



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAZAAR.

Notwithstanding the bad weather that prevailed during most of the week, the Bazaar, which closed on October 26th, in aid of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, proved successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. Owing to the devoted work of the ladies and the untiring zeal of the Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Pastor of the Church, the gross receipts were \$2,771. 46. As the expenses were \$233.60, the net profits are \$2,573. 86. This proves what a hold sweet charity has over the people of both sides of the Red. The Rev. Pastor of the Immaculate Conception wishes to express, through the medium of the REVIEW, his deep gratitude and heartfelt thanks to all who have contributed, in one way or another, to the success of the Bazaar. The following justly deserve special mention:—

1. Mesdames Jos. and A. Bernhardt and the Misses Celia and Lucy Bertrand, who had charge of the Immaculate Conception fancy table. These ladies, helped by devoted friends inside and outside the Bazaar, brought in the enormous sum of \$1043. 10.

2. Mesdames J. B. Lauzon, M. Kelly, J. Picard, with their co-workers, and Mesdames Geo. Germain, J. A. McLinnis and F. W. Russell, and Miss Allman, by their combined efforts, realized \$675. 50.

3. The Ladies of St. Mary's fancy table, under the presidency of Mesdames P. Gallagher and M. Savage, two untiring workers, netted \$496. 55.

4. The ladies in charge of the St. Boniface fancy table, having at their head Mesdames S. A. D. Bertrand and Alf. Lévéque, excellently assisted by Mesdames Lamontagne, d'Eschambault, Senécal, Anger, and a host of younger workers, deserve great praise. Their contribution to the Bazaar treasury was \$432. 36.

5. Young J. M. Picard took in at the door the neat sum of \$123. 95. He and young H. Germain, who faithfully presided over the booth for soft drinks, are deserving of special commendation.

Mr. Geo. Germain made himself generally useful and showed such unflinching devotion that he won for himself the title of "Father Cherrier's right bower." Mr. Caron, a newly settled member of the Immaculate Conception, did the carpentering with cheerfulness and skill.

Everything was done to render the Bazaar really attractive. The choice of Mr. J. Maw's large and comfortable Hall, together with the courtesy extended by Mr. Maw and those under him, tended to make things doubly pleasant.

Mr. Evans's orchestra sustained its well earned reputation. Although a small remuneration had to be given to its members, Mr. Evans himself excepted, the charming music was, we

believe, secured below the usual cost. Our sincere thanks are due to Messrs. W. Grundy and Co., who kindly lent a magnificent Gerhard—Heintzman piano.

It would be ungrateful not to thank Miss Shore and Messrs. A. Bétournay, Day and Gellay for their kind services in instrumental and vocal music.

Through the courtesy of Captain Rogers Maw's Hall was beautifully decorated by the men of the Central Fire Hall.

Mr. J. B. Lauzon most thoughtfully placed at the disposal of the Bazaar managers a rig, which did yeoman's service by carrying parcels to and fro during all the time the Bazaar lasted.

Mr. Jordan proved as charitable as ever, having night after night driven the ladies of St. Boniface to their respective homes without any charge whatsoever.

Lastly, though not the least worthy of our thanks, comes the Bell Telephone Co., which put a phone free of charge in the Hall for the whole time the Bazaar lasted.

As we are pressed for space, a long list of winners is held over till next week. Here we can mention only the closing feature of the Bazaar, which was the drawing of the following special prizes:—Miss Alma Bernhardt, no. 673, silver teaset (5 pieces); Mr. Frintz, no. 809, a gold-filled watch; Mr. W. Cudny, no. 756, silver lamp; Mr. R. M. Fraser, no. 59, fancy mantel clock; Miss Flossie McIlroy, no. 198 a, lady's long watch chain; Rev. J. B. Dorais, O.M.I., no. 604, silver bake dish; Mr. F. O. R. Donogh, no. 14 b, decorated enamelled chamber set; Miss Mary Welnitz, no. 865, cut glass with silver mounted pitcher; S. G. Sanford, no. 877, mirror; Mr. Giliespie, no. 977 b, cruet stand; Mr. J. Bawlf, no. 633 b, set of carvers (3 pieces); Mr. Ed. Dawson, no. 525 b, berry dish.

DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

Don't tattle; don't act as if you thought that dress made the lady; don't show that you think yourself the prettiest girl in the world; don't imagine yourself to be superior to other girls because you happen to be dressed better than they are or because your parents are richer than theirs; don't find fault with everybody and everything; don't allow boys to make "too free" with you; don't act or talk merely to attract attention; don't be loud or boisterous or given to silly giggling; don't sit round and play little lady when you ought to be taking healthy recreation, and above all, don't have any secrets which you dare not share with your mother.—Catholic Citizen.

Cardinal Macchi, whose carriage was overturned during a Pastoral visitation, was so severely injured that the Central News Agency reported his death; but he has so far recovered as to be able to say Mass.

"VOICE" SLANDERS.

LIBEL NO. 1.

The following extract is taken from the San Francisco STAR of August 27: "Recently an article was published in the STAR, taken from the NEW YORK VOICE, a Prohibition organ, in which some severe accusations were made against the actions of the Catholic priesthood and dignitaries of the church in the Philippines. At the time, we expressed doubt as to its reliability, and now J. Walter Reid writes us an interesting communication which gives some reliable information on the subject. He has resided in Manila and elsewhere in the Philippines, and speaks with the positive authority of one who knows what he is talking about. In reply to the statement that the children in the schools 'ATTEND BUT ONE HOUR A DAY AND STUDY LITTLE BUT CHURCH HISTORY,' Mr. Reid says it is a libel, and that the children of all classes attend school the same as here, and are taught according to grade all the necessary branches of modern education. Their schools, he avers, are equal to our own.

LIBEL NO. 2.

He denies any interference on the part of the priests with the unloading of vessels on Saints' days, or any other time; nor do they assume to regulate the playing of the piano or the holding of social gatherings in any way, either for money or any other consideration. Our correspondent points out that the government of the Philippines is not and was not in the hands of priests, or even Catholics, but almost entirely in the control of avowed freethinkers and elements antagonistic to the Catholic Church.

LIBEL NO. 3.

The charge made in the article of the VOICE that the Church derives vast revenues from the management of a lottery, is denounced vehemently as a vile slander.

"The archbishop of Manila attends to his own affairs, in watching over the spiritual interests of his children. The erection of churches, schools and seminaries; the journeying into the far interior to confirm the little ones; the safeguarding of religion from the attacks of infidels and scoffers, all these require his constant attention. It is adding insult to injury to say that the archbishop has any hand whatever in the management of that huge swindle known as the Manila lottery. Not even Spain derives the enormous revenues from this lottery, as the writer would have us believe. To accuse the Church of being a participant in this swindle by accepting moneys from its coffers, when the very spirit of the Church is opposed to such, is a gross libel, unworthy even the utterance of him whose sole object is to black-

en and besmirch the character of the Catholic priesthood."

LIBEL NO. 4.

The statement that the Church levies any tax on the natives is shown to be false, because the amount said to be collected each year is more than they earn, and the government has to have a whack at the toilers somewhere. In fact, the Church depends upon its own revenues and levies no taxes of any kind and divides none with the government. Protest is made by Mr Reid against making the war an excuse for an attack on the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion, and he attributes the attack made on both in the Philippines to the spirit of A. P. A. ism.

Concluding, he says: "The rights of every one, of all religions and of no religion, should be respected. Falsehood and forgery should never be resorted to, either by the press or the individual, to belittle a weak nation or a weak cause. We should all work in harmony for the interests of our beloved country, proud of the starry flag, which floats above the peaceful homes of a brave and happy people".

NOT A GOOD HAND AT FIGURES.

Miss Gushly—I have just discovered something really remarkable about the present year. If you take the sum of the individual figures of 1898 together it will exactly equal my age.

Young Mr. Stoopid—Indeed! That is remarkable. Lemme see. Eighteen and nine and eight equal thirty-five. Do you know, Miss Gushly, I wouldn't have thought it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I AM A CATHOLIC.

In the winter of the year 1814, just after the insurrection of the Poles for independence, a few Russian soldiers met a Polish boy gathering dry branches in the forest. They surrounded him and asked him what religion he professed.

"I am a Catholic," replied the boy, without any sign of fear. The soldiers now demanded from him the Sign of the Cross in the schismatic manner. What distinguishes the Catholic Sign of the Cross from that of the Russian schismatics is simply the external sign, for the Russian make it by passing the hand from the right shoulder to the left. The boy refused positively, and crossed himself a few times in the Catholic manner.

Exasperated by this unexpected stubbornness, the Russian officer threatened to shoot the boy if he resisted any longer. Pulling the boy by the coat, he perceived on the child's breast a medal of the Blessed Virgin of Czenstohova. The sight of this medal enraged the officer and he tried to snatch it, but the boy, sobbing through fear, held it firmly in his hands. Then the officer smote

the boy in the face. The blow was so sharp as to draw blood, but this unmanly act did not effect the expected impression upon the boy.

The soldiers bound the boy to a tree and, arranging themselves in order, prepared to fire at him. The young confessor, pale but full of heroic courage, looked with indifference upon his executioners and whispered a short prayer to the Blessed Virgin. Then the officer approached the boy and said to him, in a scoffing tone: "You mean dog, you are not worth the lead and powder my soldiers would waste on you." He commanded his soldiers to loose the boy from the tree and roughly murmured that he would hang him as a rebel against the Czar and the Russian Church. The angry soldiers dragged the boy to the nearest oak, put a halter about his neck, and repeated their demands for the Sign of the Cross according to the schismatic church. The young martyr did not answer a word, but he shook his head as a sign that he could not comply with their wishes.

This threat was not satisfactory. One of the soldiers had climbed the tree and fastened the rope to a strong branch, while the others raised the boy high in the air ready to let him drop at the first signal. At this juncture the officer again changed his mind. "He is not worth the hanging!" he shouted. "We had better keep this rope for some greater rebel; this one we'll drown like a dog!"

Again the boy was untied. They dragged him to the river, which was covered with thin ice. Here the officer had the cruel pleasure of prolonging the heroic little martyr's struggle with death. He commanded the boy to be stripped of his coat and plunged into the water up to the neck. This done, he left his soldiers on the bank of the river and approached the boy, whose head protruded above the ice. With a sardonic smile he said to the little sufferer, "Oh, wretch, do you still resist? Do you refuse to make the Sign of the Cross as our Czar commands? And do you refuse to give up this medal?" The boy gave no answer, but turning his eyes toward heaven and holding the medal in his hand, he made the Sign of the Cross as a Catholic. The officer was amazed. He was about to utter a shocking blasphemy, when the ice broke suddenly beneath his feet, and the murderer found a watery grave in company with his victim, the youthful defender of the faith.—Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Sister Parent, accompanied by Sister Amyot, is nursing her sick mother at Letellier.

Mr. Peter McKenna Levéque left for Detroit yesterday, and will go thence to Toronto to complete his studies in pharmacy.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1898.

**REPORT OF THE LAST MEETING
OF THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.**

To-day being the Feast of All Saints, a holyday of obligation in which no work can be done on a Catholic paper, and our limited space being already filled, we are forced to defer till next week a spicy report of the last stormy meeting of the University Council. Meanwhile, we would respectfully direct the "Morning Telegram's" attention to the faultiness of its report in one particular. Father Drummond is therein misrepresented as reminding the Council "that it was well to merge as their [St. Boniface] college had done their individual interests in the interests of the whole." Now Father Drummond, as may be seen from the Free Press report, which reproduces his short speech almost verbatim, said no such thing. What he did say was this: "When the St. Boniface College representatives had taken a position at variance with the rest of the University, it had been urged upon them by ONE HIGH IN AUTHORITY IN ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE that they should merge their own special interests in the wider interests of the University." The members of the Council, knowing what Father Drummond alluded to, were fully aware that he was merely reminding St. John's College that "its own chickens were now coming home to roost."

MEADOWHURST CHILDREN.

When we received from the "Editor Publishing Company" of Cincinnati a dainty volume entitled "Meadowhurst Children and other tales" by Eleanor Le Sueur Mac Naughton, the middle name of the writer, being that of a singularly gifted family, prepared us for something out of the ordinary. The sister of Mr. W. D. LeSueur, Mrs. Dr. Yeomans and Mrs. A. MacGillis could not well be commonplace. We had already seen a couple of her inimitable sketches in the Home Journal, of New York; we had admired her power of making the unknown familiar and alive; but we had not yet

seen her clothing in childlike language the sweet fancies of childhood.

Here are some of them. One of the Meadowhurst children is telling how they played "The Babes in the Wood." It appears it was very hard to secure a boy willing to act the baby. "Little boys don't like to act anyway, and they hate being babes; so at last we had to get Larry Milligan, the milk-woman's little boy, and he isn't the least bit pretty. He has red hair and grey eyes and freckles, but he was very quick at acting, and did just what we told him, and in one way he made a very good babe, because his face was 'all besmeared and dyed', though not with blackberries, but really molasses did just as well."

This last remark is thoroughly childlike. So is the following unmethodical way of relating an untoward incident. Hugh is an interesting lame boy whom even prim Miss Primmer took a fancy to. "One day when he seemed tired she asked Mrs. Milligan to let him come and lie down and she would bring him home herself after dinner. We were really frightened when we heard of it, for one day she boxed poor Larry's ears just because he climbed upon her fence to see if his ball was in her garden; at least he only meant to look, and it was not his fault that he fell over on her strawberry bed or that Tansy, her big Tom-cat was sleeping there. I am sure it was the terrible meow-ow that Tansy gave that brought Miss Primmer flying out of the house."

Peggy and the little spokeswoman, who tells about the Meadowhurst children's plays, picnics, surprises and wedding, do not like the month of November, because it has no flowers, fruits, nuts or even dry leaves, and the snow has not yet settled down for good. "Fred says that November can't help being that kind of a month and that the right way would be for people to plan pleasant things for it instead of having them all in the other months that don't need them. He says that he means to have all his children's birthdays in November so that at least there will be plenty of parties and presents."

Many other delicious extracts tempt us, but we think these will suffice to show that Mrs. MacNaughton gives us the live thoughts of real children sparkling with delicate unconscious humor. Of all her children, whose little personalities leave a very distinct impression, we like Larkie Adams and Petit Jean best. Petit Jean alone with God and petite Marie in the hollow of the big rock, spreading out his arms against the rising tide is really an awesome, thrilling scene.

This typical child's book certainly deserves many editions, and we trust that the proof-reading will be better done in the next, especially as regards the French words, poor "grandmère" being always afflicted with an "accent aigu."

Rev. Father Gravel, chaplain of the Grey Nuns, returned from Nicolet, Que., last Friday. Rev. Father Kruse, O.M.I., came by the same train and will act as assistant to Rev. Father Page, O.M.I., at Esterhaz, Assa.

SISTER MARY'S REQUIEM.

Sermon by Father Drummond.

Last Thursday, at 10 A. M. the Winnipeg friends of the late Sister Mary Xavier had a solemn Requiem Mass offered up for the repose of her soul. Rev. Father McCarthy, O. M. I., was the celebrant, Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O. M. I., the deacon and Rev. Father Kullavy, O. M. I., the subdeacon. At the offertory Miss Barrett sang, better than she was ever heard to sing, "Some Sweet Day." Mr. Marston's singing was of great assistance for the Dies Irae and Mr. Bétournay accompanied with his usual skill the Libera.

Considering that it was a week day the attendance was very large and quite half of the people in the Church were Protestants who had come to pay their tribute of loving sorrow to the dear departed friend. Nine Grey Nuns and two or three "Black" Nons (among whom was Sister Martin of the Ascension) occupied the front seats.

From Proverbs, 31, 30: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised," Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., preached in part as follows:—

My dear Brethren, We are gathered here for a purpose which is at once mournful and consoling: mournful, because the very fact of our presence here reminds us that she whom we esteemed and loved is gone before and that in this world we shall never again see her bright and kindly smile; and yet consoling, because next to the visible presence of dear friends is the comfort we derive from talking about them.

In this familiar talk I have chosen the text, "Favor is deceitful", etc. In fact the favors of this world did not seem at first to be bestowed on Sister Mary Xavier.

Born at St. John's, Newfoundland, whence her parents (Mr. and Mrs. Dunn) removed with their infant daughter Margaret to Aylmer, near Ottawa, she was handicapped for the struggle of life, having come into the world without that completeness of of bodily frame which is the common heritage of most of us. She had, as you remember, no left forearm.

"Beauty is vain." There is question here, of course of the beauty of the body, which, though a gift of God, is one of the most dangerous. Vanity is its too frequent consequence, nor can there be a sadder sight than that of waning comeliness striving to repair the irreparable inroads of age. Margaret Dunn had no such obstacle to contend with; but her physical limitations seemed to the Superiors of the Order she wished to enter an insurmountable impediment. So, in 1853, she bid adieu to home and friends and undertook a journey to the Red River which, in those days, presupposed almost heroic fortitude in a girl of sixteen. She came here to devote herself to teaching the Indians and halfbreeds. Soon her remarkable gifts of mind and heart won the favor of the local Superior of the Grey Nuns, who rightly judged that a physical infirmity such as hers was more than counterbalanced by her virtue and talent, and she was received into the novitiate of the Grey Nuns

at St. Boniface. It was soon seen that even with her crippled arm she could knit and sew as well as any seamstress.

"The woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." The world of men and women is split up into two categories: those who make themselves the centre of the universe, self-centred people; and those who accept God as the centre of all things. Sister Mary was one of these latter. She had that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. For forty-five years His will was the guiding-star of her religious life. Thirty-six years were spent in teaching and in directing the boarding convent of St. Boniface. Many of the ladies present here to-day will bear me out when I say that she made lifelong friends of her pupils. Firm, strict, nay almost sternly severe, and at times momentarily yielding to the warmth of her Irish character, she was ever ready to make up for these transient outbursts by a renewal of kindness and tenderness.

Curiously enough, she was past fifty years of age before she found, in hospital work, a sphere adapted to the complete expansion of her extraordinary gifts. Chief among these were her gifts of sympathy and understanding. You know how that gift of sympathy, the being all things to all, was the special prerogative of St. Paul. Well, Sister Mary possessed it in a high degree, and it was based on her wonderful perspicacity in reading the characters of people. How came it that this woman, who, having become a nun at the age of sixteen, never witnessed the vanities of the world, yet understood and penetrated them as if she had been steeped in them all her life? Apart from the usual enlightenment which is the ordinary result of leading a higher life, I should say that Sister Mary had the intuitions of genius.

One of the signs of genius is the power of drawing conclusions from a very few facts or ideas. While the ordinarily clever person plods wearily through a multitude of details before daring to make an inference, the genius sees the conclusion almost at a glance. So was it with our dear departed Sister. A word, a look, a gesture often sufficed to give her the keynote of a character. Over and over again, before she could possibly know anything of a patient's inmost feelings, she would casually give an estimate of his character which I afterwards found, when the patient unbosomed his inner soul to me, marvellously correct. She had the wide, strong grasp of the masculine mind without any the slightest tinge of unwomanliness. It was a part of her general trustworthiness that she was thoroughly discreet, thus giving the lie to that mistaken notion that women have no discretion, whereas the fact is that they are often much more discreet than the stronger sex.

Her piety was, not of the demonstrative, but of the solid sort. I have seen her intelligent face racked with visible pain when she saw a soul drifting into the jaws of death without that sorrow for sin which alone can open the gates of heaven.

In the care of the sick and suffering she was indefatigable. She was so quick in seeing, so

wise in devising what was needed that everybody had recourse to her and thus she was habitually overworked. Doubtless her comparatively early death, in spite of her strong constitution, at the age of sixty-one, is due to her excessive labors.

The week before she died she had twice staid up all night and had neglected to make up, as her rule allowed, for this privation of rest by extra sleep. During that last week of her life she said she thought she would die soon. On the Sunday afternoon, the eve of her death, she was kept busy answering about fifty calls to the parlor: for in Calgary, as well as in Edmonton, and in Manitoba she always had a host of clients who appealed to her for sympathy and advice as their best counsellor and friend. That night she complained of feeling unwell. The next morning, when one of the Sisters found her trying to sleep, she said: "I feel as if I was about to die; but I am afraid I shall not have that chance."

This was her last conscious utterance, and how well it sets forth the mainspring of her life! She has worn herself out, not with pleasure or self-seeking, but with unremitting labor for others; and now, when she realizes that this collapse of her strength may be the harbinger of her release, she thinks the glad news is too good to be true. When the Lord seems to say, "Lo! I come quickly," she can hardly believe that she is about to have that good fortune.

The doctors try in vain to rouse her from the fatal torpor that is upon her. But the venerable Father Fouquet, O. M. I., who anointed her, maintains that, though she could not speak, he could detect a look of consciousness in her face. And so Sister Mary Xavier went to God at midnight between the 17th and 18th of October, in the Calgary Hospital of which she was the Superior. Her Divine Spouse, to whom she had consecrated her noble life, will, we know, have communed with the creature of his hands in these last moments which seemed to her weeping Sisters to be shrouded in unconsciousness.

And now, Dear Brethren, let us dwell for a moment on the lessons of this edifying life. The first thing that strikes me is that Sister Mary's career is a crushing answer to those who say that none but married people can understand children. Were it not that this sort of thing is publicly proclaimed by men and women who are supposed to be in their right senses, I should deem it too ridiculous to mention, especially in the teeth of the glaring fact that most of our public school non-Catholic teachers are unmarried. But since such silly assertions are occasionally made, it is well to look back on the teaching record of one who was eminently successful in training girls of all classes and creeds and whose success began at the early age of sixteen and increased till the age of fifty-two, when she was called to other work. The fact is, matrimony is a sacrament the sanctity of which is nowhere so strictly safeguarded as in the Catholic Church; but it does not confer the ability to manage children. Who has not known parents

with large families, who were utterly incapable of keeping any one of their children in order, while perhaps some maiden aunt doltily ruled the whole household?

St. Paul tells us that the state of virginity is holier than that of wedlock, and we know that it is often accompanied with a special power and influence over the young. A whole-souled woman like Sister Mary could throw herself into the task of training youth with a thoroughness that is hardly consistent with the cares of married life.

The second lesson her noble example teaches us is detachment from all earthly ties. Few of us indeed are called to that life of self abnegation which she chose as the better part; but we must all, nevertheless, as Christians, remember that the fashion of this world passeth away, that we have here no abiding city and that we are daily nearing the only Eternal Reality.

One thing more we should do. It is all very well to praise this woman that feared the Lord; but we must not forget, and the dear departed one especially would not have us forget, our main purpose in assembling before the altar. We have met especially to take part in the offering of the great sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of her soul. Brethren, if you loved her, pray for her. Singularly beautiful though her life has been, she was after all a poor, sinful creature. Now that she has seen the face of the Awful Judge, she knows how many were her venial faults and imperfections. The dread spotlessness of God calls for the cleansing of purgatorial penance. If, then, you love her, pray that she may soon enter into the joy of the Lord and behold for ever and ever the King in his beauty.

FOR SWEET CHARITY.

The good Sisters of the Hospice Taché must be very grateful to the ladies and gentlemen who furnished such a high class entertainment as last Tuesday's concert and lecture in aid of the Grey Nuns' works of mercy to babes and the aged and suffering poor. The hall of St. Boniface College was filled with a distinguished and appreciative audience. Much credit is due to the tactful organizer, Mr J.B. Leclerc. The stage was tastefully draped with portières harmonizing with the beautiful background scenery.

Mr. Justice Dubuc divided his lecture into two parts, both of which were preceded and followed by musical selections. Aside from the interest naturally attaching to his descriptions of what he had seen in Rome, Pompeii, Venice, Loretto and on Vesuvius, one felt the added impressiveness of the lecturer's integrity, rectitude and manly and tender piety.

The programme began with "Piano Galop, Chasse Infernale" (Freeman) by Misses C. Jean and A. Kittson, who showed by their playing how well they have studied music with the Ursulines of Quebec. Mr. Ernest Lévêque then sang in a rich sympathetic voice Lamartine's "Le Lac." Next came a duet, violin and piano, in which Miss Emilienne Bertrand accompanied her brother's articulate bowing so well that one would have liked to hear her in

some more ambitious effort. This was followed by Miss Evangeline Cyr's talented rendering of "Wunda", Carl Bohm's piano nocturne. The audience manifested its pleasure in listening to all the foregoing pieces by perfect silence during them and hearty applause after them.

Here came the first part of Judge Dubuc's lecture, dealing with London, Paris, Rome with especial attention to the churches of the Eternal City.

The second part of the entertainment was opened by Professor Salé, who played a Galop de Concert with so much brio and delicacy of touch that he was enthusiastically encored. One of the very best numbers in the concert was Miss Agnes Lachance's singing. She rendered Faure's "La Charité" with great purity and sweetness of tone, limpid utterance and complete absence of mannerism. She was clamorously recalled and sang another pretty song with the same ease and taste. A charming trio by Miss Dubuc (mandoline), Miss Berthe Dubuc (guitar) and Mr. Lucien Dubuc (piano) was greatly appreciated and provoked a hearty encore. S. Smith's "Grande Fantaisie de Concert" revealed Miss Alice Gingras' artistic talent and was also rewarded with a flattering recall.

After Mr. Justice Dubuc had concluded the second part of his lecture, Miss Annie Kittson played with much acceptance Lack's "Caprice". She, too, was encored, but, as it was now twenty minutes past eleven, she simply returned to bow her thanks. As Mr. Ed. Trudel, who was down for a song (Les blés d'or), was unavoidably absent from town, Mr. Albert Bétournay volunteered a sprightly fantasia on the piano, which was very much enjoyed, and then closed this successful entertainment with "God Save the Queen."

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, Who Had Been Troubled With a Running Sore For More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owea Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton P. O. Learning that his nephew, a young lad now about ten years of age, had been cured of a disease of his leg, which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made enquiry and we are convinced that the wonder working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, "Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong." Asked for particulars, M. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reported to his wife, who in telling the case said:—"In the month of september, 1897, my nephew, Chester Gawley, who lives with us became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one,

but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued throughout the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run, and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitow, Manitoba, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg, which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr-Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Howler, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WHELAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion and she is now so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals. An impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets. ANTON H. BLAUER.

A GLIMPSE OF STE. ROSE.
By our local correspondent.
"The flying gold of the woodlands" is spent and the "book of Nature getteth scant of leaves," all the glory of orange and crimson under the blue sky of Autumn has faded away and the golden grain of a bountiful harvest is gathered in now, so that, thank God, there will be bread for the children to eat this winter. The fire-flies have put out their lamps which shone awhile ago from every bush and twig, we miss their bright but silent company. The other evening we came home (shall we confess it? we were muskrat-hunting) rowing over the quiet water, no moon, no stars, and "the day light done," only a glimmer of rose in the West. How shadow-haunted was the the shore on either side! As we neared our journey's end our stables and log house, which is certainly not a palace (how deceptive are half-lights), looked like embattlemented towers and donjon-keep on the Rhine, and the gleam from our one north window seemed like the beacon in a lady's bower; indeed there was a lady therein, we saw her gracious form so young and fair bent over her work and heard her voice of welcome when we arrived. When we come to the end of our life's short journey, may there be gentle spirits to welcome us, who, all alone, set out to cross the dark torrent which rolls round Eternity.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and raising my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. R. W. FRACE.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One of these five-cent cartons (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (THE TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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ONLY \$1.00.

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The names of Porter or Stout (as used by the public) are synonymous. We wish to mention our STOUT. Made from pure Malt and Hops it is most nourishing to the Invalid, because of its peculiar, aromatic flavour.

It is grateful to the Jaded Palate because of its TONIC QUALITIES. It creates a healthy appetite, and builds up the system.

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BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Sister Dugas, Superior of St. Boniface Hospital, returned from Montreal last Thursday.

Rev. Father Kavanagh's bazaar at St. Francois Xavier netted seventeen hundred dollars, an unprecedented sum for a bazaar in a country parish.

Mr. Albert Kabis de St. Chamas, through but recently arrived from France, has already given French lessons with great success in some of the best families of Winnipeg.

The Very Rev. Jean Marie mitred abbot of Bellefontaine, France, started east last Thursday morning and will visit the Trappist monasteries at Oka and Lake St. John before returning to France next month.

An unique series of weddings took place recently in the Catholic Church at Adelong, Ireland, when the Misses Hoffman (three) were married to three brothers named Quinn. Two of the brothers who were married were twins, and also two of the sisters. One other brother of the Quinn family is already married to a sister of the Hoffmans.

A movement is on foot among the late Sister Mary Xavier's many friends in Winnipeg and St. Boniface, to erect a monument in her honor. The general opinion seems to be that the tribute she would most value would be some addition to St. Boniface Hospital, such as the much needed new building for the Maternity Annex, which might then be called the Mary Xavier building.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin returned from the east last Friday evening, went to Gretna on Saturday for the blessing of Father Woodcutter's new Church bell on Sunday, pontificated at Vespers in Neche, where Father Lavigne's people gave His Grace a fine reception, returned last evening to St. Boniface and is to-day blessing the new church at St. Anne's.

That railway to St. Ann's which Southeastern Manitobans have been hoping for these past thirteen years is at last an accomplished fact. The first train—a real pilgrimage train—started this morning at 8. No less than forty-five inmates of St. Boniface College joined the excursion to be present at the blessing of Father L. R. Giroux's new church. His Grace, who returned last Friday evening, will conduct the impressive benediction service.

Reverend Fathers Messier, Paquin, S.J., Cloutier, Campeau, Lavigne and Jutras were present at the celebration last Wednesday of Rev. Father Fillion's anniversary. Twenty-five years ago, on October 26th, 1873, the present curé of St. Jean Baptiste arrived in Manitoba and has since greatly contributed to the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the country. On Wednesday morning the revered parish priest celebrated High Mass with deacon and subdeacon; in the afternoon the convent girls gave a musical and dramatic entertainment; and in the evening the citizens of St. Jean presented a beautiful address

and a well-filled purse. Ad multos annos!

Rev. Father Morin, the indefatigable French Canadian immigration missionary, who has made four round trips this year and has brought in nearly 200 immigrants during that time, passed through Winnipeg last Wednesday with a party of 39 new settlers, who will join the colony at Motinville, 25 miles north of Edmonton, in which there are thirty families now on their own farms. This last batch came from South Dakota. Rev. Father Bouchard, from the Saguenay, accompanied the party and will attend to the spiritual needs of the colony.

Père Coudert, O. M. I., has been nominated Titular Bishop of Banias and coadjutor with the right of succession of Mgr. Melizan, O. M. I., Archbishop of Colombo. The new bishop was born at Manglieu in the diocese of Clermont-Ferrand in 1861, and was ordained for the Ceylon mission by Mgr. Bonjean. Mgr. Coudert's popularity with the clergy is attested by the way in which 45 missionaries at the close of their spiritual retreat in Colombo, which had been preached by the Bishop-elect, offered their homage and congratulations. The consecration will take place this month. Ceylon, it may be here mentioned, has about 3,200,000 inhabitants, of whom about 285,000 are Catholics.—The Tablet.

Two Sisters of Misericordia, the Rev. Mother de la Misericorde, Superior General of the Order, and Sister Mary Magdalen, arrived here last week to take charge of the Maternity Aennx of St. Boniface Hospital. The "Soeurs de Misericorde"—title which they translate, not Sisters of Mercy, but "Sisters of Misericordia"—were founded in Montreal about 50 years ago by the saintly Bishop Bourget, with a view to works of mercy particularly for friendless and forsaken women. Besides their mother-house in Montreal, they have a house in Ottawa and a very large establishment in New York. Sister Mary Magdalen, whom the mother General will leave here, will soon be joined by three or four other Sisters of her Order.

MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

The Franciscan Sisters, Missionaries of Mary, of the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, St. Laurent, Manitoba, observe the holy custom of offering up to Our Divine Saviour all their prayers and good works during the entire month of November, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all who seek their aid in this way, and, in particular, for the benefit of the poor souls suffering untold agonies in purgatory who have no one to pray for them.

Those persons who desire their prayers, either for themselves or their friends, living or dead, Catholic or Protestant, are invited write their request, sign the same with full name and address and forward on or before the first day of November to Reverend Mother Superior.

During the past years the Sisters of this Institute have received many letters from different parts, expressing the gratitude of the recipients for favors obtained through their prayers. The sick claims to have been healed in a miraculous manner; unhappy marriages have been blessed; wayward children have been reformed; extraordinary vocations to the religious orders have been obtained by numerous pious souls; sin has been overcome and virtue acquired.

HE KETP HIS PROMISE.

There lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but she finally consented.

As the boy left home she said: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, promise me that you will kneel down every night and morning and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he kneeled down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and, giving him a sound box on the ear, said to him: "None of that here, boy!" Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved chastisement was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin and the swearing man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will give him another dressing."

The next day the devil put it into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock so that nobody would observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into his hammock, without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said: "Kneel down at once, Sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal!"



There are men who imagine that out-door work is a sovereign cure for all ills. They work like slaves at their business, take insufficient time to rest and sleep, and abuse and neglect their health in every way. Then, when they break down, they keep on just as before, except that in addition to their usual work, they go out every day and spade a little in their gardens, or try to imitate Mr. Gladstone by cutting down a tree or chopping the family fire-wood.

A more ridiculous method of curing a man who is suffering from nervous exhaustion and is threatened with nervous prostration could not be well conceived. A man who has overworked does not need more work, but less work and more rest. The man who has lost his appetite needs something to restore it. The man whose nerves are shattered needs something to tone and strengthen them. Get the nerves right and sound, and refreshing sleep will follow. A man who sleeps well and eats well, and digests and assimilates his food will not remain ill.

In cases of this kind Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery goes to bed rock—to first causes. It creates a hearty appetite; it makes the digestion and assimilation perfect; it invigorates the liver; it purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It builds up new flesh, new muscle and new nerve fibres. It is an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration, and the best of all medicines for overworked men and women. An honest druggist won't urge an inferior substitute upon you, thereby insulting your intelligence.

It is a dealer's business to sell you what you ask for—not what he prefers for selfish profit's sake to sell. A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

During the whole voyage back to London this profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and, when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the "Great Eastern," was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie!—for the world knows him now as Sir James Anderson.

BILLIARDS AND BASEBALL.

Nobody ever heard of a merchant who having witnessed his clerk's extraordinary skill at billiards or baseball, resolved within himself, "I will take that young man into the firm." And nobody ever knew a man with a vacancy in his office, or shop or counting room, going to a baseball ground to select the best "bat," "catcher," or "pitcher" there to fill the situation.

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