

# Northwest Review



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## Current Comment

After so much recent talk about the Lord's Day as our separated brethren would want to have it observed it is refreshing to turn to the impression produced by a Catholic Sunday on an Anglican clergyman. The Rev. D. Lang, Vicar of All Saints' in one of the southern counties of England, thus describes how he found Sunday spent in Bristen, Switzerland:—

"As I went to the church at 8.30 a.m., I found the rustic path that does duty for a village street, thronged with groups of men and boys, some in conversation, others sitting side by side on the roadside railing. This is probably their weekly club, where they get the chance once in seven days of exchanging family news—and smoking a pipe together. I wondered at first whether all these members of the 'nobler sex' were coming to church as when I entered the sacred building there were only women and girls present, filling up the entire left side of the church, kneeling down or sitting quietly, looking neither to the right nor left—most of them with books of devotion.

Presently, however, the male part of the community began to file in in military order—each one making his genuflection and signing himself with the Holy Water—filling the right hand seats from the top to the bottom of the church and then overflowing into the space in the centre. There is no need to ask where are the men? in some parts of Christendom. As I sat there I could not help contrasting this Catholic village with Protestant Lausanne, in which it was my misfortune to have to be last year and where most of the shops are open on Sunday, and no one seems to go to any place of worship, but to be bent on loafing about in Sunday attire!"

"The thought of 'Roman' had vanished from my mind—these people were Catholic Christians keeping their Lord's commandment on His day. Many of them had made their communion at one of the Masses earlier in the day, and all had a long and tedious journey to make before they could get home. No wonder then, if after services some staid behind in the village for refreshments and conviviality, yet all was quiet and without anything of disorder, and soon the village returned to its normal state. One cannot help being impressed by such scenes as this, and it is impossible not to see that instead of wanting to convert these peasants and giving them Bibles and tracts, we might take many a lesson from them in their quiet devotion and simple piety."

The current San Francisco "Monitor" says that Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan has turned over his house at Fulton and Steiner streets to the Presentation Nuns, whose institutions at Taylor and Ellis street and at Powell street were swept away by the fire. His Grace has leased a small place at San Mateo, and will remain there until such time as his home in the city is available for his use. He goes back and forth by train almost daily, and the business of the diocese is conducted as usual at the diocesan office, No. 1100 Franklin street.

The Sisters who suffered such a heavy loss by the late catastrophe are deeply touched by the Archbishop's thoughtful consideration in providing them a temporary home under his own roof. The house is new and the interior has been re-arranged to meet the requirements of an improvised convent. Beyond the breaking of the chimneys, the Archbishop's residence passed through the earthquake uninjured, and by placing it at the disposal of the nearly one hundred Sisters rendered homeless by the calamity which razed the greater part of the city, His Grace kindly solved a very serious problem confronting these religious.

By an imperial ukase the Douma, or Parliament of Russia, was dissolved on July 21, and a new Douma was summoned to meet on March 5, 1907. "This Parliament," says the "Catholic Colum-

bian," was a failure. It had done nothing in constructive legislation. It simply set up to defy the throne and to inflame the people to revolution. It deserved to be abolished.

The bureaucracy should be swept away. A constitutional government should be formed. But robbery, assassination, theft and disloyalty to constituted authority acting lawfully for the welfare of the people cannot be approved. The excesses of the Parliament and the peasants cannot be excused. The government was justified in dissolving the Douma."

To this we may add the more recent news that the Russian government, through the new premier, Mr. Stolypin, expresses its determination of entering upon a policy of strong-handed reform and distinctly disclaims any intention of reverting to the acknowledged abuses of the bureaucratic regime. There will be repression of revolt, but no reaction. It is hoped that the innate patriotism and civic sense of the masses of the nation will keep them faithful to the crown.

Some time ago the Russian government asked for a report as to the social, civil and religious complexion of the members of the first deliberative body Russia has known. The report has been submitted, and it contains some interesting facts. Twenty-two distinct peoples are represented in this remarkable body.

By religions they are divided as follows: Russian Orthodox, 339; Catholics, 63; Protestants, 13; Old Believers 4; Baptists, 1; Jews, 11; Mohammedans, 14; Buddhists, 1; no religion, 1.

With regard to education, a large proportion, 184 in number, never attended any kind of schools; 11 went through the lower grades; 61 through the middle and 189 either finished or partly finished university courses. In spite of the large number that never attended school, only two are unable to read or write.

By parties the members are classified as follows: Constitutional Democrats, 153; Group of Toil, 107; Autonomous, 63; Party of Democratic Reform, 4; Octoberists, 13; Moderates, 2; Trade and industry, 1; Unclassified, 105. The average age of the members is 39.

Commenting on this report, the "Western Watchman" says:

It will be seen that there are in the Douma sixty-three Catholics; a very respectable minority, and one that will eventually hold the balance of power in that body. There are eleven Jews; a fact which proves two things; first, that the Douma is not controlled by the Jewish agitators; and secondly, that they are not as much persecuted as their papers would have us believe. There are thirteen Protestants and fourteen Mohammedans, and these will naturally stand together, as they have always done in any measure of reform that may be proposed. Of course the Russian Orthodox Church has a preponderant majority, but that may prove its weakness. The struggle will be among the 339 Orthodox Russian deputies, and the other 110 will do little else than look on and watch for a chance to strike a decisive blow.

Cologne cathedral, the glory of the famous Rhenish city, is in a really dangerous state. Recently several pieces of carved stone fell to the street and passers by had narrow escapes. The central portion of the cathedral was immediately closed. Since then great blocks of masonry have fallen away and more serious damage is feared. A committee of architects was summoned and scaffolding erected. From this the architects made an exhaustive examination and discovered that the masonry of both the chief entrance and the south entrance is loose, and has crumbled to such an extent that the two portals were in danger of falling. Should this have occurred the damage might have been

(Continued on page 5)

## Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface leaves on Saturday for Ile des Chenes, where, in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, he will give Confirmation, returning on Monday, August 6, for the opening on that day of the annual Clergy Retreat at St. Boniface College.

Rev. Father Giroire, late curate at St. Anne, has been appointed pastor of St. Adelard. Rev. Father Pierquin succeeds him as assistant to Rev. R. Giroux, pastor of St. Anne.

Rev. John Shelbert left on the 27th ult. for the mission of South Qu'Appelle to which he has been appointed.

Rev. Peter Schorr was ordained deacon by His Grace last Tuesday.

There has been a good deal of sickness among the clergy of late. Rev. Father Camirand was recently laid up in St. Boniface Hospital with an alarming attack of blood poisoning following upon the extraction of a tooth, but we are happy to say he is now quite well again. Rev. Father Menage, of Willow Bunch, is suffering from lung trouble at St. Boniface Hospital. Rev. Father Desrosiers, who took a trip to Vancouver with Rev. Father Perreault, is seriously ill in the Catholic hospital at Portland, Ore. Rev. Father Fillion is also reported as very ill in the east, whither he went lately.

Rev. Father Perreault, of Fanny-stelle, returned last Saturday from the Pacific coast.

Rev. Father Jaslier, who lately arrived from France and went first to Ste. Rose du Lac, is appointed assistant to Rev. Father Meleux at Rainy River.

The "Tablet's" Rome correspondent, writing on July 8, says: "The Holy Father is in very good health, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

Rev. Charles Cahill, O.M.I., pastor of St. Mary's, who will leave here about the middle of August as a delegate to the chapter of his order in Rome for the election of a new general, the former general having resigned, was presented on Sunday afternoon by the members of the Altar society with a silk hat in a valuable leather case as a slight token of their appreciation of the way in which he had devoted himself to the progress of the society and the encouragement of the members. The presentation was made by the president, Mrs. F. W. Russell, who voiced the interest all feel in the trip the reverend pastor is about to take and their best wishes and heartfelt prayers for a safe return. Father Cahill, who was completely taken by surprise, cordially thanked the members and spoke of the valuable work done in the parish by this admirable society.

The Holy Father's instructions to the French bishops may be expected shortly. The supposed revelations concerning them in the French papers are entirely untrustworthy.

Rev. Father Woodcutter, who left lately for a tour in Germany in the interests of immigration, writes from the steamship "Empress of Ireland," off Moville, July 19: "Shall arrive at Liverpool to-night about 12. Had splendid voyage, less than seven days."

Rev. Fathers Carriere and Bellavance, S.J., left this week for the scholasticate of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal, where the former will teach philosophy and the latter study theology.

A long and interesting report of the ordination of Rev. Theophilus Pare at St. Anne on July 26 will appear in the "Central Catholic" next week.

Just as with a man who eateth a sweet and sour apple; after doing so he knows it the sweet from the sour. So also is it when a man tasteth God, after which, he recognises that all other things are bitter, and he values them accordingly.—Tauler.

## Persons and Facts

According to the first bulletin of the recent census taken in this city, by Commissioner Blue, the population of Winnipeg is 90,216. During the past five years our population has more than doubled, as it was only 42,340 in 1901. Only twelve other towns are mentioned in this first bulletin, Brandon, Portage la Prairie and St. Boniface not being included in the list. Of these twelve towns those that show the greatest increase in the five years are Stonewall, whose population has almost exactly trebled (from 589 to 1,704), Killarney, which has nearly doubled (from 585 to 1,117), and Souris, which has increased from 838 to 1,413. Morden and Gretna show a slight decrease.

James Nolan, an inmate of an almshouse in County Wexford, Ireland, has established what is believed to be an indisputable claim to a share in the estate of Patrick White, an aged recluse, who died in Brooklyn, May 2, leaving over \$1,000,000. When White died it was thought he did not have a living relative and that the estate would escheat to the state. It was his practice to file every letter and scrap of paper that came into his possession and this made it possible for the public administrator to obtain a clew to James Nolan and his brother Patrick. The administrator is also looking up a clew to other heirs in Newfoundland.

By a decree given May 26, Pope Pius X. has conferred upon the College of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome, an institution in the hands of the Dominican Fathers, the title of a Pontifical University, empowering it to confer degrees in philosophy, theology and canon law, which degrees will carry with them the same privileges as those of all other canonically instituted universities.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, has been taken to the Sacred Heart Sanitarium at Milwaukee for treatment, owing to his continued indisposition. The distinguished prelate was stricken with paralysis about seven months ago, and has never entirely recovered, though he is greatly improved. Reports that he sustained another stroke are erroneous.

Rome, July 31.—The Pope to-day received the United States pilgrims conducted by the Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and the Rev. John J. McCrane, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who were presented by Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American college. The Pope is enjoying excellent health. Mr. McCrane gave the Pope a gold pen and Bishop Gabriels presented him with \$1,350 of Peter's pence. The Bishop also read an address in which he said Catholicism was making rapid strides in the United States, due to the complete freedom which the Church enjoyed and the good will of the American civil authorities. He quoted President Roosevelt as saying to him on learning that the bishop was to conduct a pilgrimage to Rome: "Tell the Pope that I send him my profound regards. I have tried to treat Protestants and Catholics alike, as my latest appointments show. I will try to perpetuate this policy. This republic will stand for many a century. I expect that there will be Catholic presidents as well as Protestant. I trust that all will treat each other as I have tried to do." The Pope answered by thanking the Bishop most warmly, expressing his great love for the United States and his very highest esteem of President Roosevelt. The Pontiff also presented the leaders of the pilgrimage with medals and consented to be photographed in the group of pilgrims.

Out of ten who passed the recent first-class teachers' examination, three were young ladies trained by the Sisters of Jesus and Mary. Their names are Mary Burns, Madge Dudley and Mary Markinski. This is a very fine showing when we consider that Catholics are only one-fifth of the entire Manitoba

population, and that, having schools of their own in this city, they send up much less than that proportion of candidates to the teachers' examinations.

The Winnipeg Street Railway is now at last treating St. Boniface properly in the matter of car accommodation. The cars running on that line are among the largest and most comfortable in the company's service, and yet even these cars are sometimes overcrowded.

For other hope we have none, amid the manifold evils of this present world, than to knock in prayer, to believe and maintain the belief firm in the heart, that thy Father only doth not give thee what he knoweth is not expedient for thee. For thou knowest what thou dost desire; he knoweth what is good for thee.—St. Augustine.

Prayer should be regarded as the greatest of all privileges, not the most onerous of duties.—Barton.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

Several leading London physicians are now advocating the use of a handkerchief made of paper. This is not only with the idea of preventing the spread of consumption, but a myriad of other diseases. It is argued that a linen handkerchief which is carried in the pocket and becomes heated is necessarily a disseminator of undesirable germs, and with the aid of the laundries a constant circulation of deadly organisms is kept up.

It is customary in many English sanatoria to provide the patients with paper handkerchiefs, which, after use, are placed in receptacles, where they are immediately cremated. Most of the handkerchiefs used in these sanatoria are of Japanese make, as the English made have not come into great favor on account of their being much harder in texture than the Japanese.

In a paper entitled "The Joys of Spain" by Austin Harrison in the "Nineteenth Century and After," is found the following sentence: "Astounding is the enthusiasm for bull fights, nor does the Church ever raise its voice to check or stop them."

"This statement," comments the "Sacred Heart Review," is certainly more astounding than the Spanish enthusiasm for bull fights. Mr. Harrison evidently did not seek out information on this matter at all, else it would have been easy for him to find out that the Church has been for centuries opposed to the Spanish bull fight. The law of the Church in Spain, as elsewhere, ordains that those who engage in these fights and die therein be deprived of Christian burial. In 1567 Pius V. issued a decree excommunicating not only all who took part in them, but also the Princes and Governors who permitted them. Pope Clement VIII. reiterated the prohibition, with the result that the custom abated until Charles IV. of Spain finally abolished it. Under the Bonapartist regime, however, it was revived. But the attitude of the Church toward it is still as hostile as ever. No priest is allowed to be present at any bull fight, not even to administer the last sacraments to those who may be seriously injured. He is not allowed to remain even within convenient distance lest his presence should seem to sanction the cruel sport."

At the first Mass of Rev. Stephen W. Wilson at St. Thomas Aquinas' church, Philadelphia, two weeks ago, the officers as well as the celebrant of the Mass were all converts. Father Wilson was formerly pastor of the Episcopal church of the Redeemer, Philadelphia, and a number of his old parishioners were present at his first celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

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## SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

Owing to a change in the management of the "Northwest Review," this letter has been overlooked. It should have appeared a fortnight ago. We beg Mr. Henry to accept our humble apology. All comments his letter might suggest are met by our remarks on this question last week.—Editor "Northwest Review."

To the Editor of the Northwest Review:  
Dear Sir:

"Por el Dominio," a correspondent writing in your issue of July 7th, in referring to a letter of mine which you kindly published a few weeks ago, says that I went out of my way to make remarks on the dour Scottish Sabbath, also that I made an unprovoked attack on Scottish morals.

As a matter of fact my letter was but a mild reply (first printed in the Free Press) to another gentleman who asked his (Free Press) readers to compare the history of Scotland with those of China, France and America. In such circumstance it was not strange that I should draw a comparison along the lines suggested. At the same time the occasion compelled my expression of regret that I should be inadvertently called upon to adorn a moral at Scotland's expense.

If the argument I used was in error it would have been better for "Por el Dominio" to refute it than to covet the passing vanity of having his "innings" at the expense of a "false and foolish friend."

To my mind, however, it is questionable whether the refutation of my argument was Mr. Dominio's object, in view of the large proportion of his letter which is devoted to that well known modern style of Pharisaical self-appreciation.

But this is the harmless side of "Por el Dominio," for with all his show of righteousness he is guilty of exaggeration in attributing to me a statement in which I refer to the superior morals of a country "where out-door games and dances are in full swing on Sunday evenings." I did not make use of this expression, but I did state, and with an assurance born of intimate knowledge, that the most Christian and the most moral country in the world to-day has a cheerful Sabbath, that it tolerates Sunday sports and recreations and that even Sunday dances are known. My object was to emphasize the fact that to keep holy the Sabbath Day one must, first of all, have a clean heart, for "the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing."

"Por el Dominio" cannot say in Christian charity that every man who indulges in recreation on Sunday thereby sins and breaks God's commandment.

Further, in drawing my illustration, I did not by any means infer that, in regard to the country referred to, Sunday pastimes were the rule, I did not say that such were encouraged by the clergy. Neither did I state that I was speaking of a Catholic country or that I myself was a Catholic. "Por el Dominio" assumes such to be the case and I have to wonder that the intelligence which prompts this assumption was not equally fortunate in locating the country "par excellence" whose morals I compared to those of Scotland.

It is clear that "Por el Dominio" misinterprets my letter and seeks to turn my arguments into his "innings." If I did try to emphasize anything it was the fact that true morality did not consist merely of "tone," and that it was not at all circumscribed by the false "proprieties" of society's requirements.

Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking in London a few weeks ago, in referring to the sins of that smart society who regard "tone" as the be-all and end-all, said: "The set of whom I speak are as unclean and as unwholesome as any condemned product of Chicago."

I did not go quite so far as that; yet "Por el Dominio" charges me with "going against" the good priests of St. Boniface. The charge is so absurd that I will not take it seriously.

I believe that if "Por el Dominio" was able to answer his own question: "Who is Patrick Henry?" he would not

be very seriously concerned about the harm I am doing to the Catholic faith.

When, however, I am accused by a responsible person of being a "false and foolish friend" or an enemy to the Faith, I will meet the accusation in a manner characteristic of my race.

Yours truly,

PATRICK HENRY.

662 Beverley street, City.  
July 4.

## Physically Exhausted

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## THE ALHAMBRA

Wonders of a Mighty Past are Still To be Seen in Spanish Beauty Spot.

Sunday morning in the Alhambra. Though our hotel was within easy reach of the Cathedral of Granada, whose deep melodious bells rang most invitingly, we had seen a small church, a Moorish mosque in the Alhambra, and its quaintness, its history begot a wish to attend Mass celebrated on the first altar raised in the citadel of the infidel. Up from the old city, half Moorish, half Spanish in architecture leads a long winding street that ends at the main entrance to the Alhambra. Something of the Arab's reverence for this "sacred grove" steals over one as he enters and hears the murmuring sound of rushing waters; tastes the clear mountain air permeated with the pungent odor of myrtle and earth-covered roots, sees the forest of trees rising tier above tier, and over all feels a calm that is infinite.

Still upward we climbed, past Moorish fountains splashing gently as when the white-garbed Moor stopped to slake his thirst; past silvery cascades dancing down the moss covered stones—and then we were entering the Gate of Justice. This tower-gateway is one of the most imposing structures of the many towered ramparts. Its two gates, outer and inner, and connected by a queer winding passage to make defence easy, is a wonderful work of labor and skill. Above the gate is a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child in her arms. After a long walk between two immensely high stone walls with the sky showing like a narrow blue ribbon, we reached the little church which almost adjoins the unfinished palace of Charles V. Handsome as the latter building is, it is a false note in the grand harmony of Moorish art, crowding its Spanish architecture against the cluster of Mohammedan palaces. There is some talk of the government completing this building, which was begun in 1526, and using it for a national museum.

It is something to have one's expectations realized, but to have them surpass a point where the imagination in its most riotous mood failed to reach, is the lavish amount of pleasure the Alhambra furnishes. Whether it be the wonderful architecture of the palaces, the exquisite beauty of the courts with their groves of laurel, cypress and oranges, its fortified walls and towers, or the entrancing views from window and parapet, this magnificent stronghold of the Moor reared in the mountain fastness of Spain, is a cup of keen delight heaped, full and running over. It took more than a century to build the Alhambra. We first see its massive high walls and its twenty-three towers enclosing the hills of the Alhambra and the Albacin, which together make the centre of the Moorish kingdom—then the palaces.

These are a group of buildings indescribably beautiful in the brilliancy of their coloring, delicacy of the slender, marble columns, honeycomb vaulting

of the domes and the wall decoration of inscriptions of passages from the Koran or some religious poetry. These homes of the Moorish kings, who fostered art, literature and science and who made so beautiful their seat of power, are marked throughout with the simple dignity of the civilization of the Occident. When King Alfonso, after his coronation, visited Granada, the senora and senoritas of the city's grandees gave a tea for him in the Court of Myrtles. The fountains that play only on the anniversary of the Conquest of Granada flashed their silver sprays in the sunlight, and when the boy-king entered the Alhambra gate a merry welcome was rung from the old watch-tower, where centuries ago the Moors were wont to sound a warning that the Christian enemy was sighted among the hills. Irving used the cool myrtle-edged pool for his morning bath and in the rooms overlooking he wove romances of the Moor and the veiled princess.

From the Court of Myrtles we wandered into the Court of Lions, which takes its name from the lion fountain made by Christian captives. Nearby is the magnificent audience chamber, the Hall of the Ambassadors. In this room was held the last conference of the Moors before they surrendered the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. Its ornamentation is considered the richest piece of work in the Alhambra. Through courts and palaces we passed, then went down through an underground passage to the baths that are well equipped with large marble tubs. Besides the openings in the wall above the tub to admit fresh water there are others through which would flow a stream of Oriental perfume to make still more pleasant the morning plunge of these favored sons and daughters of Mahommed. The tubs were easily drained of their contents by a line of sunken tile connected with a stream of running water and rushing down the side of every palace—hence the cleanliness of the Spanish Moor.

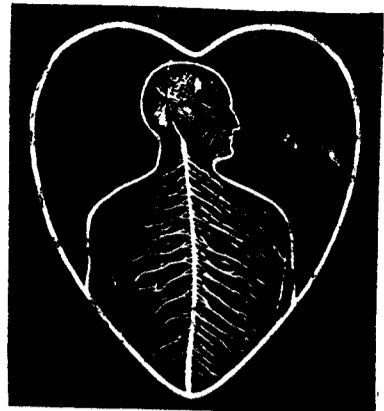
One of the finest views of the Alhambra is to be had from the balcony of the Queen's Combing Tower. Standing there we saw that trio of prison towers overlooking the street walls and at a little distance away a tiny mosque, whose interior is so fairlike and its niche for the Koran so exquisite in decoration that it seemed as if it must be but a pretty playhouse built for the amusement of King Midas' favourite child. Sharply cleaving the blue sky is the great Gate of the Seven Floors, the gate through which Bobadil left the conquered city, and which has been walled up ever since, because, so Alhambra traditions say, of the request of the defeated Moor to Isabella. In one of the most lonely and deserted points of the Alhambra is an old mosque that, after the exit of Bobadil, was converted into a convent, and it was here the body of Isabella was laid until its removal to the Cathedral of Granada. This historic building is now occupied by a poor family that earns a livelihood by doing odd jobs for tourists.

The Alhambra without the Generalife would be like the absence of a beautiful gem from a jewelled cluster. It lies on the side of the mountain opposite to the Alhambra and was the summer residence of the Moorish princes. This shady cypress walk leading up to the palace is delightful, every bend affording splendid views of the valley and the mountains, but it is forgotten in the exquisite charm of the gardens of the Generalife with their foliage, terraces, grottoes, fountains and murmuring streams. At the highest point is the garden where grows the Sultan's cypress. Over 600 years old, this venerable tree is still as full of vigor as when its dark, drooping branches shaded the wife of Bobadil, when she held tryst with one of her husband's courtiers, who paid his head for that midnight visit. The views from the Generalife are unrivalled, taking in, as it does, the Alhambra and Albacin hills.

This magnificent summer palace was a gift from Isabella to one of her soldiers who had shown great valor in the fierce fight with the infidel. In after years one of the descendants of the Spanish crusader, a woman. Married a Moor, when the reigning sovereign exiled her and her family to the last generation, but did not confiscate the property, which, through marriage, ultimately passed into the hands of Italians. Spain is fighting through the courts to regain possession of beautiful Generalife.

The government is showing more interest than formerly in the Alhambra and everywhere evidences are to be seen of its efforts to preserve these monuments of the triumph of the Cross over the Koran. The grounds are splendidly lighted with electricity and the palaces and walls well taken care of. Thanks to the Moor's splendid system of irrigation, in which water is piped from the Sierras, the fountains in the grove are

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never silent, nor the hillside ever barren from drought. A heavy penalty is enforced against the snoring or shooting of the innumerable nightingales who make the grove their home and pay for their leafy quarters by singing an everlasting song. Recently there has been erected a gigantic white marble cross that extends a benison upon the valley below and the mountains beyond, even to where stands the snow-crested Sierra Nevada.

If the cleanliness of the Alhambra makes it a delightful place to stroll and enjoy the surroundings, not so the opposite hill, the Albacin, which was once the dwelling place of the Moorish aristocracy and which is now one of the filthiest quarters in Europe, not excepting Tangier. It is peopled by the vagrant poor and gypsies, but so superb are the views from its summit and so interesting are the glimpses to be had of Moorish palaces and of the antique streets, through some of which persons must walk single file, that the end repays the means. Not all of the gypsies live on the Albacin Hill, many of them dwelling in caves at the foot of the Generalife. Of course, we saw a gypsy dance; the movements were graceful, but the music was a monotonous tomtom; the women were ugly and the men were fat.

Granada is held by travellers to be the culminating point of a journey to Spain. It is picturesquely situated, lying at the base of two mountain spurs and with the snow-clad mountains to the Southeast. Like the Alhambra, it is delightful with its glimpses of the mighty past, Moorish and Spanish. The main thoroughfare, the street of the Catholic Kings, is of considerable proportions, and recently a new street, extending for several blocks and straight and wide, has been opened. Because of the tearing down of a number of old buildings to straighten the street an excellent exterior view of the Cathedral is just now to be had. The Cathedral of Granada is an example of the best Renaissance building in Spain, and is rich in painting and sculpture.

Its greatest interest lies in it being the burial place of the Catholic kings, their daughter, the mad Queen Isabella, and her husband, Philip the Handsome. The iron bound coffins, which have never been opened, rest in a vault beneath the sanctuary. The royal monuments are a nation's tribute to the house of Castile and Arragon. They are of Florence marble, superbly decorated. A life-size figure surmounts the top of each, Ferdinand wears the Order of St. George, and Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Opening off the royal chapel is a room where are kept priceless souvenirs of the two who freed Granada from the Moor. There lie the plain little silver crown Isabella wore and which seeing made the contemporary sovereigns wonder at the Spanish queen's poverty; vestments worked by her, also the flag which she made to float over the conquered city; the little silver casket that held the jewels offered to Columbus; the missal and the sacred picture that stood on the altar erected on the battlefield, and the sword and sceptre of Ferdinand.

Over 250 years before Isabella the Catholic raised the cross above Granada St. Ferdinand had won for Christendom the most noble monument of religious architecture of the Mohammedan in Spain—the Cathedral of Cordova, the chief Mosque of the Moors and the proud rival of the mosque at Mecca. The interior is a forest of columns, forming nineteen aisles. Cordova is the Cathedral.—Elizabeth Angela Hendy, in Catholic Union and Times.

## PITY THE POOR RICH

What's the use of hurrying and worrying and scurrying?  
Cease your labor, tired neighbor; come awhile and play.  
What's the use of plundering and thundering and blundering?  
Stop awhile and learn to smile and think of yesterday.  
What's the use of bustling and hustling and rustling?  
Figures lie and riches fly and death alone is sure.  
Quit your game of grabbing and nabbing and stabbing.  
None so wealthy, none so healthy as the happy poor.

—Sam. S. Stinson.

St. Vincent de Paul says: We ought to regard it as a great misfortune not only for individuals, but also for whole families and religious orders to have everything go according to their desires, to spend their time quietly and to suffer nothing for the love of God. "Hold it for certain," he continues, "that a person or family that suffers nothing, but enjoyeth the smiles of the world is very near to a downfall."

Learn to put away obtrusive and disagreeable thoughts, for it is not possible to think to good purpose of what disturbs and annoys; and then the effort to acquire the power to turn the mind at will to whatsoever subjects is a wholesome discipline, which, by teaching us not to suffer ourselves to be overcome by our own imaginings and emotions leads to self-mastery.

Every form of passion, whether it be anger or hate or fear or greed or lust, which thrusts reason aside, and asserts itself as blind will is vulgar. It degrades the individual to the level of the species.

Trials of every kind may await you, sterner than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strength for every conflict depends on your being girded for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown the seed of life; you reap life everlasting.

The fourth of July picnic at the Minnesota State Fair grounds was in point of attendance and financially speaking the biggest thing ever held under the auspices of the Catholic parishes of St. Paul. It is estimated that 40,000 persons attended during the day and that \$30,000 was realized for the new cathedral. Stirring addresses were made by Archbishop Ireland and Gov. Johnson.

The Catholic Schulverein in Austria numbers now 60,735 members and 439 branch-unions. During the year 1905 the society received 5,658 new members and held 900 different meetings. The main object of the Verein is the support of denominational schools and opposition to the so-called free schools.

Three brothers celebrating Mass at the same time at different altars was the unusual sight witnessed in the Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns at Ottawa not long ago. The priests were the Rev. Corbeil, missionary for the new Province of Alberta; the Rev. Sylvio Corbeil of the Archbishop's residence, and the Rev. Eugene Corbeil of L'Acension. They had not come together in eight years, and for their re-union at the foot of the altar they selected the motherhouse because their sister, Sister Joseph, a teacher of music, is a member of the community. She had the happiness of assisting at the Mass.

Disgusted Customer—What is the matter with that clock you sold me last week? It won't run more than eight hours a day.

Mr. Eisenstein—Mein friendt, dot vhas a union labour clock, don't you see?

"He is very anxious to find out about his family tree."  
"Well, judging from its fruit, it must have been a slippery elm."

## Determination

Your daughters have had every advantage," said the old friend.  
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "and I'm going to keep at it until they get so cultured and refined that they can keep from laughing at my mistakes."

A MINISTER AT MASS IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

In the morning at 9.30 o'clock I went to Mass in the Cathedral. I was early, and walked about to view the interior. Here was the forest. The pillars were as tall trees and the arches above them as their meeting branches. The light melted within softly as through thick leaves. The air was cool, as though the dim half-night dwelt here always.

I saw long rows of pillars. Books by various art critics will tell you what is the matter with them, and how to cock your eye at them in a superior way and say, "Yes?" But if you are wise enough to open your heart and empty it of all this cheap, foolish knowledge, and look around you, as a baby looks at the moon you may receive something of the spiritual meaning of the place.

Watch the pillars as they spring up and up, slender and graceful, until they "break into a marble foam" yonder in the distant roof. Before you are aware your soul will escape and mount with them.

When you look at the base of them, they seem to be rising from the floor, like clustered palms. When you look at their capitals, they seem to be dropping like stalactites from above. The whole vision of the processional columns is airy, light, delicate. The mind is not weighed upon by stupendous size; it is lifted up and given wings by the cunning of the builder.

The clock chimed. The organ began to grumble. A long row of priests and vested boys came in through a side door and wound toward the altar, headed by a frail old man in bright robes, supported on either side by an assistant priest. The Bishop was about to celebrate Mass.

I do not recall much about this Mass, but above all is the memory of a voice. It came from the choir loft. Some boy—I never saw him, but I want to hear him sing in heaven—broke forth with a "Kyrie Eleison," and I thought he would break my heart. It was a sweet, wholesome voice, unspoiled as yet by masters who teach singers not to sing. It was clear as the River Reuss, that gushes out of Lake Lucerne. It was sweet as the sunshine that falls on ripening orchards. It was as caressing as a woman's love. It was as pure as a calling angel.

It filled all the distant arches of the great Cathedral, ringing sonorously and distinct to the remotest corner. The organ displayed its loudest harmonies: the chorus sang strenuously, but easily above all, as an angel soars above all the lesser flocking birds, rang out this sweet, glorious voice, "Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison!" until I found myself choking with sobs and my face wet.

I brushed away furtively my tears and looked around me. The faithful were counting their beads and moving their lips in prayer, and rising up and kneeling down to the tinkling of the bell. I suppose they knew more of that Mass than I, but I know what "Kyrie Eleison" means and I said one prayer there.

So I saw the Cathedral of Cologne, "the most magnificent specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the world." I do not know how long it is, nor how high. I do not know its cost, its date or its builders. I read all of this in my guide book, but have forgotten it.

But I hope I caught something of the feeling the builders and makers meant me to have. I looked from the side at the monstrous outline of the roof in profile against a moonlit sky, and saw my spiritual mother and her shadow lay on me and blessed me. I gazed at the two towers of the facade and saw my two sky-piercing brothers and they put their arms about me, and I walked for a space with them along the milky way. I threaded the interior and sensed the shaded glory of that forest in stone, and my soul ran up along the grouped pillars and peeped into heaven. I attended Mass and heard, if not the voice of God, a voice that God made and man had not yet spoiled.

I visited the Cathedral of Cologne. Often the Cathedral of Cologne visits me.—Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., in the Advance (Congregationalist).

Once A Warship, Now a Mill

It is not widely known that the Chesapeake, widely known for her historic encounter with the British ship Shannon in 1812, is in existence to-day, but she is used in the somewhat inglorious capacity of a flour mill in the little Hampshire parish of Wickham. After her capture by Sir Philip B. V. Broke, she was brought to England in 1814, and in 1820 her timbers were sold to John Prior, of Wickham, Hants.

If you would hit the mark aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

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HARNESSED ZEBRAS

The United States Department of Agriculture has obtained a zebra. There have been trying days for the department lately, what with the Keep commission investigating its bureaus and skeptics criticising crop estimates, so that the acquisition of an animal as unfamiliar as the zebra is something of a consolation, especial when coming after a long quest. The expectation of the Department of Agriculture is that the zebraization of American draft animals will add greatly to the economic resources of the nation. Zebras are known to be swift of foot and strong of sinew. Their wild blood will impart to that of the horse and its congeners just the desirable qualities that will enable the draft animal to be a trotter at its owner's will.

The zebra has done well in harness. There was once one of the London Rothschilds who astonished the natives by driving a zebra in a light buggy. Once your zebra is broken he is a tractable beast, save when memories of his home rise in him to trouble his driver and they are said to rise quite frequently. The zebra's peculiarities and the difficulties attending upon first catching your zebra have heretofore prevented his employment, economically, but the department of Agriculture is sanguine that, proper conditions being secured, its experiment will be successful. If these hopes are justified by the event shall we witness strangely transmogrified animals in our streets? Will our eyes be gladdened, for instance, by striped mules? The striped pig lives in song and story, but the striped mule may come or even the checked or arabesque mule to add to the gayety of transportation.

A striped mule will be a noble sight, far more eye-arresting than the calico horse. Everything of course, depends upon acclimatization. The zebra may not have the nervous versatility required to catch our climate as it flies and keep up with its changes. Much has been expected of other strange animals we have imported, only to suffer disappointment. Fifty years ago, when Jefferson Davis was secretary of war and people believed in the existence of the "Great American Desert," our government got the notion into its head that camels would solve the problem of transportation of army supplies. A ship load of camels was imported and were employed in Texas, but they did not take kindly to the change and never became influential factors of progress. They did not increase and probably long ago mingled their bones with the Texas soil. Once in a while a Southwestern paper tells us that some one has seen a camel believed to be the last of that bright band, but there is a lack of specification in these narratives that prevents confidence.

One of the yarns that had its origin in the presence of the herd of government camels is that some of the animals went northward and crossed with the elk. A strange animal, the camelko, was said to have been seen by soldiers returning from the sutler's and this report received so much credence in the east that a New York paper sent out a commissioner to find the haunts of the creature. He was passed from post to post, only to learn that the camelko disappeared the night before he arrived.—Exchange.

World's Youngest King

The youngest king in the world is Daudi Chau of Uganda, Africa, a protectorate of England. He is now about eight years of age and hold court seated on a scarlet throne with a leopard skin under his feet and bearing in his hand a toy gun.

Body Twenty-eight Years in Ice

In an almost perfect state of preservation and easily recognizable, the dead body of a guide named Nagi, a native of Aosta, Italy, who fell into a crevasse in 1877, near the summit of Monte Rosa has just been recovered from the ice. Nagi was descending the mountain in company with two Milanese Alpinists when he suddenly disappeared and the cord which bound him to the others was cut by a sharp piece of ice.

Where It Always Rains

There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, saving for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow.

The Blood is the Life

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The Honest Business Man

Cardinal Gibbons does honor to the upright merchant when he writes: "The man of business who has never soiled his hands with ill-gotten wealth; who has never taken undue advantage of his neighbor in a monetary transaction; whose word was his bond; the man who has actually paid his honest debts; who has never sheltered himself behind a legal technicality to escape a financial obligation; the man who in every vicissitude of trade and commerce, in adversity as well as prosperity, has maintained the honor of his good name—in a word, all honor to the man who has passed through the perils and battles of commercial life with a character unblemished—such a man, I hold, is more worthy of our esteem and veneration than the victorious general who returns in triumph from a prolonged war. For surely a business campaign is usually more protracted and requires more persevering energy and courage than a military conquest. 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.'"—Ev.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE STAFF

The annual announcements made on July 31, the feast of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, were given out last Monday. The staff of St. Boniface College for 1906-07 will be as follows: Rev. James Dugas, rector, prefect of studies, director of ecclesiastics, member of the University Council; Rev. Eugene Tourangeau, minister, prefect of discipline; Rev. Lewis Drummond, writer, prefect of cases of conscience, member of the University Council and Board of Studies, University examiner; Rev. Joseph Blain, professor of physics, spiritual father, University examiner, professor of French in English University course; Rev. Ludger Arpin, Bursar; Rev. Philip Bournival, professor of philosophy, director of first sodality, professor of moral theology for ecclesiastics, librarian; George Robichaud, professor of mathematics, University examiner, musical director; Rev. Armand Chosssegros, professor of classics in first and second year French University course, professor of French in fourth year, University examiner, moderator of French Academy; Rev. Louis Cotter, professor of Classics in first and second year English University course, local director of Apostleship of Prayer (English section); Guy Leclair, professor of Third Grammar for French students, librarian of students' library; Lawrence Drummond, professor of Third Grammar for English students, director of Campion library Society; Adelard Dugre, professor of Second Grammar for French students; Rev. Francis Xavier Robichaud, professor of Second Grammar for English students, director of second sodality; Rev. Ignatius Adam, professor of First Grammar for French students, local director of the Apostleship of Prayer (French section); Rev. John McDonald, teacher of First Commercial Class; Francis Kennedy, teacher of Second Commercial class; Revs. Charles Vandriessche, Samuel Lemay, Wenceslaus Tessier and

Augustine Messier, disciplinarians. Those engaged in the work of the laybrothers are: Louis Boily, buyer; Louis Gauthier, carpenter, with care of the furnaces; Edward Angers, farmer; Emeric Soucy, doorkeeper, tailor, infirmarian; John Bernard, sacristan, dispenser; Joseph Delisle, farmer's assistant; Leo Renard, refectorian; Theophilus Rousseau, farmer's assistant; Ulric Paquin, cook.

A flea and a fly in a flue,  
Were imprisoned; now what could they do?  
Said the fly, "Let us flee."  
"Let us fly," said the flea,  
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Our dumb Animals.

U.S. SILVER COINS

The Montreal Banks have taken hold of the problem of exporting United States silver as arranged for between The Dominion Government and Canadian Bankers' Association, and already the supply of foreign coins has visibly decreased. For a month's time the city banks, such as the Montreal, Molson's the Sovereign and the Bank of Commerce have been collecting and shipping to New York such U.S. coin as they can get hold of.

Concerns such as department stores and breweries, both large receivers of American coin, are turning their daily supply over to the bankers, who in turn, immediately ship it. One bank official stated that probably \$50,000 would cover the amount of American silver in circulation when the banks began shipping it, and he thought that in another month the last will have practically disappeared.

"Women are hard to understand," said the callow philosopher.  
"Not at all," answered Mr. Meekton.  
"Henrietta has never yet spoken her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear."—Washington Star.

Mediaeval Politics

Finley Acker, one of the leaders of reform in Philadelphia, said the other day: "From time immemorial there has been room for reformation in town councils. In a mediaeval German tale it says that the parish council of a small village met one evening to discuss certain improvements in the water supply. In this debate, the town's one watchman entered the room quietly, placed in a corner his lantern and spear and sat down to listen to the argument. Suddenly a councilman turned on him fiercely.  
"Fritz," he cried, 'what are you doing here? Who is to watch that nothing is stolen in the village.  
"Fritz, with an easy smile, answered: 'Who is there to steal? We are all here.'"

Said the nightwatchman when about dusk he was invited to drink a cup of coffee: "No thank you; coffee keeps me awake all night." And then he saw his blunder, looked very embarrassed, and tried to explain, but it was of no use.—Exchange.

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# Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

## Calendar for Next Week.

- 5—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. Our Lady of the Snow.
- 6—Monday—The Transfiguration of Our Lord. Commemoration of St. Xystus, Pope and Martyr, and his companions.
- 7—Tuesday—St. Cajetan, Founder of the Theatines.
- 8—Wednesday—Saints Cyriacus and Companions, Martyrs.
- 9—Thursday—Vigil. Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament. Third anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius X.
- 10—Friday—St. Lawrence, Martyr. Second class feast with octave.
- 11—Saturday—Of the octave. Commemoration of Saints Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.

## OUR NEW SERIES.

The "Northwest Review" came into being just twenty-one years ago. On attaining its majority it adopts a new name. This is the last issue of the "Northwest Review," which next Saturday will be merged into "The Central Catholic." This change of name, however, does not imply any change of policy, since the same editorial writer who has furnished copy for eleven successive years, continues to direct the Catholic weekly of this city and country. To mark this continuity, our next issue will bear the indication "Whole number 1073," and these numbers will increase by one in each successive issue. Besides being a constant reminder of the not inglorious past of our journal, this system of numbering will, in the future, facilitate reference to back numbers.

As to the change of name, we have long felt that "Northwest," as applied to the city of Winnipeg, the province of Manitoba and even the new province of Saskatchewan, has gradually become a misnomer. The second part of the word, viz., "West," was still in order twenty-one years ago, when our fellow countrymen had not yet outgrown the feeling that they were near the outskirts of civilization, a feeling which the Indian and half-breed rebellion of 1885, then just suppressed, only tended to intensify. But now that we have cities of twelve thousand inhabitants, like Calgary and Edmonton, more than a

day's journey by railway west of us, it is high time that we should recognize that we are no longer a western province. A glance at the map shows Manitoba is the central province of our wide Dominion. Geographically, we are in the great central valley of North America, as the meteorologists always call this region; in fact, Winnipeg is the geographical centre of the North American continent. Our transcontinental railway calls this its central division, and we all use central standard time. Neither is the prefix "North" at all suitable, Manitoba reaching as far south as the boundary line of the United States, only sixty miles south of us. For these reasons we think the term "North-West" should be reserved for the territories lying north and west of Saskatchewan, and we accentuate our conviction by calling our journal, "The Central Catholic," a name which presents the additional advantage of frankly stating our religious attitude.

The generous praise bestowed upon the editorial utterances of this journal in the past ten or eleven years by our Catholic and non-Catholic contemporaries justifies us in hoping for ever-increasing patronage. It has been a long uphill work to make our financial status commensurate with these kindly appreciations. In fact, we may say that only within the last year have our receipts slightly exceeded our expenses. But now, having at long last secured the services of a manager who combines thorough journalistic experience with the enlightened zeal of a true Catholic, we venture to hope that the Catholic body will do its best to increase our subscription list.

The "Central Catholic" will take the shape of an illustrated weekly magazine of twelve pages for the present, with a view to successive enlargements in proportion as the subscriptions increase. Like every Catholic paper conscious of its mission, it will touch Catholic life at every point. Its local departments will present a complete and accurate record of Catholic activities, set forth with that reportorial skill which has always been a feature of the "Northwest Review." In its editorial review of ideas and events, stated and discussed with fearless equity; in its specially prepared articles by distinguished clerical and lay Catholics, and in the selected general reading matter our people will find the standard by which they should measure and estimate the significance and value of the social, political and religious movements of their time.

The "Central Catholic" will be the organ of communication for His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, for the pastors of parishes and missions and for local Catholic societies and organizations. These pages will be brightened with illustrations of local subjects of Catholic interest, and the whole will be presented in a clean, attractive magazine which, by circulating among the public, will add prestige to local Catholicism.

Our first issue on August 11th will be a Cathedral number, and will contain, among other interesting features, an article by the Right Rev. Monsignor Dugas on the first humble cathedral of St. Boniface, and on the second large cathedral of "turrets twain," which was destroyed by fire in 1860, also another article by Mr. Justice Prud'homme, our famous local historian, on the third,

i.e., the present cathedral of St. Boniface. This number will serve as a fitting introduction to the great ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new cathedral four days later, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15th.

## INTERESTING NEWS FROM ALASKA.

Rev. Julius Jette, S.J., well known here as Professor in St. Boniface College and as an examiner in the University of Manitoba, writes from Fairbanks, Alaska, June 19th, 1906:—

"Here I am in the gold mines, for the summer, taking the place of Rev. Father Crimont, Prefect Apostolic, who has just left us to purchase a full hospital outfit, and get Sisters from any community that is willing to volunteer. He will probably return in September. During the interval Father Monroe is building the hospital, and visiting the creeks, while I am running the parish. Every Friday he takes the miniature train which drops him at a mining centre, Golden, I think. Thence a walk of 16 to 20 miles brings him to one of the creeks, sometimes Cleary, at other times Esther, or Dome, or some other. He returns every Monday.

I say a first Mass at 7.30 with short sermon, sing High Mass at 10.30 with big sermon, teach Sunday school at 2.30, assisted by Brother O'Hare, who teaches the second division and Mrs. Blanchfield, who takes the smallest pupils; at 8 p.m. I recite the beads, preach again and give Benediction. Catechism is taught again on Thursday. There are visits to the sick in the Anglican hospital, and visits to the lost sheep, who are much more numerous here, so that good shepherd must leave the one sheep and run after the ninety and nine who are going to the devil. This is my occupation. There are from six to ten thousand people in the camp and the creeks, and each boat brings in sixty more. Three-fifths of the total, perhaps more, have been Catholics, but are so no longer for reasons which are generally too obvious. The Irish and the Germans are almost the only ones that deign to remember Almighty God, and to think of their duties to him. The French, the Italians and the Canadians are, generally speaking, precious scamps. Dawson, Sitka, Juneau and Seattle seem to vie with one another as to which shall send us most dancing girls and harlots, and alas! the supply does not exceed the demand. They are fenced in by the civic authorities in a certain quarter; but on the creeks they have full scope.

A large part of this town, all of course built in wood, was destroyed by fire on the 26th of May. Except one or two blocks all the burnt district is already rebuilt in stores, saloons, pool-rooms, roulette and faro rooms, etc. We have, besides our own Church, one Anglican Church and hospital, one Presbyterian or Methodist Church, one for the faddists of Christian Science, and one Masonic temple.

Hopes were entertained that this year's output of gold would be twelve millions; but the weather is 'set fair' and the creeks are dry, so that sluicing is stopped. If this continues, people will have to be satisfied with eight or nine millions, a neat enough sum, considering that Nome, in its best years, hardly went beyond five millions.

Father Monroe counted on fine subscriptions for his hospital, but much money has been sent to San Francisco in public and private subscriptions, for many people here have relatives in that city; much more disappeared in our own fire, and the price of lumber has risen considerably. So have wages—a good carpenter and joiner earns \$1.50 an hour, say, \$15 a day sad more, if he works overtime. I know one who averages \$21 a day. The price of all goods is in proportion.

There is not one savage in the town or the neighbourhood—I mean redskins, for there are plenty of white savages. There are six or eight French half-breed families, for most of whom Protestants and Catholics are pretty much the same. We have about fifty persons at High Mass, as against two hundred whom we know personally and whom the church building could easily hold.

You see, dear Rev. Father, what an unpromising population we have to deal with and how much we stand in need of the prayers of our brethren."

Rev. Bellarmin Lafortune, S.J., writing from Nome, Alaska, June 19th, 1906, to the rector of St. Boniface College, where he also was Professor, says: "I am very glad to hear that St. Boniface College is prosperous, and I hope that it will always prosper. I keep an excellent remembrance of that college, probably because I worked so hard there. However, this does not mean that I am anxious to return there

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at any cost. My Eskimos are sufficient for me; they give me much more work than I can do, not that they are all Catholics, but that they are so difficult to reach. We are in an immense country where travel is dangerous and very expensive. Our mission extends over 300 miles of coast and inland. Throughout this large territory our poor Eskimos are scattered in very small groups, hunting and fishing for their livelihood, and burning the wood which the sea casts up unfortunately in very small quantities. Their great courage is intercourse with the whites, who give them bad example and horrible diseases. Another and a worse scourge is the preachers of false doctrine, who fill them with perverted notions of the gospel. I have far more need of prayers than you to face these obstacles.

We now have 98 Catholics, and shall soon have a round hundred. With very few exceptions they make excellent Catholics. They like to pray, to go to confession and Holy Communion. Although I have never insisted on frequent communion, some make it a point of duty to communicate every Sunday, and all receive at least once a month. We do not admit them easily to baptism. This explains the small number of Eskimo Catholics, and it also, I believe, explains why they are good Catholics.

My health is good. We are enjoying a splendid summer this year. Last winter was very cold and very long."

Owing to the illness of his regular office boy, a stockbroker recently engaged a new lad named Tommy.

Tommy was a jewel and when Joe, the former lad, was better, the stockbroker was loath to send Tommy away.

But the other boy wanted to come back and pleaded hard for re-instatement.

"Well," said his former employer, "you can have the post again if you can arrange with Tommy."

"Very well, sir, I think I can do that," was the joyous reply.

When the stockbroker went to his office next morning a sight greeted him that he had not bargained for. The glass of the door in his private room was smashed, ink was spilled on the carpet, and chairs were overturned everywhere. Evidently there had been a tremendous struggle.

Joe came forward blithely, one eye blackened and his cheek swollen.

"Tommy's gone, sir," he remarked, "I've arranged with him."

A man was recently sitting in a park with a dog of very doubtful breed beside him. Two little urchins stopped and looked intently at the animal for a few moments. Then one said to the other.

"Bill, I wish that was mine, don't you?"

The man hearing the remarks of the boys, and being somewhat pleased, said: "And what would you do with it, if it were yours, eh?"

The lad looked at his companion, and then, seeing that the coast was clear, wickedly replied:

"I should sell it and buy a dog."

"You are charged," said the Judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man, whose new wheel had run away with him; "ten miles? I'll bet I was going three hundred."

"You mortified me to death," complained Mrs. Richley.

"How?" demanded her sick husband. "Why did you tell that new doctor you were in the habit of eating corned beef and cabbage? We never have such common food as that."

"Well, I want him to fix his charges on a corned beef and cabbage basis."

## MEDICAL

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#### Consulting Staff Surgeons:

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

**Current Comment**

(Continued from page 1)

enormous. The facades have been shored up and the work of restoration will be at once begun. Rain is believed to have hastened the crumbling, but the architects blame the German Romanesque builders of the thirteenth century. For the columns are found not to be solid pillars, but pilasters or piers. Of these at least 400 blocks are found to be loose.

Cologne cathedral is almost as well known in America as in Europe. So greatly is it admired that two of the finest churches on this continent, St. Patrick's cathedral in New York, and the Church of Our Lady in Guelph, Ont., have followed its main lines. It took over 600 years to complete, largely because of the neglect and apathy of the church authorities in the three centuries preceding the nineteenth. The cathedral is acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens, and probably the largest, of Gothic architecture in the world. There have been modern critics who, while conceding its beauty and terming it a noble and impressive example, still declare it disappoints because the compass had been too much for the creative genius. The cathedral stands on the site of a previous structure built in the early ages of the Christian era, but burned down in the twelfth century.

In 1248 the present cathedral was begun. The choir was finished in 1322, the nave in 1390, and the south tower in 1447. Then came centuries of neglect. In 1796 the French army used the cathedral to store hay in, and also stripped the leaden roofs in order to make bullets.

In 1823 an attempt was made to renovate and complete the structure, but little work was done until 1842, when the work was seriously taken in hand. The final touches were given in 1880, and on October 15 of that year, the completion was celebrated by a service at which the kaiser, William I., was present. The building has cost over \$10,000,000. The cathedral is 440 feet long, and the famous spires, the highest in the world, are 528 feet. The central portal is 93 feet high and 31 feet wide, and the south portal 38 feet high and 18 feet wide. These are the two portions at present in imminent danger. In shape the cathedral is a cruciform basilica. There are two choirs, the eastern dedicated to St. Peter, the western to St. Mary. Surrounding the choirs are eight chapels. A feature of great beauty is an external gallery round the apse.

There is not much danger of any such crumbling process as is now depicted in Cologne ever taking place in the new St. Boniface Cathedral. So great are the precautions taken to ensure the solidity of the foundations that these latter have already cost many thousand dollars more than the original estimate. This reminds us of what happened to one of our friends. He was building himself a roomy mansion, and thought his architect was digging the foundations too deep. In one place the workmen had gone down more than twenty feet. So he complained to the architect, saying: "Why, the new Jim Jam church on Broadway has foundations only four feet deep." "Yes," replied the prudent architect, "and, mark my words,

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Mrs. BRONSON LOOM, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

that building will collapse some day." When it did, the architect invited his employer to take a walk down Broadway and see the result of four-foot foundations.

The Catholic Summer School of America entered upon its fifteenth season on Monday, July 2, when its new president Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., formally declared the session opened. The Summer School is a settlement on the shores of Lake Champlain, N. Y., where Catholics may associate, having all the conveniences of a modern summer resort and enjoying, further, the education of lecture courses by the most brilliant Catholic clergy and laymen of America. The school continues the lectures from the first week in July till September.

Rev. Peter Prando, aged sixty-one years, a noted missionary of the Pacific Northwest, died of Bright's disease recently at St. Michael's Mission, seven miles east of Spokane, Wash. Father Prando spent twenty-three years among the Crow Indians. He lived their life, and gained their confidence, and at the end of that time had established a large mission. He personally baptized 1,400 Indians. He was known by the Indians as "Istiumate," "the man with the iron eyes." He was a graduated physician, and practiced medicine among the Indians. Several times when the Indians threatened to go on the war-path he was able to pacify them, and it was through him that the Government irrigated the lands of the reservation. Father Prando was born and educated in Italy, but came to the United States for the purpose of working with the Indians.

He finds no weal who flees all woe.

Detective—"Did you see a man and woman driving past here in a dog cart about an hour ago?"  
Mrs. Blank—"Yes."  
"Ah, we're getting on the track of them! What kind of a horse was it?"  
"They were driving so fast that I didn't notice that. But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style with stitched lines, a white pique skirt with deep circular ruffle, a satin straw hat, tinted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."—Exchange.

"You say both his legs were shot off?"  
"Yes."  
"How did he ever get home—seven miles away?"  
"Why, he said the shrieks of the wounded made his flesh creep so that he got home in a very short time."

Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absentmindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New-England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absentminded."

A little city boy was on his first country excursion. Some birds were flying overhead, and his hostess, a young woman, said:  
"Look up, Tommy. See the pretty birds flying through the air."  
Tommy looked up quickly, and then he said in a compassionate tone:  
"Poor little fellers! They ain't got no scage, have they?"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, SS.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that the said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh

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A young lady one day entered a railway carriage where three Englishmen were seated. They began talking about the Irish, when one of them was heard to say—"Why, the Irish sleep with the pigs!" "Yes," interrupted the young lady, "and travel with them, too."

**A Sound Reason**

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara aged two.  
"Sister," he said with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."—Lippincott's Magazine.

This would be a dreary world indeed if there were no rainbows to chase occasionally.

Nell—Of course Miss Prim is awfully slow—  
Belle—Oh, awfully! Why, for the past forty years or more—  
Nell—What? She told me she was only twenty-five.  
Belle—That's just it. It's taken her all this time to get to be twenty-five.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Young lady, you are not suited to our business."  
"Not suited to your one horse business?" said the young typewriter, angrily, "Why, I'd have you know I worked for Mr. Carnegie once."  
"That may be. However we are not interested in phonetic spelling."

The class of men who disturb and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.—Friend's Intelligencer.

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Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Belching of gas after eating, mean weakness.

By means of its muscles, the stomach should churn the food—changing solids into liquids—mixing in the gastric juice to start digestion.

If the stomach is weak—then food is not properly churned and mixed with enough gastric juice. Then you have indigestion and then dyspepsia.

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strengthen the stomach—just as juicy beef and eggs and milk strengthen the wasted frame of a patient getting over Typhoid.

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### CONSTANCY

It is mostly the object to be gained that inspires and maintains the spirit of constancy, though virtue should be practical for its own worth. Hence we see men constant in some things and inconstant in others. One man will be constant, for example, in the pursuit of worldly wealth, another will follow pleasure unceasingly, another seek honor and worldly applause, and will struggle unceasingly to obtain them. Again, in man's relations with his fellow man motives of self-interest shall have a large share in the direction they take. We see men become exclusive and attach themselves to a particular few and have no thought or concern for the vast multitude of their fellow beings. Sometimes it is friendship, sometimes it is gain that prompts them to go to the greatest length for the friends they make. We see men too, in their own regard, act firmly and with constancy in one thing, and act quite the contrary in others far more important, because they follow their passions and tastes rather than the true principles of virtue and perfection of character.

But he who offends in one, offends in all—for constancy to be a virtue, must be universal and lasting in all that is good. While it may rise to great heights when founded merely on human power and human motives, constancy attains its great heights when it is founded upon the spiritual, accepting and is animated by grace for its life and its endeavors, and His honor and glory first and above all for all its motives and undertakings. It is then we find real constancy, for a virtue is only one in name and appearance when it does not spring from union with God in the one possessing it, for He is our life, our all in all that is good, or, as the apostle says, "In Him we live, move and have our being."



From Newfoundland.

LITTLE BAY MINES, Nfld. I suffered five years from epileptic fits. I tried several doctors but they didn't do me any good. Then Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was recommended to me by our pastor. Since I took it I had no more attacks in six months and I find myself as well as ever.

MRS. J. BOUZAN.

Mr. W. Perry writes from Brantford, Ontario, Canada, that he broke an arm, which caused quite a nervous shock to him, for which he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and derived great relief therefrom.

From Otonabee, Can., Mr. J. E. Devlin writes. I consider Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic a good thing for the nerves and I recommend it to every one suffering from nervousness or any disease of the brain or nerves.

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God is ever constant and unchangeable and will never fail those who love Him and put their trust in Him. Trials, may come, but they will not overcome us; adversity may overtake us, but it will not crush us; death itself will not conquer us, for we will triumph still, yes and forever, in a glorious immortality. It is then that constancy will receive its crown. All the days and years of a man's self-conquest will then be rewarded by the love of his Lord and Master to whom he faithfully lived by dying constantly to himself.

While constancy should extend to all things worth striving for, it may be said that our best and most persistent efforts should be for the best and most important things. This our divine Lord, Eternal Wisdom, tells us when He bids us "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice," and all other things worth having or striving for will be added thereunto. It is in performing the chief duty of life that we shall do all the other duties devolving on us, for the greater always includes the less. In other words, being true to God we shall be true to man; laboring for heaven, we shall fulfill our part to earth. Let us, then, as kGod to give us grace to be constant. It is what poor, weak changeable nature needs, even for honorable success in this world, and what will always follow under God's blessing if such success be good for us. But we can assure our selves that we will never fail in our eternal interest—the salvation of our immortal soul—as long as we be faithful to God. He will ever be constant to us, for He had declared, "Blessed is the man who hopeth in the Lord for he will not be confounded."—Bishop Colton, in Catholic Union and Times.

### The Arch-Enemy of the Age

Not war, more deadly than ever this modern butchery—but Catarrh which leads to Consumption and annually kills more than famine and war combined. The doctors now successfully fight catarrh with a remedy that never fails—"Catarrhzone," it's death to every type of catarrh. It destroys every root and branch of the disease so thoroughly that a relapse need never be feared. If troubled with colds, nasal or throat catarrh, or subject to bronchitis or asthma, use Catarrhzone and you'll be cured forever.

### A WISE FOOL

In a little village there once lived a boy who was supposed to be dull-witted says a writer in the "Tatler." The men of the village used to find great amusement in offering him the choice between a five cent bit and a penny, of which he invariably chose the penny.

A stranger one day saw him choose the penny rather than the five cent bit, and asked him for the reason.

"Is it because the penny is larger?" the stranger asked.

"Naw," was the response, "not 'cause it is the biggest. But if I took the five cent bit they'd soon stop offering it."

Life's experiences resemble rooms the doors of which are constantly opening and closing. The past opportunities of life, whether lost or misused, stand like closed doors, behind or beyond which we cannot go, shut forever against the possibility of human opening.

Mr. Waggs—"Don't you think, dear, that bathing the baby retards his growth?"

Mrs. Waggs—"Water ridiculous idea!"

Mr. Waggs—"Well, I notice that he always shrinks when he's washed."

The man with time to waste is a bigger fool than the one with money to burn.

It is easy to imagine that if you have the wind, the Lord will find the wings. The best banks are in heaven; but the receiving tellers are likely to be in some back alley here.

A London Spiritualist says ghosts haunt houses because they have a burning love for the inhabitants and do not know that they frighten people. It is a pity that person would not open a school for ghosts and give them some needed information.

Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there. "But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there is not so much room."

As a sunbeam is mightier than a thunderbolt, so is love stronger than hate.

### Query

Representative John Sharp Williams tells of the difficulties encountered by a darky preacher in Mississippi in endeavoring to snatch a brand from the burning in the shape of one Mose Baker, who steadfastly refused to attend divine service.

The preacher's arguments were met by a discouraging silence on the part of Mose. Finally the latter condescended to speak to the extent of asking a question. "Wot are we all heah for?" he growled, morosely.

"We is heah to help odders, Moses," responded the old clergyman, a kindly smile illuminating his dusky features.

"Ef dat's so," added Moses, with a maliciously triumphant grin, "wot is de odders heah for?"—Harper's Weekly.

### A Leisurely Trip

The Nevada and California Railway wanders about a bit in the mountains, and its trains go at a leisurely rate. A mining man who travels the road much, tells of this illuminating incident regarding an Eastern visitor on the train. "He called the conductor," relates the miner, "while he was passing down the aisle and said:

"Conductor, how far is it to Hawthorne?"

"Fifty miles," said the conductor.

"Only fifty?" repeated the passenger. "You been on this road very long?"

"Twenty-five years," said the conductor.

"Is that so?" said the passenger. "Is this your second trip?"

"Then the conductor wanted to fight."—New York Tribune.

### THE KING AND THE IRISHMAN

Frederick of Prussia, it is said, had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. This fact is the basis of the following story from Judge's magazine:

One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once enlisted.

"But unless you can speak German the King will not give you so much.

"Oh," said the Irishman, "sure I don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say twenty-seven; next, how long you have been in the service; you must reply 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations, you answer 'both.'"

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions.

In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His Majesty rode up to him. Patrick stepped forward with "Present arms."

"How old are you?" said the King.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked His Majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the King.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-house, but pardoned by the King after he understood the facts of the case.

—The Pittsburgh Observer.

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### An Epicure

"Oh, you little darling!" said the infants' school teacher to her new pupil. "You are a dear, pretty little boy, aren't you?"

And Ronald, aged four, owned that it was so.

"Have you any brothers and sisters like you?" the feminine admirer of infantile loveliness continued.

"Eth," said Ronald; "Brian and Tommy. But I like Tommy best."

"And why do you like Tommy best?"

"'Cos he did thumthin' for me."

"What was it?"

"He bit Brian's leg."

"But my dear little fellow, why should you want Tommy to bite Brian's leg?"

"'Cos I hate the taste of Brian's leg," said the little cherub, decisively.

### Switzerland's War Museum

It is odd that Switzerland, the country believed to be the least likely to go to war, should have planned the largest museum of military curiosities, but the Museum of Peace and War at Lucerne is intended to hold the most remarkable collection of war exhibits ever gathered. It will show an almost complete collection of offensive arms since the stone age, and these realities will be supplemented by displays of uniforms, prints dealing with the horrors of war, models of modern iron-clads and submarines, and, in fact, everything bearing upon the subject. Its principal aim will be to convert other nations to the idea of universal peace, and it is believed that other countries will contribute to the collection in furtherance of this idea.—Exchange

### A Judicial Privilege

A Citizen's National League has been started in Great Britain to fight municipal socialism and municipal extravagance. The new organization has not come too soon. The idea that the municipality or the state should do everything and the individual be allowed to do nothing but work for the municipality or the state was not that out of which Great Britain's supremacy grew.—Montreal Gazette.

In a Southern court one day, says a well known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your Honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to affirm it, although your Honor dis-sents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, entirely uncalled for."

"Your Honor shook his head."

"True," said the judge; "there was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."

—Harper's Weekly.

### Vision

First Clubman—"I say—How do you spell 'temporary'?"

Second C.—"T-e-m-p-o-r-a-r-y?" and the next word has two r's, e-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-m—"

First C.—"Thanks,"—Punch.

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### A Warning

A young man in New York who is ambitious to attain fame at the bar, was conversing with a friend touching the probabilities of success, when the latter was moved to take a pessimistic view of the situation.

"Don't you," he asked, "ever despair of gaining a good practice at the law?"

"I do not," was the confident response of the youthful disciple of Blackstone.

"At least you will admit," went on the other, "that the profession is already overcrowded."

"Perhaps it is," laughingly responded the youth. "All the same I propose to graduate in law, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chance."—Harper's Weekly.

The wasp has one strong point but it is not in his favor.

**No Sanatoria "more judiciously . . . and economically" managed.**

**CANADIAN OPINION**

**DR. R. W. BRUCE SMITH, Inspector of Public Charities, Province of Ontario. Official Report:**

"I was specially pleased with the attention paid to conduct the institution carefully and economically. The patients I found cheerful, happy and evidently well looked after by those in charge. I found particular attention is paid to provide nourishing dietary, carefully prepared, and the quality of the food served was excellent. This hospital depends for its maintenance largely upon the voluntary contributions of the public."

**FOREIGN OPINION**

**DR. H. L. RUSSELL, President of the Advisory Board of the Wisconsin State Sanatorium:**

"We have just recently returned from our eastern trip, in which we had an opportunity of inspecting practically all the sanatoria in the east that are designed for the treatment of tuberculosis. I am very glad to be able to write you that the very favorable impressions that we received at Gravenhurst have continued with us after this round trip. We have found no place in our travels in which money seems to have been expended more judiciously and economically than in connection with the two institutions that are under the control of the National Sanatorium Association."

**The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives**

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This means twenty-five extra beds to be furnished; twenty-five additional patients to be fed every day (three regular meals and three lunches is the bill of fare daily); twenty-five extra patients to be cared for by physicians and nurses, calling for increase of staff.

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But so pressing are the calls of those on the waiting list, and increasingly urgent the new applications received each day, that the trustees have decided upon the step indicated, confident that the Canadian people will see that these new beds are furnished and maintained.

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PATIENT UNDER EXAMINATION.

**Force of Habit**

A courtly old gentleman of the old school, De Vere Howard, recently found himself an honored guest in the gorgeous Grosvenor Square residence of the Snooks.

His hosts took him over the mansion, and took care that he should not miss any of the magnificence. "We've even got a musical arrangement in the bathroom," he remarked casually, "so you can take your bath to the accompaniment of sweet music. Good idea, isn't it?"

The old gentleman said it was, and announced his intention of trying it next morning. When he came down to breakfast they asked him how he liked it.

He sniffed in aristocratic disgust. "It is an abomination, like all modern inventions," he said. "Bah! If you believe me, sir, that beautiful musical box struck up 'God Save the King,' and kept playing it, and I had to take my bath standing up, sir. I expect I shall catch my death of cold. Ugh."—Answers.

**JUBILEE OF THE "V.C."**

Fifty years ago the Victoria Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria. A little bronze cross, made out of cannon taken at Sebastopol, intrinsically worth nine cents, it is, nevertheless, the most coveted of all decorations that a British subject can wear. The reason for the high value set upon it is to be found in the simple legend on its face: "For Valor." The cross, which is awarded to soldiers and sailors for valor in the face of an enemy, has been won 522 times; and as it is awarded impartially to officers and men, being thoroughly democratic in its regulations, the men have won slightly more than the officers.

It is interesting to pick out the regiments that have won the most V.C.'s. At the head of the list—if we except the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers as being too large corps to be counted as regiments—are the South Wales Borderers with sixteen to their credit. They won the greater number of them in Zululand, at Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift. The Rifle Brigade is second on the list, with fifteen, and the 9th Lancers, the King's Royal Rifles, and the Gordon Highlanders, come next with thirteen each, and they are followed by the Cameronians and the Black Watch with ten each. The campaign which provided most V.C.'s was the Indian Mutiny, in the course of which 182 heroes won the decoration; the Russian war accounted for 111, and the late war in South Africa for 78, the Zulu war for 23, the Afghan war (1878-80) for sixteen, the New Zealand campaign for 12, and the operations on the Northwest frontier of India (1897-8) for 10. These wars accounted for 432 crosses, and the remaining 90 were distributed among the many other campaigns in Africa, India and elsewhere that have been fought during the past half century.

In a few rare instances the V.C. has been won by more than one member of a family. The most conspicuous case is that of the Gough family, which can boast of three V.C.'s—General Sir C. J. S. Gough, General Sir H. H. Gough and Lieut.-Col. J. E. Gough, all of whom are, happily, still alive. The first two were brothers, and the last named is a son of the second. Major-General E. H. Sartorius, and Colonel R. W. Sartorius are another case of brothers wearing the decoration. Another instance of a father and son winning the cross is seen in Lord Roberts and his gallant son, Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, who lost his life in gaining the V.C. at the battle of Colenso.

There are some 200 odd recipients of the Victoria Cross still alive. Among them are three Field Marshalls—Lord Roberts, Sir George White and Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Nowell Salmon. Among other well known names on the list of survivors are General Sir Redvers Buller, Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, General Sir Dighton Probyn, and three Rear-Admirals (Lucas, Blythessea, and Raby), who were among the first four to receive the decoration, Rear-Admiral Lucas being actually the first.

Brown—"That fellow, Smith must be a hummer."  
Green—"Why do you think so?"  
Brown—"He says he sleeps like a top."

However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between men and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts, for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage I should soon forget my father's house and heritage

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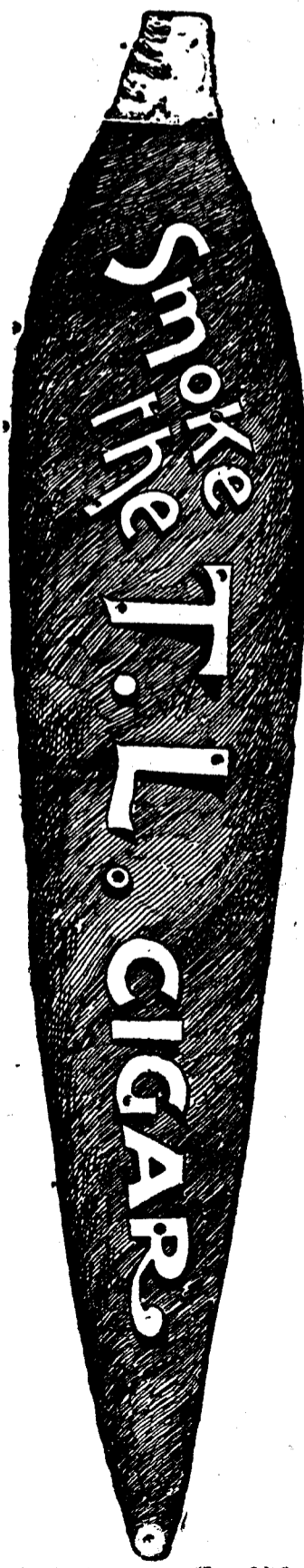
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Catechism in the church, 3 p.m.  
N.B.—Meeting of the Children of Mary, 2nd and 4th Sunday in the Month, 4 p.m.  
WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m.  
On First Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m., Benediction at 7.30 p.m.  
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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**Breathing**

Of all the substances utilized in the maintenance of health and life, none is so absolutely indispensable as oxygen and as this is taken in with the air we breathe, whether we receive a sufficient supply or not depends entirely upon how and where we breathe.

But the supplying of oxygen is not the only function, although it is the most direct and vital one of proper breathing. Thorough expansion of the chest ensures the proper filling of the lungs with air, dilates all the minute air-cells, especially those at the summits of the lungs, where motion is least, and where the seeds of consumption are usually first planted, and increases the circulation of the blood throughout all parts of these organs.

Still another effect of proper breathing is a beautifying one. The chest is broadened, the shoulders are thrown back, the figure is erect and the carriage graceful.

Perfect breathing is not natural to most men and women of sedentary occupation and indoor life. Like all good things it must be worked for, and the work must be persevered in until full and deep respiration has become a habit.

The means of attaining this object are various and cannot be recounted here; but they are all based upon the principle of removing permanently every obstacle to the free entrance of air into the lungs.

School children sitting at their desks, clerks bending over their ledgers, seamstresses at work with the needle or the sewing machine, type-writers, and all who must stoop as they earn their daily bread, should learn to stop from time to time, sit back in the chair, or rise, throw back the shoulders, and draw in ten or twelve deep, slow inspirations, holding the breath for three or four seconds each time the lungs are filled.

These exercises, like breathing in general, should always be done with the mouth closed, for the nose is the only proper channel for the passage to and from the air. A school-teacher who will interrupt the studies once every hour through the session, and teach the class to do this breathing exercise, will be contributing more than she can ever

realise to the future well-being of her youthful charges.—Casket.

**Salt the Civilizer**

The use of salt as a necessary supplement to diet has had much influence in shaping the civilization and exploration of the world. It is most probable that the oldest trade routes were created for the salt traffic, as salt and incense formed the chief necessities of the ancient days. This was certainly the case with the caravan routes in Libya and the Sahara, while the mines of North India were the centre of a large trade before the time of Alexander.

Another interesting fact is that salt has played a considerable part in the distribution of man. When it became absolutely necessary to him, as it did at an early stage of his development, he was forced to migrate to places where it could be obtained. This brought him to the seashore, where he gained his ideas of maritime commerce. Lastly the preservative effects of salt on flesh food made long oceanic voyages possible and thus opened up the world to commerce and civilization.

**DROPPED ALL OTHERS**

"I dropped all liniments but Nerviline because I found Nerviline the quickest to relieve pain," writes E. S. Benton of St. John's. "If my children are croupy or sick, Nerviline cures them. If a case of cramps or stomach ache turns up, Nerviline is ever ready. We use Nerviline for neuralgia, rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains; it's as good as any doctor." The great Canadian remedy for the past fifty years has been Polson's Nerviline—nothing better made.

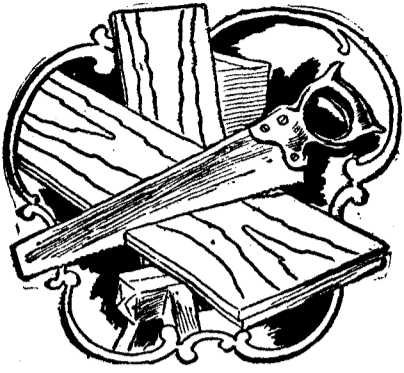
**Better Be Careful**

A sporting paper recommends a certain way of avoiding the bites of a dog however savage. All one has to do is to stand perfectly still and hold one's hand out. The dog, says the writer, will take the hand into his mouth, but will not bite it. But what guarantee have we that the dog knows this?—London Globe.

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- Farmers expended over \$4,000,000 on new buildings.
- Winnipeg building returns show \$1,000,000 expended.
- A Provincial Agricultural College established.
- Land everywhere in the Province continues to increase in value. It now ranges from \$6.00 to \$50.00 per acre.
- Manitoba has 40,000 prosperous farmers.
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At a dinner party recently a lady illustrated admirably a point which she wished to make in reply to a man who had just said that "women are vainer than men."

"Of course," said the lady, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar.

There were six men present, and each of them put his hand gently behind his neck. And the ladies smiled.

Servant (to lady inquiring).—He's very ill, m'm.

Christian Science Lady.—I'm grieved—but you ought to say, "He thinks he's very ill."

Servant (two days later, to same lady again inquiring).—If you please, m'm, he thinks he's dead.

"So you can't help stealing?" asked the magistrate, kindly.

"No, your honor; an impulse comes over me that I can't resist."

"Too bad! too bad! An impulse to send you up for six months is getting hold of me. There! It's got hold. Six months; can't resist. Impulse is a wonderful thing."

The other day the head of a boarding school noticed one of the boys wiping his knife on the table-cloth and pounced on him at once.

"Is that what you do at home?" he asked, indignantly.

"Oh, no," answered the boy, quickly; "we have clean knives."

Smith—Is Green a charitable man?  
Jones—Well, I don't know whether you would call it charity or not, but he is always giving himself away.

The comedian was rehearsing the great song, when the leader of the orchestra pulled him up. "My dear sir," said the latter in aggrieved tones, "don't you know that you are murdering the time?"

"Well," was the direct retort, "it is better to murder the time once and for all, than to beat it night after night as you do."

"What's the sign you're making there?" asked the grocer.

"Fresh eggs," replied the new clerk.

"Make it 'fresh-laid eggs.'"

"Why—er—everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid."

"Exactly, and that's all that it's safe for us to say about them."

### Forget Yourself

Forget yourself. You will never do anything great until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many. No matter what they do, they can never get away from themselves. They become warped upon the subject of self analysis, wondering how they would look, how they appear, what others will think of them and how they can enhance their own interests. In other words, every thought and effort seems to focus upon self; nothing radiates from them.

No one can grow while his thoughts are self centred. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts as a paralysis to all expansion, strangles enlargement, kills aspiration, cripples executive ability. The mind which accomplishes things looks out, not in; it is focussed upon its object, not upon self.

The immortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The greatest prayers have been the silent longings, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered facing a critical audience. The daily desire is the perpetual prayer, the prayer that is heard and answered.

"Is he a thoroughly honest man?"  
"I don't know," answered the man from Missouri. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."

### How He Stood

Mamma—"What would you like for dinner, Willie?"

Willie—"Anything but company. I don't get anything then."—Boston Transcript.

### Home-made

A family of my acquaintance recently purchased a cow, greatly to the excitement and joy of the children of the household.

The following Sunday, as the dessert, which consisted of ice cream was placed on the table, the three-year old son of the family announced proudly to the assembled guests:

"Our cow made that!"—Lippincott's Magazine.



## PIANOS

Those who buy a piano ought to pay as much attention to the record and reputation of a piano as the piano itself. They ought to pay more attention to its musical qualities than to the case.

### The Mason & Risch Piano

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The Ladies of Loretto

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