

# Northwest Review.

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## Persons and Facts

The Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., has returned from a prolonged absence to St. Boniface, where he is making his annual retreat.

The reopening of classes at the St. Boniface College will take place on the 2nd of September; and in the other Catholic institutions it will be as follows:—St. Boniface Brothers' school, 31st Aug.; St. Boniface Convent school, 31st Aug.; St. Mary's Academy, 7th Sept.;

Next Saturday, the 29th, the newly erected Catholic church at Brandon will be dedicated. It was an oversight that caused us to speak in the last issue of the Review of the blessing of the cornerstone of that church. We regret that our reverend friend, Father Godst, should have been so wounded by our error. We beg to apologize, requesting at the same time the Reverend Pastor to kindly keep us better informed in the future. As the Review has no paid reporter, it has to depend on the good will of friends for news items.

prise at the wonderful growth of Winnipeg during their absence, and professed their pleasure at their return, even from so long and interesting a tour.

The three Misses Bernhart returned Monday from a trip to Cleveland, Ohio, where they had the good fortune of being the guests of their Rev. Cousin, Father Weikel. They greatly enjoyed the travel on the lakes, although Miss Stella did not fall in love with the rather sickening movement of the steamer during a stormy night.

about 62 years of age. The funeral service took place last Saturday at St. Boniface Cathedral. The Rev. Father Jos. Trudel officiated. He it was also that laid to rest some six months ago the remains of his beloved father, Alfred Trudel. To him and relatives the Review extends its sincerest sympathy.

On Monday last Judge Dubuc was sworn in as Chief Justice of Manitoba. We happened to be on the Broadway car with a noted lawyer of the city who was on his way to the place of justice, and it

Bring religion into the home; make it a part of the daily training of the little ones. Let them know God, teach them his commandments, familiarize them with the beautiful life of Jesus, our Redeemer, and then we may hope for the better moral tone in society, both high and low.—Home Journal and News.

The Northern Pacific Railway will sell round trip tickets to St. Paul, account of the Minnesota State fair, on the basis of a single fare for the round trip; tickets on

## A Recent Photo of His Holiness Pope Pius X.



POPE PIUS X

St. Mary's Brothers' school, 31st Aug.; Holy Angels school, 7th Sept.; Academy of the Immaculate Conception, 1st Sept.

We are pleased to hear that Miss Maria, daughter of Justice Dubuc, is now on her way to complete recovery from an operation which she underwent some time ago. The young maiden was troubled with appendicitis. The operation was performed by Dr. Chown, assisted by Dr. G. Dubuc. We regret at the same time to learn that Mrs. Justice Dubuc has been laid up at St. Boniface hospital also, with sciatica, now over four weeks.

Mrs. Bourguin, who has been enjoying a few weeks' outing at St. Boniface, will return home next Saturday. Her health is greatly improved.

Madame and Miss Monchamp, who have been for ten months in Europe and Egypt, returned home yesterday, and are the guests for a few days of Mrs. Devine, Donald street. The ladies extended tour, which was undertaken primarily for the benefit of Madame Monchamp's health, included visit to London, Paris, Brussels, Ostend, Southern France and Italy. While at Rome they had a private audience of His late Holiness Pope Leo XIII. A short stay was made at Alexandria, but the greater part of the period of their absence was spent at Cairo, from which point a number of excursions were made to points up and down the Nile. On their return journey, Madame and Miss Monchamp made a brief stay at Ottawa, where they were the guests of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Both ladies expressed sur-

His Grace returned home last Tuesday.

According to news recently received from Los Angeles, Joseph Klinkhammer, whose death was corded last week, had a very sudden demise. The doctor had just been called and the mother of the dear patient had hurried up to the drug store to have the doctor's prescription filled, but before she returned her son had breathed his last. Pneumonia carried him away almost in the prime of life. He was only 28 years of age.

Last Thursday, the 20th inst., Mrs. Trudel (nee Vitaline Verdon, of St. Boniface) died after a short illness of about 24 hours, being fortified, however, by the last sacraments of the Church. She was

was with the greatest satisfaction that we listened to that gentleman speaking of the sterling qualities of the Honorable Judge Dubuc. "There are," he said, "those who may be more brilliant, but none could be found more true and more conscientious. The fact that the representatives of the bar did not wait to extend their congratulations to him till the court would be in regular session is evidence of the very high esteem entertained for our new chief justice." We are only too glad to have an opportunity to offer again our sincere congratulations to Justice Dubuc upon his so well deserved promotion.

Mr. Perdue has been appointed to fill the vacancy left by Justice Dubuc's elevation to the position of Chief Justice. Our best wishes and congratulations also to the new judge.

sale at Canadian Northern Ticket Agents Offices from August 29th to September 4th; final limit for return, September 8th. The Exhibition is said to be the best entertainment of its kind for some years past, with varied attractions.

### MISS HELEN CONNELL.

Our readers will peruse with feelings of sympathy the following piece of poetry, written by Miss Helen Connell, on the death of her beloved father. Miss H. Connell has been for years partly deprived of her sight, but as her eyes closed to the light of this earth, it seems that her young heart has increased its power of tender and elevated sentiment. Simple as these verses may be in their form, they are beautiful by the elevation of the

thoughts and sentiments they express. May God bless the child, who in the sad hours of her partial blindness can write such interesting lines. Miss Helen Connell is the young maiden who took first prize some years ago in a literary course among all the pupils of our schools, both Catholic and Protestant.

ON THE LATE FRANK J. CONNELL'S DEATH.

By His Daughter.

In August, ninety-seven,  
A Father left his home  
To seek in western regions  
Some wealth in golden loam.  
His wife, and his four daughters,  
Kissed him a fond good-bye,—  
Parting makes hearts tender,—  
More closely knots the tie.

Then followed weekly letters,—  
Exchange of daily life,—  
When distance lies between us.  
The pen helps bear the strife.  
Just ten short months had vanished  
In June, of ninety-eight,  
God called the youngest daughter  
Beyond His golden gate.

Far in the Rocky Mountains,  
With snow-capped peaks ahead,  
That father read the letter:  
"His youngest child was dead!"  
Back came his lonesome answer:  
"I pray God give me grace,  
To meet in my home-coming,  
My baby's vacant place."

The future is not ours:  
Could brave hearts bear the pain?  
Were they to know, that ne'er on earth  
They'd meet loved forms again?  
But life is full of trouble,  
We all must sorrow breast,  
And birthday's were remembered,  
By that father in the West.

He loved to write home, letters  
Of daily life in camp,  
And oft described the Sundays,—  
The mission priest's long tramp.  
And wrote that non-believers,  
In that far western sod,  
Respected, and well-treated  
The Holy Man of God.

"And I," wrote that fond father,  
"Serve the Holy Mass,  
And visions of my boyhood  
Quickly come, and pass,—  
I see the town of Chatham,  
The scene comes back with joy—  
I served in its Cathedral,  
As Bishop's altar boy."

"I have the brightest record,"  
He fondly used to say:  
"I served twelve Holy Masses,  
One blessed Christmas day"—  
"And here, the scene is different,  
The mass is just the same,  
We praise, adore and worship,  
The Source, from which it came."

Again, the month is August,  
The year, nineteen and three,  
The sixth, with happy thoughts of home,  
A pleasant note, wrote he.  
The ninth—his heart had failed him—  
The men in camp were awed,—  
Far from home and dear ones,—  
His soul went back to God.

Well thought of by the campers,  
To all, he was a friend.  
In sadness and in sorrow,  
They mourn his sudden end.  
Home, flashed the awful message—  
There—not one tear could flow—  
What four hearts felt that moment  
God alone can know.

At home, the Sunday foll'wing,  
The funeral bells were rung,  
'Midst light of funeral tapers,  
The solemn Requiem sung.  
The kind words of the pastor  
Gave sore hearts much relief,  
God bless the Holy Priesthood,  
In times of joy and grief!

Then to Saint Mary's graveyard—  
God's peaceful acre blessed—  
Where lie two little daughters,  
His form was placed at rest.  
Five angels are in Heaven  
To meet and greet him there;  
Four hearts are left to mourn him,  
To wait the meeting fair.

Oh God, we all are pilgrims,  
Our daily prayer shall be  
That we may meet our dear ones  
One day, my God, with Thee.  
—M. Helen Connell,  
175 Alfred Ave. East,  
Winnipeg, August 24, 1903.

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### PUPS PREFERRED TO CHILDREN.

(Extract from Des Moines Daily News, May 6, 1903.)

Some one with a turn for curious statistics kept count upon the fashion pageantry of Fifth avenue, New York, as it glittered by, last Sunday afternoon, and in an hour he recorded seventy-one dogs on the laps of finely-dressed women, and in the same time nineteen children.

Well, what of it? This is a free country, and if a woman prefers to be a mother to a dog rather than to a child, what is there to prevent it?

The cold, hard, brutal truth of the matter is that a whole lot of women are better fitted to bring up dogs than they are to bring up children.

When these, by mutual inclination and selection, have found the measure of their affections, and that measure is dog size, why—let them indulge it.

It would be impossible to conceive of anything more pitiable than the fate of a child born to a woman whose heart yearns for a pup instead. That poor child must shrivel up, body and soul, of heart-hunger.

It is no imaginary case. Unfortunately, there are many such children in the world.

It is unfortunate for the children and unfortunate for the world. They are like little stunted shrubs.

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that spring up in soil that is barely sufficient to nourish the seed, but too hard to supply the tree.

If they survive, it is without spirit, and as eyesores.

Their roots suck no emotional moisture. The sunshine of life only gnarls and parches them.

Such children—God pity them!—denied the love that vitalizes the mother milk, are worse—ten thousand times worse—than orphaned.

Their childhood is an unheeded wail of unsatisfied longing; the well-springs of natural feeling are dammed up in their little hearts, to stagnate and to poison their lives.

Such children—well, it is better for all concerned that the mothers should raise pups instead.

There is good in a pup, but there is no possibility of good in a child of a woman whose heart affections are only pup-size.

But, even at that, it is a pity for the pup.

There is no worthier animal than a dog. He is capable, when given a chance, of responding to the intellect and affections of the highest natures. But, after all, he has his level, and while we love him because he can at times raise himself to man's, even the dog himself must despise the woman who can lower herself to his.

In certain social circles it is considered "not fashionable" for mothers to show much interest in their children. The little ones are left to the nurses, whilst the dogs are taken out in the carriages. For the benefit of such mothers, it is worth while to repeat a recent remark made by the Duchess of Fife, the eldest daughter of the King of England. The duchess was discussing with a friend the case of a little child of wealthy parents accidentally found to be covered with bruises inflicted by a cruel caretaker. The duchess said:

"No nurse would be able to bruise my children's bodies, for not many days go by that I do not wash them myself."

"Why," inquired her friend, "do you really stay in the nursery to watch their toilet, ma'am?"

"I did not say that I watched them being washed," said the duchess, "I said that I washed them myself."

This is indorsement of caring for one's own children from a source that even the ultra-fashionable stand in awe of.

It is to be hoped that this virtue of royalty may be emulated as obsequiously as its vices are imitated.

Home Column.

HOME.

It is good to have a corner just to call one's own,  
Though it be a nest in branches by the west winds blown;  
Though it be a crooked window under mossy eaves,  
Known but to darting swallows and to autumn's drifting leaves.

Though it only be a little room of four bare walls,  
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and the city's noisy calls;  
The heart may rest awhile, and the soul may be alone,  
If yet one has a corner just to call one's own.

The busy world is beckoning and lures us away,  
And life seems all to-morrow, though 'tis leaving us to-day;  
But there's nothing half so rare, in the golden days to come,  
As a little roof, a low roof that we call Home.

There is nothing half so precious in the wide world and free,  
As the dear hearts, the near hearts, close to you and me—  
Oh, when the dream is broken, and a-wandering we roam,  
We'll find no other shelter like the one called Home.

Fame may be waiting us, and glory on the way,  
But the humble things, the sweet things, are ours every day;  
And for loss or for gain, there is nothing can atone,  
Like a heart and a corner just to call one's own!

COURTESY IN THE HOME.

What is it that makes our home attractive to the family? writes Aunt Mollie. It is the beauty of the furnishings, the immaculate neatness of the table or the fashion of the dress that is worn? These things may cultivate an aesthetic taste, but do they really attach children to their homes? I have observed that children of poor parents, yes, and dissipated ones at that, show more affection for their parents and their childhood's home than do many of the rich and well-to-do. Why is it? It would seem that the more beautiful the home, the more love there would be for that home. But it seems that adverse circumstances, yes, and pinching poverty, cement the love of the family more and more.

The poet has truly said, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." What really makes a pleasant, happy home? We think it is the oneness of interest, the sharing of what we have with other members, the unselfishness which is awakened in the heart by adversity. In many of our modern homes the children are first everywhere, they never have to give up their will to others, and of each other, forget the courtesy that belongs to refinement. I wish young people just starting to make a home for themselves, would show the same courtesy to each other as in their courting days, and as the children come, teach them by precept and example, to be kind, courteous and unselfish to each other. Truly there is no place like home to educate children in true courtesy.

A PARENT'S ERROR.

The dispositions of children are spoiled by ignorant and indulgent parents, who set out deliberately to arouse in children a jealous disposition. They offer the peevish child something, which, because of his peevishness, he will not take and then they make a pretext of giving it to some one else, that they may induce him to take it out of envy. The effect of such training may be imagined. After a few such lessons the child wants only those things that others possess and during his childhood days he generally manages to get them by crying and sulking. Grown a little older, the child, if a boy, associating at school and in play with children of his own age, develops a domineering or cringing disposition according to his physical strength. He is grasping and envious because of his earlier training, but can no longer get things by crying for them, because his parents are not there to help him, but if strong enough he takes them by diplomacy. Ruled by selfish desires implanted in him by vicious early training, he pursues his own ends, either as bully or sneak, unless providentially he should fall under the hands of a master capable of undoing and converting the vicious work of his parents during his early days of training. Much of the work of school teachers is imposed upon them because their pupils have had bad preliminary training from ignorant or careless parents.

Kindergartens find a justification for their existence in that they put children in very tender age under the direction of presumably competent instructors, who look after their habits with more intelligent discrimination than can be expected from young or inexperienced parents. Home influence of the right kind is very precious, but the home influence that takes a child at its most impressionable age, during infancy, and develops in it an envious, selfish disposition, does as much harm as could come of it from absolute neglect.

EFFICACY OF LEMON JUICE.

The discovery that lemon juice is an absolute effective preventive of typhoid infection is announced by responsible medical men with a positiveness that leaves but little room for doubt. Dr. Ferguson, of London, made the discovery and proclaimed it to the world on Christmas day, and the Chicago health department made experiments to test its value, it is announced, confirms the statement made by Dr. Ferguson, and proves that a teaspoonful of juice to a half a glass of water destroys almost instantly the bacilli of ty-

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phoid. Dr. Ferguson's discovery is said to have been accidental. It has long been known that certain acids would kill the bacilli, but their effect was also to kill human beings. The harmless acid in lemons was entirely overlooked until Dr. Ferguson chanced to drop a little lemon juice into a culture tube containing typhoid germs. To this amazement he discovered that they died almost immediately, and he at once began further experiments, which resulted in the announcement of the discovery.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 29th, 1903.

### AUGUST.

30—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Rose. Dup.

31—Monday—St. Lazarus. Dup.

### SEPT.

1—Tuesday—St. Raymond Nounat. Dup.

2—Wednesday—St. Stephen. Sem.

3—Thursday—B.V.M. Mother of the Divine Pastor. Dup. Maj.

4—Friday—Votive office of the Passion of Our Lord. Sem.

5—Saturday—St. Laurence Justinian. Sem.

### HOME AND SCHOOL-TRAINING

There is a commandment of God by which children, if they understand it, should reverence, obey and assist their parents. Few, extremely few, however, are found faithful to this important precept of the law, and many are the parents who weep at times and bitterly complain that their children are unmanageable, even before their fifteenth spring is reached. Where should we look to locate the responsibility of such a deplorable disorder. It surely does not require much keenness of observation to be able to tell the parents how great their responsibility is in this respect. Do they teach their children at home to pray to and reverence God? Do they see that these dear little ones go to mass and catechism on Sundays and holidays? They may tell the child to pray and to go to church, but there seems to be the end of the home-training. Prayer in family is a thing of the past, to go to church is a matter of personal choice or inclination. On the other hand, if you take a walk, say on our Winnipeg Main street between 9.30 and 10 p.m., and often later, you are sure to find here and there groups of young boys, sometimes alas! even of young girls, chatting and looking at the passers-by, perhaps at times indulging in far more condemnable amusements, whilst they should repose quietly in their little beds at home. And what are the parents doing in the meantime? Visiting their friends or entertaining them, and being concerned about many things except one, the most important nature, namely, to look after their children. You need not be surprised if with such a home-training the young generation does, so soon in life, enter the path of independence and disobedience. Had the parents used the rod of reproof in time they might have given wisdom to their sons and daughters; but because of their weakness they shall only bring shame and bitter sorrow to themselves, for thus does the proverb read: "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but the child that is left to his own will, will bring his mother to shame."

If at least the remedy could be found in school. There are teachers who may stand above parental partiality, but what can be expected from a school-training wherein religion is systematically left out of the programme of studies? Teachers would in vain appeal to their pupils' feelings by exalting the beauty of a virtue based on natural motives, the house they build rests only on sand, the least wind of temptation will bring it to ruin. Say what you may, the beginning of wisdom is in the fear of the Lord. If God is banished from

school during hours of secular instruction children won't think much of religion, and seldom will their school-training make good citizens of them, whilst too often they may leave their class-room with all the required outfit to make of them clever rogues.

The greatest evil that may befall a community of citizens is to have the growing generation formed in godless schools. Such is unfortunately the system that was forced on us by the School Acts of 1890. Under the pretext of avoiding frictions and of unifying the various elements of our community, the Protestants of Manitoba, following the unhealthy system established elsewhere, have given us schools practically without religion of any kind. And will you know the results to be achieved by such a system? None but practical infidelity.

Not long ago a Catholic priest was on his way to the far regions of the extreme North-West. As he chanced to meet on the train from Toronto to Winnipeg some Presbyterian students recently emerged from the Toronto University, he thought their conversation would prove interesting. Naturally they were the first to bring the question of religion on the " tapis." Although numerous were the explanations demanded, there were none but could easily be given by a child of fifteen years that has attended separate schools. But when questioned in turn regarding their own religious convictions, it soon became evident that they were sailing on unknown waters. Thus were proved the fruitless results of neutral schools among Protestants. Those poor young students had never heard anything about religion in schools. Their home-training had consisted in the reading from time to time of some passages of the Bible, and there ended their religious formation. As a consequence they easily admit that the one form of religion is just as good as another. For them to change church is of no greater moment than for us to change pants or coat. The further result of this is that in reality they have no religion whatsoever. The famous system of neutral schools which is now in vogue among Protestants is bound to kill Protestantism. About that we ought not to be much concerned, but we cannot refrain from warning all our Catholic readers against a danger that should threaten them equally if ever they were tempted to adopt the damnable system of neutral schools. There is too great a tendency, just prevailing among a certain class of easy-going Catholics, to extoll the merit of public schools as against the work done in separate schools. This is decidedly a very grave mistake. All who know better, and thanks to God they are the majority, should never allow the principle to be upheld, namely that schools should be for secular instruction only, religious training belonging exclusively to parents and the church God is everywhere; everywhere then should his presence be felt; and as the primary object of education should be to bring the child nearer to his Heavenly Father it necessarily follows that religion should pervade the whole atmosphere of a man's life: home, school, and church alike. "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things," i.e., all that refers to life and life comforts, "shall be added unto you." (Matt. xi. 33.)

### CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

The world is full of associations. A glance cast about on the multitude of those who compose the civil community, a moment of thought and study will soon convince anyone that the great lever for good or evil is found nowadays particularly in societies. Without stopping to consider the aims pursued by the hundreds of such existing associations, most of which are to better their members' social standing, though some also exist which are subversive of all ruling authority, and are particularly inimical to the Catholic Church, we might ask ourselves why it is so difficult to establish and maintain Catholic societies. The Church, it is true, is the one great agglomeration of all who profess to be the true believers in Jesus Christ; but as in the civil community we find many smaller associations, all

of which, if well regulated, will help to promote the general interest of the whole, in like manner, in the Catholic Church, those associations which are to the fostering of piety or the more active practice of brotherly love, should prove of the greatest assistance in the development of the noble work pursued by that divine Spouse of Christ.

Catholic societies may be divided into two classes; those whose primary object is to foster faith and piety, and those who may be considered as powerful means to better the temporal position of their members. Both kinds are certainly most worthy of encouragement. Why then is there so much apathy manifested, particularly in centres of mixed population, like Winnipeg for instance?

Would such indifference be due to this, that impiety will consider those pious associations as mere superstitions, or would it be that heresy will scorn at them as being the outcome of a pharisaical justice? We do not propose to answer such futile objections, coming from those who would soon come to naught were it not that they still find a breath of life in the multiple societies in and outside of their respective churches, but we are free to affirm that Catholic associations are the most powerful incentives to a persevering piety. In vain should we try to deceive ourselves, it must be admitted that in many quarters the light of faith is growing dim, whilst piety becomes weaker, and morals are on the decline; nay, for too many perhaps the words may have their application, which God spoke in days of old: "My spirit shall not remain in man forever, because he is flesh." How necessary therefore it is to bring together particularly the young, that by a mutual encouragement they may be brought to more bravely submit their hearts to the charms of virtue. What proved to be the strength of the first Christians, namely the fire of love, should not be discarded nowadays. Would rather to God that of us also it might be said: "The multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul." We should bear in mind that a man when he is alone, if he falls, he will have no one to lift him up, whilst the presence of a friend lending, be it only by example, a helping hand, will often prevent one from falling, or lift him when fallen.

Of late years one particular association, the great army of those that are banded together as associates or members of the League of the Sacred Heart has been, we know, a spectacle to God, to angels and to men, still here again must we not acknowledge that too few among the young men are members of the League. Although every first Friday and Sunday of the month will bring crowds to the railing, the proportion of young men is alarmingly small.

We offer these remarks to our readers in the hope that some may find therein not a reproach, but a loving invitation to brace up courage and to increase the numbers of those who nobly wear the badge of the Sacred Heart.

What is said of pious societies has also its applications to benevolent associations, pure and simple. Take the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, for instance. All will admit that it is a grand institution, offering splendid opportunities to the members thereof to better their moral and social standing, and securing at the same time great protection to widows and orphans after the death of either husband, or parent, yet how difficult is it to stir up any interest in this noble society.

Not only is great difficulty experienced in increasing the membership, but in some branches it is often an almost practical impossibility to procure the number of members necessary for a quorum at meetings. Where are our young men, especially those engaged in the marriage life. It is true that since its establishment in Winnipeg many are assiduous frequenters of the Catholic Club, and God forbid that we should ignore the great moral achievement of this centre of attraction; but must it follow that our C.M.B.A. halls should be left deserted on that account. There is a greater boon assuredly to be found during and after life in the C.M.B.A. or the Catholic Order of Foresters, or the St. Vincent de Paul, than in the Catholic Club.

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Our generation should awake to a sense of duty to themselves or those that must be so dear to their hearts.

Let everyone therefore stop to consider his duty in this respect, and soon shall we find our benevolent associations in a state of encouraging progress, whilst the beneficent influence of these society meetings will soon prove an attraction and a strong motive to join associations of still greater achievements. For as the soul is far above the body in value, so must associations of piety be above mere benevolent societies.

**WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.**

Mr. Tecumseh Clay had never traveled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A., B. and C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the offer was eagerly accepted.

"The pass is non-transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything; but he won't."

Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis the next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor with some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra-inquisitive type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie, and hoped the conductor would not make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a fib or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperiled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name on the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay and went on, leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the slightest and snowiest of fibs had he had to utter. So Mr. Clay with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude settled comfortably on the cushions in his section of the sleeper, and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he crawled into such a slumber as the rushing train might permit.

About midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! a man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M.D.

"All right. I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping-cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but to go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor, I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations, and then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time—he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whisky?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"Yes, sir; I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two tea-spoonsful in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whisky will act as a—"

"What sort of an actor the whisky would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he had his thermometer with him, and that he would take the patient's

temperature. He evidently had some fever. "But give him the whisky as directed, and if there should be any change for the worse, let me know."

Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then sighed deeply. "Poor fellow!" he thought, "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do anyway? The man may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I am no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor, as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind o' nervous, and thought perhaps you would like to consult with him. I'll rout him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train; it's going pretty fast."

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived.

"This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guiltless of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely at each other. Dr. Bowen had brought a small medicine case with him, which he set down in the aisle.

"Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession.

Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and slightly studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before, and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. Presently, to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment during the night, and if the patient hasn't improved by morning, we can decide upon further treatment. His temperature is not alarming."

The next morning the patient was reported very much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they started to part on the street, Mr. Clay said, with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, doctor, I'm no physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor so, though, because I'm traveling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched, and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine case," he said, "just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more a physician than you are, but I'm traveling on Dr. Brown's pass."—James Raymond Perry in Harper's.

**NOT HEAVY.**

"Say," said the bookkeeper, addressing the cashier, and winking knowingly at the office boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp tax?"

"Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?"

"Suppose," continued the bookkeeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion; would I have to stamp the express receipt?"

"Words of sympathy can make more

"Undoubtedly," answered the cashier. "But if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail."

"And why mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger.

"Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."—Ex.

**A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING**

Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off; I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces wore looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The man thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain, "I suppose those rag-muffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that, would you?"—this to another girl.

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for taste. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood, beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the little girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child, "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess maybe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address in a tablet, which she took from the bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little one comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with a radiant face, held in his hand a package, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant. At 2 o'clock sharp, the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing the comely lady; "and this," as a girl of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in a cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her!"

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the street-car.—Selected.

**CHRIST'S ONE CHURCH.**

Our Protestant neighbors seem to think that different churches are like different families, and that it does not matter to which one you belong, so long as you "have faith in Christ and accept Him for your personal Saviour."

To the argument that Christ established only one Church, they reply: "Oh, well, there is really only one Church, and these are branches of it."

But, then, to the objection that it stands to reason that these churches that teach contradictory doctrines as divine truths cannot be branches of one divine Church, which Christ effectually prayed should be one, they have no reply to make.

When they are asked if, as there is only one Church of Christ, the Catholic Church also is a branch of it, some of them will say yes, and some no, and others will again remain silent, not knowing what to say.

There is only one Church established by Christ; it is visible; it has only one creed; and no one is saved who does not belong to it, consciously or unconsciously. Faith in Christ as the Son of God and acceptance of Him as one's Saviour, will save nobody who rejects the light of faith, who is not baptized, and who has no sorrow for sin.—Catholic Columbian.

**MUST GET OFF THE EARTH.**

The enforcement of the laws against the congregations in France has amounted in the case of some of the poorer and older members to an order to get off the earth.

Old men and old women who have been evicted from their monasteries and convents have found themselves too advanced in years to begin a new form of work and have discovered that all their near relatives are dead. The orders to which they belong are too poor to take care of these evicted people.

Some of them have drifted to Paris penniless. They have attempted to beg, but here again they are prohibited by law. An old brother who had been sixty years in his monastery before eviction and has now been arrested for begging, declares that nothing awaits such as he but the poorhouse or the grave. "Get off the earth," says Prime Minister Combes. And they must get.—Catholic Citizen.

**SPEAK KINDLY WORDS NOW.**

In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others, and there are also many little occasions when the word of cheer is needed from us, and we are silent. There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve: There is suffering which endurable, and often even in the

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midst of wealth and luxury there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness. Speak to those while they can hear and be helped by you, for the day may come when all our expressions of love and appreciation may be unheard. Imagine yourself standing beside their last resting place. Think of the things you could have said of them, and to them while they were yet living. Then go and tell them now.—Ex.

## MR. TOGG'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. Toggs was peculiar; but every one is peculiar who is assertive and does not think in all things just as we do.

Mr. Toggs was not considered a generous man; but then the standard for generosity varies so that we cannot always accept even the judgment of friends.

Mr. Toggs was generous with himself. This was unquestionably conceded. In dress he was generous to prodigality. The appearance of his well-developed 6 feet 2 of physical manhood, from the luster of his high top hat and immaculate linen to the sheen of his No. 10s was faultless.

It was in his family relations that Madam Gossip charged him most unsparringly. She said that he kept no servant for his wife; that he never allowed her family to visit her on account of the added expense that would be incurred; that while he was clothed faultlessly, she was—but why should we be rummaging in other folks' closets to display their family skeletons, when the very thought starts a commotion in dark recesses nearer home.

Remember Mrs. Toggs never complained; not she. Had she not promised at the sacred altar to love, worship—cherish, I mean—and obey? And she did it so thoroughly that all independence of thought and action was lost in her devotion to her over-towering spouse.

Mr. Toggs fell ill. He had been exceedingly generous with himself, and had indulged in a late banquet at the Ego club. He awakened early in the morning with a most pronounced attack of indigestion.

Mr. Toggs declared that he had swallowed the larger part of a millstone, and that it lay with its crushing weight just below his diaphragm. Then he felt like the Spartan youth who concealed the stolen fox under his toga, and he experienced the burnings of a thousand pitiless flames as they ate their way into his vitals.

During the first hour's torture Mr. Toggs groaned and moaned and expressed himself in language that was as forcible as the conditions demanded.

Mrs. Toggs, without any undue display of alarm, gave him the full service of her devoted nature. He had been sick once with rheumatism, and she had witnessed a display of the lack of all Christian graces in the nature of Mr. Toggs when sick, so she was not apprehensive.

Indigestion may effect a complete transformation in its victim. It will make either a saint or a demon of the worst or best of men, or change a lion into a lamb. Mr. Toggs, after a few hours' torture, became a lamb.

He uncomplainingly swallowed quarts of scalding hot water. He chewed pepsin tablets without a murmur. He swallowed Dr. Killer's remedies faithfully and submitted to application of mustard plasters until the outer surface of his body had every appearance of being parboiled.

Through it all not one word of complaint or rebellion escaped Mr. Toggs' lips, and Mrs. Toggs was somewhat alarmed.

As day and night in regular order succeeded each other until five revolutions of the earth on its axis had been completed, and Mr. Toggs avowed that the millstone was growing heavier, the fox was unwearied in his endeavors to claw out his vitals, and the inextinguishable fires burned with increasing fury, and in the face of all he was growing more and more lamblike, Mrs. Toggs became correspondingly more alarmed. This complete change could presage only one thing—the coming end.

"Dear!" gasped the tortured Mr. Toggs, as he turned a look of intense longing upon his unflinching wife and noted her anxious face, "won't you send for Elizabeth to come and assist you? You are overdoing yourself."

Poor Mrs. Toggs could scarcely restrain herself until she hastened from the room, when she burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Toggs was certainly mortally ill. In all their twenty-three years of conjugal relations, he had never before applied to her so precious an epithet, and for the first time he seemed con-

cerned about her personal comfort. And he had broken his oft-declared law that there would be no visiting relations of either side allowed in his home.

Elizabeth had a reputation for being an exceptional nurse, and an expert in the knowledge of family remedies. So upon her arrival there was a resumption, or rather addition, of operations. The indigestion loosened its hold somewhat, and Mr. Toggs was grateful.

"Clarissa, dear," he said assuringly, as he lay bolstered up in a large rocker, "I feel much better, and if I continue to improve, and am well to-morrow, I'll give you \$5 for your nursing and care of me."

Mrs. Toggs hastened from the room the picture of despair. She was sure he was dying, and when she returned to his side, closely followed by the faithful Elizabeth, she manifested no sign of joy at her husband's assertion of marked improvement.

"Elizabeth," and Mr. Toggs' voice grew stronger, "I'll give you \$5, too, if I am well to-morrow."

Then Mrs. Toggs had a presentiment by a rattling in the chest that he was marked for death, and her little body stooped on anticipation of the crushing blow.

By noon Mr. Toggs declared that he felt well enough to go out for a walk about the block. As he was adjusting his lustrous high-top hat, he said, "if you'll give me the money I'll settle the account for the medicines at the druggist's."

Mr. Toggs never liked bills to hang.

Mrs. Toggs handed her departing lord and master a shining gold eagle—a part of her week's allowance for all household expenses.

The druggist claimed half of the gold, and Mr. Toggs tucked the change in his lower-right-side waist coat pocket. But feeling a suspicious sensation that prophesied a return of the tortures, he hastened home and calmly submitted to the untiring efforts of his faithful nurses for relief.

That night Mr. Toggs fell into a refreshing sleep and awoke in the morning a completely delivered man.

"Hear, dear, is that \$5 I promised you," and his thumb and index finger went down into the lower pocket on the right side of his waistcoat, and he laid a \$5 bill on the bureau.

Mrs. Toggs murmured her thanks between stifled sobs, but refrained from touching the sacred testimonial of his dying love. For, surely, Mr. Toggs was nearing the end of his earthly career, and his avowed improvement was only a delusion. She gazed upon him in helpless abandonment to the inevitable.

Mr. Toggs proceeded with his toilet, and when it was completed he turned suddenly toward the bureau and, picking up the money he had shortly before laid there, said in his old way:

"I think, Mrs. Toggs, you saved this much on me in household expenses, for I have not partaken of a single meal while I have been sick. I may as well pay Elizabeth with it."

And he hastened to find Elizabeth.

As Mr. Toggs left the room, his wife experienced a sensation of joy. Mr. Toggs was better. He was his old self again. She was relieved of the dread that hung over her and she was happy.

"Here's the five dollars I promised you," Mr. Toggs said to Elizabeth, who was busy preparing the morning meal. He laid the bill upon the sideboard in the dining-room and strode away.

Mrs. Toggs and Elizabeth were so happy that they could only gaze in admiration at Mr. Toggs as they sat at the table, while he ate sparingly of the morning repast.

Happy Mrs. Toggs stood with Mr. Toggs' lustrous high-top hat in her hand when Mr. Toggs appeared ready to leave for his office. After he had taken a last reassuring look at himself in the hall mirror, he went to the dining-room and said to Elizabeth, as he took the \$5 bill from the sideboard:

"I think your board has been worth this much for the time you have been with us as our guest."

Mrs. Toggs never questioned her husband's intentions. It was enough that he was well once more, and she was happy.

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What Elizabeth thought and said as she journeyed homeward would not be complimentary as an epitaph.

All that day Mr. Toggs' countenance was lighted with a complacent smile. He was a man well satisfied with himself.—Frank E. Graff in Boston Globe.

## MONTREAL SHOWS GREAT GROWTH.

Montreal, July 9.—Montreal has grown during last year. It has a population of 287,000 for the city proper, and 360,000 with suburbs. These are the figures given in the directory just issued. This is an increase of about 27,000 during the year for the entire city and suburbs, and of about 12,000 for the city proper.

Since 1901 according to the government census returns, the city proper has grown in population 20,000. Montreal has now 810 streets, about 9,000 stores and offices, and 50,000 residences. Montreal's first directory was issued in 1841, and contained 272 pages, the last issue is a bulky volume of 1,560 pages. There are 6,000 more names in this year's directory than the last.

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Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m. N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

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

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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Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

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

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

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