



CURRENT COMMENT

Rabbi Hirsch, a leader among broad-minded Israelites, lectured recently in Chicago on the failures and achievements of the last century. Among the failures he instanced the spread of divorce, which is as repugnant to Jewish as to Christian morality. "What a contrast to the wrecked homes shown in the records of the divorce courts," he said, "is the family life of the Catholics and the Jews! To Catholic and Jewish women marriage is a sacrament to be lived, to endure, to exist perpetually." This agreement is easy to trace. The Jewish religion was once the true religion, but it stopped short of the development introduced by Christ. The Protestant sects never taught the truth, even in its undeveloped form.

Quite lately we had a sample of Jewish family life. We came across a young Jew, 29 years old, the trusted agent of a millionaire metallurgist in Paris. He had travelled all over Germany and many parts of Russia in the interests of his home. Time and again he had been offered more lucrative positions in England and the United States, for he is a remarkably able expert in metallurgy; but his mother, who has been writing to him twice a week for eleven years, and whose letters he answers twice every week in spite of all other engagements, invariably sets her face against his accepting any other position, and he, as a dutiful and loving son, as invariably endorses his mother's decision. And yet his Jewish love of riches has met with many most alluring temptations. This was his first visit to America, and he was greatly impressed with the immense wealth of the United States. "Had I known what possibilities of wealth there were in these United States," he said to us, "I should have been a millionaire by this time; but no, my mother would not leave Strasburg and I do not regret my obedience to her. The three months I spend with her each year are the happiest days of my life."

The learned Rabbi Hirsch spoke as follows on education:—

"The greatest failure of the nineteenth century has been the failure of education. The eighteenth century closed with a belief in the efficiency of education, and the best minds of the day seem to have had dreams of universal education and called it a panacea for the social ills. We have largely realized these dreams, and have also discovered that an education of the head alone has not kept the promises which the philosophers of the eighteenth century believed it would keep.

"Education has not decreased the criminal classes, but has made them more dangerous. Our public schools may give an idiot mind (?) but they do not give him character. They give him the power to do harm without the moral force and will to restrain him from using that power. In educating the head and not the heart and soul the public schools are failing at a crucial point."

This is what we have said over and over again. Perhaps, coming, as it does, from a leader in Israel, it may have with some people more penetrating force than a Catholic voice crying in the wilderness.

An amusing anecdote is told of the late Bishop of Emmaus. One day, as he was going by omnibus to Chelsea the conductor of the

'bus' was injured by a collision and had to be carried off to the hospital. Bishop Patterson immediately took charge of the vehicle for the rest of the journey, punching the tickets and collecting the pennies. To those who know what a stickler His Lordship was in matters of ceremonial, his assumption of this novel duty is quite a revelation of his resourcefulness.

The Tablet of December 6 records some incidents of Bishop Gaughran's tour through his vast South African diocese. As Bishop of Kimberley and Administrator of the Transvaal Prefecture, he is charged with the pastoral care of some of the older as well as the more recently acquired British territory, and his visit to Johannesburg showed how important a place the Catholic element takes in the population of the Golden City. The services at which he preached were attended by overflowing congregations, and an address of welcome, read by Mr. W. St. John Carr on behalf of his co-religionists, expressed a hope that his lordship's visit might be fruitful in promoting Catholic interests in the Colony. The opening of a new Catholic Club shortly after his departure is a symptom of the fulfilment of this augury, as it will afford a centre and rallying point for the Catholic inhabitants. On the Bishop's first visit to Beaconsfield in the Diamond Fields he received a cordial welcome, not only from the Catholic community, but from all sections of the population. A series of receptions at Kimberley terminated with a very largely attended one in the Town Hall, presided over by the Mayor of Kimberley, Councillor Foley. In his address he spoke of the zeal and energy of the clergy, of the great charitable work of the Sisters of Nazareth, and of the splendid educational work of the Christian Brothers, whose school was visited by the Oblate Bishop. His Lordship has pointed out in one of his letters that the absence of anti-Catholic prejudice in South Africa renders it one of the most promising fields for the diffusion of the Catholic faith.

The Saturday Review protests in this wise against the methods of contemporary non-Catholic hagiography:—"There is a class of persons at the present day composed chiefly of invertebrate rationalists and latitudinarian Christians, who are creating a new kind of cult (it is little better than a pose) for certain Saints. But as the dogmas of the Saints are extremely repugnant to this class of 'poseur,' and as the cruel mortification of the Saints shocks and outrages their sense of propriety, so they give fantastic pictures of the Saints to suit their own sensibilities, which are utterly removed from fact, as it has come down to us from the original and only sources. Only lately we called attention to a Professor Bertolini, an Italian, who, publicly reading the 'Cantico del Sole,' omitted the line which acknowledges St. Francis' belief in eternal punishment, and deliberately added to the Franciscan rule a clause breathing defiance of Papal interference."

La Verite of December 20th has a splendid article on the contrast between philanthropy and Christian charity. These reflections were suggested by the action of the National Council of Women proposing outdoor amusements for the children of the poor, the cost of these amusements to be defrayed not by the savings of private persons cutting off useless pleasures of their own, but by the municipal taxes which bear most heavily on the poor. Not a word of Christian charity

was breathed by the Catholic lady who advocated this heathen measure. Of course not; she had to please her fashionable audience, with whom the body was everything, the soul a myth.

Whatever may be Mr. Tarte's failings, we had always considered him a staunch Catholic and a friend of French Canadians; but when we read in a Montreal paper that he was present at the funeral of Principal McVicar we revised our previous good opinion. The late principal of the Presbyterian college died, as he had lived, just after attending a meeting of some French evangelization committee. His whole life was devoted to eradicating from French Canadians the priceless growth of the true faith. That his efforts resulted, on the whole, in a miserable failure, was not his fault. If, according to the official report of the Presbyterian body for 1900 (pp. 77-8), he did not succeed during forty years in perverting more than twelve hundred French Canadians by an annual outlay for each convert of more than thirty-four dollars; if most of the few French Canadians who attended his college did so purely and simply to acquire learning free of cost; if he eulogized, after death, the unspeakable Chiniquy; all this does not minimize the evil of his intentions. And to think that Mr. Tarte followed the hearse of this man who was a bitter enemy of the French race and worked the Presbyterian travesty of the gospel for all it was worth to him in loaves and fishes!

Clerical News

The Associated Press sends the following cablegram: "The Congregation of the Propaganda has decided to propose to the Pope the appointment of Bishop James E. Quigley, of Buffalo, N.Y., as archbishop of Chicago, in succession to the late Archbishop Feehan." The news is not official, but is regarded as correct by nearly all Chicago pastors. Bishop Quigley was born at Oshawa, Ont., Oct. 15, 1855, and is therefore 47 years of age. As Bishop of Buffalo since Dec. 14, 1896, he has endeared himself to all men in public and private life.

According to a recent census of the Chicago archdiocese, the Catholic population within its boundaries has increased 200,000 in the past year, being now one million as against 800,000 last year. Within the limits of the city of Chicago there are 153 churches. In 71 of these English is spoken, including one church for colored Catholics; in 34 German is spoken; in 10 Bohemian; in 8 Polish; in 6 Slavonian and Croatian; in 5 Italian; in 4 French; in one Dutch; in one Greek or Syrian. The largest parishes in the city are: English-speaking, Holy Family, 20,000; Polish, St. Stanislaus, 30,000; German, St. Michael's, 15,000. During the past year Bishop Maldoon confirmed 20,632 children.

Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, said to be the oldest parish priest in the State of New York, died lately while celebrating Mass.

Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, Iowa, in issuing an appeal to the clergy of his diocese for funds to pay for the recent improvements made in St. Ambrose college, improvements which cost \$25,000, announces that of this sum he has already contributed and paid \$10,000. The Right Rev. J. L. Patterson, titular Bishop of Emmaus, breathed his last on Dec. 1st, at St. Mary's, Chelsea, in the eighty-first year of his age. Born on Novem-

ber 16, 1822, in Wigmore street, London, James Laird Patterson in due course completed his academical course in Germany and at Oxford, and was Anglican curate of St. Thomas's, Oxford, from 1845 to 1849, at the time when Newman and the Tractarians with giant force were lifting the English establishment with all its massive inertia on to a higher plane. He was received in Jerusalem 48 years ago. Completing his studies in Rome, he is found next as a priest at Moorfields under Cardinal Wiseman. He was entrusted with several delicate missions to Rome by the same Cardinal, and during the Errington episode he was a firm supporter of the policy of Manning, who subsequently, when Cardinal Archbishop, made Dr. Patterson Rector of St. Edmund's. This position of responsibility he retained for ten years, when the Cardinal obtained for him the episcopal dignity. Shortly afterwards, with the title of Emmaus, the Bishop retired from St. Edmund's to the mission of St. Mary's, Chelsea, which for 22 years he continuously administered.

The Right Rev. Hugh McSherry, O.M.I., Bishop of Julianopolis and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope, is at present in England. He officiated lately at Hammermith, where he has two sisters nuns.

Rev. Father Chaput, S.J., went on Wednesday to St. Agathe to take the place of Rev. Father Bourret, ill at St. Boniface hospital.

Rev. Father Drummond preached in the Fargo cathedral last Sunday on the Church's attitude towards the Higher Criticism of the Bible. He was the guest of His Lordship Bishop Shanley till Tuesday morning, when he returned to St. Boniface.

ST. BONIFACE SEANCE.

College Students Play Comedies in Aid of Their Sports Fund.

A dramatic and musical entertainment was very successfully given in St. Boniface college Tuesday evening by the students of the college in aid of the organization for promotion of sports. The hall was crowded to the utmost, many citizens of Winnipeg as well as St. Boniface being present. The programme consisted of two comedies, the one in English and the other in French, with music by Mr. A. Be-tourney's orchestra, and a number of songs interspersed. The French play constituted the first part; the subject was "Grammar," by Labiche. The characters were: "Francois Caboussat," taken by A. Beaupre; "Portinas," president of an antiquarian society, by J. H. Tremblay; "Machut," a veterinary, by P. Tountant; "Jean," Caboussat's servant, by A. Lambert; and "Ernest," Caboussat's son, by Ed. Comeault. The old merchant, though successful in business, was very deficient in grammar and spelling, as was also the antiquarian's son, and the complications arising out of this fact give the name of the play. The title of the second comedy was "The Turned Head." The cast was as follows:—J. Arsenault took the part of "Mr. Fitzgibbons"; H. L. Cormier, that of "Ferdinand Fitzgibbons, Mr. Fitzgibbons' son"; J. B. Tremblay, of "Dr. Mulgent"; J. Walsh, "Dick, Dr. Mulgent's servant"; and H. Kelly and L. Russell, "Dampley" and "Spouthing," patients of Dr. Mulgent. Messrs. Walsh and Cormier took their parts, the stern father and his spendthrift son, very well, and Mr. Tremblay gave a first-class presentation of the part of the quack doctor who made a specialty of curing insane persons. By advice of "Dick," the son "Fer-

dinand," who is disowned by his father, feigns madness; hence the title "Turned Head." The song, "The Choir Boy's Vision," by M. Jelly, was rendered in good voice, and Mr. Lavallee sang effectively "O Canada."

The proceeds netted a handsome sum for the coffers of the sports council.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION AGAIN.

The "Ave Maria" says: "It would be no surprise to hear any day that the school question in Manitoba had again become practical politics. Catholics have felt ever since the temporary settlement about five years ago that they were tricked out of their rights, as indeed they were. These rights were guaranteed by a solemn form of treaty, and they had been affirmed by the judicial committee of the privy council of the Empire, but the Protestant majority in Manitoba steadily refused to recognize them, and the bitter controversy which ensued threatened the disruption of the Dominion. At last the Holy Father intervened through a special ablegate; and the Catholics compromised on a sort of Faribault arrangement, by which religious instruction was permitted after school hours. It is credibly rumored, however, that the Holy Father had some serious conversation on the subject with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his late visit to Rome; and it is believed that the new delegate, Monsignor Sbarretti, on Rome's initiative, will shortly take up the controversy again. 'No question is ever settled until it is settled right' and it is probable that the school question in Manitoba will be equitably and finally settled, though not without a notable struggle, at the next general election."

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, New York, and a resident of Newark, N.J., preached in the Belville Avenue Congregational Church in Newark recently on "The Roman Catholic Church in America." Dr. Ward quoted many statistics in support of his facts. In part he said:

"In the confession of faith of the Presbyterian Church the Pope of Rome is characterized as anti-Christ. This is a rudeness, an impertinence, and a universal falsehood, and at the last meeting of the Presbyterian Assembly it was voted to remove it. The Pope is a noble, sweet, Christian man, and there is no doubt he fully believes in his divine appointment and prays with earnestness that he may perform his duties.

The Roman Catholic Church in this country is very strong. Early in history, when Franklin was made Minister to Paris, the Nuncio of the Pope came to him and said that the Pope desired to appoint a Bishop. Franklin answered that it was no business of the Government. Out of 3,000,000 people who made up the population of the country then there were about 44,000 Catholics or about one-ninthteenth of the population. Now there are about 12,000,000, or nearly one-fifth of the country's inhabitants. There are seven or eight Catholic Universities, 12,459 priests, 16,000 churches and chapels, 81 theological seminaries, 163 colleges for boys, 629 girl's seminaries, 244 orphan asylums and 877 charitable institutions of other kinds. In the New York Diocese, which does not include Brooklyn, there are about 1,200,000 Catholics, which is the third largest population of any diocese in the world.

"The Catholics in this country are generous in their religious work and set a good example for others.

WILD RICE.

A Model French Canadian Parish in North Dakota.

Few Canadians are aware that there is, near Fargo, a thoroughly French Canadian parish, founded about thirty-five years ago, and now in a most flourishing condition.

The farmers around the church of St. Benedict, Wild Rice, are all French Canadians, and all of them come from the same district, that of Three Rivers. This probably accounts for the oneness of spirit that animates them. Among the eighty families that make up this model parish, not a few number as many as eighteen children. Besides the public schools, which are open during the five months of the summer and autumn, where the teachers and pupils are all Catholics, there are two exclusively Catholic schools, open generally during the winter, where the teachers are paid forty dollars a month by voluntary subscriptions. There is question of establishing in the parish a convent of teaching sisters, who would certainly find splendid work to do in Wild Rice; five thousand dollars have already been promised for the purpose.

Not one of those who attend Mass at St. Benedict's fails to make his Easter duty. On Sundays, before Mass, many well-dressed young men may be seen going through the stations of the cross, a devotion earnestly recommended by the Redemptorist Father Vermeiren, who preached a retreat here two years ago.

The Catholic Order of Foresters numbers sixty members, who are very faithful to their duties. The "Dames de St. Anne," founded on the Feast of St. Anne, July 26, 1902, by Father Vermeiren, number 75 members. These societies have contributed generously to the adornment of the parish church. In particular this year the Christmas crib, at which the Mayor, Pierre Legare, and others worked during three days, is a very tasty affair.

Although the Church edifice is one of the best Canadian Churches in the diocese of Fargo, the ambitious parishioners contemplate a new building, the construction of which, however, will probably be put off for four or five years.

The soil of Wild Rice is extremely fertile. The result is that the poorest farmer in the parish is worth at least ten thousand dollars. Land sells at about \$45 an acre.

This parish was founded by the late Father Genin. Among the many priests that succeeded him were: Father F. A. Bernier and Father E. Sevigny. Father C. A. R. Fournier, formerly of Oak Lake, Man., was requested by Bishop Shanley to take charge of this parish and did so during Easter week of this year. He found the priest's house a spacious, two-story residence, with twelve large rooms. As Wild Rice Church is three miles from the station of that name, on the Chicago, St. Paul & Milwaukee railway, Father Fournier had to buy a horse and the animal he chose was a very fine bay horse, costing two hundred dollars, rising six. On Christmas morning, this valuable horse, the finest in the parish, was accidentally killed. The parishioners immediately, of their own accord, promised to make good the loss and to present their popular pastor with a steed as spirited as the lost one.

One curious feature of this parish is that, although the parishioners have kept up all the good old Canadian customs, they are thoroughly loyal citizens of the United States, taking great interest in municipal and political affairs. French is the language of the Church, all sermons and announcements being in that language, and yet every man, woman and child speaks English fluently.

Rev. Father Fournier, whose illness was mentioned some time ago in this paper, is now, we are happy to say, completely restored to health, though a little thinner than he used to be.

As Father Drummond and he are united in the ties of a friendship dating from the time when Father Fournier was a professor in St. Boniface College, the latter invited the former to come and preach in French on Christmas Day. Starting on Tuesday, the 23rd, Father

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Drummond reached Fargo at midnight. Putting up at the Waldorf hotel, which may perhaps be equalled some day, but certainly is not yet, in Winnipeg, he left by the 7 a.m. train, which, however, did not pull out till 8.20 owing to the blizzard then raging. Good Catholics at Wild Rice Station tried to dissuade him from braving the storm; he might get lost on the prairie; you could not see anything ten yards off in the blinding whirlwinds of snow; but he wanted to say Mass on Christmas eve, and he found a doughty Scandinavian who piloted him safely, with one upset into a soft snow drift, to Father Fournier's hospitable home. Midnight Mass is not allowed in this diocese. At High Mass, which Father Fournier sang at 10.30, the music was of the grand old Canadian stamp, "la messe du second ton harmonisee," with local orchestra. Father Drummond preached on "the tidings of great joy," exhorting his hearers, who have been so blessed with this world's goods, to sit loose from them and seek the joy that is eternal. In the evening at Vespers, which he sang, he preached from Acts, 7: 22, "Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was mighty in his words and in his deeds." There was an evident correlation in the sacred text between the learning and the power of Moses. Education is a great lever in our day. Parents should not be content with a mere public school or elementary training. If they have clever children, they should give them the inestimable advantage of higher education under the guidance of the Church. This they would find in St. Boniface College, where the staff of professors is equal to any in Canada or in the United States. Learning combined with virtue and the true faith yields an irresistible power. No doubt learning without virtue—the usual product of godless education—was chiefly a curse, but with the combination of the two makes the perfect man, the man of influence in municipal, political and commercial circles.

Two former students of St. Boniface college, Alfred Richard and Joseph Prenovost, called on Father Drummond. They are both engaged in agricultural pursuits. The memory of Saint-Arnaud and Joseph Lajoie, both distinguished students of St. Boniface College, is still green in Wild Rice. The old friends of the latter are glad to see that his merit has been recognized by his admission into the Society of Jesus.

"GOD BLESS OUR DAD."

We happened into a house the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend, worked in red, "What is Home without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief desire, "God bless our Home."

Now, what is the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils the egg, wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots, while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, milkman and baker and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up. If Johnny needs a pair of new shoes, dad goes down in his hip and comes up with the price of a hard day's sweat. If Mary needs a new ribbon for her hair, or mother yearns for a wrapper and baby yowls for a rattle, down goes dad again and up comes

the chink. But if he buys a new pipe for a quarter, because the old one is getting strong, he is warned that smoking is an expensive habit, and that men have smoked up blocks and farms and happy homes.

When a show strikes town, dad comes with the price and ma goes out with a neighbor, and Mary sparks her beau in the parlor, dad's clothes are none too good, and grime will stick so he sits in the kitchen with the kids.

If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, yes, she does; but dad bought the socks in the first place, and the needles and the yarn afterwards. Mother does up the fruit, well, dad bought it all—and jars and sugar cost like the mischief. Dad buys the chicken for the Sunday dinner, and carves it himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but what is a home without a father. Ten to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab, and the landlady is the widow.

Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em, but you're all right, and we'll miss you when you're gone.—Davenport News.

COLORED PRIEST'S EXPERIENCE.

Father J. H. Dorsey, one of the only two colored priests in the whole United States, in a recent sermon at New Orleans, spoke a few words about his own experience:—

"I am a priest of the Holy Roman Catholic Church," said he, "and there is only one other priest of my race in the whole United States. This is not a question of social equality with me, but simply of being recognized as a priest of the grand, noble and enlightened Roman Church. In all my travels I have met with ovations. In Boston, Philadelphia and New York I was received by the colored people and by men of prominence of the white race, and was warmly congratulated. The white people vied with the colored people to do me honor. In Washington a leading Catholic put his private team at my disposal. In Boston I said High Mass in the Boston cathedral before a congregation three-fourths composed of white people, and at the conclusion of the Mass they pressed forward to ask my blessing. Just think of it, my Christian friends. The white ladies of Boston kneeling before a colored priest. Of course they did not recognize me as a man, but were reverencing the priestly character I bore; and this shows the respect to which the priesthood is entitled."

CLOSING OF JUBILEE YEAR.

Pope Leo XIII. had not been in better health for years, and within the last week he has personally sanctioned the arrangements for closing function of the Jubilee year on March 3, 1903. The occasion is to be marked with extraordinary solemnity. When the Papal procession enters St. Peter's the Holy Father will be surrounded by some forty cardinals. All the members of the Sacred College residing in Italy, Cardinal Kopp, of Germany, and Cardinal Coullie, of France, have expressed their intention to be present, and the number may also be swelled by the presence of other princes of the Church.

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MANITOBA

CROP OF 1902:

| | BUSHELS |
|--|------------|
| Wheat | 53,077,267 |
| Oats | 34,478,160 |
| Barley | 11,848,422 |
| Flax | 564,440 |
| Rye | 49,900 |
| Peas | 34,154 |
| Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343 | |

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Young Woman's Corner

SONG.

Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?
The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home.
And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?
My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone.
Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more.
To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead.
The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass-green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set 'mid clouds and vapors dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he pressed that night.

—Henry Nule.

Below is an extract from a letter addressed to the Editor Woman's Physical Development and published in that magazine:—

"One of the greatest curses, especially to women, is the modern fashion.

"Some are so narrow-minded as to think they must be as near as possible like what they see on a fashion sheet! Such a class we can scarcely hope to reform; we can only appeal for a better condition of things.

"We can only hope for redemption through the sensible few and their posterity.

"Mothers wake up and help to bring about the great change which is so much needed.

"Our bodies, next to our souls, should be kept pure and beautiful. Let us do all in our power to aid in this good work."

A Happy New Year to the readers of the Young Women's Corner. It is easy to wish happiness for our friends, but not so easy to insure the fulfilment of our desire. The writer would have you understand that her greeting is not mere words. Her heart is in it. For happiness to come it is necessary that the individual co-operate with the circumstances and inspirations that tend to that result.

Many will make resolutions for reformation in the New Year and in so doing contract to make more pavement for the infernal regions, for you know it was a wise man who said that "Hell is paved with good intentions." Instead of making those torturing resolutions, let us just make up our minds to be happy. The good are the happy is not a truism, but a truth, and to invert the sentence: The happy are the good, so for once let us never mind the resolutions, but just be happy. To be naturally spontaneously happy is not opposed to goodness, so let us put off shams and superficialities and be happy.

AMICA.

Chats with Young Men

Now that the tide of Christmas joys has reached its flood and has spent its overwhelming force in converting the hearts of men into vessels of peace and good will; now that the old year has rolled into the great Past like the sun sinking beneath its western glories, it behooves each of us to rise above his propensity to regret the departure of the recent joyous season that he may steel his soul with resolutions for another year. This is the time for resolutions. The end of a year perforce throws us in reflection back over the events that marked our progress for twelve months. Whether we are aimless or ambitious we are bound to see whether we have advanced or not and, as we count our lives by years, so each year should stand out as a landmark in the few score that tell our history from the cradle to the grave. For young men this is peculiarly the case. They may not yet be settled in their life work. It is more likely that they are mounting the stepping-stones to greater things. We cannot judge progress well in a week or a month, for in that period, time enough does not elapse to bring out what is new within us or test the worth we have already manifested. Nor have we had time to deserve promotion in the eyes of others. But a year is a well-rounded term in which we have reason to look for a substantial betterment of our positions in life. Hence now that a new year has dawned it is worthy of every young man's consideration, after a careful review of his successes and failures during the past year, to adopt resolutions which will insure a maximum of successes and a minimum of failures for the year to come.

The purpose of these chats has always been to suggest means within the reach of every reader, by which he may secure this end. That purpose will actuate them still. It is not our intention to change the even tenor of our thoughts by drafting a new code of rules to guide us. We have held and repeated many times, that progress is not made by taking resolutions, but rather by incorporating each day and each week some suggestion gleaned from reading or experience. That continues to be our aim. Accordingly, we shall set about our progress-making for this year, by determining to assimilate each day some thought that appeals to us as being for our advancement. We shall give it a place in our hearts, our words and our actions. We shall endeavor also, by the same slow means, to crowd out some little failing. We shall not be disappointed either, when some weeks of the new year have been spent, to find that our efforts to improve have not been attended with phenomenal results. We may count ourselves highly successful, if at the end of each succeeding month, we still hold to our resolutions to advance by degrees. In other words, we depend on perseverance to gain our ends.

There is little more that I would insert in my New Year's number. You see already that there is nothing new in it. It sets forth merely with especial emphasis a truth that underlies all the chats, that success is achieved by mastering the difficulties that stand in its way. But the time seems opportune for impressing this truth upon young men. A new year is beginning, which will be unlike, in many respects, any other year in their past lives. It remains for them to lay the impress of their will upon the vicissitudes on which they will reflect in another year. It is not for them to drift along, waiting hopefully for what time may have in store. They must be the authors of their own fates. Yet, as sympathy of friends supports well our efforts to succeed, it is quite in place that I wish each of my readers every success for the year to come. It is with more pleasure though, that for this particular week, I sink thoughts of the struggles for the coming twelve months in wishing you a very happy New Year.

FINEM RESPICERE.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

The spiritual side of Christmas has always applied more to the Irish imagination than the social side. If there is any half-heartedness in the nature of the latter celebrations there is not in the former. The intensely religious bent of the Irish character, is at no time more strikingly in evidence than at Christmas. In the cities the churches are thronged with crowds of devout worshippers from six o'clock in the morning, when first Mass is celebrated, and numbers make a point of attending 3 Masses and taking part in other devotional exercises. Of late years Midnight Mass has not been celebrated often in public churches, but only in convent chapels; however, whenever permission is accorded to the public to attend midnight Mass in any of the city churches the permission is availed of by as many as the sacred edifices can hold. When the Lord Mayor of Dublin is a Catholic, which is usually the case, he and the other Catholic members of the corporation attend, in their robes of state, the celebration of High Mass in the pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street; the archbishop is likewise present during these ceremonies.

Dublin has deservedly acquired the name of being the most charitable city in the world, and its claim to this title is never better exemplified than on Christmas day; when in every institution founded for the relief of the poor and suffering, especial efforts are made to alleviate the hard lot of the inmates. Hospitals and poorhouse wards, are made gay, for the time being with decorations and tempting fare is provided for the patients. The staff, aided by kindly visitors, provide entertainments in the form of concerts, dramatic performances etc., for the amusement of those who have been obliged by poverty or illness to throw themselves on the charity of the public. Everything is done which kindly thought and Christian charity can devise to make the most afflicted realize that the season is indeed one when "Peace on earth" and "Good Will to Men" prevail. Yet the staffs of these charitable institutions declare that every inmate who possesses the poorest of the poor homes and who has the strength to go there, makes an effort to leave the hospital ward before Christmas, in order to go home, for after all, "there is no place like home."

In remote country parts the same facilities for holding religious ceremonies are not, of course, available, but the laith of the people is not the less intense, though the incentives to devotion are scantier. For many a weary mile over rocky mountain and wet bogland, old and young will tramp to Mass and wait patiently often in damp and scanty clothes, the coming of the priest. Many of these country churches raised by the pence of the poor after the long night of the penal times are wretched buildings, a woeful contrast to the beautiful ruins of our old time churches, now crumbling fast. Unpicturesque, bare, draughty and comfortless, as too many of our modern Irish churches are, they hold unquestionably the most reverent and deeply devout congregations in the world, as foreign visitors, both clerical and lay, often remark. The Holy Child in the crib is never left alone, for many an Irish mother brings her child there to pray, and still through the ages, ascend to heaven from Ireland, the voices of little children, those same voices which St. Patrick heard crying to him in the long ages, calling him to return to Ireland to preach the coming of Christ.—Exchange.

Every manner of living, each of our actions, has a particular end in view, and all these ends have a general aim, happiness. It is not in the end, but in the choice of the means we deceive ourselves.—Aristotle.

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SATURDAY, JAN 3, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

January.

- 4, Sunday—Octave of Holy Innocents.
- 5, Monday—Vigil.
- 6, Tuesday—The Epiphany, Feast of Obligation.
- 7, Wednesday—Of the Octave.
- 8, Thursday—Of the Octave.
- 9, Friday—Of the Octave.
- 10, Saturday—Of the Octave.

A MINIMUM CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

Under this heading the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee gave a list of eighteen books which ought to be in every Catholic family that can afford to spend twenty or thirty dollars for that most necessary purpose. In four instances we have changed the books recommended for others that are more suitable to our people. Instead of the \$1.50 Bible, published by John Murphy Co., of Baltimore, we would prefer the purchase of Haydock's Bible with copious notes on every page. Unfortunately this work is very expensive, it cannot be bought for less than six dollars from P. J. Kennedy, Barclay street, New York. We wish some enterprising publisher would print a cheap edition of it, without all the pictures and other adjuncts, but with all the notes. In lieu of a history of the Catholic Church in the United States we recommend a Catholic history of Canada. Again, we substitute, for Dr. Zahn's Bible, Science & Faith, which is somewhat above the reach of ordinary minds, the same author's pamphlet, "What the Church has done for science" together with "The Proof of Miracles," by Henry F. Brownson. Here is the list thus amended.

- The Bible. Cloth. (John Murphy Co., Pub., Baltimore)1.50
- Life of Christ. Rev. Walter Elliot, (Catholic Book exchange, Pub. N. Y.)1.00
- The Imitation of Christ. (Benziger Bros.) 50c.
- Short Lives of the Saints. (Marlier Co.) 2 vols. 1.00
- Correct Thing for Catholics. Bugg. (Benziger Bros., N. Y.) 75c.
- Handbook of the Christian Religion. Rev. Wilmers, S.J. (Benziger Bros., Pub., N.Y.)1.50
- Faith of Our Fathers. (John Murphy Co., Pub., Baltimore) 1.00
- Catholic Belief. Rev. Faa di Bruno, D.D. (Benziger Bros., Pub., N.Y.) 50c.
- The Catholic Dictionary. Addis and Arnold (Benziger Bros., Pub. Benziger Bros., N.Y.) 5.00
- A history of the Catholic Church. By Dr. H. Brueck. 2 vols. (Benziger Bros., N.Y.) 3.00
- History of Canada. By the Christian Brothers, Montreal...50c.
- A History of Ireland. Dr. P. W. Joyce. (Longman's Green & Co., N.Y.).....1.25
- History of England, by the author of "Christian Schools and Christian Scholars." Burns & Oates, London (Eng.)2.00
- Mooted Questions of History. Desmond. (Matlier Co., Boston) 75c
- What the Church has done for Science. By Very Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahn, C.S.C. The Ave Maria, No-

tre Dame, Ind.10c.
The proof of Miracles. By Henry F. Brownson, L.L.D. The Ave Maria.5c.
Chapters in Bible Study. Rev. H. J. Heuser. (Cathedral Library, N.Y.)1.00
Socialism and Labor and other Arguments. Bishop Spalding. McClurg, Chicago) 1.00
Life of Leo XIII. Justin McCarthy. (N.Y. Frederick Warne, Publisher) 1.50

We have also preferred Augusta Theodosia Drane's History of England to Burke's Lingard, which is a mere compendium and has not the charm of the other's style.

In the above list, after the Bible and the Imitation the most valuable work is the Catholic Dictionary. No one who has ever consulted this monument of learning could afford to do without it.

THE NON-CONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.

Much has been said lately about the "Non-Conformist" Conscience in connection with the English Education Bill. What a myth this phrase represents may be gathered from the following strictures of Blackwood's Magazine. The Dr. Clifford herein mentioned is the celebrated Baptist preacher who visited Winnipeg some years ago, and whom Mr. W. T. Stead lauds extravagantly in the November Review of Reviews.

"The German Emperor and the Boers have not shown themselves eager partisans of the truth. But compared with Dr. Clifford and his friends they are scrupulously in human shape. In other words, the Nonconformist Conscience is as flexible as indiarubber. You can pull it any way you like, and you will find it always stretches away from truth or honesty. Now, the Nonconformist ought before all things to be honorable and single-minded. His whole existence is a protest against the shortcomings of others. He is ready to die, so he has told you, any time the last three hundred years, for freedom of opinion, and we should be the last to complain of his magnanimity. But the worst of him is that agitation hurls him to a forgetfulness of all his cherished principles. No sooner does he stump the country than he puts freedom of opinion out of his mind, especially the freedom of opinion which is claimed by others. He bullies and he hectors in the sacred name of Conscience, and he is so deeply intent upon worsting his opponent that he misrepresents facts and confuses theories. The hysteria of the Nonconformists is not interesting. What is far more curious is their love of untruth. Mr. Balfour did not exaggerate one jot when he declared at Manchester that "never in a prolonged political experience had he known the art of misrepresentation carried to such cynical lengths." The Nonconformists are not only lawless, they're manifestly insincere. They know perfectly well that the Bill does not increase the influence of the clergy. They can easily discover, if they choose, that the Bill does not enforce denominational teaching. But agitation is in their blood, and they make upon the platform precisely those misrepresentations which they believe are effective. But we would not involve all Nonconformists in the charge to which Dr. Clifford must plead guilty. Many there are who have supported or opposed the Bill honorably upon its merits. For there are Nonconformists of several kinds, and happily they are not all afflicted with a Nonconformist conscience.

WINNIPEG AND ST. BONIFACE CITIZENS REMEMBER THE GIRL ORPHANS.

Free Press, Dec. 30.

The Ladies' Patronesses of the St. Boniface Girls' Orphanage presented to the pupils last Sunday afternoon a splendid Christmas tree laden with hundreds of articles collected in Winnipeg and St. Boniface. His Grace Archbishop Langevin presided, assisted by Vicar-General Dugas and other members of his clergy. A splendid musical programme was given by Mr. Be-

tourney's orchestra, and by the little orphans, to the number of seventy-five. A goodly sum of money was also presented to the Sister Superior by Mrs. J. E. Cyr, president of the Ladies' Patronesses, in very appropriate terms. Mrs. Cyr in her remarks said that the relations between the little ones and the noble sisters who acted as substitutes to the mothers who had departed this life, were too intimate to separate the one from the other. This offering was the fruit of the true Christian charity, which thrives so beautifully in Winnipeg and St. Boniface. After the performance was over His Grace the Archbishop thanked everyone for their noble work and said that charity in this case was the golden link which had bound together the two sides of the river.

The Free Press reporter came away impressed with the demonstration, and was asked by the Ladies' Patronesses to offer through the Free Press their most sincere thanks to all those who have contributed so generously to this good work. Following is the list of those who have contributed:

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AN EARLY DAY ATTACK ON THE CONVENTS.

H. J. Desmond in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

It is probable that the English "No-Popery" agitation (1815-29) which antagonized the movements for Catholic emancipation in Ireland and England, had some influence in alarming the more sectarian portion of the American public. The opposition to Catholic emancipation in England necessarily reverted to the position of Elizabeth's and Cromwell's time—that the Catholic religion was no entitled to toleration—that it was

a political danger—that it inculcated a divided allegiance, etc. This argument was adopted in America. The pulpit alarmist could point to new object lessons, up to this time unfamiliar to the American population; bishops (there were only ten American Catholic bishops in 1833), cathedrals (rather unpretentious affairs), sisterhoods in a peculiar garb and convents or nunneries.

A consciousness of this change in public feeling is shown in some passages which occur in the pastoral issued in 1833 by the Catholic bishops on the occasion of their second provincial council. They refer to the calumnies current in the press. "We notice with regret," they say, "a spirit exhibited by some of the conductors of the press engaged in the interest of those brethren separated from our communion, which has, within a few years, been more unkind and unjust in our regard. Not only do they assail us and our institutions in a style of vituperation and offence. * * but they have even denounced you as enemies of the republic, etc."

The first outbreak of nativism occurred in 1834—the burning of the Ursuline convent at Charlestown, near Boston. In 1833, one Rebecca Reed had left this institution and told such tales of harsh treatment that when, in the following year Miss Harrison (Sister Mary John), left the same convent in a dazed and hysterical condition, the public became excited. She suffered from nervous prostration caused by overwork in preparing her pupils for an exhibition. Her brother induced her to return to the convent, where she was placed under a physician's care. On August 9, 1834, a mob composed of the lower element of Boston's population, surrounded the convent, and, although Miss Harrison came forth and assured them that she was not detained against her will, they ransacked and burned the building. The better class of Boston citizens held an indignation meeting in Faneuil hall, at which the mayor presided, and the outrage was denounced. The perpetrators were put on trial, but weakly prosecuted and consequently acquitted. The sisters never obtained compensation for their loss of property, although a committee of the Legislature subsequently recommended this act of public justice.

In 1836 a book was published which has been termed "The Uncl Tom's Cabin of Know Nothingism." Maria Monk, a girl of evil character, had been placed by her mother in a Magdalen asylum at Montreal, under the charge of a former paramour, she escaped and fell into the company of one Rev. J. J. Slocum, who, with others, concocted a sensational and obscene narrative of her experience in the assumed capacity of a nun. This book was brought out with Howe & Bates as nominal publishers—these men being employees of Harper Brothers (which publishing firm, it is said, really stood behind the enterprise, but was reluctant to assume direct responsibility). Maria Monk's "disclosures" had an immense sale, exceeding that of any American book up to that time published. Ministers recommended it and churches feted its author. She was taken into the bosom of Christian homes, where, after a time, her depravity was perceived. It is to be regretted that one so useful to evangelicalism should have been allowed to sink in the social scale so that she afterwards died in a public institution. The parties to this literary enterprise began litigation among themselves for the profits. A party of Protestant clergymen visited Montreal to verify the "awful disclosures" and pronounced them a fabrication. Colonel W. L. Stone, editor of The New York Commercial Advertiser, also made a thorough investigation, visiting the Hotel Dieu at Montreal from cellar to garret. "The result," he wrote, "is the most thorough conviction that Maria Monk is an arrant impostor, that she never was a nun, etc."

These two early eruptions of anti-Catholicism are particularly dwelt upon because they are prototypes of its campaign tactics in the following years. Edward Wilson, in 1845, Gavazzi and the "Angel Ga-

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briel" in 1853-5, and a score of others followed in the line of Maria Monk; and what Professor John B. McMaster calls the "riotous career of Know-Nothings," was a repetition of the convent burning of 1834. The ex-priest, the escaped nun and the incendiary led the way as the logical exponents of a cause, which nevertheless numbered among its followers some respectable elements.

* There had been previous books of the same character appealing to erotic bigotry. We may mention "Rosamond; Her Life With the Priests." Born in Lebanon, N. H. New York, 1836. 290 pp.

A MEDIEVAL PLAY PRODUCED IN NEW YORK.

"Everyman," one of the old "morality plays," has been revived and is now played in New York city. This play was first printed in English in 1500 and is generally looked upon as a translation from the Dutch of Peter Dorian, a priest who lived in Diest in the latter half of the fifteenth century. It is a rare and unique play and its production is an experiment. It is a morality play and distinctly Catholic—a good picture of the play of the Catholic days of the middle ages. It was first put on in London by Mr. Ben Greet, an English manager, who organized the Elizabethan Stage society in that city. Mr. J. I. Clarke, thus describes the play in Mosher's Magazine.

Story of the Play.

There is a little wonder in the modern mind at the simple setting, which might be taken as the portico of some old church. Yet, in truth, a very fit setting it would have been when, as was the case generally in England, the portico may have had as an extension the churchyard and its generations of Everyman gone on the last "pygrymage." There is no curtain, and the actors, apparently, are to come and go in full sight of the audience.

At the opening of the play two monks come out and take their places at either side of the stage, sitting silently with bowed heads. Deth comes in response to the command of the Lord, who sends him to summon Everyman for "a rekenyng." Presently Everyman comes along, gaily singing a merry song. He is perplexed and indignant at Deth's message. Finding that Deth is in earnest, Everyman protests at his coming, saying he had him "leest in mynde" and that he is "full unredy such a rekenyng to gyve." Everyman, accordingly, tries to bribe Deth to "dyfere this matter tyll another daye." But Deth answers:

"Everyman it may not be by no way.
I set not by golde, sylver, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kyng, duke en prynces,
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
All th' world I myght gete;
But my custom is clene contrary,
I gyve the no respyte, come hens and not tary."

Everyman still protests, but Deth advises him not to "crye and wepe," but to get ready to prove his friends, if any there be, who will go on this journey with him. Everyman appeals first to Fellowship, who is indeed ready for a feast or a fight, but not a foot can he go on this journey. Then in turn Everyman implores his Kynrede and his Cosin in vain to go with him, and he complains that: "They lacked no layre spekyng, But all forsake me in endyng. Then went I to my Goodes, that I loved best
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least
For my Goodes sharply did me tell That he bringeth many into hell."
Morals in Names.

In despair at this rebuff from the gaudily dressed, cackling old man with his hoarded money and treasures, who represents Goodes, or as we would say, Riches or Property, Everyman bethinks himself of his Good-Dedes, very hesitatingly, however, for "she is so weke, that she can neither go nor speke."

When he finds Good-Dedes, she is lying on the ground unable to walk because she says "his synnes leaves

me sore bound that I can nat stere." She tells him to look at his "boke of rekenyng." Not being able to help him for weakness, she counsels him and tells him that she has a sister called Knolege "which shall help him make that dredefell rekenyng."

Knolege instructs Everyman. He goes to confession, and she offers him the garment of penance and a discipline. He cannot bring himself to accept them, though he struggles with his feelings. As soon, however, as he once puts forth his hand willingly for them, Good-Dedes, recovered, comes and takes the discipline out of his hand, thus showing the teaching of the Church, which puts the change of spirit, the perfect act of charity, above any merely bodily penance.

Everyman having made his peace with God, Good-Dedes tells him of three persons "of great myght" whom he must lead with him. They are Dyscretion, Strengthe, and Beaute. Knolege then tells him that he must have also Fyve-Wyttes for counsellors ready at all hours. How shall he find them. If he should call, they will hear him at once. Here is the idea, that once a man has made his peace with God, his natural senses and talents come back to him and serve him "ready at all hours" to do his sane and lawful will.

The Finale.

Everyman arranges his worldly affairs and gives of his Goodes to charity. Fortified by the sacraments, he arrives at his grave. Dyscretion, Strengthe, Beaute and Fyve-Wyttes go with him to the grave, and then, symbolically, they leave him, Beaute being first in the order of going, then Strengthe then Dyscretion, then Fyve-Wyttes. Even Knolege can go but to his grave. The only one who follow Angell's call is Good-Dedes. Slowly Everyman sinks down, and the monks who have stood guard cover up the grave. It is over, even as it must be for every one of us some time!

For nearly two hours the audience has been breathless, without move or a break of applause. The feeling to applaud is not felt any more than it would be at a sermon. The faces all about are the faces of theatre-goers. Most of these people likely have seen the plays of the day, with their exquisiteness of background and characterization yet they are held by the simple work of a mediaeval mystic play recited in high chanting voices, and with approximate realism. It is convincing, lasting! Why? Some times the purpose of one thing is best understood by contrast with another.

A Modern Instance.

Not far from the scene of "Everyman," another play is being produced. It, too, deals with the problem of life. A talented woman moans and gasps and goes hysterically through, or rather past, the possibilities of renunciation and penance, and ends it all in an overdose of her heart medicine taken in a wine glass at a luncheon party. She tears emotion to tatters so hard that occasionally she really faints, and her audience has to forego the evening's performance. There is regret in this play for the consequences of the evil that has been, but alas! regret for the consequences of sin is not repentance. There is neither restitution nor peace of mind in this regret, mixed up as it is with a ridiculous "honor." Some one must die when the game is no longer worth while and there is a morbid heroism, a sort of pagan courage in the woman's own readiness to give up the joy of living, for the sake of the guilty man, and more remotely for her children. The God, if there be one, pursues human things, with vindictive persistence, to their undoing, instead of leading them back to peace of mind and the "sweetness of life," if not to the forfeited chance of human happiness. When this play is all over, in spite of its carefully studied setting, its vivid pictures of phases of things and people, there is a hard, morbid, depressed feeling which finds relief only in the final inconvenience of it all. Such may be life, and is life supposing the underlying discipline of religion and self-sacrifice, and the guidance of spiritual training removed from it.

In the repulsive result there may still be a lesson to him who has eyes to see it that way. But it is a lesson such as one would learn in contemplating the horrors of a morgue, rather than the beneficent activities of a saintly life. In the one play life is not worth while unless you get everything you want here, no matter who suffers; failing this, die. In the other play, life's worth is outside of the things of this world, and is precious as it rises above them.

HELPING IRELAND INDUSTRIALLY.

The Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, F.R.S., of Dublin, spoke on Thursday evening of last week under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club, in Faneuil Hall, this city, on "Self-help and State Aid in Irish Industry." Mr. Plunkett is not a Home Ruler, but is a believer in the betterment of Ireland's industrial condition. He holds that, under present circumstances, however darkly they may be painted by the Irish Nationalists or others, it is possible for the Irish people very greatly to improve their lot. He does not discuss the political causes that may have led to Ireland's present condition, but he does insist that this condition is not irremediable, and that it can, indeed, be remedied and bettered without any revolutionary political changes. However Mr. Plunkett may differ with other Irishmen of prominence whom we usually hear discussing Irish wrongs in America, his views are worthy of note. His opinion as regards the political aspect of Irish affairs is well shown in the following sentences from his speech: "To those who say that either the concession of Home Rule, or the concession of agitation for Home Rule, would insure progress and prosperity, we reply that we cannot wait for either consummation, as, if something is not done, and done quickly, to enable our people to live and thrive at home, the Irish question will be settled by the disappearance of the Irish people from their own land."

Mr. Plunkett told his hearers of the Irish Agricultural Organization which is doing good work in the old country. "On the committee of this society," he said, "you will find leading politicians on both sides, landlords and tenants, business men, clergymen, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. The staff of the society consists largely of organizers." The object of the society is to bring the farmers together in a business-like combination for mutual help. Its work in this has been very successful. As one of the results of this organization, Mr. Plunkett mentioned the Parliamentary Act of 1899, which created a department whose full title is "The department of Agriculture and Other Industries, and Technical Instruction for Ireland." This department "provides and widely disseminates useful information for those engaged both in Agriculture and industries; it teaches in existing schools and in new institutions of its own the science and arts underlying agriculture and industry; embraces in its work of development sea and inland fisheries, and is in a position to do for the people all that the state may legitimately undertake without interference with private enterprise or the infraction of economic laws. Indeed, the success of the prospect has been somewhat embarrassing, as we cannot now begin to supply the demand for new educational facilities of a practical kind which are coming to us from every province, every county, and, I may say, almost every parish in Ireland."

Among the forces at work for the betterment of Ireland, without regard to political measures, Mr. Plunkett mentioned the Gaelic Revival, which he described as "a movement which, believing that the restoration of the Irish language is necessary to its success, is creating an enthusiasm in Ireland which I, who am absorbed in economic work, can testify is of immense value in the elevating effect it is producing upon the character of the people. By brightening the intellectual and social life of his countrymen, they were making them more anxious to remain and work at home."

THE INCARNATION.

Archbishop Langevin Explains the True Doctrine.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface visited St. Mary's church last Sunday evening and took part in the services. The congregation was large and the singing was excellent. His Grace preached a sermon on the "Incarnation," taking as his text the words, "And this shall be a sign unto you, you will find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." This, he said, is a short announcement of the great mystery of Christmas, the festivity of the incarnation of the Word of God. The infant is found by simple worshippers, by shepherds, who hear the angels of God telling them what would be the signs by which they would recognize the newly born King, the Saviour of Israel, and that infant is God. The mystery of the incarnation is such an important one that there is no article of faith that has been attacked more early, more constantly and more fiercely. What is this mystery? It is the union of the Divine and the human nature in one person. His Grace outlined the various teachings contrary to this, particularly that of the Nestorians, which he said is still held, that there are two persons in Christ, and that the Virgin Mary was the mother of the human person and should be called the mother of Christ, not mother of God. He gave an instance in which the latter teaching had been advanced here by a gentleman who had suggested the use in a text book of the term "mother of Christ," instead of "mother of God." The Catholics refuse to accept this, on the ground that there is but one person in Christ, though there are two natures, that the Blessed Virgin is the mother of the person and consequently should be called the mother of God. But why did the Blessed Lord come to us in this way? It is the mystery of love. He became man to lift up mankind to the divinity of God. Christmas is the mystery of Christ. We are to draw many lessons from it that will benefit our souls.

LESS SPACE.

At 8 p.m., while Pa and Ma Helped entertain, with Sis, Both John and May in distant seats Were far apart, like this.

At 9 p.m., as Pa withdrew And sought his room upstairs, The lovers found some photographs And nearer brought their chairs.

At 10 p.m. Mamma decamped— And then, ye gods! What bliss! Those lovers sat till nearly one Aboutascloseasthis.

—Puck.

HE PUT THE AD IN IN APRIL.

Summer Boarder—Your advertisement stated that you didn't have any mosquitoes here. Why, man, it's full of 'em.

Hiram Hayric—Wal, we didn't have any when I put that there advertisement in ther paper.—Baltimore World.

BARRED.

He called her "a poem" and "divine,"
So fair she seemed and sweet;
He loved to scan each perfect line
And raved about her feet.
To meet her was his only joy,
Alas! his hopes were slim,
For soon he found to his annoy
She was averse to him.

—N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge of ours is without some darkness.—Thos. a' Kempis.

Yet learning is not to be blamed, nor the mere knowledge of anything whatsoever, for that is good in itself, and ordained of God; but a good conscience and virtuous life are always to be preferred before it.—Thos. a' Kempis.

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Mr. Morris' Hat.

(Continued from last week).

It was exactly a quarter to three when Gladys' father was again brought forcibly before my mind.

Wilberforce, the second cashier, then came to me with a letter bearing the business stamp of Morris Limited. It was addressed to me, in Mr. Morris' handwriting, and was as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Hartley: Pray oblige me by cashing the inclosed check for £10,000 (ten thousand) in £100 notes, and sealing the parcel for bearer. Yours faithfully,

"Abiathar Morris."

I feel rather ashamed to confess that my first impulse on reading this common-place epistle was one of joy. The little affair of the hat and my part in it were obviously not disclosed to him. But the very necessary instinct of professional caution then rose uppermost.

"Who brought this?" I asked.

"One of Mr. Morris' lads—young Bowers, I think," was the reply.

The unfortunate Tom had a young son in the office from which he had fallen. Mr. Morris' clerks often brought checks to be credited to his account or to be cashed—the latter sometimes for considerable sums.

I gave the letter to Wilberforce, who raised his eyebrows when he read it.

"Ten thousand!" he exclaimed.

But the earlier exhilaration in reaction returned upon me.

"You must cash it, of course, and obey his instructions," I said. "Mr. Morris may be imprudent, but we mustn't risk offending him. Besides," I added, "I was aware that he was sending or coming for some such purpose."

It did not occur to me to ask why he had not driven up in the cab that had been kept for him at the club. One's engagements often get interfered with. Some engagements, indeed, seem made only to be broken.

"Very well, sir," said Wilberforce. He left the room and duly delivered the sealed parcel to the boy.

Probably I should have thought no more about the check had not Mr. Evans by and by made a point of mentioning it. He came to me, in fact, to discuss it.

"Rather strange of Mr. Morris to send for such an amount?" he observed, as he scrutinized the signature of the check.

"Perhaps so," I assented.

"It is undoubtedly in his handwriting," Mr. Evans proceeded, with what appeared to be reluctance. "I suppose you didn't see him by chance at the club to-day?"

"I did happen to do so," I said. "We exchanged no words, however. We had not the opportunity."

Then I also examined the check again. I felt no inclination to tell my colleague that I had only seen Mr. Morris asleep. But an idea flashed to me. The check would be a highly precious pretext for calling at Wellington House that evening after Mr. Morris' dinner hour. He would appreciate the prudence which prompted the inquiry, and I should see Gladys.

We both lived at Brondesbury, and although, as a rule, I preferred to stay in more lively parts of the metropolis until a time most unsuitable for social calls in the suburbs, this evening I would not do so.

"I'll see Mr. Morris himself to-night," I said, ending the colloquy.

The hours that intervened before I found myself at the rather stately door of Wellington House, Mr. Morris' lavish residence, were on the whole comfortable hours. I had hit upon a hopeful vein in my temperament, and I worked it for all it was worth. Why should Gladys' father continue to "hum" and "ha" if this very evening I pressed my desires upon him? The manager of a branch of the Bank of England might surely regard himself as no contemptible candidate for the hand of a rich merchant's daughter, assuming, as I knew I might assume, that the lady herself favored him.

Another thing. Mr. Morris, in that letter accompanying his check, had addressed me as "Dear Mr. Hartley." The agreeable change from the stereotyped "Dear Sir" had not made its proper mark on

me at the time. Now, the more I reflected about it the more I liked it.

I rang the bell with a sense of invigorating confidence.

"Mr. Morris finished dinner?" I asked, with a calmness that would have delighted me if I could have viewed it impersonally.

"My master is—much hupset, sir," replied the man, dolefully.

"Upset! Why, what's the matter?" Was it possible that he had discovered the change of hats?

"He came home early, sir—not quite himself; and—Perhaps you would like to see Miss Morris?"

Should I or should I not? My heart again made a coward of me. I turned to go, with some ordinary expressions of sympathy; then hesitated; and—saw Gladys herself cross the hall.

"Who is it, Benson?" she called out, and the next moment her hand was toward me, there was the welcome I loved in her eyes, and she was saying, "Oh, I am so glad! Papa does so want to see you."

"See—me?" I stammered, holding the dear hand as if it were already one of the anchors of my life.

"Yes. Come into the drawing-room, and I will tell you about it. I was so terrified at first, but the doctor says his constitution is one not likely to be disturbed violently by small fanciful causes. It was a kind of stroke, David. You must do your very best to soothe him."

My brow became dewy with horror. Even Gladys seemed concerned about my appearance. The one faint wrinkle of anxiety which I had already noticed on her sweet face took to itself a partner.

"It is not serious yet," she said. "I think I will go and tell him you are here first of all, David. I'm sure he is worrying all the time."

She moved to the door. "Stop, Gladys!" I cried; "just one moment. It isn't all about a trumpery hat, is it?"

She looked at me gravely, with reproach in her dear eyes.

"How could you know?" she said. "Yes, it is all because of papa's curious habit of carrying things in his hat."

"Habit of carrying things in his hat!" What did she mean?

She seemed surprised at my consternation, as before at my reference to the hat.

"Sit down for a minute or two," she said, suddenly, "and you shall hear about it. Perhaps it would be wisest that I should tell you, and not poor papa. Then you could start right away at consoling him. Do you see, dear?"

I saw nothing except that Gladys was her own beautiful self, and that I might be on the threshold of something dreadful. I sat down to listen, with a sad and forboding heart. My forbodings soon had justification.

"It is about a check, David," said Gladys, "and I want you to assure papa that you will stop payment and that sort of thing, immediately. David, what is the matter?"

Well might she ask and look at me with a face which bore at least one more wrinkle added to the other two!

I am not a fainting man, nor timorous save as regards my ambitions upon Gladys herself; but when I heard these words I knew instantly what was to follow. Doubtless my eyes stood well out of their sockets in the approved melodramatic way. Nevertheless, I attempted to smile.

"Go on, dear," I said, with difficulty. "Let me hear the whole story."

"But you look so horribly frightened." "Professional instinct, Gladys," I murmured. "Well, what about this check?"

"It was for ten thousand pounds, dear," she continued, softly, as if out of consideration for my nerves. "Papa wrote it at the office in order to get it cashed at the bank after luncheon. It was to pay those German Heinsen people, I think he said. Well, he put it in the lining of his hat."

Idiot that I was! Had I not often chuckled to myself at this eccentricity of Mr. Morris? He would enter the bank, remove his hat, place it on the counter, and take from it the bills or checks he wished to deposit or cash. Once he

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had condescended to explain that he considered his hat the safest of pockets in the London streets. Thieves do not think of picking hats.

"He put it in the lining of his hat, you were saying?"

With these words I encouraged Gladys to continue, for she had stopped at my exclamation of dismay.

"Yes, and he took it with him, of course, like that to the club. There he had a little nap after his luncheon, and it was when he woke up and looked for the check that he found it was gone. The man who brought him here in the cab said all he could say was, 'Get me home at once!' There was a doctor in the dining-room, and he said it was a paralytic seizure; but Dr. Richardson doesn't think it was quite that, for he can talk quite plainly now. It was the shock, no doubt, for the check was payable to bearer. He has been working hard for years, poor papa, and you must go up to him, David, and convince him that there is nothing to worry about, for, of course, you will stop payment and that kind of thing. Oh, David, if you knew what a relief it was to me just now to hear your voice! He talked of you a good deal the last day or two."

"He has, dear?" I asked, through the mist of my misery.

"Yes, David. He has such a very high opinion of you as a man of business."

The bitterness of it! And the simplicity of the dear girl in smiling a bright, responsive smile to mine! Well, it was something that I could wear that deceitful cloak to such advantage.

"Now you will go to him, David?" she said.

I nodded. It would depend entirely upon his state of health whether or not I told him the whole calamitous history of the check. I followed Gladys like a man in a dream. She was lost to me, that seemed certain; but I was too stunned just then to realize what that melancholy fact would mean.

I was still a man in a dream when I stood before Mr. Morris, took his trembling hand and hoped he was better.

He looked very statuesque in the old-fashioned, screened armchair in front of the fire. His voice had none of its usual steely ring, and though his profile was severe his eyes were not.

"This is very kind of you," he said, gently. "I have been inexcusably foolish."

Gladys intervened to explain that I knew the circumstances.

"He has only come up, dear papa, to tell you that there is not the slightest reason for anxiety, because, of course, no one would think of cashing such a check as that except for yourself. Would they?"

She appealed to me. Her father's eyes were upon me.

"No one but a madman," I replied. "You—wrote no letter, then, nor sent the check—by hand?"

"No, no," said Gladys. "It was missing from his hat in the club."

"Old fool!" murmured Mr. Morris, with a sigh that seemed to have the effect of letting his head sink upon his breast. He gazed at the fire instead of at me.

(To be continued.)

NEWMAN'S FRIEND.

John Hungerford Pollen, formerly a proctor of Oxford University, England, and consequently in Anglican orders, died December 1 at the age of 82 years. Mr. Pollen was connected with the South Ken-



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sington museum for many years, and was the author of leading works on gold and silversmith work, wood carving and furniture. He was one of the last survivors of the Oxford movement toward Catholicism in the English church, as a result of which he became a Catholic. He was a friend of Cardinal Newman and at one time was professor of fine arts at Newman's University in Dublin.

THE TWO SCOURGES
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(From the London, Eng., Times and Opinion.)

A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs, even in the most hopeless cases, is attracting a good deal of attention among those interested in temperance work. The medicine is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless and absolutely free from narcotics. It leaves no evil after-effects and can be carried in the pocket and taken in absolute privacy, thus dispensing with the publicity, loss of time and expense of an institute treatment.

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Home Column

"THE DIFFERENCE."

Two women stand at a cradle side,
And gaze on a picture fair,
A nestling child, with dark fringed
eyes,
Where lurks the deep-toned blue of
the skies,
And shining, sun touched hair,
One of them sees but a sleeping
child
Clasping a battered doll,
She notes the beauty of form and
face,
And the rich effect of the priceless
lace
On the carven cradle—that's all.
She kisses the babe as she carries
a while;
And turns away with a careless
smile.

The other gazes with misty eyes,
And the cradle fades away
Before her stretches the path of life,
With all the peril and toil and strife
And the dangers of every day,
She sees the tiny form grown
strong,
And the tender heart grown cold
In the race for pleasure that ends
in pain,
The eager struggle twist loss and
gain—
The maddening quest for gold.
And she sobs a prayer: "O God
that thou
Wouldst keep him ever as pure as
now.

These women stand in the self same
place;
They are not unlike in form and
face;
They see the same child in a wee
white cot;
But one is a mother—and one is
not.

A LITTLE MESSENGER.

To many a home since last we
celebrated the joyous season of
Christmas and New Year, a little
messenger has come bringing anew
the story of the swaddling clothes
and the manger—what lies in the
cradle sleeping there? What life
looks up out of the laughing
eyes? What service waits in the
tiny hands? What errands in the
feeble feet? An immortal destiny
begins in every cradle, whose issue,
if we dwell upon it, appals the ima-
gination. And still mothers are
careless, and fathers are proud,
and friends look on almost as stolid
as the oxen on the manger occu-
pant near nineteen centuries ago.
And birth counts for less than
death, and the cradle as less awe
inspiring than the coffin; and the
babe, not as the beginning of a
new infinity, but only as the object
of a careless, coquettish fondling.
Blessed is the mother who sees
more truly what birth and mater-
nity mean; who catches some
glimpse of what the cradle contains
as she rocks it; and who ponders
those things in her heart.

ST. PIE LETELLIER.

A big blaze occurred at Letellier
on Friday evening, the 19th inst.
The fire began in the upper story
of Mr. Beamolt's store. In a very
short space the whole building was
enveloped in flames, which spread
rapidly to the next building, a few
feet distant, in which Mr. Desautels
lived with his family and did busi-
ness for Mr. Comeault of St. Jean
Baptiste. The contents of this
store and dwelling were mostly
saved, but very little was rescued
from Mr. Beamolt's. The hotel on
the other side of the street was
badly scorched and only saved by
the energetic use of water. Fortu-
nately the evening was calm, or the
damage would have been far great-
er. We hope everything was well
insured. Report says Mr. Bea-
molt's building and goods carried
insurance to the amount of twenty
thousand dollars.

The Rev. Father Chaput, S.J.,
will assist Father Jutras with the
Christmas services, and preach in
English at midnight Mass.

Dr. Belanger will shortly lead
Miss Jutras to the altar. Hymen
will probably claim some of our
other young folks shortly.

Your correspondent desires to
wish the staff of the Northwest
Review a happy Christmas. And a
successful New Year to the paper
itself.

Brandon Notes

A Happy New Year to the editor
and his staff; that the Northwest
Review, will, during 1903, receive
the appreciation it so richly de-
serves, and thus attain a very large
circulation, is the sincere wish of
your Brandon correspondent.

Midnight Mass was celebrated on
Christmas by Rev. Father Godts.
Special music was provided for the
occasion, the choir being assisted
by outside talent. Rev. Father
Godts preached a most touching
sermon, reminding those present of
that first Christmas when God be-
came man for the redemption of the
human race; the gratitude we
should feel, deeming no sacrifice too
great in working out our salvation.
Worldly feelings or human respect
should have no place in the Chris-
tian's life as that Babe of Bethle-
hem came into this world, suffered
and died for each one in particular.
During the Mass two pupils of St.
Michael's convent had the happi-
ness of receiving their first com-
munion.

Mr. E. Drury, of Rapid City,
was in town on Christmas Eve.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Crawford, of
Rat Portage, are visiting their pa-
rents here.

On Monday afternoon at half past
two the blessing of the children
took place in St. Augustine's
church, and immediately after, a
Christmas tree in St. Michael's
convent brought joy to many little
hearts.

The monthly meeting of the Chil-
dren of Mary took place on Mon-
day evening.

The Catholic Home Annuals for
1903 have already been distributed
in every Catholic home in the pa-
rish and surrounding missions. The
Annual, which is a neat, instructive
little booklet, reflects great credit
on Rev. Father Godts, and also on
the office of publication—the Times.
E.D.M.

MR. DOOLEY ON CHRISTMAS.

"Well, be hook, an' be crook, I
avoid debt fr a year. Thin Chris-
mas comes along an' I'm pushed
into it whether I want to be or
not. On Christmas Eve when I
count up th' cash I'm aven with th'
wurruld. On Chris'mas mornin' I
come back fr'm arly Mass an' I
owe half th' neighborhood. I'm in
debt twinty Chris'mas cards, iliven
books iv pottry, a pink lampshade,
a pair iv embroidered slippers, a
sponge-bag, three boxes iv non-com-
bustible see-gars, an' a pound of
broken candy, I can't get away
fr'm it. No matter what me in-
tentions ar-re, I'm plunged into
debt an', mind ye, not fr money
or annything else that can be ex-
changed fr pleasure, but fr articles
that no wan wud think iv carryin'
downstairs iv th' house took fire. If
ye don't hand something back at
wanst ye're in debt fr a year. Ye
can't go around on Groundhog Day
an' say, 'Merry Chris'mas; here's
th' melojeen I owe ye f'e th' music-
box ye give me.' No, sir. Ye've
got to be quick on ye'er feet. I
keep a clost watch an' when I see
a boy comin' out iv Hogan's house
with something done up in a paper
I shoot out another boy be th' al-
ley with a little token iv affection
fr Hogan an' watch him make a
face when he gets it. Me guard is
always up. If annywan tags me
with a prisint I tag right back
again. I'm nivir 'it' fr longer thin
a quarther iv an hour. When I
counted up las' Chris'mas I was a
pound iv gum-dhrops an' an um-
brelly to th' good, th' people I sint
them to bein' unprepared fr th' at-
tack.

"Th' battle in Chris'mas gifts
isn't always aisy to carry on with
a woman. Nivir, Hinnyssy, accept
a valuabe prisint fr'm a lady. Her
intentions is nivir hon'rabl when
she send ye a frosted card with a
pitcher iv a German goin' home in
th' snow. She expects a gran'
pianny in rayturn. When it comes
to exchangin' gifts a rale lady
plays nawthin' udher en eighty-to-
wan shot. But among men 'tis dif-
f'rent. Th' minyit a man hurls a
prisint at ye, fire wan back at him.
Don't take anny chances with him.
Smash him over th' head. It's no
use thryin' to compromise durin'
th' glad season. Ivy man's hand
is raised again' ye. Don't thrust in
frindly wurruds. Go to a good fire

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reasons to be given for our decision
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sale a week before Chris'mas an'
lay in ye'er amnytion an' begin
pastin' thim at daybreak. Hammer
away with ivrythin' ye can lay
ye'er hands on. 'Take that, an'
that.' 'There's a genooin onix
clock fr ye, Jawn Rafferty,' 'Ye
hit me with th' 'Lives iv th'
Saints,' Mike Slatthry, but me
'Threasury iv Varse' caught ye be-
hind th' ear,' 'Come on all iv ye
an' do ye'er worst. I'll light it out
on this line till I'm down to th'
las' album.' An' when th' day is
done ye'll be a happy man, rejoic-
in' in th' thought that ye've give
as good as ye got or worse.
'That's fr bachelors like myself.
With a marrid man 'tis diff'rent.
Th' battle is all in his own fam'ly,
an' th' best he can do is to defin-
himself as he can. * * * *
'On Chris'mas mornin' he com-
pletes his term iv loon'cy with wan
gran' blitherin' burst iv foolishness.
'How thoughtful iv ye, Mary Ann
to give me th' Essays iv Emerson.
I was sayin' on'y las' week to a
frind iv mine in th' pork pit that

iv all th' fellows that iver hurled a
pen Emerson fr me money now
that Billy Baxter is dead. How did
ye come to give me this box iv see-
gars, mother? I must've talked in
me sleep. I'll put thim away where
no wan can get at thim. They're
too good to burn up. 'Lucy, sun-
shine iv me life, I know whose lit-
tle hands painted thim purple flow-
ers on pahpah's cup an' saucer.
Th' money I coughed up fr ye'er
art idjagation was not spint in
vain,' he says. 'I feel ashamed,'
he says, 'after seein' all these
costly remimbrances iv love,' he
says, 'to show me palthry gifts,'
he says, 'but,' he says, 'ye know
that humble though they be, ivry
dollar put into thim come right
fr'm pah-pah's heart,' he says.
'Take this sealskin sacque, gran'
pianny an' di'mon' necklace an'
wear thim fr my sake.' An' with
tears in his eyes he goes to his
room an' tries to figure a way to
get aven without breakin' th' law.
—F. P. Dunne in Ladies' Home
Journal.

ST MARY'S CHURCH.

Cor. St. Mary and Hargrave Sts.
RECTOR—Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I.
ASSISTANTS—Rev. J. McCarthy,
O.M.I., Rev. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.
SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and
8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sun-
day School at 2.30. Baptism
from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and
Benediction at 7.15.

WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass
In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30.
In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

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 ser-
mon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on first
Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meet-
ing of the children of Mary 2nd and
4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.
On first Friday in the month,
Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at
7.30 p.m.

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

HOLY GHOST CHURCH.

315 Selkirk Ave.
PARISH PRIEST—Rev. J. W. Kul-
awy, O.M.I. Assistant priest,
Rev. J. Cordes, O.M.I.
SUNDAYS—Low Mass, 8 a.m. High
Mass with sermon in German,
9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon
in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School
at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benedic-
tion, 7.30 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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BRANCH 163, WINNIPEG.

Meets in the Immaculate Concep-
tion school room on 1st and 3rd
Tuesday in each month.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. A. Cher-
rier, President, R. McKenna; First
Vice-Pres., P. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-Pres.;
J. Schmidt; Rec. Sec., J. Markinski,
180 Austin St.; Assis. Rec. Sec. A.
Ricard; Financial Secretary, J. L.
Manning; Treasurer, J. Shaw; Mar-
shal, F. Welnitz; Guard, Geo. Alt-
mayer; Trustees, J. Shaw, N. Ber-
geron, J. Markinski, R. McKenna, J.
E. Manning.

BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG.

Meets in No. 11 Trades Hall, Fould's
Block, corner Main and Market Sts.,
every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each
month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

Chan., Bro. E. Cass; President, E.
J. Bawit; 1st Vice-President, F.
Brownrigg; 2nd Vice-Pres., P. O'Don-
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C. J. McNeerney; Spiritual Advisor,
Rev. Father Guillele.

ST. MARY'S COURT, No. 276

Catholic Order of Foresters

Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday in
Trades Hall, Fould's Block, at 8.30
p.m.

Chief Ranger, L. O. Genest; Vice-
C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W.
Russell; F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas.,
J. J. MacDonald; Representative to
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11 p.m.

F. W. RUSSELL, T. D. DEEGAN,
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Persons and Facts

Dr. Joseph Zemp, a Catholic conservative, has been elected President of the Swiss Confederation for 1903. The term of office is one year, the holder not being re-eligible until the expiration of another year. This is the second time Dr. Zemp has been chosen for this high office; the first time was in 1895.

A petition against the divorce bill, signed by 3,500,000 Italian Catholics, has been presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The petition filled 177 volumes.

Nine Catholics have just been placed on the Commission of the Peace for the City of Glasgow. The appointment of these nine Catholic magistrates shows both the fairness of the Lord Lieutenant of that county and the growing influence of Catholics in Scotland.

The only survivors of the Young Ireland party in 1848 are Mr. Justin McCarthy, 72 years old; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 86; and Mr. Kevin Izod O'Dougherty, nearly 80.

"Eucharistic Elevations," by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., is made up of pious thoughts inspired by the Dweller in our Tabernacles; and every line has a something that enlarges the heart and moves it to love our Eucharistic God. There is the poetry that comes of soul communion in the prose reflections, while what the author modestly calls verse is real poetry. R. & T. Washbourne.—Ave Maria.

In the Ave Maria for December 20 Miss Anna T. Sadlier sketches with a masterly hand the noble career of the late Abbe Louis Colin, Superior of the Sulpicians in North America.

At a quarterly meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick held recently at Delmonico's, New York, Archbishop Ireland advocated the securing of a site in the square in Washington, D.C., where the statue of Rochambeau has been erected, for a similar memorial to Commodore John Barry, the Irish sailor who was the father of the American navy.

The Holy Father, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated November 28, has instituted an "Historico-Liturgical Commission." Its members are: Mgr. Duchesne, Mgr. Wilpert, Father Ehrle, S.J., Father Giuseppe Roberti, and Professor D. Umberto Benigni.

The Bishop of Newport (England), who is always thought-provoking, lately recommended, in one of his pastorals, the reading of the Lives of the Saints. "To read these lives," his lordship writes, "not only enlarges our ideas, but also shames our indifference. We are not only introduced to a world of which we do not know half enough, but we are moved, we are touched, we are stimulated."

Mr. Arthur Leveque, Indian inspector, is here on a visit to his many friends. His fine voice was heard with pleasure at the solemn year-end benediction last Wednesday, singing the Te Deum in the cathedral. His promotion to the Regina inspectorship is announced.

Mr. A. A. C. LaRiviere, M. P., accompanied by his daughter and Miss Emilienne Bertrand, left for the east on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenty, of Colony street, are going, Jan. 3, on a month's trip to St. Paul, Chicago, Toronto, Kingston and other places in the east.

THE EMMETS OF AMERICA. MANY DESCENDANTS OF THE IRISH FAMILY HERE.

—Catholic Citizen, Dec. 20.

When the funeral of Richard Stockton Emmet, one of the oldest members of the New York bar, was held in New Rochelle, N. Y., last week, it was attended by nearly fifty members of the Emmet family, all lineal descendants of Robert Emmet, the Irish martyr, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Addis Emmet, the patriot's eldest brother, who was exiled from Ireland after the execution and came to New York city in 1804.

Among the mourners was the possessor of the seal ring which Robert Emmet took from his finger before he mounted the scaffold and which he directed should be handed down in the Emmet family from one generation to another to the sons who bore the christian name of Robert. This ring is now the property of Col. Robert T. Emmet of New Rochelle, who was until lately in command of the First Regiment of the New York National Guard. It is an heirloom so prized that Col. Emmet wears it only at family gatherings. At other times it is kept in a safe deposit vault.

The disposition of the ring for the coming generation is already provided for as Col. Emmet has a son, Robert, to whom it will descend at his death.

Other mourners were the descendants of Jean Erin Emmet, daughter of Thomas Addis Emmet, who was born while her parents were in prison on account of their attempt to make Ireland an independent republic. William Temple Emmet, son of the aged lawyer, and his cousin, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York city, known as the genealogist of the family and prominent in Irish affairs.

Richard Stockton Emmet was the oldest member of the Emmet family in this country. At the time of his death last Sunday he was 82. He was a son of Robert Emmet, the eldest son of Thomas Addis Emmet.

Robert Emmet settled in New Rochelle nearly sixty years ago and was the first of his family to make that city his home. He was a justice of the Superior Court of New York and took a prominent part in Irish affairs. At the time of the young Ireland movement in 1848 he was one of the directory formed in New York to aid the agitation. He died in 1873 and was buried in New Rochelle.

The other sons of Robert Emmet were Thomas Addis, one of the founders of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who died at Carmel, N.Y., in 1880, and William J. Emmet, now living in New Rochelle. The latter is the father of Col. Robert T. Emmet, custodian of the seal ring.

His other children are C. Temple Emmet, a young lawyer, who after an adventurous career in the West, returned and married Miss Chauler, a member of the Astor family; William Emmet of Schenectady; Richard Emmet, general manager of a Western railroad, and three daughters, Mrs. Rosina Sherwood, the artist; Miss Lydia Emmet and Miss Jean Erin Emmet, named for her grand aunt, who was born in prison.

The Emmet family, or at least the descendants of Thomas Addis Emmet, have followed the professional walks of life. None of them, with the exception of William J. Emmet, now the oldest surviving member, who was a sugar refiner, has engaged in business. The men have been lawyers, engineers or physicians, while the women have taken to art and literature.

In all their various undertakings they have shown marked ability. Richard Stockton Emmet was for nearly fifty years the senior member of the firm of Emmet & Robinson, of 59 Wall street. One of the most valuable possessions in his office is the old walnut desk used by his grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, at the time he practiced law in New York city nearly a century ago.

One of the sons of Richard Emmet, William Temple Emmet, is a member of the firm of Emmet & Robinson. He has taken a promi-

nent part in the movement of the Irish societies of this country. He has been a delegate to the Constitutional convention of the State of New York, a member of the New York City Board of Education under Mayor Van Wyck and a trustee of his home town, New Rochelle. He was also president of the Continental League of Anti-Imperialistic Societies.

William Temple Emmet has taken a more prominent part in Irish affairs than his father. Deafness prevented the elder Mr. Emmet from participating in many of the movements in New York city for the benefit of his countrymen. About the only notable connection he ever had with Irish politics was when he served as a trustee of the Land League Fund.

The other children of Richard Stockton Emmet are Grenville Temple Emmet, a young lawyer of Port Chester, who was formerly Adjutant of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and is commander of the New Rochelle post of Spanish War Veterans; Mrs. Katherine Keogh, wife of Supreme Court Justice Martin J. Keogh, and the Misses Elizabeth and Eleanor Emmet.

Another son, Richard T. Emmet, who married Miss Olyphant, granddaughter of the president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, died in Albany a few years ago of typhoid fever while he was representing the Second Westchester district in the Assembly.

At the time of his death last Sunday Mr. Emmet had been a widower about seven years. His wife was Miss Katherine Temple.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BOOTBLACK.

"The Biography of a Bootblack," by Rocco Corresco, in last week's Independent, is given practically as it was taken from the lips of the young Italian in whose name it stands, by a representative of our enterprising contemporary. It is a pleasant revelation of fine traits in the Italian character, and of America as opportunity—to paraphrase from Emerson—for the law-abiding, frugal, alert and ambitious immigrant.

Rocco was evidently orphaned at an early age, for his clearest recollections are of the Home in charge of the nuns.

"They taught us our letters and how to pray and say the catechism and we worked in the fields during the middle of the day. We always had enough to eat and good beds to sleep in at night, and sometimes there were feast days, when we marched about wearing flowers.

Those were good times and they lasted till I was nearly eight years of age. Then an old man came and said he was my grandfather. He showed me some papers and cried over me and said that the money had come at last and now he could take me to his beautiful home."

The old man, unhappily was an Italian version of Dickens' Fagan, and poor Rocco, huddled with other boys at night in a miserable cellar in Naples, had daytime experiences singularly resembling Oliver Twist's. The old man beat the boy for his scruples as to lying and stealing, and was resentful of the lingering influence of the good nuns. "Ah!" said he, "that is what they taught you at that place, is it? To disobey your grandfather that fought with Garibaldi? That is a fine religion!"

This amiable guardian of youth had his own ideas of religion. He encouraged the boys to fast, for example, and he kept the statue of a saint in his miserable den, and if certain nefarious schemes succeeded. They failed and he smashed the statue.

Having overheard a plot for crippling him, that he might be more appealing to the charitable, Rocco and his chum Francisco ran away. They fell into kind hands in a little fishing village.

"Ciguciano said that all the old man had taught us was wrong—that it was bad to beg, to steal and tell lies. He called in the priest and the priest said the same thing and was very angry at the old man in Naples, and he taught us to read and write in the evenings. He also taught us our duties to the church and said that the saints were good and would only help men to do good things, and that it was a

wonder that lightning from heaven had not struck the old man dead when he knocked down the saint's figure. We grew large and strong with the fisherman and he told us that we were getting too big for him, that he could not afford to pay us the money that we were worth. He was a fine, honest man—one in a thousand."

The boys got a chance to go to America. Their kind protectors grieved to lose them:

"The priest came and shook our hands and told us to be good men, and that no matter where we went God and his saints were always near us and that if we lived well we should all meet again in heaven. We cried, too, for it was our home, that place. Ciguciano gave us money and slapped us on the back and said that we should be great."

The boys earned their passage and a little more—but they were cheated out of this latter by the young men who had promoted their immigration. In New York they fell into a padrone's hands, but as they could read and write, they soon discovered the character of their alleged benefactor, and ran away to Newark, N.J., and got work on the street. "We were with the boss six months," says Rocco, adding naively, "He was Irish, but a good man, and he gave us our money every Saturday night."

Rocco then describes the setting up of himself and his friend in a bootblacking parlor in Brooklyn, with the money they had saved in Newark. They learned English rapidly, and were soon able to open another parlor. Meanwhile, they did not forget their religion, nor neglect to acquaint themselves with American politics. On these subjects, Rocco speaks thus for himself:

"We remembered the priest, the friend of Ciguciano, and what he had said to us about religion, and as soon as we came to the country we began to go to the Italian Church. The priest we found here was a good man, but he asked the people for money for the church. The Italians did not like to give because they said it looked like buying religion. The priest says it is different here from Italy because all the churches there are what they call endowed, while here all they have is what the people give. Of course I and Francesco understood that, but the Italians who cannot read and write shake their hands and say that it is wrong for a priest to want money.

At first we did not know much of this country, but by and by we learned. There are plenty of protestants who are heretics, but they have a religion too. Many of the finest churches are Protestant, but they have no saints and no alters, which seems strange. There are two kinds of people that vote here, Republicans and Democrats. I went to a Republican meeting, and the man said that the Republicans want a Republic and the Democrats are against it. He said that Democrats are for a king whose name is Bryan and who is an Irishman, but many of them insult Italians. They call us Dagoes. So I will be a Republican."

It is good to know that Rocco and Francisco cannot vote for three years yet. Meanwhile we hope they will learn more English and hear some stalwart Democrat on the Republican Party and Imperialism, and that Irish Democrats will universally learn the wisdom of consideration for the later immigrants.

Rocco and Francisco had intended to go back to Italy when they each of them should have saved \$1,000, but now, with that ambition almost achieved—for Rocco, though but nineteen, has \$700 saved, and Francisco, twenty-one, has \$900—they think they will stay in America. We hope they will, for they are of the stuff of which the best Americans are made.—The Pilot.

VALUE OF A HYMN.

There are times in human life when nothing else will take the place of a true Christian song or hymn. It has a power for good that few realize, even of those who are benefitted thereby. But now and then it does happen that a

"Flor De Albani" Cigar
New But True. Ask your dealer for it.
Western Cigar Factory, Thos. Lee, Prop.

ARE WE RIGHT?

Do we spell your name correctly or address your paper inaccurately? If so you would do us a kindness in filling out the blank below and sending the correction to us, as we are about to make a general revision of the subscription list.

Name (as Review spells it).....
(As it should be spelled).....
Paper has been going to.....
Send it now to.....
(Write name and address very plainly).

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO travel for well established house in a few counties, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary \$1024 a year and expenses, payable \$100 a week in cash and expenses advanced. Position permanent, business successful and rushing. Standard House, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

been the value of a single song. Listen:

A little orphan, called "Tom" was known to the police of a poor section of Baltimore as a youthful terror. If any boyish meanness had been committed, of course Tom was at the head of it. But finally he attended a mission given in St. man can tell us what to him has Vincent's Church. He had made a good confession and became reconciled with God. All the energy he had before used for evil was now turned into the channel for good, and from that time the story of "Tom the Newsboy" is a remarkable one.

Late one night in a saloon he caught a remark which meant to his well versed ear that a man was tired of living. He followed the fellow, a poor, starved wreck of humanity, down to the wharf, saw him sit down to think it over for the last time.

"I must save that man," he muttered; but what could he do? He was quick to act in times like this. Going away down the pier, he began to sing one of those encouraging hymns he knew:

Mother dearest, Mother fairest,
Help of all who call on thee;
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,
Help us, help, we cry to thee.
Mary, help us, help we pray;
Help us in all care and sorrow,
Mary help us, help we pray.

The words reached the heart of the poor man. A new hope sprang up in his mind; and by and bye, when the voice ceased, he rose and went back and began a better life. Years afterwards he tells the story with tears in his eyes: "God bless the singer," he says, "Nothing but the voice of that boy could have reached my heart. I would have run from a priest, but I could not resist the sweetness of that beautiful hymn, 'Mother Dearest.'—Catholic Ex.

But because many endeavor rather to get knowledge than to live well; therefore they are often deceived and reap either none or but little fruit.—Thos. a' Kempis.