

Northwest Review

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CURRENT COMMENT

While reprinting from the Montreal "Star" a bright, if somewhat superficial, sketch of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, we beg to take explicit exception to two phrases in that article. It speaks of Duffy as "the inferior intellect of the three," the two others being D'Arcy McGee and Thomas Francis Meagher. Duffy's intellect may have been inferior, in some respects to McGee's, although, as a practical statesman, Duffy was McGee's superior, the latter's forte being history, poetry and academic, rather than impassioned oratory. Meagher was a dashing soldier and writer, but, on the whole, somewhat of a light weight, not at all comparable to McGee or Duffy. The other phrase we object to is the "mighty, magnificent, mean old man" as applied by young Irishlanders to O'Connell. This phrase figures oddly in an article which shows how those same young Irishlanders, after boasting that they would die for Ireland, nevertheless did precisely what O'Connell had foretold; they took good care to live for Ireland, but at a safe distance. The epithet "mean" as applied to O'Connell really recoils upon the young and thoughtless fire-eaters who used it. There was nothing mean in O'Connell's dictum that no agitation was worth a drop of blood, but there was a strict conscientiousness which the young Irishlanders were unable to appreciate.

We publish this week a very important paper on Indian Dances, prepared especially for our columns. The department of Indian affairs is strongly opposed to dances which, as our article shows, have a most degrading and immoral tendency. But Indian Agents meet with considerable opposition from some ill informed whites won over by retrograde Indians. Hence the importance of exposing the evil influence of all Indian dances. One famous writer has well said that they are the bulwarks of Indian savagery.

On our editorial page will be found a carefully thought-out article on the present state of the Rhodes scholarships. This article will be useful for future reference, as it contains several quotations from Mr. Rhodes himself and not a few sidelights hitherto unpublished. Here we need only say that this whole question is particularly interesting to those who have some knowledge, through books or experience, of English life and who entertain some feelings of admiration for an imperial race, even though they may not claim any kinship therewith. Dr. Parkin's conferences with leaders of education in the United States are a startling revelation of the vast complexity but also of the substantial unity of aims in the English speaking world.

The anti-Catholic animus of Havergal Ladies College in this city may be gathered from Miss Cramp's choice of a subject for her lecture on the 20th inst. She chose "Savonarola," which, of course, gave her an opportunity for a fling at the then reigning Pope. Savonarola is a favorite subject for Protestant lecturers. They fancy they can claim him for a kindred spirit; but most of them know nothing of his ascetic life, of his mistaken, though deeply Catholic zeal. However, better informed Protestants are beginning to recognize that he was not one of them. The Universal Cyclopaedia

says: "It is incorrect to speak of him as a 'reformer before the Reformation,' for he had no thought of leaving or opposing the Church." But Miss Cramp, in spite of her name, is not cramped by any such considerations, and recklessly affirms that Savonarola "freed his convent from the clutches of the Church." Nor does she hesitate to assert that he "was burned to death in the great square of St. Mark's," although conscientious Protestant Historians say that he was hanged to death and that his body was burned after death, which is a very different thing. This is a sample of the way in which Havergal strives to atone for the acknowledged failure of its attempts at solid education by a profusion of fashionable frills and superficial lectures. There is one degree of ignorance which consists in not being aware that there are two sides of a question of history. The real facts about Savonarola are not yet cleared up. Even among Catholics the two most recent biographies of him—Father O'Neill's and Father H. Lucas's—do not agree. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and "wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch."

In praising Dr. Parkin as admirably suited for the organization of the Rhodes scholarships we do not intend to indorse his Imperial Federation ideas. We freely give him the credit of being one of the pioneers in that line, one who was a fervent Imperialist before that had become fashionable; but we are convinced that he is historically wrong. The British Empire has never done anything more for Canada than for any other country that does business with it. Or rather yes, it has done something; it has twice made Canada the battlefield of its struggles with the United States and once at least, at the time of the Trent affair, brought us to the verge of war. Moreover, it is just now preparing to sacrifice Canadian interests in the Alaskan Boundary affair. Imperial interests are continually conflicting with ours, and yet Dr. Parker wants us to become Imperialists.

Dr. Parkin is himself the best living example of the advantage of going to Oxford. Had he not spent several years as a student in that great university he would probably never have known the present Lord Milner and would therefore probab-ly connection with the Rhodes scholarships. But he becomes an Oxford student, he there meets Milner and Asquith; Milner, thirty years later, becomes one of Rhodes's trustees and of course the first man he thinks of as knowing England and the colonies very well is his friend Parkin.

Dr. Parkin was greatly impressed with the terrible nature of the negro problem in the Southern States. He wished the colored college president, Booker Washington, one of the sanest and ablest men in the United States, to be present at his conference with white educationists; but the latter refused to be present if Booker Washington came. Nobody among our neighbors to the south can offer any solution to the problem—how to deal with ten millions of colored people. Dr. Parkin says truly that, if there were no other reason against annexation, this would be a sufficient one to keep Canada away from union with a republic haunted by so menacing a spectre.

We wish somebody would clear up the mystery surrounding Mr. de Blowitz's religion. The Catholic

Times, of Liverpool, says the funeral of Mr. de Blowitz took place at the Church of St. Honore d'Eylau, Paris, on Jan. 21. Now this is the very church where, just a month later, February 21, Major McBride, a Catholic, was married to Maude Gonno, a convert; therefore St. Honore d'Eylau is a Catholic Church; therefore de Blowitz died a Catholic. Furthermore, the same number of the Catholic Times mentions, but only incidentally, that a priest prepared the late "Times" correspondent for death. This is the item:—"Father Columban Tyne, the priest who attended M. de Blowitz, the late correspondent of the London "Times" in Paris, and prepared him for death, was born in Gortnahoe, near Thurles, and received a journalistic training in Kilkenny and Colmel under Mr. J. J. Long, editor of the "Nationalist." He was for years a member of the Colmel "Nationalist" staff, until he left to begin his studies for the priesthood at the College of St. Thomas of Aquin, Newbridge."

We heartily recommend for careful perusal and earnest practice the General Intention for March in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The editor shows how devotion to St. Joseph, the foster-father of Our Lord, is the best safe guard for the child, the young girl, the mother, the working man and the entire Christian family.

After writing the paragraph on de Blowitz, we came across the latest issue of the "Ave Maria" (Feb. 21), which settles the question of his religious convictions. "His death was as serene as his life had been strenuous and eventful. He received the Last Sacraments with the greatest devotion, after which, again and again with edifying fervor, he kissed the crucifix—an object of piety that always hung upon his wall; and, drawing forth two medals of the Blessed Virgin which were constantly suspended about his neck, he pressed them to his lips with all possible veneration." Moreover the Tablet, from which we culled the Pilot's adverse criticism, now prints what its French correspondent writes as follows:

He died the death of a good Catholic. Only a few weeks ago he penned a vigorous defence of the English Passionist Fathers in the Avenue Hoche, who are threatened by the government with expulsion, and it was to them that he turned in his last illness for the last consolations of religion. The last Sacraments were administered to him by Father Columban Tyne. De Blowitz was so well known that many asked to be admitted to the chamber where his body lay awaiting burial. His successor thus described the scene in the Times: "Over his head, under the crucifix which always hangs upon the wall, has been placed the precious manuscript of the Papal benediction signed by Leo XIII., which has been for several years a comfort to our late correspondent. It is interesting to note in this connection, and also especially at this moment when certain Paris papers speak of M. de Blowitz as a Jew, that among the papers that were found accompanying his will was one attesting his Christian baptism at Blowitz, in the government district of Pilsen, in Austria."

We give thanks to God that our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. was able to celebrate on the 20th inst., the silver jubilee of his election to the Papal Chair. The cables tell

that he bore the solemn function without undue fatigue. He is reported to have exclaimed on returning to his apartments: "This is really the happiest day of my life." When His Holiness entered the Hall of Beatification, above the portico of St. Peter's, he wore the golden tiara presented to him that very morning. A great roar of "Long live Leo" and "Long Live the Pope King" announced his arrival. He bestowed his blessing right and left as he passed through the cheering crowd, whose enthusiasm was so great and whose desire to touch the hem of the Pope's robes was so intense that the presence of the guards seemed really necessary for his protection.

Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface returned last Monday from Qu'Appelle, where he confirmed 73 Indian children and two aged Sioux women.

Rev. Father Cherrier changed his mind and accompanied Rev. Father Jolys to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras celebration. He will not be here till the second Sunday in Lent.

The Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross of America, whose headquarters are at Notre Dame, Ind., has gone to Paris to look after the interests of his order in France, which, in accordance with the terms of the Association's law, is liable to confiscation at the hands of the French government.

Rev. Fathers Bourret and Martin were the Archbishop's guests last Monday.

Father Antoine, Trappist (formerly Viscount d'Aubigny d'Assy), returned from France early this week. He says the Oblate Fathers at the Mother House in Paris are getting ready for exile, so much so that they have already disposed of their beds; when he passed through they had only one to spare.

Rev. Mr. Therriault was ordained deacon by His Grace last Tuesday and will probably be ordained priest next Sunday.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melitene, Mgr. de Neckere, who was 78 years of age, fell down a flight of stairs on Jan. 30, and was killed on the spot.

Monsignor Menini, Apostolic Delegate at Sofia, has just returned to Rome from Bulgaria. He considers the situation in the Balkans very threatening, and expects a general rising in Macedonia in the spring, but political circles in Rome entertain optimistic views, and disbelieve in the isolated military intervention of Russia and Austria.

Though Leo XIII. has many relatives, no one can say that they have profited by his wealth and dignity. The eldest of his three nephews, Ludovico Pecci, who lives at Carpineto, is very studious and sometimes receives a package of books from his uncle.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honor.—Thomas A' Kempis.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE AT THE HOLY GHOST SCHOOL.

Friday, 20th of February, was a great day for the children of the Holy Ghost School. They celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. High Mass was sung at 9 a.m., the church being pretty well filled with parents and friends. At 3.00 p.m. in the large hall of the school an entertainment was provided for the children and parents who wished to attend. English Polish, and German songs and recitations passed off without a hitch, and after a few words by Rev. Wm. Kulawy on the Pope's Jubilee each of the pupils received a picture of His Holiness. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament ended this great day, and all prayed that God may spare our beloved Pope for many years yet.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUB.

At a meeting called by Rev. Fr. de Mangaleere on Monday, Feb. 23, for the purpose of organizing a musical club, the Rev. Father opened the proceedings by a few words on the necessity and many advantages of such an association in a college, showing how much could be accomplished by the good will of the members. He then called attention to the principal articles of the rules, all of which had already been read by all present, and insisted upon the regular attendance of all members, "for," said he, "it is only through perseverance that any satisfactory progress can be made in music." It was agreed that the name of this association would be St. Cecilia's Musical Club, and that it would be under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Director, and that the officers to be elected were a president, secretary and two councillors. After the duties of the several officers had been pointed out, the elections took place, all the officers being chosen unanimously. J. B. Tremblay was chosen president and in a few words expressed his gratitude to all for their good will towards him and said that though he believed a better choice might have been made, yet he would do his utmost to make the club a success and promote in every possible manner its interests. H. L. Cormier was chosen secretary and after heartily thanking the members he expressed the hope that everyone would join with himself and other officers to make the organization a grand success. A Baupre and A. Dupas were chosen councillors and each in turn expressed their thanks for being honored with these positions. The work on hand having been completed the meeting was adjourned. The club numbers thirty-nine members. Rev. Fr. de Mangaleere deserves much praise for the important part he has played in the organization of this important feature of the college. He has ever been untiring in his efforts to impart a thorough knowledge of music and a true appreciation of this noblest and most inspiring of fine arts.

FOUGHT WITH JOUBERT.

Major McBride lives in Paris. He was one of the conspicuous figures of the Boer war. He organized the redoubtable Irish brigade and fought with Joubert before Ladysmith. It was Major McBride who at the first invasion by the Boers over the border of Natal roused the unbounded enthusiasm of the burgher forces by carrying an Irish flag into British territory and waving it proudly about his head. At that time it was suggested to elect him to parliament to fill the seat vacated by the resignation of Michael Davitt.

Young Woman's Corner

THE SINGERS.

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts
of men,
And bring them back to Heaven
again.

The first a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered and
by streams
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face.
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirred with accents deep and
loud
The hearts of all the listening
crowd.

A grey old man, the third and last,
Sang in Cathedral dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers
three,
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to
start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the Great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree,
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to
teach.

These are the three great chords of
might,
And he whose ear is turned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.
—Longfellow.

Every day that is born into the
world comes like a burst of music,
and rings itself all the day through;
and thou shalt make of it a dance,
a dirge, or a life march as thou
wilt.—Carlyle.

The idea that girls with the
least comeliness of face and figure
have usually the prettiest wit and
finest discernment is sufficiently
substantiated by fact to make the
subject worthy of consideration.
Unfortunately their wit is too often
used sarcastically and their discernment
employed in criticism.
With the penetration of their quick
discernment they easily discover
that it is a thin superficial knowl-
edge that goes to make up the
pretty girl's mental qualifications
and with the points of their sharp
wit they poke away at this thin
surface until they leave the unculti-
vated mind all bare to those who
are there to see.

In this mutilation, the mutilator
herself suffers most. The pretty
girl possibly does not realize that
the narrowness of her poor little
mind has been exposed. She still
has her pretty face and form and
is always pleasing to look at. The
plain girl has made herself ugly.
Spoken sarcasm and criticism have
their reflex action on the mind and
the expression of the face again re-
flects the hardness and coldness of
these qualities and the plain girl
has only made herself plainer and
lost in popularity.

Sarcasm is nearly always a sign
of weakness. From the mouth of a
plain girl and directed at a pretty
one it is nearly always envy and a
desire to show superiority of mind
where there is an inferiority of
good looks. There are pretty girls
whose minds are as beautiful as
their faces, and there are homely
girls whose dispositions excel in
sweetness the brilliancy of their in-
tellectual attainments.

Many pretty girls, however, make
no attempt at culture. They are of
the same graduating class with as
many plain girls. That is the end
of their mind training. Their time
after that is taken up with their
good looks and the accessories that
go to enhance these so as to at-
tract as much attention as possible
to themselves.

The plain girls, realizing their
shortcomings in the way of per-
sonal attractions, proceed to culti-
vate their minds, but alas, too
often make few friends on account
of their supercilious mental atti-
tude and sharp tongues.

It is a laudable ambition that
makes a girl work hard to make
the attractiveness of her mind
counterbalance deficiencies in fea-
tures, complexion and expression.
She will ultimately discover, how-
ever, that the attractiveness will
not be attained unless she keep a
sweet disposition and a kind heart.

A cultivated mind with a sweet
disposition and kind heart must
impress the face with the highest
kind of beauty—that spiritual
beauty which will last forever.

Unless the pretty girl forget her-
self and her mere corporal attrac-
tions she will early lose her beauty.
She can only preserve it in the
same way as the plain girl acquires
it. That is by thoughtfulness and
kindness of heart, by forming a
good character and controlling it
well and by feeding the mind regu-
larly even though it must be scanty
with some healthful mental
food.

By discipline the plain girl has
made her face beautiful. By disci-
pline only can the pretty girl re-
tain that beauty which lasts fore-
ver.
AMICA.

Home Column

KISS THEM TO-NIGHT.

God bless the loving little ones.
The ones you call your own,
And give you deeper tenderness
Than you before have known!

The years are bearing them away
With sure and rapid flight:
O clasp the darlings to your heart
And kiss them all to-night!

Perhaps the days are sometimes
hard,
Perhaps you sometimes scold,
With lips you may forget to guard
Midst trials manifold.

Is there a quivering lip, a tear?
Then haste to make it right
Nor sleep without a fond caress
And loving kiss to-night.

Let not the growing girls and
boys
Drift from your heart away,
But win and hold their confidence
Lest they should grow astray—

The heart that shows its love hath
power
To help the young aright:
For them the sympathy be strong
And kiss them all to-night.

WHERE MOTHER IS MOST VALUABLE.

There is a chance for some col-
lector to gather an unmatched col-
lection of fallacies. One of the first
that he can have is about a child's
need of its mother.

The needs of the infant age are
mostly physical, and can be satis-
fied by any one, but as the infant
grows into the reasoning, loving
being, passed into youth, goes
from youth into manhood, the need
of a mother is more deeply felt.
The cry of the heart for the com-
prehending sympathy that knows
more than one can say is never
satisfied when one is motherless.
The grey haired man turns to his
mother as long as he has her, and
never forgets her tenderness. The
woman comes closer to her mother
with every year she lives, and with
every experience. Motherhood but
knits her heart more intimately to
her mother. In just as far as the
demands of the soul are more in-
tense than those of the body, so
are the needs of the thinking indi-
vidual for the mother's love great-
er than the infants. It is harder
to be without sympathy than with-
out food, and death as surely
follows one as the other, though
not the death of the body merely.
Many a tree dies from within, out-
wards.

A SOAP BUBBLE PARTY.

This is a delightful way of en-
tertaining children on a rainy day,
giving great fun for a little ex-
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vide as many clay pipes, one-cent
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in the meantime. When the little
folks gather about the table, pour
a little of it into individual sauce
dishes. It is well to have one or
two extra pipes in case of break-
age. If a prize is given for the
largest number of bubbles, a cake
of fine toilet soap, would be very
suitable.

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day School at 2.30. Baptism
from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and
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WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass
In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30.
In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

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instruction, 8.30 a.m.
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30
a.m.

Vespers, with an occasional ser-
mon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

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

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

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urdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every
day in the morning before Mass.

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Mass with sermon in German,
9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon
in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School
at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benedic-
tion, 7.30 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

C. M. B. A.

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate,
E. Dowdall.

We must not trust every saying
or suggestion, but warily and pa-
tiently ponder things according to
the will of God.

Chats with Young Men

A feature of the civilization of to-day, one which was almost totally unknown to our fore-fathers, is the presence in our midst of a large number of organizations popularly called societies or clubs, the purpose of which is to advance the interests of certain groups of individuals along particular lines. Such are fraternal insurance societies, religious societies, patriotic societies and clubs, established for myriad purposes. These might be called the offspring of that grand society embraced in the broad word humanity—offspring begotten, in this late day of the world's progress, of the ever multiplying needs of individuals, of their fusing sympathies, of their very diversities and dissensions. It seems to be the spirit of the age to organize and consolidate in the interest of pleasure and of education as well as in the material business world. Without sanctioning or censuring this apparent genius of the times, considered in all its relations to the great end of the world, I desire to say something to our young men on the advantages which some of the societies in our midst hold out to those who enter them with the proper dispositions.

Among the societies which we find everywhere are some which are designed to advance the interests of and to improve generally the individuals who compose them. Men grouped together, each feeling himself to be the peer of the other, each possessing some quality or advantage that his brethren lack, each willing to lend his aid and to share his advantage with his fellow-man, each realizing that he has something to learn and something to profit from intermingling with the others, effect a double good for humanity; they improve the individual as an individual and they improve society by creating a good understanding and charitable attitude among its members. How this is done will be better comprehended from a particular instance. We shall take for example a fraternal insurance society. Though its principle aim is to afford its members an effective way of providing for their dear ones on their own demise, those members especially whose circumstances through life are such as to enable them to make this provision and nothing more, yet the means of obtaining this end is hardly less important to the provident brother than the material substitute for his daily toil, which his death yields to his heirs. For a member of a fraternal society, at its regular meetings, must listen to practical men discussing the affairs of the order; he hears opinions advanced and defended, in turn to be refuted by more weighty arguments; he hears economy preached and the necessity of it made absolutely plain; he is called upon for his opinion and must discuss subjects from his standpoint in contention with others; at times he must open his heart to charity, at other times close his purse against charity when the interests of his order as a whole demand it. Occasions such as these, where many minds clash only to make many hearts unite, give a keener edge to the faculties of the individual than they would ever take on in isolation. They are part of an education. Moreover, the incentive to study and to read, to discuss fairly, to demand oneself as becomes a rational and earnest factor of a great body, is fostered by this mingling of men in the interests of a great purpose.

The points which I have touched upon in speaking thus generally of a fraternal insurance society have full application to all other clubs and societies, the interests of which are purely social. We have sailors' clubs, reading circles, societies in which congregate adherents of particular religions or sects, all of which attend to it that the votaries of especial interests are placed on a footing of happy mingling and mutual improvement. At their rooms will be found technical literature, popular periodicals and journals, adequate libraries for general reading. There too will be found agreeable pastimes for those

to pleasure inclined, games, music and entertainments of the impromptu class. That these advantages are sought by latter day generations and are in accord with the best interests of individuals, is evidenced by the ubiquity of these organizations and by the earnestness with which they are recommended by all leaders of society, lay and clerical. For these reasons I address my remarks in this issue to readers of its chats.

I strongly recommend each young man to attach himself to some society or club in which the best of the advantages which I have pointed out will be judged by him or his advisers to conform to his particular circumstances and interests. In the same breath I would advise him not to become a member of more societies or clubs than he can support with enough time and pecuniary aid to render him an advantage to the society and a friend to himself. For it must be remembered that fees and dues and certain expenses are inseparable from the successful running of a society; likewise that any one or two societies will provide him with all the advantages that he has time or money to avail himself of, if he enters heartily into the spirit of any. If a young man belongs to no society or club where will he spend his evenings and holidays? It must be on the streets, in public sitting rooms, with boon companions or in his quiet room. The first two offer little to edify him and much to make him indolent, curious and a spend-thrift. The third, if his companions are better than himself, may not degenerate him but will squander more time unprofitably than this world can afford to a youth ambitious of success. The last, his quiet room, if it does not fit him for a recluse, or a cynic, will never rub the moss from his crude conceptions in the effective manner in which that feat is accomplished by the friction of conversation and argument. Therefore, I advise the young man who aspires to success or to social position to join some good society. It will cost him a few dollars a year but much less than it will cost him not to belong to a society. The street walker and the boon companion spend more in trying to kill time than the society spends in profiting well of his membership. The association of minds, the interest in affairs of common weal, the healthy rivalry of classes, these and the hundred initial ways in which a society puts young men in touch with the practical and progressive world, tend to develop the faculties and enlarge the sympathies of the growing mind and heart of the youth and afford an open field for the manly ambitions which give place to boyish fancies as years unfold the possibilities of a useful life.

FINEM RESPICE.

HILL AT TARA TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

A cablegram from London states that the historic Hill of Tara is to be put up at public auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. This will be heard with a pang of sorrow by all Irishmen. It is to be regretted that the famous hill, the seat of the ancient Irish kings, cannot be set aside, as our Bunker Hill, and become the property of the people of Ireland.

An Historic Spot.

To everyone familiar with the poetry of Moore, the name of the famous hill will recall one of the most popular of his "Irish Melodies."

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high
With praise,
Now feel that praise no more.

No more the chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone that breaks at night,
The tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Daniel O'Connell, during his agitation for the repeal of the union with England, was in the habit of selecting historic localities for his "monster meetings." One of the most famous of these assemblages was held in 1843 on the Hill of Tara. The number of persons in attendance was not less than a quarter of a million, and O'Connell's place while he addressed this immense audience was beside the stone on which, according to tradition, the kings had been accustomed to sit during the ceremony of coronation.

In Ancient Days.

Tara is situated in the county of Meath, about thirty miles north-westward from Dublin. It was the seat of the ancient kings of Ireland. Here it was that Diarmait, the first king of the southern Hui Neill, who reigned from A.D. 538 to 558, held his court. Here originated his quarrel with the church regarding the right of sanctuary—a dispute to which many historians trace the beginning of the dissensions that led to the overthrow of Irish independence. The king held an assembly of the kings and princes of Ireland at Tara in 554 at which Curran, a son of the King of Connaught, slew a nobleman. By ancient usage, such an offence, committed at such an assemblage, was punishable by death. Knowing his fate under the civil law, Curran fled to Columcille for refuge. This the saint endeavored to give him, but in spite of Columcille's opposition, Curran was seized by Diarmait and hanged. The northern Hui Neill, who were the kinsmen of Columcille, took his part against Diarmait, and defeated him in battle, A.D. 555. But Diarmait did not withdraw his refusal to recognize the right of the Church to give sanctuary to offenders against the civil power, and when one of his heralds had been killed by the chief of Hui Maine, who sought refuge with St. Ruadan of Lothera, Diarmait seized the offender by force. Thereupon, the saint, accompanied by St. Brendan of Birr, followed the King of Tara and cursed the place so effectually that after 558, when Diarmait died, Tara was deserted, never again becoming the seat of regal power, and never again being the place of assembly of the kings and princes of Ireland.

The Fes of Tara.

According to Irish historians the celebrity of Tara goes back to 900 or 950 years before the Christian era. In that dim past, they assert, when the mainland of Europe was overrun by barbarians, Ireland was under the rule of law. The triennial convention known as the Fes of Tara was established by Ollam Fodhah at that time. When business was over, the princes sat down to a banquet, each below his shield, suspended on the wall by the chief herald in the order of precedence of its owner. In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was 900 feet square, containing 150 apartments and as many dormitories, each with accommodations for six. Hundreds of guests were daily entertained in the hall. The desertion of Tara after the curse put an end to the idea of a central government, which had taken firm root. It entrenched the tribal system, perpetuated the disintegration of the Irish, and made them an easier prey to foreign conquerors.—Catholic Citizen.

NEAT BOOKLET ON PATENTS.

We have received from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, of Montreal, an admirable compendium of condensed information on the subject of Patents and everyday statistical data. This little book, entitled "INVENTION," is just the proper size for the vest pocket, 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, is bound in handsome celluloid covers, and contains not only quadrille-ruled blank pages for memoranda, but also 28 pages of interesting printed matter including quite a surprising amount of novel and useful information not heretofore published. Among the items of information contained in this compact little volume are graphically illustrated tables showing the Growth of the United States and Canada Patent Offices, Geographical Distribution of United States and Canadian Patenteses Distribution of Canadian Patenteses

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SATURDAY, FEB 28, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MARCH.

- 1.—First Sunday in Lent.
- 2, Monday.—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
- 3, Tuesday.—Votive office of the Holy Apostles.
- 4, Wednesday.—St. Casimir, Confessor. Ember Day.
- 5, Thursday.—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 6, Friday.—The Lance and the Nails. Ember Day.
- 7, Saturday.—St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor, Doct. Ember Day.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.

The Rhodes scholarships are gradually taking shape and form in Manitoba. Hitherto they appeared in the dim distance as a far off dream to the ambitious young Manitoban who thinks he has some chance. But on Friday, the 20th inst., the first step was taken to make them a reality. On the invitation of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, Dr. Parkin had a conference of more than four hours with leading educationists of the province. There were present Hon. Mr. Justice Dubuc, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Manitoba; Dr. Laird, Registrar of the University; Dr. Patrick, Principal of Manitoba College; Dean Matheson, St. John's College; Dr. Sparling, Principal of Wesley College; Father Drummond, St. Boniface College; Mr. W. P. Argue, of the Department of Education; Mr. D. McIntyre, Superintendent of Schools for the City of Winnipeg, and Mr. W. A. McIntyre, Principal of the Provincial Normal School.

Dr. Parkin is well known throughout Canada as the Principal of Upper Canada College, who resigned his charge in order to accept the arduous task of organizing the Rhodes Scholarships throughout the world. The choice of so well qualified a man does honor to the trustees of Mr. Rhodes' will. Dr. Parkin combines Canadian birth and education with several years' study at Oxford and an unparalleled experience in most of the possessions of the British crown. He was born in 1846 in New Brunswick, where he graduated B.A., then was four years Head-master of Bathurst Grammar School, and afterwards took a special course in Classics and History in the University of Oxford, where he came under the influence of such men as Ruskin, Liddon and Nettleship and counted among his friends the present Lord Milner and Mr. Asquith. In 1889, upon the invitation of the Imperial Federation League of Canada and Australia, he addressed audiences in New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, most of the principal cities and towns in Canada, and all over Great Britain, so that the "Pall Mall Gazette" could say he was "the only man who had 'stumped' the British Empire." His speeches are believed to have profoundly affected British opinion on colonial questions, and on his return he was chosen special correspondent of the London "Times"

in Canada. He wrote a series of letters to that journal, which were reprinted in book form under the title "The Great Dominion; Studies of Canada" (1895). He has written several other books, in particular "The Reorganization of the British Empire" (1882), and the "Life of Dr. Edward Thring" (1897). In August, 1895, he was appointed Principal of Upper Canada College.

On undertaking his present task he first went to Oxford to consult with the heads of the 21 colleges there as to their willingness to accept students from all parts of the English-speaking world. In view of the fact that the Rhodes will makes no direct bequest to either the University or the Colleges of Oxford, Dr. Parkin's mission was a delicate one. However, each of the Heads of Colleges consented to receive a small fraction of the 75 Rhodes Scholars to be sent to them each year. But several of them expressed the fear lest the candidates from America especially might be too old. Men of 25 or 30 would not readily assimilate with Oxford undergraduates whose average age at entrance is 19.

After taking in the situation at Oxford, Dr. Parkin visited the United States. He has already had conferences with the leading educationists of the eastern, southern, middle and middle-west states. These gentlemen have, as a rule, manifested the keenest interest in what one of them somewhat extravagantly described as "the greatest educational lever of modern times." They are fired with the idea of being able to send promising young men to one of the oldest and most famous universities of Europe with a yearly income, for each holder of a Rhodes scholarship, of \$1,500 a year. Applications pour in upon Dr. Parkin from the most unlikely quarters. One man wrote that, although he had a wife and five children, he could get on very well on \$1,500 a year, and pressed his claims. Dr. Parkin replied, of course, that all candidates must be unmarried, as they had to reside in college.

College residence at Oxford is, in fact, the chief purpose of Mr. Rhodes' munificent bequest. What he cared for was not the learning nor the academic honors Oxford can give, but the influence of the college dons, the companionship of Oxford undergraduates, the mingling of his scholarship men with the 3,500 students in the most celebrated intellectual centre in the English-speaking world. To quote the words of his will: "I attach very great importance to the university having a residential system, for without it students are, at the most critical period of their lives, left without supervision." This is also the reason why Mr. Rhodes fixed the annual allowance at three hundred pounds a year, enough to make his men at home in any set, and yet not enough to tempt them to consort only with the wealthiest students, for whom four hundred a year is considered the minimum of a fashionable allowance. Mr. E. B. Iwan-Muller, writing in the Fortnightly Review for May, 1902, quotes the following remarks made to him by Mr. Rhodes, which set forth clearly his paramount purpose: "A lot of young Colonials go to Oxford and Cambridge and come back with a certain anti-English feeling, imagining themselves to have been slighted because they were Colonials. That, of course, is all nonsense. I was a Colonial, and I knew everybody I wanted to know, and everybody who wanted to know me. The explanation is that most of these youngsters go there on the strength of scholarships, and insufficient allowances, and are therefore practically confined to one set, that of men as poor as themselves, who use the University naturally and quite properly only as a stepping-stone to something else. They are quite right, but they don't get what I call University Education, which is the education of rubbing shoulders with every kind of individual and class on absolutely equal terms; therefore a very poor man can never get the full value of an Oxford training."

For the better understanding of Mr. Rhodes' intentions, we quote again from his will: "My desire being that the students who shall be

electd to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms, I direct that in the election of a student to a scholarship regard should be had to

(1) His literary and scholastic attainments.

(2) His fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like.

(3) His qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and

(4) His exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for these latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim.

As mere suggestions for the guidance of those who will have the choice of students for the scholarships, I record that

(1) My ideal qualified student would combine these four qualifications in the proportions of three-tenths for the first, two-tenths for the second, three-tenths for the third, and two-tenths for the fourth qualification, so that according to my ideas, if the maximum number of marks for any scholarship were 200, they would be apportioned as follows: sixty to each of the first and third qualifications, and forty of each of the second and fourth qualifications.

(2) The marks for the several qualifications would be awarded independently as follows—that is to say, the marks for the first qualification by examination, for the second and third qualifications respectively by ballot by the fellow students of the candidates, and for the fourth qualification by the headmaster of the candidate's school."

As these two last clauses were "mere suggestions," Dr. Parkin, acting under instructions from the trustees of the will, has had to modify them according to circumstances. On the one hand there are places like Delaware, where boarding school and residential college life, such as Mr. Rhodes had in view, are practically non-existent; and, on the other, there are States like Ohio, with its fifty colleges, where anything like ballot voting would be unpractically cumbersome. Hence he has adopted the practice of convoking a committee of prominent educationists to confer with them on the standards and methods of choice.

At the meeting held on the 20th inst., in the Council Chamber of the Parliament Buildings, the following suggestions were adopted for transmission to the trustees of Mr. Rhodes' will:—

First—The scholarships for Manitoba shall be open to all British subjects who have spent at least four years in the educational institutions of Manitoba. Candidates must have spent two of these years as students of the University of Manitoba and must have passed the examinations of at least the first and second years.

Second—Candidates must be not under nineteen years of age nor over twenty-five at the time of entering Oxford, and they must be unmarried.

Third—The selection of the students to be sent to Oxford shall be made by a committee of five, to be appointed by the council of the University of Manitoba.

The first thing that committee of five has to do is to make sure that candidates can pass the Oxford entrance examination, called "Responsions." It is not absolutely necessary that they should have actually passed that examination before going to Oxford; the University authorities will admit them on the recommendation of the Rhodes Will Trustees; but candidates must pass that examination before attempting any other Oxford examination. The requirements for "Responsions" in Latin and Greek are distinctly higher than the average matriculation standard in American or Canadian non-Catholic universities. At a meeting of fifty educationists whom Dr. Parkin met at Harvard, the general opinion was that no man could attempt "Responsions" unless he were a sophomore or a university second year man. In this respect, as was explicitly recogniz-

ed in the Winnipeg conference with Dr. Parkin, Catholic colleges, with their superior classical training, have a marked advantage. Dr. Parkin instanced the fact that the first two scholarships at Oxford granted under the terms of Mr. Rhodes' will have just been awarded to two Catholic students of the Jesuit College in Bulawayo, and the further fact that at a recent examination in Toronto for an Oxford scholarship (unconnected with Mr. Rhodes' will) the prize was won by a Catholic student.

This advantage of Catholic colleges becomes still more apparent when the necessity of Greek is noted. Of late years almost all English-speaking universities have ceased to make a knowledge of Greek necessary for a degree. In Manitoba University the change was made about twelve years ago in spite of vigorous protests by almost half the members of the University Council. St. Boniface College never accepted that change, all its students must take Greek. But in the other colleges of the University not more than one-fourth of the candidates take Greek. Moreover, St. Boniface has won the Greek scholarships half a dozen times in ten years. One effect, therefore, of the Rhodes scholarship competition will be to make Greek once more a popular subject. All beginners who aim at Oxford will go in for Greek, so long, that is to say, as Oxford University makes it a sine qua non. Last year, unfortunately, there were signs of wavering. The question was voted on and saved by only a small majority in a vote of several hundred members of the University. Mr. Thomas Case, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, writes in the National Review (May, 1902): "Oxford has now a unique opportunity of doing good without doing anything more than she has ever done by her own exertions. By simply adhering to her existing qualification she will maintain and extend the study of Greek, Latin and mathematics over the whole Colonial Empire of England, and over the whole United States. Such a unique opportunity is never likely to recur. The Rhodes scholarships will bring the Greek question to a crisis, for Oxford will shortly find herself confronted by the momentous question whether she is to extend her qualifications of Greek, Latin and mathematics over the world or whether she is to allow the world to lower her standard. . . . Give up Greek and civilization becomes a chaos."

The provinces of Canada were not all distinctly named in the provisions of Mr. Rhodes' will; but when Dr. Parkin put the case of the Dominion before the trustees they immediately agreed that Canada must be placed on as good a footing as any of the other colonies, and that eight scholarships in all would be given to Canada, one for each of the provinces and one for the Northwest Territories.

The first selections of scholarship holders are to be made early in 1904, and the students will go into residence at Oxford in October of that year, from Canada, Australia, South Africa, Bermuda, Newfoundland, Germany and the United States. In three years from that time, when the scheme will be in full operation, and ever afterwards, there will be three students from Manitoba, and twenty-four from all Canada, studying at Oxford, everyone of whom will be in receipt of \$1,500 a year, \$4,500 in all, one of the best educational prizes ever offered, one indeed, without a parallel. In all there will be about seventy-five students the first year, and over two hundred in three years.

It will be curious to watch the developments of what is undoubtedly the greatest educational innovation ever attempted.

Many of the Rhodes candidates will be neither gently born or gently bred, and Oxford is above all a university of and for the sons of gentlemen, where students are quick to detect spurious imitations mistaken for the real thing in America. It is not at all likely that the 200 Rhodes men will exert any very marked influence over the 3500 other students who have a lofty contempt for whatever did not originate in the British Isles. Clearly the Rhodes Candidate

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must be wide awake, circumspect, modest, and, above all, he must bide his time. It may take him fully two years to break through the crust of English reserve; but then, if he is genuine, his English classmates will grapple him to their hearts with hoops of steel, and the prize will be found worth working for.

EVILS OF INDIAN DANCES.

A Most Important and Practical Question.

(Written for the Review.)

A short time ago a telegram was sent to the Governor General by the Sioux Indians of Standing Buffalo's band near Fort Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., asking his authority to be allowed to hold their old time Indian dances. The Governor General sent a guarded reply, and several telegrams were exchanged between government officials on the matter.

On inquiry we have gathered the following information concerning these Indian dances:

The Indians of the west, who were buffalo hunters and warriors until they settled on reservations, were always passionately fond of dancing, as it not only formed the principal part of their pagan ritual and presented an opportunity for them to boast of their success in the chase, in horse stealing and fighting, but to map out fresh campaigns; but under the leadership of the chiefs—who were usually "medicine" men of repute and clever enough to perceive that their influence would diminish as civilization advanced,—it was a fitting occasion to impress upon the growing generation the advantages of Indian customs and manners, to ridicule those inclined to the white man's ways, and to combine to oppose all advances towards civilization and Christianity.

There are several kinds of dances, the principal one is known as the Sun dance; though, as far as the Cree Indians are concerned, it should have been named the Thunder dance, as it was intended more to propitiate the Thunder god, at the commencement of summer, than to worship the sun.

The Sun dance is called in the Cree language "Nee-par-Kwa-seemo-win," which means "dance during the night without drinking"; and used to last two days and two nights on ordinary occasions, commencing at sunset and finishing at the second sunset after; those taking an active part in the ceremonies were supposed not to take any food or liquid during the forty-eight hours.

The Sun dance took place as soon as the leaves on the poplar had attained their full size, usually about the commencement of June, and before the thunder storms of summer.

The dance was given by some prominent Indian who would announce his intention about a month beforehand and issue invitations; a journey of a hundred miles was considered a very slight obstacle in the way of attendance at one of these dances.

The location was selected by the chief of the dance, usually an open plain of some size having water in the vicinity, surrounded by spinneys or "bluffs," on the trees of which were hung articles offered as sacrifices to the "Manitou" or spirit.

The Indians would begin to assemble about a week before the commencement of the dance and would erect their tents and teepees in a large circle round a pole which indicated the site selected for the dance house, and would pass the time in feasting, story telling, horse racing and gambling.

The second day before the opening of the ceremonies the poles for the frame of the dance lodge would be cut and carried in. Until lately this was done by the women, escorted by men on horseback who did a lot of whooping and firing of blank cartridges from their guns.

The dance lodge was usually round; about forty feet in diameter; with outside walls eight feet high; the frame work for the roof was upheld by the high pole in the centre; the whole was constructed of poles, lashed together with rawhide and willows, and covered with foliage.

Inside the lodge and about three feet from the outer wall a barrier of foliage in the form of a hedge some three feet high ran round a third of the circumference; this space was reserved for those Indians who had vowed during the previous year that, in return for some temporal favor, such as recovery from sickness, or success in some particular undertaking, such as stealing a certain number of horses, they would attend the next Sun dance and abstain from eating or drinking during its continuance. In that space, decked out in paint beads, bells and feathers, the votaries had to dance and whistle continually for two days and nights. Picture their weary, dirty, bedraggled appearance at the end of two such days; for while they are performing in their allotted space, dancing was going on almost continuously in the middle of the lodge, while round the two thirds of the wall not occupied by votaries a few men and all the women and children squatted or stood huddled together and sometimes obscured from the opposite side of the lodge by clouds of dust, and sang their songs and beat the tom-toms for the dancers.

Intervals in the dancing were occasioned by a chief or brave stepping into the centre and calling for silence, so that he might boast of the enemies or Americans he had killed, of the horses he had stolen, or of some other of his achievements; while from time to time the chief of the dance would improvise a prayer to the "Manitou," asking for rain, for health, for long life, to be preserved from lightning, for success in some enterprise or some other temporal favor; and again other orators would come forward and relate tribal traditions and superstitions, encouraging the young people to uphold paganism and despise civilization and the ways of white people, whom they represented as being made of white clay, an inferior article to the rich, dark loam of which they themselves were composed; as their different color clearly indicated this separate origin, so they had a separate destiny and separate religion.

On the second day of the dance, in the afternoon, the young men aspiring to become "braves" would take their places round the central post, from which hung long strips of rawhide, to which, after running a piece of wood through their breast they would be attached, and while dancing and singing keep straining on this piece of wood till the wound became much elongated and the skin was finally torn apart allowing them to fall to the ground. The other Indians then gathered round and after examining the wound would praise the courage of the Indian who had broken free from the pole and declare him a brave.

Towards the conclusion of the dance the guests would come one after another and make a present to the chief of the dance, who, when he thought he had received everything they intended giving, declared the dance over.

Before breaking up the camp the Indians would exchange horses, carts, harness, clothing, make bargains; gamble; and trade off their daughters for a horse or two.

Besides the Sun dance, which was their principal religious ceremony, and for many the only rite of their paganism, the Indians have a dance called the "Give-away-dance," which takes place as often as possible; sometimes almost every week in one band or another. In this dance one Indian calls upon another to dance with him and while singing and dancing promises the gift of a horse, cart, tent, blanket or something else. The giver could be a man or woman and while dancing they were often enfolded in the same blanket.

These give-away dances frequently lasted three or four days, or as long as the Indians continued to give presents to one another. It was a dishonor to receive something and not give a better present in return. This was often a cause of discord in the family, as the husband might feel it obligatory for him to give away his best horse, his only cart, and even his bedding or the clothing of his wife, or their cooking utensils.

The Indians have other dances,

but the central idea of all is the giving and receiving of presents; perhaps the present given to-day may only be a little tea, a dog, or a barrel of green apples; still the recipient is expected to make some return in the near future.

Anyone acquainted with Indians understands that nothing is more baneful than these dances, nothing more obstructive to civilization or more destructive of education. The most retrograde Indians are the leaders, and by their speeches, or through jeers and ridicule, they endeavor in every way to retain their control over the younger generation. An Indian who attends dances must have a special dancing costume and though this costume is usually very scanty, consisting usually of paint, and Indian ornaments and feathers, still no expense is spared to have it as striking as possible; he must also have a teepee and means of transporting his family from one place to another, and secure provisions for the trip and suitable presents for the occasion. As the dances generally take place at night, if he has to travel any distance, even if the dance only lasts one night, he loses part of two days; though usually he is so tired after one of these dances that horses, cattle and every thing else is neglected the next day.

Where dancing is frequent, the cattle are almost entirely neglected during the winter and any Indian earning a little money by the sale of wood, hay or a horse, feels bound in honor to provide a feast and dance. Both men and women take part in these dances, which are usually held in the tribal dance house, and frequently present scenes of frenzied excitement and moral degradation.

There is no doubt that much of the pulmonary disease among the Indians and the large death rate among their children are due to the vitiated, dust laden, and overheated atmosphere of the dance house, and the extreme change in winter time from the heat inside to the cold outside, when they come out to cool off and get some fresh air.

On the Qu'Appelle Agency, consisting of eight reserves, a persistent effort has been made to stop all Indian dances, and during the past two years there has only been two or three small ones held on

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the whole agency, and four of the bands, located at File Hill, have not danced at all for over three years.

A few years ago dancing was indulged in to excess on all the reserves and intemperance and debauchery were common. Under the strenuous policy of the Agent, Mr. Graham, these evils have almost entirely ceased and the Indians are making remarkable progress in civilization.

Instead of wasting their time dancing or waiting for their rations to be issued to them they are now working, and fast becoming good farmers and self supporting.

On the cessation of the dances the more progressive Indians immediately commenced to accumulate property of all kinds, to invest in a heavier class of horse than before, and largely increased their acreage under cultivation; for they realized that, whether Christians or pagans, they could at least honorably refuse to part with their belongings.

Since giving up dancing and commencing to work, the rationing system has practically ceased; which means an annual saving to the Government of thousands of pounds of beef and hundreds of sacks of flour; and yet the Indians live in a much better style than they did before. Instead of receiving rations the Indians of File Hill have been supplying the Touchwood agency with flour for the two last years.

When the course pursued on the Qu'Appelle Agency shall become general, a brighter future will be opened to the Indians and, with a great saving in expenditure of public money, much better results will be obtained.

Some years ago the Government enacted laws prohibiting the "Sun" dance and "Give-away" dance; but though these dances have been checked to a great extent, there are other dances just as detrimental to the improvement of the Indian.

The medicine men and retrograde Indians on the Qu'Appelle Agency were very reluctant to submit to these laws and complained bitterly of them, going so far as to seek legal advice; and some people, even Government officials, not fully realizing the evils attendant on the forms of Indian dancing, told the Indians that only two dances were

forbidden by law, this gave them the impression that their agent, Mr. Graham, was prohibiting their dancing without the sanction of the Government; so when the Governor General was shooting on the Pasquah Reserve last autumn, the reactionary party interviewed him, en masse, and asked him if it was he who forbade the Indians to dance. Not knowing their object or the customs incidental in all forms of Indian dancing, he told them the "Give-away" and "Sun" dances only were prohibited, and promised to send them a letter from Ottawa about that and other grievances they presented. They anxiously awaited this letter, which, however, failed to arrive; but they were so confident of the re-establishment of their dances through the Governor General, that the Sioux Indians on Standing Buffalo reserve erected a dance house last January.

When Mr. Graham heard of this he ordered it pulled down immediately, and knowing the firmness with which he carries through what he undertakes they reluctantly demolished the dance house, but the next day sent the telegram above referred to, to the governor General.

A telegram from the Indians directly to the Governor General, ignoring the Indian Department, is unusual, and led some people unacquainted with the facts, to believe there might be serious disturbances.

Very probably the course was suggested by some visiting Sioux from the United States, whence Standing Buffalo himself originally came—under a cloud—and his unprogressive attitude is a poor return for the generosity of the Government in allowing him to settle in Canada and giving him land and otherwise using him so well.

Undoubtedly Mr. Graham's efforts for the civilization and advancement of the Indians under his charge are as highly appreciated by the Indian Department as they are valued by those who come in actual contact with his Indians and see their marked improvement and the substantial results of their industry.

The foundation stone underlying this happy condition of affairs is the total suppression of the Indian dance and its attendant evils.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REFORMER.

(New World.)

Those modern fad-propagandists who, here and there, dare to "hold Buddha and Zoroaster as great as Christ," in the language of a recent Chicago preacher, ought to ponder the text of a masterly address last week delivered at the Cathedral at Baltimore by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Seldom has the work of our Lord been so graphically summarized. Seldom has the value of His teachings been shown in such brief space. Through the Cardinal's words one is made to see that Christianity actually is the greatest force for reform that earth knows, and that it is so because Christ was the world's greatest reformer. His very work shows that he was Divine, a point that the Renans, Huxleys, Tyndals, Marxes, Bebes, and Lassalles—all who desire to set up anti-Christian systems—ought to consider. In part Cardinal Gibbons said:

"Jesus Christ is the only enduring name in history. He exerts today a vital influence on the political and social as well as on the moral and religious world, such as was never wielded by any earthly ruler. In contrast with the founders of empires, of systems of religion, and of the framers of law, we may say of Him, in the language of Holy Writ: 'They shall perish, but Thou shalt remain, and all of them shall grow old as a garment. And as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou, O Christ, art always the selfsame, and Thy years shall not fail.'

"Kings and Emperors have sought in various ways to perpetrate their names and fame. But their deeds and their very name have faded away in the lapse of ages; or they have left after them the shadow of a mighty name which now evokes no enthusiasm and inspires no lofty sentiments.

"The Kings of Egypt erected for themselves those mighty pyramids, which were to serve as tombs to preserve their mortal remains and as monuments to immortalize their glorious deeds. The Pyramids exist unto this day amid the sands of Egypt after a lapse of 5,000 years, and they seem destined to be as enduring as the mountains. But who are the Kings that built them? What have they done in their day? The diligent researches of historians and antiquarians leave us to more or less conjecture as to the names of the monarchs who erected them.

"Nearly 2,000 years ago Jesus Christ founded a spiritual republic. He established it not by the material sword, but by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. He established it not by brute force, but by an appeal to the conscience and intellect of humanity. He conquered not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from the bondage of sin. He conquered not by shedding the blood of others, but by shedding his own blood. And the spiritual kingdom which he founded exists to this day, and is continually extending its lines; and it is maintained and consolidated not by frowning fortifications and standing armies, but by the invincible influence of religious and moral sanctions.

"Jesus Christ hanging from the cross has drawn to himself a mightier host than ever followed the standard of Caesar or Alexander. 'When I am lifted up from the earth,' He declared, 'I will draw all things to myself. I will draw by the cord of love.' Other leaders have captured cities. Jesus has captured the citadel of the heart.

"In contemplating those great men who have been conspicuous in history, the predominant sentiment we feel towards them is one of admiration. And our admiration increases in proportion as we see them ascending the pinnacle of fame. But we cannot be said to love them. They are too far removed from us to be loved. They dazzle us by their splendor, but do not warm our hearts. A man to be loved must come down to our own level. We must be on familiar terms with him. Christ in this respect differs from all other great men. We not only admire and

worship Him, we love Him. He has come down among us. He has lowered Himself to our estate. He has shared in our infirmities. He has become the Son of Man that we might become the sons of God. He has been our Friend, our Brother and Counselor. The great Christian world loves him. Millions in every age have enrolled themselves under his banner, and are ready to die for Him.

"Other sovereigns have signalized their reigns by framing laws for the government of their respective countries. Numa Popillius, and long after him, Justinian, made laws for Rome. Solon and Lycurgus framed laws for ancient Greece. Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor legislated for England. Napoleon compiled laws for France which are well known by the title of Code Napoleon. All these statutes were most useful in their day and generation. They were justly admired for their wisdom. But these laws were national in character. They were suited to the type of one particular people, and were framed for one particular form of government. They grew more or less obsolete in the course of ages. The people outgrew them, and a change in the form of government involved a change in the fundamental laws of the country.

"Christ has left us a code of laws in the Gospels. These moral precepts are immutable, because they are founded on the eternal principles of truth and justice. They have already stood the test of 2,000 years; they are as vigorous and as authoritative to-day as when they came from the lips of their divine Founder. And they will be binding in the consciences of men as long as human society itself shall last.

"They are adapted to all times, to all places, to all circumstances and conditions of life. They are in force in every system of government, in absolute Empires, in constitutional Monarchies and in free Republics.

"They appealed to the intellect and conscience of the ancient Greek and Roman; they appeal now to the subjects of Great Britain and to the citizens of the United States as well as to the native tribes of Australasia and North America. The sermon on the Mount and the Great Commandment of charity: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and soul, and thou shalt love Thy neighbor as thyself,' are as much binding on us as they were on the primitive Christians.

"Christ, then, is not merely a man of history. He is not like other great men who have appeared in the theater of life, have played their part and disappeared from view. He is not a meteor that has flashed across the firmament of the world and was suddenly extinguished. No. He is the Sun of Justice shining on men down the ages, enlightening their minds, warming their hearts and causing the fruits of grace and sanctification to grow in their souls.

"He is walking to-day on the troubled waters of life, as he walked of old on the Lake of Genesareth. When Peter behind his Master walked on the sea, he fancied it was only an apparition. But Christ was there all the same. No less truly is he walking on the agitated ocean of the world. He is lifting up many a sinking soul from the sea of sorrow and tribulation, and saying to warring elements, 'Peace be still.'

"Countless multitudes of hungering souls are following our Savior to-day as they followed him of old into the desert, and are receiving from Him the bread of heavenly consolation. Oh! how many a desolate heart cries out to Him in its anguish with Peter and says, 'Lord, to whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

"Jesus Christ confronts us at every step. We see Him with our eyes of faith. We hear his friendly voice, we feel the warm pressure of His hand. His name is on everybody's lips. Lives innumerable are written of Him. Volumes are published commenting on every word that fell from His sacred lips.

During the recent Christmas holidays the Christian world celebrat-

ed with joy the anniversary of His birth. Both houses of Congress were prorogued; the courts of justice adjourned; the schools and academies were closed for the season that all might take part in the festivities. And thus the whole civilized world unites in paying homage to Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary.

"Christ is the only living force that can generate society. He is the only genuine social reformer. The nation is sick and the malady is all the more dangerous, because the patient is unconscious of the disease. We are so intoxicated by material prosperity that we are become indifferent to the higher aspirations of the soul."

SOCIALISM AND DIVORCE.

In an address delivered at Pullman, Ill., on Sunday, Father Thos. E. Sherman, S.J., son of the late General Sherman, correlated socialistic doctrines and divorce laws, and declared that the availing statutes for the annulment of marriages were hatched in unholy socialistic ideas.

The Marxian scheme, said Father Sherman, is a windy fallacy. No God, no government, no marriage, no money. Carry these words in your mind and you have all the ideas of Social Democrats and the disciples of Karl Marx. Can a Christian be a socialist? No. We teach that the government did not make us, but that we make the government. God came to teach us personally. Socialism has no such idea. What is the Socialistic theory regarding the sexes of the family? What does he think of marriage? Marx was an evolutionist. He believed that man and woman are equal socially and that there is no need of letting the weaker vessel take care of the home and busy herself with domestic cares. He believed that men and women should be related to each other according to convenience. What is the chaste is that which is convenient. That was his belief. His ideas drag us back 2,000 years, when men and women were yoked like beasts and family life was unknown. That is what socialism stands for. No decent American may face his friends and uphold such a vile theory. It is a standing disgrace that such a platform should ever have been put forward, or that such doctrines should be countenanced by placing the party on our ballots. The greatest disgrace of this country is the easiness with which divorces may be obtained. We trace down these laws and we see that they were hatched in socialistic ideas. There should be an effort to have them wiped from the statutes.—Pittsburg Observer.

CONVENT TEACHING IN BELGIUM.

Frances O'Brien in the Quiet Hour.

"The Sister suggested that we might like to see the laboratory, and on our way thither she explained to us that the ease and pleasure with which the girls carried out their work of this section was due to the foundation laid in the 'Ecole Primaire.' There, in the first year after entrance, the initiation in science began in the 'exercice d'intuition,' or Object lessons, with which exercises in language were always co-ordinated. This immediate alliance of language with intuition is a fundamental principle of the Belgian system. These lessons were continued in the courses of Natural Science, which immediately followed, and here, on their common basis, began the correlated studies of domestic economy, hygiene, and agriculture. Lessons on the care of animals were combined with notions of zoology; study of the soil, and the means of improving it, with notions of mineralogy; the culture of different plants and vegetables with the study of the vegetable kingdom.

"We remarked to the Sister that such training required a large amount of labor and patience on the part of the teacher. She replied, 'Our role as teacher is like that of a guide—we do not explain what is apparent, but we stimulate the child's spontaneous mental ac-

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activity by a course of judicial questioning. This we find is the surest means of imparting scientific knowledge and inducing a habit of self-help. On every occasion we insist that the pupils shall themselves participate in each experiment and explanation.' She went on to tell us that in the 'Ecole Moyenne' more time was given to reflection and experimentation with regard to the facts which had been assimilated in the 'Ecole primaire,' where the 'expositive' method of teaching was chiefly in use.

"We were now in the laboratory, a well-sized room, fitted with every appliance. It was here, we were told, that the pupils of the 'Ecole Moyenne' made their intuitive study of the chemical notions applicable to daily life, and which were of special service to them in their studies of cookery, of hygiene, and of laundry work. Here also girls of the agricultural course made the experiments necessary to their particular branch, and the more advanced pupils followed a practical study of bacteriology, to aid them in the dairying processes. Apropos of a remark from us that the sisters must turn out a formidable supply of 'femmes savantes,' our guide remarked, 'Our idea is not to turn out 'learned' women (with a stress upon the adjective) but girls with habits of observation and reflection, and with a solid store of knowledge useful for daily life. Besides these more obvious advantages, the study of the works of the universe, shining with God's truth and the beauty of His eternal ideas, affords them an education that is deeply spiritual.'

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Little No. 2.

It was said by Cassandra's intimates that she had two manias—"the education of children and contempt for what she was pleased to term generally 'the supernatural.'"

Her children, three little girls with blue eyes and flaxen hair in pigtailed, aged respectively 8, 9, and 10, were, in the case of Nos. 1 and 3, normal, healthy infants, who accepted her theories and gave her no trouble. The second was a nervous excitable creature, who required treatment diametrically opposed to that which Cassandra had laid down for her own guidance.

Jack Silvertop, the husband of Cassandra, ventured to remonstrate with her, but his remarks were badly received.

Mrs. Silvertop conceived that fortune had treated her specially scurvily in the matter of Alberta. Why her other two daughters, Letitia, commonly known as Letty, and Dorothy, should have been so eminently satisfactory, and her second daughter so painful a thorn in her side she did not know.

"The child is a hypernervous subject, my dear lady," the family doctor assured her. "She requires careful handling—driving on the snaffle, not the curb."

"Nonsense, doctor! I ought to know my own children," Mrs. Silvertop replied impatiently.

The mother and the man of medicine were standing together in the cheerful day nursery. Indications of Mrs. Silvertop's theories were scattered about the room—dumbbells and clubs and such like. The precise little doctor in broadcloth looked from the hard, handsome face, the faultlessly tailored, collared and shirted form of the mother to the flushed, disheveled child, tossing in its little bed in the night nursery and then he said gravely:

"If you are not careful with that child she may have brain fever, and I should not like to answer for the consequences. A delicate overstrung organization."

"How on earth that woman ever came to have a child like little Miss No. 2 is what puzzles me," the doctor said to himself as he climbed into his gig. "Ah, Capt. Silvertop, good morning to you! I have just been to pay your little girl a visit and I have given your wife a word of warning."

Capt. Jack Silvertop looked uncomfortable.

"She's a bit inclined to be hard on the poor little beggar; the child is tiresome and pulling and all that you know—does not answer to her a bit."

"The child is being managed on a wrong system," said the doctor stoutly.

Jack Silvertop took the cigar from his mouth and stared at him.

"My wife is educating her on precisely the same lines as our other two daughters," he said.

"Oh, Miss Letty and Dolly are nice little girls, jolly little Welsh ponies, my dear sir; but your second daughter is like a thoroughbred. You'll pardon my stable language; I am adopting your similes."

Capt. Silvertop looked after the village Aesculapius as he bowed away in a smart little gig, and then he joined his wife.

"Old Jallop has been here. He is a silly old fool; getting into his dotage, I think," said Mrs. Silvertop, viciously.

"Seems rather upset about Pertie," said Capt. Silvertop doubtfully.

"Rather upset!" exclaimed his wife. "I wonder he wasn't rather shocked by such an exhibition. The child had literally cried herself into convulsions from rage—sheer rage." "By Jove!" ejaculated the husband, duly impressed.

"For nothing on earth," continued his wife, "but because nurse told me that Alberta was afraid of ghosts and declared that nothing would induce her to sleep in the room in the west wing, some idiot having said before the child that the west wing was haunted. Such folly! Naturally, I needn't say that into the west wing Alberta went, and, instead of going to sleep like a sensible child she shrieked

the house down and came flying the stairs in her nightgown. Of course I simply carried the child back and locked her in. I assure you I was quite worn out."

Capt. Silvertop looked grave. The picture of his little delicate daughter locked shrieking in the west wing rather upset him, but he did not dare to contradict Cassandra.

"Does Jallop say the child may get up to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; he says she is to have port wine and beef tea and sit in the garden and to do no lessons for a week, little humbug!"

"Poor little beggar!" ejaculated Capt. Silvertop as he strolled away. "I wish you would try to be gentler with the child Cassandra."

Mrs. Silvertop was not a sweet-tempered woman, and she was already irritated when her husband's remark caused her wrath to blaze forth.

"That child," she muttered to herself, "is the plague of my life. I wish she had never been born!"

A few moments later Alberta—a very white and feeble Alberta, with great rings round her hollow eyes and a pinched look about her sad young mouth—appeared to the scene. The child was dimly conscious of having done something wrong. The fact that she had been frightened was no excuse for screaming she knew. So she approached Cassandra deprecatingly and said:

"I am very sorry, mother."

Exactly for what she was sorry for she did not know.

Cassandra prided herself on her strict sense of justice and impartiality, and she therefore accepted her daughter's apology with a certain amount of graciousness, offering a smooth, cool cheek to be kissed and shaking hands in a manly fashion, with a sort of don't-let-it-occur-again manner which was rather disconcerting.

The child sat wearily down on a garden bench and looked over the sea shimmering in the distance. The Silvertops had bought an old manor house near Broadstairs for health's sake, and they were now engaged in having certain improvements made. Additional room was being added and the workmen were in the house. The tap, tap of the workmen's hammer could be heard in the distance.

"Can you give me a sovereign, Cas?" called out the voice of Capt. Silvertop from his study. "They have sent my new golf clubs. I want to pay for them."

"Run to my room," said Mrs. Silvertop, addressing her small daughter. "You will find a sovereign in my purse on the dressing table."

The child departed and came back in a few minutes with a troubled expression on her face.

"Here is the purse, mother, but there is nothing in it."

Mrs. Silvertop snatched it from her daughter's hand. The purse was certainly empty. Furiously turned upon the child.

"You little thief!" she blazed forth.

Alberta looked at her, scarcely realizing the significance of the words.

"Give me the sovereign at once," continued Mrs. Silvertop, roughly shaking the child. And plunging her hand into the pockets of Alberta's serge skirt she drew forth, among other miscellaneous treasures, a sovereign. The child, white and trembling, protested in vain, but there was the unmistakable evidence. Capt. Silvertop, who came in to see what was the matter, elicited from her that she had not touched her mother's money, and that the sovereign found in her pocket was one that he had given her himself at Christmas. The child being generous and openhanded and the month being July the story was naturally discredited. No one but Alberta had known of the existence of the sovereign.

"You are a liar as well as a thief," said Mrs. Silvertop, coldly addressing the now sobbing child. "I do not wish to see you again until you have confessed. Nurse will tell me if you do so. Until then you shall not see either your sisters or me."

Cassandra would have liked, from sheer force of conviction, to add

the additional punishment of the west wing to the child's sufferings, but lightly as she regarded Dr. Jallop, she had not quite the courage to go so far as this. So the small person forlornly sobbing, was borne away by a nurse, a stalwart individual who admired her mistress and walked conscientiously in her footsteps.

Capt. Silvertop, surreptitiously paying a visit to the nursery later in the evening, found his little daughter in a high fever, and as she clutched nervously at the hands of that kind-hearted but weak-minded individual she reiterated:

"Oh, I did not do it, father! I did not do it. I did not, indeed."

"I really think, Cassandra, that you should give the child the benefit of the doubt," said Capt. Silvertop to his wife; "she has made herself quite ill—"

"Please allow me to manage my children my own way," replied Mrs. Silvertop.

"The poor little beggar is quite hysterical," ventured her husband.

"Look here, Jack, if any one mentions the word hysteria to me in connection with Alberta again I shall beat her."

"You won't do that," said her husband, sturdily; "I don't approve of girls being beaten."

Mrs. Silvertop flushed and her mouth tightened. She was not a cruel woman, only obstinate and full of theories and entirely without sympathy for nerves and such minor ills of life. And yet it fell out that as a sequel to this conversation Alberta was beaten before the night closed—not severely—merely half a dozen smart cuts with Mr. Silvertop's riding-whip, but enough to vindicate the mother's principles.

A few hours after the household was all confusion, for Alberta was missing. Inquiries were made after her in all directions, but without success. In the end a closer search of the premises led to the discovery of the poor little thing's body in the pond at the bottom of the garden. There seemed to be little room for doubt that Alberta had drowned herself.

What Cassandra went through that night nobody but herself ever knew. She clasped the little inanimate body to her breast; she spent hours in desperate and futile attempts to restore animation, even after the solemn-faced doctor had assured her that the child had been for hours beyond human help. In the end, when her husband vainly endeavored to lead her away, she locked herself in the room with her dead and spent the rest of the night in an agony of grief and remorse. For the first time in her life Cassandra knew what it was to feel the grip of hysteria at one's throat. But in the end her strong will conquered. She rejoined the family at breakfast, but with an ashen face. She faced without flinching the subsequent ordeal of the inquest, where Dr. Jallop's evidence went to show that his advice had been disregarded, and where the wretched mother had to confess that she had beaten a child who a few hours before had "a sort of fit" as a result of solitary confinement in a dark room. "The child had told a lie and committed a theft," she forced her white lips to say in defense of her principles. She trembled visibly when her husband broke down and cried like a schoolboy in giving his evidence; she bore without flinching the "severe censure" which the coroner's jury appended to its verdict, the hooting of the crowd outside the court and the subsequent diatribes against her in the press. Only from her absolute silence under it all could those who knew her tell how deeply the punishment had sunk into Cassandra's soul.

It was some months after these events when an old brother officer of Capt. Silvertop's came to stay at the manor house. He arrived in the evening and was introduced to the two little girls, Letty and Dolly, at breakfast. A little later in the day he was writing letters in the smoking room—the same room which had been in course of construction a few months before—when he noticed another little girl, whom he had not seen with the others. The child came up to the table and fixed great mournful eyes without speaking, upon his face.

"Hullo, little 'un! I didn't know you existed," he said pleasantly. "I thought dad had only two children."

The child made no answer. It walked to the wall and pointed with its finger to a spot in the paper. Major Marter jumped up.

"Why, there's nothing," he said, cheerfully. "What is the matter, little 'un?" But as he was speaking the child, to his bewilderment, seemed to disappear under his very eyes.

"Good Lord, that's queer!" he muttered. "I'm broad awake and the room is full of daylight. I must ask Jack about this."

"Have you by chance a third daughter hidden away anywhere?" he asked his host that evening over their cigars.

"Hush, for God's sake, hush!" whispered Capt. Silvertop, glancing at his wife. But Mrs. Silvertop had heard.

"We had another daughter. She died a year ago," she answered briefly. Major Marter felt a shiver run down his back. Could it be, he asked himself, that he had come into a haunted house? He decided that he would tell Jack what he had seen when Mrs. Silvertop had gone to bed. He told him and was astonished to find that his host had had the same experience and identified the apparition as that of the dead child.

"I daren't tell my wife. She would go mad, I think," Jack Silvertop said desperately. "You don't know what a strong feeling she has about people who believe in ghosts. I can't tell you the whole story now, but it was an awful tragedy, and ever since the child haunts this room. I've seen her over and over again."

"You've seen her over and over again," said a voice behind them, and Mrs. Silvertop, who had stolen back, stood in the room. "Jack, why did you not tell me this before? I have seen her myself—and I took it for a sign that I was going mad."

"You have seen her!" exclaimed the husband. "When—where?"

"Here in this room—twice, when I have been here alone. I dare not come here now myself." Cassandra's face was pale, her eyes wild, and she spoke in a nervous, hurried whisper, so unlike the voice of the real Cassandra that her husband was more frightened as he looked at her than he had ever been by his child ghost.

"She appeared to me here in the middle of the room," continued the unhappy woman. "Then she glided to the wall—here—pointed to this spot—and disappeared."

"Good God! That is just what I have seen her do," said the husband.

"And I—only this morning," added Major Marter.

Mrs. Silvertop looked from one to the other.

"Jack," she cried, "there must be something here—something the child wants us to do." Jack Silvertop snatched up a claspknife from the table and attacked the spot on the wall. In a moment the paper was stripped off. With it there came away a bit of plaster, and behind, embedded in the wall, was a sovereign.

How the sovereign got there was never definitely proved, but it was not difficult to conjecture. One of the plasterers at work in the house had probably stolen it, concealed it temporarily for some reason in the plaster, and had either forgotten it or failed to find an opportunity of returning for his booty. At any rate, from the hour that sovereign was found the phantom of Alberta was no more seen at the manor-house, and no one doubted that the coin found in the wall was the one which the dead child had been wrongfully accused of stealing.

Cassandra rarely smiles. She is a nervous, excitable woman, and terribly anxious about her large and bouncing girls, who are capable young women, never sick or sorry, and who think mamma fusses over them ridiculously. But they make excuses for her, "Because one of us, you know—Little No. 2—was so delicate and died, and mother never quite got over it."—London Truth.

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Persons and Facts

The London Times of January 24 has the following item, which we reprint for the sake especially of the last sentence containing Lord Grey's opinion.

"The Tablet announces the first two scholarships at Oxford granted under the terms of Mr. Rhodes's will have just been awarded by the government of Rhodesia. Both the new scholars are Roman Catholics, and students of the Jesuit college in Bulawayo. In a letter announcing the nominations, Lord Grey pays a high tribute to the importance of the work which the Jesuit Fathers have done in Rhodesia among both whites and blacks."

The Stonewall Argus is crowing over a buff Orphington hen belonging to Ira Stratton, which hatched out five smart chickens on the 7th inst. She was kept in a very ordinary pen and the chickens are still doing well.—Free Press Feb. 24.

The most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, agrees with his Grace Archbishop Walsh in thinking that the Land Conference Report is distressingly vague in its treatment of encumbered estates.

Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, who was born at Brosna, county Kerry, fifty years ago, writes to the Boston "Pilot" from Tournafulla, Newcastle West, County Limerick, intimating that he is bringing out an Irish dictionary by subscription. During twenty years he was resident in London and spent a considerable time at the British museum, the State Paper Office, and other libraries collecting materials for this dictionary.

The clergy of the diocese of Bayonne have just received an official notification from the Government that henceforth they are forbidden to use the Basque language in catechetical instructions. A little while ago, a similar notice was sent to the Breton clergy, of whom fifty refused to obey and have had their stipends stopped. M. Combes is clearly determined to wean children from the tenets of the Church by condemning them to ignorance.—Catholic Times

Mr. Combes, the Prime Minister of France, spoke strongly in the French Chamber, against the abolition of the Concordat and the separation of the Church from the State. He resisted it, on the ground that it would at once destroy all religion in the country. You cannot sweep away with the stroke of a pen the belief of two thousand years, he cried. What other faith will you offer to the people of France? A doctrine of purely moral character will not suffice; there must be some creed or other. You have no creed to offer; you have even no moral code to offer except the Christian one. Let the matter alone until you can propose some intelligent and satisfactory substitute. The deputies sat astounded under this unexpected rebuke. Was M. Combes turning a clerical? M. Combes was merely stating facts. The House took his view, and for the present the Concordat remains. But lest his supporters should think he was turning traitor he suspended the salary of a Vicar-General at once, in order to reassure them!

A paragraph appeared in Saturday's "Daily News" under the heading, "The Religious World," in which was given the assertion of Mr. C. Effland, who wrote from Waterloo-road, S.E., that on the previous Sunday at St. George's Cathedral, the preacher during High Mass, Canon Keatinge, had stated that fifty-two persons, or an average of one per week, had left the Cathedral and become Protestants, whilst the converts had numbered only seven. Mr. A. E. Brice wrote at once to the Canon asking if the newspaper paragraph was correct and Father Mason replied from Cathedral House on the same day, Saturday: "Canon Keat-

ing left for India a fortnight ago and there is not a word of truth in the newspaper statement." Catholic Times, Feb. 6.

Madam Melba, who comes from a strict Presbyterian family is reported to have been received into the Catholic Church.

Alderman Sir John Knill who was once Lord Mayor of London, is the next member of the Court of Aldermen in rotation to serve as a sheriff of the City of London.

Mrs. Joseph A. Chisholm (nee Frances Alice Affleck), who died lately at Halifax, was a sister of Lady Thompson, the widow of Sir John Thompson, and a devout Catholic.

The Rev. Charles Walter Davey, lately Anglican curate at Marnhull, Dorset, was received into the Church the other day by the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Mary's Clapham, London.

Lady O'Connell, widow of Sir Maurice O'Connell, who was successively President of the Queensland Legislative Council, Commander of the Forces and acting Governor of the colony, died lately at her residence in Brisbane. She was almost ninety years of age and had married Maurice when he was a young officer in 1835. Sir Maurice died in 1879.

The greatest organ in the world has just been installed in the Cathedral at Seville. It is the only organ in the world that has bass bourdons which will give 32 vibrations a second.

The International Committee for the silver jubilee of the Pontificate contemplates erecting a statue of Leo XIII., as the Pope of Workingmen. His encyclicals on the social question will be integrally reproduced on bronze tablets encased in the sides of the base.

The curious mistake in names, which we copied last week from the Voce della Verita, has now passed into the Catholic Times, of Liverpool, Manchester and London. In chronicling a large number of "well known English personages who have had the honor of being received in private audience by the Holy Father," the Rome correspondent of that great paper mentions "Messrs. Intyre and Mochamps, two prominent Canadian Catholics with their families." This will amuse Jim McIntyre "intirely." "Mochamps," however, is all the more pardonable in an English paper in view of the fact that the only Winnipeg Directory, for 1903, contains these two entries on the two columns—cheek by jowl—of page 482: "Mochamp, Mrs., widow Onesime, h 205 Garry," and "Monchamp, Emily, widow Onesime, h 205 Garry." The latter is the right spelling. But what is to be thought of the Directory publishers' acumen, when it never occurred to them that these two entries, three inches apart, might possibly refer to the same person.

The following clipping from the "Citrograph" of Redlands, California, refers to "Tommy" L'Eveque, who often exhibited his typographical skill on the Northwest Review.

You know there is an old saying that "Happiness is so great that it kills." Well, its not true. For weeks our faithful and efficient "ad. man," Thomas L'Eveque, has been anticipating the arrival of his good wife from the old Canadian home. When she arrived this week, Tommy's joy was so great that, if the old saying had been true, he would certainly have succumbed. Mrs. L'Eveque called at this office and we really don't wonder that Tommy is happy, for he is at last at home in the best part of the continent and his cup of joy runs over.

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The "Citrograph," official organ of the city of Redlands, which has lately begun its seventeenth year—just a trifle younger than we are—is beautifully printed on dainty paper and therefore quite worthy of Tommy's artistic support.

Mr. Joseph T. Dumouchel presented this week to the museum of St. Boniface College three beautiful glass cases of admirably stuffed birds: A spoonbill duck, a great northern diver and two varieties of prairie chicken.

That solemn old friend of our school geography days, Popocatepetl, one of the two tallest volcanoes in Mexico, has just been sold to an American syndicate. The top crater—for there is also a lower one—of Popocatepetl is full of sulphur, which is mined regularly.

The annual meeting of the Manitoba Equal Suffrage Club, held on the 24th inst., in this city, recorded as present the enormous number of eight members.

Mr. James Riorden, roadmaster of the C. P. R., who has been ten years with the company and did such splendid work last year during the snow blockade of March 14-18, has transferred his allegiance to the Canadian Northern, and is now roadmaster for that company, with headquarters in Winnipeg.

The Pope is reported to have expressed to the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Almsdovar, his hope that Spain would soon return to her former greatness. Spain's finances have greatly improved since she lost Cuba and the Philippines.

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(From Arthur's New Home Magazine.)

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek, and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in:
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in:
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale.
Tell the moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brows, will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
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Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
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Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow..

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