be found. This is Mr. W. H. Pambrun, who comes here from Vankleek Hill, Ont., after a successful career as manager of the branch there. His past record and the fact that he has been selected by the board to take charge of and develop the interests of the branch in this country sufficiently testifies to his business ability; but we may be permitted to say that when calling on him a few days ago we found him to be a gentleman of most attractive personality, well informed as to the conditions of business life in this country; confident that Manitoba, and particularly the city of Winnipeg, is in the near future to go forward to prosperity by leaps and bounds, and above all enthusiastically devoted to the interests of the institution he serves. There is only one word more to add, and that is, regarding the standing of the bank, and of that we have but to say that a study of the financial reports of the country will show that it is all that could be desired and must inspire confidence. The REVIEW therefore wishes the bank and its new manager every success.

TREHERNE NOTES.

Sermon and Blessing of a Statue by Rev. Father Sinnett, of Portage La Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Straube, of this place have given a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin to the church here. It is a lovely one. Last Sunday evening Rev. Father Sinnett gave a sermon on "Why and How we Honor the Mother of Jesus," and blessed the statue. The church was full, a great number of non-Catholics being present.

The Catholics have a lovely church here and it is chiefly owing to the push and liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Straube that so fine a church stands in Treherne to-day.

This is a prosperous village. The farmers are well located; their land is good and dry. Seeding began here on Thursday.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MULVEY'S MUSKET.

A LOYAL ORANGEMAN EXPRESSES HIMSELF STRONGLY.

He Deals With the District Lodge of Winnipeg and Points Out the Difference Between a True Constitutional Orangeman and a Greenway Orangeman.

To the Editor of the Nor'-Wester.

Sir,—In reply to a resolution which appeared in the Tribune of April 2, and purporting to have been passed at a District Orange Lodge meeting in the city of Winnipeg, and which goes on to say: "We can assure Right Worshipful Bro. Mulvey that in the stand he has taken he has the almost united support of the

Orangemen of this Dominion, notwithstanding the unjust and unprovoked attacks of a few misguided Orangemen at Dominion City, whose action we hereby denounce." I would say if the District Lodge of Winnipeg knows no more about the opinions of Orangemen of this Dominion than it does about the Orange constitution I think it is a poor misguided District Lodge.

In the first place it encourages a brother to take up arms against the Queen of England, which I consider is contrary to the Orange constitution.

But I suppose that brother is following his leader and he fears no danger, even if he does shoot down a few of the very people who are contributing towards his living.

In the next place the Winnipeg District has got the gall to try to dictate to a county lodge, which is a superior lodge to a district lodge like Winnipeg.

Now, Mr. Editor, as an Orangeman, but not a Greenway Orangeman like the one with the gun, I would like if the Winnipeg district lodge would let us know, as we are such a poor misguided county Orange lodge, where in the constitution they got their authority to charge or denounce the County Lodge of Franklin. I presume that they got it all from their military man, the man with the gun.

I want the Winnipeg district lodge to distinctly understand that when the proper time comes Franklin County Lodge will be prepared to show which of the two has violated the constitution.

Again, Mr. Editor, notwithstanding the district lodge of Winnipeg and the foolish vapors of some of its members, we supported D. H. McFadden at the last election and would do so again if required.

There was not one line in that resolution which appeared in the Nor'-Wester on March 12 but what would recommend itself to every right-thinking and reasonable man. I think the County Lodge of Franklin simply did a duty to themselves in calling down the foolish vapors of a man who ought to know and does know better in the person of our past grand master. From first to last this whole arrangement was a political game put on the boards by the Greenway gang with the knowledge and concurrence no doubt, of the Liberal leaders elsewhere in Canada, calculated with a good deal of astuteness that there would be votes for them among the careless people of other provinces who are easily inflamed upon almost any cry. Now, sir, allow me to quote a few words of our past grand master, where only a short time ago he said:

"I have tried hard to remove in this country the prejudices existing against it in other places. I have struggled hard to make Manitoba a place where every man of whatever creed clime or country, could enjoy the benefits of his own opinions undisturbed. I believe our province to-day bears testimony to our efforts in this respect."

I consider that he is going right back on his words. Nevertheless, we consider Bro. D. H. McFadden a true and loyal Brother Orangeman and a good Conservative and we firmly believe that his ancestors were born on the right side of the Boyne.

DOMINION CITY ORANGEMAN,
Dominion City, Man., April 21.

Did You Ever Make Money Easy?

Mr. Editor.—I have read how Mr. O. E. B. made so much money in the Dish Washer business, and think I have beat him. I am very young yet and have had little experience in selling goods, but have made over eight hundred dollars in ten weeks selling Dish Washers. It is simply wonderful how easy it is to sell them. All you have to do is to show the ladies how they work and they cannot help but buy one. For the benefit of others I will state that I got my start from the Mond City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write to them and they will send you full particulars.

I think I can clear over \$3,000 the coming year, and I am not going to let the opportunity pass. Try it and publish your success for the benefit of others.
J. F. C.

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