

Northwest Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

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CURRENT COMMENT

"The Tablet" of January 30, is justly indignant at Lord Londonderry for his recent outburst of bigotry at an Orange meeting. On that occasion he said: "There is no question whatever of the creation of a Roman Catholic university. Let me say once and for all—and you may take it from me—that during the existence of the present government there will be no question whatever of the creation or foundation of a Roman Catholic university." The Tablet editor says "it would be hard to imagine anything much more unbecoming than the appearance of Lord Londonderry, a Cabinet Minister, among the gang of Orangemen who assembled last week in the Ulster Hall." No doubt the noble Marquis occupies in the cabinet "a position which corresponds to that of the proverbial fly in the amber;" he is in no sense a leader of public opinion; "but still the fact remains that he is a member of the Cabinet and so must be supposed to be familiar with at least the large outlines of their schemes of legislation." And the moment he chose for this insulting utterance is the "morrow of the Archbishop of Dublin's letter about the Irish university question, when the whole country is on the tip-toe of expectation to know in what way the Government propose to solve the problem which now, more than anything else, is answerable for the discontent and unrest of the people of Ireland."

Before Mr. Balfour became Prime Minister, but when he was already leader of the House of Commons, he said that it filled him "with dismay that Parliament should acquiesce in a condition of things which practically and substantially deprives two-thirds of the population (of Ireland) of higher educational advantages." Lord Cadogan, while he was viceroy, used these memorable words: "I am convinced that as long as you leave that question unsettled, as long as you do not intend to render justice to those who are not of the same religion as yourselves in this high and important matter, so long will Ireland have one grievance, and one serious grievance, which will be unredressed." And these are only two samples of similar opinions expressed by several Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries, who all deplored the absence of a Catholic university, yet in the face of these avowals, the Marquis of Londonderry "not only lends his countenance to a crowd of besotted bigots, but he actually goes out of his way to heap ridicule upon the claim of the Catholics of Ireland to some equality of opportunity for the higher education of their sons. If it were indeed needful at the eleventh hour to dash the hopes of the Catholics of Ireland, surely it might have been done in a less offensive way than in a speech to a mob of exulting Orangemen." Our London contemporary "may well ask what business Lord Londonderry has in a cabinet presided over by Mr. Balfour," and that same contemporary might also logically ask whether or not this present Tory Cabinet with its present weak-kneed Prime Minister deserves its unconditional and ever apologetic support.

Spain seems to be on the eve of a great revolution. Of late years the Jacobin spirit, kindled and kept aflame by secret societies of the bitterest anti-Catholic type, has begun to permeate the Spanish working classes. Irreligion goes hand in hand with subversive socialism, and both are raised to a higher pitch of passion by the fervid temperament of a southern

nation. As yet these anarchical agitators are less numerous than the noise they make would lead us to suppose, and they are found chiefly among the cosmopolitan seaport towns and great hives of labor. But the electorate is becoming saturated with revolutionary doctrines and is learning to follow blindly in the wake of plausible ringleaders. Just now a crisis is provoked by the appointment of Mgr. Nozaleda, ex-Archbishop of Manila, to the See of Valencia. The enemies of all religion have falsely charged the Archbishop with undue subservience to the United States authorities after they assumed the government of the Philippines. As the Spanish nation, so intensely patriotic, so proud of its glorious past, still groans under the humiliation of its terrible losses in the Antilles and the far east, this accusation, however false, may bring about an explosion of unreasoning national wrath. And how far a hot headed people may go, when, stung by the ripping up of old wounds, it breaks out into unjust recriminations, may be seen by the reproaches heaped upon the Queen-mother for her unfortunate conduct of the Spanish-American war. That she was unfortunate no one can deny; but that she did all in her power to avert that war, and would have succeeded in doing so, had President McKinley only had the manliness to make her last offer public, is matter of history. However, there is no reasoning with a mob hounded on by unscrupulous agitators, and we have reason to fear that the Most Catholic Kingdom is about to enter upon a stormy period of civil strife, with which the young king will hardly be able to cope.

The editor of the "Western Watchman," writes in his epigrammatic way:

"The successes of the Japanese in Asia recall the victories of the Boers in the opening of the South-African war. It was their initial successes that undid the Boers. No; it was their not following up, by bold raids their initial successes, that undid the Boers. The Japanese, better trained to all kinds of warfare by sea and land, are not likely to neglect the following up process."

More judicious are the same editor's views on the respective merits of the two contending parties, as set forth in the editorial we reproduce elsewhere, "Paganism's Last Ditch." We agree with him in marvelling at the general sympathy with Japan, a pagan nation, capable, as its past history shows, of appalling cruelty towards Christians, and liable, as we know from the way it treated the Chinese, to slough off, in the heat of battle, its thin coating of Western veneer.

In connection with some remarks we made last week about carnival skaters masquerading as nuns, is it not strange that the very people who so gladly welcome the "sweet-faced," "meek-faced," and "quiet-garbed" nun in their gay revels, solemnly and soberly protest against her sweetness, her meekness, and especially her quiet garb in the school room? If they welcome a counterfeit presentment of her in their play, why should they not give her own real self a still warmer welcome in what ought to be, according to them, the special habitat of sweetness, meekness and quiet?

"La Nouvelle France," which is now in its third year, has very kindly begun to exchange with us at its own request. We appreciate this kindness all the more because this Quebec monthly magazine is far above the ordinary level of

monthlies. The December issue presented a "Causerie Littéraire" by Father J. Camille Roy, which is really a masterpiece of historical criticism on two books lately published in the City of Quebec, Mr. Ernest Gagnon's "Louis Jolliet" and Mr. Ernest Myrand's "Frontenac et ses amis." Father Roy is as hearty in his praise as he is considerate and merciful in his blame. While equally at home in the fine points of French style and in the moot questions of Canadian history, he justly deprecates undue violence in controversy and preaches, both by example and precept, charitable criticism as the surest means of getting at the facts. Speaking from a pretty wide experience of contemporary reviews in the English language, we know of very few articles that can compare, in thoroughness and sincerity with Father Roy's.

The January number of "La Nouvelle France" has a more varied bill of fare. Mr. Raphael Gervais talks incisively on popular errors and prejudices, voicing the sound Catholic principles which this Review always advocates. In Father G. Bourassa's skilful hands the so-called prophecy of St. Malachy, giving a motto for each pope's reign till the end of the world, cuts a very sorry figure. There is left not a shred of its authenticity, nor even any real value in the vague mottoes that might apply to any number of similar circumstances. Mr. C. de Kirwan, a retired Inspector of the Forests of France, discourses learnedly on the fast diminishing timber resources of the world. His article, which fairly bristles with statistics gathered from all the countries of the globe, shows that this earth of ours is seriously threatened with a wood famine within the next hundred years. Canada might ultimately become the forest reserve for the entire globe, but only on condition that its entire resources in timber be properly husbanded, not squandered as they are now, and that some means be found to check those devastating forest fires which constitute a most dangerous menace to the world's wood supply. Father At continues his delightfully sarcastic chats on the grammatical and literary anarchy that is just now running riot in France. The last article contains some of Mr. Ernest Gagnon's views on the proper organ accompaniment of the Gregorian chant. His competence in musical matters is as well established as his literary fame, and when he tells us, in the preface to a forthcoming work on this subject, that his purpose is to set up a serviceable breakwater against the rising flood of bad taste and musical barbarism, we feel sure that he will realize his intentions.

The approaching Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis has revived the question of the discovery of the Mississippi river. De Soto first saw the Father of Waters in 1539, and his name is often mentioned as the discoverer of that great stream.

What then becomes of the claim made in favor of Marquette and Jolliet? General J. C. Black, in a discourse at Makinak on Aug. 1, 1900, answered that, although De Soto undoubtedly was the first to see the Mississippi, he died on its banks and did not make known his great discovery in Europe. Rumors thereof had reached the eastern hemisphere, but what little knowledge there was had disappeared before Marquette's time. His position was similar to that of Columbus with respect to the Icelandic discoverers of America. Their journeys were forgotten when Columbus undertook his. Their attempts at colonization did not last: his did. So Marquette had to

go through years of patient investigation till he was assured in 1673 that the great body of water was not an ocean, as Nicolet had thought, but an immense river. De Soto, who explored not more than one fourth of the lower reaches of the Mississippi, knew nothing of its sister stream, the Missouri, nor of its more northerly course and tributaries. General Black concludes: "The man who discovered the Mississippi was Pere Marquette; or, to speak more accurately, it was Marquette and Jolliet. Marquette not only discovered the great river, but he gave to Europe ethical, historical and geographical knowledge hitherto unknown; he pointed out the large tributaries which poured their volume of water into the Mississippi basin, thus connecting the interior with the gulf of Mexico. His work, and not De Soto's meets the requirements of the one who merits to be called in the strict sense of the word the discoverer of the Mississippi."

Cablegrams of a fortnight ago announced what purported to be the gist of Lord Wolseley's reply to Father McCarthy of this city, who had written that the noble lord owed his life to Archbishop Tache's prevention of a proposed annihilation of the Red River expedition. We have waited for the text of the ex-Commander-in-Chief's reply. It has now come to hand and is characteristically delusive. It is contained in this paragraph of the London "Daily Chronicle":—

"As regards the statement in the 'Daily Chronicle' of the 21st inst., as to the possibility of Riel attacking the military expedition sent from Canada to put down the rebellion inaugurated by that murderer, Lord Wolseley would like to say that it was a source of deep regret to all ranks belonging to the expedition that Riel and his supporters did not attack the advancing troops at any place during that long journey from Lake Superior to the Red River." It will be observed that the gallant Lord retracts none of the cruel epithets he applied to the illustrious Archbishop, neither does he notice Mr. Griffin's unanswerable defence of Mgr. Tache. All that he does is to regret that he and his men had no chance to fight Riel and his followers. Probably, in his overweening confidence, he was really spoiling for a fight. But very certainly the probable issue of that fight was an unknown quantity to him. Were he better acquainted with the later rebellion of 1885, fought under much less favorable surroundings and yet, for a time, astonishingly successful against overwhelming numbers, he might have had prudent doubts as to the results of that proposed ambush in the fastnesses of the Winnipeg River gorges. But as Kipling hints in his "Little Bobs" Lord Wolseley never misses an opportunity to "advertise." That, and not truthfulness or strategic ability, is the secret of his fame. The man who, with all the resources of the empire at his back, failed to save Gordon, can be no great General. But he knows how to write himself up and get others to do the same.

Persons and Facts

The Exposition Transportation Company, of St. Paul, have appointed Captain E. C. Anthony, an old time and well known Mississippi River steamboat man, their general manager, and P. D. Chandler general passenger agent. Mr. Chandler has been identified with shipping interests on the great lakes for some time. The insignia "Take your hotel with you" signifies the nature of the Company's project, which in addition to opera-

ting a line of palatial steamboats on the Mississippi next summer, contemplates the care of its patrons during their sojourn in St. Louis, by docking their boats near the fair grounds for several days. The people of the Northwest generally, know that the ideal way to travel to St. Louis is via the grand and picturesque "Father of Waters," and when there is added the advantage of securing their hotel accommodations prior to their departure, it would appear the new Company will have more applicants than they can accommodate.

The Catholic Club was "at home" to its friends on Tuesday evening. Proceedings started with a progressive pedro tourney, in which the prize winners were: Gentleman's prize, Thomas Jobin; ladies' prize, Miss M. Savage; consolation, Miss E. Emery. A musical programme was then introduced by F. W. Russell, president of the club, who occupied the chair. Among those taking part were: Miss Agnes Barry, Miss Kathleen Brownrigg, J. A. Barry, K. W. Gunne and Charles Lawes. After the programme the ladies served refreshments and a pleasant hour was spent. The At Home was voted by all present a great success.

A message of sympathy with Mrs. Moore in her sad bereavement has been received from the Irish Hierarchy in the following terms: "The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled in general meeting on the 12th inst., in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, tender to Mrs. Moore their deepest and sincerest sympathy on the occasion of the lamented death of Count Moore, whose ready and generous co-operation was always available for every movement involving the interests of our Catholic people."

It is freely stated that Colonel Lynch's release was brought about through the intervention of the King. Although he has been released simply on licence, the authorities will not call upon him to report himself periodically as was done in the case of Mr. Michael Davitt. He will have full personal liberty, to the extent even of leaving England, if he so desires, but he is disqualified to sit in Parliament, or to be elected to any position of trust. Colonel Lynch has been longer in gaol than any "rebel" convicted in the Cape Colony or Natal.—Catholic Times, (England).

On Monday, January 25, the guard on duty at the Vatican arrested a stranger who was found wandering among the corridors of the Palace seeking to enter the Pope's apartments. The prisoner, who refused to answer any of the questions put to him, is believed to be a dangerous character who had designs on the Pope's life.

Sir Hugh MacDonnell, late British Minister to Portugal, died on Monday, Jan. 25, at his residence in London. He was in his 73rd year.

Last Sunday evening Rev. A. Chossegros, S.J., Professor of Rhetoric in St. Boniface College, gave a masterly lecture on "Lamartine." He emphasized the fact that this great French poet, who was for many years eclipsed by the transitory glory of Victor Hugo, is now recovering his deserved place as the greatest of French lyric poets. Mr. Brunetiere was the first to point out how far superior to Hugo he is in consecutiveness of thought, in harmony of verse, in true poetic inspiration. No doubt Lamartine has faults; for a time he lost faith in Christianity and three of his books are condemned

by the Church; but, unlike Victor Hugo, he returned to the Church of his youth, and he was always religious-minded.

Last Tuesday, the Rev. J. Dugas S.J., Rector of the St. Boniface College, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Alphonse Dugas, a prosperous farmer at St. Jacques, L'Achigan, Que., who is a guest at the College, went to visit Lorette, and was most cordially welcomed by the parish priest, Rev. Father Dufresne. Through the kind offices of Mr. Alphonse Dugas, the Rector of the College lately imported from the east eleven first class milch cows and two pedigreed bulls, one of which, "Bijou," carried off the first prize for milk-producing cattle at the Buffalo exposition. These valuable animals are now on the College stock farm.

On Thursday of last week the lady patronesses of the Hospice Tache gave a most successful entertainment in aid of that institution in the hall of St. Boniface College. Judging from the way in which the hall was packed the financial aspect of the musical and dramatic soiree must have been very gratifying. His Grace the Archbishop, the Very Rev. Vicar-General, the Rev. Rector of the College, many of the clergy and most of the best representatives of French and French Canadian society were present. "La Gauloise," a French literary association of Winnipeg, kindly repeated Bottrel's "A qui le Neveu" (Whose Nephew?) which had been played shortly before in this city. This comedy provoked a great deal of innocent merriment. The musical numbers were, for the most part encoored, and in two cases the recall was almost boisterously emphatic.

Of our friend Ed. McCarthy of Regina, and his curling triumphs, the Free Press of Friday, Feb. 19, says: "The McCarthy rink reached every final and will probably have to charter a special train to carry back their share of the jewelry." Mac Rochon takes back to Fort William the big Tetley Tea trophy. These two we are proud of. Paddy and Canuck can hold their own against all comers.

The Exposition Transportation Company, of St. Paul, have published an artistically illustrated booklet outlining a trip on their steamboats via the Mississippi River to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition next summer. The project is as attractive as it is unique for it contemplates the use of the steamboats as floating hotels during the tourists' stay in St. Louis. There are other features of the trip which will doubtless appeal strongly to the majority of the World's Fair visitors, many of whom are already making their reservations.

Clerical News.

The Rev. Eug. C. Schmidt, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal; was, at latest accounts, the guest of the Rev. Ambrose M. Fontan, S. J., at St. Ann's, West Palm Beach, Dade County, Florida; whence he sent a postcard to a friend here, with a tantalizing view of the Palm Gardens of Hotel Royal Poinciana, and an equally tantalizing enquiry if our gardens were as far advanced.

Rev. Charles Dehaies was ordained priest last Sunday morning by Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface, in His Grace's private chapel.

The following statistics concerning the destinations of some of the dispersed French religious orders are taken from the New York "Evening Post." England has received 6,100; 1,100 have gone to Canada, and 1,800 have entered the United States. The number of religious men and of religious women who have sought an asylum in England is about equal; of those who went to Canada, the vast majority are religious women, and nearly all who came to the United States are men.

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Regina Notes.

The very severe weather still continues and this (Monday) morning the thermometer registered 50 below zero at government house. Trains have all been blocked, and from Thursday till Sunday, no train arrived from Prince Albert.

Rev. Father Kasper, O.M.I., spent Sunday in Moose Jaw. Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., returned on Saturday from Rouleau, where he passed the week on business in connection with the school district out there. Driving in such weather as we are now having is indeed far from pleasant. Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., celebrated the Mass at half past nine, and preached a most eloquent sermon in German. One of his hearers told your correspondent on Sunday afternoon, that his sermon in the morning was as eloquent and as touching a sermon as she had ever heard. A most earnest exhortation to the German congregation to fulfil their duties during the coming season of Lent, so as to fitly receive their Blessed Lord at Easter. At High Mass, at eleven o'clock, Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., preached in English on Christian hope, a continuation of his beautiful sermon of last Sunday. He contrasted the hope that animates the true Christian, as compared with those who have no hope beyond the tomb, and drew some touching pictures from life of the fortitude with which the true Christian meets the trials and crosses—the common fate of all—that even death itself is robbed of its sting by the glorious hope of a reunion beyond the grave. The Rev. Fathers are indefatigable in their efforts for our spiritual welfare, they labor early and late, and a hearty co-operation on the part of their parishioners will undoubtedly bring most gratifying results.

The ladies of St. Mary's Altar Society are very busy in anticipation of their St. Valentine's Tea to be held this evening in the city hall. Of this, more anon.

His Honor Lieut.-Governor and Madame Forget accompanied by Mr. Bourget, private secretary, went east on Tuesday night for a vacation. It is to be hoped that the change may be of benefit to His Honor, as the delicate state of his health almost entirely prevented him from attending Mass on Sunday, or assisting at any of our public functions.

Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., spent Sunday, Feb. 7 at Arat. Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., celebrated both Masses at Regina, preaching in German at first Mass, and in English at eleven o'clock.

The monthly meeting of the St. Mary's Social and Literary Association was held on Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Quite an amount of business was transacted, and the entertainment given shows that the actors are quite well versed in the parts allotted them.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of visiting the store of E. McCarthy & Co. now being enlarged. Really it is an immense building. There are a great number of carpenters at present working on the building, and when finished it will be by far the largest block in the city. We certainly cannot too highly commend such enterprise.

GENA MacFARLANE.

HONOR ROLL—GRATTON SCHOOL, REGINA.

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IV Class—Paul Meyers, Gratton McCarthy, Arthur McCusker.
III Class—Gustave Meyers, Annie Rheinlander, Hubert McCusker.
II Class—Alois Sinion, Lawrence Lewis, Sam Meyers.
Pt. II—Frank Donovel, Sophie Kuhn, Anna McCarthy.

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Ste. Rose du Lac Notes

Saurette—Tucker.—On Tuesday, February 9, at Ste. Rose du Lac, by the Rev. Father Lecoq, O.M.I., Pierre, third son of A. Saurette, Esq., St. Pie Letellier to Hilda, fifth daughter of Mr. W. A. Tucker, and Mrs. Tucker. The bride was given away by her father, Miss Frances Tucker being bridesmaid, and Mr. Basil Tucker best man. Numerous friends and relatives including Mr. and Mrs. King Teunant, of Winnipeg, were present at the ceremony which took place in the convent chapel, the nuptial Mass being at 10 a.m. The bride was charming in a costume of blue velvet with hat to match. After the marriage the wedding party drove to the bride's home where breakfast was provided, the guests being happy to welcome amongst them the Rev. Fathers Lecoq and Beauregard. In the evening a large reception was held for neighboring friends, the presents were numerous and costly, including many really beautiful objects. Mr. and Mrs. P. Saurette left for Winnipeg, en route for their future home at Ste. Pie Letellier amid the good wishes and hearty congratulations of all. The photograph belonging to the Rev. Father Lecoq is to be raffled at the P. O. on Friday the 19.

Obituary

MOTHER FRANCIS.

Last Saturday, at St. Boniface Hospital, Mother Francis, of the Ursuline Convent at Grand Forks, North Dakota, died of cancer. She was born 49 years ago in Massachusetts and entered the Ursuline order when about nineteen. For many years past she had been stationed at Grand Forks, where her proficiency as a teacher of the higher branches of a collegiate course attracted a large number of pupils. About eighteen months ago she came to St. Boniface Hospital to be treated for cancer and underwent an operation which greatly relieved her for a time; but the incurable malady returned, and Nurse O'Rourke, who was attending her at Grand Forks, brought her here as a forlorn hope. She failed rapidly soon after her arrival at St. Boniface hospital. Fully conscious to the last, having received Extreme Unction at Grand Forks, she received Holy Communion three times a week, and bore with exemplary fortitude the collapse of her former splendid vigor and health. Mother Stanislaus, the Superior of the Grand Forks Convent, who, accompanied by Miss Case, had come here a couple of days before the end, eased and comforted her during her last moments.

The Requiem Mass was sung on Monday morning at 6.30 by Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, in the Grey Nuns Chapel, and the remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Boniface.

Mother Stanislaus and Miss Case returned to Grand Forks the same day.

MISS ROSETTA BRENNAN.

One short hour after the funeral of Mother Francis, Miss Rosetta Brennan, who was one of the most charming and efficient nurses in St. Boniface Hospital, was taken away in the bloom and freshness of her innocent youth. Born and bred at Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, she came here about a year and a half ago, and immediately entered the training school for nurses in St. Boniface hospital, where she endeared herself to all by her cheerfulness and devotedness to her work. She was taken ill less than a month ago, and in spite of medical skill and sisterly care, she sank gradually and breathed her last on Monday at 8.30 in the morning. Though only twenty years of age, she accepted the inevitable manifestation of the Divine will and gladly received the last rites of the Church. She leaves a mother and three elder sisters to mourn her premature demise.

The funeral took place at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning from the hospital to the cathedral, where the Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Dr. Beliveau, with Rev.

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The St. Boniface Kindergarten.

The St. Boniface Kindergarten, directed by the Grey Nuns, for boys under twelve years of age, will re-open on September the First. Parents who desire to send in their children should retain their places immediately.

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Dr. Trudel as deacon, and Rev. Father Mireault as sub-deacon. Rev. Fathers O'Dwyer, O.M.I., and Drummond, S.J., were present. The pall-bearers were: Dr. McKenty, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Raleigh, Mr. P. Shea, Mr. D. T. Lennon, Mr. L. S. Baker. The Grey Nuns' singing was particularly good. Many friends of the deceased came from Winnipeg to assist at her obsequies, and many tears were shed over the unexpected ending of that beautiful young life.

The casket was literally covered with flowers. Following is the list: Mrs. D. T. Lennon, wreath; the nurses, cross; Dr. Davidson, wreath; Mr. Malory, wreath; Mr. Clifton, cross; Miss O'Rourke, star; Mrs. F. W. Law, star and spray; Mrs. O'Callagin, cross; Miss Stensby, spray; Miss Curran, spray; Miss Haverty, spray; Dr. McArthur, wreath; Miss Markey, spray; Miss E. G. McKenty, spray; Dr. Peatman, cross; Mrs. d'Abbadie, (nee O'Connor), heart; Mrs. L. S. Baker spray; Mrs. W. C. Law, wreath. About twenty nurses, each carrying a flower offering, followed the remains to their last resting place in St. Boniface cemetery.

Last Saturday, the 13th inst., Mr. Felix Menu, the senior member of the Flemish colony of St. Boniface, died peacefully in the Lord. He was 76 years and four months old. One of his sons is immigration agent, another is the postmaster of St. Boniface.

The Flemish colony mourn in him one of the most influential and virtuous of their people. A fervent Catholic, he leaves behind him the fragrance of his deeply Christian example as a stimulus for his fellow countrymen. His memory, like that of the just man, will ever remain as a blessing for those who knew him.

R. I. P.

BELGIAN IMMIGRATION.

Mr. Charles Menu, ex-Secretary of the Belgian Mutual Benefit association, "De Belgische Vereeniging," has just been appointed Dominion Immigration Agent, and left last Wednesday for Antwerp. He will lecture on Manitoba and the Northwest in the Flemish agricultural centres of Belgium.

Mr. Menu is thoroughly devoted to the cause of Belgian immigration to this country, with which he has long been familiar, and, as he has powerful backing in Belgium, he will certainly succeed in his patriotic work. He will doubtless diminish the Belgian immigration to the United States and persuade his people to immigrate in great numbers to Western Canada next spring. He will himself accompany them here, choose land for them, and then return to Belgium to bring other settlers here. Thanks to their habits of industry, thrift and sobriety, the Belgians make excellent settlers and add greatly to the Catholic body in the Northwest.

DEBATE AT THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

The Catholic Club have organized a Literary and Debating Society which has certainly been a long felt want. One of the chief aims of the Society is to accustom their young men to speak in public, with this worthy object they deserve the support and hearty co-operation of all our Catholics, for we are greatly in need of good public speakers. The Club with its characteristic energy has arranged for the Society to have their first evening next Tuesday, February 23. The Rev. Father Drummond has kindly consented to act as one of the judges; he will also give a short lecture on the art of debating. This alone should prove a great attraction as Father Drummond is recognized as one of the greatest lecturers in Western Canada.

By the following programme it will be seen that the entertainment will be one of the best that has ever been given by the Catholic Club.

- Piano Solo—G. A. Betourney.
- Song—A. P. Donnelly.
- Recitation—Mr. Barre.
- Violin Solo—A. C. Beaudry.
- Lecture—Rev. Father Drummond, S. J.

Debate—Subject: Resolved that it would be to Canada's advantage to adopt a policy of government ownership and control of public utilities.

Affirmative—J. E. O'Connor, A. Dubuc.

Negative—W. J. Donovan, A. H. Kennedy.

Judges—Rev. Father Drummond, Rev. Father Frigon, Dr. McKenty, F. W. Russell.

In the debate each speaker will have 15 minutes, and the affirmative an extra 10 minutes to reply. There will be a popular vote taken, but the decision of the judges will be final, and will in no way be governed by the vote.

The Club extend a cordial invitation to all their gentlemen friends, as the entertainment will be in the form of a smoker. Every effort will be made to accommodate the large audience that is expected.

TO FOUND CATHOLIC COLONY.

Rev. Albert Lacombe, who has been the guest of James J. Hill of St. Paul, is endeavoring to establish a colony for half-breed Indians 100 miles east of Edmonton, N. W. T.

Father Lacombe was one of the first missionaries in the Northwest and is now 78 years of age. He recently secured a tract of land 100 miles east of Edmonton from the Canadian government upon which to found this colony, and has since spent \$27,000 in improving it and sending half-breed colonists to it. During his stay in St. Paul he conferred with Mr. Hill in reference to sending a number of half-breeds who live in Montana back to the colony, and made arrangements to have one of his priest immigration agents sent to Montana immediately.

"The founding of the colony is necessary to redeem these people, of which there are about 10,000 in Canada and the northwest part of the United States," said Father Lacombe. "They were a good class of people until the white men began to throng the country. They are unable to compete with the white men, and are not liked by them, and therefore generally live a life of poverty and misery."

"I wish to put them all together where one will be the equal of the other, make them build their houses, till their ground and work for a living. If I live long enough to do this, I shall feel very happy, for then I am certain that we can redeem this people from its present down-trodden and wretched condition."

Father Lacombe will spend some time in Chicago and New York, interesting friends in his colony, and then will go to Montreal, his old home. He expects to return to his little home in Pincher Creek, a thriving town at the foot of the Rockies, in the province of Alberta, some time in February.

Father Lacombe has charge of all the missions in the province of Alberta, and still spends a good deal of his time going about the country visiting the missions and churches which have sprung up. When in Pincher Creek he holds services in his mission there and spends his spare time in his little home, which he calls the "Hermitage." His district includes the prosperous towns of Calgary, Fort McLeod, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Pincher Creek and others.—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

VALUE OF THE WEEKLY PAPER.

"Each copy is read not only by the five people usually credited to the ordinary paper, but twice or thrice that number in many instances, for many subscribers pass their papers on and on to the inmates of less fortunate homes. These publications are pre-eminently the home papers of newspaperdom. They are not superficially scanned while men travel to business and then left for brakemen to gather up. They go directly into homes and the reading of them is a duty as well as a pleasure. Hence their peculiar value to advertisers and their value as moulders of public opinion."—Review of Reviews.

THE CAPUCHINS.

Its "Analecta Ordinis" show that the Capuchin Order has 57 provinces, the first of which is that of Rome with 34 convents. In all there are 559 convents, 136 hospices and 63 novitiates. The religious, clerics and lay brethren are 9,919, and there are 357 tertiaries living in community. Forty colleges have 1,148 students. There depend on the Order 4,603 congregations of tertiaries with 776,284 adherents, and there are 17,716 tertiaries in the missions entrusted to the order.

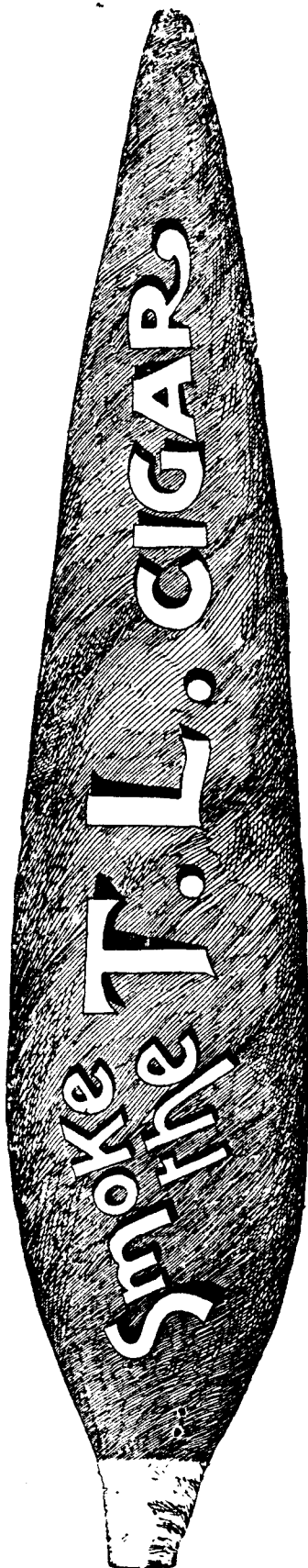
The Capuchin Missions are spread through Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania, and are 31 in number. The missionary men are 693, the women 522, the secular tertiaries 17,716. The Catholics in the missions number 716,757. The statistics on other heads are: Conversions, 1,030; hospitals, 89; schools, 368; scholars, 12,550; colleges, 37; students, 1,035; orphanages, with 2,159 orphans; baptisms, 14,962; sermons, 21,332.

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MANITOBA

CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHEL
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154

Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343

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Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

FEBRUARY.

- 21—First Sunday in Lent.
- 22—Monday—The chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
- 23—Tuesday—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Doctor.
- 24—Wednesday—Ember Day and Vigil. Votive office of St. Joseph.
- 25—Thursday—St. Mathias. Apostle.
- 26—Friday—The Lance and the Nails. Ember Day.
- 27—Saturday—St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent. Ember Day.

DISCHARGED PRISONERS

The Rev. Aloysius M. Fish, a Capuchin Father, Chairman of the Committee on Discharged Prisoners, of the National Prison Association of New Jersey, writes to us the following letter, which has been crowded out until now.

Trenton, N.J., Jan. 11, 1904
Editor of the Northwest Review,
Winnipeg Manitoba.

Dear Sir:—I herewith forward you a duplicate of an article copies of which I am sending to the religious press throughout the United States and Canada, in an endeavor to secure for it as wide publicity as possible. My chief desire is to bring my views before, and to invite as much discussion as I can from the added audience which your publication will assure. Therefore, I trust you can find space for it in one of your forthcoming issues.

The "Northwest Review," circulating as it does through all grades of society, reaches many Catholic business men and employers especially, to whom my views and the facts stated will be of more than passing interest, for, you know, the ultimate fate of the discharged prisoner rests mostly in the hands of employers.

The publishing rights of this article have not been sold, and as I will not send any other paper in your immediate vicinity a copy, I can assure you of the exclusive right to publish it in your own territory.

Trusting you can grant the cooperation I seek, and thanking you in advance for the consideration asked, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
(REV.) ALOYS M. FISH.

Although we have not enough space for the entire article, we gladly print extracts from it which apply to this country as well as to the United States.

Amos W. Butler, of Indiana, at the National Prison Congress, 1902 said:

"What a great number of convicts altogether there is turned loose in our country! In few states are there organizations to help them; few of them are given the help of a friend; most of them have no one really interested in their welfare. This is a great problem for the solution of which this association stands. It has labored with some effect to bring this cause to the attention of Christian people and to that end will continue to work."

I underline the concluding words of the preceding passage, for it

gives the cue to my present effort and it emphasizes the continuity and the perseverance of the National Prison Association in its work towards the betterment of prisoners and of prisons. I shall not pretend originality or novelty in what I propose saying; all I lay claim to will be the endeavor to keep up the old interest and to arouse more and renewed interest in the discharged prisoner. To attain results we must "keep at it." I desire to awaken deep thought and thorough discussion, and to this end I shall, disconnectedly, perhaps, still to the point propose some topics and express thereon some ideas.

IMPORTANCE OF THIS STUDY.

The end to be attained by imprisonment is not alone the atonement for the transgression, but also the reformation of the transgressor. But reformation in prison without readaptation to society upon release is a house built on sand—it has not stability. Hence the opinion has grown strong in me that the treatment of the convict after his discharge is one of the most important matters in the science of penology.

The experience of prison workers is that usually in the criminal, amid his unruly instincts, there is a great, though undeveloped amount of good. True it is that some criminals are found who are yet unripe for moral development or remoulding, but on the whole, moral and religious work among convicts, while they are in prison, is not one of the most difficult tasks. Earnest, prudent and unselfish moral ministrations are not rejected by them, and zeal, tempered by good sense, has worked wonderful results. It is relatively easy to bring about in the convicts some change for the better, but the crucial point, the point that determines perseverance or failure, is met soon after the convicts have again passed beyond the prison door. As chaplain I endeavor to build up in them character and morality, to train them in confidence in the helping grace of God. But as they pass from under my influence, a feeling of apprehensiveness steals over me—a dread that the beautiful edifice I have been in them abuilding will not withstand the shock of coldness and aversion, of hardships and persecutions that they are likely to meet. There is a percentage of men in prison and discharged from our prisons that have become infatuated with a life of crime, they find in it exhilaration and perverted exercise of their abilities; they are criminals for crime's sake. It is their proession and livelihood. They despise society and regard it as their lawful prey. They seek no readaptation. Why are they so? The cause of this does not in all cases and to the entire extent lie in inheritance or environment while young, though without doubt much of it can be traced to these sources. In the past, perhaps long ago, when they would have been pliable to good, when they were willing and open to reformation, the mark of notoriety was placed on them by society's agents and guardians, they were cast out friendless, no helping hand was turned to aid them. Now they seek no more sympathy, they are sour and disheartened, their hands are against all, and the hands of all are against them. Close contact with criminals while in prison, reveals many of the habitual and recidivist class, whose past has been one of discouragement and whose future is a mass of darkness. They respond feebly or not at all to the call for reformation; they have left hope behind. It is greatly their own fault, but have not their fellowmen, who first treat them unreasonably, uncharitably, and unjustly, and then persecute them as recidivists, a goodly share in the existence of this class that is in truth a blot on our social conditions. How many that at first were criminals by accident have been thus driven into becoming criminals by design.

When now under all these circumstances the ex-convict contrasts the irksomeness of his life with the acquisition of money and of enjoyments that he himself had experienced in the past, or that he knows others to have experienced through dishonesty, his good resolves are apt to be blown to the winds. Of course, it is his own free will that determines him to go back to a life of crime, but, after all, we human beings are all of us to a great extent that which circumstances have moulded us to be. "Our resolutions are the children of circumstances, and upon circumstances their execution also depends."—Shakespeare. Many of our virtuous people are good because they are not pushed to the bad—many a recidivist has struggled hard before succumbing to the pressure of adversity. Has this been sufficiently considered when we form harsh judgments over the man in prison, or the man from prison?

Let us be fair. The man in prison and the man just from prison are not by any means martyrs to a sacred cause—in most cases at least punishment has been merited—sometimes punishment too severe has been given, sometimes punishment too slight. I am still a believer in the old-fashioned idea of the vindication of outraged justice of the External Law of Compensation. But the vindication of outraged justice does not call for the absolute crushing of the transgressor. Christianity is too deeply imbued with the personality of the Good Shepherd, the story of the Magdalene is too prominent, to allow Christians to mould their attitude on such a principle.

I have heard and have read much about the necessity of distinguishing between a criminal and a convict, but I wonder how many among us ever stop to draw this line of distinction when we meet a man discharged from prison? How few, indeed, have charity and a sense of justice and fair play; how few are free from bias and suspicion when brought in touch with an ex-convict; how many that, ignorant of the number that have stood firm in their resolves for good, will insist on seeing only those that have again fallen!

THE DISCHARGED PRISONER.

The man just discharged from prison has received from the State a new though distinctive suit of clothes, five, exceptionally ten, very rarely twenty-five dollars, and sometimes a railroad ticket. In eight states the man may have

earnings to his credit. The most usual outfit in twenty-five States and Territories is not above the suit, five dollars and railroad fare. Four States give practically nothing. The man looks ahead to his future. If he goes back to his former home, his acquaintances will likely distrust him; in case he has acquired some notoriety, he will be held under a general suspicion. Provided, however, that he has father, mother or wife to welcome him, his lot is not unbearable, and he can rehabilitate himself, living down the disgrace of having been a convict.

But, perhaps, he has no home, or is made unwelcome by his own, or fears molestations—then he must go to a strange place. To live up to his good resolves that he presumably formed in prison, he must work. Can he get work? If he has a trade or profession, he must furnish references; if the industrial establishments have been unionized, his self-respect forbids him to work except under union auspices, and this mostly he cannot do; he must pay his board; he needs a change of clothing and likely some tools—to do all this he has a five dollar note.

If he can find no work at his trade, or has no trade to fall back upon, he must take to unskilled labor or look for odd jobs. If the labor market be overcrowded, if he be only one among thousands of the unemployed that throng the streets of large cities, his is a precarious plight. He is friendless, and his association must be with those that ask no references. Among such, excessive drinking is more or less rampant, profanity and religious indifference is not uncommon, and in general it must be conceded that while such associates are not necessarily criminals, they nevertheless make little for the moral uplifting of one that has lately come from prison.

When now under all these circumstances the ex-convict contrasts the irksomeness of his life with the acquisition of money and of enjoyments that he himself had experienced in the past, or that he knows others to have experienced through dishonesty, his good resolves are apt to be blown to the winds. Of course, it is his own free will that determines him to go back to a life of crime, but, after all, we human beings are all of us to a great extent that which circumstances have moulded us to be. "Our resolutions are the children of circumstances, and upon circumstances their execution also depends."—Shakespeare. Many of our virtuous people are good because they are not pushed to the bad—many a recidivist has struggled hard before succumbing to the pressure of adversity. Has this been sufficiently considered when we form harsh judgments over the man in prison, or the man from prison?

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Sympathy for the ex-convict, however, should not be allowed to get the better of good judgment. The men that eventually reach our prisons are for a great part persons of weak will-power, weakened by



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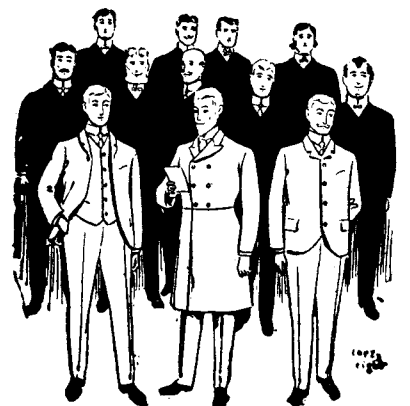
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indulgence to passions of various kinds; lacking in solidity of character; not virile in straining towards ideals of morality; heedless of the warning voices of religion. Not but that all of us, having been born in original sin, bear in us a taint of similar infection—and how many "respectables" might now be in prison, if benign environment

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High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
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Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on First Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—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.
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C. M. B. A.

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had not hindered the spread of this infection, or if prestige and influence had not preserved them from the consequences of more or less hidden transgression? Let us return to the ex-convict. In most of them there is a degree of moral unreliability. Whether it was there before, or whether it was engendered through imprisonment, I do not know—it is in him nevertheless. As a consequence, the solid and lasting reformation of the ex-convict, if he has also been a criminal, presents some difficulties. If he be left to his own devices, even with employment and wages, he is likely to show some unrest that sooner or later will force him away from his work. If he be in undisturbed possession of his leisure time and of a lustful or intemperate disposition, soon he is more or less implicated with strong drink or women. Hence I feel that a man from prison, to be solidly reformed must be taken and kept well in hand—mere perfunctory interest in him will not achieve lasting results.

The lack of success in reclaiming ex-convicts that so often attends the efforts of organizations and individuals, I attribute to the absence of distinct and determined influence—of influence from individual upon individual. I wish that every convict in whom the prison chaplain had produced at least the beginnings of a change of heart, could on release from prison be put immediately in touch with a wholesome man on the outside, who could stand by and assist the convict to rehabilitate himself in the community.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

This leads to some thoughts on what might best be done in order to bring about a rehabilitation of the fallen ones. As an essential prerequisite to any practical steps I demand a more correct judgment of the ex-convict along the lines suggested thus far. There must be a greater degree of optimism introduced into the consideration of the matter, and an assumption of a percentage of failures. Failures there will be, disappointment will be at times met. But why be pessimistic? Why stand about like the Pharisees of old and gloat over the fallen? Why merit to have hurled at us: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"—i. e., the guilty sinner.

If a more charitable and more just sentiment could be universally called into being, an unshakable foundation would be laid for practical efforts.

The indeterminate sentence with the prospect of provisional release from imprisonment is, in my opinion, thus far the nearest approach to a solution of the problem. If the true spirit of this legal enactment be followed, if those entrusted with the execution of its provisions be wise and impartial, if in truth the man in prison can earn his release, and if every convict, independently of his past, can be impelled by the same incentive, then I believe that the cornerstone of solid reformation will be laid.

But the parole without after care is not complete. Simply to release a man from prison even on his merits while there is not enough. He needs associates and friends; he cannot stand alone—no man can. Some of our States provide vaguely for the care of a paroled man, by requiring employment before releasing him, and by establishing a somewhat indefinite supervision over him, or by demanding stated reports from him. These arrangements are often very crudely planned and very perfunctorily carried out, but with all its shortcomings, the system of release on parole, especially when it is a sequel to an indeterminate sentence, is highly prized wherever it is in existence and the results achieved serve as arguments that a man from prison can be rehabilitated.

In regard to after treatment of prisoners, whether paroled or not, Switzerland serves as an admirable model. Switzerland has fourteen societies for discharged convicts, with a central committee in the chief city of each canton, and having district committees or corresponding members that carry the spirit of philanthropy into the smallest borough. The extension of aid to the discharged prisoner is

made not through money, but through work and personal sympathy, counsel and interest. The prisoner can be brought into touch with these workers, before ever he has left the prison. The committees seek for him a patron, a charitable and unselfish man or woman chosen to be friend, guide and counselor to the discharged convict. To this patron is committed the work of directing the prisoner in the right way, of following his career until he is rehabilitated. Thus direct personal influence has an immense scope. The patron either reconciles the prisoner to his family and friends or seeks a place of employment and endeavors to create a new environment for his protegee. These societies have diffused among the public more just ideas in regard to liberated prisoners and made the people understand that it is for their interest to associate in this work.

Employers willingly admit such men, for there is the surveillance of the patron, and further the societies guarantee to them the reimbursement of depredations that the ex-prisoners might inflict on the employers. Remarkable to relate, in twenty-three years the societies have had no expenditures on this account. Recidivism is remarkably rare. In the canton of Neuchatel, statistics for three consecutive years show that the highest number of reconvictions in one year was fifteen out of 360 or about 4 per cent.

Why could we not in our own country establish ourselves on similar lines? Surely philanthropy, the love of our fellows, is not rare among us. The many organizations that exist throughout the land for the amelioration of the distressed and the defective bear testimony that charity is not dead, but lives a vigorous life. Why can there not be more organizations for the benefit of the delinquent? We are not yet sufficiently aroused to the importance of this matter. Great strides are being made in advance in preventive and reformatory work; why shall not more be done on lines of rehabilitation? Can we not find men and women to join in the work of helping the ex-convict? Have we not many men and women of means, devotedness and leisure, that could take up patronage of men and women from State prison and penitentiary?

I ask the question, I make the appeal. Who will answer?

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 52, CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 3, 1904.

D. F. Allman, Esq.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir and Brother:—

The members of St. Mary's Branch No. 52 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, cannot allow your retirement from the position of Financial Secretary to pass unnoticed.

Your continued re-election to that important office year after year for the past fifteen years, and the desire of the members to re-elect you this year, may be pointed to as strong indications of the satisfactory manner in which you have administered the financial affairs of the Branch, but we desire tonight to add to this a special assurance of our appreciation of your good and loyal service, and of our heartfelt regret that you have found it necessary to relinquish the position.

From the inception of the Branch you have been one of its most loyal members, and during your long tenure of office have given an unexampled evidence of faithfulness both to the interests of the Branch as a whole and of the members individually, and we assure you that this is thoroughly appreciated by each and all of us.

As a slight token of our feelings, in this respect, and of our regard for you personally we ask you to accept this "C.M.B.A." emblem which we hope you will receive, and keep as a memento of your many years of faithful service, and of the good-will of your brother members.

Signed on behalf of the members,

R. MURPHY, President.
R. F. HINDS, Rec. Secy.

THE IGNORANCE OF SYBILLA.

(Continued from last week.)

There was a deathlike silence. The professor sat, tingling and stupefied, the sound of his own voice ringing in his ears, till presently a rustling of skirts aroused him, and he looked up, to find Sybilla standing by his side. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with anger.

"How dare you sit here and listen to what I was saying?" she demanded, and Stamford trembled before her. For one foolish moment he had imagined that he was the injured person, but Miss Sybilla soon set him right on that point.

"I—I am very sorry. I had just returned from town and was taken by surprise," he explained, haltingly, and the young lady seated herself beside him with a forgiving smile.

"Well, accidents will happen! I didn't mean you to hear, but the poor dears get so dull. They must be amused. You laughed yourself when I imitated the other lecturers."

"I did."

"You said it was very clever."

"Just so, and this—ah—latest impersonation is, I feel sure, equally truthful." Then the Professor's face fell, and he stammered in painful embarrassment, "But, er—er, that extraordinary coughing? Is it really that I—that I do possess that very bad habit?"

Sybilla nodded gravely.

"Dreadfully! Such a pity, for when you are once started, you go on so well. But every time you begin to speak—even at home, as I hear you—"

"You surprise me! I was quite unconscious." Stamford put up his hand and ruffled his hair in helpless fashion. "I have always held that a man who is in the habit of addressing public audiences should endeavor to cultivate an address at once soothing and agreeable to his hearers. It is distressing to find that I have fallen so short of my ideal; but I am indebted to you for pointing out my deficiencies. There may even yet be time to overcome them."

"I'll help you!" cried Sybilla, cordially. "Keep looking at me and I'll make signs to show you how you are getting on. When you forget I'll frown, and when you do well I'll smile like this!"

"I see!" said the professor gravely. He bent forward and peered at her with his short-sighted eyes. Seen close at hand, his face was surprisingly young and boyish. "It's so kind of you to trouble," he said. "I won't forget. I'll look at you all the time."

Sybilla turned her head aside and stared fixedly down the garden.

"How hot it is," she said. "Really extraordinary weather for the time of year."

For the remainder of the professor's visit he and Sybilla remained on the most friendly terms. The young lady did not, it is true, show any more inclination to attend the lectures, but she bestowed the light of her presence upon the concluding soiree and constituted herself Stamford's guide on an excursion to a "place of interest" in the neighborhood, which lived in his memory as one of the historic occasions of his life. When his visit came to an end, and he took leave of the family, he presented Agatha with a copy of his latest book and remarked that her society had been a pleasure and a privilege, but when it came to Sybilla's turn he shook hands in limpest fashion, and, turning hastily aside, stumbled up against the music stool with such violence that it fell spinning to the ground. Then he drove off and Agatha laid the volume in a conspicuous position on the drawing-room table, and immediately sallied forth to the local tennis club. After the mental exertions of the last ten days she considered herself in need of a little recreation, and Archie Manners had casually mentioned that he expected to be at the ground. As for Sybilla, she went out also, ostensibly to pay calls, and quarreled with five separate bosom friends before the day was over.

A fortnight passed by and then a day dawned never to be forgotten in the annals of the French family. Sybilla sat in her room trimming an autumn hat with the seriousness befitting the occasion, when suddenly the door burst open

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and her sister rushed into the room. For once in her life the stately Agatha was overcome with emotion and gasped and panted in a manner which filled the beholder with dismay.
"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Sybilla, the most wonderful thing! You will never guess. He has written—the professor! Father has had a letter. He can't forget me. He says he loved me when he was here, but he thought it was only a fancy. He has fought against it, but he can't—he can't. He says he must see me and end the suspense. He is in town and sent the letter from the hotel. In half an hour he will be here. Oh, Sybilla can you believe it? Professor Stamford—the Great Professor—to care for me! His wife!"
Sybilla unfastened the feather from her hat and deliberately placed the big black pin between her lips. She gazed at her work with an anxious expression as she mumbled out a question in return.

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"And do you—do you love him, too, Agatha?"

"Love him? No! I would not dare, but he is so clever, so learned—I have always looked up to him. And to be his wife—to live in Oxford, in the very midst of the most delightful set! To be Mrs. Edward Stamford—I can't imagine a greater honor! It is wonderful—glorious! I—I ought to be the happiest girl alive! I am! I know I am!" cried Agatha, brokenly, and promptly threw her hands to her face and burst into tears.

Sybilla stood up before the mirror and pinned the hat on the top of her sunny locks. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone, and she stuck the hat at a rakish angle, as if defying the freaks of fate.

"You seem overcome," she said, coldly. "Bear in mind my dear, that you are not forced to accept the invitation unless you wish. If the honor is so great you can decline with thanks—"

"Decline? Refuse him—Prof. Edward Stamford! Oh, Sybilla! I daren't, I could not do it. It is the sphere I have yearned after all my life. Not one girl in a thousand gets such a chance. It would be wicked—positively wicked. I shall say 'Yes,' of course, and be so proud—so glad!" And then she sobbed again and murmured brokenly, "Poor Archie! Oh, poor Archie!"

"Don't you worry about Archie. I'll console him," said Sybilla, cruelly. "I have felt for a long time that I was more suited to him than you. He is such a delightful frivolous that he would be as much oppressed by your learning as you would be shocked at his ignorance. He and I will laugh and talk all day long, while you and your professor dig about looking for—bones!"

The last word was uttered in a tone of scathing sarcasm, at which the worm turned and flared up into sudden anger.

"Indeed, my dear, you are entirely mistaken. You would be the last girl in the world to make Archie happy. My seriousness of aim is what he needs to strengthen his character; he has said so a dozen times, and it is just the student who is exhausted by brain toil who most appreciates a bright, breezy nature. You and Archie indeed! He would not marry you if there was not another—"

At this moment the door opened and the father of the family stood upon the threshold. His face was troubled, and he looked from one girl to the other with an anxious glance.

"My dears," he said haltingly, "my dear girls, I have something to tell you. A painful mistake has arisen. In writing to me, Prof. Stamford alluded simply to 'your daughter,' and I concluded that he referred to Agatha. Your mother agreed with me, but it appears that we were mistaken. He has arrived and I have had a talk with him, and, incredible as it appears, he declares that it was Sybilla of whom he spoke. I have, of course, been careful not to betray my mistake. You may be satisfied Agatha my love, that your dignity has not suffered. Sincerely hope that in other respects also—"

He stopped short, dumb with surprise, for a gurgling laugh sounded through Agatha's sobs, and her eyes brightened with pleasure.

"Oh, father, I'm so—so relieved! I didn't want to marry him at all, but I felt I must, for I always said I would marry a professor and live at Oxford. I was going to say 'Yes,' and I was so miserable!"

"I am thankful to hear it, my dear, though I don't admire your taste," Mr French heaved a sigh of relief, and turned towards his second daughter. She had returned to the trimming of her hat, and was industriously pinning a scarlet bow against a cluster of crimson roses. The old man's face softened as he looked at her. "Sybilla, child, I am sorry, but I am afraid you must go down and see Stamford for a few minutes. It will be painful for you, but it is the least you can do. With your disposition you can hardly be expected to appreciate such a man; but, remember dear, that he has a world-wide reputation, and is one of the first of living scientists. Treat him respectfully, Sybilla, treat him

kindly. Remember he has paid you the greatest honor in his power. He is waiting in the summer-house at the end of the garden.

Before the words were out of his mouth Sybilla had darted from the room. Her father was astonished at her docility, having expected a show of resistance and rebellion, but for the moment his elder daughter absorbed his attention. Poor Mr. French! He was unfeignedly thankful to realize that he had not been the means of inflicting a painful disappointment upon her, but once again he told himself that it was useless squandering money on a woman's education, since here was Agatha, M. A., sobbing her heart out with relief because, forsooth, she need not marry a great savant, and having no better explanation to offer than that Archie would have been wretched! Poor, poor, dear Archie!

As the time passed by, however, and Sybilla did not re-appear, her father began to be troubled on her account also. It was right and proper that the professor should have his answer direct, but he should have taken his rebuff like a man, and not detained her in this unfeeling fashion. It was a trying occasion for a girl, and despite her saucy ways Sybilla had a tender heart. Mr. French pulled himself together and marched firmly down the garden path. There came a point where it was the duty of a parent to interfere. His little girl should not be bullied.

The summer house stood with its back to the house, but at the side there was a trellised window, shaded with rose bushes, through which the newcomer gained a glimpse of the couple inside, though they were too much engrossed to notice his presence.

The professor presented a shocking spectacle. His spectacles were pushed back, his hair was ruffled, a spray of roses nodded behind one ear, and on his knee perched Miss Sybilla herself, busily engaged in arranging the position of the foliage.

"It suits you beautifully!" she cried. "Don't move an inch or it will fall down. And do you promise faithfully never to care any more for those nasty old bones, and to do what I want—always, forever, without any objections?"

"Always—forever! Whatever you ask!" cried the professor, rapturously.

Mr. French grasped the rail of the fence and staggered feebly back to the garden. From that hour forward he gave up the effort of striving to fathom the mysteries of human nature.—*Jessie Mansergh in Cassell's Magazine.*

A MORNING PRAYER.

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum, a little more.
Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.
However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my friend,
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped, as I pass, for troubled hearts to find.
Let me tonight look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
"The world is better than I lived today."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Good News for Canadians.
Dr. SPROULE, B.A.
The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains
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THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST
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Nineteen years ago a young, but highly honored Surgeon in the British Royal Navy astonished his friends by suddenly leaving the service and entering on private practice. That Surgeon was the famous Catarrh Specialist, Dr. Sproule, B.A. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease Catarrh a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Dr. Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Dr. Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Twenty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than yellow fever or smallpox. It is, in the large majority of cases, the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per cent. in the last five years. Nearly all of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

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Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by medicines prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Dr. Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hacking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Dr. Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the doctor earnestly invites you to write to him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

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 3. Does your nose feel full?
 4. Is your nose discharging?
 5. Do you sneeze a good deal?
 6. Do crusts form in the nose?
 7. Do you have pain across the eyes?
 8. Does your breath smell offensive?
 9. Is your hearing beginning to fail?
 10. Are you losing your sense of smell?
 11. Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
 12. Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
 13. Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
 14. Do you feel drooping in back part of throat?
- If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is catarrh of the head and throat.

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 3. Do you raise frothy material?
 4. Is your voice hoarse and husky?
 5. Have you a dry, hacking cough?
 6. Do you feel worn out on rising?
 7. Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
 8. Are you gradually losing strength?
 9. Have you a disgust for fatty food?
 10. Have you a sense of weight on chest?
 11. Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
 12. Do you cough worse at night and morning?
 13. Do you get short of breath when walking?
- If you have some of these symptoms you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, and send to Dr. SPROULE, B.A., English Specialist (Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Navy), 70 Donne Street, Boston. Be sure and write today

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St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago daily	13 55	13 40
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 45	10 45

F. P. BRADY, Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipe

Canadian Northern
TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	EAST	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
	WEST	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumus, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glencale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Letteller, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		13 30

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The long-trying and loving hearts were one at last, bound together in sacramental union. They were one now, hand clasped in hand, and heads bowed low, no power can part them now—none save the angel of death can ever break that bond. The Mass goes on; and we, in these days of peace, who can scarce keep out distracting thoughts, who think the too frequent Mass almost a weariness, might envy those breathless worshippers while they followed every act of that stupendous mystery, might envy the rapt devotion of those communicants. The Mass was ended, the altar was removed, all trace was gone of the holy occupation, and Father de Lisle turned to give a short and parting exhortation to the little flock he was to leave on the morrow, when suddenly a violent knocking at the outer gate silenced him. There was a hasty glance around; each knew well it was the coming of the pursuers. Then Mary, coming forward quickly, proposed her plan.

The porter was sent to prolong as best he might, by excuses, the entrance of the unwelcome guests. Some of the servants hurried to bed, with the hope of having been supposed to be there all the time. The others trusted that the sudden alarm would itself form an excuse for their appearance. Mary's bridal dress was hastily dragged off, and she sat down by the side of Blanche. While this was going on, some planks of the flooring had been raised, and Father de Lisle at once sprang into the living grave that apparently yawned before him.

"Are you safe?" whispered Henry Thoresby from above.

"Yes, quite, thank you," answered Walter.

"Is there space enough?"

"Yes, just enough," he answered. "It is like a coffin, but it is high, and there is plenty of air. Think no more of me for the present."

The plank was laid down again, and Henry hurried after his father, who stood in the hall ready to receive the visitors that were now entering.

"Ha, Sir Robert," said Mr. Sheriff Parker, "I am sorry to disturb you at this time; but, indeed, good sir, these infringements of the law must not be permitted; if you will persist in disobeying her Majesty's Privy Council's most excellent commands—"

"We will not argue that point, good Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert with his calm, dignified manner; "but let me enquire the cause of this unwonted disturbance at night. To a man in whose house there lies as you know well, a daughter ill as mine, it is truly a matter of serious annoyance."

"Well, well, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff, drawing himself up, "if you will harbor Popish priests in your house, you must bear the penalty. Now, produce him at once, I pray you, my good sir."

"Nay, nay, Master Sheriff," said Sir Robert, "and thou hast come with—let me see how many—three clerks and four pursuivants to find one man, it would be a pity to do their work. Search for him ye want, good masters, with all the speed ye can."

Then ensued one of those scenes so frequent then and for two centuries afterwards in Catholic houses; the pursuivants scattered themselves over the house, every chamber was entered, cupboards opened, tapestry rent aside; they struck their wands on the walls in order to find out hidden panels, and stamped on the floor to see if that too were hollow. When they reached the door of Blanche's chamber, Henry was there.

"I pray you good sir, to enter gently, if you must enter the sick chamber of my sister."

"Most certainly we must," returned the sheriff; "'tis the most likely place to find the rebel we trow. The ladies are ever compassionate towards the unfortunate."

Henry's color rose at the taunt; but resistance being useless and suspicious, he suffered them to enter. The sight of Blanche's pale face and helpless form, and Mary, scarce less pale, sitting by her side, moderated a little the fury of the searchers. Still they walked round the room, pulled aside the tapestry looked under Blanche's bed, opened a closet that stood in one corner, and finally struck their staves against the wall, behind which Walter was sheltered. Each blow went like a sharp pain through the hearts of the listeners; but the good walls of Thoresby were true, and gave back no echo.

"Nothing there" said one of the men; "'tis an unlikely place for tricks of that kind, for 'tis the very centre of the house. Upstairs, nearer the roof, is the more likely place for these kind of animals to burrow. I have routed out two or three in my time."

The men withdrew from Blanche's chamber, and rushed upstairs. For the next hour or two the most frightful riot ensued, shouting and hallooing to each other, and turning to curses as they found their game was missing.

"I shall be under the necessity, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff pompously, "of leaving three men in your house on guard, for the information I received was too certain to be mistaken, that there is a popish priest in your house, and we are determined he shall not escape."

"As you will, Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert indifferently; "'tis a heavy expense and trouble, but to that I must submit as best I may. You will find however, your precautions useless."

The three men did stay, and kept so sharp a watch that during the whole day no communication could possibly be held with Walter, and the keenest anxiety was entertained on his account by his friends. It had a terrible effect upon poor Blanche, and Mary was terrified at the burning fever that came on, and the restless starts of agony at every noise. At supper time the servants contrived to drug the wine, taken in plentiful quantity by the sheriff's men, and their sleep in consequence was too sound to be easily broken. The planks were again removed, and Henry, kneeling down, called for Walter.

"Father, are you alive?"

"Yes, and very happy," answered Walter cheerfully. "There is plenty of air; not much light, truly but I can say my office by heart."

"Here is some food."

"Thank you, thank you; I should like some of that."

And a basket was lowered by a string.

"How are you all?" said the priest. "How is Blanche? Poor child; it is hard for her. Tell her to be of good courage, and to think of the days of old. It is not prudent to speak longer, I suppose. God bless you all, my children, and comfort you."

This miserable state of affairs lasted for several days, and at night only could a brief communication be held with Walter. At length, finding that the men slept so soundly at night, it was determined to attempt an escape, and so, one night, Walter, by cords put under his arms, was drawn up from his living grave. He was covered with dust, and presented a singular appearance. Blanche was extremely ill with fever. Walter would stay to pray beside her, then blessing her and all the others of the sorrowing household, he quitted Thoresby in company with Arthur Leslie.

Note—"The house was searched upon All Soul's Day, when Mr. Bavin was making a sermon. The next day the house where I remained was searched; but we both escaped by a secret place, which was made at the foot of the stairs where we lay, going into a hay-barn."—Life of Thomas Holford, Priest.

"In the year 1577, in the month of June, the Bishop of Exeter, being in his visitation at Truro was requested by Mr. Greenfield, the sheriff of the county, and other busy men, to aid and assist them to search Mr. Treggan's house, where Mr. Maine did lay. After some deliberation it was concluded that the sheriff and the bishop's chancellor, with divers gentlemen and their servants, should take the matter in hand."—Life of Cuthbert Maine, Priest.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCELY VISIT TO IRELAND.

By Samuel Lover.

When whisper came,
In friendship's name,
Across the wave careering,
That Dublin's Earl
And Denmark's Pearl
For Innisfail was steering,
To ev'ry heart
It did impart
A joy as rare as thrilling;
Tho' pen be weak
Such joy to speak,
The spirit's more than willing,
Oh! old Erin!
That home of hearts, sweet Erin,
A kindly deed
Will find its meed
Forever in old Erin!

Oh! not in vain
In Patrick's fane,
Should be the installation
That makes a knight
Of order bright
Amidst a gallant nation:
By knighthood's vow
Reminding how
The accolade imposes—
That shamrocks share
The Royal care
As well as England's roses.
Oh, old Erin!
That home of hearts, sweet Erin!
The righteous deed
Will have its meed
Forever in old Erin!

In history's page,
From age to age,
What changes vast, may strike us;
The foreign foes
Oft met with blows,
May come at last to like us.
In days of yore,
From Erin's shore,
We drove the Danes before us;
But now a Dane,
Will surely gain
A smiling victory o'er us.
Oh, old Erin!
That home of hearts, sweet Erin!
A gentle deed
Will find its meed
Forever in old Erin!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

Good morning. It is a very simple matter, yet acquaintances would wonder, or possibly be offended, if anyone forgot this simple act of politeness and token of friendship. Now, there is One who is always more near to us than any of our friends; One who loves us more dearly than the fondest mother; One who just yearns for that mark of affection, the "Good morning." It is God Almighty Himself.

How often people pass Him by without as much as noticing Him. Yet they demand, as a matter of course, that He should provide for their minutest wants during that very day. They demand the enjoyment of His company in heaven, though they slight Him days without number on earth. What if they slighted their friends and neighbors in like manner? Would they be welcome at the banquet table, or at some game, after such rudeness, not to say unfriendliness?

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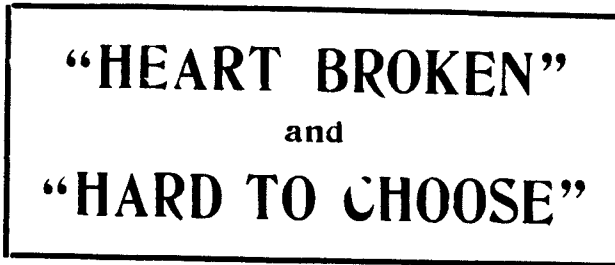
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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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Northwest Review

A CARPET KNIGHT IN HIS
DOTAGE.

The Casket.

That at least one of our readers entirely agrees with us in our estimate of Lord Wolseley both as soldier and as author is evident from the following communication:

Lord Wolseley, a Field Marshal of England, and for a long time an office soldier and commander, has written a book which he calls "The Story of a Soldier's Life." Most of us have some idea of what goes to make up the life of a soldier, and our knowledge of the subject is of much the same kind as that of Lord Wolseley. That is to say, we have gained our knowledge by reading and by listening to the narratives of others. Lord Wolseley acquired most of his information in this way. He is old now; and is in some degree entitled to be garrulous; and if garrulity were the only fault we had to charge against him, we should hold our peace. We could even bear to hear him in the farce of a prolonged portrayal of his life as a soldier, notwithstanding that he has small claims to parade in that connection. But we like to see old men at the close of life preserve a love of truth. We like to see men who have sinned doing penance in their latter days, if so it be that they have mishandled the truth at an earlier period. We do not know just where we are to place Lord Wolseley, whether amongst the unrepentant life-long falsifiers, or in the class of men who begin romancing in their dotage. Let us be charitable, and give him the benefit of the doubt. Poor old man, probably this is the true explanation: He imagines he has lived a soldier's life. That alone, to any one who knows anything about his career, suggests senility. The dotting old man is fighting over again his dream-battles, winning again his fireside victories. Such an amusement in old age is so harmless in itself, that, did he utter nothing worse than empty boasts, his readers in Canada could pass them by with an indulgent smile. Unfortunately, there have come to him, amid his dreams of military glory that never was, some echoes of the bigoted rash judgments of his younger days. He has never forgotten them, and now they come back to lend a sinister sound to the boasting of old age. Some thirty years ago he was in Canada, in the Queen's service. Canada had a little trouble on hand just then. Out in the North-West there dwelt a man who lived, worked, and, later, died, in God's service. No office warrior he; no fireside champion of his Master's cause. And when the rebellion looked threatening, he saw that his duty lay in actively supporting the Government and the law. The Government trusted him; the people loved him; Canadians honored him then and afterwards; and the memory of no dead Canadian is more honored and revered today than that of Archbishop Tache. Now, what has our carpet knight to say of this man?

Thirty-three years have passed away, and we in Canada thought we knew all about that little rebellion; nor did we imagine that Lord Wolseley, who played a very small part in suppressing it, had in his possession any deep, dark secret connected with the affair, not known to, or ever heard of by any Canadian in public or in private life. And yet it seems we were mistaken. And who do you think was implicated? The heavy villain was none other than Archbishop Tache! Ponder well upon that. All these years we have been accustomed to think of that grand old pioneer churchman, as all Canadians thought of him, as the upholder of

law and of British authority in the then wild regions of the North-West; as a man whose whole life was one long sacrifice to duty; as one who was trusted implicitly by the civil government. But why recount his virtues and good works? Lord Wolseley was in Canada for several months at the least; and of course he knew. It is true he never told any one about it; and no one would have believed him if he had; but who could think of doubting the opinion of a Field Marshal of England; especially when this opinion has been carefully treasured for thirty years in silence. And so, whilst all the people of Canada hailed Archbishop Tache as a hero and a bulwark to his country, he was stirring up treason! And not a soul in Canada ever found it out! Let us still admire him for one thing: His phenomenal shrewdness in concealing his designs. And those words of his, spoken years ago: "I am a Canadian. For six generations my people were born on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Canada is my country. I owe allegiance to one flag alone and that is the flag of Britain,"—how they thrilled us, those eloquent words of the dead prelate, knowing—as we thought—the life and work and duty well done that lay behind them. But the old armchair warrior in England has spoken. It is true he waited till Archbishop Tache was dead, and most of his contemporaries also. But great minds move slowly, and probably it has taken Lord Wolseley the thirty-three years to think it out.

PASS ON THE PRAISE.

"You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And, forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story—the story of love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellow, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on her cheek and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So, because he kissed her and praised her the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repossess a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone. Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Thus, you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "mother." Don't plead "Hear me, mother; you were a kind mother, you were a good mother and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

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