

Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

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I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. Jan. 1st. The Circumcision.
3. Jan. 6th. The Epiphany.
4. The Ascension.
5. Nov. 1st. All Saints.
6. Dec. 8th. The Immaculate Conception.
7. Dec. 25th. Christmas.

II. DAYS OF FAST.

1. The forty days of Lent.
2. The Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent.
3. The Ember days, at the four Seasons being the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of:
 - a. The first week in Lent.
 - b. Whitsun Week.
 - c. The third week in September.
 - d. The third week in Advent.
4. The Vigils of:
 - a. Whitsunday.
 - b. The Solemnity of St. Peter and Paul.
 - c. The Solemnity of the Assumption.
 - d. All Saints.
 - e. Christmas.

III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

- All Fridays in the year.
Wednesdays in Advent.
Fridays.
Wednesdays in Holy week.
Thursdays.
Fridays.
Saturdays.
Sundays.
The Ember Days.
The Vigils above mentioned.

Do you agree with the Catholic Bishops that with the Roman Church?—St. Ambrose [A. D. 385-397].

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Once a week the band will supply dance music in the large and comfortable hall of the hotel for those of our guests who like dancing.

The proprietor has secured a steamer of sufficient size to accommodate parties wishing to make excursions on the lake and view its charming scenery, and enjoy its cool and health-giving breezes.

The hotel is beautifully situated, overlooking the lake and the balconies being wide, make a pleasant resort for guests in the cool of the evening. Large, airy bed-rooms and elegant parlors, double rooms for families.

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OUR LADY'S IMAGE.

Place it where the hourly homage of thine eyes shall rest; Set it where in thoughtless moment to thy careless breast, Some remembrance, pure and holy, it shall quickly dart.

Waking every sleeping instinct of thy Catholic heart.

Often, in thy daily passing, thou shalt mark its gaze And a fervent prayer send upward from life's troubled maze: Often, when hasty question, a sharpened word shall fall Where it stands in holy sacrifice under folded veil.

Daily it shall call thy dreamings out o' wanderings wild; Hourly it shall lead thee heavenward as a little child; Nightly, thou shalt sink to slumber in its presence pure; Waking, thou shalt hail it symbol of thy comfort sure.

Yes, sweet Mother, thy fair image loved with its gaze Those still lips are carved floodgates of truth's burning tides; Those still hands, outstretched and patient, Oh, beyond thy image waiteth all God found in thee!

THE ANNUAL SESSION OF C. O. F. AT CHICAGO.

Report of Delegate of St. Mary's Court No. 276 Winnipeg.

Delegate P. Marrin, who represented St. Mary's Court (Winnipeg) at the recent session of the Catholic Order of Foresters, held in Chicago returned last week, and at the regular meeting held on Friday last presented the following report as the result of his mission:

BROTHERS:—In submitting this my report for your consideration I wish first to congratulate you on the growth of our order. Although many have gone to their long rest, while others were unfortunate enough to be dropped from the roll-call, still our membership is so increased as to warrant us in saying that God is guiding and prospering our beloved order.

The following figures will I am sure be of great interest to you showing the unusual increase in the number of courts and membership. At the annual session of '92, the courts numbered 258, with a membership of 18,932, and on 29th August of this year at the convention just held our courts numbered 381 with a membership of 24,898, showing an increase of 104 courts and nearly 7,000 members. The number of courts in United States 249, and in Canada 132, the relative increase is proportionately greater in Canada than in the United States showing the popularity of the order with the Canadian people this is not to be wondered at, when you consider the delegates that come from the different parts of America men from the best walks in life, of high standing and integrity, satisfied with nothing but the best administration of the constitution and laws, to the greatest advancement of our order. During the year nearly one quarter million of dollars have been paid in beneficiaries as well as \$45,866 in sick benefits, and \$7,938 in funeral expenses by the subordinate courts, and after all the amount paid for beneficiary by each member during the year was \$9.00 (nine dollars and five cents). This I am sure must be gratifying to you, showing the ability of the High Court in the administration of the order. I might say now, that the High Court were all elected by acclamation, the only change being in the High Treasurer Mr. H. Detmer, who on account of large private interests resigned in favor of Bro. Cyr of Chicago, who by the way is a Canadian, which help to bind still closer the bond of unity, the entire order. To show you the high estimation in which we are held, and as a proof of the advancement of our order. I cannot omit that only recently St. John court No. 273 Green Bay, Wisconsin was highly honored by the application for membership from His Grace Bishop Sebastian Messmer of the Green Bay diocese. I may add that his application was approved of by the High Medical Examiner, and is now a member of our order. While this is not only flattering to our order it must in consequence prove an incentive to an increase of membership in that district. There was a delegation from the Catholic Order of Foresters of the State of Massachusetts who asked for a hearing on the convention (that was readily granted) as to the affiliation or recognition of their order, composed of 10,000 members, and I must say that finer looking men or better or more eloquent speakers are nowhere to be found, they were attentively listened to, and so favorable was the impression that a committee of seven members of the High Court were named to consider the advisability of admitting that large number of enthusiastic Catholic Foresters to our order and I have no doubt that they will report very favorably, another great advantage will be the formation of a juvenile court of boys between the ages of 14 and 18 admitted without beneficiary. This will be a great acquisition inasmuch as when they come at the age of admission to the order, will be well versed in all the laws and usages and will make valuable members from every standpoint.

An official organ has been found to be a necessity and a committee has been formed to make the necessary arrangements for the same, portions of which will be printed in English, French and German; this I know you will be all pleased to hear as it gives us an opportunity of getting a great deal of information. Another matter brought before the convention was the medical examination, recently quite a number of

deaths have occurred from that dread disease consumption, and so strong was the feeling on the subject that an order was made that all deaths occurring inside of one year other than accident will be subject of special investigation, so that the blame if any be laid on the proper shoulders, stress was also made on desirability of caution in recommending friends, for entrance in the order to see that they are in good health with a good family history, as it is to the best interests of the order that quality would be considered more than quantity. Too much praise cannot be given to the committee on constitution with its indomitable chairman Brother Kelly of Milwaukee at its head, who is a power in himself, during the whole session the committee worked night and day and is faint praise to say that addition and amendments to the Constitution will be found of a most desirable character.

In conclusion, the Brothers of Chicago did all in their power to make the delegates visiting in their city as comfortable as possible. A fine commodious hall centrally located with every convenience not omitting a banquet the first evening of the session, speeches and addresses were given by His Grace Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, who is the founder of our order, and to say that he was pleased when he gazed over that large and intellectual gathering was to say the least putting it very mild and in a few well chosen words, showed it to be the happiest day of his life, to see the unprecedented growth of the greatest Catholic association on earth, and gave us his Benediction with a large and loving heart and by the Rev. Father Muldoon, and several other priests of note, and last but not least Mr. Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago also did the honor of addressing and welcoming us to the garden city of the west, the greatest metropolis of America, in a right royal manner and told us to dispense the idea that United States wanted to compel us to annex he said that the Americans feel quite friendly towards us, as one loving sister to another, and although both willing and anxious that we should form a part of the Great Republic nothing in the shape of Physical force until be used, but rather something of loving or caressing character.

This terminated one of the grandest gatherings of Catholics in America that will go down to posterity showing what great results can be obtained by organization, and a slanting rebuff to some weak kneed so called liberal Catholics, that are always looking for so cety cude of our own church, and overlooking for the moment that they belong to the oldest, greatest and most noble society in the world. "The Catholic church."

Thanking you Brother for your kind and attentive hearing, and hoping that your next delegate to the annual convention to be held in St. Paul, will be accorded the same pleasure that I have had in representing you at the 10th Annual Convention of Catholic Order of Foresters in Chicago.

After the reading of the report, Chief Ranger, J. D. McDonald, in a neat and comprehensive speech thanked Mr. Marrin, saying that the delegate proved himself well worthy of the responsibility imposed on him, and he felt proud of the choice the court had made.

A vote of thanks was moved by Bro. T. D. Deegan, seconded by Bro. L. O. Genest, was unanimously accorded Mr. Marrin.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Our Reporter on his Vacation. Takes in the Sight. He writes in haste, but gives Some Interesting Facts.

DEAR EDITOR,—I arrived at the White City of the West after a pleasant jaunt over the Northern Pacific, with its connections, all of which I found up to date, and promise, and now hasten to send my views, thinking that your readers would like to read of some of the many things to be seen.

It is a magnificent display. Money was no object in its preparation. A very large building and a war ship model built in Lake Michigan on the same measurements as the war ship Illinois, a smaller structure erected to display, the hospital service of the army, a system of electric bouys just off shore, the presence of one of the coast life saving crews, giving daily exhibitions of their work constitute the general compass of the wonderful exhibit were the first to catch our attention. What I next considered of interest comes from the Sequoia Natural Park and is part of one of the

BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

They are mastodons of the vegetable kingdom and among some of nature's marvels, not yet mementoes of an unknown period. The rude hand of man was fast destroying them until the United States government took them under its protection preferring to leave them to the fate kindly nature should decree. Their foliage closely resembles the cedar, and the wood, when green, is very heavy. Indeed the parts of it nearest the ground will, when first cut, sink in water. But once seasoned it is quite light and dry and is susceptible of a very fine polish. The tree from which was cut the part standing in the Government Building was about 26 feet in diameter, 81 or 82 feet in circumference and fully 306 feet high. This was not selected because of its regularity. The section exhibited consists of 46 separate

pieces. It had to be thus cut before it could be transported. It took eleven cars to bring it to Chicago. It was hauled from its mountain home on special built trucks by teams of 15 mules each. It had to be thus drawn some 50 miles before shipping.

There is a case devoted to a collection of Washington's relics that proved the honor and respect in which Americans held the fathers of their country. The collection consists of such articles as his sword, his commission from Congress signed by John Hancock, various diaries etc., may be seen. One of the last named articles is opened where

THE HAND OF WASHINGTON

traced the last words his pen ever wrote. The second last item is dated Dec. 12th. It tells of "a circle around the moon" and notes that it "started to snow at ten o'clock" Dec. 13th. Then tells of the continuance of the snow—its stopping during the morning—the visit of a friend then comes those last words: "Mercury 28 at night." Verily, it was growing cold. The next day George Washington passed from earth the 14th day of December, 1799. The scarf with which the Marquis de la Fayette had bound up his wound at the battle of Brandy Wine; a white silk vest from whose pockets flowers and grass seemed to grow and over whose front bees and June bugs were daintily scattered by the needle of the ill-fated Queen, poor Maria Antoinette assisted by Madame Genet a lady of the Bed Chamber; a drum that had been beaten at Bunker Hill; a gun, the property of a negro named John Salem, who carried it at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill and with which he had shot Major Pitcairn; a scarf that came over in the Mayflower, these were a few among hundreds of other objects equally interesting.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

There were a thousand other things to be seen, I went to the Treasury Department. Its history may be read in the display it makes of the various issues of coins and paper money. The collection of coins however is by far the most unique part of all it shows. Some of these are from the dim long ago. One dainty bit not quite as large as a grain of corn is a counter part of the little piece of money that has become famous because our Lord commended the genuine charity of her who gave it. The widow's mite, which is prominently placed and the sight-seer cannot miss it. Some coins shown are from the days of Seleucus I. The collection goes as far back as 281 B. C. and their history reaches from such an early period to the latest bright bit the mints are turning out to-day.

THE HOSPITAL EXHIBIT.

Herein the cultivation of disease germs is being carried on. Quite a number are labelled, described and classified. An attendant is ready and willing to give all the necessary explanations one may wish. Indeed this is one of the features of the government exhibit—the even temper of its employees and their willingness to explain all connected with whatever they have in charge. The world a few years ago was filled with joy at the announcement that Dr. Kock had discovered a cure for consumption, but I prefer, for obvious reasons, to not go into particulars of this particular exhibit, so bid you good bye till the next.

Household Hints.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peels may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip them in common salt and scour with dry brick dust.

Old paint and varnish may be removed by an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up with one part of turpentine. It will soften them so they may easily be scraped off.

To wash windows and make them clear and bright, use ammonia and borax, but no soap. To wash glass tumblers and make them brilliant and clear use strong tepid soda water, then rinse in clear, cold water and dry with a linen cloth without nap.

Dingy wall paper may be improved, though not restored, by rubbing gently with a soft cloth dipped in oatmeal. The cloth must be changed as often as it becomes covered with the dirt removed from the paper, otherwise it will soil instead of cleaning.

As a general rule, it is best not to correct costiveness by the use of saline or drastic medicines. When a purgative is needed, the most prompt, effective, and beneficial is Ayer's Pills. Their tendency is to restore, and not weaken, the normal action of the bowels.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla does what no other blood medicine in existence can do. It searches out all the impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. This is why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is so pre-eminently effective as a remedy for rheumatism.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Richard Binks, the well-known Druggist, 207 McGill St., Montreal, P. Q., says:

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

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Chuck Steak.....8c
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A Catholic correspondent wanted in every important town.

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

Correspondence conveying facts of interest will be welcomed and published.

Address all Communications to THE NORTH WEST REVIEW, Post office Box 588, Winnipeg, Man.

NOTICE.

The editor will always gladly receive (1) ARTICLES on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political if not of a party character.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

St. Boniface, May 10th, 1888.

Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been entrusted by the directors of the journal with the management of the same.

I need not tell you that I take a deep interest in the Northwest Review which is the only English Catholic paper published within the limits of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

It has fully my approval, though, of course, I cannot be responsible for every word contained in it.

The sole control I can claim is over the principles they express and I have no hesitation in stating that the principles announced by them are sound and ought to be endorsed by every sound Catholic in this country.

I therefore consider that you enter a good work and I pray to God that He will bless you in its accomplishment.

Yours all devoted in Christ, ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE, O. M. I.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is our sad duty to record, in another column, the sudden and terrible death of Michael O'Phelan, son of Captain P. D. O'Phelan, of St. Paul, and until recently one of Winnipeg's most esteemed and respected citizens.

We have just learned with the deepest regret that Mr. Luxton and the Free Press have parted company. The Free Press without Mr. Luxton, who founded it and by whose ability and energy it has become one of Canada's greatest dailies, will be like the play of Hamlet with that important character left out.

The Catholic Review very sensibly remarks: "Surely the times are out of joint when it becomes the duty of a bishop to protest from his pulpit and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament against unseemly criticism and unfounded aspersions coming from papers that pretended to be Catholic."

A "religious" contemporary is somewhat excited over the probability of the Bernalillo Indian school in New Mexico, conducted by the Sisters of Loretto, receiving some 3,500 of an appropriation to recompense them for the thievery of Gen. Morgan, and his amiable assistant Dr. Donchester—both bigots of the most fanatical type—who robbed the Sisters of their just claims under the rule of our late President, Benjamin Harrison.

Gen. Morgan was commissioner, Dr. Donchester was Superintendent, and Inspector Keck made up the trio of unscrupulous officials who tried to rob the poor devoted Sisters of their little dues for educating our Indian children.

Humbert, "King" of Italy must be a splendid sovereign of a free people. Here is a scoundrelly robber named Tiburzi who has kept the landlords of Viterbo in a state of absolute terror for the past twenty years. He is a brigand

of brigands—a highway robber—and all the power of "King" Humbert, is not sufficient to catch the big thief. He has reduced the neighborhood of Viterbo to a state of terrorised subjection and he still exists and flourishes. Tiburzi entered on his predatory movements just at the time that the Italian Usurper entered the Quirinal and there he is to this day. Is Tiburzi in league with Humbert and does he pay his protector a stipulated sum for his robberies? It looks like it. Brigands of a feather flock together.—American Catholic.

A lot of those black hearted cowards the A. P. A's (A. P. E's) visited the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Columbus Ohio, last week with the intent of insulting and assaulting the nuns and the inmates. The Mother Superior faced them at the door of the convent and by her presence and firmness of character saved the place from outrage. It was well for their vile carcasses that some of the Irish American boys of that city were not present at the time of the visit or they would have promised meekly never to return. The days of Mount Benedict at Charlestown, Mass., are gone forever. Those dark lanterned bigots may grovel in their secret lodge places but when they venture forth upon their evil mission in the light of day to insult nuns and those under their charge, they will find something more than a Mother Superior to greet them on their arrival.—American Catholic.

It is probably not generally known that nearly the most utterly intolerant State in the world nowadays is the Dutch Boer Republic in South Africa. Some years since not a little sympathy with the Boers existed in Ireland, but the actual state of things which prevails in the Republic was unknown here. For instance, at present Catholics suffer under galling disabilities and are even excluded from the franchise, while the other day the Burgurers of Lydenburgh united in a petition to the legislative body requesting "that immediate steps be taken to eradicate the Roman Catholic church in this Republic."

The volume which President Cleveland will send to the Pope, and which has been accepted in a flattering letter of acceptance, is one which Mr. Cleveland had prepared in New York not long ago, and which he distributed among the few favored persons whom he wishes to honor in a personal way. The paper is royal Irish linen, with rough edges and the widest possible margins. The type is large, old style, and Mr. Cleveland's latest photograph, with his signature beneath, forms a frontispiece. The cover of the book varies with the occasion of its presentation. Thus William C. Whitney has one in seal binding, Daniel S. Lamont has another in rich leather, and it is understood that Wm. F. Harrity got one also. But the one to be sent his Holiness, through the American Cardinal, is intended to be a triumph of the bookbinder's art. The outside of the book will be black and gold while the fly leaf will contain an inscription in Mr. Cleveland's own hand. If he follows the precedent set in former gift books the Chief Magistrate will put simply: "To His Holiness Leo XIII., Pope, from his admirer Grover Cleveland." The New York firm which is authority for these facts estimates the average cost of President Cleveland's gift books, including paper, printing and binding, at something like \$150 each. The edition is very small—some twenty or less—and no doubt will fetch fancy prices a few generations hence.—Irish Standard.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WEAVER.

In old English, words with the termination ster were applied to women exclusively. For instance brewing, baking and weaving were formerly feminine labors, and consequently Brewster, Baxter (Anglo-Saxon bacistre) and Webster name the woman, not the man, who brews, bakes, or weaves. As a survival of this usage we still have the venerable term spinster. This philological reminder is not out of place just now: for there was, lately, junketing and banqueting through our fair Dominion, a sorry specimen of the genus Webster. He is not a woman, but a man; would that he had a woman's sense of right and indignation at wrongdoing! He has, however, as a make-weight, that exaggerated esteem of self which is the besetting sin of the stronger sex. A little more than a year ago he took upon himself, for a substantial pecuniary consideration, the responsible post of chief counsel for the defence of our down-trodden educational rights. The case was clear one. Everybody, even our enemies, thought that we must win it. All the legal talent of our highest Canadian tribunal had pronounced in our favor. Sir Richard Webster had splendid Canadian supporters to enlighten him as to the merits of our cause. But he loftily ignored their proffered aid, and, though his multifarious speculating as Attorney-General for the outgoing cabinet in a general election left him no time to study so momentous a question as it ought to have been stud-

ied, he persisted in abounding in his own conceit and conducting the case as if he knew all about Manitoba; and so he lost an historical law-suit which the average lawyer with an average dose of humility and shrewdness could not have helped winning. In view of the fact that, in spite of his weak and unmanly defence of our rights, two out of the five judges of the Privy Council dissented from their colleagues and would have declared the Greenway school law unconstitutional, it is no exaggeration to assert that Sir Richard Webster completely "gave away" our school case.

This is the man whom the bar of Montreal and Toronto delight to honor. No doubt he must be a clever man, or he would not be reputed the second best lawyer in England, the second, with a huge interval, after the incomparable Sir Charles Russell. But by the Catholics of Manitoba he will be remembered as the trusted champion who betrayed his trust through conceit of his own ability. He can play second fiddle with success, as he has just proved at the Behring Sea arbitration; as first fiddle, he is, to use a Beaconsfieldian phrase "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." He can weave a web of toughest texture in matters of secondary importance; but, when the mightiest and most sacred interests of religion are to be worked out on his loom, he sees nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry and, being unable to picture to himself the right side, he turns out a web the web and warp of which prove him an unsuccessful weaver.

QUEBEC CATHOLIC CLERGY DEFENDED.

We clip the following article from the editorial columns of our able and highly esteemed contemporary, the Canadian Freeman:

The Pasadena, California, Weekly Star, recently printed some wicked and malicious calumnies about the Catholic clergy of Quebec, not a half a line in the whole "yarn" containing an iota of truth. The epistle is such a lying and wreckless piece of intelligence the FREEMAN has no use for it in its columns, but we will give our readers what the San Francisco Monitor thinks about the ridiculous assertions and how that paper refutes them. It says: "Now, every word in the above paragraph which refers to the Catholic clergy, to its clergy, to their mode of life, to their greed and luxury, to the tithing system, to the building of churches, to the lien upon property of the district is false, absolutely and totally false. The tithing system in force in Quebec is in force by the consent of the Catholic people. It is a fair and just system, not in the least oppressive upon the people, on the contrary very light; it gives no luxury to the clergy, but always keeps them on the brink of poverty; and as to the building of churches, none can be built except by and with the vote of the majority of the property holders in meeting assembled, a perfectly popular system. The lien allowed by law for cost of church buildings only affects the property of Catholics and is granted only for the purpose of enabling the parish to borrow money at the lowest rates, so as to give the faithful time for payment, of which all are glad to take advantage. The tithing is not ten per cent, but only four per cent. one bushel in twenty-six; it is not paid in money; but in kind; it is not imposed upon stock, nor upon hay or root crops, it only effects grains—wheat, barley, oats, peas, rye and buckwheat, the only grain crops cultivated in the Province of Quebec. Now Canada is in a great hay, root, and potato growing country so that more than half, indeed, almost two-thirds of the farmer's crops are exempt from tithing.

The grain being payable in kind and in proportion to its product, there is perfect equality between the parties; if the crops are good and abundant, the priest benefits thereby; if poor and scarce, he shares the poverty of his parishioners. Indeed, as a general rule, poverty is his lot; there is no wine or luxury about his table or household; if he lives like a fighting-cock, it is like a fighting-cock whilst he is in training, on short commons. The average income of a parish priest in the Province of Quebec is \$600 per annum; a good number receive \$800 to \$1,000—some as much as \$1,100—a very few \$1,500 and none as high as \$2,000—whilst fully one-fourth of them do not get \$500 a year and a large number content themselves with from \$300 to \$400 a year. As to being exacting in the collection of their tithes and oppressive upon their parishioners, none could be more indulgent than the Canadian clergy; the best proof of it is in the love and veneration with which they are treated by their parishioners.

And well may the French Canadian people love their clergy! To them they owe their very existence. Were it not for their clergy, the French Canadians would have been lost under English conquest and the French language would be no longer spoken on the banks of the St. Lawrence. In 1759 at the time of the capture of Quebec the French were 60,000 people in numbers; they now exceed 2,500,000, probably the greatest population the world has ever seen. A conquered race, they have retained their laws, their language and religion. Not retained them because the English

allowed it voluntarily, the English never accord to the conquered nations their rights except when they can not do otherwise: the French Canadians fought for their rights and conquered them with no other leaders than the clergy. At the time of the conquest almost all the educated class, the officers of the army, the government officials, the signers, the large property-holders, the lawyers, left the country for France, abandoning the people and the priests to the tender mercies of the English. The priest rose to the height of the peril; they put themselves at the head of their race, and today the sons of the 60,000 abandoned peasants dominate not in Quebec alone but in the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian priest is worthy of his great and fearless predecessors. He lives on a mere pittance, he works harder than the most ambitious seeker after wealth, he loves his people and he is loved by his people. We who know and love the Canadian clergy, Bishops and priests, will not permit the breath of calumny to assail their fair fame without raising our voice in their defence, for we know them as the true friends of humanity, the true servants of God."

THE CITY OF CONFUSION.

It was announced on the 14th inst. from Toronto that all the Anglican Synods in Canada are now for the first time united in one body. For a moment, we are told, the cause of union was in jeopardy; but, thanks to the able chairmanship of Bishop Machray, a report was drawn up harmonizing the divergent views on a basis of union. What a stupendous feat we have here recorded! Only think of it: harmony has been established between the divergent views of all the Synods of Canada, harmony between the Anglicans that believe in baptism as necessary to salvation and those who do not; between the Anglicans that believe in the Real Presence and those who believe in the Real Absence; between the Anglicans that believe in Holy Orders and those who, like the Bishop of Rupert's Land, think orders might be suspended for a term of years in order to let non-conformists re-enter the church; between the Anglicans that believe in the necessity of episcopal consecration and those who, like Canon Henderson, don't think there is any such teaching in the Scriptures.

This last instance is particularly astounding. It was on the sixth day of last August. There was taking place what the Free Press called "the leading event of the church history of Winnipeg," the consecration of an Anglican bishop. The Rev. J. J. A. Newnham was the elect. His father-in-law, Canon Henderson, Principal of a theological college in Montreal, had come all the way from the metropolis of true Catholicism in order to tell the assembled bishops and clergy what? That the episcopal office was a "good work" (1 Tim. iii, 1), that the bishop is "God's steward" (Titus, I, 7)? Not at all. He chose this solemn occasion to inform his hearers, the bishops of Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, Athabasca, Saskatchewan and North Dakota, and especially the bishop elect of Moosonee, the husband of his own daughter, that episcopal succession was not taught in the New Testament; and he insinuated that Timothy was very likely never consecrated by imposition of hands!

Incredible as this pronouncement may seem, it will be found in the following extract from the masterly report of the Canon's sermon (2 Tim. II, 1-3) in the Free Press of Aug. 7th.

He observed that there was no record of a formal consecration of Timothy by imposition of hands. He did not think that episcopal succession was taught in the Holy Scriptures. The words of the text were not "Who shall be able to ordain and consecrate others," but, "who shall be able to teach others."

The speaker argued that imperative episcopacy was not among the things which the apostle taught; after a search of twenty-six years he was unable to find imperative episcopacy there; he did not see that it was essential to the constitution of the church or the conveyance of spiritual gifts. He saw the episcopacy as a historical fact in unbroken succession, but he could not see that this could be converted into a universally binding and inalienable law. If everything apostolic must be minutely and rigidly maintained, then why were the peculiar powers of the apostles themselves discontinued? And why was the kiss of peace practically laid aside? He held that it was indefensible to say that the episcopacy was absolutely essential to the existence of the Church of God; that it might be granted that it was essential to the highest development of the church. The Church of God existed in times past apart from the episcopacy; and therefore it might exist without it again. The doctrine of the indispensability of the episcopacy constituted a formidable barrier to the realization of the Christian union that was so earnestly desired. The preacher went on to show that neither the formularies, nor the articles of the church, nor the ordinal for bishops, nor the writings of reformers, made the doctrine of the episcopacy universally binding. In practice, the church of England for a 100 years had recognized the validity of the non-episcopal order.

In fairness to the Anglican clergy present at this extraordinary sermon, it must be said that many of them were shocked at it. They declared it wretchedly out of keeping with the occasion; they found in it a proof of execrable taste. We can imagine the subsequent comments, and especially the interview between Bishop Newnham and his learned father-in-law, together with the

vehement protests of Mrs. Newnham.

Were not the principle involved so wide-reaching, so fundamental to the very conception of an Episcopal church, the whole thing would strike us as a stately farce. The very pretence of a consecration ceremony by men that are not even priests is, at best, a solemn piece of pantomime, an unconscious tribute to the true church whose ceremonies and songs are elaborately parodied and yet ruthlessly mutilated. But tears are more in order than laughter, when the most august foundations of episcopal succession are attacked by a sciolist who has so little sense of proportion as to compare the episcopal character and its necessities to the desuetude into which the kiss of peace has fallen in the church of England; when the man that utters these inanities is the head of a theological college and presumably knows something of the unanimous voice of the early Fathers proclaiming the necessity of episcopal consecration and recognizing the inalienable episcopacy of heretics even, provided they have been duly consecrated; when the honest thousands that ignorantly deem themselves members of Christ's church have to look helplessly on, while their Right Reverend Fathers in God tamely listen to a preacher impugning the only distinctive Anglican tenet, without either the power or the wish to silence him; when the new bishop is ushered into his episcopal career among the nations that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death with the assurance that it is a matter of very little consequence whether he be a bishop or no, and that all he has received is the power to teach others, a power which the lowliest of his lay helpers has just as much of as himself.

Poor Bishop of Moosonee! If he had not been saturated with the spirit of Anglican inconsistency, if he had had anything like a grasp of logic and objective truth, the consecration sermon preached for his benefit would have shown him how correct was the name Newman gave the church of England, when he called her the City of Confusion.

Catholic Notes.

Father Cleary, the great Western advocate, read a paper at the Catholic Congress on "Intemperance, the Evil, and Remedy." When he was introduced by Chairman O'Brien, of New York, the audience fairly went wild. They stood up and cheered and waved their hats for fully five minutes before he could proceed, and he surely ought to feel proud of the reception the delegates and audience gave him.

The Grand Opera house, at Dubuque was thronged on Monday the 18th inst., when Archbishop Ireland addressed the public on "The Catholic Church and Our Times." Mr. Nugent of Liverpool followed with an appeal for temperance. The Grand Army post to which Archbishop Ireland subsequently gave a reception, the Protestant ministers of the city and 200 Catholics, priests and laymen occupied the stage, while the auditorium was packed.

At the Vatican the other day, Leo XIII. held a brilliant reception of Cardinals, Bishops, members of the Pontifical court, and representatives of the Catholic lay societies of Rome. In the midst of the conversation, the photograph presented to His Holiness by Mr. Edison, was brought out and the Pope spoke into it an invocation to his patron, St. Joachim, which was reproduced with marvellous distinctness. Next a speech delivered by the late Cardinal Manning in 1880 was repeated by the instrument with all the tone of voice and sharpness of intonation peculiar to the dead prelate. The sentences, poems and addresses by other speakers were made to ring through the hall. The Holy Father was one of the most attentive listeners to the marvels of our wizard's creation, and spoke of it as a triumph of scientific skill.

Monument to John Boyle O'Reilly.

The monument to John Boyle O'Reilly designated by Daniel C. French, of Boston, is no ordinary bust and pedestal, but a composition of no little size. It consists of a bust of heroic size and a group of three symbolical figures, all in bronze. The bust is divided from the figures by a large carved stone fourteen feet high and six broad, which will carry inscriptions and act as background. The top will be carved with celtic ribbon ornament in low relief, and it will be hollowed out behind bust and group. Approaching the monument from one side, the heroic bust is seen on a pedestal of stone about ten feet high, relieved against its shallow niche in the monolith. Approaching it from the other, the three figures are observed on a lower pedestal than the bust, but with a shallow niche behind them also, while the surface of the stone is carved in low relief with a large Celtic cross and decorations of shamrocks. The central figure is the Shan Van Voght, or "Poor Old Woman," otherwise the land of Erin. She is seated and weaves a wreath of laurel and oak leaves, and is attended each side by nude male figures representing poetry and patriotism. Poetry holds a harp and offers a handful of laurels to Mother Erin, while patriotism has oak leaves in one hand and a weapon in the other. The Transcript of Boston says that the model makes an impression of dignified simplicity, but suggests that perhaps, viewed from the sides, the profiles "are likely to be rather

thin and possibly devoid of character and proportion." The design has been formally accepted.

Our Fireside.

A water spout—A temperance oration. In the sifting of legal evidence there is a great deal of dust thrown in people's eyes.

"When you have leisure," said a caller to an editor, "I'd like to speak to you."

"All right; come in after I'm dead."

"Muggles is a good deal like a clock isn't he?"

"Works every hour you mean?"

"No, gets every thing on tick."

She: "Maud? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth."

He: "I didn't take her to be as old as that."

A colored philosopher "down south" is reported to have said: "Life my brethren am mostly made up of prayin' for rain, and then wishin' it would clear off."

There are two kinds of children—your own good little darlings and the badly behaved, mischievous little demons owned by other people.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Q. C., "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that therefore the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain."

Cloverton—"Old man, I should think you would wear a silk hat with a dress suit."

Dashaway (sadly)—"You can't hire a silk hat."

Mr. Dearone—"Fancy! I put my hat on that wet towel. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I shall place it next?"

Mrs. Dearone—"On your head, I suppose, love."

"Old Workandslave took his first day off in fifteen years yesterday."

"How did he happen to do it?"

"Went to a funeral."

"Never heard of his doing such a thing before."

"He never did. The funeral was his own."

Mr. N. Peck—"I should think you would be ashamed to wear the hair of another woman on your head!"

Mrs. N. Peck—"Shame on yourself, for you wear the skin of another calf on your feet."

"My brethren," said a frustrated preacher, who was making his first attempt to preach without notes, "you have all heard the old saying that whom the gods would destroy they first kill. I mean," he said, "that when the gods get mad they—er—but not to dwell on this aspect of the case, I would beseech you to consider," etc.

He is About Right.

The editor of the Hamilton Herald gets off the following: Girls in this part of the world who feel aggrieved that no one comes a-wooing, should grasp their dainty skirts and trip it merrily to Manitoba. The Pilot Mound Sentinel makes a pathetic appeal for a few car loads of marriageable maids who can scrub, wash, sew, cook, and fill the vacant places in lonely bachelor hearts. It is a sad and solemn thing to think of the well-to-do farmer bachelors of Manitoba razing love letters to the amber moon, and sighing out their burdened souls in sentimental poetry. They have no one to love them, none to caress, and their yearning for female companionship is wild and uncontrollable. Somebody ought to organize a personally conducted party of marriageable girls, and take them on a tour through Manitoba. The conductor would return alone.

The Field of Labor.

Italy has 47,000 miners. Typewritten music is new.

China has twenty-four newspapers. Germany has 5,276,000 farms.

Allegators are getting scarce. An electric cloth cutter is new.

Texas has a lady negro dentist. There is an electric rock breaker.

Leadville, Col., is being deserted. French builders make plaster floors.

Chicago saloons employ 24,000 persons. Germany's navy employs 20,000 men.

Uncle Sam gets few Spanish immigrants. The world's mines yield 12,200,000 tons daily.

Great Britain uses 230,000,000 bricks a month. A Vermont mill is making 600,000,000 postal cards.

England takes 40,000 tons of eggs from Ireland yearly. Three-fourths of the total population of Russia are farmers.

San Francisco police carry lariats to stop runaway horses. About ten thousand gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel.

Russian railway trains rarely go as fast as twenty-two miles an hour.

The Bicycle for the English Army.

The war office has taken the bicycle into its decided favor, owing to observations made as to its utility during recent maneuvers. A large number are to be attached to each battalion. The volunteer corps of London have long since incorporated the bicyclist, and when they turn out and ride side by side of the corps they look well. As the colonel unusually the only mounted man, cannot very well be dispatched with a message from a corporal, a bicyclist volunteer comes in very handy. The regulars, when on foreign active service, would find a body of bicyclists amazingly useful, and good scouting would be done by them.—London Court Journal.

Age does not depend upon years, but upon what experience has taught us. He who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

GRANTLEY MANOR

A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON, author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Is the gentleman a Catholic?" the priest inquired. Martha thought not; but could not tell for sure.

The holy rites had been performed. To him who had received her first confession, Ginevra had made her last, and never had the pardoning words descended into her heart with a more sacred power than in that hour when life was receding and eternity approaching.

"Father, I am about to die. I feel it. I know it. And never have I thanked God for an earthly blessing as I thank him for this. But one prayer I have to make to you; and if you love me, as I know you love me," she added, as the old man's tears flowed down his withered cheeks, "I will hear it—you will grant it. I am married! Father, I am married! And Edmund Neville is my husband. I have seen him here, at the foot of my bed, at my side. His arm has been round me. I have felt his kisses on my cheek, and his tears on my brow. He will return—he will come again to the side of this bed once; I know not when—this night, or to-morrow, or later still; but I know he will come to look on what he once loved,—to ask the cold lips to pardon him, the dead to forgive him,—and there will be none to say, 'She blessed you—she prayed for you—she loved you to the last.' Father! you must be there when he comes. You must bless him. Will you, Father? Do not turn away—"

"I will pray for him, my child," answered the priest in a broken voice. "Oh! but you must bless him, Father. You must promise to bless him, or I cannot die in peace! Tell him I never loved any one but him. He thought I disobeyed him once—I never did. Tell him so, and ask him to keep this." She drew from her finger the little ring her tears had so often washed. "It has been near my heart ever since we married. I have never told anybody but you that we were married. I do not know why I am here. I think I went out of my mind, and was brought to this place. Comfort my father and my sister. Tell them how I loved them, but do not tell them I was married—unless you ought and confuted I—but if they love me, let them be kind to Edmund. Let me speak to you Father; do not bid me rest. I shall rest soon, but now hear me. By your prayers—by your tears—by the memory of her he once fondly loved—by all the sufferings I have endured—by the deep, deep faith with which I die—win him to penitence, to hope, to truth. Deal gently with him; and if the day should come when he sees the truth as I see it, as we see it, dear Father—tell him that in this my dying hour I foresaw it, and was glad."

Two hours later, when Father Francesco, who had hurried for a few minutes to his own home, was entering the front room, he found a lady in deep mourning established there, whose countenance and attitude betokened an extreme interest and anxiety. She rose at his approach, and glancing at his dress, said, in a manner at once quiet and respectful—

"May I ask, sir, if you are the priest who has been attending on—on my brother's wife?" He looked steadily and keenly at her, and in a tone which thrilled through Mrs. Neville's heart as if she had been herself the guilty person inquired after, responded—

"I am, madam. Where is your brother?" "There," she said, pointing to the next room; and unable to restrain her tears—"there, watching in despair over her unconscious form—an hour sooner, and he might have received her forgiveness."

"She has forgiven him" he answered gently. "The last words she uttered were to invoke a blessing on his head." "Thank God for that! Thank God for it!" Mrs. Neville ejaculated in a hurried manner. "If any one could tell him! I dare not go near them"—she trembled as she spoke—"there is something awful in such grief as his. He is almost out of his mind—but if he knew that she had prayed for him. Can you go in?" she asked in a nervous manner. "Could you speak to him?"

spoke not another word; the priest was kneeling at the foot of the bed; after a while Anne Neville glided in, and knelt there also, and both prayed in silence. Thus the hours went by, and the night advanced; and the nurse went and came, and the doctor stood near the bed; Edmund stirred not—the least movement might have disturbed her; he would have wished to still the beating of his heart; her breathing was so faint he could not discern it. Now and then the doctor felt her pulse, and held a glass to her lips; she never moved, but a pang of speechless agony shot through his mind in those instants. Still he waited, and the hours went by, and the prayers of his companion grew more fervent, and the light of day began to dawn. Again the doctor drew near the bed, and this time he said, "The pulse is stronger." Still Edmund stirred not; something sharper than pain had run through his frame as those words were pronounced; and through the next hour he seemed to himself to suffer more than before, for there was a change, and life and death were trembling in the balance. The sun was rising, a ray of light made its way into the room, and she moaned faintly. The doctor signed to him to lay her head on the pillow, and he held something to her lips; she swallowed what he had prepared, opened her eyes once, closed them immediately, and fell asleep again. "She will recover now," the doctor whispered, and forcibly led him from the room. He would have tallied had he not been thus supported. The sudden emotions of that moment, joined to the excessive fatigue he had endured, almost overpowered him, and he nearly fainted. He had not given way to his feelings during all that long night; now he wept like a child, and then suddenly pressing his sister to his heart in a transport of joy, which she vainly endeavored to calm.

With a gratitude as fervent, but less vehement, Father Francesco sat for a moment by the bedside, from which all but him had withdrawn. He blessed the sleeping form of his Ginevra, and then rose to leave the place where he had suffered and prayed for so many hours. As he entered the front room, Edmund, whose face wore traces of the most violent emotion, went up to him and said in Italian— "Father, you prayed for her all night. I heard it—I felt it." "I prayed more for you than for my Ginevra," answered the priest; and he added simply, but with his voice trembling as he spoke, "I was her mother's uncle, and came to this country to seek her."

(To be continued.)

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After Many Days. Holmfild, Man., Feb. 14, 1890. W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR:—For 12 years my wife was a martyr to that dread disease, Dyspepsia. Nothing relieved her; physicians were consulted and medical skill tried, without avail. One doctor advised a change of climate, suggesting Manitoba as a desirable place. We acted upon this advice, coming here two years ago. The change of climate wrought a change indeed, but for the worse, as she was soon confined to bed, and under the care of two doctors, who asserted she could live but a month longer. A neighbor came to see her one day who had been reading your almanac. She told her of the testimonials she read in it, of the great amount of good they were doing, and advised her to try a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. She did so, was relieved, kept improving, and is now able to do housework, and continues the use of Morse's Pills.

Yours gratefully, GEO. DUNN.

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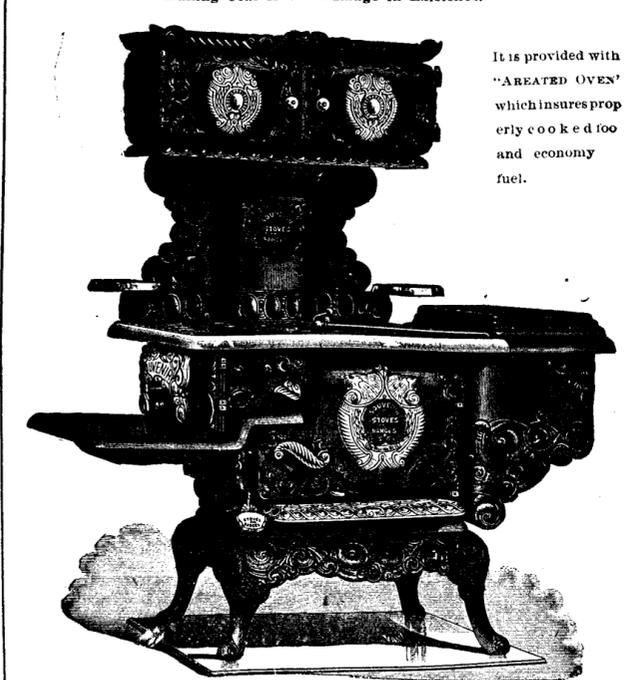
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