

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## WITH THE COMMISSION.

TRAVELS OF GOVERNMENT TREATY EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH—FATHER LACOMBE HONORED.

Free Press Special.

Lesser Slave Lake, Athabasca, June 26.—My last letter dated the 1st inst. was written from Athabasca Landing. On Saturday, the 3rd inst., all the supplies and baggage of the royal commission had arrived from Edmonton, and at 3 o'clock p.m. the bugle sounded the signal for the departure for Lesser Slave Lake, a distance of 225 miles. I may add for the information of your readers that in this north-west part of the country Indians and halfbreeds reckon distances by the days. Our guides will tell us that in so many days we will be at the mouth of a certain river, and the number of miles to get to that specified point does not seem to occupy their mind at all. The members of the commission, numbering 12, took passage on board a York boat. Hon. Jas. Ross, one of the Indian commissioners, travelled by land from Edmonton, in order to look over some public works being done along that route by the government of the Territories. At the Landing we met His Lordship Bishop Grouard, of Athabasca-Mackenzie, who happened to be there. He accepted the kind invitation of Hon. Mr. Laird and was the guest of the commission to this place. His Lordship furnished the commission with valuable information about the Indians of the north, having labored among them during the last 37 years. Two barges followed our York boat. One contained our supplies and baggages and an escort of ten men of the Northwest Mounted police under command of Inspector Snyder, while Mr. R. B. Round, superintendent of transport for the Hudson's Bay company, occupied the other embarkation.

### "TRACKING"

Although the weather has been very disagreeable during the trip, we travelled without interruption with the exception of the next day after our departure, which we spent at Baptiste Creek on account of the heavy rain. The bad weather made "tracking" very arduous for the boatmen. This expression "tracking" will not be understood by your readers, except by old timers and a few who have travelled up the Athabasca, Lesser Slave Lake, Peace, Mackenzie and all rivers of the north. In order to go up these streams when the current runs five miles an hour, to each boat must be attached a rope, to which sometimes as many as many as eight men pull with leather belts made of portage straps. From early in the morning until evening these men, who are mostly Indians belonging to the Cree tribe and French and English halfbreeds, are harnessed to these ropes. Tracking is sometimes done under very difficult circumstances, particularly when the water is high. The banks of the rivers being bordered with trees and dead timber the trackers have to climb over these obsta-

cles. I have seen our men in the water to their neck and in the mud to their waist, pulling along during the whole day. In the rapids, which are very numerous for a distance of 25 miles in the Lesser Slave River, progress is very slow. At a place called "Ile à la Bouteille" on that river, our three boats were stuck in the rapids. The York boat had about passed the obstruction when the rope broke. The current being very swift at that place, the boat drifted at the mercy of the wind until we struck a rock in the middle of the river. The two other boats met the same fate. This incident caused a sensation in the party. Baptiste Peagous, one of the trackers, came to our rescue with a big rope, and, with the aid of 24 men, the boats were all landed safely above the rapids. Unfortunately the old Indian who had risked his life to save our own lives and boats, when walking on a dead tree near the shore,

### SLIPPED AND FELL

on his right side. Dr. West, physician of the commission, was present and attended him. This old Indian's father was a Cree, and his mother belonged to the Blackfoot tribe. He is very well liked by everybody, being a very good natured old fellow. He takes pride in relating his exploits at the time he was stealing horses and scalping his enemies. Since the missionaries came to this country, and he has become a Christian, he stopped his life of pillage and murder. I was fortunate in having my kodak at hand with me, and I took two snap shots of the scene in the rapids.

Boatmen were scarce at the Landing. The crews who were to meet us there could not leave Lesser Slave Lake on account of the ice, which only broke up on May 4. On the second day, the Northwest Mounted Police boys volunteered to track their own boat. During our trip to Lesser Slave Lake which lasted 16 days, it rained continually except for two days. All the day long rain poured on us and sometimes it was very cold. When the hour for camping would come in the evening we had to climb up the banks of rivers and find a spot where to pitch our tents. The wet weather caused the indisposition of a few members of the commission.

On the 15th inst. at Baptiste Creek we met Mr. Dibble, D. L. S., and party, who were returning from Peace River. At 4:30 every morning the bugle sounded the reveille, and for several seconds after the echo of the forest was repeating

### THE SWEET STRAINS.

Often in half an hour we have raised camp, taken breakfast, and the boats were ready to leave. The commission was due to arrive at Lesser Slave Lake on the 8th inst., but owing to the late opening of navigation on the lake, as I stated before, our boatmen could not come to meet us at the Landing, and being short of men, also on account of the extremely bad weather, we were 11 days late in arriving at our destination.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 10th inst. we had reached the mouth of the Lesser Slave River, where we camped near the storehouse of the Hudson's Bay company, 75 or 80 miles from Athabasca Landing. Since we left the latter place this was

the first habitation we saw. It is made of logs and covered with bark, and during the summer months it is not occupied. The following day we met a canoe containing five men, who told us the Indians were coming in large numbers to meet the commission at the lake. On the 12th and 13th we passed through the rapids, which are very numerous, and at several places dangerous.

### A MEMORABLE DAY.

Tuesday, the 13th inst., will long be remembered by the members of the commission. During the whole day we went up rapids and at times danger was imminent. That evening we camped at the mouth of the Sauter river where there was a large piece of clear land sufficient to pitch our tents. It was the 50th anniversary of Father Lacombe's ordination as a priest. Great preparations had been made in Montreal and other cities to fittingly celebrate this golden anniversary, but the old missionary whose influence is so great among the Indians of the north, yielded to the solicitations of the government and accepted an invitation to accompany the royal commission as advisor. It was given to us to celebrate this happy event. After supper Hon. Mr. Laird, accompanied by all the members of the commission, proceeded to Rev. Father Lacombe's tent and in the name of all present congratulated him on the occasion of his golden jubilee and requested Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, Indian commissioner, to read an address, which he handed to him. It was written on birch bark and signed by all present. Following is the text: To the Very Reverend Father A. Lacombe, O. M. I., Vicar General of St. Albert.

Dear Father Lacombe,—We cannot allow this the golden anniversary of your Apostolic marriage to pass without expressing our cordial congratulations on the completion of a cycle made so glorious by constant labor for love of humanity and zeal for the Great Master's glory.

While the medium of expression is altogether inadequate, and there is an absence of the pomp and ceremony, the music and the eulogy which would have marked the day had not your keen sense of duty led you to undertake this arduous and hazardous mission to facilitate the making of a treaty with the Indians of the north; it seems to us that there is a fitness in the circumstances of this celebration which harmonizes with your 50 years of missionary toil.

The mass in the little tent in the chill of the early morning, the chanting of Indian hymns, the rough breakfast rudely served, the perils in the rapids, the discomforts on the land, typify a life which will make the most interesting and edifying chapter in our country's history. The title of that chapter will be "Père Lacombe."

We assure you that we highly appreciate the privilege of having you as a companion, and that we shall ever cherish the memory of days of dreary travel made bright by your delightful reminiscences, and days of sunshine made more joyous by your genial converse.

We beg you to accept this humble testimony of our regard and esteem, with our sincere wish that the Master may grant that our country may continue

for many years to be blessed by your presence and your labors. Signed by D. Laird, P. C. and Indian commissioner; E. Grouard, O.M.I. Bishop of Ibora, Vicar-Apostolic of Athabasca, Mackenzie, guest of the royal commission; J. A. J. McKenna, Indian treaty commissioner; James Walker, halfbreed commissioner; J. Arthur Côté, halfbreed commissioner; Harrison S. Young, secretary to Indian treaty commission; J. F. Prud'homme, secretary to halfbreed commission; J. W. Martin, assistant secretary to Indian treaty commission; Chas. Mair, assistant secretary to halfbreed commission; C. H. West, M.D., physician to commission; A. E. Snyder, inspector in command of escort; P. D'Eschambault, interpreter and intermediary; H. A. Conroy, accountant for commission; H. B. Round, superintendent of transport for H. B. Co. Lesser Slave Lake, June 13th, 1899.

Father Lacombe was moved to tears, and spoke as follows: Gentlemen and dear friends, you have really taken me by surprise. I did not expect that you would be so kind as to make for me such a friendly demonstration on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of my ordination as a priest. Of course such a thing is very dear and pleasant to me. Your address, so well fitted for the occasion, rejoices me a great deal, and reminds me of the times past. Being camped on the banks of the Athabasca river on our way to make treaties, in the name of the government, with the Indians of the north, is a great event in my missionary life. Being attached to your commission, since the time we left Winnipeg, I am satisfied to say that I am with friends, who do their best to help me along during this arduous trip, in my old age.

Before leaving Ottawa the Hon. Mr. Sifton, minister of the interior, promised that, considering the hardships we would probably have to contend with, and also my old age, the commission would give me all the comfort at their disposal to make the trip for me as easy as possible. Till now I can say that I have fully received this comfort. Every one of you has done his best to help me this way. In such a trip it is required that every one will do his best to live in harmony and concord, and this has been done as I can see. It is a good omen for the future. It cannot be otherwise when we have at our head a gentleman who has given example by his good humor to all of us during this arduous and perilous trip, by his patience, politeness and kindness. Before Hon. Mr. Laird came to Manitoba I had been informed by the Archbishop of Halifax that we would be pleased with his appointment as Indian commissioner. Now to-day I am glad to state, after my acquaintance with him, that he is the right man in the right place. Therefore, governor, for your presence here this evening, and all the members of the commission, I thank you for this demonstration. I will keep this address and poem written on birch bark as a very dear souvenir."

Rev. Father Lacombe also said a few words in French in reply to a poem from the pen of Mr. J. A. Côté, halfbreed commissioner. Like the address, the poem was

engrossed on birch bark by Mr. J. F. Prud'homme, secretary of the halfbreed commission. The rest of the evening was agreeably spent listening to the venerable missionary, relating his experience among the several Indian tribes of the north. In the meantime we enjoyed good Havana cigars, which he presented to everyone. It was late in the evening when we retired to our tents.

The proceedings of the next few days must be reserved for another letter.

ATHABASCA.

## ITALY AND IRELAND.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Two items of news from Italy speak volumes for the present drift of thought and the tendency of events. One is the fact that the Italian Parliament, because it would not pass Government bills to further gag the press and muzzle debate in the Chambers, was forcibly dissolved by Humbert's new tool, General Pelloux, and by Royal decree the bills were made law! The other is, that in the Roman municipal elections, for the first time since the seizure of the city by the Sardinians, the candidates representing the Vatican have secured the majority.

If we may believe the cable dispatches from Europe—which we by no means say we do—Archbishop Ireland has joined the ranks of those who see bliss in the "Anglo-Saxon" alliance. He is also reported as having delivered an oration in praise of peace which sounds somewhat strange when contrasted with another oration pointing out the beneficial effects of war upon the national character, delivered at a Republican gathering last year. One needs, however, to be cautious about accepting rough telegraphic synopses of the utterances of such a versatile and many-sided personage as Archbishop Ireland. When the authentic report arrives it may present his views in a widely different light.

## MONKS ON THE WHEEL.

The unwonted spectacle of monks riding bicycles may now be daily witnessed in Essex, England. The Franciscan Fathers who have charge of the new mission at Baintree have also to attend to the spiritual needs of two other missions at long distances, and, in order that they may accomplish this work, they have, with the permission of Cardinal Vaughan, invested in the purchase of machines on which they ride from one mission to another.

## THE LATEST MALAPROPISM

This really happened last week at the Manitoba Club. They were talking about the hardships our soldiers underwent during the Zulu war. Remembering the trials of those brave fellows in their fenced camp (zereba), one gentleman oracularly exclaimed: "They must have had a fearfully hot time inside that zebra." The listeners had a hard time keeping a straight face.

Last Saturday the Winnipeg thermometers registered 96 degrees in the shade.

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**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, JULY, 25 1899

**CURRENT COMMENT**

We congratulate the editor of the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart on the early issue of the August number. It reached us last Saturday. This will enable promoters to distribute it easily everywhere several days before the beginning of the month. Our people here generally prefer our Canadian Messenger to the American one, although the latter is more sumptuously got up; but, when the Canadian Messenger came to hand on the very last days of the preceding month, they were sometimes obliged to resort to the U. S. edition, which is always out in the first half of the month preceding the date it bears. Now, however, that our Montreal edition can be delivered here a full week before the end of the month, we anticipate a decided increase in its circulation.

The General Intention for August is "Trust in the ultimate triumph of the Papacy." An effective parallel is drawn, in the Canadian Messenger, between the state of Catholicism on the 29th of August, 1899, date of Pius VI.'s death in exile, and the present condition of the Church. The centenary of Pius VI.'s death serves thus to point the moral of the Church's recuperative power. A sketch is given of each of the six Pontiffs who have filled the chair of Peter during the last hundred years, and the remarkable growth, among Catholics themselves, of truly Roman doctrine, is dwelt upon.

The death of Ingersoll relieves America of its greatest scandal. The United States is the only civilized country in the world that could have made so much of so shallow a reasoner as the irrepressible and self-sufficient atheist. He had absolutely nothing to recommend him but tricks of rhetoric and a fine voice. The Winnipeg Free Press appositely remarks that he was "a sort of bold, dashing Bedouin of unbelief who brandished his lance brilliantly in the desert of agnosticism, to the huge delight

of many imperfectly educated people, but to the regret of all thoughtful ones." He was not even an agnostic—a term which may designate a sincere doubter, many agnostics having ultimately been converted to the true faith—he was simply a blaspheming mountebank. His sophisms did, however, serve one good purpose: they gave occasion to that unanswerable masterpiece of Father L.A. Lambert's, "Notes on Ingersoll," one of the cleverest defences of Christianity that was ever written.

This morning's Free Press prints another long letter from its Indian Commission correspondent, dated Lesser Slave Lake, June 25th. It seems the Indians there have accepted the proposed treaty. A fine speech by Father Lacombe is given.

**FATHER LACOMBE'S JUBILEE.**

Last week we were obliged, by uncontrollable circumstances, to omit a brief sketch of the venerable Father Lacombe's golden jubilee celebrated under the tents of the Indian Commission. The delay has, fortunately, enabled the Free Press to forestall us by a much fuller and more interesting account which we are happy to reproduce. Our morning contemporary's correspondent places the scene of that memorable day on the banks of the Sauteur (probably Sauteux) River, whereas our correspondent calls it Shaw River, adds that it flows into Lesser Slave Lake and that there is some question of henceforth changing the name to Jubilee River in honor of this great event.

What feelings must have welled up in the great heart of Père Lacombe, whom the half-breeds call "L'ancien des prairies" and "Le vieux connaisseur," when he that morning offered up the Holy Sacrifice at the completion of his fiftieth priestly year! Hymns were sung in French and Cree. His Lordship Bishop Grouard himself intoned canticles of praise and thanksgiving.

After the evening dinner or supper the missionary bishop presented to his venerable brother a box of cigars especially reserved for the occasion. This explains how Father Lacombe could, as the Free Press correspondent writes, hand them round to every one.

A more solemn celebration of Père Lacombe's jubilee will take place on the 25th of next September, at St. Albert. This will take on almost a national aspect, the name of the great Oblate missionary being, throughout the whole continent, a symbol of apostolic zeal and unceasing kindness. But we doubt very much if any public pageant will have half the charm of that prairie feast of chosen friends and great hearts chastened by weeks of hardship cheerfully borne.

**MILTON AND NEWMAN.**

Having lately reread Paradise Lost and the Dream of Gerontius, we have been impressed with the superiority of Newman over Milton in the handling of supernatural themes. The latter's angels—to take one instance—would be grotesque, were not

the language in which they are described so melodious. We read of Satan

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides, Prone on the flood extended long and large, Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge As whom the fables name of monstrous size, Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove—

And then we have twelve lines more of this diffuse and melodious development of the idea of great bulk. We realize the bigness but we find no grandeur.

Then, with expanded wings he steers his flight Aloft incumbent on the dusky air, That felt unusual weight.

Why should it feel unusual weight? The largest winged creatures we see about us are those that soar best and longest. Nor does the notion of unusual weight add to our conception of Satan's power. And of course it is not theological. Even a wicked spirit has lost nothing of his nimbleness.

Milton is evidently smitten beforehand with this distinctively nineteenth-century, American admiration for mere size. The "broad circumference" of Satan's shield "hung on his shoulders like the moon;" "his spear, to equal which the tallest pine Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

Forgetting that he has already emphasized the unusual weight of the fallen Archangel's wings he seeks to etherealize the physical structure of these spirits: "for spirits," he sings,

When they please, Can either sex assume, or both; so soft And uncompounded is their essence pure; Not tied or manacled with joint or limb, Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones, Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose, Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, Can execute their airy purposes.

In modern scientific parlance the poet seems to view them as gases contracting and expanding at will, but does not rise to the clear concept of an absolutely non-material substance, though the phrase "uncompounded in their essence pure" would mean precisely that to a Catholic theologian.

But Milton's theology, like the whole Protestant system, teems with contradictions. The fallen angels, whose fall has necessarily cut them off from all love, are said to "fulfil works of love." They, who necessarily dwell in everlasting unrest and disorder, unmitigated by the slightest touch of comfort or harmony, yet

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood Of flutes and soft recorders.

Again they Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.

Can anything be more grotesquely unreal than Satan, when he meets "a vast vacuity" . . . "fluttering his pennons vain," dropping "plump down ten thousands fathoms deep" and then "o'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,

with head, hands, wings, or feet," pursuing "his way," as he "swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies?" In his anxiety to describe the approaches to the throne of Chaos, Milton here again loses sight of the "uncompounded essence pure" and makes his hero astonishingly ridiculous. Nothing but the blunting of the sense of humor by the habitual inconsistencies of religious error can explain the current non-Catholic infatuation for all the vagaries of the blind Puritan.

In "The Dream of Gerontius," on the other hand, Newman carefully avoids those positive material images which even Milton's genius could not rescue from their inherent absurdity when applied to spirits.

The Catholic poet proceeds, as the Church does, by a series of negations. A spirit is the negation of all matter, howsoever dilated or condensed. So Gerontius, when death makes him a disembodied spirit, says:

'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,

I cannot make my fingers or my lips

By mutual pressure witness each to each,

Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke

Assure myself I have a body still

Nor do I know my very attitude,

Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit or kneel.

Vaguely this may remind us of Satan who "swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies," but as a beautiful, harmonious picture reminds us of its caricature. The latter raises a smile, the former fills us with mysterious awe. And the following lines intensify that truly poetic impression of the undefinably great.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,

That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,

Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.

Or I or it is rushing on the wings

Of light or lightning on an onward course,

And we e'en now are million miles apart.

Yet . . . . is this peremptory severance

Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,

Which grow and multiply by speed and me?

Or am I traversing infinity

By endless subdivision, hurrying back

From finite towards infinitesimal,

Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Instead of giving to angels, as Milton does, simply magnified human powers, Newman everywhere hints at and suggests with marvellous deftness mysterious powers, the nature of which is rather to be guessed than described. These glimpses of the supernatural are instinct with the highest kind of poetry and leave a lasting impression of sublimity which Milton's gorgeous but too sensuous and definite pictures fail to produce. To be Continued.

**TALES FROM THE MISSIONS**

THE WORK AMONG NON-CATHOLICS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

The summer issue of The Missionary presents a fresh batch of reports from the zealous priests who are laboring in the non-Catholic mission field.

Rev. Thomas F. Price, with

his heart "singing the deep joy of a Te Deum," writes that he has just succeeded after several years of persistent effort in placing the non-Catholic mission work in North Carolina on a permanent basis.

"We possess now," he continues, "not merely a name, but also a local habitation, and such a habitation, gentle reader, as would make your heart swell with gladness and gratitude to God, if you love the salvation of these poor blind Protestant souls of North Carolina. Not indeed would you be attracted by the splendor of the buildings, for these consist at present of but two small, unpainted frame dwellings, such as even the middle class of people here would hardly occupy. But imagine the centre of this great non-Catholic state—the most Protestant of all the states in the Union—imagine the 'Apostolate of North Carolina' possessed of 300 acres of good land situated at this centre, occupying there the highest ground of and overlooking the capital city of this, the most Protestant of all the states, and you have something of a picture that ought to fill your heart with joy. In such a situation what incentive can be found to the most burning zeal for the conversion of these 2,000,000 of poor Protestant souls at our feet—with what fervor the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and other prayers can be offered up for their conversion—we leave you to imagine!"

The history of the purchase of this property and the record of the uses to which it is to be put make an interesting story. Twice a desirable site was within grasp, when the agent employed in the transaction allowed it to become known that the property was for "the Catholics," and the price was run up far beyond the market value and purchase was made impossible. A final effort, however, was successful.

"As I stepped into the owner's office to make out the checks after the transaction had been completed," writes Father Price, "the seller looked as if he could have thrashed himself for not having caught on to the fact that the property was for 'the Catholics.' For the Catholics, however, it is, and to what glorious uses it is to be put I will in a few words now delineate.

"First of all, it is primarily and totally intended as a home for such secular priests as devote their lives to mission work for the conversion of non-Catholics in North Carolina as their chief object, and such work as these priests shall undertake for the purpose of carrying out this main object. For these purposes the 'apostolate' is to be incorporated under the laws of North Carolina. \* \* \* The chief thing is to obtain suitable priests for the work, and efforts are now being made to that end. The 'apostolate' will furnish to these priests a home—a place for rest and recuperation. It is likely, too, that it will be able to aid in their support, and it is trusted that in the course of time this support will be made efficient.

"A secondary institution, to be started immediately at the 'apostolate' and on account of it, and for which all preparation is now in progress, is a convent of Sisters who will, in the first place, take in charge the routine work of 'Truth,' the circulation of which is constantly growing, and will, in connection with this, start the boys' orphan asylum in the vicariate—the boys of which will be taught to print 'Truth' and get out the missionary literature.

"At present there is no boys' orphan asylum in the vicariate, and the Right Rev. Bishop thinks this the proper time and



place to make a beginning. This convent and asylum are now in the process of erection, though on the humblest scale, and when they are finished in August the office of 'Truth' will be there located, with its printing press and all necessary equipment.

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

"I might write many things just now of my direct non-Catholic mission work, but I fear to trespass on the space of The Missionary. I write these, however, that the readers of The Missionary may rejoice and thank God with me and pray for my work. I might add for a conclusion the notable conversion at my latest non-Catholic mission of one whose name I cannot give. This man had been led away from the Church by Freemasonry for 30 years. During those 30 years nearly every priest who met him, seeing his worth, endeavored, and sometimes made the most strenuous efforts, to bring him back to the Church, but without success. I was of the number of those who had made in past years several attempts and had failed. Even when his son—a promising young man and a prominent local politician—died some time ago, beseeching him with tears to return to the Church, he could not be prevailed upon to give up the Masons, and his family and friends had lost all definite hope. Imagine my surprise when, towards the end of the mission, he came to me for the purpose of being reconciled to the Church! "I asked him how it happened, that he had suddenly come to this resolve, when during all these years he had resisted the strongest entreaties, human influences and reasons which could possibly be urged. 'I cannot tell, father,' he replied. 'During all these years, in spite of all that has happened, which you know, and even after the mission began, I never felt moved in the slightest, but a few days ago all of a sudden the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and a great desire filled my heart to return to the Church.' I soon, however, discovered the real cause—he had been saying the rosary every day for two years! There was a general jubilee and hand-shaking congratulation in the little congregation on the day when he received holy communion, and it was for me one of the happiest days of my life. There was a 'banquet,' too, in honor of the occasion, which I had the pleasure of attending; but this 'banquet,' unlike that of the Gospel, was furnished by the prodigal himself. This prodigal likewise insisted on another change in the application of the Gospel narrative. He did the robing, and I now walk the streets in a nice suit of clothes and a hat to match. He bids fair ever to remain a prodigal in this last way, and may God bless him and give him grace ever to so remain."

INCIDENTS IN TEXAS.

Rev. P. F. Brannan, the invincible champion of the faith in Texas, gives a spicy account of his experience at Sherman. "Four denominations began revivals coincident with my mission," he writes. "It was thought, no doubt, that by this means people would not come to the mission, but instead would go to the various Protestant revivals. In this they were mistaken, as it was impossible to accommodate all who desired to hear. It was said by the preachers that I was the most dangerous man that had ever been there. The Baptist preacher couldn't stand it, and he challenged me for a debate, not with himself, but with some other Baptist preacher whose name he did not give. I told him I would accept the challenge provided only one book was used—his Bible. I also would want to know which kind of a Baptist he was out of the 13 different kinds now in vogue. I heard nothing after my acceptance.

"From Sherman I went to Big Spring, some 400 miles. This is a town with but few Catholics, mostly railroad people. At this place I had the court house. The Methodist preacher introduced himself to me after my lecture. He thanked me for the courteous manner in which he said my views were expressed. When I announced on the next night that on the following night I was going to prove that John Wesley was never a Methodist, I noticed that his bell began to ring, and it was not prayer meeting night either."

A BAPTIST PLAYED THE ORGAN.

Rev. W. Gaston Payne, who is working in the Diocese of Richmond, Va., writes: "Way down in the Northern Neck, a peninsula hemmed in on one side by the historic waters of the Rappahannock and on the other by the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, a lonely little Catholic church, attended as rarely as angels' visits, is the only outpost of Catholicity in the six counties that compose the check. Here a mission was opened on a Sunday evening. The little church was crammed beyond its capacity, while a couple of hundred people, who could not get in, contented themselves with sitting in their conveyances, which had been driven up to the door and windows, and from these points of vantage took in the lecture. The following day the hall was rented. The Protestants entered with spirit into the occasion. A member of the Baptist church drove in six miles from the country every evening to play the organ, while the choir was composed largely of members of the various denominations."

KINDNESS FROM THE MORMONS.

In a letter from Salt Lake City there is some surprising information. A mission to non-Catholics was opened May 29 and lasted until June 4. The missionary writes: "We cannot but be exceedingly grateful to the leaders of the Mormons, who generously offered either their magnificent tabernacle or their beautiful assembly hall, which seats 1,800 people. There were present Monday night 1,100 non-Catholics and 400 of our own people, who with rapt attention listened to the first lecture on 'Faith: the Belief in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and the Necessity of Faith to be saved.' "Two of the Mormon Bishops urged upon their people to attend the non-Catholic mission, and sent word from ward to ward, while one expressed him more than pleased at the first lecture, declaring he but voiced the sentiments of all his fellow-bishops and people in accepting every statement made, they believed in all that was said and added; 'Wherever there is truth we seek it and we love it.' 'Truth is one, and all cannot be right; one alone is right.'"

"I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

CURED OF EPILEPSY.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

SHE SUFFERED SEVERELY, SOMETIMES HAVING AS MANY AS FOUR SPASMS IN A WEEK—SEVERAL DOCTORS CONSULTED WITHOUT BENEFIT.

From the Star, St. Catharines. Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said: "It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what

the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

A CATHOLIC CLUB'S INFLUENCE.

The Catholic Club of New York City is now almost a national institution. It is known far and wide over two continents, its influence is certainly to be counted with whenever any important political, national or legislative movement is on foot. The Legislature of New York State recently took into consideration a certain "Educational Bill," which had for direct object grant control of the various private institutions of a correctional or charitable nature to a single public officer who was to be endowed with powers of an extraordinary character. The Catholic Interests committee of the club took the matter in hand and made such efforts that the measure was defeated. An American exchange says editorially: "The importance of a bill of this kind will readily be appreciated by our readers if they will recall the watchword of the anti-Catholic societies. 'Open the convents,' the convents meaning unto these people every hospice for the aged, the insane, the infirm, the orphan or the corrigible or incorrigible.

Were such a law to be favorably received in so leading a State as New York it would not be long before the legislatures of all our States would be invaded by bigotry seeking to have itself framed into law. The defeat of the measure thus early insures Catholics throughout the country relief from many possible attacks upon them and their institutions, calculated to arouse anew the spirit of bigotry and intolerance, and for having done so much the Catholics of New York are to be congratulated."

Here is an object lesson that it might be well to carefully study and strive to put into practice. We do not pretend, for a moment, that in Canada we have any Catholic organization of its class that can approach in importance, influence and effectiveness the Catholic Club of New York; but we do claim that it is possible for us to have such an association. And even were we never in this generation to have one, at least we have societies and organizations that are proportionately as important to us Catholics in Canada as is the Empire City's club to the Catholics of that metropolis. The difference is that while the latter body exercises all its influence in the cause that it is intended to uphold and defend, the former are, more or less, careless in regard to all such matters. It seems to us that we could so combine the strongest and most influential representatives of our various societies into one powerful body, that would aim at safe-guarding the special rights, privileges and interests of Catholics, that would follow closely our various municipal, legislative and parliamentary representatives, and be ever prepared to step in and have a say in the making of our laws or in the administration of the same. Until such an organization exists it is vain to hope for due political or other influence. Will not some of our national, benevolent, literary, or purely religious associations take the initiative? It would be a movement that would eternally redound to its credit.—True Witness.

The last number of "L'Ouest Canadien," July 20, contains the names of all the Quebec province excursionists who reached Edmonton on the 17th inst. under the leadership of that great promoter of colonization, Reverend Father Morin. Some of the visitors will immediately settle in the neighborhood.

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Advertisement for Ripans Tablets. Includes text: 'I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction...', 'I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years...', 'I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets...', 'The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.', 'ONE GIVES RELIEF.', 'R-I-P-A-N-S', 'TRADE MARK', 'RIPANS TABLETS', 'My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head from constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a leaden color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.'

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR 75 CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (250 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (250 TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.



CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- JULY  
 30—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 31, Monday—St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus.
- AUGUST.  
 1, Tuesday—St. Peter in Chains.  
 2, Wednesday—St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Deemer.  
 3, Thursday—The Invention of St. Stephen.  
 4, Friday—St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Preachers.  
 5, Saturday—Our Lady of the Snows.

BRIEFLETS.

Mr. Côme Séraphin Cherrier, M. P. P. for Laprairie, Que., returned east on Sunday evening.

Rev. Albert Kulawy, O.M.I., is at Pleasant Home, near Stone-wall, visiting the Galicians there.

The foundation of the new steam laundry adjoining St. Boniface Hospital will be finished tomorrow.

The Very Rev. Mother Superior General of the Sisters of Mercy returned to Montreal the day before yesterday.

The railway excursion to St. Anne's is indefinitely postponed on account of the wretched condition of the roadbed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hébert, St. Joseph street, St. Boniface, mourn the loss of their youngest daughter, Eva, aged eight months.

Most of the Fathers of St. Boniface college are in retreat till the morning of the 31st inst., the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola.

Rev. H. Langevin, brother of our Archbishop, preached in the Catholic church of Rat Portage, and Rev. Candide Therien played the organ, at High Mass, last Sunday.

Preparations are being made for a much needed extension to the Archbishop's residence. The kitchen has already been moved so as to make room for the wing, which will be to the east of the present building.

Yesterday an automobile, belonging to Main's circus, was seen "doing" Main street, Winnipeg, all by itself, with a heavy contingent of passengers. Its pace was far from rapid, but it is quite a curiosity as yet here.

Rev. Father Vignon, a member of the Congregation of La Salette, and parish priest of Fitchburg, Mass., stopped over at the Archbishop's Palace last week on his way to visit the Canons Regular at N. D. de Lourdes, Man.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who returned last Thursday from the Pacific Coast, where he presided at the enthronement of His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, went east on Friday with Rev. Father Cloutier on business connected with the diocese.

Since last Wednesday morning Mulvey school has been the scene of busy head work on the part of the provincial examiners. Some forty teachers, several of whom are principals of colleges and schools, and one of whom is a priest, Father Drummond, are engaged in reading the examination papers of candidates for teachers' certificates. Mr. Daniel McIntyre presides and Mr. W. A. McIntyre, principal of the Normal School, is one of the workers. The term "sub-examiners," by which these worthies are known, does not mean that they are under any

other examiners. It simply distinguishes them from the "examiners," technically so called, who set the papers. In this way many of the sub-examiners are also examiners. The work will be finished by Thursday, but the results will not be published till the beginning of August.

To-morrow evening, the 26th inst., at 8 o'clock, in Unity Hall, McIntyre block, the Catholic Foresters will give an open meeting, to which all friends of Catholic societies will be welcome. There will be a musical programme, and it is hoped that Father Drummond will be present and say a few words. The entertainment promises to be a very pleasant one, and ought to be well patronized.

The voting papers for the election of Convocation representatives on the University Council were counted last Saturday by Canon Coombes and Father Drummond. The result was, in order of number of votes received: I. Pitblado, W. A. McIntyre, J. C. Saul, Daniel McIntyre, Dr. Chown and Dr. Montgomery (equal) and Dr. Popham. Out of about 800 ballots sent out by the registrar only about 220 were returned. Thus almost three quarters of the members of Convocation neglected to vote.

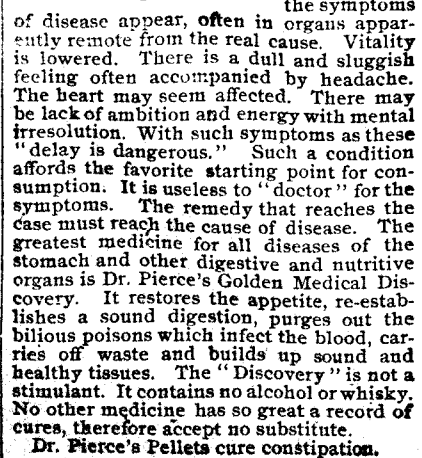
The funeral of the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Deegan took place on Saturday afternoon from the family residence, 488 Kennedy street, to St. Mary's church, at 4:30 p. m., where the services were held, the Rev. Father Guillet officiating. The remains were laid to rest in St. Mary's cemetery. The funeral was largely attended and the flowers were many and beautiful, amongst them being a very beautiful bouquet of roses from Miss K. Cronin. The pall bearers were Homer Cronin, Charley Kelly, Emerest Kelly and J. Ford.

GAREAU-BELIVEAU.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Boniface Cathedral at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, when Mr. C. A. Gareau, a well known merchant tailor of Winnipeg, and Miss Clara Béliveau, were united in marriage. Rev. Dr. Béliveau, brother of the bride, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Béliveau left last evening by the Imperial Limited for Montreal and other eastern points, where they will spend a month before returning.

"May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."

That sentence from Shakespeare is a genuine benediction of the body. In this as in so many other things the intuition of his mighty mind seems to have fathomed the facts which science has slowly discovered. Science has shown that disease in any part of the body is almost always accompanied by weakness and failure of the digestive and assimilative organs. Under these conditions the stomach, liver and blood-making glands fail in their appointed work. Then the symptoms of disease appear, often in organs apparently remote from the real cause. Vitality is lowered. There is a dull and sluggish feeling often accompanied by headache. The heart may seem affected. There may be lack of ambition and energy with mental irresolution. With such symptoms as these "delay is dangerous." Such a condition affords the favorite starting point for consumption. It is useless to "doctor" for the symptoms. The remedy that reaches the cause must reach the cause of disease. The greatest medicine for all diseases of the stomach and other digestive and nutritive organs is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It restores the appetite, re-establishes a sound digestion, purges out the bilious poisons which infect the blood, carries off waste and builds up sound and healthy tissues. The "Discovery" is not a stimulant. It contains no alcohol or whisky. No other medicine has so great a record of cures, therefore accept no substitute. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.



BRITISH JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

"London Universe."  
 As an illustration of the way the Irish executive deals with some convicted criminals in Ireland, Mr. T. M. Healy mentioned two cases when Irish estimates were discussed on Thursday night. The first was the case of a policeman, who owed a small debt to a shopkeeper in Kilkenny. When the latter presented his bill and asked for payment the policeman raised his rifle and shot him dead. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to death, but was subsequently reprieved. The Attorney-General's explanation was that the policeman, if not insane, was labouring at the time under extreme excitement. If this were an agrarian murder the crime would have been avenged on the scaffold.

The second case was that of a soldier who had been convicted of bigamy in Cork. A few days after the conviction the soldier was discharged from prison a free man. Here again the Attorney-General had an explanation. There were, he said, extenuating circumstances in the case. As the Attorney-General took care not to say what the circumstances were the House remained in ignorance of them. Soldiers and policemen have always been the pets of the Crown in Ireland, just as the Orangemen of Belfast are allowed to do pretty much as they please when their victims are only Papists. Yet, Englishmen wonder that Irishmen have so little respect for the laws of the land.

For Small Boys.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Boniface, yielding to repeated requests from various quarters, have determined to undertake the management of a boarding-house for boys between the ages of six and twelve. Special halls will be set apart for them, where, under the care and supervision of the Grey Nuns, they will be prepared for their First Communion, while attending either the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College or the classes of Provencher Academy. This establishment will be known as "Le Jardin de l'Enfance" (Kindergarten). The results already attained in similar institutions of the Order give every reason to hope that this arrangement will fill a long felt want. Board and lodging will cost six dollars a month. For the boys who attend Provencher Academy there will be an additional charge of fifty cents a month; and for those who take music lessons, \$3 a month. Bedding, mending and washing will be extra. The Sisters are willing to attend to these extras on terms to be arranged with them. The boys who attend the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College will have to pay the tuition fees of the College. Applications should be made to THE SISTER SUPERIOR, GREY NUNS' MOTHER HOUSE, ST. BONIFACE.

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A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge. Dr. Marschand has a world-wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity. Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge. All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held as sacred. Answers to correspondents are mailed in plain envelopes. You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicines, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over 50 cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor. A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always inclose three-cent stamp when you write and address The Dr. Marschand Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. U. S. A. Mention the Northwest Review when you write the Doctor.

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