



WELCOMED.

Apostolic Delegate Spends a Very Pleasant Day in Nelson.

(Nelson Daily Miner.)

Oct. 26, 1900.

The Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Diomedo Falconio, who visited Nelson yesterday on his eastbound trip to his home at Ottawa, was tendered a most hearty reception at the church of Mary Immaculate last evening. The gathering was most interesting, and the house was filled to the doors, not only with members of the Catholic church but a large number of members of other denominations established in Nelson.

When the meeting was opened an address of welcome was presented to His Excellency by Messrs. T. J. Scanland, Martin O'Reilly and A. J. Kerr. The address was signed by a number of prominent members of the Catholic church, and was as follows:—

"To His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomedo Falconio, Archbishop of Larissa, Apostolic Delegate:

"May it please Your Excellency; To accept in the name of the Catholics of Nelson the expression of our deepest gratitude for the great honor conferred on this congregation by Your Excellency's visit. Words cannot express all the joy we feel to have the opportunity of extending to you a thousand welcomes to this little city situated in the heart of the Rockies.

"In your person we revere the worthy representative in Canada of Our Holy Father the Pope, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning over the Catholic world. Leo, the scholar, the great statesman, the beloved Pontiff, respected alike by those who do not belong to his flock as well as by those who venerate in him the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the Supreme Head of the Church, has endeared himself too much to us not to seize this solemn opportunity of raising our voices in protest against the restraint placed on his liberty.

"Liberty, that blessing which all men wish to enjoy, is especially necessary to the Father of the great Christian family. Rome so appropriately called the Eternal City, because it is the city of all ages as well as of all nations, is degraded and loses its character when it is forced to become the capital of one particular nation as the House of Savoy has attempted to make it. By a Providential design, after being the Mistress of the World, Rome now belongs to the whole human race, and consequently the power that governs there should be the best representative of the human family, the Head of a Church, which, like mankind, is universal in time and in space. Nevertheless to-day we have to witness and deplore the abnormal condition which makes the Head of this great Society, composed of some three hundred million members, subject not only to foreign power, but also to one that is inimical.

"Raising therefore our hearts to God with the tens of thousands, who each morning after Mass pray for the wants of the Church, we

also ask of God to give back to the Pope the inalienable patrimony of St. Peter, to make Rome once more for all future ages what history has made it in the past, the intangible capital of the Catholic World, and to grant to our beloved Pontiff and to you, long years of prosperity.

"We regret that circumstances do not permit Your Excellency to remain longer with us, but we console ourselves with the thought that perhaps we will be able to welcome you again to our mountains, where you will always find devoted children to His Holiness and to Your Excellency, who so ably represent our beloved Pontiff."

To this His Excellency made a most eloquent and appropriate reply, congratulating the members of the congregation upon the beautiful temple they had erected in Nelson and upon the enterprise which had led to the erection of the large school which will in a short time be opened.

After His Excellency's reply to the address he gave the Papal Blessing, a most solemn and impressive ceremony. This was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, given by His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, of New Westminster.

His Excellency is accompanied on his trip by his secretary, the Rev. Father Fisher. Fathers Welch, Cote and Ferland received the Apostolic Delegate.

During yesterday afternoon His Excellency, accompanied by Father Ferland, Mr. A. J. Kerr, and his secretary, visited the smelter, through which they were kindly shown by Mr. J. J. Campbell. In the morning the Apostolic Delegate visited St. Joseph school, when a most touching address was delivered by one of the little children.

Before leaving for the east His Excellency expressed great surprise and pleasure at the rapid growth of Nelson and surrounding country.

A POPULAR PROMOTION.

Sergeant McGinnis is no longer an ordinary Sergeant; he is now entitled to the honor and emoluments of Inspector of the N. W. M. P. He is well worthy of the promotion, for he served for about nineteen years faithfully and well, a terror to evil doers, a praise from them that do well. His promotion from the ranks was gradual, a Corporal from 1882 to 1884, a Sergeant from 1884 to 1887, and a Staff-Sergeant from 1887 to the present. His last promotion to an Inspectorship has been a little slow in coming, but Inspector he is, and we heartily congratulate him on his promotion.

Inspector McGinnis has the respect and confidence of the Police force as well as of the community. He is known to be a thoroughly competent officer and is punctiliously on time in all his duties. As an officer of public law and order he is as impartial as a judge; he has no room in his make-up for compromising with wrong doing as all offenders against the peace in this neighborhood well know. During his residence in Moosomin he has won golden opinions on account of

his promptness and thoroughness in dealing with crime of all kinds. His record has created a wholesome dread among those inclined to lawlessness, of his power and ability in tracing wrong doers.—Moosomin (N. W. T.) Territory, October 15th.

THERE ARE NO CHILDREN.

Our Providence contemporary, the *Visitor*, tells a very interesting and significant story about an incident that occurred at a meeting of the Baptist Association held in Valley Falls last week. The ministers and the laymen were discussing the problem of church attendance in the rural districts. One of the speakers said that the best way to encourage church attendance was "to first get hold of the children."

Just then "it was up to" Mr. J. B. Marsh, who is the state distributor of Bibles and tracts for the association, and he bluntly declared that the chief trouble with the proposed solution was that there were no children to get hold of. He asserted that it is "a rare exception to find a family in the country with as many as three children in it." Nobody was ready to contradict this statement, and so it stood. A Baptist clergyman, by name Cameron, volunteered the remark that "the American women wouldn't have children while the 'dago' element is increasing and multiplying." This fact troubled him seriously. "What," exclaimed Dr. Cameron, "is to become of our country in the next generation?"

To this pertinent query the reverend editor of the *Visitor* offers a reply, and it is so pertinent that we quote it as follows: "One need not be a prophet or the son of a prophet to answer this question. The children of the 'dagoes'—of the Irish—of the French-Canadians—of the Germans—will possess the land. There is a passage in Genesis which American Bible Christians will do well to take to heart before it is too late. Moreover, a little plain preaching on the ends of marriage, as God and nature declare them, will be of more benefit to the dying religion of Protestantism than the nebulous disquisitions on the higher criticism, broad views and spiritual evolution which are the stock in trade of fashionable preachers. The up-to-date woman has somehow come to think that, while it is ladylike to get married, it is 'so animal' to have children. She will accept the advantages of marriage but not the burden thereof. This is to violate the ordinance of nature. And a race which does this thing is doomed. Its epitaph will be one word: 'Suicide.'"—*Boston Republic*.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC MAYOR OF CAPETOWN, S. A.

Mr. Thomas J. O'Reilly was elected Mayor of Capetown on the 17th September, and on Sunday morning, September 23, at eleven o'clock, he was present in state at the High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, accompanied by the Town Councillors and Officers of the Corporation of the city. The procession left the Town House at 10.45 a. m. in the following order: Band

of the Cape Garrison Artillery, detachment of City Police, detachment of Metropolitan Fire Brigade, Superintendent and staff of the Sanitary Department, his Worship the Mayor and the Corporation, members of the Corporate staff. Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Moran, in the presence of His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Rooney, the coadjutor-Bishop of the Diocese. The music of the Mass was as follows: "Kyrie" and "Agnus Dei," Schubert; and the "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Benedictus," Haydn's No. 1. The choir was heard to advantage, for the acoustic properties of St. Mary's Cathedral are of an exceptional kind, and have been very highly praised by singers from many parts of Europe. Mr. O'Reilly, who was Mayor of Capetown eleven years ago, has served as a Town Councillor for almost a quarter of a century.—*Catholic Times*, (Eng.)

"FOOLSCAP."

Every one knows what foolscap paper is, but not every one knows why it is so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:—

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, some of this Government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said: "Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing-paper.—*Morning Star*.

DON'T FORCE THEM TO LEARN THE PIANO.

Children naturally love to strum on the piano from curiosity; some easily learn to pick out a tune with one finger; beyond that, only a few love music well enough to bear its drudgery cheerfully. Yet all boys, as well as girls, should be able to read notes both for the voice and for the fingers; and so much doubtless, they will learn in school. If possible, they should learn to play more or less, enough eventually to accompany a singer or read a hymn at sight. But it should be made as easy as possible; practice time should be short, never over half an hour a day when the child is under twelve, and this divided into two periods. The real foundations of a musical education on any instrument, the endless routine of scales and exercises, should not be insisted upon when there is a genuine hatred of them, for in the end it will be found that there is nothing gained by the trouble taken. By all means cultivate a talent, only be sure there is a talent to be cultivated.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "which of you can tell me why Babylon fell?"

There was a long silence. The little ones bent over and looked at one another and drew long breaths, but none of them said anything.

"Come, come!" the teacher exclaimed, at length, "I'm surprised! Isn't there any little boy or girl in this class who can tell why Babylon fell? Isn't there any one of you who can think of any reason why Babylon should have fallen?"

Then a boy with large brown freckles on the bridge of his nose and a thumb with a blackened nail put up his hand.

"Ah!" the sweet-faced teacher said, "I thought some of you must know, if you only stopped to think. What was it, Percy?"

"Mebbe he stepped on a banana peel," Percy suggested.

A STORY ON W. J. BRYAN.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

William Jennings Bryan had stopped in his travels to visit the Lone Star mine, and, finding a group of men gathered about a large piece of machinery, he paused, turned his face in their direction, and began his customary bid for votes.

After declaring his love for work and all connected with it, he said:

"My friends, you are engaged in the noblest occupation known to man. When I see a grand piece of machinery like this it has a wonderful fascination for me. I feel myself drawn into a close sympathy with its labors; it appeals to me personally; it—What is the matter?" he asked in a low tone of a friend, who was frantically tugging at his coat tails.

"Cut her short, Colonel, and get out of here," the friend whispered hoarsely; "that blam'd thing is the biggest wind pump in the whole State of Colorado."

A TERRIBLE TALE.

Told of Conditions in Alaska by a Catholic Priest.

Seattle, Oct. 27.—Rev. Father John B. Rene, in charge of the Roman Catholic missions on the Yukon, has arrived at Dawson, with a terrible story of the sufferings of natives in that valley from an epidemic of a mysterious disease, resembling a combination of pneumonia, measles and typhoid fever.

At Holy Cross Mission 60 out of 150 Indians died in less than two months. A famine now threatens, as the natives have not been able to lay up supplies of fish and game for the winter.

THE IDEA.

Miss Summit—What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed down in her family.

Miss Palisade—Then it is just as I expected.

"What is it?"
"That her ancestors never kept servants."

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- 11--Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost. Dedication of all the churches in the diocese. Martinmas.
- 12--Monday -- St. Martin, Pope and Martyr.
- 13--Tuesday -- St. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Confessor.
- 14--Wednesday -- St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
- 15--Thursday--St. Gertrude, Virgin.
- 16--Friday--St. Didacus, Confessor.
- 17--Saturday--St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop.

CURRENT COMMENT.

This seventh of November is the great day of the General Elections throughout the Dominion. The campaign has been carried on with great activity and vigor by both sides. Each has foretold its own victory. We shall know to-night, or to-morrow at latest, which of the two was a true prophet. Meanwhile we pray that the better set of men may be elected and that the result of to-day's polling, whatever it be, may contribute to the ultimate settlement of the school question, which, as we have so often said, echoing the late Mgr. Tache, will never be settled till it is settled right.

The General Intention recommended this month to the prayers of the associates of the Apostleship is "The Propagation of the Faith." Our bright and interesting Canadian Messenger briefly sketches the foundation and splendid work of the Lyons society bearing the name of "La Propagation de la Foi." Among many valuable reflections suggested by this theme Father Devine has the following: "What is it that gives the missionary the supernatural power to move the souls of poor infidels? The grace of God alone does this? This grace is, in great measure, due to the prayers which are addressed to God by the millions of our associates, working in union with the Heart of Jesus. It is evident, therefore, that the Apostleship is a powerful help to the Propagation of the Faith, as well as to all associations engaged in missionary work. While these are preparing the instruments and the means by which grace is spread, the Apostleship, by its prayers, obtains the grace itself, without which even apostolic men would be but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Speaking of the obstacles which Protestantism and the Greek Schism present to the propagation of the true faith, the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* says very suggestively: "But neither of these obstacles can be permanent. For, in the first place, higher criticism is destroying Protestantism in Europe and America, and the effect must soon be felt in the missions. Secondly, Democracy must presently have something to say to Russian absolutism, and as the Greek Church is a political machine, its power must inevitably wane in the near future."

We had prepared last week a notice of a remarkable article in the October *Donahoe's*, but, as we stated then, the manuscript was mislaid and could not be re-written in time for that issue. This article, "Catholicity in Japan," by the Rev. J. M. Gleason, Nagasaki, contains many facts not generally known. For instance, Father Gleason, who had spent two months in Nippon, writes that "the relics of the past glory of the faith are on all sides;" that the multitudes of beautiful islands in the harbor of Nagasaki "are populated entirely by Catholics;" that in the valley of Urakami, the scene of two persecutions, there are now six thousand Japanese Catholics; that St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1865, is known as the "Discovery of the Christians," for on that day Bishop Petitjean learned that there was still a large body of Christians "who through 250 years of interdict and persecution had held their faith" without priests; that "the damnable practice of *Fumi ye*, or trampling on the figure of Christ, was instituted in 1629;" that in 1669 "twenty bronze plates were cast and embellished with the crucifixion in relief by a Nagasaki engraver," and that "the credit of this dastardly device has been laid by historians at the door of the Dutch traders of Deshima, who, to advance their commercial interests and monopoly in Japan, did not hesitate to bring about the death of Catholics." These bronze plates are on view in the National Museum in Ueno Park, Tokyo, together with the original edict of persecution of Ieyasu.

Father Gleason says much information in compact form on this subject is to be found in the chapter on Missions in Mr. Basil Chamberlain's "Things Japanese." Though this work was not written by him as a Catholic, it may have helped him to become a Catholic, as he did in 1898.

"The Church is in excellent condition throughout the entire country, and when it is remembered that persecution ceased officially only in 1873, and that the anti-Christian spirit still survives, it must be conceded that the Church has done wonderful work. Today there are 54,000 Catholic Japanese."

Father Gleason describes in detail the archdiocese of Tokyo and the other three dioceses of Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate, all of which he visited carefully. By the narrow-minded policy of the Japanese government a foreigner cannot own an inch of land in Japan; thus it is on the honesty of the Catholic Japanese who lease the property of 116 churches and 99 chapels that the ecclesiastical authorities must depend. The Brothers of Mary, so highly esteemed in Winnipeg, have colleges at Nagasaki, Osaka, and Tokyo, and count five Japanese professed brothers, besides a large number of novices. "Their schools are attended by Europeans and Japanese, Pagan as well as Christian, and the least good result of their work will be

the eradication of prejudice." All these workers are preparing a rich harvest of souls.

A contributor to the *Midland Review* tells a good story, which shows that Gladstone had some sense of humor as against most of his biographers, who pretend that was the only gift he lacked.

"On one occasion, while addressing a meeting, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly interrupted by an individual who alternated loud guffaws with the imitation of a dog's howls. The speaker inquired the name of this fellow, and was told that he was a certain John Larf. 'Mr. Larf,' he said, raising his voice, 'our friend Goldsmith clearly had you in view when he said: 'The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind, And the loud Larf that spoke the vacant mind.'"

"He said that, did he?" cried Larf, as he turned round and struck a little man who was in the crowd a severe blow over the head. And it was only after a violent rough-and-tumble and much vituperative language that Mr. Larf was convinced that the man he had assaulted, and whose name was Goldsmith, was not the gentleman referred to by Mr. Gladstone."

"The Temperance Banner," a new venture published in Montreal, together with the usual exaggerations of theory and doctrine in which Prohibitionists indulge, contains many startling facts. One article on the value of a license, taken from the *London Express*, states that Mr. E. N. Buxton, the brewer, puts the average value of a full license (excluding the large hotels) at from ten to eleven thousands pounds. A man built a house close to Burscough Junction, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire. It cost him £400. The owner applied for a license, got it, and sold the house for £4,000. Had he sold the house before, he would have got £400. "He walked into court," as Mr. Caine told the House of Commons, "worth £400; he walked out (with a certificate for which he had paid nothing) worth £4,000."

In this way John Bull gives away hundreds of millions sterling in order to enable rum-sellers to debauch the nation.

These real, ultimate reason why well-meaning, tender-hearted Protestants are always originating utopian schemes like prohibition, socialism and the single-tax theory, is that they are are astonishingly ignorant of human nature, and the reason why they are so astonishingly ignorant is that they do not confess their sins to a priest. The world that does not go to confession lives in unreality, in dreamland, in utter ignorance of its secret motives. On the contrary, the world that confesses its sins, not in a vague, general way, but in detail, has to examine its conscience, and this habit of self-examination brushes away the gilded cobwebs of worldly pride and reveals human limitations in all their humiliating truth, while, at the same time, it anchors the soul in the depths of God's unceasing mercy and lifts it into a purer atmosphere where humbug and hypocrisy are unknown.

We are glad to find our highly esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ont., coming round substantially, in its issue of Nov. 3, to our account of the present situation of the school question in this province. We are especially pleased to note that the

Record indignantly repels the supposition that the Catholics of Manitoba were asking for favors and not, as they really are, demanding their rights. Our contemporary admits that "the state of things revealed by the NORTHWEST REVIEW as existing still in the country districts," viz., the solemn declaration required from Catholic teachers that there have been neither religious exercises nor religious teaching during school hours, "is abominable." This is stronger language than we ever used, though not at all too strong for the case.

A report of the opening of the Separate school at Regina, by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, is crowded out till our next.

THOUGHTS ETERNAL.

A priest writes: "Could you recommend some interesting book for daily meditation? I am a very busy man, interrupted at all hours of the day. I want something that will wake me up and force me to think, something, if possible, up to date in the practical applications."

Yes, it so happens that we can heartily recommend just the sort of book our correspondent would like. It is entitled "*Noxa et Vexera*: informal meditations for times of spiritual dryness," by George Tyrell, S. J. This book, which has since acquired great and fully deserved celebrity as a thought-provoker, was first published in 1897 by Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, in their well known excellent style of binding and printing, for six shillings.

What the author says in his preface prepares one for the remarkable originality of the work. "There is less apology needed than might perhaps appear at first sight for offering to the public a book which is hardly more than a record of private musings. Doubtless it contains little or nothing that has not been said before, and said better, yet in many cases the truths are said in the writer's own way; and so far he can claim to bring forth from his treasury old things and new -- old, because truth is eternal; new, because its expression is infinitely variable. To give a new edge to truths and truisms blunted by use, it is not needful that they should be clothed in language either gorgeous or elegant; but only that their expression should be such as we are not accustomed to; such as to make us stop and listen."

Now, see how he applies this principle. Here is his meditation on "God our happiness," page 105: "For one who has the faith the greatest happiness and substantial peace of his soul is the grace and favor of God. This sounds unreal, because we do not notice or attend to permanent and habitual comforts. To tell a man that he enjoys the air he breathes more than the music he hears, sounds nonsense; but deprive him of both, and which will he ask for first? Unconscious as we are of the presence of grace when we have it, and altogether miserable as we may be at the same time about other things; let us but lose it, or think we have lost it, and what other happiness can console us, or what other misery concern us? We mostly love God far more than we think; and it is only real or fancied separation that first opens our eyes to the extent to which He is entwined and woven into our life." Mark how Father Tyrell makes us "stop and listen," when he says: "This sounds unreal." This is one of those modern touches born of the habit of putting yourself into the minds of others, and getting

at their point of view. Such eminently practical remarks seldom occur in the old-fashioned books. Father Tyrell's meditations vary wonderfully in size. Some are only half a dozen lines long, a mere suggestion; others run on into the seventh page, and these are, we think, the very best.

To the longer class belongs "Love's Archetype," page 78, from which we cannot refrain from making the following extracts: "Ego et Pater unum sumus (I and the Father are One)." "Consubstantial with the Father, not merely similar, not the exact counterpart, reflection, replica; but the same substance in no way distinct or distinguishable, held in common by two, as though two men had one body between them and one soul, thinking, willing, acting, not alike but identically. This is no barren or fruitless dogma to those who have dwelt on the mystery of Love with its craving for union, absorption, identification, and its conflicting demand for distinctness or 'otherness,' its protest against extinction. It is in the mystery of the Trinity that Love

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finds its archetype which the pantheist or Buddhist seeks in vain. 'That they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee.' 'I in them and Thou in Me, that we all may be perfect in one.' For what is it Love wants? To give itself wholly and entirely; and yet to be itself and distinct; to efface every divergence in thought, will, interest, nature, place, time, and yet to be other, and loved by another, as other . . . Personality is of the very notion of love, on the part of both subject and object; and union is no less so; distinctness and not fusion. It is not, therefore, such a union with God as pantheists or quietists put before us, that we really crave for; the union by which a drop is absorbed and dispersed in the ocean, losing its separateness and individuality; or by which a wave or ripple on the face of a pond is smoothed out as a disturbance of its former lifeless tranquility. . . . It is in the mystery of the Trinity that we find this union carried to its infinite perfection, where, between Three Persons there is, not a likeness, but a numerical sameness of nature, thought, will and operation; and withal a distinctness of person between the three possessors of this one possession, which in order of origin belongs first to the Father, and is by Him communicated to the Son, and by both to the Holy Spirit."

These be deep ponderings. Many others in this golden book are sweet or tender or gay or suffused with that gentle melancholy which seems to hang about the saints. There is music for every passing mood. The young, the middle-aged, the old will find here thoughts that chime with their various situations; for, though the author is still in his early prime, he has the Kipling-like gift of vividly realizing the views and feelings of all sorts and conditions of men, with this difference, however, that the field of his observations is immeasurably higher and broader and more important than anything Kipling wots off.

Had we more space at our disposal we would fain quote largely from Father Tyrell's eight meditations on the *Salve Regina*. Here is a passage from the last of that truly devotional series; its heading is 'Mary's Welcome: "' And after our exile show unto Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb.' Nothing frets us more in our keenest moments of enjoyment than the absence of some dear one who would 'enter into our joy' and double it, casting back to us the reflex of our own gladness, as mirror answer and re-answers to mirror. Thus every new soul that reaches the Vision of God augments the bliss of all the rest; and if there could be fretfulness or impatience in heaven, it would be in Mary's tranquil heart, so does she long to have each and all of her children in sympathy with her ecstasy. *Magnificate Dominum mecum*—Magnify the Lord with me,' she cries to them, *et exaltemus nomen ejus in idipsum*—'and let us praise His name together.' As one who shows some beauty to another, and rejoices in his joy, so will she hurry us by the hand into the presence of the Blessed Fruit of her womb, Jesus, watching our eyes as they brighten with that same joy with which her own soul is replenished."

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PERSONALS.

Mr. C. J. Mc Nerney is to be congratulated upon winning the first prize at the Paris Exhibition for specimens of his handiwork in horse shoes. Had he been first in any of the athletic sports of the World's Fair he would have had a public reception and been made a hero of generally. In accomplishing what he has, he has done much to advertise Winnipeg and deserves a fitting acknowledgement at the hands of its citizens.

Lord Alverstone, Master of the Rolls, has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in the room of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and Lord Justice Sir A. L. Smith becomes Master of the Rolls.

The Right Rev. Bishop Mayer, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (Mill Hill), Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Madras, has just passed away. He was borne at Montreal on August 15th, 1850, educated at the Oneida Seminary, New York, St. Hyacinthe College, Canada, and St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, London, England, and was ordained priest on December 3d, 1876. He was sent to India in the following year.

Mr. Jos. Hammelin, hardware and boot and shoe merchant, of St. Rose, was here last week and went to see his younger brother, Marcien, who is in the preparatory course attached to St. Boniface College.

Rev. Father Filiatrault, Superior of the Canadian Jesuits, left St. Boniface last Friday for St. Louis, Mo., where two of his men are making their juniorate, and one his tertianship.

It is stated (says the *London Daily Chronicle*) that the Archbishop of Sens will be authorized to lend the chasuble of St. Thomas a Becket, now in his Chapter-house treasury, for the opening of the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. The ring and crozier are already in Cardinal Vaughan's possession, so that the British "Eminenza" would be vested from head to foot in the murdered Archbishop's pontificals.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface went to Rat Portage last Monday. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., and Rev. Dr. Beliveau.

Rev. Father Blais, O.M.I., arrived from the States the day before yesterday. He expects several settlers therefrom.

Rev. Father Lacasse, O.M.I., is in town.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Langevin, O. M. I., preached a powerful sermon at St. Mary's Church last Sunday evening. While thanking the people for what they had done in the recent bazaar, which had netted over \$2,000, he pointed out that this was not enough to meet the expenses of supporting Catholic Schools. His Grace recommended patience, prudence, discretion and generosity; referred to the high standing of the Catholic schools, and said that any Catholic who would send his children to the public schools would not be true to his principles.

In a letter to Father Ring, O.M. I., dated Archbishop's House, Westminster, October 15th, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan says:

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—AND—
Smokers' Sundries
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DENTISTRY

Dr. Stark, Dentist,

PAINLESS OPERATING 63 Martha Street Winnipeg.

"I bless with my whole heart the grand Irish pilgrimage which is passing through London on its way to the Holy City. I would gladly welcome in person all the pilgrims were it possible, but it is not." The pilgrims, who left London on Wednesday morning for Dover, were divided into eight guilds under the patronage of Irish saints, and each section was headed by a guildmaster carrying a wand of office.—*Catholic Times*, Oct. 19.

A letter from Right Rev. W. A. Gallagher, Bishop of Galveston, gives the following estimate of the Catholic loss of life and property in that city in the hurricane of September 8th: More than 1,000 persons, including ten Sisters of Charity and about eighty orphans under their charge, lost their lives. One priest was lost; Rev. T. Keany was killed at Velasco by a falling hotel. About 8,000 were made homeless, having lost all, or almost all, their earthly goods and property. Several hundreds were injured and crippled. On the day after the flood 219 bodies were found on the Ursuline Convent grounds.

Lady Mary Keppel, who was married at the London Oratory, on October 16th, and her two sisters, Lady Hilda and Lady Florence Keppel, are Catholics; but not so her brothers, the Earl of Albermarle, who gave her away, and the Hon. Derek Keppel, at whose house the wedding breakfast was held. Their father, the late Earl of Albermarle, became a Catholic when, as Lord Bury, he held a post in Lord Beaconsfield's administration.

The Oberammergau Play this year yielded a revenue of about one million marks. Anton Lang, who took the part of Christ, is not going to America, but is about to start for Rome.

Rev. Father Viens, of Portage la Prairie, is at the Archbishop's Palace.

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A comparison between the years 1885 and 1889 shows the following results:

GRAIN PRODUCED.

	1885.	1889.
Wheat	7,429,440 bush.	27,922,230 bush.
Oats	1,636,263 bush.	22,318,378 bush.
Barley	1,113,481 bush.	5,379,156 bush.
Total	11,907,184 bush.	55,619,764 bush.
Increase, 40,712,580 Bushels.		

MANITOBA LANDS—For sale by the Provincial Government. Over 1,600,000 acres of choice land in all parts of the Province are offered at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per acre. Payments extend over eight years. SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to 500,000 acres along the line of the Manitoba Northwestern Railway at \$3.00 and \$2.50 per acre.

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 Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, Manitoba Emigration Agt.,
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To the Public

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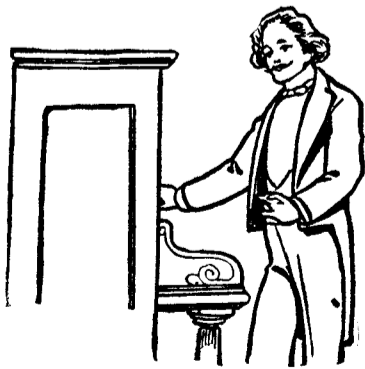
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NOTES FROM CALGARY.

31st October, 1900.

The grand bazaar in aid of St. Mary's Church, Calgary, will be held at the end of November, and promises to be a great success. In a meeting lately called by the Rev. Father Lemarchand, a committee of direction was formed. The members elected were as follows: Madame Judge Rouleau, Mrs. P. J. Nolan, and Mrs. J. W. Costello. This election is a guarantee of success.

A gold watch valued at \$125, gift of Mr. P. Burns, will be given to the most popular young lady of Calgary, on the occasion of the bazaar for St. Mary's Church, and the receipts of this competition will be for the completion of this Church.

Mr. P. Burns is building a princely house, which will cost him no less than \$25,000. Pat has succeeded well! He deserves it, for he loves to do good.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart in Calgary is more prosperous than ever. More than 200 children frequent it, and nearly 40 boarders are sheltered under its roof. All acknowledge the entirely superior education given by the Faithful Companions of Jesus, and the time is not far off when they will be obliged to think of enlarging their beautiful establishment.

The Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, is always full. The sick like to go there to be cured, and those who are well to rest there. All find there the necessary comfort, and the cheerfulness and cleanliness which reign make of it an abode very agreeable and sought for by all, both Catholics and Protestants. However, everything here below has its dark side. This hospital is so much esteemed and patronized that it has become too small, therefore the authorities desire to enlarge it as soon as their means will permit. Let us hope that some rich persons with generous souls will wish to succor suffering humanity by giving to the devoted Sisters a place where they may display all their zeal.

The Rev. Father Riou, director of the Mission on the Blood reserve, is going to the Industrial School of Dunbow, to help the Rev. Fathers of this school in the religious formation of their pupils.

The Catholic boarding schools of the three reserves, the Blood, the Black Feet, and the Piegiars, are becoming very prosperous, thanks to the zeal of the Rev. Fathers and Sisters, and above all thanks to the initiative of His Lordship Bishop Legal, who always takes the greatest interest in his old missions.

Thanks to the steps taken by the Rev. Father Lacombe, the Catholic Mission of Calgary, already so well provided with religious establishments, will be still further enriched by an establishment of Brothers for the education of boys.

THE REVOLT OF MARY HENNESSY.

(Continued from last week.)

"And how did you live," asked Mary, "when you first started in?" One lived at home, another had joined with three other girls in taking one room and living on little more than bread and coffee. "But, surely," she questioned again, "surely the girls upstairs do better than that?"

"Well, if they do make a little more sometimes," was the answer, "they have to dress better than we do, and they dare not sit down."

"They do get a little air," said Mary, as she looked at the beached faces of her companions. "There's always a damp odor down here, and artificial light all the time is hard on the eyes."

"Well, what can we do?" said another, sighing. "My name was on the application book seven months before I got on here, and I went around to the other stores

every day. Why, sometimes there's hundreds standing in line just to sign the application book."

This conversation set Mary thinking, and on further inquiry she found that while a few in the millinery and cloak departments earned as much as twenty dollars a week, it was only after they were wrinkled and gray with experience and had made their own custom by humoring their wealthy patrons. They had to dress extravagantly too, and Mary wondered if after all they could save anything for the lonely old age that was hurrying on so fast.

Mary tried to be hopeful and she was always cheerful, but she found herself wondering wearily if her life was to go on forever in the same way—no seclusion, no peace, no comfort. All day the stuffy basement and the chattering of the pale-faced girls at night, a little closet of a room shared by an odorous girl who worked in a cigar factory and who talked for into the night about her "fellah." Sunday after Sunday Mary had tried to find something a little more home-like, but her search was fruitless. Invariably the landlady would first ask her, "How much do you pay?" "Three and a half," Mary would answer, meekly. "How many in a room?" "Two." "Well," was the sharp retort, "if you can get board at that price and only two in a room, you've got a snap and you want to hang on to it."

So poor Mary would go reluctantly back to the "snap" and look forward to the evening, when her roommate would go down to the little parlor to entertain her "fellah." Then she would read a little and revel in the brief privacy.

"How nice your kitchen must be!" she said one day to a kind-faced lady customer. She had grown to be quite friendly with some of her patrons, and her manner was always so quiet and lady-like that they enjoyed a few minutes' chat with her over their purchases.

"Yes, I try to get all the new appliances," answered the lady. "I keep only one girl, and although we are only two in family, I like to get her anything that will save labor."

"Pardon me," interrupted Mary, quietly, "but may I ask how much you pay your girl?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I pay her four dollars a week, and I hire a woman one day to wash and clean the kitchen. Then the girl does the ironing. But, oh dear!" she sighed, "she is to be married in six weeks, and I dread to hunt for another, and breaking her in is still worse."

A sudden thought flashed through Mary's mind, and she felt her cheeks burn as she said, eagerly, "Oh, Mrs. Bolton, would you take me? Let me stay a month without salary to learn the work from your girl."

"And do you really think you'd like, taken back by the suddenness of Mary's request. "It is quite different from this, you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know it's different from this, but I've been thinking of it for some time. Of course, I've had no experience, except a little at home before my father died. I know it is not hard to get into a family where they keep two or three girls, because one helps the other, but I want a room to myself, so I can think in the evening when my work is done. Of course," said Mary, "you do not know me, but Father Bradley, of St. Ignatius, will tell you something of us. He was so kind during my father's illness and death, and," smiling, "he got me in here, but of course I wouldn't think of bothering him with complaints about it now when he was so good in finding me the place—and ninety-four girls ahead of me on the application list. Yes," she added, as she noticed Mrs. Bolton's look of amazement, "it is that way all the time."

Mrs. Bolton had been watching Mary's face keenly. "Well," she said, "I'm sure you're honest and earnest, and I'll take your word. Let me see — this is Saturday. Well, two weeks from next Monday you come; then you go under training with Julia for four weeks without salary. That's what you mean, is it not? Yes? Well, then, at the end of that time—that is, if

we are mutually satisfied — you take up Julia's work and salary. Now, that's settled—" as Mary tried to thank her. "Here is my card, and I shall expect you as agreed. Good-bye, and try to get a little more color in your face, because," she said, smiling, "Julia is a Christian Scientist, and she'll be insisting on your going to a healer."

This thought of housework was not a sudden one inspired in Mary's mind by Mrs. Bolton's conversation. She had decided weeks before that nothing could be much harder than her present life. She saw herself growing shabbier every day, as, except for an occasional pair of shoes, she found it impossible with all her efforts to earn more than her board and car fare. So it was with a light heart that night that she left her week's notice in the office of the cashier, and as she made her usual visit to the church on her way to her boarding-place she thanked God earnestly that her prayers had been answered and begged His guidance and help in the new field His care had found for her.

The next week she had to bear a great deal of scoffing and many covert sneers from the girls in the store. "Kitchen mechanic," "pot wolloper," and a score of like epithets greeted her, and with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders they did not hesitate to express their opinion of Mary's "lowering herself." The poor girl who shared a room with three others and lived on bread and coffee was the worst of all. "Before I'd work in anybody's kitchen," she said, scornfully, "I'd throw myself in the river."

"Poor soul!" said Mary to herself. "It will hardly be necessary. You are going fast enough as it is." She had seen for some time that the poor girl was failing, and had often walked down in the morning that she might buy a banana or an orange for Sadie, who now said to her, contemptuously but dramatically, "Mary Hennessy, my friendship is no longer yours!"

All this had occurred eight years before, however, on the day of Mary's conversation with her mistress concerning "In His Steps." It had not taken Mrs. Bolton long to discover that Mary was far above the average working girl. She could discuss intelligently most subjects of current interest, and with such naive originality that Mrs. Bolton liked to talk with her and draw her out. In this matter Mary showed the innate refinement of her race, the kindness and equality of her mistress' manner never causing her to forget her position or become in the slightest degree familiar. "Oh, the comfort of her!" Mrs. Bolton would exclaim to her friends. "Really, I'm ashamed to say that in the last year or two, since I've gotten so deep in club work and advancement theories, I just have to leave everything to Mary."

She felt tired and dispirited this afternoon as she climbed the stairs to Mary's bedroom. Her life seemed to be growing so nerve-wearing and club-driven while so little was really accomplished with all their meetings and discussions. "How sweet and restful!" she sighed, as she paused in the door-way. "Mary keeps every place so spotless and yet never seems driven."

Mary's room was as restful with its dainty desk and bookcase, her own purchases, its spotless curtains and potted plants. She called it her haven of rest, and many times as she entered it she recalled with a smile the old days in the basement when the girls laughed at her desire for a room to herself.

Mrs. Bolton crossed to the table and found the book she sought under the "Imitation of Christ," which she opened carelessly to see where Mary had placed the marker, and read: "Behold if all should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferest it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as a hair from thy head?"

"But he that hath no heart in him nor hath God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of dispraise."

(To be Continued.)

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Canadian Northern Railway

Time Table, October 14, 1900.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going S.	Leave Going N.	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinac, Dauphin, etc., Tues., Thur. and Sat.		7 30	17 45
Dauphin, Makinac, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	11 40		22 30
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tuesday		7 30	21 15
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Wednesday	7 15		22 30
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Fridays	17 00	14 00	
Dauphin to Swan River and Track End, Wed. and Sat.		8 20	18 40
Track End and Swan River to Dauphin, Mon. & Thur.	7 00		18 20
Dauphin to Gilbert Plains, Tuesday		12 30	14 15
Gilbert Plains to Dauphin, Friday	7 00		8 45
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thur.		8 20	15 50
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed. Thur. and Sat.	8 20		12 00
Bedford to Winnipeg, Wed. Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri. and Sat.		12 40	16 40

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Vancouver } Monday
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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, Winnipeg, Man.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

Branch 52, Winnipeg

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

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J. T. M'KENNEY, H. SWINFORD, City Passenger Agt., Gen. Agt., Winnipeg. Winnipeg.
CHAS. S. FEE, G.P. & T.A., St. Paul.

TIME TABLE.

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.	
	DEPART	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily	1 45 pm	1 30 pm
Morris, Brandon, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	10 45 am	
Morris, Brandon, and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.		4 30 pm
Portage la Prairie, Mon., Wed., Fri.	4 30 pm	11 50 pm
Portage la Prairie, Tues., Thurs., Sat.		10 35 am