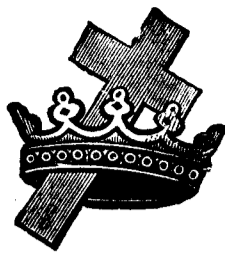


Northwest Review.



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

VOL. XIV, No. 30.

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1899.

\$2.00 per year.
Single Copies, 5 cents.

THE CHURCH AND MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

Though the following letter from Monsignor Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal, is several months old, it has a perennial freshness for all lovers of truth and common sense. The best of its many palpable hits is that the only promise of riches and dominion was made by Satan. The letter completely turns the tables upon the shop-keeping nations and makes the Latin races feel intensely comfortable. God bless John S. Vaughan and his flawless family, ever untainted by heresy, and therefore sane beyond the reach of non-Catholic brains.

[To The Editor of The "Spectator."]

Sir, — What Mr. H. Hensley Henson writes in the Spectator of Oct. 15 concerning what he is pleased to call "Romanism" is just the sort of thing that we might expect the "rich man" of the gospel, from the vantage-ground of his high social position, to have written concerning poor Lazarus. To his way of thinking, his purple and fine linen, and his daily sumptuous repasts were, of course, the clearest indications that heaven's blessing rested on his head, and proofs unmistakable enough of divine favor. Lazarus, on the other hand, from his empurpled gentleman's point of view, can hardly be described as a success. Financially, indeed, he was a dead failure, and the wreckage of his worldly career was, no doubt, ascribed to his peculiar religious profession, which, presumably, made it difficult for him to deal successfully in business with less scrupulous men, and to outstrip competitors in astuteness and cunning. His sorry plight — lying there covered with sores and unseemly rags — must have implied (to use Mr. Henson's expression) "something seriously faulty" in the religion he professed. I should think so, indeed! But, joking apart, it has always puzzled me to discover upon what grounds Protestants make prosperity a test of the truth of their religion. There is no warrant for such a view in the pages of the New Testament. No vestige or shadow of such a principle is discernible in the teaching of Christ. On the contrary, the whole trend of his teaching, IN SO FAR AS IT BEARS ON THE SUBJECT AT ALL, tells the other way. "Hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven," "It were easier for a camel to enter through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven," etc., are but samples of hundreds of similar texts that might be quoted. The one solitary instance in the New Testament occurring to my mind in which any promise of riches and dominion is made is found in Matthew iv. 9; but then it is the devil who makes it: "All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them will I give

thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." A reward promised to devil-worshippers will hardly be invoked by Christians, even though they be members of that kingdom upon whose possessions we are constantly reminded "the sun never sets." I can not follow Mr. Henson in his interpretation of the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth," etc. These words were most certainly addressed primarily to the apostles and disciples, and it is difficult to see how they are applicable to others expect IN SO FAR as others resemble the apostles, and IN THE MEASURE in which they inherit their spirit and religious temperament.

But would men of the character and training of the apostles ever build up an empire such as the British Empire? Men totally indifferent to wealth, and reputation, and dominion, and worldly success? Would they, whose chief boast was that they had "left all things to follow Christ," be the sort of persons suitable for the purpose? I mean men like St. Peter, who, when Simon Magus attempted "to transact a little business" with him, exclaimed: "Thy silver perish with thee" (Acts viii. 20); or St. Paul, who confessed that, "having food and covering, we are therewith content" (Tim. vi. 8); or indeed any of the others? Yet they are PAR EXCELLENCE and before all "the salt of the earth and the light of the world"; for to this God himself bears witness. Mr. Henson seems to wish religion to be judged by its results. This is fair enough so long as the results looked for are spiritual rather than commercial and political, and so long as our survey is not confined to this world. The Church of Christ is not a commercial syndicate. The greatest failure in this life is not inconsistent with the most signal triumph in the next. Christ's Church is, of course, His Kingdom, but then some of us seem to forget that His Kingdom, is "NOT OF THIS WORLD." Nay, more: we are expressly told that "the world is the enemy of God," not His friend. Moreover, it is "seated (which implies a settled state) in wickedness." But let us waive every objection and assume—merely for sake of argument—that national prosperity and power are unmistakable signs of divine approval. Consider into what a quagmire such a theory lands us. To start with; if the theory is sound it must be applicable to all time. I must be allowed to look out upon the world, right down through the ages, and to deal with it as a whole. With what result? Well, that I find the balance of national prosperity sways and shifts in different and often opposite directions. At present, it indeed points to Protestantism; a few hundred years ago, say in the time of Philip II. of Spain, it pointed to Catholicism; but as a whole, its tendency is most cer-

tainly in favor of paganism and rank infidelity. Egypt and Greece and pagan Rome will serve as illustrations of what I mean. Considered in the moment of their greatest development and highest achievement, they have no parallel in any state, at the present day. Neither Great Britain nor Germany can compare with the Roman Empire at the zenith of its prosperity. From the point of view of splendor, magnificence, power, dominion, military glory and conquest, and purely worldly greatness it eclipses every modern empire on the face of the earth. A well known historian speaks of it as "the most mighty Empire the world has ever seen." Did something in paganism favor development and account for this success? And, if so, are we to favor paganism? It is surely evident that any educated pagan, living, let us say, in the reign of Augustus, might have taken as his theme "IDOLATRY and National Success," and have argued about it very much as Mr. Henson now argues about Protestantism and national success, or about "Romanism and Decay." only probably his arguments would have been more subtle and his rhetoric more stirring. Yet what weight can one attach to HIS words while the infallible words of CHRIST are ringing in our ears? England is rich, and wealthy indeed, but Christ says: "Woe to you who are rich." She has extended her dominions, and added to her territory and possessions, but, again, it is written: "Woe to you who join house to house, and lay field to field" (Isaiah v. 8). "Where the Roman Church has had a free hand . . . national greatness has declined," writes Mr. Henson. If "greatness" be taken, not in a spiritual and supernatural, but in a worldly and material sense, this may be true. Speaking broadly, it is no doubt the wealthy and prosperous nations and races that abandoned the Catholic faith in the sixteenth century, but this fact serves merely to enforce and to light up the truth contained in St. Paul's warning words: "They that will be rich, FALL INTO TEMPTATION and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition" (1 Tim. vi. 9). In our opinion the richer and more prosperous states did actually "fall into a snare" when they fell into heresy. And while we lament their defection from the centre of Christian unity we can not be wholly surprised, for we have been warned by God through the mouth of His apostles, that "the love of money is the root of all evil; which some reaching after have been led astray FROM THE FAITH." "Led astray from the faith," yes, that to our minds describes precisely what has happened to the wealthy, luxurious, money-seeking, money-loving nations,

with their keen commercial instincts, their business habits, their daring speculating spirit, their astounding enterprise, and their worship of the "almighty dollar."

I can not, of course, expect members of the Church of England to accept such a view, though I know not how they can deny to it the support of Holy Scripture. But without adopting this view, perhaps they will not refuse to hear how this prosperity theory, so often insisted upon, strikes a Catholic.— I am, Sir, etc.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN,

Prel. Dom. di S.S.

Westminster, Oct. 19.

"CONVERTING" CATHOLICS.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES A GREAT WASTE OF ENERGY AND MONEY.

The eagerness which some of our non-Catholic Christian friends manifest for doing missionary work in the islands recently evacuated by Spain, indicates on their part more zeal than good judgment. These good people ought to know that the attempt to make Protestants out of Catholic people invariably results in utter failure. No Catholic ever abandons his faith through conscientious conviction. A Catholic may become indifferent to his religion, but in that case he is equally indifferent to all others. He may abandon it through motives of material advantage, but in such a case he is obviously insincere as a member of any other denomination. At most, if the proselytizing efforts of Protestant missionaries among Catholics have any effect at all, it is only to make those affected bad Catholics, never good Protestants.

As a rule, however, such missionary efforts are wholly without results, and the supporters of such missions are the victims of a palpable fraud. As an illustration of how the game is worked, the case of Protestant missions in Italy might be cited, because it is clearly stated in a book written about five years ago by Rev. Dr. Stackpole, a Methodist missionary, who had been in Italy for years, engaged in evangelical work. Dr. Stackpole virtually declared that the whole Protestant propaganda in Italy was a sham, a fraud, and a huge imposition.

He declared that were the whole facts known they "would be disgraceful to all concerned." Here is his description of the Protestant mission at Florence: "Work was begun in 1879, and probably over \$20,000 have here been spent. We have no church property. A fine house is rented for \$300 a year. A recent pastor told us that he found 150 names in the church register, but has seen only two of their owners in church. The minutes of 1893 reported 14 members and two probationers. The congregation varies from five to twenty-five. When the presiding

elder was to make his quarterly visit the pastor of another denomination used to send his congregation up to our service, so as to make the presiding elder think that we have a large audience in Venice. We told this to one of our preachers in conference. 'Oh' said he, 'there are two or three other pastors that do that way.' Another pastor (when he knew the presiding elder was coming) went out into the streets and cafes, and hired an audience for a cent apiece."

Here is another extract from Dr. Stackpole's book illustrating the dishonesty of the Protestant propagandists in Italy: "We once asked one of the preachers why he did not cut down the statistical report for the minutes to actual facts, and he replied: 'That would not please the presiding elder.' Every preacher on the Italian mission knows that all the authorities on both sides of the ocean want to see every year in the reports an increase of probationers, conversions, etc., and they are accommodating enough to make the desired increase."

So much for Protestant missionary efforts in Italy; though many more testimonies of the same tenor might be adduced from Protestant sources. What about France, whose evangelic Gen. Howard seems to think so well adapted for Protestant missionary efforts in Cuba? Here is the statement which Rev. Mr. Galliene, a Protestant preacher in that country, lately made public: "The general position of affairs in unchanged. A good deal of faithful work has been done, with the result simply of keeping up our numbers, and it is necessary (from the financial point of view) that our English friends should thoroughly understand that this is the story of French Protestantism in all its branches for the last quarter of a century. The McAll Mission, the Salvation Army, the very energetic Home Mission, created in 1871, in the south of France, by joint efforts of all (Protestant) denominations, the unofficial organization of synods in the Established Presbyterian church, the considerable increase of earnest evangelical ministers in that church — all these agencies, with infinite variety of methods, have failed to create any important religious movement. All the agitation has been confined to the same narrow circle; the general (Catholic) public has listened, shrugged its shoulders and passed on, utterly indifferent to (Protestant) religious matters."

This is the universal experience in the attempt to "convert" Catholics to the Protestant denominations, and if our separated brethren are wise they will save their money and their activity for labor in the home vineyard, where more than two-thirds of the population are outside of all forms of Christian belief. — Worcester Rectord.

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER, Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription, - - - - \$2.00 a year.
Six months, - - - - \$1.00.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on
sale at R. Vendome, Stationer, 290
Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel, and
at The Winnipeg Stationery & Book Co.,
Ltd., 364 Main Street.

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14 1899

CURRENT COMMENT

Kate Vannah's "Sequence of Sonnets" in the February Donahoe's lifts that otherwise rather colorless number to a distinctly higher level. One almost regrets that such genuine, evidently lived out poetry should not find a more worthy environment. The lines fairly glow with thought and pulse with the deepest, tenderest, most delicate feeling.

"Robert Emmet" by Katharine Tynan Hinkson comes next in value and makes a trite subject live again. In "Night unto Night" Mr. Herbert M. Sylvester has wrought into painful obscurity and pretensions conceits an early remarkable power of description and a natural wealth of vocabulary.

The name of Mr. Henry Aristin Adams is conspicuous by its absence from the pages of this magazine. Apparently his retirement, announced a couple of months ago, is an accomplished fact.

How infinitesimal must be the humour of those solemn personages who indite Orange Grand masters' addresses! The outgoing G. M., Toombs, a very appropriate name by the bye, gives vent to a sepulchral howl over the disheartening prospects of protestantism (with a small p; for, curiously enough, the Telegram decapitalizes "protestant" wherever the word occurs in this address, while printing "Catholic" with an initial capital). The funny thing about this voice from the tombs is that it professes a hatred of tyranny and a gospel of love while it really breathes despotism intolerance, unwarrantable interference with other people's business and fanatical hatred of the true Church. The climax is reached when that monstrous old hypocrite, Chiniquy, is canonized. This would remind us of the Abyssinian calendar rating Pontius Pilate as a saint, were not the latter, as compared to Chiniquy, a very respectable saint indeed. The fact is, Grand Master Toombs is terribly afraid. He says: "At the present rate of in-

crease [at which] Roman Catholics are coming into this country they will soon outnumber the protestants." However much we wish it were so, we regretfully recognise that Brother Toombs exaggerates, though we think he realizes the general drift of things often noticed in these columns. Protestants, of the Orange type especially, don't take kindly to the command, "increase and multiply," and therefore must ultimately disappear.

After reading Father W. A. Jones's sketch, in the February Catholic World, of the noble work done in the Philippines by the religious orders during more than three hundred years one's astonishment at the audacious mendacity of the Protestant press grows into a feeling of downright stupefaction. The writer quotes the following doubly valuable testimony, coming, as it does, from the noted freethinker Jean Réclus in his "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle": "The Filipinos are the most civilized people of the Orient. The friars have civilized them. If in matters of industry, commerce and enlightenment, they be inferior to the Japanese, they nevertheless occupy in another respect a superior plane. The Spaniard, in the person of the friars, identified himself with the Filipinos, and thus elevated their moral standard. Gradually have they become imbued with European culture, without suffering through the process those miseries which so often accompany a too rapid transformation."

It is to be hoped that the gaunt remnants of the Hotel Manitoba's walls, at least those that face Main street, will be pulled down without delay. They are a standing menace to life and limb. As to the difficulty which the contractors foresaw of getting ropes up to so great a height, they cannot have been so serious since the tallest chimney was successfully pulled down last Saturday evening.

Meanwhile the Telephone Company are very slow about repairing their wires. They seem to be waiting till other people shall have removed the walls. Almost a week has elapsed since the fire and all St. Boniface subscribers are still cut off. This is a great hardship especially during the severe cold when crossing the river is quite an undertaking. It seems to us that, if the Telephone people were more enterprising, they could have run an extra wire through one of the streets west of Main so as to get round the ruins of the burnt hotel and restore communication with the south end and St. Boniface.

Rev. Father Antony Coudert, O. M. I., was consecrated coadjutor by Archbishop M'Gillivray, O. M. I., in the Cathedral of Colombo, Ceylon, Nov. 30th, 1898 in the presence of Archbishop Zaleski, the Delegate Apostolic for India and Ceylon. Besides the two assistant Bishops, Mgr. Pagnani, O. S. B., Bishop of Kandy, and Mgr. Joulain, O. M. I., Bishop of Jaffna, two other Bishops, Mgr. Van Reeth, S. J., Bishop of Galle, and Mgr. Barosso, Bishop of Meliapur, were also present. This is the second time in this century that an episcopal consecration takes place in Colombo, and all the ceremonies of so great a function were perfectly carried out.

THE BURNING OF THE MANITOBA.

Seldom has the burning of one single building, and that a hotel, been felt so keenly as a personal loss by so many people in a city of 40,000 inhabitants as has last Wednesday's Hotel Manitoba conflagration. This popular breavement is all the more remarkable in that it was attended by no casualties of any importance. The wind was blowing stiffly, it is true, but in the one only direction where there were no other buildings near. Had the wind been from the south or west, as it has so often been lately, it would have been impossible to save many buildings in Main and Water streets. The violence of the mighty draught of the three hundred foot high flame was great enough to hurl pieces of burning timber more than three hundred yards; but these brands were seen coming and were therefore soon extinguished.

St. Mary's Academy stands a short fifty yards from the Hotel Manitoba. Half an hour after midnight the whole household was up, and the nuns and pupils, quickly but thoroughly dressing with winter wraps, packed up all their movables, bedding and all, and came downstairs ready to leave the house in case the wind should change. The side of the convent that faced the burning hotel was lit up as in the brightest sunshine and the heat in the rooms, in spite of the double wind ows, which, by the way, remained cold to the touch, was well nigh unbearable. At five o'clock in the morning, when all danger was past, the grateful inmates went to bed for a good sleep with many a heartfelt praise for God's sweet mercy.

The Hotel Manitoba was, by long odds, the most imposing edifice in Winnipeg. There was an air of massive solidity about its seven stories that made the idea of its burning up like a house of cards somewhat absurd. And yet that is precisely what it did. The fiercely searching flames revealed the fact that it was, like so many other creations of this age of humbug, very largely a sham. What was supposed to be solid wall was mere patch-work. What was thought to be fireproof turned out to be a fire-trap. The fault lies, of course, with the owners who, since they were spending so much on so beautiful a hostelry, ought to have made sure that the beauty was more than skin-deep.

The fire engines worked badly. No doubt the intense cold—forty below zero—severely handicapped the firemen, though the universal mantle of snow kept the flames from spreading to other buildings as they undoubtedly would in summer; but, after making all allowances, there is no denying that our Winnipeg fire appliances are not up to the needs of the city.

It is hardly likely that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who lavished such vast sums on so unsubstantial an edifice, will try their hand at rebuilding it in anything like its pristine splendor. From certain hints thrown out by the Free Press it is more probable that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will seize this opportunity of constructing an hotel of their own that will be solid as well as stately and that will rival the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

The "Irish World" publishes a stirring appeal in favor of the revival, or rather the practical and earnest spread of the Irish language. Father T. E. Ryan, of Woonsocket, R. I., writes a strong letter to promote the preservation and cultivation of the vigorous, expressive, flexible speech of the Gael. He says that "delightful little volumes and manuals of the language are issuing nearly every month from the Dublin presses" and that "Father Hickey, with the spirit and intelligence of the great McHale of the West, is filling the souls of 600 students—the future priests of Ireland—at Maynooth with burning enthusiasm for the cause."

The manifesto of the Irish Language National Fund, drawn up last May, and signed by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Raphoe, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the President and Vice-President of the Gaelic League and the Editor of the Gaelic Journal, states that Irish is spoken to-day in Ireland by fully three quarters of a million of the race. Hence "there is no question of the revival of the language, only of its rehabilitation, of its obtaining fair play side by side with English, especially in the Irish-speaking districts where at present the system of education condemns thousands to practical illiteracy, who, taught in a rational manner, would be bilinguals with a fair chance of the material prosperity which bilingual races certainly succeed in obtaining."

One pregnant truth is inculcated by the manifesto: "In the fact that the Irish language so lives lies one of the best hopes for the future of the Irish race; for the decay of a language is the measure of the decay of a nation, and NO COUNTRY ALTOGETHER LOSING ITS LANGUAGE CAN HOPE TO PRESERVE ITS HISTORIC INDIVIDUALITY." On the other hand, history shows that the revival of the language of a people precedes any permanent national awakening. This is shown clearly in the case of Greece, of Belgium, of Hungary, of Bohemia, and of Finland.

To our mind a still stronger motive for the resumption of Irish speech is the revival of the traditions of the ages of faith. The mass of the Irish people, who in the English schools learn nothing of Ireland's religious glories in the past, will, as they drink more deeply of the pure wells of Irish literature, revive in their minds the memory of Irish greatness and lead Irish virtue they will live in an atmosphere of Catholic fervor. If this movement succeeds, as we hope and pray, Irishmen will wipe out forever the reproach that have allowed themselves to be so despoiled of their classic tongue as to be so ashamed of its unknown beauties, while German scholars are making those beauties known to the learned world.

Rev. Father Cherrier's cousin, Rev. Father Bourdeau, now parish priest of Manteno in the diocese of Chicago and formerly assistant at the Immaculate Conception and parish priest of Brandon, has been visiting Father Cherrier and sang High Mass in church last Sunday. He returned south yesterday.

ROSE LEAVES GATHERED AT STE. ROSE.

Concerning certain secessions from the Church of Rome and other things.

The stars have fallen from Heaven it is said. Ah well, there are always a few aerolites cruising around, but they don't disturb, to any extent, the music of the spheres. And there are a few, a very few Catholics who, never from conviction, but, for a mess of pottage, or for some dream of ambition, have renounced their sacred heritage and sold their birthright. They do little however to swell the ranks of Protestantism. When the Pope weeds his garden now-a-days, he seldom (I do not say never) throws anything over the wall into Luther's field of many allotments, nearly all goes to pile up the great festering heap of infidelity, round which demons dance.

I travelled once with a Protestant nun, one of Dr. Pusey's nuns (poor Pusey who was almost a Catholic and who is reputed to have said about us: "They prayed for Newman, but they did not pray for me.") This nun was very nice, I can tell you, and her conversation interested me much. When she got out of the train at some small station, not far from Oxford, a gentleman who was present said to me: "She was trying to coax you." She did not know that the small maiden sitting so demurely in the corner had been taught DE VIRGINITATE in its natural abiding place, being safe within the gates of Rome, having been cradled there in fact. It seems pitiful, almost, how they try to get back to the sanctity of virginity, and after all why not? Even the Pagans had their Vestal Virgins. There have been wafted through the ages faint echoes of the song, sung only by the white-robed ones who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth and the sacred words of that song have been engraved on many a consecrated heart; pure souls of which this world is unworthy, who, like inland lakes, guarded by mountains, reflect nothing of earth on their limpid waters, but only the glories of Heaven. I did not try to convert this dear little nun who was so happy in all the good she was doing; why should I doubt in a heart at rest? Incredible ignorance may climb the golden stair.

À propos of this I heard a little story of a Protestant bishop who was visiting in a house where there was a Catholic servant, Irish of course. One day the bishop said to her: "Then you don't think, Biddy, I shall go to Heaven?" "Oh well, sor, she replied (she would never say 'My Lord,' to a Protestant bishop) "I would na say but ye might, on account of yer inconsavable ignorance." The bishop was greatly tickled at her cruel kindness.

Rev. Father Judge, S.J., founder of the Catholic hospital in Dawson City, is dead. No details as yet.

"The Catholic Citizen," of Milwaukee, boasts that, after absorbing the circulations of the defunct Omaha Western Chronicle and the Detroit Catholic Witness, it is now in a position where it can claim the largest circulation of any Catholic paper in the United States.

THE PROTESTANT PRESS AND THE DOUKHOBORS.

True Witness.

When will English-speaking Catholics in this Province realize the hostility with which they are regarded and treated, either openly or insidiously, by the Protestant press? The "True Witness" has several times drawn attention to facts bearing on this point—facts proved by quotations from representative secular newspapers. And yet our people look calmly on, and continue to bestow their patronage on these same journals. A new and very telling testimony to the attitude of the Protestant press towards us is afforded in the manner in which a few thousand Russian Doukhobors, or "Spirit Wrestlers," immigrants, have been received by the press. The Montreal "Star" has gone into hysterics over them. It sent a special artist to accompany them across the Atlantic, so as to draw sketches of a number of them, together with a special reporter to write up the incidents of the voyage, the history of the sect, their habits and other peculiarities. Other Protestant newspapers, like the Toronto "Globe," have gone almost as far; and gushful Protestant ladies of Toronto have been writing to the press letters by the score asking for money to make them comfortable, to help them to clear the land which has been given to them in Manitoba. The Canadian Government, even, has accorded them special favors.

We ask our readers to consider candidly this question:

Would all this fuss, or one-hundredth part of it, have occurred if a hundred thousand good Irish-Catholic immigrants had come to Canada, instead of a few thousand Doukhobors? They know, as well as we do, that nothing of the kind would have occurred. These "Spirit Wrestlers" are warmly—nay, enthusiastically welcomed by the Protestant press of Canada because they have left the Greek Church, and have set up a sort of religion of their own. Here is what the Montreal "Star" says about them in a two-page article:—

"A new epoch in Canadian history was begun when the Beaver line steamship Lake Huron arrived in Halifax Harbor, Friday afternoon, a week ago, with the first contingent of the Doukhobor emigrants for the North-West. Two thousand Russian peasants there were, who like the Pilgrim Fathers left homes and native land because of religious persecutions. Like those sturdy souls, these Doukhobors came in sight of the land of promise and liberty chanting songs of thanksgiving. In more than one sense it was an incident of history repeating itself. The followers of William Penn fled from England to escape the persecution of a dominant ecclesiasticalism and the tyranny of what they considered unjust laws. They left their native land to hew out of the virgin forests of America new homes where they could enjoy the free exercise of their religious belief without molestation. So also with the Doukhobors. The tyranny of the Czar of Russia, whose proclamation in favor of universal peace has scarce ceased to ring in the ears of the nations of the world, and the relentless persecution of

a dominant church, have forced these simple Russian peasants to seek on the prairies of Canada the same liberty which was found two centuries ago in the forests of Pennsylvania, by those sturdy Quaker settlers."

The "Star" writer is all wrong. The Pilgrim Fathers left England on account of religious persecution, it is true, but when they were well settled in the land of freedom, they themselves set up a system of religious persecution and tyranny more odious still than that from which they fled. Again they left good homes behind them, which cannot be said of the squalid Doukhobors.

Who and what are these Doukhobors? They are not Christians; they do not believe in God; they live in concubinage. The Protestant press does not, of course, put these things as plainly as the "True Witness" does. It seeks to gloss over their absence of any system of religion. They acknowledge, we are told, Christ's coming in the flesh, but chiefly in the spiritual "sense."

"Marriage among them is not regarded as a holy sacrament, and is accomplished merely by the mutual consent of the young couple. There are no marriage rites or ceremonies; the mere consent of the two and a promise to live together suffices." "By the word of God they understand the power of love."

We shall not be surprised if these strange people receive an annual grant from the Manitoba Government for separate schools.

FATHER CHINIQUY DEAD.

True Witness.

"Tu es sacerdos in aeternum." Five and sixty years ago these sublime words were pronounced, by episcopal lips, over the late Charles Paschal Telesphore Chiniquy, and the power which they imparted, the dignity which they bestowed, as well as the responsibilities which they imposed are unchanged by lapse of time, uninterrupted by death, unending as eternity. Yesterday, while yet amongst the living, he may have been the most deadly enemy of the Holy Catholic Church; to-day, in the realms of God's justice, he is a priest of that Church—a priest in the full acceptance of the term, with all the obligations attached to that sacred office, and with the seal sacerdotal indelibly stamped upon his soul. He may have abandoned the Church, abused the Sacraments, carried his enmity to the utmost degree of fanaticism, sown seeds of infidelity by the handful, perverted scores of the faithful, trampled upon every vow and obligation, in a word, he may have spurned and insulted the spiritual mother that nursed him, still he carried with him through life, and he now wears in eternity, be it as a crown of glory, or diadem of misery—the unchangeable sign of priesthood. It is, therefore, as a priest that the Catholic must consider the man, and, as such, do we regard him when recalling his career. It would be difficult to review, even in several columns, the countless points of interest in the extraordinary life that closed last Monday. Whether we consider it in regard to the exceptional number of years, the marvellous vitality exhibited even to the end, the kaleidoscopic changes, reverses, successes, in-

consistencies, contradictions and vicissitudes that astonish and bewilder, we perceive one predominating passion asserting itself everywhere, and at all times, one great motive power, so to speak, which imparted every impetus to that man of iron and fire—the passion of Pride. In later years that pride became more like vanity, but it still remained the same egotistical sentiment embodied in the two historic and unfortunate words "Non serviam." It was that spirit—so foreign to the Church—which arrested the great preacher of temperance, when, in the full blaze of his renown and in the hour of his wonderful ascendancy, he stepped aside from the path of truth and stumbled into the by-ways of error; it was that spirit dictated the first act of insubordination and the subsequent disobedience which led to this awful life-catastrophe; it was that spirit that pushed him along during those years of wavering and uncertainty, when alternately harkening to the voice of conscience that recalled him and the voice of human respect that urged him onward; it was that spirit which magnified in his eyes the fame or notoriety to be reaped, and re-echoed in his ears the plaudits that bespoke popularity; it was that spirit which in old age checked every impulse of a better nature, and prevented a possibility of any return to the faith; it was that spirit which at the close rejected the last offer of reconciliation coming from one whose episcopal authority still governed by right the sacerdotal subordinate.

Viewed then from the standpoint of Catholicity the life and the death of the apostate priest constitute most terrible lessons. After his marriage in 1864, it is very easy to understand that family ties, domestic duties and demands should place an almost insurmountable barrier between the fallen priest and his chances of conversion; when age came on, with its second childhood, we can comprehend how easy it was to flatter the vanity of the unfortunate victim of pride and impulse and to retain him in the

path of error by a silken cord that in the days of his vigor he might have snapped; we can, likewise, account for much of his exaggerated attacks upon the Church and his frantic attempts to justify his own apostasy by hearing insults upon the hierarchy, the clergy and even the Sacraments. Once caught in the vortex of irreligion, of rebellion against all that he once held most sacred, it is not surprising that he was swept on by an irresistible power and carried into the gulf that yawned before him.

A SPANISH AMBROSE.

Wesleyan Watchman.

It would seem that with our Philippine rebels and our Cuban insurgents on our hands we would have quite enough trouble to keep us busy without the preachers embroiling us with the cultured and peace-loving Spaniards of those islands. Our troops were not long in Manila when a preacher in the uniform of an American major forcibly made his way into a convent and outraged the holy stillness of the place by his loud demands for inspection. Two Sundays after we entered Havana those preachers organized an indignation meeting in the public square, and started the ball in motion for proclaiming Protestantism theaceforward the religion of the island. Last Sunday the anniversary of the Maine disaster was celebrated in Havana and a monster procession to the Catholic cemetery was planned and services according to all the rituals and by preachers of a dozen different sects were to have been held. The Bishop promptly vetoed that portion of the celebration by reminding the commanding general that the cemetery was the property of the Catholic Church and preachers had no more right to officiate there than they would have to preach in his own cathedral. There were many Catholic sailors on the Maine and for that reason burial of all the victims of that disaster had been permitted in the Church's consecrated ground; but at the interment only Catho-

lic services had been held, and only Catholic services would be allowed now. The letter of the Bishop was a shock to the patriots. They did not know that any authority had to be respected on the island but that of the United States. Was not this Catholic bishop an officer of the Spanish Church, and was not the sovereignty of Spain wholly withdrawn from the island? What was this Catholic Church which so impudently raised her head and challenged the right of the United States to trespass on her property? She is a deathless organization that survives when all else dies; an invincible power that remains erect when all else fails. She speaks with the same authoritative voice in Havana as in New York; in St. Louis as in Rome. It is not because she is Spanish, but because she is the Church of God in Spain that she commands obedience. It is not because she has held undisputed sway in Cuba for four hundred years that she claims immunity from American interference; but because she has represented God on that island and has no notion of giving up her divine commission. Because she is of God she calls the attention of this country and her officers in Havana to her God given privileges. This astounds the preachers who have no idea of a Church founded by Christ and administered in His name and by His authority. Attila had no idea of such a Church when the finger of the Roman pontiff arrested his triumphant march. The Emperor Nero had no idea of such a Church when he lighted Rome with bodies of burning Christians. The Puritans had no idea of such a Church when they made their Blue Laws to exterminate Catholics. The United States may have known but she will realize soon more than ever that the Catholic Church is a thing to be reckoned with, and in the future the authority of the Holy Father will be a factor in our national life and the laws of the Church a force to be considered in our imperial policy. We shall follow the Protestant countries in sending ministers to the Vatican and in accepting the kindly offices of the Pope in our international complications. The war has made the Sovereign Pontiff a power in the New World.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that I was being attacked by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small five-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DeWitt.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, Ph. G., 688 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss BESSIE WIEDMAN.


Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, and was greatly relieved. She now takes them regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family takes the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; she eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

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My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not do him any good. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, he is in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

S. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (60 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (THE TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 19—First Sunday in Lent.
- 20, Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels. Commemoration of Leo XII's election.
- 21, Tuesday—Votive office of the Holy Apostles.
- 22, Wednesday—Ember Day. Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
- 23, Thursday—St. Peter Damian. Bp., Doctor.
- 24, Friday—Ember Day. St. Matthias, Apostle.
- 25, Saturday—Ember Day fast and abstinence. The Lance and Nails (transferred from yesterday).

BRIEFLETS

Rev. Father Zerbach was in town last week.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O. M. I., returned last Thursday.

Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., conducted services at Austin last Sunday.

Rev. Father Tourangeau, S. J., conducted services at Gretna last Sunday.

Three new Misericordian Sisters arrived last Wednesday for the Maternity Hospital in Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O. M. I., late of Mattawa, Ont., and Brother Landais, O. M. I., accompanied Rev. Father Lacombe last Friday and are going to St. Albert.

Rev. Father Calais, O. M. I., a native of France who had spent five days here, went on to St. Albert last Friday, there to await Mgr. Grouard, O. M. I., who is now at Lowell, Mass., on his return home.

According to the latest figures the five leading gold-producing countries for 1898 are as follows: Transvaal, \$73,476,600; United States, 64,300,000; Australia, \$61,480,763; Russia, \$25,136,994; Canada, \$14,160,000.

To-morrow is Ash-Wednesday. No change occurs in Lenten regulations: fast every week day, abstinence every Wednesday and Friday, also on two Saturdays, Ember day Saturday and Holy Saturday, and, moreover, on Thursday in Holy Week.

"What did Colonel Stilwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?" "He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

Rev. Father Alphonsus Charles Henry, O. M. I., a native of Dijon in France, who had been almost twenty years a missionary in Ceylon, died a most edifying death on October 20 last. He was a distinguished scholar and a splendid preacher in Sinhalese.

The parishioners of St. Mary's Winnipeg, are eagerly looking forward to the grand Mission to be preached in their Church, beginning Sunday after next, by Rev. Fr. Fallon, O. M. I. The parish priest is to be congratulated on having succeeded in securing the services of so eloquent a preacher.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., stopped over here last Wednesday and continued on to St. Albert on Friday, whither he was recalled from the east by telegram with the information that he was to return later. He was accompanied in his westward journey from here by Rev. Fa-

ther Leuret, O. M. I., whose health is somewhat improved.

The Forty Hours devotion of the carnival is very well attended at the Cathedral.

It is a curious circumstance that while in Wales fewer persons speak both English and Welsh than Welsh only, in Scotland nearly five times as many use both languages as those speaking Gaelic alone; while in Ireland twenty times as many speak English and Irish as those who speak Irish only.

His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., who is now in Canada on his way home, was received in Vienna by the Emperor of Austria himself, in spite of the recent murder of the Empress. Mgr. Pascal also visited several Austrian Bishops, to have their advice and help in obtaining Galician priests.—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

A most worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gagnon, of St. Boniface quietly and religiously celebrated last week their fiftieth anniversary of marriage. Mrs. Gagnon, having been bedridden for the past few months, received Holy Communion in her house, where Rev. Father Messier, curé of St. Boniface, renewed the nuptial blessing and blessed a new ring at 6.30 in the morning. Later on in the day he said a special Mass in gold vestments for the happy pair. Citizens of all classes vied with each other in greeting and honoring Mr. and Mrs. Gagnon who are both 71 years old, there being but a couple of months' difference between their ages. At the family gathering in the evening one of their granddaughters presented to the venerable jubilarians a purse well filled with gold coins, the result of a general subscription in the town of St. Boniface. The Review joins in best jubilee wishes.

SPARKS FROM THE WESTERN WATCHMAN.

Bishop Potter has been in this city during the past week and has taken occasion to explain his position on the "Poor Man's Club House." Some men talk first and think afterwards, and the good Bishop is one of them.

Father McKinnon, who went to the Philippines with General Merritt, declares that the Filipinos are a very bad lot and that the Spaniards treated them just



The clouds have hardly held more rain drops than the tears which have fallen from women's eyes. There is a world of truth in the old song which said: "Man must work, and woman must weep." Women must weep not only for the troubles and ills of those they love, but because of the physical agony and suffering that they themselves endure in silence. Nine-tenths of the pain and suffering that women undergo could be avoided by a little knowledge, and a resort to the right remedy. When a woman feels weak, sick, nervous, irritable and despondent, and suffers from pains in the back and sides, and burning and dragging down sensations, she is suffering from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for ailing women. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that make maternity possible. It makes them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, and tones the nerves. It does away with the usual discomforts of the timorous period, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No honest dealer will urge a substitute for this superior medicine.

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Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

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right; an opinion of his that, he says, is shared by every American officer in the Philippines today.

The "Jewish Ledger" of New Orleans is agitating for a Jewish synod. The Jews are drifting apart, but a synod will not bring them together. Conference only emphasizes divergence where there is not a common basis of belief. In the Church synods and councils always bring Catholics more closely together. With Protestants synods and councils only make differences of views more accentuated, and after such meetings dissenting Protestants find themselves wider apart than before.

A Protestant missionary writing from Havana says the conduct of our troops in that city is so indecent that the young women are compelled to hide and young men avoid meeting a man in an American uniform. And, pray, what are these missionaries doing? Are they hiding, too? The men in the ranks declare they would not be half so bad were it not for the bad example set them by their chaplains.



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