



CURRENT COMMENT

On Monday of last week the Morning Telegram printed on its editorial page immediately after its Editorial Notes a letter signed John M. McAlpine, protesting against some shocking scenes which he described as having been witnessed on Thursday, Feb. 5, at Deer Lodge. Finding in two subsequent issues of the same paper no denial nor counter-protest, we took the story for granted and commented thereon in our last number. Just as we were going to press on Thursday, Feb. 12, the following apology appeared in the Morning Telegram, not, however, on the editorial page, but on page 7, in an obscure corner of the paper.

IN MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

Anonymous Writer Attacks People Under False Pretences.

Owing to the accidental misplacement of a file of unapproved "copy," a letter appeared in the Telegram on Monday morning containing statements concerning a social gathering of snowshoers. This letter was never intended to go to the compositors, and no such letter would ever be deliberately published by the Telegram without full investigation.

Since its appearance a careful investigation has been made, with the result, first, that no person bearing the name signed to that letter can be discovered, and the letter itself was therefore sent under false pretences; and, second, the Telegram has absolute evidence that the statements in the letter were false in every particular, and clearly dictated by personal malice. The Telegram apologizes to the ladies and gentlemen who were so grossly misrepresented.

On the previous evening, Wednesday, Feb. 11, the identity of "John M. McAlpine" was still accepted by Mr. Edwin Baker, President of the St. George Snow Shoe Club, who wrote to the Free Press News Bulletin of that date.

"In one of the morning papers a Mr. John McAlpine takes exception to the behavior of a party of snow shoers at Silver Heights on Saturday (Thursday) night last. I wish to state that the St. George Snow Shoe Club were in no way connected with the gathering referred to by Mr. McAlpine."

Evidently Mr. Baker also supposed that Mr. McAlpine exists, and that his assertions were true, since he simply disclaimed any connection between his club and the snowshoeing party of February 5.

This being the state of the case on Thursday, Feb. 12, we refrained from taking any notice of the Telegram's apology till we had secured trustworthy information. Our remarks not being of a personal nature, but having a wide, general application, we saw no reason for withdrawing them, nor do we now in any way apologize for them. If such scenes were not witnessed on the 5th inst., they have been frequently witnessed at other dates on the outskirts of this city; and that was all we needed to point our moral.

However, we have since learned that the ladies and gentlemen who assembled at Deer Lodge on Feb. 5 were unexceptionable in every respect, and that nothing at all improper occurred on that occasion. The fact that the name of John M. McAlpine does not appear in the Winnipeg Directory and that his whereabouts have not yet been discovered does not, of course, prove his non-existence; but the consensus

of opinion among the best society here, i.e., among the people who know all about each other, is that the slanderous letter was written by a woman who thus vented her spleen because she had not been invited to that gathering. Her name is freely mentioned among people who are "in the swim."

In all this affair no little blame rests with the Telegram. We are quite willing to believe, as the apologizing paragraph quoted above implies, that the editor-in-chief had no knowledge of the McAlpine letter till it had appeared; but, clearly, there must be some one on the editorial staff who is allowed too much latitude in his craving for sensationalism. Then, why was not the apology given as much prominence as the attack made "under false pretences" and "in malice aforethought." This is not the first time the Telegram has printed a wicked slander on its most prominent page and afterwards hidden away the refutation in the obscurest possible corner of its columns. A well conducted daily journal should have a special place, always the same, for letters to the editor and replies thereto. Finally, why did not the Telegram apologize sooner? We happen to know that complaints and remonstrances poured in upon it the very day the objectionable letter was published, from the elite of our upper crust; and yet nothing was done to set matters right till three entire days had elapsed.

The anonymous sneak who calls himself this time "still a Catholic," has written another letter printed by the Free Press last Saturday. He waited till the man who pays the St. Joseph's school teacher out of his own pocket was in Florida, to repeat the lie about the government secretly supporting that school. The writer of these shameful letters is beginning to chafe under the restraints of anonymity; his vanity getting the better of his prudence, he informs the public that he himself wrote a separate report for Monsignor Merry del Val's benefit. This narrows down the authorship to a very small number of idiots capable of doing anything so foolish. If he gets rope enough that man will surely hang himself, as far as reputation goes, by betraying his identity, and we can conceive of no humiliation deeper than the being found out as the writer of those two letters.

Friday, the 20th inst., is the 25th anniversary of the election of Leo XIII. to the Sovereign Pontificate. As the memorable date draws near, the Holy Father's health seems really to improve. Last Saturday the Winnipeg Tribune reproduced a telegram reporting an interview between the correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt and Dr. Mazzoni, one of the Pope's physicians, ridiculing the reports that he is in declining health. He says His Holiness is truly a phenomenon. He grows older in years, but paradoxically seems to gain vigor every year. He will live to be a hundred years or more. Even then he will enjoy life as to-day. He has the constitution of a young man. He leads a regular life, takes very little alcohol, reads without spectacles, walks without a cane, and dresses and undresses without assistance. He works about fourteen hours daily and one can hardly believe that he will ever die. The New York Herald's Berlin correspondent cables the same interview with Professor Mazzoni, adding these words: "What? The Pope ill?" laughed the professor. "He is so well that we might envy him. Except for a slight hoarseness, which was easily cured, nothing has ailed Leo XIII. these last two years."

We have received, from the International Committee of the Papal jubilee, the order of festivities which we translate in another column. Count John Aquaderni, President of this committee, also sends us the list of subscriptions for the golden tiara collected in the various dioceses of the entire globe. The contributions from those Canadian dioceses which did contribute are given as follows in francs (or lire) and centimes: St. Boniface, 51.00; St. Albert, 10.20; Kingston, 628.00; Ottawa, 2042.00; Quebec, 5625.00; Rimouski, 175.00; Three Rivers, 257.00; Toronto, 2866.48; Hamilton, 259.06. Quebec's contribution is the largest of any diocese in the world; Macao, in the ecclesiastical province of Goa (India), comes next with 3433.31, and Toronto, third (as above). The golden tiara is an exquisite piece of artistic work, and is to be presented to Leo XIII. on the 20th of this month.

On February 13, the Morning Telegram published a most interesting interview with Mr. William McBride, M.A., manager of the North American Life Assurance Company, who had just returned from a six weeks trip through Mexico. When asked if he had come across any acquaintances in that far off country, he mentioned several and then added: "I also accidentally passed the Rev. A. A. Cherrier of Winnipeg and the Rev. Father Joly of St. Pierre, Man., immediately after their arrival in Mexico City. In turning round to look at something, I recognized Father Cherrier's symmetrical outline, and when I yelled out his name his feet and the pavement became suddenly divorced, so great was his surprise at being called by name four thousand miles away from home. We almost fell on each other's neck in true Mexico fashion, and I put in three pleasant days with the two reverend gentlemen, whom their friends know to be desirable companions. Father Joly's luxuriant crop of whiskers (i.e. full beard) disguised his priesthood, but Father Cherrier's classical and clerical 'physiognomy' gave him away every time, and attendants as well as guides always accosted him as 'Padre', very much to our amusement."

To an enquiry whether the trip was an expensive one Mr. McBride answered:

"Not by any means. I have visited all continents but one, some time or another in my life, but must say the Mexican trip is by far the cheapest one I have ever taken considering the miles covered. The principal expense is in reaching the Mexican frontier. There you at once find yourself wealthy, as every dollar of American money suddenly changes itself into \$2.62 Mexican money and from there mileage tickets by any route cost you less than one cent a mile. Your Pulman averages about 75 cents a day and you can get the usual five daily Mexican meals at excellent cafes for less than a \$1.75 a day, and really enjoy the exceedingly good Mexican cooking, particularly if, like myself, you appreciate something spicy such as hot tamales and Chili-Con-Carni. Shun the American restaurants and hotels as you would a rattle snake, but never have any diffidence about patronizing a good Mexican cafe or hotel, where you are sure of most courteous treatment, and where you will get for one-third the price three times the value given in any American hotel I saw. The bedrooms are exceedingly large, and for curiosity I measured the one I occupied at Aguas-Calientes and found it to be 42x24 feet and the ceiling only 22 feet high. If I had to pay for the cubic dimensions of the room, I would have

been financially busted, but my bill for the room was only one dollar a day, or about 37 cents in our money. The only defect was that which you find in all Mexican hotels viz, an awfully hard pillow full of knots; however, my soft head and the Mexican hard pillow learned to get along very nicely after they had been wedded to each other for a few nights."

Mr. McBride easily kept clear of the three towns where alone the bubonic plague was to be feared. He says he enjoyed the climate very much. "While I found it extremely hot in the extreme south of the Mexican Republic during the middle of the day, yet the coast breezes made the mornings and evenings delightful, and it was a great pleasure to dine out-doors in the shade of the banana or orange trees that grace the courts of the hotels, and after dinner sip their lovely ices and admire their nonpareil Mexican ladies, whose charms, refined conversation and bewitching eyes, made me wish I was again young and unmarried. In the meantime, you are of course enjoying an excellent Havana cigar, that has cost you less than 5 cents, American money. In Mexico, you never have to apologize for smoking beside ladies, as smoking is not only tolerated, but encouraged everywhere, churches only excepted."

As to the natural resources of the country, Mr. McBride says "they are practically unlimited, though most of them are as yet only partially developed. Within the last few years over \$500,000,000 of American capital has found investment there, and European capital is coming to the front. Many of the Mexicans themselves are enormously wealthy; natives who count their wealth by the millions are visible every hour in the day. I would like to tell you a good deal about these resources, the excellent Mexican government, the big army, splendid police system, fine art galleries, museums, cathedrals, and quaint and decidedly amusing customs, but I have a great deal of business to attend to this afternoon."

Not half bad this for a Protestant's account of a Catholic country, so often depicted by interesting aliens as a degenerate place.

Not in Mexico assuredly could such a scene be witnessed as is described below in a telegram to the Montreal "Star." One must go to the heart of cultured New England, the originator of the "New Woman," to find what public school girls can do in the way of manly sport.

New Haven, February 10.—Girls' teams from Waterbury high school and the Broadman training school, of New Haven, met in the Anderson gymnasium ostensibly for a game of basket ball. After the game was over the spectators asserted that they had witnessed a prize fight without rules, a definition from which none of the excited feminine players was ready to dissent.

There was bad blood before the game because the Waterbury girls insisted upon the privilege of interference, a style of play which the local team had always barred. At last it was agreed that the first half should be played without, the second half with interference.

There was little out of the ordinary in the first half which ended with the score of 10 to 6, in New Haven's favor. But the second half from the first second of play to the call of time was marked by the roughest sort of tactics.

The girls struck each other in the face, pulled hair, tripped and threw one another to the floor, and lost

all control of themselves. Faces were scratched, eyes injured, and dresses torn with the most reckless disregard of propriety and fair play and the pretty players were soon transformed into sorry looking objects.

Coaches and spectators tried to stop the fight, but they might as well have talked to the winds. The girls were oblivious to all else and they rushed at each other with true ferocity. Time was sounded before the game was over and the opposing amazons had to be almost dragged apart.

The Waterbury girls had apparently excelled as sluggers, for the score was 12 to 10 in their favor. At the end of the game word was passed to hush it up as it was feared that the faculties of the two schools would put a stop to basket ball, if the circumstances became known.

The second Diamond medal contest in elocution—second in all Canada, the first having been held here—took place last week. Although the judges did not favor the only man among the seven contestants, we are pleased to see that the "Matinee Girl"—a trustworthy judge in such matters, when she has no special axe to grind—would have awarded the medal to Mr. Lawrence Palk, who has, to quote Town Topics, "repose, which is much to an elocutionist. His voice is of musical quality and under complete control. He reads with nice discretion and suits the action to the word." His selection was particularly good, and his rendering of it so natural and effective that I felt sure he would be awarded the medal." This chimes in very well with what we said a fortnight ago. Brains and voice are the two indispensable requisites of natural elocution.

Mr. Albert Dubuc's reply to the toast, "Sister Societies" at last week's fifteenth annual dinner of the Manitoba College Alma Mater Society was pronounced by those who were present "the hit of the evening." He spoke with great deliberation and with hardly a ghost of a smile, though his wisely witty remarks constantly drew laughter and applause. The chairman, Mr. Mc Kerchar, departing from his rule of not commenting on the speeches, made an exception when he said it would be a long time before Manitoba College could send any one over to St. Boniface to make as telling a speech in French as Mr. Dubuc had just made in English.

Mr. Joseph Bernier, M.P.P., may well be proud of the successful banquet given in his honor by the Conservatives of this Province. Seldom does so young a man receive so much honor. St. Boniface College, where he got his entire classical education and whence he issued as a graduate of Manitoba University less than ten years ago, is also very proud of his record. His many well wishers hope and pray that he may safely steer his course through the many shoals and reefs of political life.

An honest contractor has a fine chance just now in the cordwood trade on the C. N. R. There are plenty of contractors on this line, but very few business men who understand the sacredness of a business promise. Most of them are always ready to promise cheap bargains, but, if they come across a better offer, the promise on the strength of which the Winnipeg dealer has hired cars and sleighs is cast to the winds and the new offer accepted. The consequence of this sharp practice will inevitably be the squeezing out of these unreliable contractors by reliable business men.

Young Woman's Corner

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS-BILL.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids
calm,
Feels but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the
Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness,
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear as token of this moment
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the cross-bill;
Covered all with blood so clear
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends, strange to hear.
—Longfellow.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be if to Heaven
we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate
is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with
a lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.
—Robert Herrick.

Woman and her virtues have been
praised in song and story and we
thank the kind poets and story-
writers who have extolled our wit,
beauty, grace and tenderness. Even
if each one of us is not dowered
with those adornments and quali-
ties we are thankful on account of
womankind in general.

There is a virtue that writers
neglect, however. It is the virtue
of prudence—a rare one indeed in
the rising generation. Perhaps if it
were sung of more it would be
practised oftener. Probably one
may meet a prudent woman among
those who have passed middle age
and possibly one may be met with
in any class, but "Alas! for the
rarity"—even more than Christian
—of prudent women. There is no
virtue more valuable to a woman
—look at it as you will.

To herself it is the most valuable
for at every turn it is of practical
value to her. It is useful in her
material pursuits and in her rela-
tions with her associates, it is of
infinite value to them. A prudent
woman is priceless to the com-
munity in which she lives. Doubt-
less many women consider it a
heavy virtue. A woman prides her-
self on being tactful and diploma-
tic, but one never hears a woman
wish for prudence. It should be the
most graceful in that it will not
allow the one who possesses it to
fall into any awkward situation.
The diplomatic woman is not al-
ways truthful, but the prudent wo-
man is truth itself, for she has
knowledge which is truth.

"The childish shall possess folly;
and the prudent shall look for
knowledge."

If a woman were made to realize
that her lack of prudence was child-
ish and foolish, she would not be
so much averse to what she prob-
ably now terms a virtue for the
prudes. It is not necessary to be
a bore in the practice of this vir-
tue. Do not do this or that be-
cause you would be prudent; do
that and this because you would
be truthful, just and wise. Then
temper these qualities with com-
mon sense and mercy and you will
be prudent.
AMICA.

Counsel (cross-examining witness)
—Is it not the fact that the doctor,
in order to increase the amount of
his bill, made several visits after
the patient was quite out of dan-
ger? Witness (innocently)—I don't
think so. I considered the patient
was in danger as long as the doc-
tor continued his visits.—Judy.

Chats with Young Men

In several of the Chats and par-
ticularly in the last numbers I
touched on the importance of hav-
ing a definite policy in matters of
business and, likewise, I hinted at
the surprising amounts of knowl-
edge and of general cultivation
that accrue from the profitable use
of little corners of our time. I
might have included all I said in a
general treatment of method, the
habit of attending to the affairs of
life according to some system. I
shall write of that in this number.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on
the advantage of applying system
to business affairs. The successful
business man knows that his suc-
cess has been due to system. The
large business man knows that
without rigid system the remote
details of his interests would be-
come entangled and would get hop-
lessly beyond his power to remedy.
Thus proprietors infuse such sys-
tem into their operations that,
while business ramifies and extends
and employees multiply, they are
able to locate and question, at will,
the record of the slightest transac-
tion. They see to it that all
employees do their work methodi-
cally. This is a good training for
the latter if they are observant
enough to grasp the spirit that
guides them. Some, however, reap
little advantage from these excel-
lent lessons, acting like so many
machines, and, when left to them-
selves, shifting as circumstance or
leisure prompts. To such as these
I have no lesson so good as their
daily work affords.

One of the most shining virtues
of success is economy—economy not
only of the profits of labor, but
economy of time, economy of en-
ergy, both physical and mental.
This applies to every man, in every
condition and time of life. It ap-
plies especially to young men, and
to those of them who are not di-
rected in their daily struggles by
older and wiser minds, but who
must be their own financiers and
their own time-keepers. It is not
the money a man earns which
makes him rich, but that which he
saves. A wise man, therefore, dis-
cerning this in time, compromises
with his pleasures and his needs so
as to leave a margin between his
earnings and expenses, this to be
saved. Unless he makes a study of
the requirements of his needs and
pleasures and submits them to reg-
ular pruning he will not succeed in
making regular contributions to
his credit account. He must have
method in his daily life. Then there
is the economy of time. Time is of
more importance than money. It
is the equivalent of money or can
be made so; and if used to advan-
tage its value increases not only as
money equivalent but likewise in
prestige of persons who make pre-
cious use of it. Yet it is a thief.
It steals on, robbing the unwary,
the dilatory, the indifferent and the
procrastinating, of little bits of
fortune every day. Hence young
men must keep wide awake. They
must take a stand against time.
This is effectually done by work-
ing with system so as to economize
time and accomplish much; by
filling in the intervals of time by
cultivating the mind and heart and
body. This leads me to consider-
ing the economy of energy. It is
not the most costly effort that ac-
complishes its end, but the neces-
sary effort well directed. Method
seeks out the best means to an
end and pursues them patiently,
regularly, determinedly, success-
fully. It keeps the memory alert
for successive steps and affords the
mind a perspective of what may be
accomplished in a given time. Thus
does the habit of working and liv-
ing on system establish unison be-
tween man—the paragon of ma-
chines and systems—and the pen-
dulum of time.
FINEM RESPICE.

STE. ANNE DES CHENES.

Sunday we had the pleasure of
hearing an eloquent sermon at High
Mass from His Grace the Arch-
bishop of St. Boniface.
We were celebrating our good
Pastor's feast, the 35th anniversary
since he has been parish priest here.

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His Grace was kind enough to
show us his approval of our action
by his presence.

In the evening at seven o'clock
the boarders at the Convent under
the direction of the Grey Sisters,
gave a charming concert, musical
and dramatical. They all acquitted
themselves very well of their parts,
they were very natural. One of
them, Miss Dupuis, deserves special
mention for her wonderful imper-
sonation of Suzie, an old English
servant.

After the concert was over, Mr.
Richer, the mayor of Labroquerie,
read an address of welcome to His
Grace and presented him with a
lovely bouquet of flowers, after
which he read an address of con-
gratulation and thanks to Father
Giroux our kind Cure, presenting
him, in the name of the parish,
with a bouquet of gold pieces and
bank notes, for the purchase of a
new chalice and Ciborium, which
Father Giroux had long wished for
and which his grace had hinted last

summer we were sadly in want of.
Les dames de Ste Anne were those
who interested themselves in col-
lecting the necessary amount, and
we sincerely thank them for the
trouble which they gave them-
selves to give our dear Pastor a
pleasant surprise.

Mr. Richer then thanked Father
Giroux for all the good he had
done for the parish, especially for
having founded and done so much
towards establishing such a fine
and efficient institution as the Con-
vent for the education of our child-
ren.

Father Giroux responded to the
address; he said he thanked every-
body heartily for the agreeable sur-
prise they had planned for him.

His Grace then spoke wittily and
gracefully for a few minutes, he
was listened to with the deepest
attention and sat down amid a
storm of applause. Everybody
stood up after this, while the child-
ren sang "God save the King" very
heartily, the audience joining in.

ST MARY'S CHURCH.
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SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and
8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sun-
day School at 2.30. Baptism
from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and
Benediction at 7.15.
WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass
In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30.
In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

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a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional ser-
mon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on first
Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meet-
ing of the children of Mary 2nd
and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

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

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

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

C. M. B. A.
Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.
Agent of the C.M.B.A.
for the Province of Manitoba with
power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett,
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cial organ for Manitoba and the North-
west, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit
Association.

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C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W.
Russell, F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas-
urer, J. J. MacDonald; Representative to
State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate,
E. Dowdall.

His Grace left the room and the
other visitors quickly dispersed.
That Father Giroux may live
long and happily in his dear par-
ish, was the hearty wish of every-
one.

Home Column

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh! my friend,
Of him your fellow-man—
But draw the veil of charity
About him, if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before sore trials vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow way:
It may be your turn next.

Fainting upon the great highway,
A suffering soul doth lie;
Go staunch his wounds and quench
his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by.
God will not brook the swift excuse
The thoughtless vain pretext;
A fellow-mortal bites the dust:
It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word
Against a person's name;
Oh bear it not from door to door
To further hurt his fame.
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember then the text
To "speak no evil" true or false:
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And many need more light;
Yet with true love for all, may we
Help on the Sense of Right.
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
The souls by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall:
It may be your turn next.
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

LINE UPON LINE.

Teach your children, dear mothers, the above poem; teach them not to look for gratitude nor to perform acts of charity with such an aim in view. Leave that to politicians and office-seekers to be worthy of Walpole's cynical epigram "Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." Teach them all our actions are in God's hands and from Him alone we are to look for the reward. Teach your children that misfortunes come to all indiscriminately, that they are not a temporal punishment for our sins, but often a sign of God's love and teach them to bear them cheerfully. God is my Father, Almighty, yet All Wise and full of charity. He doeth all things well and from His hands I can receive nothing but for my eternal welfare, if I trust Him. "If he ask for bread will he give him a stone?"

Teach them that self is not the circle of existence and that happiest are those who forget self and think only of the happiness of those around them. Teach them that 'tis manly, as boys, to help their sisters in the home, to be in every way a gentle man one must be deserving of both the little words "gentle" and "man." Teach them that in "serenity lies power" and losing one's temper and being rude and boisterous are beneath the dignity of a good little Catholic boy or girl. Teach them that the inseparable condition of efficiency and thrift is self-control. Teach them above all to be kind, to be courteous to one and all, to be even more lenient and more painstaking with the weak and those who have fallen, never to forget the magic power of the kind word, for: "Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

HER USE FOR IT.

"I want to get a camera," said young Mrs. Motherwell.
"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk.
"What size, please?"
"Why, the smallest, I guess," she said, dreamily, "I want one that's suitable to take the picture of a two-months-old baby."

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure and gentle and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Philips Brooks.

Brandon Notes.

Mrs. H. Therrien left on Thursday for Wolseley, where she will spend a month with her daughter, Mrs. M. Ryder.

Mr. B. O'Toole, C.P.R. operator at Swift Current, spent Wednesday in the city. Mr. O'Toole, who has during the past three months visited Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other eastern points states that no one who has tasted of the joys of western life could content himself, even in one of these fine cities.

Mr. John Kelly, of the C. P. R., left on Monday for Winnipeg, where he expects to reside in future.

On the 17th of March a concert under Mr. Chas. H. Russell's management will be given in the city hall in aid of St. Augustine's church. An excellent programme is being prepared and a good house is expected.

On Friday, Mother St. Germaine, of St. Michael's Convent, celebrated her silver jubilee. The pupils of the school gave an entertainment in honor of the event.

That anyone daring to sign himself "A Catholic" should voice such sentiments, such calumnies, as those in a letter to the "Free Press" on Saturday, shocks and grieves all true Catholics.

On Sunday Rev. Father Godts spoke at High Mass on "The priest as a spiritual father." Very clearly the reverend speaker showed how appropriate is this title to the priests of the Catholic Church. How, in matters of conscience, we may, without further anxiety, accept the decision of him, who takes the place of God our heavenly Father. What a source of gratitude is this only the greatest Saints have fully realized. God the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, did not come on earth, suffer and die merely to leave a book—a dead letter—as the guide to eternal happiness. No, He left his apostles and their successors to administer the sacraments and teach the faithful. It is surprising then that the Catholic clergy should be loved and venerated as they certainly are, loved and venerated no less by one another than by the pious faithful? No, and when a penitent listens to the words so consoling "go in peace," he experiences a joy which is impossible outside of the Catholic Church."

NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

A new school district, Ste. Rose North, is now formed on the couple, school to begin 1st of March. Since we have a municipality we hear these little amenities. Oh you know it is true, the bridge is badly fixed, you would never have been paid for it if you were not related to the municipality, or a portion of it, the man we cannot do without. Now, the new bridges, six in number, will be made by outsiders, men of metal, or they will be, when they are paid, the bridges also are to be of iron. We are hoping to have an extension of the railway to Ste. Rose, in fact, we are petitioning the Government for that purpose; it would also be of singular advantage to the people east of the lake and those at Ste. Amelie (formerly Ste. Anne). We get letters from intending settlers down south which seem rather comical to us, though perfectly natural to them. "Is it safe to go to such a place, do you think?" meaning Ste. Rose. "The snow, is it not with you yet, perhaps?" We are truthful and write back and say: "My dear friend, the snow is like the poor, it is always with us, at this time of the year; we could not get on without it—on sleighs anyway."

Many thanks to the Regina correspondent for her kindly message; we think she knows all about it, and in a very practical manner. Has she not already told us in her bright way, "That the harmonies of married life should be 'songs without words.'" If she believes in the canonization of married women, why so do I, at any rate I know several who would get my vote.

We have no end of ghosts in England, although I have only heard of one being photographed, it took an American girl to do that, the story, which is a very charming

one, is evidently written by someone not a Briton, for all English people know that young ladies who live in Manor houses do not make use of such expressions as: "I do call that playing it low down," and "utter rot," their brothers are hardly excused for saying such things before ladies. To mention one only out of a dozen haunted houses within my memory—in a mansion I know well, standing a little way from the town of Dorchester and plainly visible from the G.W.R. Every night at the family dinner hour about 7.30 a priest in black soutane and biretta, pushed back a little from his forehead, is seen to descend the large old-fashioned stair-case and pass through the dimly lighted hall, if it is winter, or across the slanting western sunbeams if in summer, and enter the library standing opposite. It is supposed that he forgot to destroy an important document, a confession perhaps, and not being able to rest comes still to look for it. I fear no Masses have been said for his soul's relief. There was company staying in this house not many years ago, and amongst others a lady quite a stranger. She arrived late at the dinner, the host who had been waiting for her, said: Now Lady R. is come, we will say Grace (it is the custom to do this, in that old-fashioned land, even amongst Protestants). Oh! no, said the lady, do wait a moment, there is a foreign ecclesiastic still to come. I saw him on the stairs. The host did not wait, greatly to her surprise.

We have our little idylls here, although prosaic as a rule. The fair one in this case was the fond one, but as for him he wasn't on, he said he never had been. How careful we should be not to hold out false hopes! He waited until at last she was gone, then he drove off alone, a sadder and a wiser man, and will probably soon be a poorer one. But she, well she wasn't a Jewess, and yet she gave it to be understood that all she wanted was to sleep on Abraham's bosom (such being his name).

THE CARTOON MISTAKEN.

"The other day," says the Caskeet, "we saw a cartoon in a Chicago paper representing all the nations of Europe in various stages of financial distress, while Uncle Sam, behind the plow, calls cheerily to his horses. Spain was represented by a feeble old man with a bandaged head, leaning on a cane an expression of misery on his face. Yet we venture to believe that there are not in the whole of Spain to-day as many hungry people as daily besiege the soup kitchens of the Salvation Army in Chicago at the present. Spain has no Rockefeller's or Morgans,—for which she should devoutly thank heaven."

Of course we pardon a great deal of inexactness in a plain, blunt man like Colonel Blake, who, while the rest of us were helping the Boers at long range, went and took a hand in the fight,—we say, we can pardon inexactness in him; but had it been another speaker who called Faneuil Hall "the birthplace of the liberty of the whole human race," we would be moved to remind him that human liberty existed in other times and other climes than ours.—The Boston Review, Feb. 7th.

NEW CATHOLIC SCHOOL, AT PORT ARTHUR.

The new Roman Catholic school is now being used for the purpose for which it was erected. Teachers and scholars took possession yesterday, having vacated the old premises on Friday last. The new building is an imposing looking structure and occupies a most commanding position, on a hill, facing Arthur street. It is of brick and finished throughout in first-class style that denotes the work of Robert Hamer, the contractor. Besides the four rooms composing the school there is a large hall in the upper flat which will be used for public gatherings in which the Catholic section of the community are interested. A stage is located at one end of the hall.

On Sunday the ceremony of dedicating the building and blessing it was performed by Rev. Father

Neault, assisted by other clergymen. The ceremony was impressive and was witnessed by a very large number, being composed of the members of St. Andrew's church. After vespers a procession was made up of children, clergy, school trustees and congregation moved from the church to the front of the new building, where the ceremony of blessing the exterior was performed. The party of reverend gentlemen then entered the building and the interior was blessed, after which ceremony the building was thrown open to all who wished to enter.—Port Arthur Chronicle, Feb. 10.

MAY REPEAL ANTI-JESUIT LAW.

The German government has decided to readmit the Jesuits, who, since July, 1872, have been excluded from Germany.

Chancellor von Buelow, in the reichstag Tuesday, said he would use his influence to instruct the Prussian members of the bundesrath to support the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law so far as to permit individual German and foreign Jesuits to reside in Germany, but not to allow the founding of Jesuit chapters which, the chancellor believed, the confederated governments would not accept.

The chancellor's announcement caused a sensation among the members, though it was not unexpected, in view of the cabinet's negotiations with the majority parties over the passage of the tariff bill. It was reported early in December last that the government had promised the leaders of the center party that it would no longer oppose the re-admission of the Jesuits, provided that the party supported the government's tariff bill.

Herr Spahn, one of the center party leaders, after the chancellor had made the statement, thanked him in behalf of his party.

Her von Bollmar, Socialist, said the Socialists dissociated themselves from the thanks because they believed the anti-Jesuit law should be entirely repealed.

The majority of the reichstag undoubtedly will support the readmission of the Jesuits when the bundesrath submits the necessary bill.

MAY RETURN.

The action of chancellor von Buelow regarding the Jesuits will be read with great interest. Several times in recent years the reichstag, or lower house in Germany has passed laws providing for the return of the Jesuits, but each time the bundesrath refused its sanction. It appears now that Chancellor von Buelow is to use his powerful influence to secure the passage of such a measure in the bundesrath which may bring about a favorable result. This is in return for the center party's support of the government tariff. But for this support the bill would not have passed.

"Perkasie is a very lazy man," said Triplett to Twynn. "Is he?" "Yes; he won't even let his friends work him."—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—Johnny, you've been fighting. Johnny—Yes'm; Jimmie Brown said his teacher was prettier than you, an' I licked him till he took it back.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mae—Cholly is awfully proud of his family tree.

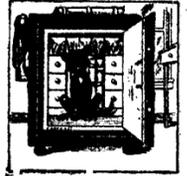
Ethel—I'm quite willing to believe that his ancestors lived in trees, but I don't see why he should be proud of it.—Judge.

Stranger—You have a fine links here. Do you play much?

The Other One—Me play? Well, I guess not. There's nothing daffy about me. I'm the caddy, I am.—Boston Transcript.

"Why," says Uncle Sam, "should Miss Canada want Skagway and Dyea?"

"I don't know," says John Bull, "but Alaska."—Toronto Star.



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SATURDAY, FEB 21, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 22—Quinquagesima Sunday.
- 23—Monday—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Doctor.
- 24—Shrove Tuesday—St. Matthias, Apostle.
- 25—Ash Wednesday—Beginning of the Lenten fast. Day of fast and abstinence. Henceforth till Easter on all week days all those who are not exempt or dispensed should fast, and even those who are not obliged to fast should abstain from meat on all Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent.
Cortona, Penitent.
- 26—Thursday—St. Margaret of
- 27—Friday—The Crown of Thorns.
- 28—Saturday—The Chair of St. Peter at Antioch (transferred from the 22nd inst.)

AN INSTRUCTIVE PARALLEL.

The Alaskan boundary question has drawn from our intelligent contemporary, the Free Press, of this city, some expressions of opinion which it is just now interesting to compare with similar utterances from another and very different source. The Free Press aims at representing the prevalent trend of English-speaking Liberals throughout the Dominion, and cannot therefore be suspected of disloyalty when it voices the sentiments of the party at present in power. In its issue of the 13th inst., the Free Press devoted its leading article to the "Alaskan Boundary," and, after stating the fact that the United States Senate has passed the treaty providing for the adjudication of the dispute by a court of judges equally divided between nominees of the United States and British Governments, our daily contemporary went on to remark:

It is but the simple truth to say that the people of Canada regard this method of settling the vexed question as one which is very likely to result disastrously to their interests. The Canadian Government fought valiantly four years ago for the reliance of the case to an international arbitral tribunal. Canada would have presented her case before such a body with confidence that justice would be done; the decision, whatever it might be, would be, would have been accepted without heart burning. That the United States proposition as to the composition of the court has been accepted may well be attributed to the undue complaisance of the British Government.

It will be observed that this categorical reference to disastrous results and the "undue complaisance of the British government" is represented as the simply truthful opinion of "the people of Canada." And we believe this representation to be correct. The mass of the Canadian people feel that their loyalty is due first of all to their native land.

The opposite view of the question is then given by the Free Press in this way:

The United States newspapers with a few exceptions appear to regard the dispute as virtually settled in their favor. They assume that the United States members of the court will stand by the American contention through thick and thin, thereby making it certain that at the worst things will remain as they are, with the United States in possession; but great hopes are entertained that the member of the court representing the British Government will "throw down" the Canadian case in the time-honored manner and thus enable the Americans to score a victory. The court, in short, in their opinion, is to be judicial only in name; in reality it is to be a political body which is to reach a political, not a judicial, decision. If this theory be justified by developments the chief factor in bringing about the judgment, will be, not the legal strength of Canada's case, but the exigencies of Imperial politics. Confronted with the choice of being unpopular in Canada or in the United States, the British Government, judging by the past, will have no scruples about sacrificing the interests of its own people.

"Throwing down the Canadian case in the time-honored manner," "the exigencies of Imperial politics," "the British Government, judging by the past, will have no scruples about sacrificing the interests of its own people"; these are strong words, and yet, curiously enough, they are fully justified by the facts recited by Mr. Henri Bourassa in his pamphlet on "The French Canadian in the British Empire." This brilliant essayist, of whose profound philosophic insight we have lately quoted several instances, tersely sums up the French Canadian's attitude toward Imperialism: "By the motherland he feels that he has done his full duty; by the Empire he does not feel that he has any duty to perform. . . because he has a notion that any favor received would have to be compensated by at least an equal favor given." But even that equality does not exist; in point of fact, he gets less than he has given.

"He is told," said Mr. Bourassa, "that Canada has the free use of British diplomacy, and that such an advantage calls for sacrifices on her part when Britain is in distress. But considered in the light of past events, British diplomacy has, on the contrary, cost a good deal to Canada. So far the foreign relations of Canada, through British mediation, have been almost exclusively confined to America. That the influence and prestige of Great Britain were of great benefit to Canada in her relations with the United States is hardly conspicuous in the various Anglo-American treaties and conventions in which Canadian interests are concerned." Although this is more delicately and less bluntly put than the Free Press's plain talk about sacrificing Canadian interests to the exigencies of Imperial politics, Mr. Bourassa has not escaped the charge of disloyalty on this score. But he meets his critics with undeniable facts.

"Not only did the American Republic secure the settlement of nearly all her claims according to her pretensions, but Canadian rights have been sacrificed by British plenipotentiaries in compensation for misdeeds or blunders of the British Government.

"In the Treaty of 1842, whereby the northern frontiers of the State of Maine were delimited, a large portion of Canadian territory was abandoned to the Americans by Lord Ashburton, who jocosely observed that he did not care for a few degrees of latitude more or less. Later on, the Oregon boundaries were also fixed in a way which Canada claimed was unjust to her, although it must be admitted that this time the Americans endeavored to get more than they actually secured. Not later than last year the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was denounced without any settlement of the Alaskan boundary being reached. Canada had no right under that treaty; but she

always claimed that the anxiety of the United States for its removal offered a most propitious occasion for a fair application in her favor of the famous Monroe doctrine, so dear to Americans. Great Britain waiving her rights in a treaty dealing with questions of a purely American nature—in the geographical sense—Canada rightly expected that this abandonment should be compensated by the settlement of another exclusively American problem. This view was strongly urged by the Canadian authorities upon the Home Government; it has even been stated that this was one of the primary conditions of the unfruitful negotiations carried on at Quebec and Washington in 1898-1899, under the presidency of Lord Herschel, but evidently all in vain.

"In fact, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 stands as the only convention entered into by Great Britain and the United States in which Canada stood at an advantage. But when the Secession War came, Great Britain gave to the slave-owning States a half-hearted moral support, too weak to turn the tide of fortune on their side, but strong enough to raise the ire of the victorious Government. Canada paid the price of revenge. Not only was the treaty of 1854 denounced, never to be renewed, but in the Washington Treaty of 1871 Canadian fisheries were made accessible to the Americans at a time when they were most profitable, in order to reconcile the United States and pay for the protection offered by Great Britain to privateers of the Southern States. True, Canada was awarded a money compensation; but the United States was none the less given a valuable privilege within the limits of Canadian territory, and one upon which the Canadian Government had always relied to procure trade reciprocity with the Americans. This unfair transaction was strenuously opposed by Sir John Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, who acted on that occasion as one of the British plenipotentiaries. He went the length of threatening either to resign or to withhold the sanction of the Canadian Parliament from the treaty. At last he gave way under the pressure of his colleagues, Lord de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Edward Thornton, who convinced him that Canadian rights had to be sacrificed for the sake of Imperial interests."

After this clear statement of historical facts we may now safely conclude with a further quotation from the Free Press article on the Alaskan Boundary.

A recent cartoon in the Toronto Telegram represents pretty accurately the feeling of Canadians on this point. John Bull is shown in conversation with Johnny Canuck. "Your H'uncle Sammy and I," John Bull is saying, "are going to talk over that little dispute of yours and—er—you might just turn that picture to the wall and keep yourself in the background as much as possible." The picture to be turned to the wall is "What we Have We'll Hold." In his recent Contemporary Review article Thomas Hodgins, Canadian jurist, declared: "The diplomatic disasters through which Canada has lost some of the best agricultural portions of her original heritage explain why Canadians now look with intense anxiety for the just settlement of the Alaska boundary controversy; for, as has been said by Sir Charles Dilke in his 'Problems of Greater Britain,' 'It is a fact that British diplomacy has cost Canada dear.'" These expressions of Canadian sentiment indicate that there are good grounds for the confident belief of the Americans that they will get judgment in favor of their contention.

Canadians will not endure as patiently as in former days the sacrifice of their interests on the altar of Imperial expediency. If the proceedings before the court show our case to be not well founded in law we shall accept, without question, an adverse finding. On the other hand if the Canadian case is well established, we shall expect a decision in our favor. It

would be most improper for the United States jurists to go into court with their minds closed to evidence and arguments; they ought to be prepared themselves to render a decision in favor of Canada should the evidence warrant it. But if they propose, in the event of the Canadian case proving the strongest, to refuse stubbornly to abandon the United States contention, we certainly shall expect the British representative to support his Canadian colleagues in resisting them. In that event there will be a deadlock; and we do not see how it will then be possible for the United States to refuse to agree to the calling in of an umpire. But should Canada have the best of the evidence and argument, and yet lose the case because the British representative prefers sacrificing her rights to offending the United States, there will be a protest from this country that will be heard very distinctly in Downing street. It is all very well for Great Britain to cultivate friendly relations with the United States; but the friendliness of the United States, which would be at best a rather doubtful quantity, would be dearly earned if it involved a demonstration to Canada that her rights were regarded merely as pawns in the Imperial game.

FATHER GIROUX'S FEAST.

Unable to present their best wishes to Father Giroux of St. Anne on Sunday the 8th inst., which was the feast of his patron saint, Raymond, several of his clerical friends called on him the following Tuesday. The good old priest was almost taken by surprise, although he had had some inkling of what was coming when the Archbishop visited him on that previous Sunday; but Father Giroux soon recovered his usual smiling serenity and welcomed his guests with truly fraternal cordiality. A number of carriages had conveyed the visitors from the railway station to the priest's house and the drivers and witnesses of those carriages soon spread the news so effectually through the quiet village that in the evening the convent hall was thronged with an eager and attentive audience to listen to a repetition of the "Adopted Child," which was rendered with quite as much zest as on the first occasion, described by another correspondent elsewhere in this issue, and was attended with great success. The young girls took their parts so naturally and in so vivacious a way that one almost forgot they were not professionals. The drama represents natural virtue, impersonated by a woman of the world, pitted against supernatural or truly Christian virtue practised by an old Irish servant girl. The success of this play, which drew tears from many persons in the audience, proves that the usual scheme of vice against virtue is not necessary to excite dramatic interest. Here we have only one kind of virtue against another, and yet the result is positively thrilling. On the one hand we have human glory compassed by human power, the human heart yearning for its natural good, the bank-note; on the other, we have the Christian mind and heart rising above and despising gold and its allurements.

The entertainment opened with a piano overture, well played by Misses A. and A. Dupuis, N. Marchand, E. Degagner. Then came a glee song by all the pupils, "Voeux de Bonheur." This was followed by a charming dialogue between little tots, "L'Ange et les Fleurs." "Kitty's Bath" was an amusing English dialogue between the Misses Downard, A. Landry, A. Dupuis, V. Nolin, E. Mercier and M. Rowan. There were two piano pieces, one by the Misses B. Labossiere, A. Dupuis and N. Maurice, the other by the Misses M. Chabot, R. A. Equilbey, A. Dupuis, A. Depatis, B. Lacroix; both of these instrumental numbers showed excellent training. "Le Petit Muet qui parle" was feelingly recited by Miss A. Magnan. Here is the cast of the three-act French drama, "L'Enfant Adoptive."

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 Mme. Dimpel ... A. Depatis.
 Girl Boarders ... R. Gosselin, A.
 Laurin, A. Maurice, O. Boily,
 V. Paradis, E. Decaire, M. Cha-
 bot, M. A. Harrison, N. Mar-
 chand.

Between the acts were played 1st
 a piano duet by Misses A. Labos-
 siere, O. Maurice, E. Mercier, B.
 Mireault, W. Downard, V. Chabot,
 J. Lavack, and 2ndly, "Royal
 March" by Misses A. Magnan, A.
 Dubuc and E. Dubuc; all showing
 the same good musical teaching.

After the play the pupils gave a
 beautiful "Pot Porri" of Canadian
 songs, and ended by presenting a
 delicately worded and exquisitely
 engraved address to their beloved
 Pastor. Father Giroux replied
 with evident emotion, praising the
 Grey Nuns, and, as usual, attributing
 the success of his parish to the
 hearty co-operation of his parish-
 ioners. Each of the seven other
 priests present—Rev. Fathers Beli-
 veau, Etienne, C.R.I.C., Fillion,
 Giroux (La Broquerie), Jutras,
 Perrault and Proulx, S. J., then
 said a few words of congratulation.

The Low Mass next morning,
 Wednesday, at eight o'clock was
 said by the Rev. R. Giroux him-
 self. The young girls' fresh voices
 were heard to advantage in the
 hymns they sang. Father Proulx
 preached on the virtues of St. Ray-
 mond of Pennafort, showing how
 his love of learning, modesty,
 frankness and meekness were faith-
 fully imitated by the Pastor of St.
 Anne's who bore his name.

All the guests admired the new
 church of St. Anne with its large
 and harmonious proportions, and
 after enjoying Father Giroux's gen-
 erous hospitality separated with
 wishes for many happy returns.

Clerical News

The Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G.,
 returned from the east last Satur-
 day.

Rev. Father Etienne, C.R.I.C.,
 was here last week and took tea
 with the Fathers of St. Boniface
 College.

Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.,
 just arrived from the Island of Cey-
 lon, where he spent three years la-
 boring among the natives, preached
 a very eloquent sermon last Sun-
 day evening in St. Mary's church
 on the great necessity of harkening
 to the Word of God. Father Fitz-
 patrick has visited many countries.
 He was born in Belfast, Ireland,
 spent ten years in the United
 States, two in France, and three in
 Ceylon. He is leaving for Calgary,
 where he may remain for some
 time.

The Very Rev. Dom Paul Benoit,
 Superior of the Canons Regular of
 the Immaculate Conception, was at
 the Archbishop's Palace last week.

Rev. Father Ferland is curate at
 St. Eustache.

Rev. Father Vachon, O.M.I., re-
 turned from the east last Saturday
 and reports that a large number of
 French Canadians will settle in the
 Saskatchewan this spring.

On March 2nd next the Pope will
 complete his ninety-third year.

When Rev. Father Cherrier wrote
 last, he was at St. Louis. Rev.
 Father Jolys will probably part
 company with him and go to New
 Orleans.

Rev. Fathers Giroux (St. Anne),
 Lavigne (Nèche), Bourret and Fer-
 land were here last Tuesday.

His Grace the Archbishop is at
 Qu'Appelle, whence he is not ex-
 pected till next week.

Very Rev. Father P. Magnan,
 O.M.I., is being treated for catar-
 act in Montreal.

Rev. Father Vachon, O.M.I., left
 the city Tuesday on colonization
 business and returns on Saturday,
 the 21st.

Rev. Father Thibaut, O.M.I.,
 came in from Touchwood Hills last
 Monday. He says Rev. Father
 Planet, O.M.I., is hard at work
 learning the Sauteux Indian lan-
 guage, which interests him greatly.

Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., who
 had been taking the place of Rev.
 Father St. Amant at Pinewood,
 came to the city last Saturday and
 returned to Fort Francis on Wed-
 nesday.

Rev. Father Lacasse, O. M. I.,
 writes from Duluth that he buried
 Rev. Father Leuret on the 13th
 inst. Father Leuret, who was at
 one time stationed in Manitoba,
 was the last secular parish priest
 of the French Canadian church in
 Duluth and had to resign on ac-
 count of failing health. His death
 at the hospital on the 9th inst. was
 very edifying. The Bishop of Du-
 luth and some fifteen priests, to-
 gether with a large concourse of the
 faithful, were present at the fune-
 ral.

ORDER OF FESTIVITIES IN ROME FOR THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

Friday, Feb. 20, 1903, 25th anni-
 versary of the election of His Holin-
 ness Leo XIII.—Pontifical audience
 to the Pilgrimages and Deputa-
 tions then present in Rome. His
 Eminence the Cardinal Vicar and
 the Bishops then in Rome make the
 solemn presentation of the Golden
 Tiara, symbol of the threefold
 sovereignty, gift of the Faithful in
 all parts of the world.—The com-
 mittee for the festivities of the
 Pontifical Jubilee offer to the Holy
 Father a donation for the restora-
 tion of St. John Lutheran, the
 the Pope's Cathedral and the Mo-
 ther Church of Rome and of the
 Catholic world.—The International
 Committee for the Solemn Hom-
 age to Jesus Christ the Redeemer
 presents to his august Vicar on
 earth the surplus of contributions
 (some 90,000 lire or francs), and
 also, in the name of the Italian and
 foreign pilgrimages that came to
 Rome during the Holy Year, a spe-
 cial offering, being the balance of
 sums in hand.—The Lombard Pil-
 grimage, presided by H. E. Cardinal
 Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan,
 together with the Bishops of that
 district, presents the large Gold
 Medal which commemorates the
 Pontifical Jubilee.—The representa-
 tive Episcopal Committee, headed
 by H. E. Cardinal Boschi, Arch-
 bishop of Ferrara, presents the
 Keys, symbol of supreme Pontifical
 authority containing, in gold
 coin, the offering collected among
 the Bishops themselves.

Friday, 20th, Saturday 21st, and
 Sunday, 22 February: Solemn Tri-
 dum celebrated under the direc-
 tion of the Parish Priests of Rome,
 in the Church of the Holy Apostles,
 to thank God for the Grace
 granted to the Faithful by the pro-
 longed life of so illustrious a Pontiff
 as Leo XIII., and to pray for the
 continuance of that grace. The
 sermons will be preached by the
 Reverend Pastors Maiolo, Ferrini,
 and Centi. On Sunday morning
 the Pontifical function will be cele-
 brated by H. E. the Vicar of His
 Holiness, assisted by the College of
 Parish Priests. In the evening
 there will be solemn Benediction of
 the Blessed Sacrament, followed
 by the Te Deum in plain chant.

Sunday, February 22, at noon:
 Banquet to one thousand poor,
 given in the Vatican by the Inter-
 national Committee, representing
 the Catholics of the entire world,
 in honor of the Sovereign Pontiff,
 'Father of the Poor.' An appeal
 will then be made to all Catholics
 to celebrate everywhere the Pontifical
 Jubilee, not only by prayer,
 but also by extraordinary alms-
 giving to the poor of their several
 countries.

Tuesday, March 3 (25th anni-
 versary of the coronation of Leo
 XIII): Papal Chapel, at which
 will be present the Pilgrimages of
 Piedmont, Liguria, Tuscany, Venice
 Romagna, the Marches, Umbria,
 Nice, Austria, Prussia, Belgium,

etc. The Holy Father will make
 his solemn entry in the Sedia Ges-
 tatoria and will wear the Golden
 Tiara presented to him by his
 children all over the world. Pon-
 tiffical Blessing 'urbi et orbi' and
 Solemn plain chant Te Deum in St.
 Peter's in union with the whole Cath-
 olic world.

Thursday, March 5: Solemn ac-
 ademic assembly in the Church of
 the Holy Apostles. The music will
 be directed by the Maestro Dom
 Lawrence Perosi. H. E. Cardinal
 Ferrata will read a discourse; Mgr.
 Vincent Sardia will read a Latin
 poem. Verses in Italian will be re-
 cited by Commandant Tolli, Chevalier
 Persichetti and Monseigneur
 Poletto. The Circle of St. Peter's
 will kindly assist.

Friday, 6th, Saturday, 7th and
 Sunday, 8th March: Solemn Tri-
 dum, under the direction of the
 Committee for Pontifical Jubilee
 Festivities, in the Church of the
 Gesu. The preachers will be the
 Rev. Father Zocchi, Mgr. Radini-
 Tedeschi and H. E. Cardinal Sa-
 tolli. The Benediction of the Blessed
 Sacrament will be given by three
 Cardinals. On the last day repre-
 sentatives of all the societies and
 guilds of Rome will join in the con-
 gregational singing of the Te Deum
 The circle of the Immaculate will
 kindly assist.

Tuesday, April 28: On this day,
 when the Holy Father will have
 reached the years, months and
 days of St. Peter's Pontificate in
 the See of Rome, the Roman Com-
 mittee of Festivities, the interna-
 tional Committee, the deputations
 and pilgrimages then in Rome, will
 offer to His Holiness the Pope, in
 the name of the Catholic world,
 congratulations and best wishes.

DEVOTED TO THE POOR.

From the beautiful Jesuit church
 in Farm street, in the most fash-
 ionable part of the West End, where
 the Catholic nobility and gentry of
 London attend and often serve
 Mass, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.
 J., brother of the Cardinal, has
 gone to the slums of the East End
 to labor as a poor man among the
 poor, living in a rented room in the
 Commercial Road district. The
 London "Monitor and New Era"
 thus describes his work:

"Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.,
 in continuation of his slum crusade
 spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a
 dark, grimy court off Periwinkle
 street and within hailing distance
 of the Stepney Railway station. As
 on previous Sundays, the Sisters
 of the Little Company of Mary acted
 as bell-ringers and collectors,
 and before the meeting Father
 Vaughan himself made a tour of
 the neighboring courts and alleys,
 ringing his huge bell and coaxing
 and exhorting all and every one to
 come to hear the Word of God.
 And in the drizzling rain what a
 grimy, woeful aspect everything in
 this desolate neighborhood seemed
 to wear. Many of the mothers and
 children looked miserable and hun-
 gry and dirty; the houses are small
 and mean; the streets and courts
 are ill-kept and narrow, and the
 only sign of prosperity is in the
 palatial public houses here and
 there looking down contemptuously
 on the tiny abodes, from which
 they derive their sustenance and
 wealth. The East End poverty and
 want are at present very acute,
 but at the bottom it is in many
 cases but another phase of the
 drink question.

"Day by day hundreds of men,
 women and little children are go-
 ing without 'anyfink for dinner,'
 and the last of the pots and pans,
 furniture and spare clothes—trivial
 treasures in which they took such
 pride—have gone the usual way of
 such things—to the sign of the
 three balls. The men are out of
 work, the women are heart broken
 and ill and the children starve. All
 this is perfectly, bitterly true of
 the thousands who by force of cir-
 cumstances dwell in those dreary,
 crime laden dens known as 'Lon-
 don's slums.' The people are to-
 tally unable to provide the things
 necessary to keep alive the body.
 Then what can be said of their
 spiritual welfare? Is it at all like-
 ly that the generality of these
 starving, miserable mortals will
 feel inclined, on the Sunday, for in-
 stance, to go to church, be it Cath-
 olic or Protestant? Is it likely
 that their spiritual life is being

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properly attended to, considering
 the horrible neglect of their poor,
 half-frozen, emaciated bodies? These
 are the questions which, presuma-
 bly, the learned Jesuit, Father
 Bernard Vaughan—always the
 friend of the poor and needy—has
 been asking himself.

"The court in which he preached
 is about fifty yards long, four yards
 wide, and the single-story little
 houses were all barred and shuttered
 externally and in friendly com-
 munication by a series of clothes
 lines extending across the street
 and not more than six feet high.
 The sermon was a simple, eloquent
 plea calling on all to go to confes-
 sion and holy communion for
 Christmas. The court was packed
 and all listened with reverence to
 the beautiful moving words which
 again told the story of man's re-
 demption and the love of our Lord
 for the poor. Several hymns were
 sung and the Litany of Our Lady
 recited before the meeting broke
 up."

What makes Father Vaughan's
 unselfish devotedness all the more
 remarkable is that he has the re-
 putation of being the most elo-
 quent preacher in England.

Towne—There seems to be no-
 thing he enjoys so much as the
 sound of his own voice. Browne—
 That's so, and there's nothing an-
 noys him so much as the thought
 that he can't hear himself when he
 talks in his sleep.—Philadelphia
 Press.

"That is a nice boy you've got
 there," remarked Smith, as the
 elevator reached the seventeenth
 floor. "Yes," replied the fond
 parent, with a glance down the shaft.
 "he's been brought up well."—Bal-
 timore News.

Drunkenness is a Disease and can be CURED

It is now a well-known fact to
 the medical fraternity and the laity,
 that Drunkenness is a disease of
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 curable the same as any other
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THE ACADIANS OF MADAWASKA.

Sacred Heart Review.

A valuable addition to the Catholic annals of our country is contained in a pamphlet of sixty-six pages, "The Acadians of Madawaska," by the Rev. Charles W. Collins, chancellor of the diocese of Portland, Me. This pamphlet is No. 3 of the New England Catholic Historical Society Publications. It will, perhaps, be news to most of us to learn that descendants of the French Catholic Acadians, celebrated in Longfellow's well known poem of "Evangeline," are now living in New England. Father Collins writes:—

"If one examines on the map the vast and irregular outlines of the State of Maine, he will discern that its north-easterly boundary is formed in part by the river St. John flowing in a wide sweep from the mouth of the St. Francis River to a point three miles west of Grand Falls. In its progress along this curve, the river winds its way for the most part between high, wooded hills which give way where streams enter to alluvial plains, and, thrown back by the massive rock gorge at Grand Falls, it has spread out and formed in the course of time extensive intervals enriched by the periodical overflow.

This long, narrow valley is fringed on both sides of the St. John with a line of farms which extend almost continuously throughout the ninety miles of its length, and though the line gathers in some two or three places into the semblance of a town, it is ordinarily a thin, double line of habitation hemmed in behind by vast forests. On the Canadian side a lazy railroad creeps up the river for seventy miles or so, but on the American side there is no railroad above Van Buren, the least remote town of the valley, and this inroad is of very recent date. Not a bridge crosses the St. John throughout the long sweep of the river, and excepting in the towns mentioned the stores can almost be counted on the fingers. It is a country of rugged and picturesque scenery, small houses and huge barns, and little modern comfort, given over almost entirely to agriculture.

"The region takes its name, Madawaska, from a small river which flows into the St. John thirty miles above Grand Falls, and has been occupied since 1785 by Acadians, refugees from the expulsion of 1755, and their descendants. The character is definitely Acadian, and the people have preserved with little change, through the vicissitudes of time and trouble the antique tongue, quaint customs and peasant virtues of Acadia and old France."

Acadia was the first French colony in North America, established sixteen years before the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth; and though the first venture of the Frenchmen failed, "the germ of colonization survived," and a permanent colony was founded between 1632 and 1638. So singular was the history of this small but virile race that developed from the original stock that its annals read like a romance of strange adventure and moral strength; and since their exile particularly, as Father Collins writes:—

"The entire, little known history of the Acadians, posterior to the events of 1755, is a startling and pathetic verity, view it how you will, and evinces qualities of endurance, perseverance and faith in these illiterate peasants, inherent only in remarkable peoples, and almost lifts them to a place among the stories of the nations."

It was in 1755 that the English governor, Lawrence, made the first deportation of these simple and God-fearing men and women, evidently without sanction from the British government, and even against its will, to lands far distant from their homes. Estimates of that first deportation—to Boston, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Georgia—vary from 6,000 to 7,500 and even higher. And this was only the beginning of that strange dispersion and exile of which we advise our readers to get for themselves Father Collins' interesting and sad account. To-day, in Louisiana alone, their descendants number over 50,000.

One detachment, however, drifted into the so long debated region on the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and with that little settlement this pamphlet is specially occupied. Mr. Jackson, in his geological report for the year 1836, as quoted by Father Collins, says of them:—

"Most of the settlers are descendants of the French neutrals or Acadians who were driven by British violence from their homes in Nova Scotia. The Acadians are a very peculiar people, remarkable for the simplicity of their manners and their fidelity to their employers.

... remarkably honest, industrious and respectful and are polite and hospitable to each other and to strangers... a cheerful, contented and happy people, social in their intercourse and never pass each other without a kind salutation."

Of their present religious condition Father Collins writes that in the district commonly called Madawaska there are now nine churches, eight with resident priests, who attend likewise many missions without church edifices. The Marists conduct a college, with nine professors and 100 students. There are three religious schools under charge of Good Shepherd, Rosary and Franciscan Sisters. He remarks:—

"The Acadians were and are a profoundly religious people. Were their religion not of the most solid character, there would have resulted in long wanderings and life in the woods a great loss of faith and morality. In point of fact, the high standard of morality so characteristic of the Acadian in his native shores is equally characteristic of him to-day in Madawaska. For years this northern district was administered by priests from Canada who worked with zeal and devotion there. When circumstances permitted it, this condition was changed. The second bishop of Portland, Bishop Healy, paid great attention to these northern missions and established schools and religious facilities in them."

We have given special attention to this important pamphlet, because it seems to us an excellent example of the many monographs on Catholic history that might profitably be written for information of students especially, and of the reading public in general. Admirably printed, the many references to histories, documents, state records and authors are clearly indicated on the wide side-margins opposite the statements which they concern, so that the little pamphlet thereby furnishes sources of further research into contemporaneous history. It is printed at the press of Thomas A. Whalen and Co., Boston. Copies can be obtained by applying to the librarian of the society, Hon. John F. Cronan, 30 Court street.

WORSE THAN A PUZZLE PICTURE.

"Nebraska's Supreme Court," says the Monitor, has reversed itself by handing down a decision permitting Bible-reading in the public schools of that state, as long as it does not take the form of sectarian instruction. The next question for the Court to determine is when and how it doesn't take that form. That it will find a harder nut than the other."

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"During the past month," says the Rosary, "there was noticeable a wonderful activity among the Holy Name societies of this country. Everywhere unusual efforts were made to celebrate the feast of the Holy Name with fitting solemnity. We thank God for this, for we know how very special are the graces which follow in the wake of these demonstrations, and we need much help from heaven to stem the tide of blasphemy which is sweeping over the land."

"Whew!" exclaimed Nuwed, "what's the matter with this mince pie?" "Nothing," replied his wife, who was a white ribboner. "I followed your mother's recipe except where it called for brandy. I put root beer in instead."—Philadelphia Press.

Rousing of Mr. Rugby

A Story of Stress and Storm.

Thomas Weatherford Rugby stood on the very edge of the breakwater watching the schooner *Lovely Mary* beating into Gloucester harbor. Mrs. Rugby occupied a wicker rocking chair on the piazza of the Restful View, a hundred feet back from the wall that rose sheer above a narrow sandy beach. It was a clean drop of ten feet from the top of the wall, where Mr. Rugby balanced darily on his toes, and Mrs. Rugby was viewing with increasing apprehension this new adventurous spirit in fat, placid Thomas Weatherford. Presently she called out to him in a voice that carried up and down the narrow beach and caused a general turning of heads and some impertinent comment among the nurse maids sprawled in the sand:—

"Thomas," she cried, "you must be careful out there. Mr. Hollis (the men called the proprietor of Restful View 'Fussy' Hollis) said that yesterday a stone fell out of the wall up near the pond." Mr. Rugby stepped cautiously back to turn. His wife drew young Richard Rugby, aged ten, to her side, to wipe ten sticky fingers on her handkerchief, pull a flapping blue sailor blouse into place, kiss an unwilling mouth with vigor, and instruct a deaf young ear as follows:—

"Richard, you must not go down to Andy's any more without first coming and asking me if you can go. You know very well that black-jack candy makes you ill. Now, go right down and tell your father that Mr. Hollis says that Capt. Wicklin's boat can be hired for this afternoon, and that I want him to go over to the Laurel Tavern and ask—well, now, hurry, dear, and tell your father I want him."

Young Richard pulled away from an embrace that promised to become violent once more, and raced out to the lawn at the piazza end, where he began to yell frenzied commands to "Daw-rothee!" to come up from the sand and play with him. Mrs. Rugby lifted a rustling mass of skirts and, touching an iron-gray lock into place at the back of her bare head, went dignifiedly down the piazza steps to deliver in person the message that the boy had not deigned to hear. Mr. Rugby, ruddy faced, with clean gray moustache and close-cut gray hair showing below the rim of a youthful Panama, stepped forward as jauntily as 250 pounds of hampering flesh would permit.

"I was just watching that fishing schooner, *Sarah*," began Mr. Rugby. "I see she's a two-master, and probably just getting in from the Banks. She's tacking in, and I reckon she'll make the dock pretty soon." Mr. Rugby's nautical lore was limited—extremely limited—for all his four long summers of watching the sleek, swift black boats sail in as the glory of crimsoning sunsets flooded the western piazza of the Restful View.

Mr. Rugby was told, with customary emphasis, to go straight to Capt. Wicklin and engage the Captain's staunch little boat, the *Curlew*, for an afternoon's sailing. Then he was to go to Laurel Tavern—the "swellest" of the group of hotels, which Mrs. Rugby would have patronized, only it was too noisy and distracting for the children—and insist upon getting Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh and "dear Harold" to join them. "And don't forget that Mildred is going with us. I think Dorothy and Richard had better stay and play with the Preston children. Now, hurry up, Thomas dear!" Mrs. Rugby came up the steps dignifiedly, smiling sweetly at the deaf old Mrs. Winters, who came up to shout a question, "Where was Mr. Rugby off to just now, moving so spry?"

Mrs. Rugby put her plump mouth close to Mrs. Winters' ear and shrilled: "We've invited the McIntoshes from Laurel Tavern to go sailing this afternoon—we've got Capt. Wicklin's boat!"

"Oh, yes! going sailing, are you?" roared Mrs. Winters. "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if the wind came up strong late in the afternoon," she added cheerfully.

In response to Mrs. Rugby's invitation Mrs. McIntosh said that both Harold and herself would be

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Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154
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charmed to join the sailing party, but that Mr. McIntosh must be excused, for it was too unsettling to a man of his age who had never been a good sailor.

Mr. Rugby thought it was unfortunate that he was to have no special companion on the sail, for he would be compelled either to listen with an assumption of interest to his wife and Mrs. McIntosh at their eternal chatter of marriages and dresses, or try and become interested in Capt. Wicklin, who had one long, familiar story about the part he took in a great naval battle of the civil war. Mr. Rugby had thrilled at the tale four years before—now he knew exactly when Capt. Wicklin would put the tiller under his arm to illustrate, with both hands free, the way he picked a sputtering bomb off the Mentor's deck, and heaved it overboard a quarter of a minute before it exploded.

But Mr. Rugby had a deep, full-fledged philosophy that precluded sustained worry. He followed Mrs. Rugby and the laughing Mildred to the boat, his arms loaded with wraps and cushions.

Harold cut into the middle of his greeting with, "Hello, Mil, we're in for it again. Get jolly well soaked, if I can read the weather." Mildred, putting out her hand to be assisted into the boat.

"Mildred!" rebuked Mrs. Rugby. She had heard her daughter's Bowers intonation. "Children grow up nowadays with such wild notions of language," complained the mother to Mrs. McIntosh.

The Curlew beat up the harbor, with Mildred and Harold gazing attentively over the bow, with Mrs. McIntosh and Mrs. Rugby well wrapped in the tiny pit, settling in direct discourse the destinies of the Preston children, and every eligible maid on Eastern Point. Not with words, but with approving nods and occasional flutters of parental caution to the noisy pair forward, they blessed the two young hearts.

It was Mrs. McIntosh's firm conviction that Mr. Rugby was "close" with his money, that he might have summered at Laurel Tavern just as well as at the Restful View, where the guests were well mixed. It made a sensation—no less—when a man brought his valet to the Restful View, early in the season, whereas at the Laurel Tavern—Mildred would surely bring money to dear Harold, who was so extravagant. Mrs. Rugby

knew to a penny what the McIntoshes' weekly bill at the Tavern totalled.

Mrs. Rugby listened patiently to Capt. Wicklin's civil war story, heard the bomb hiss in the waters as it sank, read the thanks of Congress through the willing narrator's lips, and wished that the infernal northwest wind would not blow so keenly.

Off Norman's Woe, yielding with graceful reluctance to the combined persuasion of Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Rugby and Harold, Mildred recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "Do you know," commented Mrs. McIntosh, "they say Longfellow never saw the reef of Norman's Woe until long after he wrote that piece."

"It might have been high tide when Longfellow came down to see the Hesperus after she struck," ventured Mr. Rugby, with facetious intent. "Here at Gloucester the sea has a rise and fall of nine feet, and the reef, you see, is pretty well covered up half of the time."

"Thomas, how can you talk so!" Mrs. Rugby was familiar with the wit that attempted to cheapen the accomplishment of his family. Mildred's elocution had seemed so effective and appropriate just now. Mrs. McIntosh called Mrs. Rugby's attention to the "grand sweep" of the Magnolia shore coming into view, and Thomas Weatherford Rugby sighed. He settled back to pour his elementary, fatuous talk of fishermen and lighthouses and tides into Capt. Wicklin's ears, eliciting from the gray skipper occasional grunts. Then relapsed into silence, casting his weathery eye about the horizon of restless sea and far-wooded hills for a subject that might serve to win him a part in the general conversation.

It came—an innocent, scarcely discernable flash of lightning in the northwest. Instantly Mr. Rugby's memory reverted to one of Proprietor Hollis' most exciting sea tales, which began: "Along this northwest, you can begin to take in sail, for it's sure to blow a gale of wind in a mighty short time." And here was the Curlew scudding before the northwest breeze with topsail and two jibs, in addition to the mainsail bellying powerfully, Mr. Rugby called out:

"Captain, we're going to have a blow—better haul down the tops' and jibs."

"Did you get a report from the Weather Bureau?" inquired the Captain, with a sarcastic intonation.

"No, I didn't, but—"

"The Weather Bureau is so unreliable, Thomas," cut in Mrs. Rugby, noting the rising spirit of assertiveness in her husband. "Don't you remember that we looked in the Boston papers the day before we planned to drive up to Newburyport, and—?"

"Yes, I know, Sarah; but I never said anything about a weather report. I was thinking of what Mr. Hollis was saying about—"

"Dear," impertinent Harold began to murmur:

"Granny Hollis' came to tea. Told wild tales of a stormy sea; Said sweet Nel-lie to Mister Fussy"

Go right home, tell that to 'Pussy!'"

Mildred laughed and supplied a second stanza, descriptive of Pussy's alarm at hearing the sea tale. Mrs. Rugby and Mrs. McIntosh, after mildly chiding the irreverent young people, turned once more to the discussion of the Baxters of Marblehead Neck. Miss Baxter was to have all the money, it was reported, of that curious old Mr. Baxter, the uncle, who made 60,000 a year out of a Boston spa! Really? That was news to Mrs. McIntosh.

Thomas Weatherford Rugby saw another ray of light in the almost cloudless northwest; he glanced anxiously towards Capt. Wicklin, who steered in a dogged, injured silence. The little boat was driving magnificently before the breeze. Mr. Rugby wished for his own selfish joy in the sail that he had not seen those lightning flashes. But he had seen them, and they had signalled to him a warning. What was the good though of speaking again? He would be met only by ridicule—and that treatment had not quite lost all its bitterness. Mr. Rugby muttered an impious oath as he twisted round to face the northwest.

The little rags of clouds, out of which the lightning was occasionally flashing, drove straight on for all Gloucester harbor. Mr. Rugby's anxious, watchful eye seemed to detect among the distant trees and housetops an unusual commotion, in fancy he could see the whipping of the branches, hear the wild shriek of the gale under the draughty eaves of the Restful View, and in the edge of the harbor he actually noted that the limp mainsail on Capt. Stewart's tug of a boat—The Bird—had suddenly come down. He touched Skipper Wicklin's arm and told him these things.

"Stewart takes in sail when he sees the shadow of a gull on the harbor!" What was expressed underneath the words was the firm determination of Capt. Wicklin to take exactly the contrary course.

As Mr. Rugby looked up again the two familiar lines of beeches that were silhouetted against the sky at the "neck" of the Eastern Point were writhing in the wind. They were perhaps, three miles away, and the question in the watcher's mind was, how soon would that gale traverse the distance. Mr. Rugby had a vague notion that sixty miles an hour was not an unusual rate for gales to travel—and, if he had seen the wind's first attack on the trees, they might still have three minutes to haul down the sail and come about in the wind.

"Captain," began Mr. Rugby sternly, "we must pull down the sails—the blow's going to strike us in less than three minutes."

"Thomas, dear, you are really spoiling the sail for Mrs. McIntosh and the children." Mrs. Rugby spoke calmly, but no one would have said she spoke dispassionately. There was something in the tone that made the words seem final. Mildred, ignoring Harold's fippant warning to "ware your Pop," added her rebuke.

"Papa, I wish you would not insist upon having a storm. Think how troublesome one might be!"

"The blow is almost upon us now—"Mr. Rugby turned square towards the Curlew's skipper as he spoke—"will you pull down those jibs and the topsails?" His voice rang out threateningly. Into his eyes there crept the light of battle, the rekindling spark of a youthful fire that should have died long ago. Under the fire the Captain quailed just a little. He blustered, to cover his weakness:

"I'll put the Curlew about, sir, and run back to the landing, if that's what you want; but to take in sail on a day like this is a fool thing that I won't do!"

Mr. Rugby sprang to his feet, his ruddy face flaming, and his eyes snapping with the spirit that had sent old Gen. Weatherford Rugby, his father, into the fiercest charge at Gettysburg, the beloved Confederate emblem fluttering in his own hand after the color bearer had fallen. Pointing dramatically towards a fishing-boat inside the breakwater, he shouted:

"Look there!" On the black craft swift work was going forward. Even as he spoke the last jib tumbled limp on the boom, and one of the two great mainsails fluttered a moment and then crashed towards the deck like a huge bird hard hit.

Capt. Wicklin saw the first rush of the gale strike the fisherman, saw the career as the remaining mainsail belied suddenly and swung out with a jerk. But he was an obstinate man, and the fishermen often beat into the inner harbor under only one mainsail. He turned to the women to explain that they need not be alarmed, when Mr. Rugby seized him by the shoulder shouting:

"Pull down the jibs and topsail sir. I order you to do it." Skipper Wicklin retorted hotly:

"What do you know about sailing? I'd as soon think of taking orders from—"

"Then stand aside, sir, and I'll pull e'm down for you!" Mr. Rugby, thrusting the astonished mariner back to his seat beside the tiller from which he had risen, stumbled forward to the mast and began to pull frantically at the halyards clewed in an apparently hopeless tangle. Mildred, blushing with mortification, and angry beyond reason, left her seat to come up to her father.

"Papa, go back to your seat—you're making us all ridiculous!" Mr. Rugby turned from the ropes to seize his daughter's arm and thrust her towards the snickering Harold. "Keep her there, sir," he commanded sternly, and young McIntosh suddenly became sober. Mrs. Rugby was disentangling herself from the wraps that bound her, an ominous, commanding light in her eyes. But she said nothing. Mr. Rugby tugged at the ropes, expecting at every moment her firm grip on his arm.

Before the wife could interfere Capt. Wicklin had brought the Curlew about, the quick change dumping both Mr. and Mrs. Rugby into the pit.

"Come aft and steer, sir," called the Captain, alive at last to the danger. "Hold her steady as she runs." Mr. Rugby seized the tiller. The skipper had the topsail halyards loose in a jiffy. While he pulled at the jib fastenings the gale struck. The Curlew slewed half round, the tiller flying from Mr. Rugby's grip. Capt. Wicklin scrambled aft to recover it, deaf to the cries of the women, leaving the mainsail flapping wildly.

Seeing the tiller safe in the Captain's hands, Mr. Rugby floundered forward, hearing in passing his wife's hysterical command to sit down and not fall out of the boat. Grasping the pitching mast firmly with one arm, he tore at the ropes again, but the mystery of their arrangement baffled him. He looked up from his work to see the pale faced Harold scrambling into the cockpit, leaving Mildred hanging despairingly to the rail and in imminent danger of going overboard. With a daring lunge he seized his daughter and flung her in with the two women. Then he turned to Harold.

"Your knife, sir, quick!" he commanded. The young man fumbled awkwardly in his pockets, drawing forth a pretty, pearl-handled pen-knife.

"Open it, you fool!" roared Mr. Rugby.

With the knife, now thoroughly roused, and surprisingly agile, capable Mr. Rugby slashed at the halyards. But the knife was a toy, too light for the work. Flinging it from him, Mr. Rugby luckily released the ropes at a frantic pull, and the Curlew's canvas was dragging in the choppy sea. The sails down, Capt. Wicklin let the boat run before the wind, and, lashing

the tiller hurriedly, came forward to save the canvas.

The gale went as quickly as it came, and a soaking, chilling rain followed in its wake. Capt. Wicklin, bending on his mainsail for the run back to the landing, was very cordial in his talk to Mr. Rugby, who buzzed about in the belief that he was helping. In Mrs. Rugby's eyes appeared a new light—compounded of surprise at her husband's sudden effectiveness, of wonder at the foreknowledge he had shown of the storm's approach, and of a wholly womanly pride in his renaissance manliness.

Mildred had seen and marvelled, and glowed too. When Harold McIntosh ventured the sotto voce comment, "Old Pop humped himself that time for fair!" Mildred turned upon him with the crushing rejoinder:

"My father saved your life, like a brave man. I'd like you to speak more respectfully of him if you got to say something." Going aft, she cuddled close to Mr. Rugby, who was beginning vaguely to fear that he might come out of this a hero. Harold trailed his fingers in the water all the way from Norman's Woe to the Laurel Tavern landing. Mrs. Rugby reflected upon the accident—once she turned away to whisper to herself: "It's been hard to remember sometimes, but I have got a man for a husband." Few at the hotel understood Mrs. Rugby's new devotion to her placid husband, but she was serenely, happily unconscious of their perplexity.—John M. Oskinson, in The New York Evening Post.

FATHER CACCOLA.

A Pioneer Missionary of the Kootenay Country.

Rossland advises say that Rev. Nicolas Coccola, O.M.I., who is to be in charge of the Sacred Heart parish pending the appointment of a permanent successor to Father Welch, is one of the most interesting clerics in the Kootenays. In the early days of the country he was the owner of the St. Eugene mineral claim, that afterwards developed into a mine said to be the largest silver-lead proposition in America. Father Coccola learned the secret of the location of the claim from a converted Indian, and the substantial sum realized by him from the sale of the property has been devoted to the St. Eugene mission and industrial school, of which he is rector and principal.

Father Coccola was one of the pioneer evangelists of the Roman Catholic Church in the Kootenays and his work among the Indians of E. Kootenay was well established before the advent of the Crow's Nest railroad brought the resources of the country to the attention of the outside world. One of the Indians converted to the faith under the missionary's ministrations told Father Coccola of the big ledge outcropping near what is now called Moyie lake, and the claim was staked under the reverend gentleman's directions. While in its prospect stages, and when its magnitude was an unknown quantity, the St. Eugene claim was sold to its present owners, and several thousand dollars were realized for the missionary work inaugurated by Father Coccola. The funds thus forthcoming were applied to the carrying on of the evangelistic work at St. Eugene mission, seven miles up the St. Mary's river and five miles from Cranbrook. The industrial school is in a flourishing condition and the status of the Indians of the district has been entirely altered as the result of the educational work instituted.—Vancouver World.

EDUCATION BILL.

After long agitation and much animosity the Education Bill is law. Towards the last stage, the Catholic Episcopate addressed a petition to the House of Lords for the amendment of three clauses which would mostly aggrieve their flocks. Two were accepted and the third was mitigated by compromise. But when the final vote came in the House of Commons, all three would have been defeated and the fate of the Bill imperilled, if the Irish members had not rallied to its support. Urged by the Irish Bishops they had hastened to West-

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minster for the occasion, and by their full attendance and solid vote they secured the passage of the Bill as amended. This great victory marks the turn in the tide of secularism. One great nation, in some respects the most influential in the world, has proclaimed its belief that non-sectarian schools mean godless and irreligious schools and should not be forced upon the children of a Christian people. It is more than probable that this Bill will serve as a precedent and its principle be adopted in the school legislation of all English-speaking peoples of mixed creeds.—Canadian Messenger.

CHAPLAIN SMITH'S PROMPTNESS.

The Rev. William St. Elmo Smith, S.P.M., of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, West Twenty-third street, who is a chaplain in the Fire Department; in his buggy, was on his way to a fire in Madison street last Monday afternoon, when his attention was attracted by a crowd gathered about a prostrate woman at Twenty-third St. and Broadway. The woman was Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, of 205 East Twenty-ninth street. Mrs. Reynolds, who is well advanced in years, was at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue Monday afternoon during the crush hour. George D. Mumford, of 65 Central Park West, was coming north on the avenue in an electric hansom. His chauffeur was driving the machine at a slow rate, but Mrs. Reynolds seemed to be confused and ran directly in front of it. She was knocked down, and one wheel of the heavy machine passed over her.

Policeman Meyers, who is stationed on this corner, lifted her up and carried her to the curbing, when Fire Chaplain Smith came by in his runabout. Seeing that the woman was badly injured, he had her placed on the seat beside him, and, supporting her with his arm, drove at a fast pace to the New York Hospital. Dr. Judd found that she had received a compound fracture of the leg and was seriously injured internally.

It will be no trick for Capt. Bernier to bring that North Pole into camp after having endured all the frosts which have met him during his canvass for "the needful."

—Winnipeg Town Topics.

Bill—"Who was that girl you were walking up the avenue with yesterday?"

Jill—"You mean the one with the big muff?"

"Why, yes; I said the one you were with, didn't I?"—Montreal Star.

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Persons and Facts

It was 66 degrees below zero at Dawson a week ago.

In the Voce della Verita for January 20 we read: "Ieri in particolari udienze il Santo Padre ammetteva le famiglie Mochamps (sic) ed Intyre (sic), canadesi;" — which means "the Holy Father admitted to a private audience the Mochamp and McIntyre families," that is to say, Mrs. and Miss Mochamp, Mrs. and Jim McIntyre; these four were alone with the Pope for 25 minutes. The Voce is the daily organ of Catholic interests in Rome.

Mr. Arthur Bleau, of the Archbishop's House, returned last Saturday from a month's holiday in and around Montreal.

The coldest day yet was last Sunday, when certain thermometers in this city registered forty degrees below zero. Brandon reported 48 the same day.

The rumor, which we quoted a fortnight ago for what it was worth—that Mr. de Blowitz was a convert—turns out to be exceedingly wide of the mark. The Voce della Verita, a well informed Catholic daily published in Rome, prints a telegram from Paris, dated January 19, which we translate from the Italian: "The famous Times correspondent, Blowitz, died last evening about six, of peritonitis. He was a German Jew (his real name was Oppert, who was accused of serving the interests of the enemies of France, while taking advantage of French hospitality and of a mysterious immunity from prosecution (intangibilita) which came to him from certain powerful political clubs of Paris." The "Pilot" (of England) says: "He was to the very last what the friendship of Gambetta and the circumstances of his life had made him; a disguised Semite, a delightful 'boulevardier,' a Dreyfusist, and an anti-clerical." Just the sort of person to please the Times.

A recent number of the Montreal "Star" contained two pictures, one of the Indian boys at St. Joseph's Industrial School, Dumbow, Alberta, another of the Mission house and group of Indians at Black Foot Crossing Reserve, Alberta. The school boys look bright and intelligent. The Indian group is flanked on the right by one of the Oblate Fathers and on the left by a state-ly Indian chief.

One of our contemporaries remarks that the extreme cold of the beginning of this week is unusual so late in the winter. The ancient Catholic tradition here, on the contrary, looks upon it as quite usual, for, as the saying goes, the coldest weather may be expected between the two Chairs of St. Peter, i.e., from January 18 to February 22. This is based on almost three centuries of Canadian experience.

Mr. Herbert Cecil Boothby writes from Fork River, on Feb. 13, that he is in charge of Mossy River School, No. 999. There are over 40 children on the register, but about 25 in regular attendance, who put on more style than one would expect in this out-of-the-way place. The Mossy River, which flows close by, is dangerous and treacherous, warm water from the bottom of Lake Dauphin, so that the surface is alternately freezing into thin ice and then thawing. The river, when he wrote, was flowing full, and had to be crossed by a rickety bridge, 292 feet long. Thirty-one miles north of Winnipegosis, which is ten miles north of Mossy River, is the Oblate Fathers' mission at Pine Creek.

Mr. Aime Cinq-Mars is undergoing treatment for his eyes in Montreal. His brother, Marius, a distinguished St. Boniface graduate, came off first in the winter examinations at the Polytechnic School.

On Tuesday evening, the 24th inst., at eight o'clock a very pleasing entertainment, in which both ladies and gentlemen take part, will be given in the hall of St. Boniface College. The title is "Denx Heures de Vaudeville." Tickets, 50 cents. Proceeds for the New Cathedral fund.

Last Sunday many Winnipeg thermometers misbehaved shockingly. While one marked 20, another dropped to 56 below zero. They were all, we need hardly say, mercury instruments, and science has long since ascertained that such tubes become unreliable when the cold gets below fourteen degrees above zero Fahrenheit. The temperament of these quicksilver thermometers becomes altogether too mercurial at the approach of the mercury freezing point, 40 below. Meanwhile Sunday last the sedate, spirit thermometers at St. John's College, St. Boniface College and elsewhere all agreed in marking as the minimum 35 degrees below zero. Cool enough, thank you.

Mr. Jobin, formerly a teacher in the Mount St. Louis College of Montreal, arrived here last week, and is now staying at St. Boniface.

Last Monday afternoon at 5 a meeting of the Queen's Memorial Committee was held in the Hon. R. P. Roblin's office in the Parliament buildings, with Hon. Senator Bernier in the chair. Mr. C. N. Bell, Mr. Chesterton, Rev. Dr. Patrick, Hon. C. Campbell, Mr. Gilroy, Rev. Father Drummond, Mr. G. F. Carruthers and Mr. Muir were present. A sketch model of Her Majesty Queen Victoria sitting in a high-backed ornamental throne-chair, submitted by Mr. George Frampton, R. A., of 32 Queen's Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W., was viewed with interest and admiration, coupled with a few suggestions for improvement. It was decided that letters embodying the sentiments of the committee should be sent to the distinguished artist, Mr. Frampton, and to Mr. Justice Bain, who is negotiating this contract in London. The design receives general approval and will commend itself to all lovers of art who remember the appearance of the late Queen. The monument will be ready for shipment to Winnipeg next summer.

Winnipeg is fast becoming noted for its enterprise. The enterprise of the city at large can be judged best by the enterprise of individual firms. In the establishing of this reputation for Winnipeg the firm of Clark Bros. & Hughes, funeral directors, are playing no little part. Since the inception of their business some years ago their development has been continuous and rapid, and deservedly so; for always have their eyes been open to the wants of the people. In order to satisfy the needs of the Catholic people they have secured in Mr. H. Pelissier the service of one who understands the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Their white funeral car, built to order of sufficient length for the burial of those in the full-development of manhood as well as children, is an innovation. The latest addition to their business is the installation of an ambulance. The great need of such a vehicle in Winnipeg may be judged by the fact since the last of November there have been over a hundred calls for its use. This investment of Clarke Bros. & Hughes is the more praiseworthy as it is less a business of profit than public accommodation.

The usual literary of the National Business College was held in the college rooms on Thursday, Feb. 5, 1903, the president, Miss Scott, in the chair. The evening took the form of a musical entertainment, in which Misses Mathison, Gillies, Stanners, Mrs. H. Sprague, Master Johnnie Gibson and Mr. Loos took part. This was followed by a distribution of valentines from the "post office," presided over by Messrs. Hinds and Canning. Refreshments were served by the ladies and a very pleasant evening brought to a close by a chorus.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy passed away on the 9th inst. at his villa near Nice. With Davis and Dillon he founded the "Nation," which was seized by the Castle government in 1848. Duffy escaped and for some years struggled for Irish reforms in Parliament. The betrayal of the independent opposition party by Keogh and Sadlier caused its collapse, and Duffy, disheartened, emigrated to Australia, where he soon came to the front in politics, becoming Prime Minister of Victoria and subsequently Speaker of the Legislature, he was knighted by Queen Victoria. His literary work, chiefly in the field of Irish history, is extremely valuable. It comprises "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland"; "Young Ireland: A Fragment of Irish History, 1840-50"; and "Four Years of Irish History, 1845-49." He was born in Monaghan in 1816 and was therefore in his 87th year at the time of his death.

A. F. Banfield's neighbors are congratulating themselves on the solidity of the stone walls of the burnt building. With so fierce a fire as that which last Tuesday morning fed upon the inflammable Banfield stock and completely destroyed it in spite of the valiant efforts of the fire brigade, it would have been impossible to confine the conflagration, as it was confined, to one building, had the walls been at all weak or too thin.

Mr. D. M. Duncan, of the Collegiate Institute, requests us to announce that the Rev. Father Drummond will lecture on "Characteristics of the Irish people," Friday evening, February 27th, in the hall of the Collegiate Institute. This is the fourth of the series of five entertainments arranged for the winter season by the Collegiate Institute Literary Society. Although Father Drummond's title suggests some of his past lectures on a similar theme, the lecture of next Friday evening will break new ground. The greater number of the humorous and pathetic illustrations which he introduces have been gathered since he last spoke on this subject. Tickets, 25 cents.

Answer to E.P.—You are mistaken. Brandon is not north, but four miles south of Winnipeg.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard is informed that the French ministry has been warned that if the English Benedictines are expelled from Douai, as is proposed under the Associations' Law, a demand for compensation amounting to £100,000 will be supported by the British government. Five years ago Mr. Gravelle Ward spent £10,000 in building a guest house and a cloister at Douai.

To W. Q., Ont.—The best places for what you want are Brandon and its neighborhood, Portage la Prairie, Rapid City, Treherne Manitou, Austin, Carberry, McGregor, Deloraine, Gretna, Morden. There are hardly any in the places you mention.

Mr. L. J. A. Leveque left on Wednesday for Regina to enter on his duties as Indian Inspector.

Miss Anna Keroack left lately for Portland, Oregon, to join the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Roger Goulet, Inspector of French schools, and Mr. Jehan de Froment, left last week for a three months trip to England and France.

Matrimony is reported to be epidemic amongst the Galicians of the city. A well known resident wished to engage a Galician maid-servant a few days and telephoned to Rev. Father Kulawy, asking him if he could recommend one. The reverend gentlemen replied that he could not as all the Galician girls of a proper age are getting married and added that he had officiated at thirteen wedding ceremonies on Sunday last.—Free Press, Feb. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Bawf are enjoying the balmy climate of Florida.

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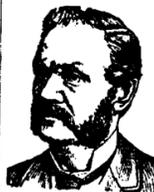
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