

# Northwest Review

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## CURRENT COMMENT

It speaks well for the honesty of the Henderson Directory Company that they report the population of Winnipeg, ascertained by their own enumerators within the last fortnight, as almost 20,000 less than they estimated in the latest edition of their directory. In the preface to that bulky and useful volume, under date of January, 20, 1905, "Henderson Directories, Ltd." say: "This, the twenty-seventh volume of Henderson's Winnipeg City Directory contains the names of 32,467 individuals, exclusive of 2,282 firms and corporations, indicating that the population of the city of Winnipeg at the end of 1904 was 97,401, an increase of 20,096 during the past year." A glance at this fantastic total, as compared with the 32,467 individual names in the Directory, shows that it is obtained by the simple process of multiplying by 3. It appears that this factor—3—is accepted by the Association of American Directory Publishers as a means of obtaining a very conservative estimate of the population. Multiply the number of names in any given city directory by 3 and you get somewhat less than the population of that city. Well and good, if the list of names is correct, without any unnecessary repetitions; but if the list of names swarms with unnecessary repetitions the very basis of the calculation becomes unreliable. Now this is precisely the case with the Winnipeg Directory; it swarms with unnecessary repetitions, which have evidently been counted as separate names in the making up of the total. Here are a few which we picked out after a few minutes' search:—at page 346 Bauviere, Compte (sic) de, fencing master Winnipeg College of Music—at page 496 De Bauviere, Comte, fencing master Winnipeg College of Music, 340 Garry; at page 346 Bauviere, Moreau de, Madame, teaches French Winnipeg College of Music, h. 122 Edmonton—at page 496 De Bauviere, Moreau, Madame, French teacher Wpg Col. of Music, h. 122 Edmonton; at p. 497 De la Giclais, M. J. A. M., Commission Agent, Real Estate, 515 Main, Res. 289 Colony—at p. 581 Giclais, M. J. A. M. de la, Commission Agent and Real Estate 515 Main, lvs 289 Colony; at p. 571 Galember, Louis de, real estate agent, h. 256 Ellen—at p. 497 De Galember, Louis B., insurance, lvs. 256 Ellen; at p. 497 De Jurkowski, Ladislav de, contractor, carpentering, h. 416 Manitoba—at p. 703 Jurkowski, Ladislav de, contractor carpenter, h 416 Manitoba; at p. 499 De Montmorency, Reginald, clk Watson & Co., rm 18, 223 Alexander—at p. 863 Montmorency, Reginald, messenger, bds 18 223 Alexander. Note the discrepancies in these double entries: the omission of the house address in the first mention of M. de Bauviere, calling M. de Galember in one place a real estate agent and in the other an insurance agent, calling Reginald de Montmorency in one place a clerk, in the other a messenger and giving the number of his residence once as 223 and a second time as 223. These differences, viewed in connection with the detailed repetition of all qualifications and addresses instead of saying "Bauviere, see De Bauviere," etc., clearly show that these six names were counted as twelve in the total, thus representing an addition of thirty-six individuals to the population when they do not really represent more than half that number. Moreover, a great number of the names appearing in the Winnipeg Directory, and therefore included in that total of which the publishers say: "This Directory contains the names of 32,467 individuals," belong to persons who live in St. Boniface, Norwood, and probably Louise Bridge, and who consequently should not be counted among the residents of Winnipeg. A curious instance of this, as well as of the incompetency of the Directory enumerators, is afforded by the way in which the family of Mr. Charles Poitras figures in Henderson's Winnipeg Directory. We have, at page 937, "Poitras, John, clerk E. B. Nixon, h Kitson, Norwood," then at page 941, "Poitras, John B., clerk retail grocer, lvs. 49

Kitson, Norwood." As we find that Edward Barnett Nixon styles himself, at page 892, "family grocer," John Poitras of Kitson and John B. Poitras of 49 Kitson must be one and the same individual split in two by a stupid enumerator. Next at p. 937 we have Poitras, Peter, clerk J. H. Ashdown Co., Ltd. (whol.) lvs 49 Kitson, Norwood. At p. 941 again we have Poitras, Charles, carpenter, h 49 Kitson, Norwood; but the same individual figures at p. 939, as Porteous, Charles, carpenter, h 49 Kitson, Norwood, and this is the name in which he figures in the Street Directory under "Kitson Ave. (Norwood)" "49 Porteous, Charles, carpenter." Thus we have the Poitras family (for this is their real name, not Portras nor Porteous) represented by five distinct articles, which multiplied by 3, would give 15 persons, when there are only seven people residing at 49 Kitson Ave., Norwood, and not one of them ought to be counted in the population of Winnipeg.

Taking into account these and numberless other inaccuracies and repetitions due to the linguistic and other deficiencies of Henderson's enumerators, we are not surprised that, when they had merely to ask how many persons sleep in each house, they found the total of Winnipeg residents to be 78,367, six months after their employers had declared it to be 97,401. Hitherto the Henderson Directory estimate of our city population has generally been from ten to fifteen thousand in excess of the more careful estimate made by the city assessor. But this time the Henderson house-to-house count made in the middle of June 1905, falls 1538 short of the assessor's estimate based on data collected at the end of October 1904. This estimate—79,905—was published in April and was therefore unknown to us when two months before, we rejected, for the reasons given above, Henderson's fanciful total of 97,401, and basing our calculations on the assessor's estimate for the previous year, viz., 67,265, and on the general inaccuracy and exaggeration of the Henderson Directory, we estimated Winnipeg's population at 80,000 (see Northwest Review, Feb. 4, 1905, p. 1, col. 6.) Judging from the rate of increase shown in the assessor's estimate for the last four years, the population of Winnipeg will be 90,000 before the end of this year.

Applying to the new total found by the Henderson enumerators, viz., 78,367 the divisor, 3, which they formerly used as a factor, we find that the number of individuals whose names ought to have been counted as Winnipeg residents is 26,122, which is 6,345 less than the total (32,467) given in the preface to the Directory. The difference is enormous, amounting to almost one-fifth of the total; and yet the factor is not likely to be far wrong, especially if we remember that the Henderson people purposely reduced the factor generally accepted by the Association of American Directories (which was a fraction above 3) because the total would then have been absolutely unbelievable even by themselves. But it seems never to have occurred to them that the fault lay with their own inaccurate enumerators or compilers. From what we know of their work, from the blunders we are continually coming across in our city Directory, we have no difficulty in supposing that one-fifth of the entries are wrong. Nor can we hope for any notable improvement so long as the enumerators know no language but English. In such a cosmopolitan city as Winnipeg if all the enumerators cannot be expected to know several languages each of them should at least have facilities for calling in educated assistants conversant with French, German and the Slav languages, and as many as possible of the enumerators themselves should know at least one of these widely spoken languages. But the most crying need is somebody with enough intelligence and memory properly to compile and check the data handed in by the enumerators. If the Henderson people cannot find capable men, why does not some other Directory Company step in and give us the worth of our money?

Several Poles from Russian Poland, now resident in Winnipeg, are in receipt of letters describing the wonderful movement of conversions to the Catholic Church which has been the immediate consequence of the recent ukase granting freedom of worship. Everywhere all over Russian Poland thousands upon thousands of schismatic (Orthodox) Russians are asking to be allowed to make their submission to Rome. Catholic priests are almost mobbed by the multitudes eager to be reconciled, and vast sums of money are thrust upon the clergy by enthusiastic converts. It will be remembered that in our last week's issue we mentioned (p. 5, col. 2) that 26,000 conversions had occurred in two out of the ten governments of Russian Poland; but later private advices show that the movement is general in all the governments (or provinces), so general, in fact that the censor will not allow the Polish press to speak of it. The Tsar's officers are staggered by the happy result of their master's tardy justice. At the present rate of conversions it would not take long to gather into the one fold the 400,000 Orthodox Greeks of Poland, which in 1890 contained also 445,013 Protestants, 1,134,268 Jews, and 6,214,504 Catholics.

Terrible railway accidents, which used to be far from uncommon in the British Isles, long after they ceased to be so on the continent of Europe, are now almost unknown in Great Britain and Ireland, although the speed of their trains has steadily increased, so that even in these days of the Chicago-New York flyers the London Carlisle express, running 300 miles in four hours at the rate of 75 miles an hour regularly, easily leads the world. On the other hand the United States and, to a lesser but sufficiently alarming extent, our own Dominion presents the disheartening spectacle of appalling railway disasters not only not diminishing but actually increasing in their frequency. And, what is positively exasperating, they might all, or almost all, have been prevented by proper precautions. Shortly before ten o'clock on the night of June 21, the Twentieth Century Limited running 60 miles an hour, dashed into an open switch at Mentor, Ohio. Result: 19 killed, horrible sufferings of the injured. The switch was a most important one, about 30 yards west of the railway station of Mentor, through which the Limited was scheduled to fly at 57 miles an hour. Such a switch in any thoroughly civilized country would be guarded night and day; but this one was left to the tender mercies of a mere lad to open or shut and then leave unguarded. The blame is cast on some unknown foe who is supposed to have opened the switch through revenge. Thus the railway company will escape all responsibility and the catalogue of disasters will continue to grow. The recent head-on collision at Kalmar on the C.P.R., due to an involuntary blunder of a telegraph operator, would never have occurred if the block system were in use. With this system no train can leave a station till the conductor has ascertained that the line is clear to the next station. Our Canadian and American trains will never be reasonably safe till we adopt the block system, and till the law courts inquire seriously into the cause of each accident and punish according to the findings. In this latter respect we are perhaps a shade less criminally negligent than our American neighbors, as the arrest of Despatcher Morris and Operator Bowen after the jury's verdict on the Kalmar collision shows. But we have yet much to learn from the European method of preventing and punishing railway accidents.

## CORRECTING A MISTAKE IN IRISH HISTORY

It is clear that several active Catholics are keeping an eye on the pages of the ultra-Protestant Toronto "News." Here is one of the most recent corrections. To the Editor of the News: Your correspondent of the 9th June—H. Bittin—makes the bold assertion that the Peep-of-day-boys (of Irish history) was a gang of scoundrels belonging to the

Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Bittin is evidently ignorant of the historical facts.

The History of Ireland, by W. C. Taylor, Esq., of Trinity College, Dublin, vol. 2, page 260, relates the following: "In 1795 a Protestant banditti, calling themselves Peep-of-day-boys, served notice on most of the Catholics in the county of Armagh to quit their farms before a certain day, threatening destruction of property, and even loss of life, in case of disobedience. To oppose this association, the Catholics formed that of the Defenders, which soon over-spread the country. Towards the close of that year the Peep-of-day-boys formed themselves into an Orange Association. . . . The Peep-of-day-boys were not checked before they had driven from Armagh several hundred Catholic families. These, seeking refuge in various parts of the country, spread through the Catholic body a report, to which appearances gave some sanction, that the extermination of the Catholics was the real object of the new Orange Association."

I could advance further evidence to prove the foregoing historical facts, by quoting the proceedings of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, and the speech of Lord Gosford, the chairman of the sessions, as related in the "Mirror of Parliament," on the debate relating to the "Battle of the Diamond," but I do not desire to trespass further on your space and the patience of your readers.

M. TEEFY.

Richmond Hill, June 17, 1905.

The editor, by making no comment implies that he accepts and approves the correction.

A certain Mr. Alex. McMillan published, on Tuesday last, the same letter in the telegram and the Tribune—the Free Press had too much self-respect to print such an ill-natured attack—grossly insulting His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. In the morning edition the writer showed that he was a cad by calling the Archbishop "Mr. Langevin," but some of his friends persuaded him to introduce a "g" between the "M" and the "r", so as to observe in the Tribune edition the usages of polite society. This vulgar firebrand is so ignorant of history that he asks "what our French fellow-citizens have done for the Dominion or the West to give them rights which the rest of us may not enjoy." The answer is twofold. First, Mgr. Langevin does not ask for any rights that others may not enjoy. Others are quite welcome, he holds, to their own language and their own schools. As to the language, they use it freely and often insultingly. As to schools, they refuse religious schools, they want Almighty God, the Judge of the quick and the dead, to be an alien in the hearts of his children for six days in the week. That is their affair.—Secondly, if Mr. Alex. McMillan had read the history of Canada, he would know that the descendants of the first French settlers, no longer French in the sense of owing any allegiance to France, were the only Canadians for more than 250 years—it was not till 1867 that the descendants of English, Irish and Scotch began to call themselves Canadians—that were it not for these, the only Simon-pure Canadians, Confederation would never have taken place and even now the keystone of the Dominion is the old Canadian province. As to the West, what "our French fellow citizens have done" is just this. Without them and their firm stand against the surveying marauders from Ontario in 1869 Manitoba might still be a Crown Colony, without self-government; without those "Roman priests" whom Mr. Alex. McMillan ignorantly slanders, the rebellion of 1885 would have been general all over the territories, and might have lasted as long as the South African war. Going back further, without the French half-breeds the Red River settlement would most probably have been utterly destroyed by the Sioux. The French-speaking missionaries, in particular such heroes as Father Lacombe, time and again saved all the West to the British crown. In fact of these facts, proving how much the French Canadians have done for the civilization of that West which they discovered, how out-

rageously insulting is Mr. Alex. McMillan's preference for the Cree savages, because, forsooth, they were the first occupants of this western soil! They occupied it, yes, as Mr. Alex. McMillan does, without improving it.

Mr. Alex. McMillan says: "The Roman Church has always been better at giving warning than at taking it." Quite true. That is just the reason why she has been founded by Christ—to give warning; that is her chief function. The Lord Himself said if any man "will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." But the Church also takes no end of warning, takes and sheds it as an umbrella takes and sheds the rain. She is used to warnings, threats, injustices, oppression, persecution, under all of which she thrives. Mr. McMillan's gentle brethren in this province have been making her pay double taxes and support their schools for fifteen years.

Mr. Alex. McMillan also informs "Mr." Langevin that "a large number of Protestants believe that the very existence of separate schools, by means of which the French language is perpetuated, are a menace to the state," and that these good people who "keep silence only for the sake of peace" will "very easily be aroused to assert their power." Mr. McMillan thus solemnly imparts, as exclusive information, what everybody knows. If the Protestant howl that has been making the welkin ring for the past three months is "silence" what must the articulate speech of these peace-loving howlers be? The fact that they believe separate schools to be a menace to the state is no proof that their belief is right; on the contrary, the variety and multitude of their delusions on other vital subjects rather strengthens the presumption that they are absurdly mistaken in this belief.

## MARRIAGE

### COUTURE-TURENNE

On Tuesday morning at 8.30, the Chapel of the Grey Nun Mother House was the scene of an important wedding which interested all the leading people of St. Boniface. Miss Therese Turenne, the charming daughter of the Mayor of St. Boniface, was united in marriage to Professor Camille Couture, the celebrated violinist. Rev. Father Messier said the nuptial Mass. Miss Josephine Turenne acted as bridesmaid, Chief Justice Dubuc as witness. During the ceremony Miss Rhoda Simpson, Prof. Couture's most distinguished pupil, played a violin solo, and also played with five other violinists. The bride was gowned in a pretty travelling suit of brown, the bridesmaid wearing a white silk dress. The newly married pair left the same day for Chicago, Montreal and Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

### A BIGOT BANTERED

Some fun was caused in the House of Commons recently, when Mr. T. L. Corbett, member for North Down, asked the Home Secretary if his attention had been called to "the influx of conventual and monastic institutions from France," and if the Government proposed to take steps to secure their inspection. When Mr. Akers-Douglas had answered this question to the effect that the Government intended to take no such steps, Mr. Sloan rose, amid renewed derision from the Nationalist benches. Mr. Corbett followed up this question with another, and his voice was almost drowned amid the merriment, the climax being reached when one of the Nationalists solemnly asked the Home-Secretary "whether the attention of the Government had been called to the influx of Scotch candidates into Ulster constituencies, and whether steps would be taken to secure their inspection." Mr. Corbett gave a look of rage which subsequently melted into a sickly smile, and the incident ended, as it began, in general hilarity.

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CALIFORNIAN LETTER

By Col. Randall, Author of 'Maryland, My Maryland!'

(Catholic Columbian)

San Francisco, Cal. June 20, 1905.

Los Angeles is geographically situated on a river of the same name, but, for about six months in the year, the river is entirely dry. In the rainy season, it is a narrow and shallow stream. There are 200,000 people in the city, one-fourth Catholics. In the early days, Western settlers brought A.P.A. bigotry and persecution here. Now, toleration reigns and the dissenting brethren are divided up into all sorts of isms. Christian Science gets an overflow of Protestant doubters. Every kind of witchcraft and fortune-telling abounds. Cranks are in tents, expounding the Book of Revelation and imitating the mad dervishes of the Orient. The town is closed tight against liquor-drinking on Sunday and the vaudeville shows are wide open on Sunday night. Race suicide, divorce and social tragedies prevail, as in other places, and many men have grown rich and miserable at the same time. As a tourist and convention city it is matchless. It can absorb 30,000 strangers in a vast multitude of hotels, of every grade, from the first class to the last, and in boarding houses innumerable. Hotels are still building. So are great edifices and private palaces. Property values have soared beyond belief and poor folks who held on to their city lots have grown opulent. Other men have lost their money. One friend of mine refused a mine, offered to him for a few thousand dollars, which the Rothschilds gave \$12,000,000 for within a year. Another friend made \$250,000 in town lot speculations and lost it in other ventures. Restaurants are everywhere, of all kinds and prices. "You pay your money and take your choice." An excellent meal can be obtained for 25 cents. It required 30 years to cut down and grade the heights on one side of the city, which are now crowned with hotels and residences. High mountains are round about, one with a covering of snow. The street cars, electric, run in all directions through the city and to the sea and the mountain suburbs. Carriages are few and automobiles plentiful. Two grand streets, shopping and business centres, would, for variety and splendor, be a credit to Paris or New York. One of them is as brilliantly illuminated as your famous Columbus thoroughfare at night. Woman's Clubs are numerous and, even here, there are three chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy. I, by invitation, addressed them both—the Ebell Club and Mrs. Stephens' Confederate Daughters—and they, emotionally, declared that I should settle in the City of the Angels. Madame Modjeska is the distinguished lady favorite and Joseph Scott, English-born, but more Californian than the Californians, is the most popular. He is a Knight of Columbus grand knight, an eminent lawyer, everybody's friend, a near approach to perpetual motion and altogether fascinating. A once popular humorist is now in the city, a Baptist preacher. Here, too, are Frank Pixley, the famous comic opera author and Charles Lummis, who dresses like a cow-boy and writes like a classic. He is an authority on all Pacific coast subjects, the devoted friend of the Indians and a rare and original genius. Here, too, engaged on the noted and enterprising Times newspaper are Mrs. Louise George, grand-niece of the once celebrated Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, and John S. McGroarty, whose poems on Pacific coast wonders are giving him national as well as local fame. Bishop Conaty has performed prodigies here in extending the power and influence of the Church. His administration is not only notable for the building of new churches, convents and schools and supplying the spiritual needs of various nationalities united in the true faith, but in conversions and the dispersal of prejudice. He comes or is called to the front in many civic functions. He is an ardent believer in the potentialities of this Pacific coast country and especially that part of it in his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He is a big man, every way, full of zeal, apostolic and practical with business sense. He knows how to look after the divine side of the Church and yet take care of its human side. He appreciates the contemplative, the ascetic and the mystical, without neglecting the material and progressive element. He has invited here the Benedictines, the Franciscans and the Lazarists, along with several Brotherhoods and female orders of nuns. He fosters the 5,000 Basques who required a pastor, and he loves the Indian remnant of the Missions. He is priest and financier, prelate and diplomatist, I might, with entire accuracy, repeat these words of

Archbishop Montgomery, of San Francisco, who, on a larger field, is all that a genuine prince of the Church should be as a man of God in authority and a patriot in action. In the assembling of nationalities, of Europe, Asia and America in this remarkable city and region, the missionary spirit has full scope. My experience, though brief, in this quarter, convinces me that there are many Protestants who have turned into dark channels, while seeking the light, and that a very large number have evolved into deism, infidelity, rationalism and agnosticism. Many deny the fundamental principles of Christianity and many would love and join the Catholic Church if their ignorance of it and prejudice against it were dissolved.

Patriotically United

Some of the reasons why this place, Los Angeles, is magnetic may be found outside its climate, productions and accommodations. One feature is the union of all residents of a permanent character in advertising and lauding it. They not only present one of the cleanest and most splendid of cities, but one full of all kind of diversion. Inside and outside the municipality, on the mountain range, in the valleys, by the sea and in mid-ocean, there are pleasure-places easily reached by rail or steamboat. When some person from the East—that almost boundless other part of the Union—complains that the climate is too monotonously fine, the reply is: "You would not be content in heaven." If one speaks of the marvels of Florida, the answer is that it has the curse of mosquitoes in the Summer time. A friend of mine, after visiting Palm Beach, in Florida, having also visited the show places of Europe and Southern California, gave the prize of excellence to the region around Lake Worth, Florida; but even Mr. Flagler has not been able to create a Los Angeles. Many rich people, East and West, prefer the country around Aiken and Augusta, as winter resorts to Florida and California. So, as there are many people of many minds, it is an all round good thing that, in their own Republic they can find different places to suit their peculiar predilections and varied tastes.

By the Sea

With Mr. F. E. Kuhn, of Nashville, I went on the electric cars to Casa Monica. We were rapidly whirled along the beautiful residence part of Los Angeles and then, for some seventeen miles, on either side were successions of ranches, great and small, with their harvesting wheat fields, their myriad of walnut, olive, orange and lemon groves, their fields of alfalfa and sugar beets. Then we reach the Pacific Ocean and skirt its beach for miles. Hundreds of persons abide here in cottages and health-seekers in tents. At Casa Monica there are convents, schools, churches and hotels. There are bathing beaches and pools, dancing halls, restaurants and stores. From the long pier, big and little fish are caught. The Ocean breeze is cool, in the day time and cold at night. You are a little remote from the city and its unending noise, but can reach it speedily. Mr. Maguire, superintendent of the Queen and Crescent route, who came down here with some of his family, and the good Father Tobin who is his pastor at Chattanooga, says that he never saw street cars so rapidly run. We must have travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and, on some trains, there are no stops between stations. These cars run to many points of interest, by the bright hillside and by the never-resting sea.

San Juan Capistrano.

The, in some respects, most interesting trip taken by the Knights of Columbus was to San Juan Capistrano, 60 miles away, on the Santa Fe railway. All of the described panorama of irrigated land was beheld on a large scale. The station house at Capistrano is built in the Spanish style. Around about are the bare, mysterious mountains. A few steps from the station are the ruins of the old mission church and monastery partially destroyed by earthquake in 1812. The adobe and brick front of the edifice, with much of the side-walls, is wholly gone, leaving the apse, the altar foundation and the cloisters almost intact. The belfry remains and the old bells are in their accustomed position. The niches over the altar are vacant, deserted by saintly images, and swallows build their nests in the crevices. The sacristy, the library and the confessionals are in surviving paths. A chapel has been located in one apartment, with some of the old altar equipment and a number of richly adorned old vestments, still in use. The quaint devices for sounding Easter bells or Good Friday clapping substitutes are there. The old, dim Stations of the Cross are on the walls. Battered, but distinct in feature and coloring, the old images of the Blessed Virgin, Saints Mary Magdalen, Juan of

Capistrano and Dominic are newly shrined. In the patio or courtyard, once used for the meditation or recreation of the Sons of St. Francis and Father Junipero Serra, tables were spread and a Spanish-Indian barbecue provided ample food and drink for 2,000 visitors. Two brass bands, one of Indian boys and the other of American lads from a San Francisco college, alternately played popular airs. Bishop Conaty delivered a semi-historic sermon, reciting eloquently the glories of the Franciscan missions and the invaluable aid they gave to those who were to follow them in a different civilization, but the same religion. There were Japanese sword and wrestling exhibitions, Mexican lasso exercises, Indian horsemanship and the like. The sun was a little warm, the dust was not agreeable, but the breeze was refreshing. Everybody was delighted and all confessed that they had passed one of the most memorable days of their lives. The old Franciscans repose under mission altars or in mountain tops or valleys over the world, but other Franciscans have taken their places and adjusted themselves to modern habits while preserving the old discipline and the old faith. Some of the descendants of the Mission Indians remain and preserve the faith of their ancestors. Some of them were at Capistrano and one rang the Angelus on the old bells at noon, while we were there. Many men and women had travelled thousands of miles to behold this spectacle and to see the marvels of the City of the Angels, but none regretted the time and expense involved. On the contrary, they were thankful that such scenes were not missed by absence. The various publications about the Pacific Coast are as a rule, uncommonly veracious. If anything, many of us who had read them far away and hardly expected ever to become personally in contact with them, cheerfully admit that the literature sent out is not exaggerated and that the imagination does not equal the reality. But if a man is doing well in, let us say, Ohio, Georgia, New York or Massachusetts, he had better be content with letting well enough alone. In spite of the ethical tendency of the California people, they are among the sharpest business folks in the world and the transported Yankee, long settled here, can match the Jewish brother in trade. They say that the Chinaman will stick to his contract, while the Japanese are unreliable, cunning and hard to keep in place. In some of the fine houses, the servants are handsome, quiet Japanese boys. They will not remain long in any household, but roam from place to place, watching everything and learning everything. If they be permitted to enter this region at will by the thousands, they may eventually make even the "Yankees" and the Jews play second fiddle, and then will come a war of races and then perhaps a war with Japan that will be no child's play, as happened with the Spaniards at Santiago and Manila.

New England Next Year

I have met here some friends whom I had parted from more than twenty years ago, and whom I never expected to meet on earth again. I have made some very pleasant acquaintances among both sexes and experienced from them most agreeable attentions. The people here, in the mass, made the Knights of Columbus welcome, but one gathering after another assembles here and it will soon be the turn of some other very different organization to have pretty much the same reception. As the next meeting of the K. of C. will be at New Haven, Conn., I may, if alive, go there, next year, and run down to Salem Mass., and see the portraits of my great grandfather and great grandmother, which are still in their accustomed place on the walls of their manorial home, which is now the hall of the Y.M.C.A. These great grandparents were English Episcopalians. Their only son married my grandmother, a French woman, whose family had been driven out of Nova Scotia by the British. This grandmother was a faithful Catholic and that is the way I got into the True Fold, thanks be to God! I was specially pleased to meet Rev. J. L. Laubacher, of Oxnard, California, who evidently reads the Columbian, and sought me out under the walls of Capistrano, to take me by the hand on that account. What a singular power the press has. It is a pity that a larger number of our brethren do not properly appreciate the Catholic papers and sustain them with a more liberal and generous spirit. Bishop Conaty recognizes that fact and mightily helps "The Tidings" an excellent paper published in Los Angeles.

The Clergy

St. Vibiana's Cathedral is a large substantial church, with little adornment. It is to be replaced, in another part of the town by a magnificent struc-

ture. I went to the pontifical High Mass on Pentecost Sunday. At New Orleans and Los Angeles, the mixed choir of men and women remains, by some dispensation, presumably. The Bishop announced that the Vicar-General, Father Harnett, had been appointed a member of the Pope's household and hence became a Monsignor. The priests of Los Angeles emulate the zeal of their prelates. A priest of one of the Orders, Father Meyer, died, some years ago, and it is said that so great was the concourse following his remains to the cemetery, six miles away, that when the head of the column reached the burial place the rear of the procession was still in the city limit.

To the Golden Gates

At 4 o'clock p.m., on Pentecost Sunday, I started for San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific train. We traversed the garden lands and fruit orchards of the city. For nearly 500 miles the valleys were resplendent with grain harvests and fruit and vegetable groves. The mountain ranges continued all of the way. At Ventura we saw lima bean fields that supply a large part of the continent. At Oxnard sugar beets prevail agriculturally and here too is established one of the greatest of sugar mills. Many Japanese are employed, and at this station, a throng of these pugnacious Orientals assembled to give a parting salute to some of their people who were going to fight the Russians. They uttered strange cries and waved American and Japanese flags. A little this side of Santa Barbara we ran, for many miles along the ocean coast, veiled in fog, which lasted until Monday morning. Giant eucalyptus trees are planted in rows to keep the wind from the sea partially in check for fruit protection. Santa Barbara has the best preserved of all the old mission churches and it is still in use for holy services. It is a picturesque town much frequented by tourists and has one of the grandest hotels in the State. As we left the orange and lemon region, the trees became more lusty and I was glad to see again gigantic live oaks. The trade wind and fog from the Pacific were chilly and, at night, down came our car windows and I was glad to have my overcoat along. Near San Francisco the creeks and rivers had still some energetic water flow. St. Jose, on this route is a fine populous city. Nearing San Francisco, one side was a vast sand plain, while, on the other side vegetation was bountiful. Several villages, thriving and charming, dotted the suburbs. A great cemetery comes into view. Busy manufacturing centres are clustered on the verge of the town, and presently, with bare mountains frowning down upon it but kissed by sunlight, we enter the union station where the great metropolis sits majestically with its Golden Gates welcoming the commerce of the world. Mr. Thomas A. Connelly, the accomplished and able editor of "The Monitor," welcomed me, after a parting seventeen years ago, in Baltimore, where we had connection with The Mirror. I was pleased to see that the years had dealt gently with him and that he was still youthful looking and kind and modest as ever. He is one of the most experienced and talented of Catholic editors, married to a model lady and the father of eight handsome and bright children. In the best days of old Rome a man like him would have been made rich and ennobled. He is a gentleman of faith, principle and chivalry. Well would it be for the world if the majority were like him.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

While last year a new high standard was set in connection with the quality of the entertainment provided for the pleasure seekers in front of the grand stand at the Winnipeg exhibition, the list of attractions which will be provided at this year's big fair on July 20 to 28 will be of an even higher order. The association recognizes the great educative influence this branch of the fair possesses and no expense is to be spared to make this one of the most enticing features of the annual festival.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation



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TEMPTED TO DRAPE  
FLAG IN MOURNING

Mgr. Langevin Speaks on National Dignity—The Celebration of St. Jean Baptiste Day Gives Archbishop an Opportunity to Exhort French Canadians—Should Uphold the French Language.

(Free Press, June 23)

The St. Jean Baptiste Association of St. Boniface honored its patron saint yesterday with great pomp. The street parade and religious demonstration in the morning was a fine display of the popular sentiment of the old town and the picnic on the college grounds in the afternoon, favored as it was, by the weather, was a very successful and enjoyable affair.

Shortly before nine o'clock in the morning the brass band "La lyre" became the nucleus of the procession before the city hall, the offices of which were closed for the day. By the time that the march began there were a couple of hundred in the ranks, including a delegation of the sister society or Winnipeg, headed by its presiding officers, Messrs. Gelley, Dumoulin and Arseneault. Under the orders of Messrs F. D. Pambrun and Philippe Coutu, marshalls, the procession marched to the residence of President Bernier, and thence to the Archbishop's palace where it was joined by the ladies and the clergy in surplice and vestments. The faithful thus entered the cathedral, which had been specially decorated for the occasion with the pontifical colors, British and French colors and banners of the Sacred Heart, the latter being specially prominent throughout the day. Special seats were reserved near the choir for the presiding officers, the officers visiting, Mayor Turenne, Mr. Horace Chevrier, M.L.A., and a few others. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Dugas, with deacon and sub-deacon and the choir rendered an elaborate musical programme.

Patriotic Sermon and Address

The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Dr. Trudel, secretary to the archbishop, who spoke briefly but eloquently on the ancient alliance between the French Canadian people and the Catholic Church. Every nation aspired to happiness, and the Church contributed to the happiness of the French Canadians by assisting them in material progress in educational work and in developing the moral qualities of the race. Therefore they had been a happy people. But recently they had been attacked in those things which they held dearest. Their language had been abolished; the spirits of darkness had struck at the schools to deprive the children of the moral training. To face these attacks they must form the resolution to be united, to walk hand in hand with their clergy. The day when the French Canadian people separated from their clergy would see the end of their hopes as a nationality.

At the close of the Mass the St. Jean Baptiste society presented its homages to Mgr. Langevin in a lengthy address. Love of country, it said, was a sentiment deeply rooted in the hearts of every well bred people, to whom it inspired lofty ideals. Every truly worthy nation must feel the need to sing of its heroes, to give voice to its hopes. More than any other people the French Canadians must feel deep emotions in looking back to the cradle of their nationality on account of the religious influences which surrounded it, the dangers which threatened it, the bravery with which it was protected and the miraculous manner in which it was saved. In memory of divine protection they wished on this day to present their homages to their first pastor. They wished to preserve union with their clergy, without whom their nationality would be endangered. The horizon of their nationality was now broadened in the formation of the west. The rights of each must be defined and respected, if harmony was to reign. Yet it seemed as if when this rich inheritance is to be divided, the inhabitants of the soil must conceal themselves if they would have peace. A storm is brewing, the Holy Church is violently assailed. His Grace could rest assured that they would not be unworthy of their ancestors; they pledged him all their energies, and would remain true to the banner of the Sacred Heart.

Mgr. Langevin's Reply

In reply Mgr. Langevin said he appreciated the sentiments contained in the address because they breathed the spirit of pride, of Christian pride. There was nothing cringing about their religion and to serve the Church well people must have a care of their dignity. It was indeed true that the Church had been at the birth of the French Canadian race and had nurtured

it in trying circumstances. What the Church had done for the race did not lessen the glory of the national heroes who have attained distinction in every sphere of activity. No voice could ever be too eloquent to praise their merits, and that was the reason why their descendants should be proud according to Christian spirit. They should not submit to attack without protest. They had reason to be proud of their past, and the Church approved of patriotism. That sentiment was rendered holy when Christ wept over the misfortunes which were to overtake Jerusalem, his country. Patriotism, however, did not consist merely of a display of flags and oratory; they must defend the institutions which were the essence of their nation. It did not mean that they should depreciate other nations, because it was a part of national dignity to respect others. But if they did not love their own traditions, if they did not adhere to their institutions, who would defend them? They must learn to vindicate their rights, and he was afraid they were lacking in this respect. Warming up to his subject, His Grace said:

"Why should we not take a solemn resolution on this day, not in connection with the use of French as our official language, but for its use in the every details of life? Why should we, right here in St. Boniface, have signs and other advertisements that are not French? Why should we continue to patronize those who get our money when they refuse to advertise in French? There is a neglect which signifies that we have not enough pride—the pride that is founded on Christianity. We must take the resolution to have French honored wherever it has the right to be. It is not a secondary matter, it is of capital importance. We are invaded by immigration from all parts, but we are the only people who have special rights. We need not fear expressing that. We are not loyal to England only when it is advantageous to us; we have, when need be, shed our blood in her defence, to uphold her flag. That flag owes it to us that it was respected in many cases. We have neither excuses nor explanations to give; we need not parade our loyalty; our past speaks for us. But at times I have been tempted to drape the British flag in mourning from this pulpit of St. Boniface when our liberty was assailed, when it failed to protect our rights as

(Continued on page 6)



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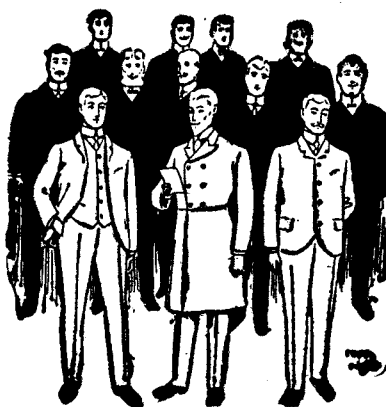
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About August 1st the Office of the "Northwest Review" will remove to cor. of Princess and Cumberland

Dolly was out for a walk, and met an old friend of her father's. "And how old are you, little one?" asked the old gentleman. But Dolly was indignant. "I'm hardly old at all; I'm nearly new," she answered, tossing her head. "My eyes bother me a good deal, doctor. Do you think I need stronger glasses?" "No. I think you need weaker glasses—and fewer!" was the blunt answer.

"Do you regard my suit with favor?" asked the young man in the ready-made garments. "Well," replied the critical young woman, as she glanced at his apparel, "it isn't a suit that I would select myself." "I have always allowed my wife to wish something for herself for every birthday since we have been married." "What does she wish generally?" "Well, the last fifteen times she has been wishing for a piano."

Beyond All Description Was the experience Mrs. E. V. Carter, of Dansville, had with rheumatism which resisted everything till Nerviline was tried and it cured. "The only relief I ever got was from rubbing on Nerviline," writes Mrs. Carter. "It penetrated to the very core of the pain and eased my sufferings after a few applications. I have used many rheumatic remedies but none had the soothing, pain subduing power of Nerviline which I recommend highly." Try Nerviline yourself. Good for internal use and excellent to rub on. Price 25c.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1905.

## Calendar for Next Week.

- 2—Third Sunday after Pentecost. The Visitation of Our Blessed Lady. Solemnity of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
- 3—Monday—The Feast of the Most Precious Blood (transferred from yesterday).
- 4—Tuesday—Commemoration of St. Paul the Apostle (transferred from June 30).
- 5—Wednesday—St. Antony M. Zaccaria, Confessor.
- 6—Thursday—Octave of the Apostles Peter and Paul.
- 7—Friday—Saints Cyril and Methodius, Bishops.
- 8—Saturday—St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, Widow. Fast Day, eve of the solemnity of Sts. Peter and Paul.

## THE TRIBUNE'S GROUNDLESS FEARS

Last Saturday the Winnipeg Tribune's first editorial was this.

### IS THE STATE TO AID THIS ANTI-NATIONAL TEACHING?

At the close of the mass the St. Jean Baptiste society presented homages to Mgr. Langevin in a lengthy address. Love of country it said, was a sentiment deeply rooted in the hearts of every well bred people, to whom it inspired lofty ideals. . . . More than any other people the French Canadians must feel deep emotions in looking back to the cradle of their nationality.

They wished to preserve union with their clergy, without whom their nationality would be endangered.

In reply Mgr. Langevin said he appreciated the sentiments contained in the address because they breathed the spirit of pride, of Christian pride.

It was indeed true that the Church had been at the birth of the French Canadian race and had nourished it in trying circumstances.

They had reason to be proud of their past, and the Church approved of patriotism. . . . Patriotism, however, did not consist merely of a display of flags and oratory; they must defend the institutions which were the essence of their nation.

Warming up to his subject His Grace said: "Why should we not take a solemn resolution on this day, not in connection with the use of French as our official language, but for its use in the every detail of life? Why should we, right here in St. Boniface, have signs and other advertisements that are not French? Why should we continue to patronize those who get our money when they refuse to advertise in French?"

We are invaded by immigration from all parts, but we are the only people who have special rights. We need not fear expressing that."

A sound political life and enlightened public spirited government are possible in a country with free institutions only in so far as the electors cast their votes with a view to the welfare of their country.

If the elector does not respond to appeals to his regard for the general good; if he responds only to what appeals to his individual pocket or to sectional interests and sentiments, then he is a public danger.

Here we have the chief of a great religious body, propagating sectionalism and perverting the associations and sentiments connected with nationality, country and patriotism. The very words are used with strangely distorted meaning.

We have other societies inspired by historical and ancestral sentiment—St. Andrew's, St. George's, St. David's, St. Patrick's. But on their anniversaries they sound the note of good citizenship, of loyalty to Canada, of patriotic regard for the common good of the Canadian nation.

Not so the speeches from which we have quoted. They instil regard not

for the interests of Canada or of the Canadian people, but of a particular racial element. They preach not broad patriotism but narrow sectionalism. Indeed, they proceed to confuse and destroy the very idea or conception of nationality or patriotism by perverting the terms in which those conceptions are expressed; and to throw a gloss over disloyalty by applying to it the language of loyalty.

When they say "nation" they mean not the Canadian nation, but a racial section; when they say "our country" they mean not Canada but the French part of Canada. Thus when they mean sectionalism, they say patriotism.

The remarkable climax is that they ask the state to create and aid a system of schools for the purpose of instilling into children sentiments and conceptions averse to the welfare of the state. And those who object to that are termed fanatics and are supposed to be inspired by hostility to a particular form of religious belief, or to citizens of a particular racial origin!

To the above editorial Dr. J. K. Barret sent the following reply which appeared in the Tribune of Monday last.

### Archbishop Langevin's Remarks

To the Editor of the Tribune.  
Sir—In your editorial criticism of Mgr. Langevin's reply to an address presented to him by the St. Jean Baptiste society you closed with the following paragraph:

"The remarkable climax is that they ask the state to create and aid a system of schools for the purpose of instilling into children sentiments and conceptions averse to the welfare of the state. And those who object to that are termed fanatics and are supposed to be inspired by hostility to a particular form of religious belief, or to citizens of a particular racial origin."

I am not particularly interested in the other portion of your criticism. The French-Canadian needs no apologist for his conduct, either past or present. He was here long before a subject of Great Britain landed on our shores. Since he became subject to British rule his loyalty cannot be questioned. History amply attests this. If Canada is to-day the most important possession of the mother country, is it chiefly due to the unswerving loyalty of French-Canadians, and that, sir, at a time when the loyalty of the English speaking portion of this country was not too enthusiastic. The man or the journal that lightly makes a charge of disloyalty against French Canadians is lamentably ignorant of Canadian History. Had you, therefore confined your remarks only to questioning the loyalty of French Canadians I would not have trespassed on your valuable space. To the intelligent and unbiased reader of The Tribune a refutation of such a charge is unnecessary.

I wish to take particular objection to the paragraph quoted by me from your editorial. When you charge Catholics, whether their origin be French, English, German or otherwise, with "asking the state to create and aid a system of schools for the purpose of instilling into children sentiments and conceptions averse to the welfare of the state," you are making a statement so utterly false and misleading that I cannot let it pass unchallenged. What Catholics are asking the state to create is a system of schools wherein they may educate their children in accordance with their conscientious convictions without having to aid another system of schools of which they do not approve. We are not asking the state as you have done to create and aid a system of schools, which require those who cannot use them to pay for them. We are asking for the privilege of maintaining our own schools, without having to support yours. We would like you to take a leaf out of the toleration book of Quebec. Again, when you charge our schools with "instilling into children sentiments and conceptions averse to the welfare of the state," you are simply bearing false witness against your neighbors. The Catholic Church is not confined to any nation or people. She stands for all that is best in human endeavor. Her mission is to elevate and save men. She is the greatest moral force in the world. "God and country" are writ large upon her banner. These are not sentiments averse to the welfare of the state. States have not always been just, any more than individuals or newspapers. Manitoba Catholics have realized that. Winnipeg Catholics have no doubt of it. For the last fifteen years they have been paying annually from eight to twelve thousand dollars to help to educate their Protestant neighbor's children, and then go down in their pockets for fifteen thousand more dollars to maintain their own schools. Notwithstanding this injustice on the part of the state, the Catholic children educated in these schools, instead of having instilled into them sentiments

and conceptions averse to the welfare of the state, are just as sturdy loyalists and as true citizens of Canada as are the children whom their parents help to educate in the other schools of the city.

J. K. BARRETT.

Winnipeg, June 26, 1905.

To this letter the Tribune added the following

Ed. Note.—Dr. Barrett should read our article again. Nothing was said one way or another as to the loyalty of French Canadians in general, or as to that of the graduates of the separate schools. What we said, what cannot be refuted, and what Dr. Barrett does not apparently, attempt to refute, was in brief: (1) That the language we quoted from the speech of the Archbishop and from the address to him, instilled sentiments inimical to the welfare of the Canadian nation, and sought to substitute sectionalism for loyalty to Canada—(Britain was not mentioned). (2) That those who uttered this pernicious teaching sought state aid for schools in which the non-Catholics from 34,713 to 65,447; but two-thirds of the Catholic increase is due to immigration, which explains their less influential position. Their growth aroused hostility, and sixty years ago a formidable secret society, the Proestant Union, was formed against them. Hence the laws of 1872 and 1873.

The religious were dispersed and their property confiscated, the bishop was exiled, the priests deprived of their means of livelihood, and their churches given over to renegades invited from abroad. The persecution failed; and although the hostile laws remain in many places, and fanaticism is by no means extinct, the Church, as usual, weathered the storm.

## BEAUMONT COLLEGE

The following interesting letter is from a gentleman whose eldest son is at the great Catholic college of Beaumont, near Windsor, England.

To the Editor of the Northwest Review.  
Sir:

Apropos of the remark in your last issue that Don Jayme, son of Don Carlos, and Margaret of Parma (Angel de La Caridad), was educated at Beaumont I would say that when at the college last fall the Rev. Superior mentioned to me that immediately before his departure for the Russian army in Manchuria Don Jayme called to say farewell to the Fathers. Two of the Orleans Princes were at the time in the school and the Superior arranged that if they and Don Jayme would for the occasion sink dynastic differences and shake hands in his presence they could all dine together in hall. This they did. I imagine the truce was only for the day.  
Yours, etc.

W. DE MANBEY.

Boissevain, June 18, 1905.

## WE HAVE A SON IN THE PRIESTHOOD

An elderly, well dressed couple rang the bell at 57 South Sixth street, Williamsburg, New York City, yesterday afternoon and asked to see Mrs. Mary Slavin. The young woman who came to the door told them that Mrs. Slavin could not be seen; she had been prosecuted since Friday, when she lost \$8,850 in currency after leaving the Dime Savings Bank at Broadway and Wythe avenue.

"That is what we have come about," said the man. "We have important news for her."

The couple looked like anything but cranks or curiosity seekers, so in a minute they were admitted to the room where Mrs. Slavin lay ill.

"I think we have your lost money," said the man.

If Mrs. Slavin's physician had been on hand he probably wouldn't have allowed such news to be broken so suddenly. Mrs. Slavin gasped and almost fainted, for the lost money was all she had in the world. She could not speak.

"Will you please describe the money?" said the woman visitor.

Mrs. Slavin told them as soon as she could pull herself together, that there were eight \$1,000 bills one \$500 bill, three \$100 bills and one \$50 bill. Of this she had taken \$8,750 from the Nassau Trust Company's branch at 136 Broadway, Williamsburg. It was the proceeds of the sale of some property she recently inherited, and she was withdrawing it in order to place it in banks paying a higher rate of interest.

She put the bills in the bosom of her dress and walked to the Dime Savings Bank at Broadway and Wythe avenue, where she withdrew her savings of \$100 and put it with the larger amount. She then went home intending to deposit the money in other banks the next day,

but on reaching the house found that her fortune was gone.

The description of the money and the route she took satisfied her visitors. The man drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to the sick widow. There was the \$8,850.

"My wife found the money," said he. She will tell you about it.

"I was waiting for a car in front of the Dime Savings Bank," said the wife, "and while walking up and down my foot struck the envelope. I picked it up and saw that it contained money. Just then my car came along, and as I did not know what else to do I went home. I supposed that some business man had lost the money and we looked in the lost advertisements, but found no call for the money.

"This morning I saw in the news columns of one of the papers the story of your misfortune, and we have come as quickly as we could from our home in Madison Avenue, Brooklyn, to see whether it was your property."

Mrs. Slavin began to thank the couple.

"I'm only glad that we got here in time," the woman broke in. "I should have felt like a murderer if you had died from the shock.

"I want to give you \$200," said Mrs. Slavin, "although that doesn't come near expressing how grateful I am to you."

"We don't want any reward for being honest," said the woman smiling. "We shan't take a cent of your money." She and her husband turned to go.

"Don't leave without telling me your name at least," said Mrs. Slavin.

"We don't dare to do that," said the woman, "because we don't want our names in the papers. We should not enjoy notoriety, nor would our relatives. We have a son in the priesthood."

And, beyond learning that the couple attended the Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist at Lewis and Wiloughby avenues, Brooklyn, Mrs. Slavin could get nothing more about the two most welcome callers she had ever seen. The man, her daughter said, was upwards of 60 and had a white moustache. His wife appeared somewhat younger. Mrs. Slavin had another fainting spell after the good fairies went away, and the doctor was still in attendance. He said that she was in no great danger, but that the second shock had been almost as great as the first.—New York Sun.

## BUSY PEOPLE NEED HEALTH

What a rush modern life is, push, drive, get there somehow. It's hard on the nerves, hard on the digestion, hard on sleep. Your blood gets thin and strength goes down hill. Busy people must maintain health, must build up. Take Ferrozone,—it sharpens the appetite, forms rich, red blood, develops strength as if by magic. Ferrozone is a nerve and brain tonic that keeps a rebuilding going on in the system and brings vigor and energy to those who need it. Try Ferrozone and see how quickly you'll improve. Price 25c. at druggists.

Winnipeg will be this year a city of unequalled facilities in caring for the crowds who will visit the Fair and people who remain for longer than a day can be assured of accommodation easily secured and at reasonable cost. The Fair grounds are accessible by the street railway from all parts of the city and little time need be lost in reaching the grounds or departing from them. Every arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the people will be generally provided so that their visit to the Industrial of 1905 may be appreciated and enjoyed in the highest degree.

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## MOSQUITOES

We have the only original sure death remedy for these pesky creatures. Wise's Mosquito Lotion will prevent their attack, and will also relieve their bites. Odor not unpleasant except to mosquitoes.

DIRECTIONS: Smear on exposed parts and sprinkle on pillow at night.

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**Persons and Facts.**

The report of the Henderson Directory Company on the present population of Winnipeg, opened at the City Hall on June 23rd, at 1.30 p.m., given the population of Winnipeg proper as 78,367, of St. Boniface 3,336 and Norwood 1,534 (total for the town of St. Boniface which includes Norwood, 4,870), of Louise Bridge 2,592. The assessor's estimate for October 1903, of the population of Winnipeg was 79,905.

About eighty pilgrims from the diocese of St. Boniface left the C.P.R. station last Monday at 7.45 p.m. on their way to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The pilgrimage was organized by Rev. Dr. Beliveau. Among the pilgrims were Mrs. Theophane Bertrand, Mrs. Prendergast, Mr. Alexander Lambert and Mr. J. B. Lauzon.

Prof. Montgomery, a cousin of the Most Rev. George Montgomery, co-adjutor Archbishop of San Francisco, and one of the regular staff of the Catholic college of Santa Clara, California, is the first to successfully operate an air-ship, as we showed a few weeks ago (see Northwest Review, May 27, p. 1). His unprecedented success has called forth a host of imitators who describe in the Scientific American what their aeroplanes would look like if they soared aloft; but they have not yet soared and Montgomery's has soared 4,000 feet. That's the difference.

A long article reviewing the extraordinary decision of the military judges in the competition between St. Boniface College cadets and the Winnipeg school cadets is unavoidably held over till our next issue.

On June 21 President Roosevelt spoke at the commencement exercises of Holy Cross College. He began by urging the study of Celtic literature. "I feel," he said, "that it is not a creditable thing to the American republic, which has in its citizenship so large a Celtic element, that we should leave it to the good scholars and citizens to be our instructors in Celtic literature. I want to see in Holy Cross, in Harvard and all the other universities, where we can get the chairs endowed, chairs for the study of Celtic literature." Then the President, addressing himself to the audience, recommended the union of all decent citizens for the welfare of their country. "I do not wish in politics," he said, "two entirely separate groups, one composed of the men who mean well and cannot do anything, and the other of the men who are thoroughly efficient, but do not mean well at all." President Roosevelt was applauded and cheered by students and people.

A report of the closing exercises at St. Mary's Academy will appear next week.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS**

The Cry of an Honest, Fearless Man.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
 Sir—I notice the news of the Kalmar enquiry or rather a description of another railroad horror in our own country and the public must feel pleased to think that there is one citizen (he was only a coroner) who had the manhood to express his honest convictions and for which, of course, he must be belittled; yes, and later on, vilified, because he actually dared to say something that reflected on the manner in which a large corporation runs its system of railways. After giving a condensed write-up of the news in connection with the enquiry or killing of innocents, one of the journals publishes an interview with Supt. Bury of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in answer to any enquiry of the reporter concerning the remarks of the coroner, Mr. Bury says: "I am sure he (the coroner) did so without giving the subject the consideration it deserved," and further on in the interview, Supt. Bury says that their telegraph system of first class railroad was in use on every train class railroad in the United States. Now then let us for a moment look into the results of this wonderful system Supt. Bury speaks of as carried into effect in the United States. Of all the appalling disasters of fatherless children, of widowed women, of maimed and crippled wrecks of humanity, and endless suffering, why Satan himself could ask for no better agents than the American railroads. About eight thousand killed and forty thousand wounded last year on American railroads. The railroads must pay dividends regardless of the fact that their systems

or running trains are often dangerous. Human life is cheaper compared with the dividend-earning capacity of railroads. Let us turn the page of criminal negligence and of revolting disregard of the sacredness of life as exhibited by the bosses of this country and look at the casualty record of Great Britain's railroads. Not a single human being killed last year despite the fact that they run more trains and at a greater average speed, and in a more congested and thickly populated country, and under every condition that goes to cause accidents and collisions. True, they have no lobbying for railroad interests in the Imperial House of Commons of Great Britain, and consequently the law-makers attend to the true interests of the country, and they do not seem to spend their time scheming how to get rich quick, and this is the moral of the whole question. In conclusion I beg to thank you for the deep interest your journal has always taken in the welfare of the country, and I am sure that it is the ardent wish of all good citizens that you may long continue to advocate so fearlessly as you have in the past the true principles of citizenship. Yours respectfully,  
 OLIVER GILMER.

Winnipeg, June 24.

**Clerical News**

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Trudel and Rev. Josaphat Magnan, reached Rainy River last Saturday evening and was met at the station by Rev. Father Meleux and a large number of his parishioners. On Sunday morning Mgr. Langevin administered the sacrament of Confirmation to about twenty boys and girls. The Separate School board and Catholic church trustees held a meeting, which was presided over by His Grace, and at which it was decided to proceed with the construction of a new church at once funds sufficient for the purpose being available. It will cost about \$6,000.

Rev. Dr. Beliveau left last Monday evening at the head of the pilgrimage of the St. Boniface archdiocese to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Two special cars were filled with pilgrims and formed part of the usual 7.45 p.m. C.P.R. train to Montreal. Rev. Fathers Gendron and Sauve also joined the pilgrimage.

On June 15 the Right Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, Bishop of Cleveland, celebrated, in the presence of 200 priests and a large gathering of the laity, the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Very Rev. P. Magnan, O.M.I., left for Willow Bunch, Assa., last Tuesday evening.

Rev. Father Leonard, O.M.I., from Crooked Lake, passed through here this week on his way to take charge of the new Indian boarding school at Sandy Bay.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., leaves on Friday for Pinewood, Stratton and Rainy River, where he will lecture and preach, returning on July 5.

On July 12, Rev. John W. Considine, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Minto, North Dakota, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination. Bishop Shanley will preach. Father Considine is the first priest ordained for what was, in 1880, the Vicariate Apostolate of Dakota, now divided into three regular dioceses, one of them being the diocese of Fargo (comprising the state of North Dakota), under the Right Rev. John Shanley, whose see was first placed in Jamestown.

Next Sunday at St. Pierre His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface will confer the Holy Order of Priesthood of Rev. Joseph Joubert, whose family reside in the parish. On the same occasion the Rev. W. H. Speeman will be raised to the subdiaconate. Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, and Rev. Father Woodcutter will be present.

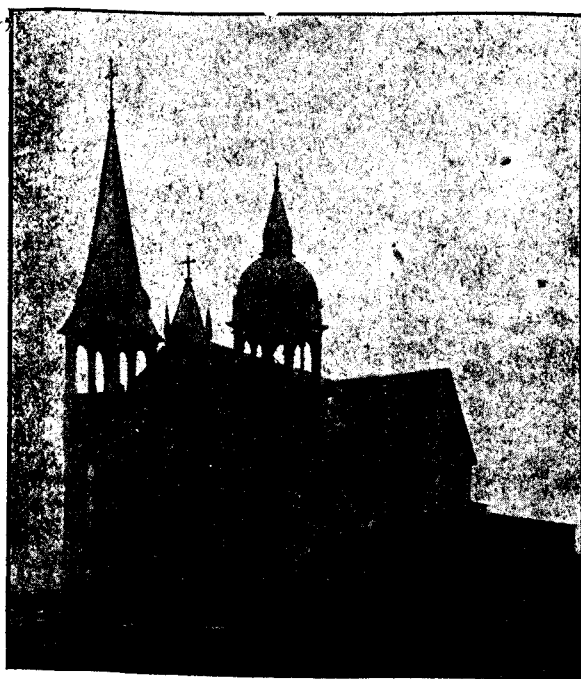
Rev. Father Polaska, of Weyburn, Assa., and Rev. Father Kostorz, of Huns Valley, were at the Archbishop's palace this week.

Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya wrote from New York on June 17th to his Hungarian brethren in Manitoba, saying that he was about to sail for Hungary and that he hoped to return here before long.

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**LATEST HISTORY VINDICATING  
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**

(The Casket)

Reviewing the second volume of the Cambridge Modern History, the volume which treats of the Reformation, the "Edinburgh Review" quotes with approval Goldwin Smith's characterization of Thomas Cromwell:

"Cromwell was exceedingly able, daring, and absolutely without scruple. His gospel was Machiavelli. Religious convictions he probably had none. Of conscience he was wholly devoid. But he saw that, in the King's present temper, Protestantism, or at least war on the Pope and clergy was the winning game. He pricked the King onward and opened to him a vista not only of power, but of immense spoils."

It was through Cromwell, more than through any other man that England was "reformed." Henry seems to have had no thought of breaking with Rome till Cromwell suggested it. How the Reformation was accomplished may be

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summarily stated in the words of the "Edinburgh."

"Cromwell was a very able administrator. But if we look for statesmanship, what do we find? No consistency in foreign politics; at home, naked despotism, degradation of Parliament, and exaltation of Royal power in its place, arbitrary taxation, wholesale confiscations and executions, an uncertain balancing of old and new in religion; and finally the extinction of one estate of the realm in the assumption of supreme ecclesiastical power. The King's despotic power could be and was overthrown in the course of the following century, and, strange to say, by the very class whom Cromwell had raised to power: but the monasteries, once gone, could not be replaced, and Cromwell's ecclesiastical legislation has never been reversed."

(Continued on page 6)

Parouse de  
 St. Pierre-Jolys  
 Manitoba  
 St. Pierre le 17<sup>th</sup> Mars 1905  
 Messrs Pease-Waldon Co  
 Winnipeg  
 Man

Dear Sir,  
 It pleases me very much to testify that the heating apparatus, with the "Economy" furnaces furnished by you, and put in the church of St. Pierre-Jolys, give absolute satisfaction.  
 The building has about 230,000 cubic feet of space to be heated, and on the coldest day of this winter (40° and 45° below zero) we have never been obliged to start the fire in the three "Economy" furnaces at one time.  
 By using only two of them, with fire properly started at 8 a.m. in the morning, we have the church very comfortable for the service at ten o'clock.  
 For the small one heating the vestry, three-quarters of an hour is sufficient to give a very high temperature to the room. Heated by 25 feet.  
 I may say besides, that no smoke of any kind comes into the church when the fire is properly started, and no smell of coal gas burning is noticed.  
 I consider your apparatus for hot air heating, as the most satisfactory of all I ever heard of, for heating large churches.

Yours very truly  
 J. Joly  
 Parish Priest

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 UNDERTAKERS AND  
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## LATEST HISTORY VINDICATING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

(Continued from page 5.)

The suppression of the monasteries is called by the reviewer "the most high-handed measure that England had known since the Conquest." The "Edinburgh Review" is the leading Whig publication in Great Britain, but it has no sympathy with "the Whig doctrine, enshrined by Hallam, that the monks on the whole deserved their fate, that monasticism was obsolete, and that the abbey lands were better in the hands of laymen." This doctrine, it says was held till lately by historians. We remember having it forced upon us in our school histories under an educational system which boasts of being strictly undenominational and absolutely fair to all religious beliefs. "Now, in spite of Froude's advocacy of the same cause, those who write about it lament the spoliation and destruction." We wonder whether this reconstructed history is taught in the public schools of Nova Scotia to-day, or whether the old views are still allowed to hold their place. We venture to believe at any rate that the Presbyterian Witness has no part in the lamentation aforesaid, for week after week, it points to similar spoliation and destruction in France as a proof that monasticism has grown intolerable in that country. And we doubt whether Thomas Cromwell ever went the length of calling the monks "idolators" as the "Witness" does. From such a combination of narrowness and malice it is pleasant to turn to the broadminded views of James Gairdner, a Scotsman, and presumably a Presbyterian, but one who does not think it proper to keep repeating the ancient falsehoods of history for the purpose of keeping alive in his co-religionists a hearty detestation of Popery. Says Mr. Gairdner, in one of the chapters which he contributes to the volume under review:

"The education of the people was largely due to the convent schools; and there is no doubt that it suffered very severely not only from the suppression of the monasteries, but perhaps even more from the confiscation of the chantries which began at the end of the reign, for the chantry priest was often the local schoolmaster. Nor did the boasted educational foundations of Edward VI. do much to redress the wrong, for in truth his schools were old schools refounded with poorer endowments."

Yet these boasted foundations of Edward VI. are often referred to as though they were the beginning of popular education in England. The worst that can be said against the monasteries, the "Edinburgh" sums up as follows:

"It appears to us that anyone who will read impartially not Froude, but Froude's authorities as set forth by Wright on the one hand and by Gasquet and Dixon on the other, will be forced to conclude that the evidence against the monks (obtained we know not how) proved a certain amount of laxity in discipline, a little scandal of a grave nature, wasteful but not fraudulent husbandry, a great deal of uncultured and superstitious simplicity and idleness; certainly nothing which could not have been reformed. The case is not unlike that of the Templars in the fourteenth century. There, as here, there were a few scandalous instances which put an engine of destruction into the hands of unscrupulous enemies: not only were the victims ruined, but the injustice done to their fame has never been fully redressed. Perhaps no more unjust and unwise action is recorded in English history."

Of the peculiar manner in which Henry VIII. exercised his despotism, the reviewer has the same idea which has been more than once expressed in these columns.

"He did not interfere with local machinery, circuits of judges, ecclesiastical courts. His Acts of Attainder were within the limits of the constitution, his wife-murders were transacted in legal form, his spoliation of the monasteries was carried out with the advice and consent of Parliament. He made the clergy and legislature of England parties to his crimes, and though it may seem a paradox, he kept alive the idea of responsibility while he destroyed their liberty of action."

Another opinion which we have often presented to our readers is shared by the writer in the "Edinburgh Review." "The durability of the Elizabethan Church polity is greatly due to the fact that being a moderate settlement, it suited the English character. The stamp of compromise and inconsistency which is upon it is the English stamp for good and evil. . . . The English do not drive things to logical conclu-

sions, and it is always difficult for religion and logic to keep pace."

Compromise and inconsistency in a political system may be admirable; but in religion there can be no compromise between divine truth and human error, and therefore the stamp which especially distinguishes the Church of England is the stamp of heaven's disapproval.

## FIRST DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Freeman's Journal, Sydney, Australia

Mr. J. B. Robinson, the famous South African millionaire, who was the pioneer of the South African diamond industry, and also the first man to develop the coal fields of the Rand, tells the story how diamonds were first discovered in South Africa. As many inaccurate versions of this romance of the diamond fields are current, it is well to have the true story from the mouth of Mr. J. B. Robinson, himself. Here it is: "An old friend of mine, Mr. John O'Reilly, had outspanned at the farm of Schalk van Niekerk, in the neighborhood of Hope town. When they were sitting on the stoep drinking their coffee, O'Reilly noticed a little girl playing with some stones before the house, the game which children have played ever since the world began. Some called it Jackstones. It has different names in different countries. It is a very simple game; the child throws the stone into the air and catches it again after having picked up another stone from the ground.

"The stone which the little girl was playing with had a curious lustrous glow which attracted O'Reilly's curious attention. He spoke about it to Van Niekerk, who said it was only a shining pebble which the child had picked up somewhere. O'Reilly, however, said he wanted to look at it, so they got the stone and examined it. As the result of the examination it fascinated him more than ever.

He turned to Van Niekerk and asked if he would sell it.

"Nonsense," said the Dutchman; "it is not worth anything; you can have it if you like."

"It was in vain O'Reilly pressed him to name a price. 'Well,' said he, 'at least I will take it to Colesburg, and see what I can get for it, and whatever I get I will give you half.'

"When he got to the hotel at Colesburg he showed it to a man whom he met there, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Nothing," said he 'it is only a pretty pebble, and not worth anything at all.'

"It will cut glass, anyhow," said O'Reilly, and going to the window he cut a pane.

"That is nothing," said the other. 'I can do the same thing with my gunflint,' and with the flint he made a scratch in the glass which was indistinguishable from the cut made by the diamond.

"In disgust they threw the stone out of the window, but afterwards O'Reilly went and picked it up again and put it in his pocket. In Colesburg he met a colonial official, who seemed to think there might be something in it. At last he decided to send it to Capetown. A lapidary who had just arrived from Europe examined the stone, and reported that it was a 2 1/2 carat diamond and bought it for £500.

"Back went O'Reilly to Van Niekerk and paid him half the money as he had promised. This set Van Niekerk thinking. He remembered that some time ago he had seen a little Bushman, who carried on a string round his neck as a kind of charm, a big stone which had the same dull, lustrous glow as that which had just been sold at the cost of £500. He saddled his horse and rode off to seek, and, if possible, to find the Bushman. He rode here and he rode there, but the missing Bushman was nowhere to be seen. Wherever he went he left word that if the missing Bushman turned up he should be sent to him at once, and at last he turned homeward, fearing that the prize had escaped him.

"Some time afterwards Niekerk got up early to harness two lean horses so as to drive to Hopetown. He saw a dirty little Bushman sitting at the end of the house.

"Who are you?" he asked

"Don't you know me, Baas? They said you wanted me."

"In the dim light Niekerk recognized his Bushman. 'Have you got that stone,' said he, 'that you used to wear round your neck as a charm?'

"Yes, Baas," said the Bushman.

"Let me see it."

"The Bushman slowly undid a dirty bag which he wore round his neck and produced a huge diamond. After a little bargaining the Bushman agreed to part with it for a sheep.

"Niekerk drove off to Hopetown where he sold it for £11,200. It was the famous Star of Africa—a diamond which was afterwards sold to the Countess of Dudley for £30,000.

## TEMPTED TO DRAPE FLAG IN MOURNING

(Continued from page 3)

first inhabitants of the soil. We need to foster the sentiment of those rights, to teach it to our children."

His Grace said that although he spoke extemporaneously, he would be glad if his words were brought to the attention of the English speaking people. He then declared that the tricolor could not be the flag of the French Canadians, but spoke highly of the banner of the Sacred Heart, which was the symbol of unswerving devotion to duty.

The procession then escorted the clergy back to the palace and the crowd proceeded to the college grounds. The Picnic

Although it suffered some from the competition of the circus, the picnic on the St. Boniface college grounds yesterday afternoon proved a most enjoyable affair. There was an old-time family air about it which distinguished it in a refreshing manner from some of the boisterous gatherings which assume the name of picnic, and thanks to the generous donations for prizes, the list of sports was long and well filled, both from the point of view of entries and variety of amusements. The St. Boniface ball team put up a game against a scrub aggregation winning the prize of \$10 by a large majority. The losers were consoled with cigars. Some of the burlesque races created great merriment and a race between blindfolded men pushing a wheelbarrow came near being the cause of a stampede. The racers went in all directions, threatening to run over every one in their path and were much surprised when they found where they had landed. In the closing event the president of the society, Mr. Joseph Bernier, affirmed his superiority as an athlete. This was a vaulting jump contest and he defeated all comers, including his younger brother and Mr. Roger Goulet.

The donors of prizes were Mde. Keroack, M. P. Gosselin, the Royal store, O. Couture & Co., Joyal & Vulliez, J. B. Leclerc, Jos. Couture, Richard, Beliveau & Co., the Standard Plumbing Co., the Royal Crown Soap Co., F. D. Pambrun, Allaire & Bleau, T. Pelletier, Art. Cusson, S. M. Jean, M. F. Mondor, Blue Store, O. Benard, Coutu & Sons, Quebec Hotel, A. Potvin, J. D. Dussault, Z. Ouellette, Pharmacie Gervais, J. Bernier, R. Goulet, Consolidated Stationery Co., Collin Co., A. Gauvin, Dersrosiers & Charette, H. Leblanc, M. Trudeau, Lemire & Co., L. Gagne.

Fireworks and Concert  
In the evening the nice stretch of level prairie north of the C.N.R. bridge was converted into a promenade ground while "La lyre" discoursed sweet music and huge bonfires lighted up the river. La lyre proved during the day that St. Boniface can boast some excellent musicians. The evening concert included a cornet solo by Raoul Vezina, the director, and a duo on the same instrument by Messrs. Vezina and Jas. Claeys. The whole programme was very creditable.

The illumination consisted in the first place of bonfires constructed of several cords of dry tamarac. The usage of lighting these fires on St. John's day is very ancient. The fitful light of the burning wood was relieved by Bengal fire and pyrotechnics. An excellent view could be had from the

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No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Winnipeg side, the crowds on the point standing out in weird relief against the illumination.

The people of St. Boniface are highly pleased with the success of their celebration and have great praise for the officers and organization committee. The latter was composed of Mr. Bleau, president, P. E. Beauchamp, Charles Cusson, D. Seney, R.R. Vicar-General Dugas, Dr. Dubuc, Henri Colin, Cusson, Clement, Betourney, F. D. Potvin, Pambrun, C. Dussault and Roger Goulet.

## ST. PIE LETELLIER

There will be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at Letellier every evening at 7 o'clock during the Octave of Corpus Christi, beginning on the feast itself.

On the 9th and 10th of June the 40 hours adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated here for the first time, but the devotion, now established, will take place every year in the second week of June. This year the weather on the Friday was very inauspicious and the roads very bad, but the congregation was well represented and on the Saturday the attendance was excellent. With very few exceptions the parishioners approached the Holy Eucharist, the greater number receiving Holy Communion. On the Sunday, the feast of Pentecost, the devotion terminated with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during High Mass on the Sunday.

Father Jutras must have been very tired, from being in the Confessional so many hours; he had expected another priest to assist him, but was disappointed.

A nice new fence is being constructed round the church property which will be, in fact is already, a great improvement.

This week the church is in the hands of the cleaners to get it in readiness for the great feasts impending: first, the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, an altar will be erected in front of the convent and another at Mr. Gravelines' store, weather permitting, which we must not neglect to add in the showery month of June.

The First Communion of five children and general communion of children to be confirmed will be on the first Friday of July and then the visit to the parish of our reverend Archbishop on the 9th and Confirmation next morning.

The residence of Mr. Z. Lemire has now reached the village and is situated nearly opposite the convent. A good deal of difficulty was experienced at first, the building being very heavy, but after various delays caused principally by atmospheric conditions the iron horses from three threshing outfits were hitched to it and the ground quickly covered. Some difficulty was experienced at the track, as it was necessary to elevate the building to the height of the railway.

There will be a profusion of hay this year, cows and cattle generally are enjoying themselves. The wheat is not looking quite so promising as it did, the weeds are prospering wonderfully, though.

Mrs. and Miss Gravelines will leave on the 26th to take part in the pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre; after visiting the shrine they will spend some time in Montreal and the Eastern States.

D. Frazer has unloaded over 20 cars of lumber for this summer's trade.

A pupil in a Lynn (Mass.) school was asked to give the definition of a vacuum. "I can't just describe it," said he, "but I have it in my head."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Austin St., near C.P.R. Station  
Pastor, Rev. A. A. CHERRIER.

SUNDAYS—Low Mass with short instruction, 8.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon, 10.30 a.m. Vespers with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the Children of Mary, 2nd and 4th Sunday in the Month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m. On First Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m., Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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Rev. A. A. CHERRIER, Winnipeg, Man.

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The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

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(In Faith and Friendship)

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## TRYING TO GET OUT OF IT

A quaint story of Lord Leighton was told by Mr. G. Storey, A.R.A. Two ladies were looking at his picture of Helen of Troy. "It is a horrid picture," one remarked to the painter. "I'm sorry, but it's mine," said Sir Frederic, as he then was. "Oh!" said the lady, "you don't mean to say you've bought it?" "No, I painted it," was the reply. "Oh!" declared the ladies, "you must not mind what we say. We are only saying what everybody else says."—London Telegraph.



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# DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

One morning, before they had left their bedroom to join the triumvir's early repast, they heard his voice at the door, bidding them come quickly down, for Dionysius, the Athenian, had just arrived from Rome, and had brought tidings of Paulus, the military tribune.

"Of Paulus the 'military tribune'?" echoed the mother and sister, when they were all seated together at their 'jantaculum'. "How well it sounds! It is the very style and title of his father!"

"Ay," quoth the triumvir, "the splendid lad makes my valiant brother's name ring once more. Once more we hear of Paulus, tribune of the soldiers; but this youth will soon be a legatus."

"Where is he? Why is he not here?" suddenly asked Aglais, turning with alarm to the messenger, their friend Dion.

"He is recovering from a wound," said Dionysius, "in a hut near Verona, where he is attended by your old freedman Philip."

"But with no doctor," cried the mother, "and without me?"

"Let us both go to Verona at once," said Agatha. "Melena can wait upon us."

"He has had the advice of a doctor, and of the best doctor living," said the Athenian. "Moreover, I have reason to believe that it would be dangerous for you and Agatha to undertake such a journey. Agatha, in any case, should not leave this castle till Paulus returns."

"But I can," said the mother; "my stay here is no additional protection to Agatha, and my presence with him may save the life of Paulus. You must await us here, my daughter. I will go this very day, taking our slave Melena. She understands how to nurse the sick."

As not objections to this plan were raised, the Athenian lady left the room to give orders. When she returned, Dionysius informed them that Germanicus Caesar had re-entered Rome before he was expected, having entirely dispersed the Germans; that Paulus had distinguished himself during the operations which had led to this result even more by his military prudence than by his brilliant courage; and that he, Dionysius, having learnt that his friend was lying ill near Verona, had persuaded Charicles to leave all his lucrative practice in the capital for the sake of visiting the wounded hero; that the two Greeks had travelled together to Veatia; and that Dionysius had himself seen Paulus, who was rapidly recovering; and he had then hastened back to bear the good news to Aglais and Agatha.

"But this is not all," added the Athenian; "I have something of importance to tell you about your suit for the recovery of that part of the Aemilian estates which once belonged to the brother of our host, the triumvir—I mean to your gallant husband. Your suit is over, and well over."

"Has Augustus made up his mind?"

"Yes, but in a curious manner. You have heard of Vedius Pollio of Posilippo. He would have lived much longer only for his lampreys; but now he is gone. He died rather suddenly, the other day, blaming the gods for taking him, and mankind for not keeping him. Although he has several kinsfolk, he has willed his Vesuvian villa, his pottery and all his treasures to Augustus. But the emperor, who for some time back, had known how Pollio's lampreys used to be fattened, was wonderfully disgusted by the device. Indeed, so far as taking personal possession of the property was concerned, he renounced the legacy with an oath. I thereupon, seized my opportunity, brought forward again the case of your son, and urged upon Augustus that if he could not restore to the last of the great Aemilian race the Aemilian castle on the Liris, he might, at least, confer upon him this Cumean estate instead. The emperor pondered awhile and consented, but yet with a singular qualification. The lady Plancina, wife of Cneius Piso, had, it seems, some claims upon old Pollio; and Augustus has ordered a patent to be drawn out by the lawyers, conferring the property upon Paulus as an imperial grant, but, should he die without an heir, conveying it afterwards to this said Lady Plancina."

"I have heard of reversions to the young, after the old should die," observed Lepidus, "but the disposal which you describe is indeed a curious caprice

on the part of my once colleague. Paulus must marry at once, and defeat the possibility of so whimsical a remainder."

That day, the Lady Aglais, taking the slave Melena with her, departed for Rome in one of Lepidus's old fashioned carriages, while Dionysius returned to the capital in his own chariot at the same time. Aglais was glad of such protection and company on the road. There were two or three mansions, or little post houses, and two imperial mutations, where they calculated on obtaining changes of horses, as Dionysius had taken the precaution of furnishing himself with the requisite "diploma" or warrant, from Lucius Piso, the governor of Rome.

Besides a trusty-serving man of Lepidus's who acted as coachman, a couple of grooms went with the lady the first stage, in order to ride back the triumvir's horses. In Rome, it was planned Dionysius would see that Aglais should obtain the readiest and best means of continuing her journey northward; and the Athenian even promised himself to escort her all the way, and to guide her to the very house in which her son was now regaining his health and strength near Verona.

Agatha wept bitterly at parting from her mother, for the first time, as it happened, in her whole life. Two incidents marked the afternoon of this first separation.

It was at midday that the sound of the receding wheels died in the distance and the aged Lepidus, patting the head of the fair girl, said:

"Come, niece, have fortitude! Your mother will soon return with our noble Paulus, and they must see you cheerful and happy, or they will blame me. Go to your apartments, and prepare for a little fishing excursion. I will call the slaves, have out our large galley, and gave you a row up and down the shingle beach."

She laughed through her tears with a little gasp and obeyed. The castle was encompassed with gardens, and these again with an orchard, the whole being enclosed in a loosely-semicircular sweep of strong walls, with the sea-line as arc to the bow, almost like a fortification. A few Thessalian dogs, famed as watchers, with which Agatha had early established the most friendly and confidential relations, had been trained to range these gardens, and the whole enclosure, at will, and performed that duty or pastime very much with the air of disciplined soldiers.

While Agatha was dressing for the boat, she heard one of these dogs bay angrily; and when she descended into the garden, she saw her uncle in the act of shutting a heavy wooden door in the enclosing wall, and caught the following words addressed to a man on horseback of whom she only obtained a momentary glimpse.

"No more in my house after such a menace; but tell this to Tiberius you, if it will help your interest with him; tell him, I say, that very little is now required to induce Lepidus, once triumvir, to bequeath all his property to Tiberius Caesar. You fence with an old swordsman."

And while yet speaking, Lepidus slammed the door, and Agatha heard a horse gallop away.

"I've outgeneralled him, I think," muttered the old man, turning back into the garden.

"Who was there, uncle?" asked Agatha.

"One who shall not trouble us again while my brother's widow and daughter are under this roof," replied the triumvir. And he led Agatha to the boat.

Their fishing expedition was not very gay, and they were both content when it was over. It was evening as they re-entered the courtyard of the castle. They were met by an old slave, who held in Lepidus's establishment a place corresponding to that of a butler in modern families.

"I am sorry you were away, sir, an hour ago," said he to the triumvir.

"Just before you entered the boat, a knight, or more than a knight, whose horse was covered with foam, rode up to the door at the end of the garden, by which your grandson had departed, and asked for the Lady Aglais. When told she had left, he said hastily, 'What! in the ship for Spain?' When I mentioned for Rome, he asked had the young lady gone also? and when I said that the young lady and you, sir, were out fishing, he called for someone to hold his horse, and stated he would write you a letter. Searching for his tablets, he muttered that he must have left them in Rome. I offered to get him a paper, a reed and some cuttle-fish ink if he would enter the house. He did so looking much disturbed; and saying, as often as three several times that he had no one to send whom he could have trusted; and that he had been obliged to come himself; and that, if he did so at once, return, he should be Rissed. When he had written a few words, he folded up the paper, asked me for wax and taper, and sealed the letter with a signet-ring which he had on his finger. Then he held the letter so, without giving it to me, and at last tore it up."

"But," said Lepidus, "did you not ask who he was?"

"Yes, sir, and he told me he was a friend of the Lady Aglais and the young lady."

"Was he dressed as a military man?"

"No, sir; he had a sort of toga, only it was dark; the hood was brought over his head; he was belted. He was a handsome man under the middle age. But I was made certain of his rank by the voice, and by his general bearing."

"Well, did he leave no message?"

"None, sir; he merely said that it was very unfortunate he could see nobody, and especially that he could not speak to the lady, your sister. He then mounted his horse, and rode away swiftly."

"Here is the seal, I do believe!" said Agatha, picking up a piece of wax on the fragment of a letter.

"Ah!" said Lepidus, examining it. "How well I remember the hateful emblem. That used to be the signet of Maecenas, who brought my son to the block!"

"Uncle!" whispered Agatha, who also had looked at the seal, "come into the house, and I will tell you who this visitor was."

"You can go," said Lepidus to the servant, who retired.

"It was Velleius Patereulus, the Praetorian tribune," said Agatha. "That is his device—a frog, is it not? I have seen his notes before, sealed with that emblem. Some danger against which he would fain protect us is impending."

(To be Continued.)

Two neighbors were conversing the other day, when one said to the other:—

"By the way, how is Mrs. Hogg, the invalid, going on?"

"Oh," replied the other, "they do not call her Mrs. Hogg now."

"Why, what do they call her?"

"Oh, they call her Mrs. Bacon now; she's cured."

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For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

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### WILDEST WHITE MISSION IN AMERICA

Christian Reader, in whose heart glows the fire of the love of God and of his Church, kindly meditate upon these facts that a Missionary priest puts before you. You have heard of the West and of its many material advantages; you have perhaps seen its irrigated valleys, gazed in admiration upon its limpid mountain waters; climbed its loftiest mountain peaks, and from their heights perhaps have you tried to scan the meanderings of the Idaho lava wilderness, contemplated the irregular fringe of ranches that border the silver thread of some sinuous streamlet speeding its waters to one of these several crevices, the depth of which man cannot fathom. Perhaps you have even been temporarily harbored in one of these townlets set by greedy man, in some dent of eternally snow-capped mountains, within the shadow of projecting rocks, within a stone's throw of the haunts of the grizzly bear, the catamount and the mountain lion. If so, dear reader, you must realize some of the spiritual conditions that prevail in the West. The Boise diocese is 84,290 square miles in extent, an area of territory larger by nearly 10,000 square miles than the archdiocese of Philadelphia, New York, St. Paul and the dioceses of Harrisburg, Cleveland, Burlington Buffalo, Brooklyn, Albany, Newark and Syracuse combined. Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five priests minister to the spiritual needs of the above-named archdioceses and dioceses. Not thirty have the charge of souls in the diocese of Boise. It is true that Catholics are far less numerous in our missions but therein lies the very cause of our misery. The Writer has jurisdiction over a territory larger in extent than the dioceses of New York, Syracuse, Albany and Newark combined. Some parts of his territory can be reached only by following deer or bear trails on the steep slopes of mountains bordering the frenzied waters of Salmon River. A missed step means death to the missionary, for no human agency could rescue him should horse and rider roll down to the abyss below. These dangerous journeys he has often to undertake for the sake of some poor soul, stranded somewhere in some dug-out in some nook of the mountains, held there by the fascination of the get-rich-quick bubble. Of visionary delves and delves in the mountain sides, hoping to find gold; but unwittingly digging into his hopes, perhaps unto himself, a grave. It is only a few days ago that "Old Sheehy" was found a corpse in his dug-out on the Creek. The Indian who gave us the news characterized him as a "heap good man." However we knew his history. Sheehy was of good Irish parentage. He landed from Ireland in the "East," where his circumstances were more than satisfactory. He graduated at law and even contemplated for a while nothing less than a sacerdotal career, in which, we are sure, he could have achieved distinction. The unfortunate man left home and friends, attracted, moth-like, by the glow of the hopes extended by one of these numerous mine swindlers. And he dug—dug—dug for gold! Under the action of the light of the real faded the illusion as does a sunlit waffure of smoke. He beheld at last the spectre of failure; his spirits became jaded at the sight, dejection possessed his soul and soon he became a physical wreck. A letter would have restored him to his former happiness; but the miner is proud. "I have not written to them in fourteen years! How can I write now?" would he say. "He is dead." "Those whom he once loved wonder what became of him! They long for his return; but he is dead! Dead to their affections; dead in his body; dead in his soul.

Sheehy in his contact with the rough jest of the occasional passers-by did not dare to withstand their scoff; in his passion for gold he forgot to say the prayers learned at a mother's knees. Her sweet memory did not hover about him as a protecting shield, for he had the mining, digging passion. He died with the works of Ingersoll as a pillow, and a miner's shaft as a grave. Such is—such has been—such, we presume, will be the history of many a miner in the West. The West, although, in parts a barren wilderness, has many a valley whose fertility surpasses any other region of North America. To these deltas were sent, by the president of their religion, numerous colonies of Latter Day Saints, who implanted home and creed in these favored districts. In the course of time, "Gentiles" drifted from the South-east, in certain numbers, into these Mormon communities; and within the meshes of an organization whose God is flesh, whose tenets mean indulgence to the longings of the flesh, with a promise of wives of their own choice even for eternity, finding it impossible to exist in their new surroundings without becoming a part of the religious, industrial, agricultural, political body in whose embrace they were, the Murphys, the Kellys, the Crepeans, the Rosenkranz, etc., gave up Jesus Christ for Joseph Smith, and at this writing, some of them are amongst the two thousand advocates of Mormonism that the "Church" every year lets loose over the world for the purpose of recruiting new members. We have nothing but praise for the active energy of the Mormon people who braved famine and wild beast to implant themselves in the West. To them is due the material prosperity of this extensive part of our national estate. They utilized the forces of nature to lift up the waters that now irrigate the land turning its barrenness into fertility, its desolateness into a paradise of beauty. To these pioneers of the West let us be grateful. The heart of the Mormon people is in the right place. They have been deceived and forced with a rod of iron into their present condition. The day has come, however, for their spiritual shackles to be broken asunder. Many of them told the Writer that they were looking towards the Catholic Church for salvation. "If it be true that the Church of Christ has not collapsed in the second century, if Joseph Smith be not a prophet, the Catholic Church must then be the only Church." The Protestant claim they meet with a sneer, pointing out to their numberless divisions as the surest mark of error. In other words, the harvest is nearly white; but we have not the means to crop it and store it into the granary of the Eternal Father. One priest in Idaho, the Rev. W. J. A. Hendrickx, has demonstrated the possibilities of the work that we Catholics should undertake. Dempsey is a little valley, that, a few years ago, was a stronghold of Mormonism in Idaho. Now it is inhabited solely by Mormons converted to Catholicism. Through the efforts of the above-named priest, the prestige of the "Church" was broken and these now adore that formerly scoffed. The Senatorial investigation has set the bulk of the Latter-Day Saints or Mormons a thinking, that they who like to can now burst the shackles of their bondage. They will come to us if your charity will help extend to them the hand of fellowship in Christ's own fold: the Catholic Church.

Amongst our non-Catholic friends the field is also ready for culture and harvest from the fact that ministers have not penetrated across the wilds of a barren wilderness into the fastnesses of the mountains where are hidden many small settlements of miners, cattle and sheepmen, who cry for some one to come and distribute the bread of life to themselves and their hungering families. Christian Reader, you

have a regard for the blood of Christ! Will you not help us to bring within the shadow of the Cross, within the range of the dripping blood of Jesus, so many souls wishing, eager, to come to the very top of Mount Calvary to embrace the Cross with an ardor that would shame the disciple? So many noble souls are not within the range of the beacon light of faith, because they are not shown the way. It is in your power to light up the signal-fire, to place a guide board by the wayside that would lead them to truth. Our Bishop, the Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux, for the last eighteen years has been trudging over every part of his diocese, through immense deserts in his efforts to forward the cause of the salvation of souls. "How beautiful over the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation; that saith to Zion: 'Thy God shall reign.'" What has been achieved is wonderful under the circumstances. The Bishop is poor, the priests are poor, and you can help us.

To help cope with our special circumstances, to achieve the part assigned to us by Providence in bringing once more within the pale of the Church, within the proper focus of truth those of our own faith who have strayed from the fold as well as those who would willingly enter it were they shown the way, we purpose to found a Truth Society whose special object will be to issue booklets of Catholic literature adopted to our special needs. The Paulist Fathers have been doing noble work with their publishing house, yet their books do not answer many of those objections peculiar to Idaho, Utah, etc., for instance, the assertion that God has a body, parts and passions, etc. Hence the necessity of booklets specially gotten up for the purpose. We therefore beg of you dear reader, to become a member of our Association. A remittance of twenty-five cents will entitle you to membership. A remittance of one dollar will entitle you to a copy of Missionary "Ramblings," now nearly ready for the press—a book startling in its realities and "whose graphic descriptions and pen pictures are second to none in literary merit." We are asking this favor from you in God's name, trusting that you will not refuse us.

Respectfully in Christ,  
J. L. M. CAMPBELL,  
Missionary Priest.  
Green creek, Idaho Co., Idaho, 1905.

### IRELAND AT CRISIS

The Earl of Dunraven has written a remarkable pamphlet entitled, "The Crisis in Ireland," in which he says: "Ireland is at a crisis in her history. Year by year the country has been sinking deeper and deeper into misfortune and has now reached a point at which it must be decided whether the dominant tendencies shall continue to the inevitable melancholy end or whether a supreme effort shall be made to lift the country into intelligence and material prosperity."

He discusses at length the existing situation and insists that the British government, if it desires to maintain the union, must provide money for the education of the people and give the country a measure of self-government which will afford the people an opportunity to appreciate their own good qualities. He appeals to the moderates in Ireland to lay aside their differences and do something for the salvation of their country. He says that Ireland's best are continually drifting out, while its worst are drifting "towards lunatic asylums and the remainder will remain in Ireland only by necessity."

Lord Dunraven says the land question is now in course of settlement and that the time is possibly coming when Nationalists and Unionists will work together.

He assails with the utmost bitterness the present system of government in Ireland as a gross anachronism which satisfies no one. He contends that the Irish are not lazy or devoid of intelligence and points out that they do good work and become leaders of men abroad.

Lord Dunraven says Ireland cannot be Anglicized, that she understands her own affairs best and should manage them. The pamphlet concludes:

"If the union is to be maintained an active living, democratic, progressive policy must be applied to the causes of decay."

### THE EDUCATED MIND

(Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee)  
The Christian religion entered the world opposed by all the "culture" and "enlightenment" of the time. Christ sought the pillars of His Church among the fishermen of Galilee—not among the dialecticians of the West or the

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East. For centuries this antagonism continued. The philosophers, the critics, the satirists and the Gnostics sneered at the uncultured champions of the Church. Time decided the great debate; the academicians, the keen dialecticians, the astute leaders of cultured Paganism are gone forever and the system of the Fisherman has overspread the world.

History thus gives us a very pointed instance that would indicate among other things that the opposition of the world's intellect and culture does not always militate against the final success of a religion, nor does it preclude the truthfulness of that religion from being subsequently universally confessed to in the very world of this culture and intellect.

So, that, even if we choose to admit that the "educated mind of to-day" is opposed to dogmatic religion that does not prove that "dogmas are becoming a thing of the past." They may be spreading among fishermen.

That the English and American "educated mind" especially has no faith in dogmas should not conclude anything against Catholicity. This geographical division of the "educated mind" is positively ignorant of what dogmas are.

As Cardinal Newman has said it knows no more about Catholicism than it does about the religion of the inhabitants of the moon. What weight can the judgment of a mind so conditioned upon the question have with me, or with you or with any other earnest seeker after truth?

### When the Liver Gets Torpid

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