



## CURRENT COMMENT

"H.A.P." writes to us: "Is not 1903 a prime number? If so, this augurs well for 1903 being a prime year. However, I am not quite sure. I have tried to divide it and have not found it divisible so far. But I cannot find any list of prime numbers among my books. It strikes me there must be very few prime numbers among the nineteen hundreds, since it is, I believe, a principle that the larger a number becomes the less chance there is of its being a prime number." Our correspondent was not very persistent in his search for divisors, since 11 will divide 1903 without remainder, the quotient being 173. But, as 11 and 173 are both prime numbers, 1903 is the product of two prime numbers and therefore closely related to that exclusive set.

The prime number years of the twentieth century are the following: 1901, 1907, 1913, 1931, 1933, 1949, 1951, 1973, 1979, 1987, 1993, 1997, 1999—in all, thirteen. The principle to which our correspondent appeals is true of only great masses of numbers, and not of hundreds. For instance the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries each contained only twelve prime number years, as against thirteen in the twentieth. But if we take numbers by the ten thousand we find 1,230 prime numbers between 1 and 10,000; 1,033 between 10,000 and 20,000; 985 between 20,000 and 30,000, the total of the prime numbers always diminishing. The most complete table of prime numbers is Dase's, which extends to 9,000,000.

"The Catholic Home Annual," fourth year, 1903, is the church calendar for Brandon and the missions dependent thereon. This neat booklet of 76 pages contains much valuable information, among other things an interesting biography of St. Wulstan, the patron of the new church at Rapid City and Bishop of Worcester in the time of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror. Another useful item is the paragraph on Oriental Rites, a very practical one, considering the large number of Uniate Ruthenians receiving the ministrations of the Redemptorist Fathers in the western part of this province. It is a pity the article on "Pope Leo XIII." is almost five years old. Had it been corrected down to date we should have been reminded that only one of the ten popes there mentioned as having reigned longer than Leo XIII. (in 1898) remains, at the present moment (January, 1903) ahead of him in length of pontificate. As a retrospect, however, the article is instructive, since it shows how many of his predecessors Leo XIII. has outstripped in the last five years. "The Catholic Home Annual" is replete with advertisements that tell of the prosperous condition of the Brandon district and of the way in which Winnipeg firms reach out for the trade of the Wheat City.

Though rather late, owing to the urgency of other articles, we are happy to publish the Calgary Herald's report of the banquet tendered to Father Lemarchand on the occasion of his departure for Edmonton, whither he has been called to devote his rare business abilities to the financial interests of the St. Albert diocese. Father Lemarchand won golden opinions as pastor of St. Mary's church, Calgary, and it is only fitting that so able a parish priest should be succeeded by that illustrious and devoted apostle, Father Iacombe.

A wiseacre, hailing from Lebrét, Assa., and veiling his identity under the characteristic pen-name of "Patriot," took the trouble recently to publish in the Free Press, together with a letter of his own, animadverting upon us, a high-pitched eulogy, from some American paper, of a distinguished person whom we have occasionally criticized. Like all the admirers of that spread-eagle school, neither the correspondent nor the eulogy dealt in anything but glittering generalities. So long as they do not controvert any of our specific allegations, the mere mention of their effusions must suffice.

There comes to us from Rev. Father Viens, pastor of St. Cuthbert's church, Portage la Prairie, the "Catholic Calendar and Parish Messenger" for that parish and its outlying missions, printed in Montreal. One of its practical features is the full calendar for the whole year with all festivals and saints' days clearly tabulated. Another good feature is the chapter on the "Use of Latin" in the liturgy of the Church, for which four excellent reasons are given. J. E. Brown, one of the many advertisers in this calendar, has hit upon a very appropriate catch-word for his advertisement; he says his business is "Built on a Rock," which would naturally remind a Catholic of the rock on which his own Church is built. We notice with pleasure that one Winnipeg firm, a Catholic one, advertises in Father Viens' calendar.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, is said to be the most finished elocutionist in Canada. He is certainly a master of phrase, as when, in his reply to the Hon. S. H. Blake's letter to Mr. J. J. Foy, he speaks of "the brawling brood of bribers." Unfortunately his reply may be summed up in the common rejoinder, "You're another, only worse." Both parties in saintly Ontario seem tarred with the same brush. What a fall from the halcyon rule of Sir Oliver Mowat!

Extremely valuable is the Messenger's "Review of A.D. 1902." There is nothing sectional or narrow about it. The whole inhabited globe furnishes its quota of facts, all illumined by the light of the true faith. This review of the events of the past year is a digest of the monthly "Catholic Chronicle," which is an admirably edited department of our New York contemporary.

The late Friedrich Alfred Krupp, of cannon fame, was accused by a socialist paper of unnatural crimes supposed to have been committed by him during his sojourn in the island of Capri. On this subject the "Germania," the great German Catholic organ, writes: "The terrible charges against Krupp emanated from the same foul source in Italy from which so many base slanders against Catholic priests and institutions are poured and eagerly reproduced in Germany by infidel and anti-Catholic papers. But whereas the machinery of Italian officialdom was at once set in motion to show the baselessness of the cruel accusations against Krupp and whereas all German papers expressed their abhorrence of them, nothing is ever done to shield the honor and good name of Catholic priests, nor are the refutations given by Catholic papers taken notice of by the papers that have reproduced the calumnies." The case is pretty much the same all over the world.

Hence the astounding blunders of non-Catholic educated people. The clever and learned Bishop of Fargo

tells of a highly educated lady, one of the leaders of society in an important North Dakota town, who came to visit his beautiful cathedral. After His Lordship had shown her the magnificent set of Stations of the Cross, the finest in any church west of New York, after he had explained to her in his peculiarly picturesque way the meaning of each station, he pointed out to her the beautiful pulpit. On seeing it she exclaimed, in a studied imitation of the fashionable English accent: "How very aesthetic it all is! But isn't it rather a pity that you always preach in Latin?"

"The Golden Jubilee of the Passionist Fathers" is an edifying account, in the January "Catholic World," of the successful labors of the Passionist Order in the United States since 1852. The curious and hitherto unpublished fact is noted therein that the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross, and not the Congregation of St. Paul (the Apostle), was the first to undertake missions to non-Catholics. "In Boston, for instance, as early as 1862, after a mission to the Catholic people of St. Joseph's parish, a week's mission was given by Father Gaudentius to non-Catholics. Hence, when the Paulist Fathers inaugurated this good work on its present lines, the Passionists were in full sympathy with them."—a very nice way, indeed, of publishing the fact in the Paulist Magazine.

We begin this week the republication, from "The Leader" (San Francisco), of an exhaustive discourse by the celebrated Father Yorke on the reasons why the Irish people should resume the use of their own Irish language. He contends that, if they do not, Ireland will become an English shire.

## Clerical News

Rev. Father Guillet, O.M.I., went to St. Roch's hospital last Saturday, threatened with erysipelas, but, thanks to Dr. Devine's energetic treatment, he escaped any serious trouble and returned home last Tuesday.

Rev. Father Page, O.M.I., who has been for some weeks confined to St. Boniface hospital with muscular rheumatism, is progressing slowly.

The Jesuit Brother, who was mentioned in these pages as having arrived here three weeks ago, is named Angers, not Ranger, as it was incorrectly reported at first.

Monsignor Sbarretti, Delegate Apostolic to Canada, arrived in Ottawa last Saturday and was met at the railway station by Archbishop Duhamel.

His Holiness Leo XIII. is reported, even by the cheerful cable liar, to be in excellent health. His 25th anniversary of pontificate occurs on the 20th of next month.

The estate of the late Right Rev. William Vaughan, uncle of Cardinal Vaughan, and Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Plymouth from 1855 to 1902, has been declared at £154. These luxurious prelates!

The "Semaine Religieuse," of Antun, announces that in response to its appeal for Cardinal Perraud, whose stipend was suppressed by M. Combes, a sum sufficient to cover a loss of salary for the next three years was at once subscribed.

Five religious Orders are recommended by the French Government for authorization. They include the Algerian White Fathers and the St. Jean de Dieu Brothers. The White Fathers are not, however, to be allowed to keep their three seminaries in France. The St. Jean de Dieu Brothers provide asylums for the aged, the insane, and the incurable, also seaside sanatoria. Their establishments are accordingly to be authorized, but not their night refuge at Marseilles.

In consequence of the Government having suppressed the salary of Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, the "Patriote Orléanois" has opened a subscription list to reimburse the Bishop. The list will not be published, but the names are to be entered in a register, and presented to the Bishop with the amounts received.

The Right Rev. Gulstan F. Roper, Catholic Bishop of Hawaii, died on January 1. He had been ill for some time and was in a dying condition when the Pacific cable was landed at Honolulu.

We regret to have to chronicle the death, last Saturday, at Macleod, of Rev. Louis Marie Lebrét, O.M.I., in his 74th year. He was born at St. Briene, in Brittany, in 1829, entered the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in 1859, and was ordained priest in 1861. About thirteen years ago he was pastor of St. Mary's, Winnipeg, afterwards he was a missionary at Fort Alexander; lately he was stationed at Macleod. For the past five years his health was seriously impaired. We bespeak the prayers of St. Mary's parishioners for this hard working and zealous priest.—R.I.P.

The Prior of a Benedictine Monastery in S. Illinois, accompanied by one of his monks, arrived at the Archbishop's house last Monday on their way to Mgr. Pascal's diocese, where the Prior has secured three townships for a settlement of Catholic Germans in the Saskatchewan. Already several hundred applications for land in this settlement have been received from the States. The Prior sang High Mass at the Cathedral on Tuesday, the feast of the Epiphany. The next day he and his companion left for Prince Albert.

The 25th anniversary of the priesthood of Rev. Father Jolys, parish priest of St. Pierre Jolys, forty miles southeast of the city, will be celebrated by a great feast on the 14th. His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, will be present. A handsome new church is in course of construction at this point, which will cost when completed between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

Rev. Fathers Perrault, Defresne and Bastien were the Archbishop's guests on the 8th inst.

## A CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters in charge of St. Boniface Hospital extend heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly remembered the poor patients and made them happy by their generous Christmas and New Year donations.

Messrs. Griffin, P. Gosselin, McDonagh & Shea, G. Galt, J. A. Senecal, W. Drewry, The Hudson's Bay Co., Erzinger, Richard & Co., Mrs. S. A. D. Bertrand, M. Rocan, D. Houle, Dr. Peatman, J. Turenne. Special thanks are also offered to the managers of the three daily papers, the "North West Review," "The Manitoba," "Town Topics" and "The Voice," for their kindness in providing reading matter for their patients.

## PALLADIUS ANOTHER NAME FOR PATRICK.

Catholic Standard and Times (Philadelphia).

In the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," for November, Mr. W. J. D. Croke, who represents The Standard and Times in Rome, presents a careful and most scholarly treatise on the hypothesis of a "Double Personality of St. Patrick." He means a double personality only in the sense that there are two names mentioned in history in order to signalize one person—namely, Palladius and Patrick. This belief is not new, but it has not been hitherto supported by such closely-reasoned arguments, so far as we know, as those advanced by Mr. Croke. His theory is briefly that Palladius was a title of honor commonly conferred on men of great distinction about Patrick's period. It would find an equivalent in the Irish meaning of Patrick—"glorious in battle." It was the habit of the time to change from patronymics to complimentary descriptions on great occasions. Palladius, Mr. Croke conjectures, may have been bestowed thus on "Sochet" or "Succetus," as the future Apostle was known among his own people, wherever these had their "habitat." All those familiar with Irish habit and philology are aware that many Irish names are such equivalents, and many apparently English names in Ireland mean old Celtic patronymics or tribal names. Every Irishman was, under the law of England, in the time of James I. obliged to choose an English surname, under stringent penalty; and in numerous cases the difficulty was evaded by the simple process of rendering the name, when it represented a rank, as judge, or a calling, as smith, into English. Mr. Croke's paper, which is a model of close reasoning, is a valuable contribution to the Patrician controversy.

The Uniate Ruthenians of this province and of the Northwest celebrated Christmas Day last Wednesday, the 7th inst., because they have not yet adopted the Gregorian calendar and are 14 days behind the time. Protestants who sneer at our Galician brethren for this backwardness would do well to remember that, whereas no Protestant country adopted the Gregorian Calendar till after 120 years' hard thinking, and Great Britain allowed 170 years to elapse before it accepted this necessary reform, all Catholic countries showed their love of progress by immediately adopting the new style.

Every year on the feast of the Epiphany the many friends and admirers of Monsignor Ritchot assemble at St. Norbert to wish the venerable prelate a happy feast and a glad new year. His distinctive name is Noel, but as Christmas is too general a festivity, the celebration of his day is put off to Twelfth Night or, as it is familiarly called, "Little Christmas." This year about sixty friends from Winnipeg, St. Boniface and neighboring parishes gathered round his hospitable board and enlivened the banquet with many a felicitous speech. His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface was present, together with the Very Rev. Vicar General Dugas, the Very Rev. Father Louis and Rev. Father Paul of the Trappist Monastery, Rev. Fathers Cherrier, Gendron, Lalonde, Poirier, etc., Mr. Turenne, mayor of St. Boniface, and also Mr. J. Bernier, M. P. P. Mr. Lauzon, Mrs. S. A. D. Bertrand, Mrs. Alfred Leveque, Mr. Lemaire, Mr. and Mrs. Henri de Moissac, Mrs. Pierre d'Eschambault, Mr. Gosselin (of St. Norbert), Mr. Campean, and many others. Mgr. Ritchot welcomed them all with his well known urbanity.

## Young Woman's Corner

### NEW YEAR.

A bright New Year and a sunny track, along an upward way.—F. R. Havergal.

### ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting  
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress;  
Another year of praise;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,  
Dear Master, let it be  
On earth, or else in Heaven,  
Another year for Thee!  
—F. R. Havergal.

### PRAISE.

Praise be to God! is a common expression on the lips of the old Irish. The illiterate are heard to use it more than the educated. Praise be to God! Whether the occurrence that brings forth the prayer, the uplifted head and upturned eyes is a happy one or an unfortunate one, still the same Praise be to God may be heard.

The thoughtless are given to laugh at what they consider untimely thankfulness while the thoughtful bow in reverence to a true Christian and Catholic spirit. The attitude of everlasting thankfulness is the one to assume toward our all-wise and Almighty Creator and there is everything that is elevating in the simple Praise be to God! of a simple, homely people.

It is hard to be thankful for great misfortunes and harder even to be thankful for the petty irritating trials of everyday life, but it is wonderfully consoling to be so clear sighted in our faith and trust in the goodness and mercy of our Maker and His personal interest in each one of us as to be able to say Praise be to God! to anything that may befall. AMICA.

## Brandon Notes.

On Sunday morning at High Mass our devoted pastor, Rev. Father Godts read a temporal and spiritual report of the parish for the past year, and though each one must feel, with the winter, that he has done but little in comparison to the time given the world and worldly things, the Rev. Father, nevertheless, congratulated the congregation, and thanked them for their zeal and generosity. Perhaps in so doing he bore in mind that consoling promise our Lord made when He said: "A cup of cold water given in my name shall not go unrewarded."

There are now 106 Catholic families in Brandon, which means an increase of ten families per annum during the past four years. The entire Catholic population of the city is 490. Since the 1st of July, 1902, the voluntary church fund collection amounts to five hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$525.00).

Mr. Arthur McDermott spent New Year with friends at Boissevain.

St. Michael's convent school reopened on Wednesday.

The regular meeting of the C.M.B.A. took place on Sunday after High Mass and was well attended. If all Catholic young men understood what a truly benevolent society the C.M.B.A. is and the advantages to be derived therefrom, few there are who would not belong to it.

Miss McKinley is visiting Mrs. H. Painchaud, of Winnipeg, this week.

## Persons and Facts

Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc was married on the 7th inst. in Montreal to Miss Couillard, a member of one of the two oldest families that settled in Canada nearly three hundred years ago. Hon. Judge and Mrs. Dubuc were present at the wedding of their eldest son, as was also Mr. Lucien Dubuc, the well known Edmonton lawyer, brother of the groom. The Review congratulates the happy pair and wishes them all the blessings of this to them emphatically new year.

The new profits during the past year, 1902, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., are estimated at forty-two millions of dollars. This is independent of the annual interest of their usual investments, an interest which is conservatively estimated at ten million dollars.

The raising of funds for the building of a \$15,000 Catholic church in Langdon next summer is going finely ahead. The financing or ways and means feature of the project is meeting with ready responses. There have been a number of contributions of \$500 and others have promised to donate either \$10 or \$15 for every \$1,000 raised. The parish is a large one and the number of Catholic families worshipping in the Langdon church has for a long time overcrowded its capacity and the plans now under consideration show that the new edifice will give the congregation a commodious as well as fine appearing place of worship.—The Courier Democrat, Langdon N. Dak.

The fact that the present Langdon Catholic church was finished only a little over ten years ago and was then considered a very neat and sufficiently large building shows how our neighbors just south of the line share in the general growth and prosperity.

Mr. Thos. Addis Emmett, nephew of General Louis Botha, who served in the South African war under General De Wet, was taken prisoner in 1901, and conveyed to the camp at Upper Topa, close by Muree, a station served by the Foreign Missionary Fathers of Mill-hill College. While there Mr. Emmett was received into the Catholic Church.

Last Sunday afternoon the new Flemish association, De Belgische Vereeniging, held a largely attended meeting in the hall of the Bazaar, in St. Boniface. The new statutes were considered clause by clause and, after emendation, voted. In case of illness the members receive gratis (1) the necessary visits of a physician, (2) 50 cents a day up to three months, if necessary. Then the election of officers was taken up for the coming year. The provisional board of management were all enthusiastically re-elected by acclamation: President—Mr. Bruno Verhaeghe. Vice President—Mr. Emile Verraas. Secretary—Mr. Charles Menu. Treasurer—Mr. Edward Lammens. Three counsellors were also elected. Rev. Father de Mangleere, S.J., is the spiritual director of the association. The meeting, which began at 2.30, ended at 4.30 with the singing of the national Belgian song, "La Brabanconne," with piano accompaniment.

### NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

Christmas night once again with no moon, but off we go under the stars, jingle, jingle, over the snow to Midnight Mass. Wrap the little ones warm, with 33 degrees below zero you really must pile on the furs and away. Confessions from midday till midnight with two priests, for it is general Communion with us and good Father Beauregard comes from Makinak to help, and sings High Mass, the sweet and plaintive tones of his voice still linger in our ears. We are happy this year in having our own dear Fr. Lecoq at home. Last year we were like orphans bereft. Collection was made as usual by

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the Children of Mary, who flitted round the church like white doves scared from their nests. After the Masses were over, parents and grandparents took the little ones to see the dear infant in his crib. We hear sometimes about heroic and saintly priests and soft-voiced nuns, but who tells of the patient endurance of fathers and mothers, the labors by day; the broken rest by night, things that by no means appeal to the imagination, and after all it is they who rear these tender plants to adorn the sanctuary later on. But they, poor souls, are not in touch with the people who write and are unacquainted with praises; better so, perhaps, we have a feeling that if we had ever done anything to merit praise we should be too humble to desire it, but, of course, don't know, never having been in a position to judge. You may say mothers take a lower flight towards heaven, but look at the children they bear up in their arms, and what does St. Alphonsus

say: "It rarely happens that if one spouse is lost the other is saved," so you see she has that other big darling helping or hindering in her flight, in fact we read in the lives of the married saints that they were almost always successful in the conversion of their husbands, even St. Monica and certainly Patricius was a hard case. Does it ever strike anybody that husbands don't appear to be conducive to sanctity, for it seems to my ignorance that only widows (of married women) have been canonized up to now?

Our elections are over, Mr. Ramsay being returned as reeve, and Mr. Marshal as councillor for Ste. Rose.

We are having the pleasure of a visit from Father Camper, who is preaching a retreat to the nuns, also to the Children of Mary.

Three of our Sisters are leaving this week to attend the Normal school at St. Boniface.

### 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.

### BRANCH 163, WINNIPEG.

Meets in the Immaculate Conception school room on 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. A. Cherrier, President, R. McKenna; First Vice-Pres., P. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-Pres.; J. Schmidt; Rec. Sec., J. Markinski, 180 Austin St.; Assis. Rec. Sec., A. Picard; Financial Secretary, J. L. Manning; Treasurer, J. Shaw; Marshal, F. Welnitz; Guard, Geo. Alt-mayer; Trustees, J. Shaw, N. Bergeron, J. Markinski, R. McKenna, J. E. Manning.

### BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG.

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

Chan., Bro. E. Cass; President, E. J. Bawlf; 1st Vice-President, F. Brownrigg; 2nd Vice-Pres., P. O'Donnell; Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds, 364 Alexander St.; Asst. Rec. Sec., W. R. Bawlf; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman, 270 Colony St.; Treasurer, W. Jordan; Marshal, J. K. O'Connor; Guard, H. Brownrigg; Trustees, G. Gladnish, R. Murphy, N. Bawlf, M. A. McCormack, C. J. McNerney; Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Guillele.

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

Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday in Trades Hall, Fould's Block, at 8.30 p.m.

Chief Ranger, L. O. Genest; Vice-C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W. Russell; F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas., J. J. MacDonald; Representative to State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate, E. Dowdall.

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## Chats with Young Men

Now that the new year is beckoning the world on to twelve months of unprecedented progress, while new cables flash royal greetings under ocean waves and the Edisons predict conquests which will make action almost compete with thought in swiftness, Finem Respice, unable, as he is unwilling, to follow science to her new portals, prefers to lead a retreat to possessions which were regarded as priceless long before electricity was christened and of which the allotment to each individual increases inversely with the number of fortune-seekers. I lead to the realms of friendship. Cicero said that life is desirable for the friendships we make in it. Experience has taught each of us that we are most happy when we have most friends, dejected when we have lost a friend and never entirely contented while we have an enemy. Success, too, is promoted by the good will of our fellow-men, menaced by their hostility. Hence, at this time when we are setting out afresh to test the worth of new resolutions I regard as the best omen of success for this year, the determination to enlist as friends all who cross our path in our daily intercourse, whether on work or pleasure bent.

We cannot have too many friends, that is, true friends and good. By friends, I mean not only those with whom we are intimate, but all acquaintances, for mere acquaintances may be at times valuable allies or enemies against whom we are defenceless. Our ability to please may be judged quite fairly by the number of persons of our acquaintance whom we have never antagonized; our faults by the number who regard us with distrust. I make allowance, too, for different dispositions, some free, some reticent. To be happy and successful we must make friends whenever we can, whether we go up or down the scale of classes. For with the rich friendship tempers the tendency to disdain the lowly. It helps the poor to forget their trials. The sympathy of a world of friendly faces thus takes the sting from disappointments and strikes a balance between the joys and sorrows of this earth.

This is the theory of friendship. How are we to make it practical? There is one thing which has always impressed me strongly as being the reason why a great many people fail to make and to hold friends. It is a certain carelessness with which they speak of their neighbors. There are always a number of persons whom we regard as the inner circle of our friends, and against whom we would not dare in any circumstances to utter a word which might give offence. In the same relation might be placed those who are our benefactors. Immediately outside of these classes is a wide world of intimate or remote acquaintances with whom we neither expect nor care to have any dealings and hence we are indifferent whether or not our remarks regarding them are always charitable. Accordingly, in thoughtless moments we drop remarks about their eccentricities or their methods, not indeed thinking that those remarks will ever reach their ears, yet caring little whether they do or not. Now such remarks, if uttered habitually, are certain sometime to be carried to ears on which they will grate and forthwith hostility reigns where before if not friendship at least indifference rested. This condition is brought about by shortsightedness. It would be regarded as fool-hardy to utter unfriendly remarks about those whose friendship we prize or whose aid we require. But how do we know when we shall need a friend in that wide circle of remote acquaintances? The writer recalls more than one occasion on which he was strongly tempted to join in raillery of certain eccentric individuals and confesses also to have yielded for the sake of jest, but many suns had not set before he was done signal service by the subject of his raillery. He was glad to accept such service, though he felt little comfort in reflecting that his remarks uttered in thoughtless indifference a few days before may have reached

the ears of this, the last person, who, he considered, could do him a favor. This has been a common experience with me. I have observed it too, in the lives of others, and I have come to the conclusion that friends are made and lost by the shortsightedness with which we discuss the affairs or failings of persons in whose power we imagine we shall never stand. Therefore, I regard it as a wise and liberal resolution for each young man to take, to question all the words that cross his lips as to whether they will awaken friendly sentiments in all the ears to which accident may waft them. This policy is sure to leave you on the safe side, that of not antagonizing those who would otherwise be friends. Then remains the positive side, that of making friends. This does not mean that you must set out with the purpose of approaching people to secure their friendship, but rather enlisting them by your friendly attitude in casual meetings. A word kindly spoken, a smile returned, sympathy proffered, a trifling sacrifice made—these little things make friends. Coldness, incivility, selfishness call forth similar feelings in others. Thus it is possible to strew your path of life with roses or thorns. In conclusion therefore, I conceive of no more appropriate thought which may lead to the happiness and success of my readers than the behest at this first of the new year to put a price on the friendship of every individual, regardless of age or condition, with whom they will mingle in any capacity during the coming year.

FINEM RESPICE.

## Regina Notes

Midnight Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kustouz, Rev. Father Van Heertum preached an able sermon. The sermon showed deep thought and careful preparation, and no listener could fail to be edified and to carry home with him practical lessons for the coming year.

Mrs. Thos. Malone, of Cochrane, Alberta, accompanied by her fine young son, passed through Regina on New Years Eve to spend a few months with her friends in Ontario. She was joined here by Miss Madge McCarthy, who goes east to attend school.

Mr. J. E. Whelan, of the dry goods department of the firm of E. McCarthy & Co., went east on New Years Eve to Toronto, called there by the serious illness of his brother.

The Gratton school opened this morning with a very large attendance. The closing exercises on Dec. 30 were very creditable to both teachers. His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Forget attended and presented each child with a coronation medal and a box of bon-bons. His Honor expressed himself as much gratified with the condition of the school and pleased with the progress the children were making under the careful supervision of Mr. Kramer and Miss McLaughlin, who are indeed indefatigable in their efforts for the advancement of their pupils.

Mrs. E. McCarthy went east last night in response to a telegram from her home in Ontario, where we are very sorry to learn her mother is dangerously ill. We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Malone, who visited her daughter Mrs. McCarthy some years ago. Our sympathies are with the family, and we sincerely hope that she may be restored to health again.

Misses Kathleen and Madge McCusker went to Winnipeg on Sunday evening to attend St. Mary's convent. Miss Kathleen spent the Christmas holidays at home from St. Mary's, but this is Miss Madge's first term. Madge will be greatly missed, especially among the young folk, as she is an especial favorite. We wish them both every success in their studies.

C.M.B.A. Branch 362.

The following officers have been elected for 1903.—Spiritual Adviser—Rev. Fr. Van Heertum. Pres.—John McCarthy. Vice-President—E. McCarthy. Second Vice-Pres.—J. Ehman. Rec. Secretary—F. N. Kush. Assist. Rec. Secretary—Geo. Engel. Fin. Secretary—J. E. Whelan. Treasurer—Peter Krause. Marshall—John Engel. Guard—John

Reinlander. Trustees—Messrs. C. J. McCusker, B. Moliski, Hoffman, Peter Selinger, B. Cotton.

The annual meeting and election of church trustees took place yesterday, when Geo. Engel, C. J. McCusker, J. Murphy, E. McCarthy and J. McCarthy were elected.

Allow me to wish you, Northwest Review, your respected and much esteemed editor, and your courteous and painstaking publisher, with all the readers of your valuable paper, a prosperous and bright New Year. We trust the Northwest Review will continue to flourish, and that increased circulation may inspire those who are at the helm to go on with new ardor in their good work. GENA MACFARLANE.

## Home Column

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face,  
And laugh our troubles down;  
For all our little trials wait  
Our laughter or our frown.  
Beneath the magic of a smile  
Our doubts will fade away,  
As melts the snow in early Spring  
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,  
By making it our own:  
It gives the current of our lives  
A purer, nobler tone;  
It pays to comfort heavy hearts  
Depressed with dull despair;  
And leaves in sorrow darkened lives  
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand  
To eager, earnest youth,  
To note with all their waywardness  
Their courage and their truth;  
To strive with sympathy and love  
Their confidence to win;  
It pays to open wide the heart  
And let the sunshine in.

A friendly word, a pleasant smile—  
The cost is small, indeed,  
To him who gives—but priceless is  
To him who stands in need.  
The human heart responds to love  
As flowers to sun and dew;  
It pays to seek the needy one.  
It pays—both him and you.

—Selected.

## "THE HOME THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF ALL VIRTUES."

Such are the words of your talented contributor who writes "Chats With Young Men," and who writing in the issue of Dec. 20 takes generosity as his subject. Would that the contributor to this column could handle the subject with a little of the cleverness show by "Finem Respice." Before entering on the subject let me, if not too late, wish all readers of the Home Column a bright and prosperous New Year. May every home be blessed during 1903 and the readers of the Northwest Review have many things to be thankful for when another twelve months shall have gone by.

Home is, or always should be, the school where the child should learn practical generosity. The home charities of the Christian family lay open before us a deep and heavenly love, a vision of the dwelling of the Common Father above the skies, where love eternal decks out its most royal mansions for those who are poorest and lowliest here below. Children should be taught to be generous towards the sick and the infirm in the home. Make every child of yours know and understand that the friend in need was He who came from the throne of Heaven to heal, to restore, to lift up to the height whence He himself descended. Make them understand, that on leaving earth again, He wishes and bids every one of us to do for the sick, in body, in heart, or in soul what He did for us. You will then teach your children to treat the aged, the sick and the infirm with respect and tenderness, and to generously overlook infirmities of temper, and this will indeed be the crown of home charities. This generous self-restraint in dealing with the irritability of the sick and devotion to the need and comfort of others, is an admirable discipline for the young, as well as a rich source of merit before the Divine Majesty, whom the true children of God profess to serve, and believe they serve in ministering to the infirm and aged. Teach your children generosi-

ty in forgetting one's pain to please others. This home charity can be practised by children every day of their lives. Teach them that they must forget their little aches and pains to make all pleasant for their brothers and sisters or to show perfect hospitality to visitors. Let them be generous also in practising outdoor charities. Every mother, whether her home be that of the laboring man or that of the rich man, has a deep interest in the poor round about and a divine obligation to fulfil toward them in proportion to her means, so is it her duty to train her children to aid her in ministering to them. How many good examples we have of mothers with large families and not troubled either with money in the bank who have never failed to help the poor when cases of need were within their reach. Mothers who have left a record of every good work and home virtue behind them for their sons and daughters to follow. To be generous, it is not necessary to have this world's goods in abundance to give. "Tis not what we give, but what we share; the gift without the giver is bare." All can be kind and generous. A good word and a kind smile cost nothing, but what a comfort they give, only the worn and weary really know.

## FATHER LEMARCHAND'S DEPARTURE.

Daily Herald, Calgary.

On Thursday, the 18th, a complimentary banquet was tendered the Rev. Father Lemarchand by the parishioners of St. Mary's Church at the bazaar hall. After the banquet, the chairman, J. W. Costello, read the following address:—  
To Rev. Father Lemarchand, P.P., St. Mary's, Calgary:

Reverend Father: On the occasion of your departure, the C. M. B. A., the parishioners, the religious communities and pupils of the Lacombe Separate school, desire to tender to you the humble expression of their grateful appreciation of your labors in this portion of the Lord's Vineyard and the heartfelt hope that you may long continue your valuable services in this diocese.

The years that you have been amongst us witnessed great improvement in our now beautiful church and the chime of bells now on the way to this parish, will always speak trumpet tongued of your energy, of your perseverance and great zeal for the greater glory of God.

Hand in hand with your temporal progress went the spiritual advancement of the parish, the Sunday school work, the League of the Sacred Heart meetings, the encouragement and good advice to the C. M. B. A., and the general and never ending efforts of the entire parish spiritual labor, were never lost sight of for a moment.

In the vaster field to which your reverence is being transferred a great many of the conditions will be the same as in Calgary, and we hope and pray that the weighty responsibilities placed on you may be as successful as your labors have been here and we will beg God's choicest blessing on you.

J. W. COSTELLO,  
E. H. ROULEAU,  
J. McCAFFARY,  
J. R. MIQUELON,  
SISTER CAROL,  
SISTER MARY GREENE,  
MARIE ROBINSON,  
JUDGE MAGUIRE,  
J. R. COSTIGAN.

The Rev. Father Lemarchand answered as follows:—  
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You do not expect from me a long and eloquent speech, but you have a right to expect a few words of thanks.

I am pleased to remark that you are just now speaking in the name of all the parishioners, the members of the C.M.B.A., the religious communities, and the children of our school for you are all the same to me, all very dear to me, and if I had any preference it would be for our dear little children.

It is with pleasure that I see the love, respect and veneration you have for religious communities, for the reverend sisters who devote themselves to the education of your children, and the heroic nuns who

are always ready to take care of you in case of sickness. You mention in your address the improvement of the church and the grounds adjoining. I accept indeed your praises and gratitude, and I thank God for having given me the grace and strength of doing that work, but allow me to make a very important remark: If I have succeeded in improving the church and the grounds adjoining, it is due to your co-operation especially to the work of the religious communities and the good ladies of the parish.

Some of our friends may be surprised at the amount realized in our bazaars, but if they could know all the work done by the religious communities, the ladies and the children, they would be more surprised. For instance, I am told that some of the Sisters and the children were for about three months employing all their recreations in that so meritorious work.

I am sorry that I have to leave you before the arrival of our five bells, but I will come back for the event, not only to witness your happiness and joy, but to assist and help the reverend fathers. Owing to the kindness of the Reverend Father Lacombe, I will be able to come and pay you a visit several times a year; this is a great consolation to me at the present time.

Concerning the spiritual advancement of the parish. I have done the best I could, I might have committed many faults, but I am satisfied that I have done my best for the greater glory of God.

Many thanks to you for your good wishes in my new position. I thank you now very sincerely and will pray during the holy sacrifice that God may bless you, your whole families and the whole parish.

The Reverend Fathers Lacombe and Naessens said a few words and were followed by J. R. Costigan, who made a very eloquent speech. This banquet tendered by the C.M.B.A. was a great success.

## HER USE FOR IT.

"I want to get a camera," said young Mrs. Motherwell.  
"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk.  
"What size, please?"  
"Why, the smallest, I guess," she said, dreamily, "I want one that's suitable to take the picture of a two-months-old baby."

## A BIRD DINNER.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the hungry robin, "I wish I had lived about three hundred years ago."  
"Nonsense! What for?" demanded the sparrow.  
"I've just been reading something in a religious paper about a Diet of Worms they had then."—Catholic Standard and Times.



"Now is the winter of our

## DISCONTENT."

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# Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, JAN 10, 1903.

## CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

### JANUARY.

- 11—Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany and First Sunday after the Epiphany.
- 12, Monday—Office of the Sixth Day in the Octave of the Epiphany.
- 13, Tuesday—Octave of the Epiphany.
- 14, Wednesday—St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers.
- 15, Thursday—St. Paul, the first hermit.
- 16, Friday—St. Marcellus I., Pope, Martyr.
- 17, Saturday—St. Antony, Abbot.

## A SLANDER FINALLY AND COMPLETELY REFUTED.

It will be remembered that, in our issue of December 6th last, we commented editorially on the Morning Telegram's offensive heading to a despatch announcing that Ross, a North Dakota murderer, had owned that he had committed a second murder. We showed in our article how the despatch plainly indicated that the confession to the priest had nothing to do with the publication of the crime, which was made public by the sheriff. Hence we inferred rightly that the Telegram, in editing the despatch, had been unnecessarily offensive to Catholics, for its heading read, "Confession to priest led to finding man's body in a well," and the animus thus shown was intensified in the following item from the same paper's column. The News in Brief: "As a result of the confession to a priest of a condemned murderer, two men named Hanson were arrested at Williston, N.D., for murder."

Our editor-in-chief wrote a strong letter of protest to the editor of the Morning Telegram, and this letter appeared in that paper's issue of November 29. Father Cherrier also wrote to His Lordship the Bishop of Fargo, who immediately replied. Extracts from Bishop Shanley's letter were published in our issue of December 13th. He kindly enclosed a long clipping from the Bottineau Courant (which we also reprinted), pointing out that this paper, published in the town where Ross made his avowal, makes no mention of the priest. This negative testimony was so conclusive that Bishop Shanley refrained from writing to the parish priest of Bottineau about it, being quite sure that he would never have been guilty of so enormous a sacerdotal crime as the betrayal of a confessional secret.

This would have sufficed to satisfy any fair-minded person that it was not "confession to a priest" that "led to finding a man's body in a well." But now, thanks to Bishop Shanley's truly episcopal solicitude, we have the explicit testimony of the murderer himself that the priest had nothing to do with the disclosure of the second murder. His Lordship of Fargo sent to this office a little before Christmas a second clipping from the Bottineau Courant, of December 19th, which settles the case once for all. We must apologize to

Bishop Shanley for having so long delayed the publication of his most valuable contribution, and we feel sure he will condone the delay occasioned by the Christmas and New Year holidays.

The Bottineau Courant begins by saying that, "upon the application of States Attorney Johnson of Ward county, the board of pardons took action in the case of William Ross at their meeting on the 10th inst., granting a stay of execution until March 6th. The board stated that inasmuch as William Ross had confessed to complicity in a murder in Ward county for which Carl Hanson will be tried for his life, and as Ross is the only living witness who can testify in regard thereto, they would grant a reprieve until the 6th day of March, at which time he shall be hanged. Hanson's trial will take place in January and Ross will be taken over to Minot to give evidence."

This is followed by a half-tone portrait of William (not Ballie, as first reported) Ross, which shows a fairly good-looking young face with a straightforward, though somewhat devil-may-care, expression, and a weak mouth, which may account for his having been, as appears from his own confession, published in our issue of December 13, accessory after the fact to the murder of Lemay.

A reporter of the Bottineau Courant visited Ross in his cell. The prisoner did not talk readily and was a little reticent about discussing his troubles with a stranger, but after a preliminary talk he made the following statements in answer to questions put to him:—

"Yes, since they have given me more time I sometimes think maybe I will get a life sentence instead of being hung. I am prepared for the worst, and will make the best of my fate whatever happens.

"O, yes. I suppose I deserve hanging, but for the sake of my relatives—my wife and family—I wish my sentence could be commuted. I have a wife and four children. It is hard on them.

"Yes, I have joined the Catholic Church. FATHER TURCOTTE IS A FINE MAN, AND HE HAS HELPED ME A LOT. HE DID NOT TELL THEM ABOUT THE LEMAY BUSINESS. I TOLD THAT AND WAS GOING TO TELL IT ANYWAY. When I was away from my family I got thinking about his wife and I wanted her to know what had happened to him.

"It was Hanson who fired the shots that killed Lemay. I never had the gun in my hands."

The rest of the interview is not relevant to our view of the case. The words we have printed in capitals set the matter at rest for ever. From the condemned man's own testimony Father Turcotte, the only Catholic priest there, had nothing to do with the disclosure of any murder.

It will now be in order for the Morning Telegram to withdraw its double charge that "Confession to a priest led to finding man's body in a well," and that "As a result of the confession to a priest of a condemned murderer, two men named Hanson were arrested at Williston, N.D., for murder."

## FORGIVENESS OF SINS AND LICENSE TO SIN.

Catholic Standard and Times.

One is often tempted to ask whether the average Protestant is really complete in his mental equipment, or incurably defective in some department of its machinery, when he attempts to grapple with the tenets of Catholic faith. On some points many excellent men seem to be utterly incapable of getting a glimmering of the true state of the case, as understood by the Catholic, or else—a conclusion not to be easily entertained—wholly dishonest in statement. There are, no doubt, such a class of controversialists, but a minority. The average Protestant will not wrong his neighbor by imputing to him what he does not really hold as articles of faith. On one subject especially an insuperable difficulty seems always to present itself to such honest souls. Forgiveness of sins and the relation thereto of Indulgences, when ap-

proached by most non-Catholic controversialists, seem to be encompassed by as many mists and fogs as the shores of Newfoundland in November.

That an Indulgence is a formal license to commit sin—for a valuable consideration—is the steadfast and unshakable belief of many excellent Protestants. That sins may be forgiven by God without any form of penance is also part of the same inexplicable misconception. So long as a human being believes in the Redeemer, it makes no matter how often or how grievously the sin cry to heaven is part of the same woful delusion, begotten of the monstrous doctrine of justification by mere faith.

To the decree of Christ, "Go and sin no more," the rebel monk opposed the advice, "Sin, and sin stoutly," that the "justification" might be all the more complete and efficacious.

Last week the two zealous missionaries, Father Xavier Sutton and Father Valentine, brought to a close eminently successful missions in different parts of Maryland where there is a large non-Catholic population. Hot foot after them started out some alarmed preachers, fearful lest the truths of Catholicism expounded by the two priests should leave too deep an impression. Among those who were most active in this counter-mission was the Rev. Dr. Grise, who presently belongs to the Methodist camp. He spoke at Easton, Maryland, last Sunday, taking for theme the question, "Can Man Forgive Sin?" Incidentally he brought on the controversy between Tetzel and Luther. There is no figure in history about whom so much apocrypha has been written and spoken as the Dominican, John Tetzel. It would be too much to expect that some of this fiction would not be made to serve the purpose of such a controversialist as the Rev. Mr. Grise, who has long been noted for the childlike simplicity of faith in which he accepts all things that appear to cast discredit on the Catholic system as well as the myopia with which he is afflicted with regard to what redounds to its glory. One of the fables most relished by this class of controversialists is a speech on Indulgences said to have been delivered in public by Tetzel, because it contains the following grotesque passages:—

"Indulgences are the most precious and sublime gifts to God. This cross (pointing to a red wood cross which hung before him) has as much efficacy as the cross of Christ itself. Come and I will give you letters, furnished with seals, by which even the sins you may have a wish to commit hereafter shall be forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than the apostle by his discourses. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit it. Repentance is not necessary. But more than this, indulgences not only save the living, they save the dead also. Priest, noble, merchant, woman, young woman, young man, harken to your parents and your friends who are dead, and who cry from the depths of the abyss, 'we are enduring horrible tortures; a small alms will deliver us; you can give it and you will not.' The very instant your piece of money clicks at the bottom of this strong box the soul is freed from Purgatory and flies to heaven."

It is evidently on the strength of this spurious speech that the charge of license to commit sin being conveyed by an Indulgence is advanced. No one believes that Tetzel used such language. The language he did use, as generally believed, is given in a new life of him by an eminent German scholar, Dr. Paulus. We take the translation from an admirable review and sketch in the present month's "Messenger," from the pen of Rev. J. Corbett, S. J.:

"Hear ye not the voices of your parents and the other souls calling out: 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me? We are suffering the most dreadful pains and tortures, from which you can release us by a little alms \* \* \* you can deliver us so easily, and you will not.'"

Father Corbett thus states the case for Tetzel, while observing that many of his fellow-priests believed he was not stating the Catholic doctrine accurately:

"In the official instructions, and in Tetzel's writings, true sorrow for sins is given as an absolutely essential condition for gaining the indulgence. In proof that this doctrine was so understood by the people, we may refer to the fact that during the jubilee at Munich in 1480, 270 confessors had to be appointed 'on account of the crowds of people.' In 1489, at Nurnberg, forty-three confessors 'heard confessions daily in the church, while the jubilee lasted, that is, from Michaelmas to St. Martin's day.' At the same time, there were certainly some who misunderstood the nature of this indulgence, but it by no means follows that the misunderstanding was due to any false teachings in the pulpit. Perhaps the preachers were not careful enough in instructing the people, but there is nothing to show that Tetzel was to blame in this way. From his writings it is certain that his doctrine on the subject was perfectly correct. The charge that he taught the remission of future sins by means of the indulgence is absolutely unwarranted. It was first made by Luther in 1541, and has been repeated ever since by men, who do not dream of assigning any reason for Luther's long silence about such an outrageous doctrine, or of seeking to reconcile the statement with Tetzel's teaching that no indulgence could be gained without contrition. How can a man have sorrow for a sin not yet committed, or for sins that he intends to commit later?"

Concerning the power of man to forgive sins, it need only be said that the use of the word "man" in the case, by itself, is a piece of casuistry. When man acts as the agent of God, namely, as a priest of God, he, by Divine authority, is clothed with power to bind and loose, to forgive sins or to retain sins, as appointed by our Lord. The authority is found in the Protestant Bible. In the bestowal of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles and of "the keys of the kingdom of heaven" on Peter, the structure of penance and forgiveness after confession was formally erected. There is no truth more evident in the whole body of Christian teaching. Not all the Methodist preachers that ever held forth can reason this fact away.

DON'T PUT A SAINT IN SUCH COMPANY.

The "Sacred Heart Review" suggests that the name of Mrs. Seton (foundress of the order of Sisters of Charity) be chosen as one of those to be perpetuated in the Hall of Fame in the New York University. Four other names are also in nomination, viz., those of Charlotte Cushman, the actress; Mary Lyon, teacher; Lucretia Mott and Dorothy Dix, philanthropists. We would opine that if those judges on whom the selection of names devolves can find no higher ideals than those embodied in the lives here recalled, it were better to have the Catholic ideal omitted from the scroll. The stage, the school, the social academy are all noble things essentially, but not one of them aims at anything not contemplated in the system of Comte. The Catholic Church is in itself a Hall of Fame which has no equal. If its noble American sons and daughters are to be recognized in national memorials merely because of their civic or philanthropic deserts, Catholics can afford to wait for an era when a truer appraisal may be possible.—Catholic Standard-Times.

NONE TO SHOW.

In a London West End church on a recent Sunday the janitor curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. Some people, he remarked, come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes. Then he glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you have come here for that reason."

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MASONRY AND THAT SORT OF THING.

To the Editor of the Casket:

Sir,—I don't profess to know much about Freemasonry. I have, indeed, a conviction that it is a strong organization which works a deal of harm to both Church and State. I asked a very intelligent English Mason once whether they did not look upon the fraternal bond of Masonry as superior to that of Christian fellowship. He answered that to some extent they did, and illustrated his meaning by an example. "If I were travelling," he said, "and came to a ferry where two ferrymen solicited my patronage: if I knew that one of them was a Mason and not a Christian, and the other a Christian and not a Mason, I should feel bound to give my patronage to the Mason." That principle should be enough to turn any reasonable Christian against the craft. It is the very reverse of St. Paul's teaching. But I have made no special study of Masonry and do not assume to write about it. What troubles me is the way some Catholic newspapers speak about it. They speak as if the gates of hell have now at length really prevailed, and as if Masonry had its foot, so to say, on the neck of the prostrate Catholic Church! This doleful pessimism seems to me absurd and, at times, bordering on faithlessness. Bishop Potter of New York made a speech some short time ago at a Masonic banquet. He spoke of the bond of Masonic brotherhood, and illustrated his remarks by the example of two men who had been enemies, and added that "Freemasonry had brought them together—something which the Christian religion could not do." That a Protestant Bishop should thus disparage the Christian religion is not surprising in these days of "Higher Criticism"; but that a Catholic paper should bring itself to agree with him is more than surprising; it is shocking. After quoting his remarks the Philadelphia Standard and Times adds: "The statements he makes are valuable. He assigns to Freemasonry a higher potency, and consequently a higher place, than Christianity; and from all that we have been able to observe, this is the estimate that best corresponds with the actual position. Bishop Potter himself furnishes an explanation of the failure of the Christian religion to do what it was commissioned by its Divine Founder to do."

"A higher potency and consequently a higher place than Christianity!" and this corresponds to the actual position! The old Standard seems to have lost all sense of responsibility in the use of words. Do we really need that our Lord should come again visibly to reassure us with the words: "Fear not, little flock: I have overcome the world." He is still with the Church, His spirit is the potency of the Church. And this potency fights and conquers a good many enemies more potent than Masonry will ever be. That some hundreds of thousands of men scattered over the world and banded in secret societies can do a deal of harm goes without saying; but that they possess more actual power than the Catholic Church of to-day is too utterly absurd, and a very mischievous assertion for a Catholic paper to make. The Masons are not one body. They are organized on national lines. They do not found school systems or build universities or hospitals. They try to influence States and Governments in these matters. The Catholics of the United States alone spend more money on education and charity in one year than all the Masons of the world give, it may be in ten years. For every pair of enemies brought together by Masonry the Catholic Church throughout the world brings together thousands, not in outward show of amity, but in the real reconciliation of charity. Masons are mostly men of the world, who give a portion of their time to the interests of Masonry. The number of those who make it a life work must be very small. The Catholic Church commands the life work of hundreds of thousands of educated and influential men. But why pursue a comparison the very mention of which is offensive? Christ is still the most powerful King on earth. His Kingdom, the Catholic Church, has

greater potency, not merely than any other society, but greater than any other power, whether civil, sectarian, or satanic. When there is question of relative superiority I like to see a man disposed to stand up for his country every time. The same must be said of the Church: for our spiritual as well as our material country has a claim on our sense of loyalty. This sentiment seems to be wanting in the Standard writer, there is such an absence of consciousness in the way he coolly puts the Church down in second, third or fourth place. I may be all astray in this, either from my ignorance of Masonry or because I don't know all the meanings that words may have, and I shall be grateful to you, Mr. Editor, if you state whether I am right or not. READER.

(We have nothing to add to the foregoing forcible and timely letter save the remark that the Standard is found occasionally to be at variance with its old self ever since its union with the sprightly but fickle Times. Matches are not always made in heaven.)—Ed. Casket.

WHEN LOVE IS STRONGEST.

A well known woman has studied the question thoroughly at what age a woman's affections are strongest. Whether we agree with her or not, her deductions are interesting.

"Woman is always a difficult and complicated subject to analyze, and at the best we can only generalize.

"One fact is too obvious to need more than merely stating—the girl under 20 is wholly incapable of forming a life-long attachment.

"If she does form one which lasts through all the vicissitudes of maturer years, it is merely a happy chance which has aided her, not the result of her ripened judgment, fine intuition or mature emotions.

"One, however, might let this statement cover all attachments—at whatever age—since marriage is so evidently a lottery. An engagement of seven years, where the lovers saw each other almost daily, has been known to end in separation after a year of married misery.

"Nevertheless, as a rule, a woman of 25 is better able to form a correct idea of a man's character than a girl of 18, and she is capable of a deeper love and a more practical expression of it.

"So far as the real intensity of a woman's affections are concerned, I believe they are rarely at their strongest before 30 or 35. A woman of that age is to all earlier ages what August is to April, May or June. She craves affection more than she craves it in her adolescence, and she is better able to appreciate and to reciprocate.

"Every day I meet bright, intelligent, intellectual men, whose lives are filled with worldly aims and ambitions, and who are supremely unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that their wives are starving for expressed affection.

"I have heard men laughingly refer to sentiment as a thing outlived or submerged in the sea of reality; and use the plural, indicating that they believed the condition was mutual, when I have been the confidant of the heart hunger and restless discontent of the wives who were included in this plural reference.

"Thousands of American men to-day believe they are the most unselfish and devoted husbands because they are giving brain, mind and body to business with the idea of bestowing luxuries upon their families.

"They have no hour for calling, no time for recreation, no evening for social life or entertainments, and no impulse for love-like attentions to their wives.

"They return home tired, nervous, irritable or sleepy, and think the wife unreasonable who complains, since they are giving all their energies for her comfort and pleasure.

"Yet her comfort and pleasure would be tenfold if the husband was to escort her about occasionally, with the same lover-like attention of his days of wooing, and if he were able to talk to her of other things than business and finance.

"The middle-aged man may be satisfied with his ambitious aims, but it is the middle-aged woman who craves and feels the deepest love."

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THE IRISH QUESTION

By Rev. P. C. Yorke, in the *Lead-er* San Francisco.

There was a very large attendance at the Alhambra Theatre on Thursday evening of last week, the occasion being a lecture by Rev. P. C. Yorke for the benefit of the Educational Fund of the Gaelic League in California. The reverend lecturer discussed "The Irish Outlook" and spoke as follows:

"The entertainment this evening, ladies and gentlemen, is for the benefit of the Educational Fund of the Gaelic League. That organization is maintaining in this City and State several classes for the teaching of the Irish language and the practice of Irish Music. Last year we spent some \$5,000 for these purposes, and it is necessary each year to provide a fund to meet our ever growing expenses. The League in California is going ahead every day, and every day drawing more of our people under its influence. Its work is to be measured not only by what it does for its own membership, but for its influence on public opinion. We have still with us a few who sneer at the Gaelic League, but we have traveled a long way from the time when the mention of the Irish language was the signal for universal merriment.

The subject which I have chosen to-night is "The Irish Outlook." It should hardly be necessary to demonstrate the utility of discussing such a theme. There are some of course who always question the wisdom of turning our thoughts to a country which we have left forever. Indeed, so bitter do they become that one almost suspects that they left some kind of a reputation there that they want to forget like the man who was opposed to all genealogical investigations because he feared to find an ancestor hanging from some branch of his family tree. It is true that this new land is, like the God of the Ten Commandments, a jealous land. It demands loyalty and service from us and it views with a certain reluctance an interest in any other country. We are part of this nation, we are factors of this civilization, why do we claim fellowship in another nation and dream of the future of another civilization? To-night I invite you to speculate not on the future of California, not on the destiny of the United States, I bid you turn your thoughts to that island in the Northern Seas which was the cradle of our race, and I would stand with you in spirit on her highest and holiest peak to look far into the future and discern what fate the God of Nations holds in store for her.

And whether we ourselves first saw the light there, or whether Ireland is to us only as a tale our mothers and fathers have told us, there is some attraction about her that draws our hearts. Indeed this is but natural, for it is not the Constitution under which we were born; it is not the land in which we first saw the light; it is not the people among whom we were brought up that makes us what we are. Blood tells. And the blood in our veins is the same good old Irish blood whether our nativity lay within the four shores of holy Ireland or whether we were born in the tabernacles of the dispersion under alien stars. It is that blood that hurries our thoughts back to the old land; it is that blood that interests us mightily in things that people of another race may deem trivial; it is that blood that makes us speed to the old sod those vows that men of a narrower view may dub disloyal. But what care we for them? This one thing we must vindicate for ourselves as long as we do our duties to this land, as long as we bear the obligations of citizenship incumbent upon us, as long as we carry an equal burden, it is nothing to any man whither our thoughts may roam and where our affections may center themselves. If we wish to think of Ireland, if we wish to love Ireland, if we wish to serve Ireland, we have a perfect right to do so even under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

This theme may seem at the outset a useless speculation, but let us remember that every ship must have a look-out. A man's ideals are the measure of his achievement,

and what are a man's ideals but his outlook? If we look for things that are low, that are mean, that are sordid, that are base, then our achievements will likewise be mean, low, base, sordid. But if we aim high, if we aim at the stars we may at least reach the top of the tall trees. It is a practical measure to have high ideals. There is this much merit at least in striving for the greater good, that we will not miss the lesser good. If we here, if the Irish people in general have a high and noble outlook, the future must bring to pass something high and noble for them—perhaps not as high, not as noble as we desiderate, but at least something of which we need not be ashamed.

Therefore, to-night the subject which we discuss is one that is not as impracticable as at first it might seem. It has a certain material interest for us and it can be of benefit to our people, and that question is, What manner of country Ireland is likely to be in the present century and that manner of man the coming Irishman? I do not mean the Irishman in America or in Australia, but I mean the Irishman in Ireland itself—that brother of ours who still dwells on the ancestral island, the Mecca of our race and the hill of Zion, toward which our hearts yearn.

As a first principle, I may lay it down that the future of a nation is not a question of chance. The great gods who weave the web of the future use as their threads the things that now are. The future of every country works itself out according to the forces that are now energizing in it. Now the forces at work in every country are of two kinds, mechanical and moral. If we had only to deal with the mechanical or necessary forces we could to-day write the history of a hundred years from now, but we have to deal with moral forces, and moral forces under the control of free will. This it is that darkens the problem and that hides the future from our eyes.

Thus in a country we have the natural and mechanical forces such as soil, climate, minerals, opportunities for commerce, rivers, harbors and such like, which are the endowment of a country and are dependent on the human will. But we have also the people of a country who can do or not do as their wills direct them. They may use the natural forces at their disposal or they may not, just as they are impelled by their own souls. Hence it is quite possible for a country rich in natural resources to be quite poor if the people do not know how to use these resources; or, if knowing how to use them, they will not. On the other hand, a country may be very poor in natural resources, yet with an able and energetic people it may become competitors more highly favored by nature.

It is one of the great mistakes of our time to imagine that countries advance solely which have plenty of coal and oils, good sites for cities, the precious minerals in abundance, and a fruitful soil. It is a mistake to believe that these communities must necessarily be backward which are out of the track of commerce and do not produce these resources which are the staple of modern industry. The fact of the matter is, that when we compare in the history of a country the two great factors, the natural element and the moral element, it is the moral element that counts for more.

Take, for instance, the territory of these United States six hundred years ago. It was as fertile then as now. It had its veins of gold, and silver, and copper, its vast prairies, its great woods, its noble harbors, its waters teeming with fish. The people who occupied that territory were built in the same image and likeness as ourselves. It was a race capable of high civilization and achievement, as Mexico and Peru prove. Yet the red Indian roamed all over this land, and because he did not know its natural resources or did not care to use them the land remained a wilderness.

On the contrary, consider Greece, a small country, and in its most prosperous parts comparatively barren, yet because it had a people keen-minded and energetic, that knew how to use the resources at their hands and to take advantage even of the smallest gifts of nature,

it rose to a commanding position among the nations of antiquity, and in some departments its achievements are still the wonder and despair of the modern mind. You see, therefore, it is not so much the nature of a country that counts as the manner of men that inhabit it.

Now, as far as Ireland is concerned, I do not intend to give you a rose-colored picture either of the country or the people. It is easy to draw on the imagination. It is not difficult to ransack history for the glorious deeds of our ancestors or to hide the shameful ones. It would be easy to appeal to your pride of race, to wave the green flag, to point to the sunburst, and to grow eloquent on the great things that are at hand; these things are all easy, and because they are easy they are worth little.

As far as I understand, the keynote of the Gaelic League is its practicalness. It tries to make the Irish people see things as they are. The greatest danger comes to a country when its people make small things great and great things small. The Gaelic League appeals to the Irish, morning, noon and night, to look ahead, to understand the road, to know where we are going, to realize the problems that we must solve, and, realizing them, to set at their solution in faith, believing that the God of our fathers will not be wanting to us if we are not wanting to ourselves.

Therefore, this evening I will try and describe to you exactly as I see them the factors at work in the Ireland of to-day. Of course, you understand that there is always a difference between a man's view of facts and the facts themselves. I do not claim photographic accuracy for my picture. I simply describe things soberly and honestly and accurately, as they appear to me. From them we may be able to cast the horoscope of Ireland's future.

In this discussion, however, I think it will simplify matters to leave out of consideration the natural resources of Ireland. I take it for granted that her climate is as good, her soil as fertile, her resources as many as the average European country. I know there are some who say that she has not this mineral or the other; that she is not in the path of trade; that her climate is too damp, and the like; but, taking her all in all, she had been able to put up a good fight and to support a large population, and whatever misery has come upon her has come not from the greed and injustice of men. This being so, I think we will not be making any great mistake if we take it for granted that the natural resources of the country are as many and as varied as those of the average state of Northwestern Europe.

Turning then to the moral factors in the case we are confronted at once with a wonderful change. During the nineteenth century Ireland underwent a transformation that must have the greatest effect upon her future as a nation. Before the nineteenth century the Irish were practically on the same level as the French or the Germans. They were a distinct nationality, as distinct from England as Germany is from France. They had not, of course, the same measure of political independence, but before the last century you could not for a minute take them for anything but Irish. They spoke their own language. They had this distinguishing characteristic that as the Spaniards speak Spanish, and the Italians, Italian, so the Irish spoke Irish. All through the four provinces from the Islands of Aran to the gates of Dublin and from Donegal to Waterford, Irish was the language of the country.

And as far as we can go back in history we find the Irish with their peculiar speech. When Columba sailed to evangelize the nations he bade farewell to his native land in his native tongue. When the Saxon Alfred came to seek discipline among the Irish he had to bend himself to the acquisition of the sweet-sounding Gaelic, and not without success. When the Wild Geese flew to France they carried with them the language of their fathers, and so through all the centuries, up to the nineteenth, the Irish clung to the Irish as the Russian to the Russian or the Englishman to the English.

But during the nineteenth century the great change came. At the beginning of it only a small minority could not use the Gaelic. They were huddled in the north-east, and were the descendants of the planters of James I. Through the other provinces practically every one spoke Gaelic. Not the peasantry alone, but the land-owners, men of standing, professional men, all were compelled to know something about it. To-day, however, not one man in four is acquainted with the language. Out of four millions much less than one million claims any knowledge of the ancient tongue of the country. Worse than that, public opinion was unanimous that the language was finished. It was merely a question of time, and priests, and people, high and low believed that the sooner it was done for the better. Here and there were a few who had not bent the knee to Baal, but Ireland practically had renounced her language and had accepted English instead.

No matter what we may think about Gaelic, we must admit that language is one of the great factors of national life. Can we contemplate what a change would come in Germany if the Germans all took to speaking French, or in France if all the French abandoned their ancestral speech for the English? As great a change took place in Ireland, and we must therefore admit that there has been a momentous alteration in the national character, and one that must influence the Irish outlook.

Of course I know it is very common among the Irish to assert that after all the language is a negligible quantity. They say: Are not we who do not know a single word of Gaelic as good Irishmen as Dermot McMurrough, who brought in the Normans, and cannot we remain as good Irishmen if we forget there is such a thing as a Gaelic speech, as long as we love Ireland and strive for the day that will one day see her take her place among the nations of the earth?

To those who object thus I will reply that there is much truth in what they say. I suppose some of the best Irishmen in the world are to be found among those who never began O'Growney's primer. I know men innocent of the Gaelic that have done great things for Ireland. I will admit that during the past one hundred and fifty years among the names of men whom all Irishmen revere are to be found many to whom the Irish language was either an unknown quantity or a secondary consideration. This is all true, but I will ask for a moment to let me co-ordinate this truth with certain other truths of history. No fact stands alone. Let me set the fact that good Irishmen have not known Irish with a few facts which are just as important, and let us see what results will arise.

The first fact to which I would draw your attention is this, that in the nature of things and it would seem by the very decree of the God of Nations every people has its own tongue. This is as true in history as in mathematics it is true that two and two are four. It is as universal as the truth that water runs down hill. It holds for big nations and for small nations, for the nations that now are as well as for the nations that have been. For instance, France is one nation, Italy is another. France has her own language, Italy has her own language. In Spain the people speak Spanish; in Germany, German; in England, English. I do not now consider the question whether it is possible for several independent nations to have a common language. I take merely the broad, general ground that an independent nation has an independent language. When we pass from one country to another how do we discover that we have crossed the frontier? The physical features rarely differ; there are no walls like the great wall of China demarcating territory. We tell at once by the change of speech. For instance, on the French side of the frontier they speak French; on the German side, German.

Moreover, nations consider their language as their most peculiar and precious inheritance. No Frenchman would abandon the literature of France. No German would give up German literature. No Englishman would abandon the literature of England. Each nation boasts that its language en-

shrines the noblest thoughts in the noblest fashion. They teach it to the children in the schools and thereby they believe they provide liberty with the best the nation is capable of producing.

The second fact is also instructive. It is this: If one nation is conquered by another, and if the conquered nation is vital, if it is to persist—not to be swallowed up and disappear—it will preserve its own speech and throw off the speech of the foreign conqueror. England was conquered by the Normans. It was a Saxon-speaking country, but the Normans imposed their language upon it. French was the tongue of the rulers, the language of the law. The English people were vital, they did not disappear; they held together, and in a few centuries they cast off the Norman speech. By the time of Edward III. the Norman-French gave way because the English blood prevailed. Therefore, we may take it as an historical axiom that if by any chance one nation imposes its language on another that other, if it will persist, must cast off the foreign speech.

(To be continued.)

Let me never hear the word "trouble" Only tell me how the thing is to be done rightly, and I will do it if I can.—Queen Victoria.

You cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed upon a grand theatre to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent be assured they will augment your power and happiness.—Cyrus.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure and gentle and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Philips Brooks.

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## Mr. Morris' Hat.

(Continued).

Abiathar Morris calling himself an old fool! Confused to distraction though I was, this novel situation impressed me. He was changed, indeed.

"You are nothing of the kind, dear papa," said Gladys. She knelt by his side and fondled him, so that he gave up his reverie and began to toy with her pretty hair.

I dare say I ought to be ashamed to confess that the beginnings of tears came into my eyes as I looked at this fair picture. They were utterly selfish tears. What was I not losing in losing such a girl!

But Gladys herself peeped up at me with a pathetic little smile and misread my eyes.

"Oh, papa, dear," she whispered, "he does look so tired. Any one would think we had lost the money and he was sorry for us!"

She said this archly, with her head on her father's knees. The old gentleman roused himself at the words.

"Nonsense, child," he said, feebly. "Mr. Hartley knows well enough that there is no real risk of that. Don't you?"

"None, of course," he said, though still as if he craved assurance in the matter.

"There ought to be none, sir," I replied, firmly, in desperation.

"But—you will do all that is necessary—in case I am confined to the house? Mr. Roots will act for me in my absence."

Mr. Roots was the confidential clerk at Morris Limited.

We are strange creatures. Though I was as wretched as, it seemed to me, I ever could be on earth, something prompted me to continue to play the part of comforter, and I took the cue.

"It will be all right, sir, never fear," I said.

He nodded several times to the fire, then lowered his head and whispered to Gladys. I heard what he said:

"Don't let him go without a glass of wine!"

I ought to have been staggered by the kindness of such an injunction. No such thing, however. I smiled and took it as a matter of course; also Gladys' eager assent. But I could not touch the wine when it came to decanter and glass.

Ere then Mr. Morris had bade me "Good-night" in a tone that was new as applied to me. He had further hoped that I would look in the next evening. And Gladys and I had gone downstairs hand in hand, for how could I refuse the dear little hand which offered itself to me outside of her father's room?

"He has become fond of you, Davie," she said, brightly, as we descended the stairs. "So sudden, too!"

This she added mischievously.

I was in such a humor that if Tom Bowers and his son had appeared before me in that moment I would have tried to strangle the pair of them. It was the shock that had changed Mr. Morris by reminding him of his mortality and making him think of Gladys' future. He believed I was a good and strong man, able to make his daughter happy, and he felt that he owed me atonement for his earlier doubts. The pair of villains!

Once outside the house I was no longer a man in a dream. The desire for vengeance of the conventional kind in such circumstances sent me speeding back to the West End and to a police station.

Here my narrative was received and recorded dryly.

"It is a pity the Paris trains have left," I was informed.

"Wire to Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven and Southampton immediately," I said.

The inspector showed sympathy for me in my state of simplicity. "You think the man would not attempt to disguise himself?" he asked.

"Then wire to the French ports and request them to examine all passports."

But this, too was just as puerile a suggestion as the other. I had to resign myself, go away and return to Brondesbury with a feeling that the heavens had fallen and that I was mixed up inextricably in the wreckage.

The night that ensued was about

the worst I had ever spent. It really wasn't a great deal to me to realize that my career in the bank was as good as ended, for what would the directors say about my criminal imprudence in cashing such a check even on the strength of an excellently forged letter? It was Gladys that I could not resign myself to lose.

Again and again, as I tossed about, I traced the calamity from its end to its ridiculous inception. The part which was not as plain to me as my own misfortune could be easily guessed at. Tom Bowers had done secretarial work for Mr. Morris before his collapse. He either had, or obtained through his son, the necessary office paper, and he must have acted with celerity of genius in yielding to temptation and arranging his methods. No doubt he had lured his son from the office and either persuaded or compelled him to be confederate in his felony. Well, well, it makes me weak to think of it.

It was as a condemned felon myself that I went off to business in the morning. I could and did smile now as I thought of the future; but what bitterness was in that smile?

I entered the bank as usual, and there standing at the counter, with downcast face and bleared eyes, the first person I saw was—Tom Bowers!

"You?" I cried, so that the clerks turned their heads in astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley," said Tom Bowers, quietly. "I—I want to speak to you in private."

He had something inside his frowzy frock coat. I could tell that by the bulge. A furious hope took possession of me.

"Come this way," I said.

No sooner were we alone, with both doors shut, than my glorious intuition was confirmed. The sealed packet was laid upon my desk and the poor half maudlin man folded his hands and begged for mercy.

"Not for my own sake, sir, I'm past caring what happens to me—but for Willie. As sure as I'm standing here—"

"Never mind that," I said. I patted the poor fellow on the shoulder instead of ringing the bell and sending for the police. "Tell me how you came to do it."

"Mr. Hartney, sir," he pleaded "he's honest down to the marrow, I swear to you. He—he's disowned me—isn't going to ever speak to me again; and if I hadn't come like this he'd have given me in charge himself. He was outside when you came in, sir, watching to see I didn't slip away; I'm proud of such a son; God forgive me, I am."

While he said this I was counting the notes, though, in fact, I need not have troubled, for the very seals of the packet were unbroken. What in the world made you think of such a thing?" I asked, pausing at the fortieth note.

"I'd be glad to know that myself, sir," said he. "That I would. I found it in the hat—this very hat—and first sight I thought something ought to come of it. But I was hardly at Piccadilly Corner when I ran back to give it to the porter to give to Mr. Morris. There I saw them helping him into a cab, and when I heard the word given for Brondesbury I held back, sir. They said he'd had a seizure. That did for me, sir. The thought of all that money and living in comfort out of England took hold of me like a panorama. I went and borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from Willie and made him get ten minutes' leave. You know the rest, sir; and, whether it's Portland or Dartmoor, I'll bear it for the comfort of knowing Willie will always run straight."

The notes were right. "It will be neither Portland nor Dartmoor, if I have any influence with Mr. Morris, Bowers," I said. "Sir!" he said, bewildered. As for me, I laughed in spite of everything, a sort of half-delirious laugh, and held out my hand to poor Tom Bowers.

"Don't be such a fool again," I said; "and if you like to call and have a chat later in the afternoon we'll see what can be done for you."

He left the room with tears of gratitude on his cheeks. I soon followed him, and, after calling on Mr. Roots and wiring to Mr. Mor-

ris, had the immeasurable satisfaction of myself handing the £10,000 to the former gentleman to pay the account for which the check was drawn.

In my telegram I merely told Mr. Morris that the check had come to me and asked for his instructions. These were admirably suited to the situation.

Poor Tom Bowers had in his confession set me a good example. It remained to be seen what would come of mine when I humbled myself to Gladys' father. I did not make it that evening completely. Gladys herself heard it, but thought her father might be better able to hear it the following evening. This was merely a sweet, fond artifice in her to spare me. She broke the curious history to Mr. Morris the next day, and it was due to her loving talent that he took the highest possible view of my reticence in the matter. When I went upstairs to him and began to assume the demeanor of a penitent the old gentleman stopped me with upraised hand.

"I have already received explanatory intelligence on the subject, Mr. Hartley," he said, with overdone formality. "You may be congratulated on your mediatrix. I, her father, say it. You are a fortunate fellow, David." The change in his tone and the smile with which he offered me his hand perfected my contentment.

There is little more to say about this odd—and blessed—misadventure of a hat, to which I believe I owe my impending marriage.

Young Bowers was amply forgiven by Gladys' father. Mr. Morris appears to be pretty much his old self again physically, though wonderfully softened in other respects. He no longer, however, carries his checks on the top of his head. I myself have taken Tom Bowers in hand. He has been enabled to invest £100 in a small business concern of which he is proud to be the managing clerk, and if portents go for anything drink will never again get the better of him.

As for the fateful hat itself, I persuaded Tom Bowers to sell it to me for £100. Gladys very amiably agrees with me that I may, if I please, pay lifelong respect to it as a humble, yet competent agent, under Providence, of my—that is, our—future happiness.—C. Edwards in Chambers' Journal.

Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself?—Thomas a' Kempis.



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**CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.**

CCXXIII.

Sacred Heart Review.

In the cant phrase of these vulgar Protestant controversialists we have it continually recurring: "In the Middle Ages and especially during the Great Schism, there were two, and at last three infallible Popes, infallibly cursing one another."

Of course, as I have said, this is not so much ignorance as lying malice. Not only does Lansing, infinitely illiterate as he is, know that the Catholic Church holds that there can never be two genuine Popes at once, although there may be more than one claimant of the title, but he knows perfectly well, for he has read the Vatican definition, that even for the one authentic Pope the Church claims no such infallibility as would be imperilled by a temporary schism.

Lansing himself tells us this by quoting from the "Pastor aeternus." Here the Church claims only doctrinal infallibility for the Pope, and not even that except when he defines "ex cathedra." Now it so happens that every cathedraic definition has proceeded from an undisputed Pope.

Although not of faith, it is widely held that a Pope is infallibly guided in establishing a monastic order. Here also the Church is safe, for every order has been sanctioned by an undoubted Pope. Had it been otherwise, such a questionable order would have been simply tolerated until a Pope of certain title had either confirmed it or annulled it.

It is almost universally held, although neither is this of faith, that the Pope is infallibly guided in a canonization. Now only one saint, I believe, namely Charlemagne, has been canonized by an antipope. The Church, having judged that in this case the antipope acted wisely, has tacitly ratified the canonization. It therefore derives its authority, not from the antipope, but from his authentic successors. Yet even so it bears the taint of its origin. The honors of the altars are now rendered to the great Emperor only at Aix-la-Chapelle and in some parts of Switzerland.

We see then that the Church would suffer no serious trouble of conscience over questions of doctrines, or canonizations, or approvals of religious orders, even had the Popes of doubtful title been inclined to pass upon them; which we see they have not. In such cases the Church would simply wait until the title was settled. Should it prove unsound, all such decisions would collapse, unless ratified by an unquestioned Pope. Of course the matter has long since ceased to have any practical force.

Those who use this specious but superficial mode of attack upon the Catholic Church think that they have irresistible artillery when they remind Catholics that in the years before the Council of Constance there were three men claiming the papacy, each having a colorable title, and each obeyed in a part of the Church, yet concerning whom she has not positively determined, unto this day, that any one of them was an authentic Pope, as two of them must certainly have been spurious. It follows therefore, say these men, that all the bishops instituted by two, or by all three, were intruders, and all the matrimonial dispensations invalid, and all such marriages mere concubinage.

These things do not follow at all. It is a first principle of canonical law, that when any one has a colorable title his acts of jurisdiction are valid. No one of these three exercised the supreme prerogative of defining, but his current acts of government within his obedience held good. Therefore the institutions and dispensations, alike of Balthasar Cossa, calling himself John XXIII., of Peter de Luna, calling himself Benedict XIII., and of Angelo Cornaro, calling himself Gregory XII., were all alike valid. Not until the obstinacy of de Luna refused to acknowledge Martin V. did his papal acts, in his little peninsula of Peniscola, become void.

Of course these arguments are for those a few steps above the level of the Lansings and Christians, and such trashy characters. This raff has neither patience nor sense for anything but the clatter of their

imbecile formula: "Three infallible popes, infallibly cursing one another." What good does it do to tell them, in language papally confirmed, that the Pope does not pretend to be "infallible or impeccable in his life and conduct, or in his political views, or in his relations with temporal princes and governments, or even in the government of the Church?" It does no good to remind them that an anathema, besides having no infallibility when it concerns a person, is no more a curse than the 28th of Deuteronomy, or St. Paul's sentence against the incestuous person, on the two of which it is modelled. They will listen to you for a moment, and then, like other people bereft of their wits, the one by nature, the other by sectarian malice, will begin again on the endless repetition of the old refrain: "Three infallible popes infallibly cursing one another." As long as they stick to this, they feel as safe as a blind horse going round in a mill. Cut them loose, and bring them out on the free ground of argument and historical consideration, and there would be danger of their becoming idiots outright.

Lansing tells us that John XXIII. was deposed for very shame of his crimes. True, he was a very evil man. Yet Lansing tells us that the crimes of Benedict VIII. were quite as great. An astounding assertion, seeing that nothing was ever alleged against either the title or the life of this Pope, although Milman thinks he might have been a little less fond of a brush with the enemy in the field. I should have surmised a slip of the pen, except that he elsewhere gives us the same number. In fact the man is about as well acquainted with the line of the Popes as of the Mikados. He drags poor Benedict VIII. before the Council of Constance, in happy unconsciousness that he died four hundred years earlier. This is a little ahead of his feat in resuscitating Cardinal Bellarmine a hundred and fifty years after his death, to poison Pope Clement XIV.

Of course the man means, as far as he is capable of meaning anything, Peter de Luna, who called himself Benedict XIII. How now is the Catholic Church answerable for the character of an antipope, whose title of Benedict XIII. was assumed by an authentic Pope in 1724?

However, Lansing is grossly calumnious (calumny, indeed, is the breath of his nostrils) in saying that the crimes of Peter de Luna were as great as those of John XXIII. Apart from his final rebellion against the Church, he was a man of spotless character. The learned and impartial Creighton tells us he was a man devout, able, and of blameless morals. The Bishop of London also exonerates him of fault in accepting the election, and in refusing to lay down the tiara as long as matters were so perplexed. However, when at last John XXIII. and Gregory XII. gave way, and the authentic Pope Martin was chosen, de Luna became a perjurer and schismatic by refusing to acknowledge the true Pope. The Council, in pronouncing him a heretic also, simply referred to the obstinacy of his schism, which was the common form of language at that time. In fact, his doctrine was unimpeachable.

The subsequent mildness of Rome towards de Luna's adherents seems to show that the obstinate old Spaniard was recognized as having become morally incapable of receding, so that we are not required to be very severe as respects his subjective blame worthiness.

And this is the man whom Lansing describes as stained with all the crimes of Balthasar Cossa!

Page 81 Lansing reproaches the Church that all the Popes, bad or good, are held "equally infallible." True, equally infallible in doctrine, when speaking "ex cathedra." Was not Caiaphas, the murderer of the Redeemer, as authentic a highpriest as the pious Jehoiada? Does not St. John attribute to him, officially, the gift of prophecy, which the Roman Church ascribes to no Pope as such?

Alexander VI. was the worst of the Popes, yet he never uttered a heresy. Does the man mean to tell us, against the Saviour and St. Paul, that orthodoxy always implies goodness?

He then says that "all" popes, even the worst, dying, "are canonized as 'saints.'" Hear the willing-

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