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"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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NO. 4.

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The College of St. Boniface, incorporated by an Act of Parliament, and affiliated to the University of Manitoba, is, since the 19th of August, 1885, directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the high patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Its course of studies comprises the Greek, Latin, French and English languages and Literature; History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Higher Mathematics, mental Philosophy, Natural Sciences and Theology. Although chiefly intended to prepare young men for the study of the liberal professions and divinity, it is also calculated to fit them for commercial pursuits. Its large and spacious grounds, secluded from the city, offers all the advantages of a country site, and are so near the cities of St. Boniface and Winnipeg as to secure all the advantages of a town residence.

The College can accommodate a hundred students, of whom eighty may be boarders. The terms have been made as easy as possible. \$15 a month for boarding, and \$3 a month for those who take their meals in town and sleep in the college, beside a small additional fee for a few dormitory articles, of \$2 a year; the whole to be paid half yearly in advance.

The uniform consists of a frock coat, with trousers, necktie and felt hat, all black. Each student is to be sufficiently provided with other articles of clothing.

The discipline of the College, strict in point of morality, is, as far as possible, paternal in character.

The scholastic year opens on the third Wednesday of August and ends about the 25th of June.

ST. BONIFACE, AUGUST 27th, 1885.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

(Father Ryan.)

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hours when angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win.
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary with places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said, "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is tossed on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in its grave."

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
I have dreamed dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And did you ask me the place of this valley,
Ye hearts that are burdened by care?
It lies far away between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
Yet still I found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven,
But I caught a mere glimpse of the blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I tolled on, heart tired of human,
And I moaned 'mid the masses of men,
Until I knelt long at an altar
And heard a voice call me—since then
I have walked down the Valley of Silence,
That is far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in this valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
For I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
The echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in this valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayers, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER II.

SIGNOR DEODATI.

"You have not the money?" murmured the young man, despairingly.

"No; to-morrow, or perhaps day after to-morrow."

"Good heavens! suppose my uncle reproves me in anger. I implore you, Simon, to procure the amount. Do not cause my destruction!"

"Oh!" muttered the other, in a hoarse, altered voice, "were I to be the cause of any misfortune to you, I would avenge you upon myself in a bloody manner."

"No, no," said the young man, in a compassionate tone, "banish these horrible thoughts. I will wait; I will seek a delay, and endeavour to divert my uncle's attention for a few days. Alas! I am filled with anxiety; at the very moment, too, that my uncle has consented to my marriage with Mary!"

Simon's face became fearfully contorted.

"Your uncle has consented?" he said, in a stifled voice. "And Mr. Van de Werve?"

"He agrees to it also. O Simon! pardon me my happiness. I know, my poor friend, that this news is most painful to you; but did we not loyally promise each other, that were one of us to succeed in our suit, it should not break our long-tried friendship?"

"Fool!" God has abandoned me!" muttered the other between his teeth.

"There is my uncle with Mr. Van de Werve," said Geronimo. "Cheer up, Simon; hide your emotion. When I am my own master, I will aid you in your affairs. In the meantime put your trust in God."

The man with the scar made a powerful effort to control himself, and advancing cheerfully to meet Mr. Van de Werve, he said to his companion: "My emotion was natural under the circumstances; now that the blow has fallen, it is all over. Pained as I am, Geronimo, I congratulate you cordially. If I could only obtain the money, and spare you anything disagreeable! I will do all in my power."

Mr. Van de Werve joined them, and after the first salutations said to the old Deodati: "I am happy to present to you my friend, the Signor Simon Turchi, who is at the head of the house of the Buonvisi, and who frequently does me the honor to visit me."

"Ah! I know him well," said Deodati, cordially taking Simon's hand. "The

signor is from Lucca, and the son of an esteemed friend."

"You are welcome this side of the Alps, Signor Deodati," replied Simon Turchi. "My father often spoke of your mutual friendship. May God grant you prosperity in Brabant!"

"I am under many obligations to you, signor," replied the old Deodati, "for the affectionate interest you have shown in my nephew. That my business affairs have been as well transacted in this country as though I had been here myself, I am indebted to your experience and wise counsels. I know from Geronimo's letters that he is sensible of the favor and deeply grateful for it."

Simon Turchi was about to disclaim the praise bestowed upon him, but the carriage drew near, and Mr. Van de Werve said:

"I hope, signor, that you will honor us with your company this evening. We will pass together a few hours with our noble guest."

Simon excused himself, saying that some important commercial affairs demanded his attention; but as Mary and Geronimo urged him to accept the invitation, he promised to see them, at least for a short time.

They bade adieu as the carriage drove out of the gate of the dock-yard.

Simon Turchi followed it with his eyes, immovable as a statue, until the sound of the rolling wheels was lost in the distance. Then he convulsively crossed his arms and dropped his head, as though the certainty of a terrible misfortune had overwhelmed him.

He remained a long time plunged in thought; but he was startled from his reverie by a vehicle which dashed along near him, and by the call of the driver warning him of his danger. He stepped aside and looked around him, as though seeking a way of escape from the wharf and the crowd of workmen. He walked slowly towards the church of Saint Walburga, and around the wall enclosing the cemetery. He entered, wandered awhile among the tombs, until reaching an obscure spot, where he was concealed by an angle of the church, he paused.

He pressed his brow with his hands, as if to shut out painful thoughts; the scar on his face frequently changed color, and at intervals his whole frame shook with emotion. At last, as if his reflections had assumed a determined form, he muttered:

"The arm-chair? it is not completed! And then he would be too late. A dagger, a sword, an assassin lying in wait? If Julio were only more courageous; but he is a cowardly boaster. Why did I take into my service such a paltrone? He would not dare run the risk of striking a fatal blow; but I can force him to it, force him even to be bold. I need but pronounce his real name; but the murder of a friend is a frightful crime; and then, perhaps, to be discovered, betrayed—to die on a scaffold like a common felon—I, the head of the house of the Buonvisi!"

This thought made him shudder. After a few moments' reflection, he said, more calmly: "I will go to the bailiff Van Schoonhoven; he has espoused my cause with Mr. Van de Werve; he will, perhaps, be offended that Mary's hand has been disposed of contrary to his urgent solicitations. Perhaps he may have influence to prevent the marriage."

An ironical smile curled his lip.

"Fool that I am!" he muttered. "And the ten thousand crowns? and the disgrace of bankruptcy? Oh, the infernal thought! might I not take from a corpse the acknowledgment of the debt? I will go to Mr. Van de Werve's; I must speak with Geronimo; I must know where this evening he—"

The words died upon his lips, and a sudden terror shook him from head to foot.

He had heard behind him the voice of a man who spoke in a low tone, and who seemed to be a spy.

Could he have heard what Simon Turchi had so imprudently spoken in this solitary corner of the cemetery?

Turning in his anguish, he saw two persons, three or four steps behind him, looking at him with a mocking air.

Under other circumstances the Italian cavalier would certainly have called the unknown men to account for their insolent curiosity; but fear deprived him of

all courage and energy.

He dropped his head, concealed his face as far as possible, crossed the cemetery with long and rapid strides, and disappeared behind the wall of the enclosure.

CHAPTER III.

THE PALACE OF SIMON TURCHI, AND WHAT OCCURRED THERE.

Not far from the bridge De la Vigne, Simon Turchi had a magnificent dwelling, where the offices of the commercial house of Buonvisi were situated; but he possessed also, at the extremity of the city, pleasure-grounds, where in fine weather he was accustomed to invite his friends and acquaintances to festivals, banquets, and concerts. His domains were near the church of Saint George, surrounded by grounds belonging to the hospital.

Exteriorly it appeared to be only a wall of enclosure, shaded by lofty trees, and without openings. Against the horizon were seen two glittering weathercocks surmounting two small towers arising in the midst of foliage. Within there was, however, a vast garden diversified with winding paths, flowery parterres, hillocks, and grottoes. Here and there, scattered among the thickets of verdure, appeared marble statues representing principally the gods of pagan mythology. In the centre of the garden was a pond, in which seemed to float a crowd of monstrous animals, such as dragons, basilisks, lizards, and salamanders. It was a fountain; and when the robinets were opened these monsters spouted the water in every direction from their eyes and mouths.

But at the bottom of the garden and at some distance from the wall of enclosure was an antique pavilion of graystone, the walls of which were nearly covered with ivy, and which, in spite of their dark hue, presented a very picturesque appearance.

With the exception of the small and narrow windows, which were protected by iron bars, and the staircase of slate which gave admittance, this heavy building presented nothing remarkable, unless it were two round turrets, which rose above the surrounding roofs and even above the gigantic trees in its vicinity.

The garden had been evidently long neglected, for all the walks were covered with weeds, and in the flower-beds were the half decayed props which had supported the plants of the previous autumn. The statues were spotted by the dust and rain; a fine moss covered the monsters of the fountains, and the little water remaining in the pond was stagnant.

These evidences of the absence of man, the sombre hue of the edifice, the shrubs growing untrimmed, but, above all, the complete silence, gave a mournful air of abandonment to the place, and in this solitude the soul was necessarily filled with painful reflections.

It was already late in the afternoon; the sun was about to sink below the horizon, its slanting rays illumined only the weathercocks on the top of the towers. Within the thickets and at the entrance of the grottoes, night already reigned. Not the slightest sound was heard in this place. The noise of the people at work in the city resounded in the air, the chiming of the church-bells was wafted from the distance over this solitary dwelling; but as no sound arose from the habitation itself, the distant hum from an active multitude rendered the silence of the spot all the more striking.

Only at intervals a dull sound like the grating noise of a file seemed to issue from the old edifice; but it was so indistinct and so often interrupted that it was not sufficient to destroy the solitude and silence of the place.

Suddenly two heavy strokes, as if from a hammer, resounded through the garden. Some one had knocked at the exterior door for admittance.

A few moments afterwards a man appeared on the staircase of the pavilion, and descended into the garden.

He was tall and slender; his hair and beard were red, and a red moustache covered his upper lip. His cheeks, though sunken and emaciated, were very

red. His eyes were wild in their expression. His arms and legs were of extraordinary length; his movements were heavy and slow, as though his limbs had been dislocated and his muscles without strength.

His dress denoted him to be a menial: he wore a vest of black leather, a red doublet and breeches of the same color, without embroidery or ornament.

At this moment his sleeves were rolled up, and his thin arms were bare to the elbows. In his hands he held a file, and apparently he had been interrupted in some urgent work by the knock at the door. Having reached the outer door he drew a key from his doublet, and asked in Italian: "Who knocks?"

"Open the door, Julio; it is your companion Bernardo," was the reply in the same tongue.

"Of course, on the way you stopped at the Camel, and drank some pots of Hamburg beer? Did you bring me as much as a pint?" asked the man with the red beard. "Nothing? have you nothing? I have worked until I am exhausted; I am dying of hunger, and no one thinks of me. Let me see the spring."

Saying these words, he took from his companion's hands a bent steel spring and examined it attentively, closing and opening it as if to judge of its form and power of resistance.

Bernardo was a deformed man of low stature; the projection on his back might be styled a hump—it was so prominent. His physiognomy denoted pusillanimity; but there was at the same time, a malicious sparkle in his eye, and it was with a mocking smile that he contemplated the man with the red beard.

The latter said to him in a commanding tone: "The spring appears to be good. Go bring me a pint of Rhenish wine from the Saint George."

"You know well that our master has forbidden it. Let me go; the signor ordered me to return immediately to the factory."

"Get me the wine, or I will break this spring in a thousand pieces over your hump."

"Always threatening!" muttered Bernardo. "You know I am not wanting in goodwill. I will go for the wine; give me the money."

"Money? I have not a farthing in my pocket. Lend me the price of this pint."

"My purse is empty, Julio; but yours! Our master gave you ever so many shillings yesterday. You told me so yourself."

"Bah! the dice made way with the whole of it."

"Hardened gambler!" said Bernardo, with a sigh. "You would risk your soul at the gaming-table if any one held out to you a gold coin."

"Very likely!" replied Julio, in an indifferent tone; "my soul is hardly worth more."

"What impious words! We are alone now, but there is One above who hears what we say. He will punish you, Julio."

The red-haired man shrugged his shoulders.

"Continue your dissolute habits," resumed Bernardo; lose your money in gambling, drown your senses in intoxication: at the end of this path there is a gallows, and behind it the devil, to whom all such souls are welcome. Adieu! reflect upon my words, and remember that the justice of God will one day demand an account of your life. Adieu!"

Julio sprang towards the small door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Cease this trifling," said the other, evidently ill at ease. "Open the door, Julio, or I will complain of you to our master."

"What do I care for our master?" said the man, laughing. "You say, Bernardo, that I shall end my days on the gallows. No, no; the proverb says, that he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. I have pierced so many with my dagger, that my turn must come to fall by the dagger. Last night, Bernardo, I had rare sport. I knocked down eight, wounded one in the arm, and as to three or four others whom I left extended on the ground, my dagger knows better than I what mischief was done them. Come in with me, and I will tell you all about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR SCIENCE.

From a Lecture by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.

Every student of history knows that the great Universities of Europe were founded by Catholic kings and princes, and often under immediate Papal inspiration. Away back in the Middle Ages, and long before the appearance of the Reformation, Oxford and Cambridge, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, Upsala and Copenhagen, Paris, Toulouse, and Montpellier, Freiberg, Leipsic, Heidelberg, Tübingen, Würzburg, Craoov, Prague, Vienna, Bologna, Naples, Pisa, Turin, Rome, Salamanca, Seville, Valladolid, Coimbra, Louvain, were celebrated seats of learning, and attended by thousands of students—some instances the number exceeding 10,000 for one University, something unknown in modern times—long before Luther rose in rebellion against the Church, and sounded that note of discord that almost destroyed the social and intellectual harmony of Christian Europe.

In these centres of intellectual activity genius had full play; and the mind, untrammelled in its operations, was free to range over the entire realm of thought, and to enter every department of knowledge, sacred or profane. Here were taught all the branches of art and science; here we find the first beginnings of many of those discoveries which, with subsequent development, have excited the admiration of a wondering world; and here (to quote Carlyle), 'nearly all the inventions and civil institutions whereby we yet live as civilized men were originated and perfected.'

I have said that it is to the schools and scholars of mediaeval Europe that we owe the inductive or experimental method of study, which has contributed so materially to the advancement of natural and physical science. We owe it, among others, to Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II. (born A. D. 920; died, 1003), who was reputed to be the greatest scholar of his age; to Albertus Magnus, the towering genius of the thirteenth century, and to his great contemporary, Roger Bacon. I know that the Earl of Verulam, Lord Bacon, has been claimed as the originator of the inductive system of philosophy; but any one who has read aught of the history of science knows full well that this system was accepted and followed centuries before Lord Bacon was born.

Far back in the thirteenth century the illustrious Dominican friar, Albertus Magnus, writes in one of his works: 'All that is here set down is the result of our own experience, or has been borrowed from authors whom we know to have written what their personal experience has confirmed; for in these matters experience alone can give certainty.'

Roger Bacon, an English monk of the Order of St. Francis, was so far in advance of his age that the erudite historian of 'The Inductive Sciences,' Dr. Whewell, declares that 'it is difficult to conceive how such a character could then exist.' Speaking of one of the works of the learned friar, the 'Opus Majus,' he remarks: 'I regard the existence of such a work as the 'Opus Majus' at that period as a problem that has never yet been solved.' Continuing, he says: 'It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance to find a writer of the thirteenth century not only recognizing experiment as one of the sources of knowledge, but urging its claims as something far more important than men had yet been aware of, exemplifying its value by striking and just examples, and speaking of its authority with a dignity of diction which sounds like a forerunner of the Baconian sentences uttered four hundred years later. Yet this is the character of what we find.' He then quotes the following paragraph from the 'Opus Majus' of the Doctor Mirabilis:

Experimental science, the sole mistress of speculative sciences, has three great prerogatives among other parts of knowledge: first, she tests by experiment the noblest conclusions of all other sciences; next she discovers, respecting the notions which other sciences deal with, magnificent truths to which those sciences of themselves can by no means attain; her third dignity is that she, by her own power, and without respect of other sciences, investigates the secrets of nature.

W. Stanley Jevons, in his admirable 'Principles of Science,' speaking of the work of Lord—not Friar—Bacon, says: 'It is a great mistake to say modern science is the result of the Baconian philosophy; he mistook the true mode of using experience, and, in attempting to apply his method, ridiculously failed. Whether we look to Galileo, who preceded Bacon, to Gilbert, his contemporary, or to Newton and Descartes Leibnitz and Huyghens, his successors, we find that discovery was achieved by the very opposite method to that advocated by Bacon.'

J. W. Draper, whom no one will accuse of being partial to Catholic interests, attributes the great work of reform in the methods of scientific investigation to that universal genius of the fifteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci. 'To him, and not to Lord Bacon, must be attributed the renaissance of science. Bacon was not only ignorant of mathematics but depreciated its application to physical inquiries. He contemptuously rejected the Copernican system, alleging absurd objections against it. While Galileo was on the brink of his great telescopic discoveries Bacon was publishing doubts as to the utility of instruments in scientific investigations. To ascribe the inductive method to him is to ignore history. His fanciful philosophical suggestions have never been of the slightest practical use. No one has ever thought of employing them. Except among English readers, his name is almost unknown.'

I quote these passages, and dwell thus at length on the point to which they relate, because I wish to show you that

Catholic scientists were not only acute observers and industrious investigators, but that to them is due the inductive method that is now universally employed in scientific research. This is important. It is claimed as one of the great glories of a later age, but, as we have seen, without foundation. Introduced by the monks of the Middle Ages, and continued by their successors, it was, later on, employed by the professors of science in the universities of Italy and other countries, until the time of Galileo and his school, when it may be said to have reached its culmination.

It was by studying in accordance with the principles of the inductive philosophy—by insisting on experiment—that mediaeval and modern scholars have been able to make such giant strides in natural and physical science. Laying aside the speculative and metaphysical systems of the Greek and Alexandrian schools, and questioning nature directly, Galileo and his pupils (many of them ecclesiastics) were able to accomplish more in a few years than the philosophers of Greece and Rome had achieved during the long intellectual ascendancy of their respective countries. During the 600 years that the schools of Athens were open less of actual work was done in physical science than Galileo, unaided and alone, accomplished in a lifetime. The difference in the result was due, I repeat it, wholly and solely to the method employed by the Italian philosopher—a method for which Galileo was indebted to the monks of the Middle Ages no less than to his own transcendent genius.

From what I have just said, it is evident that our estimate of the alleged "Dark Ages" must be quite different from the one which is so frequently given. This period of time was not only an Age of Faith, but, to borrow the words of Ruskin in a recent lecture, "an age which was eminently productive of, eminently under the governance and guidance of men of the widest and most brilliant faculties, constructive and speculative—men whose acts had become the romance, whose thoughts the wisdom, and whose arts the treasure of a thousand years."

I have shown you that we are indebted to the Church for the correct system of scientific study. Can it likewise be proved that we owe anything to her or her children for the application of this system to actual and successful work? In other words, have Catholic scientists been distinguished for any important inventions or discoveries, or anything that should entitle them to the lasting gratitude of their race? Yes; and these are the questions that I now propose answering, by recounting, as briefly as may be, some of the more important contributions made to science by the sons of Holy Church.

Let us commence with geography—the science which teaches us concerning the earth on which we live. Has it ever occurred to you that nearly all the knowledge we have of the earth's surface comes to us from Catholic sources? Far back in the sixth century we have an Egyptian monk, the learned cosmographer Cosmas Indicopleustes, who, according to Malte-Brun, an unprejudiced critic surely, was the author of the only original work of that epoch, and who, as a geographer, was scarcely less worthy of consideration than Ptolemy. After him come the missionaries of the Gospel, who, at the command of the Popes, went on their errands of charity to parts of the world until then unknown, and on their return gave the people of Europe a knowledge of the countries which they had visited. In 1246 Father John de Piano Carpino, accompanied by some Franciscan monks, was sent by Innocent IV to Kayuk Khan, the Emperor of Tartary, and journeyed as far as Thibet. In 1253 Father Rubruquis, another Franciscan, went, by the order of Louis IX of France, in search of Prester John, and penetrated farther into Asia than had any other European. These two apostolic friars, together with Ascelin, also a missionary, are, according to the testimony of Malte-Brun, as deserving of the eternal gratitude of geographers as are the Colombuses and Cooks of a later age. They stimulated others to explore unknown lands, and thus contributed greatly to the advancement of geographical knowledge. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated English traveller of the thirteenth century; Vasco de Gama, and even Columbus, were indebted to them for much information in their journeys and voyages of exploration.

But the grandest discoveries in the Orient at this period were made by the illustrious Venetian traveller Marco Polo, whom the great geographer Malte-Brun pronounces the Humboldt of the thirteenth century. Going with his father, uncle, and a few monks to the Pope to receive the Pontiff's blessing, they set out in 1271 for the court of Kublai Khan, the Tartar conqueror of China. After a journey of more than three years, they reached a city near the present site of Peking. After residing twenty-four years in the East, travelling much of the time, Marco Polo returned to his home and wrote an account of his travels, which first made known the existence of many of the countries and islands of the East, including Japan.

It was Columbus, sailing under the banner of the Cross, who discovered the New World; Vasco de Gama, carrying a flag on which was the cross of the military order of the Most Holy Redeemer, first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and reached the East Indies; Magellan, following the Cross and the standard of Castile, first rounded Cape Horn; and, although he did not get any farther than the Philippine Islands, where he met his death at the hands of the natives, his ship, the Santa Victoria, continued her journey, and, going by way of the East Indies and the Cape of Good Hope, was the first to effect the circumnavigation of the globe. Cortez and Balboa, and their associates, explored Mexico and Central

America; Pizarro and his countrymen, the unknown lands of South America; and De Soto, the territory bordering the northern portion of the Gulf of Mexico.

The sons of Catholic France went to Canada and what is now known as British America, and made known to their brethren in Europe the countries they had visited, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants. La Salle and Father Marquette, a Jesuit; Hennepin and Membre, Franciscans, explored the great chain of lakes from Ontario to Superior, and the lands and tribes adjacent, and were the first to journey from the source to the mouth of the Father of Waters. We have only to look over the maps of the different countries of the world to recognize the handwriting of the children of Holy Church. Everywhere, in spite of the many changes in names that have been introduced by writers and map-makers of a later age, we find cities, countries, islands, lakes and rivers bearing names that could have been suggested only by Catholic hearts, and souls ever mindful of the glory of their Church and of her saints, and of the grandeur of the doctrines and mysteries which she inculcates.

The western hemisphere is named after Amerigo Vespucci, a Catholic navigator, who visited the New World shortly after Columbus. The first map of any value of the great Empire of China, the Atlas de la Chine, was made by Jesuit priests. And generations before the times of Burton, Speke, Livingstone and Stanley, the tribes of Central Africa had witnessed the labors of the missionary who had come to bring them the glad tidings of the Gospel. Only a few years ago the attention of the scientific world was called to a terrestrial globe in Lyons, France, that long before had been constructed by the Franciscan Fathers, which showed many geographical features whose discovery had been credited to modern explorers.

Among the contemporary explorers of the "Dark Continent" is the well-known French ecclesiastic, Abbe Debaize. And among those who have specially been honored in late years for their contributions to geographical knowledge is Father Desgodins, the learned explorer of the frontiers of Thibet, and Father Petitot, who has recently been made the recipient of a gold medal for his geographical labours in Alaska, as has also been the Lazarist missionary, David, for his researches on the geography and natural history of China.

Celtic Blood on the Bench.

Ireland's representation on the New York bench is surprisingly large. Three of the Supreme Court judges—Donahue, Brady, and Barrett, are of that nationality. Judge Barrett who is one of the most esteemed judges in the State, was born in Ireland, and has been in New York since his boyhood. Then there is Judge Charles G. Daly, who is well known as president of the Geographical society, is also of Irish stock. His namesake Judge Joseph F. Daly, who is following in Barrett's footsteps towards distinction, is of Irish parentage. The principal criminal judge, Frederick Smyth, of whom everybody (the criminals excepted) speaks in highest terms, is a native of Ireland. The criminal bench of New York has not been occupied by a more upright man. Of the nationality of Richard O'Gorman, now a judge in the Superior Court, it is not necessary to speak. Of the minor judges in the 'district' courts and police courts, more than half are on the Irish side, either by birth or parentages. The Irish certainly have no reason to complain of moderate representation in the New York judiciary, for in this particular they are well ahead of any other nationality.

The Nationality of the American Catholic Hierarchy.—The Catholic Church in the United States has one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, and sixty-one bishops. Of these, nineteen are of Irish birth: Archbishops Kenric, Ryan, Feehan, and Bishops Conroy, Fitzgerald, Tuigg, O'Reilly, Bradley, Moore, Hennessy, Hendricken, Hogan, Ireland, Kean Manogue, Mullen, O'Connell, O'Farrell, and O'Connor. Fourteen are of Irish descent: Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishops Gibbons, Williams, Corrigan, and Riordan, Bishops Ryan, McQuaid, Shanahan, McNierny, McMahon, McCloskey, Kain, Gallagher, Healy, and Cosgrove. The nine following are mainly of English origin: Archbishop Elder, Bishops Becker, Chatard, Grace, Manucy, Spalding, Wadhams, Watter, and Northrop. Nine are natives of Germany—Archbishop Heiss, Bishops Baltes, Borgess, Fink, Flasch, Zunger, Krautbauer, Richter, Seidenbush; Bishops Dwenger, Wigger, and Rademacher are of German descent; and Bishop Gross of mixed German and Irish origin. France has given eight Bishops to the United States—Archbishops Leray, Lamy, and Salt-peter; Bishops DeGoesbriand, Mach-coeuf, Neraz, Robot, and Furier. Of the remainder, four are Belgians—Archbishop Saghers, Bishops Bruns, Maes, and Glorieux; two are Spaniards—Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Mora. Bishop Gilmour is a native of Scotland, Bishop Marty of Switzerland, Bishop Janssens of Holland, and Bishop Vertin of Sclavonia.

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Every Department will receive special attention and will supply the latest and most instructive intelligence under the different heads.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW will be mailed free to any address for \$2.50 per annum strictly in advance. The price is slightly in excess of that charged for other papers published in the Northwest, but our friends will readily understand that there are great difficulties to be met with in issuing a Catholic paper, especially so in this new country, and we trust that the extra fifty cents will not deter any of our friends from giving their warm support to the only paper in the Northwest published in the interest of Catholics in the English Language.

The REVIEW will be made the equal of other papers published here and as soon as our circulation warrants it our readers may confidently expect that the annual subscription price will be readily reduced.

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Cor McDermot and Arthur Sts, Winnipeg Man.

AGRICULTURE.

News of General Interest.

September is the first fall month, and with the advent of this month, comes another periodical season for thought and work, the harvest being either closed or is near to its close.

Broad cast sowing is wasteful of seed, because a large proportion of it is covered either too deeply or not deep enough, and in either case the plants come up weak, and perish through the winter. One bushel of seed sown with a drill is as good as 1½ sown broadcast. The half bushel saved will pay all the cost of the use of the drill, which can generally be hired for 50 cents an acre. The great benefit to the crop is so much clear grain.

The use of lime is very beneficial to the soil, when it is made with judgment. It will not do to use lime alone for the purpose of increasing the crop, because it is a special manure which only fertilizes the soil and draws from it a portion of its reserved fertility. If this is repeated often the soil will be rapidly exhausted. The way to use lime, then, is always with manure of some kind upon which it may act beneficially. A good quantity of manure is plowed in and the surface is well harrowed. The lime well air slacked, is then spread and harrowed in if the drill is used; if not, the seed is sown and both are harrowed in together.

Seeding with grass, is best done by itself. The stubble is plowed next fall as soon as the grain is harvested; the land is thoroughly worked down fine and mellow, and the grass and clover seed are sown. The growth is rapid and strong enough before winter to stand the cold weather, and is quite as forward as if it had been sown with the grain this year. Seeding with grain is going out of fashion, for the good reason that the grain injures the weak grass instead of helping it.

Fall plowing should be done as soon and as much as possible. Except on the lightest soil we would plow every acre that is to be sown or planted in the spring. The ground for oats, barley, or spring wheat should certainly be plowed without delay, even if it is thought advisable to let the sod for potatoes or corn lie until the spring.

Permanent grass should be grown by every farmer who has suitable soil for its growth. Every year grass lands become more valuable, and with clover and other fodder crops will enable the farmer to keep more stock which is the most valuable product for him.

The seed for permanent grass fields should be mixed. We cannot do better than follow the English farmers in selecting the seed for meadows; adding to their choice those varieties, and is enough for one acre: 8 lbs. of perennial rye grass; 4 lbs. of timothy; 4 lbs. of orchard grass; 3 lbs. of meadow fescue; 3 lbs. of tall oat grass, and 4 lbs. of red clover; all well mixed together.

Young stock require the best of care at this season. The feed is now getting hard and dry, and is not sufficiently nutritious for young animals. To let these go back now would be a serious damage, and would keep them back all the winter. They should be kept growing. It would be better to sell some of them and buy food with the money for the rest than half starve the whole, if a farmer has more than he can carry through in the best manner.

Colts are the most valuable of the young stock and should be well cared for not only in the way of feeding, but in their training. An animal should be trained as a plant is. Not "broken in" all at once, but gradually, day by day; one thing taught or one lesson given at a time; and nothing should ever be done or taught that needs to be undone or unlearned. Colts should be regularly fed and a liberal allowance of grain given them for the winter.

Horses should be taken up at night as soon as the weather cools off. They are very sensitive to cold and should not be exposed to it. Pasturing on the aftermath or in the stubbles may cause copious salivation or slobbering which is very weakening. It is caused by acid galls, as pennyroyal, lobelia and others, among the grass. When this is found to occur they should be kept out of the fields. A quart of wheat middlings or corn meal will stop the salivation.

Cattle and cows are sure to suffer if left to pasture among weeds and coarse plants in swamps and wood lots. It is at this season that the various diseases caused in this way prevail. "Red water;" "black leg;" "milk-sick;" "dry murrain," and other fatal disorders are produced by bad feed and bad water at this season. To prevent it see that some good feed is given along with the coarse, hard pasture, and if any animals appear to be ill-

ing, a dose of one quart of raw linsed oil should be given at once. Linseed meal is the best food for cows under these circumstances.

Sheep and lambs require the best of care to bring them into good condition for the winter and for breeding. Separate the lambs from the ewes and ram and put these in a field by themselves. Early lambs may be raised in this way. If lambs are not desired so early keep the rams separately. Breeding ewes and rams require some extra feed. It will be well paid for in the better lambs.

Agricultural Notes.

Nearly 5,000 is said to be the number of patents granted in the United States on churns.

A light dusting of salt sown on buckwheat is said to largely increase the productivity of its grain, making it fill even in dry weather.

There is much less second crop after a cutting of timothy than after clover, and what does grow is of more value as protection to the roots, which run near the surface and are often badly injured by deep freezing, though not thrown out as clover roots often are.

If the strawberry bed is to remain for another year's fruiting, and has not been cleaned out, do it at once, and if very weedy scatter straw broadcast lightly and burn it over. If not done, and the bed is cleared of weeds, stir up the soil well, and give a liberal supply of compost.

A young heifer growing up to be a cow and bred to calve sometime next spring, is more sure to pay her keep through the winter than any other kind of horned stock. If not sold when she has her first calf, she will at least pay her way for a year, when she will certainly be worth more.

If a farmer has now a crop of Hungarian grass, millet or fodder corn, he should by all means cut and feed it, rather than plow it under a green manure. It makes a seed bed too light and porous for winter wheat, and most of its fertilizing properties have been wasted before any spring crop can be sown or planted.

Wherever one goes in these late summer days he will find on grain stubble places where the grass or clover failed to catch. In nine cases out of ten these failures are the result of unwise economy in the use of seed. Farmers often sow grain more thickly than is profitable, but the mistake in seeding with grass is always in sowing too little.

Dried peat or muck makes an excellent bedding for cattle in winter, and every stock farmer who has access to a muck bed will find it profitable to dig and throw out a liberal supply to be used for this purpose. It can remain by the side of the trench from which it is taken until dried, but should be drawn to the yards and placed under cover before the fall rains. The drier it becomes the greater its absorptive power and the better it is for bedding.

It is an old saying that a drought scares farmers to death, but too much rain starves them. Excessive moisture, when it does not absolutely injure crops, induces a succulent growth which promises more than it realizes. In a very dry season the grain is shortened in straw, but all the energies of the plant are directed to producing the seed, and the grain is thus usually better than expected.

I have always disliked to mix cut feed for horses and stock. If I used a small box or half barrel tub, in forking over the cut hay, to wet and mix the feed. I had to be careful, or more or less would fall over the sides, and if the box was large, in putting in plenty of water to thoroughly wet the hay, I found the large box cumbersome when I tipped the surplus water out, and considerable feed was wasted by adhering to the inside surface.

So I took a good, large molasses barrel to experiment with (an oak barrel is better), cut it lengthwise through the middle, fitted snugly an extra half head in each end of the two parts, hinged them together again (one half acting as a lid, something like a trunk), with clasp in front. Then I made a revolving churn-dash, with crank and handel outside, rounded out plates in the heads for the axle of the dash to rest in, put on a couple of stays to keep the cover from going back too far, and the barrel was completed. To raise it up and for a support, I made a saw buck of four short boards, rounding out a place for the barrel. I find it quite in advance, in my estimation, of the old method. In mixing the feed, I put in the hay, feed and just as much water as is necessary, and then stir. If it is desired to steam the feed with hot water, the lid keeps it close.

The farmer can be the very best liver in the land, just as easily as not, and he

should be. He has his choice of the world's produce. He holds a first mortgage on the herds and flocks. The crops and fruit of the earth are his to begin with, and he should "fare sumptuously every day." Why not? He will be all the better man, and better farmer for it, and it is his duty as well as his privilege. The only reason that he does not, is that he has permitted himself and his family to get into a rut of beef and cabbage, pork and potatoes, that he finds it difficult to get out of. That is all wrong, from every point of view. Enlarge the boundaries of the garden and enlarge your ideas of gardening at the same time. Plan with liberal views, and plant with a liberal hand. Is the old garden cramped? Turn it over to the women for the herbs and a "posy bed," and go out to the nearest side of the cornfield, and make a garden big enough in which to spread yourself. Make the rows as long as the field is wide, and as far apart as will admit your cultivator or horsehoe, and some to spare, and in them plant something besides onions and cabbage. Take the catalogue of the best seedsman you know, and let the whole list of vegetables be represented by one or two of the best sorts. Give this side of the cornfield a little extra attention during the season. Let it be the first when you begin to "cultivate," the last when you finish up. You will never miss the time, and you will live better than you have ever lived before.—White Plains (N. Y.) Journal.

The chances of success with any kind of farm stock depends largely upon the interest the breeder takes in the class of animals he is raising. The farmer who has a natural fondness for sheep, but cares little for horses, cattle or hogs, will find more profit in raising wool or mutton, even when prices are low, than in growing oxen, bees or dairy stock at prices comparatively higher than wool or mutton command. The same is true of horses. The man who admires a good roadster can scan his points, judging his quality and capacity with almost unerring certainty at a glance, but has an aversion to sheep and sees no beauty in neat stock, will doubtless make money in raising gentlemen's roadsters under conditions where others not inheriting a natural fondness for such animals would fail. In deciding upon what class of stock to raise, the young farmer must, of course, have an eye to the probable demand, also the losses from accidents and other causes that he is likely to encounter with certain kinds of stock, but at the same time his natural attachment to certain classes of animals should have considerable weight in determining whether he should make a specialty of wool growing, dairying, raising steers or horses. It costs much more to stock a farm with the latter, and the risks are greater, than with any other class of farm animals. Those qualified to succeed, however, will doubtless find the profits fair at least, while the satisfaction of raising them, and the pleasure of anticipating that some may prove a second Maud S., will offset many of the disappointments sure to be experienced.

NORTHWEST WHEAT.

A Successful Experiment with No. 1 Hard in England.

An interesting experiment has just been made in England, which proves beyond a doubt the exceptional strength and quality of the wheat grown in the Canadian Northwest. On February 27th of this year a sample of No. 1 hard Red Fyfe wheat from the Canadian Pacific Railway Dunmore experimental farm, in the Canadian Northwest, was forwarded by Mr. Alexander Begg, representing the Canadian Pacific Railway in Europe, through Mr. Dunham of the "Miller," to a farm near Colchester, Essex, England, and there sown in what was but poor, thin soil. The wheat came up well, and was gathered on August 12th. Threshing showed it to be well developed, very sound, and in every respect an excellent sample. In the London market the quotations for the grain ranged from 34 to 36 shillings per quarter of 480 pounds, while the best red wheat was fetching only 32 to 33 shillings. In other words, the Canadian Northwest sample sown on poor English soil obtained "top prices." The general expression of English millers and dealers was that the wheat was unquestionably a very fine sample, and almost any quantity, well harvested, cleaned and shipped would find a profitable market in Great Britain.

There are no hod carriers in Germany. Bricks are passed by hand. The higher up the brick layers are, the more men are required to toss the bricks. Two men to a story is about the average; with enough more to lead from the front of the building to the places where the brick are needed.

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Professional cards (run in and without display) \$1 per month.

Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted until ordered out.

Notice of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

Correspondence conveying facts of interest will be welcomed and published.

J. J. CHADOCK,
Editor and Publisher

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 3 Thursday. First Thursday.
- 4 Friday. First Friday. Votive Office of the Sacred Heart.
- 6 Sunday. 15th Sunday after Pentecost.
- 7 Monday. Votive Office of the Holy Angels.
- 8 Tuesday. Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.
- 10 Thursday. St. Nicholas of Tolentino.
- 13 Sunday. 16th after Pentecost. The Holy Name of Mary.
- 14 Monday. Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
- 15 Tuesday. Octave of the Nativity.
- 16 Wednesday. Ember Day—Fast.
- 18 Friday. Ember Day—Fast.
- 19 Saturday. Ember Day—Fast.
- 20 Sunday. 17th after Pentecost.—Seven Dolours of the B. V.
- 21 Monday. St. Matthews. Apostle and Evangelist.
- 27 Sunday. 18th after Pentecost.
- 29 Tuesday. St. Michael the Archangel.

THE PRESS—THE PEOPLE'S DUTY.—If you wish to have an honest press you must honestly support it.—Archbishop MacHale.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885

OUR PROSPECTUS.

The want of a Catholic paper in the North-West has been long and keenly felt and the publication of the NORTHWEST-REVIEW is intended to fill that want as far as possible, and not, as is erroneously thought, to wage war against other denominations, far from it. There is perfect accord existing between Catholics and protestants in this country, and the NORTHWEST REVIEW will do nothing that will in any way disturb that feeling, on the contrary, its endeavor will be to perpetuate it and to use its power in every instance to avoid anything that would put an end to the present harmony existing between Catholics and Protestants.

The main endeavor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW will be the diffusion of Catholic literature; to supply pure, solid, and entertaining reading for Catholics, and will strive to prove such a companion to its readers that its weekly appearance will be anxiously looked for.

The greatest claim on which the REVIEW seeks a place in the household is, that it is and always will be, thoroughly and uncompromisingly Catholic.

On the question of politics—a question which largely enters into the composition of most newspapers—this journal will be conspicuously independent. The opinion that Catholic papers should, in a great measure avoid politics is shared in by the publisher of the REVIEW; but as Catholics have wide and deep interests in this country which are either affected or touched upon by politics it therefore becomes an impossibility for a Catholic journal to avoid entirely being brought into the political arena. However, the REVIEW will interfere in politics only when Catholic interests are at stake and in the cause of good government, treating all questions in a broad and liberal manner without regard for party feeling. If a government be found unworthy of public confidence or an official a source of danger to the commonwealth, the REVIEW will never hesitate to say so no matter who be the offending party or parties.

The REVIEW will also use its power

and influence for the welfare of Manitoba and the North-West by advocating the emigration to the North-West, of our co-religionists from the eastern provinces as well as from the mother country, not, be it understood to serve any sectional end but solely in the interest of the North-West which we believe offers splendid advantages to the immigrant and in this direction, the NORTHWEST REVIEW will be in a position to do much good owing to the fact that it will be read in families which other journals will not reach.

By giving reliable information of the resources and the peculiar fitness of the North-West as a home for immigrants—not by offering unalloyed or unprecedented advantages to the unsuspecting emigrant—but by stating truthfully the advantages to be derived by settling here, the NORTHWEST REVIEW hopes to merit the confidence and support of all.

J. J. CHADOCK,
Editor and Publisher.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.

The next session of the British Parliament will indeed be one of momentous interest—not only to the exile sons of Ireland, but to the whole civilized world. It will be an epoch-making one. It will witness on the part of a long and cruelly oppressed people, a separate struggle to be free from the coercive laws of the Saxon. A struggle to be free from the thralldom of that foe which has for these many centuries back stifled the intellect and industry of an enlightened people. The joyful news has been wafted over the broad Atlantic that the day is dawning when Ireland will be free. Oh! how many of Erin's faithful sons long for this blessing. How many a broken hearted exile, as he looked with tear dimmed eyes at the departing confines of his native land, has yearned for the coming of that day when Ireland shall be free. Oh, what a joy it will be to see in these days Ireland's sons return to the classic precincts of College Green to legislate, as in the days of old, for Ireland's welfare. Parnell intends to insist at the next session of the Commons upon the restoration of Ireland's Parliament and why it should not be restored no intelligent mind can say. Why Ireland should not have the same legislative privileges as Canada, sufficient reason has never been given. Parnell expects to sit in the next parliament with eighty good and tried followers, if so, he will be in a position to insist on his demands being granted. This it is which frightens the English press. They see that Parnell means what he says, and has the power to enforce his demands: The Irish landlords see reform advancing, and fear for their pockets; but Ireland is girding up her loins, and is determined to have control of her land tenure and national education, and power to regulate her taxation, and to determine how much of the Imperial expenditure Ireland shall pay. No wonder that those who have lived on the spoliation of the people of Ireland begin to be alarmed. Their days are surely numbered. If there is one thing more than another which points to success for Irish grandeur as a nation, it is the palpable sign of unity between clergy and laity. It is in this we get bright hopes. The disunion of her sons has been the curse of Ireland; but at last they are united, and the one man who has brought about this unity is Archbishop Walsh. He is the choice of our Holy Father the Pope. He is the choice of the Irish people, and he it is that will lead them to national independence, when Ireland will take her place among the nations of the earth, and Emmet's epitaph be written in gold.

SMALL POX.

The disreputable conduct of certain newspapers in giving highly colored and sensational accounts of the ravages of small pox in Montreal, is deeply to be regretted. That Canadian journals, yea those in the very city of Montreal itself should lend their names to this nefarious behaviour, is, to say the least, incomprehensible. These papers can certainly have no patriotic instincts. They have caused unnecessary alarm, and done the metropolis of the Dominion incalculable injury. If Canadians themselves will thus sacrifice their country, can we blame Americans for what they have already said about the matter. It has often been said that Canada's greatest enemy is her own newspapers, and there is certainly good grounds for the assertion. If some of the papers had more regard for the truth, and prepared their small pox literature in a manner consistent with the

facts, the irreparable loss that Montreal has suffered would have been avoided, and the minds of absent relatives and friends would have been saved much of the painful uneasiness that now disturbs them.

"THE DARK CONTINENT."

The Rev. Father Croonenberghs, S. J., who is now visiting in the States in the interest of South African missions, in 1879, accompanied by a little band of missionaries, landed on the inhospitable shores of South Africa, and after many hardships and sacrifices penetrated to the interior of the Dark Continent, the eyes of the world being anxiously fixed upon the brave and venturesome Jesuits. Inspired by Christian zeal these brave missionary pioneers hastened on from tribe to tribe, breaking to them for the first time the name of their God and their Redeemer—Jesus Christ—and have now established five stations north and south of the Zambeje. Though many of this brave little band succumb to the deadly climate, and paid the tribute of their lives to religion and science, other hearts and hands hastened to fill the vacancy death had made in that benighted region. Father Croonenberghs who speaks fluently many European and African tongues, gives a graphic description of the geography of this vast and unexplored region, and of the laws, habits and customs of the inhabitants.

This truly apostolic priest says:—
"The work of the Zambeje mission is not limited even to this vast territory. It embraces several black tribes in the Southern English Colonies. There are now three groups of Catholic stations: The upper-Zambeje mission amongst the fierce Matabele-Zulus; the lower-Zambeje, towards the Portuguese settlements, at whose stations over ten thousand negroes are receiving religious instruction; the third group comprises a mission among the Batlapin nations of northern Transvaal, a college for Europeans in the Colonies and several schools and missions among the Fingo and Tomboki Cafirs of the South. A seminary has also been established not far from the southern shore, in which zealous young levites are trained for the arduous duties of the mission."

These brave Jesuit missionaries have certainly not been fighting in thin air, and left nothing behind them, as recently said the Protestant Bishop of San Francisco, when speaking of the early Jesuit missionaries of the Pacific coast.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If Bismarck sends his soldiers into Spain they will likely get the choicest. How France will grieve then.

Big Bears braves have been found guilty. Sentence will be passed on them on the 24th inst., as well as on their leader.

The news has been received that the hanging of Riel has been deferred until October 16, to allow of technicalities being explained away.

When England invaded the Soudan, those who opposed her troops were called "rebels;" now that France is invading Madagascar, her opponents are called "patriots." But to a calm observer of events it would seem that the two cases are about on a level. Make it one way or the other, and let us have a little uniformity.

It is to be regretted that the Governor-General in his reply to the address of the Manitoba University, did not see fit to address himself to the President of St. Boniface College, which is an integral part of the University, besides being the oldest member of that body. It certainly comes with very bad grace from a gentleman of his culture and position to say the least.

Cardinal Alimonda has conceived the idea of bringing Catholic Italy into the same union of national devotion as that which bound France in her vow of reparation to the Sacred Heart. His Eminence in a circular letter to all the Italian prelates, proposes that a subscription throughout Italy should, as an offering, defray the expense of the new church of the Sacred Heart in the new quarter of Rome. This church stands on a prominent position on the Esquiline, and its facade is intended to be a triumph of rich modern Italian work. Its building is due to the unflinching Dom Bosco, to whom Leo XIII trusted the undertaking, and Cardinal Alimonda takes a special interest in the work of his great diocesan. It is the adjoining presbytery, which has given hospitality to Father Bonomi, who is himself a member of the Salesian Order.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Press Opinions.

We are happy to welcome the NORTHWEST REVIEW, a new Catholic paper published at Winnipeg, to our table. The REVIEW gives promise of vitality and usefulness. We wish it every success.—Catholic Record, London.

The first number of a new Catholic paper, called THE NORTHWEST REVIEW, published in Winnipeg, is on our table. It is owned and edited by J. J. Chadock, and looks as if it could do earnest work in the great mission of the Catholic press. We wish it success.—Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.

We welcome to our exchange table a journal issued in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the first of the month. The number before us indicates that there is a man of ability and enterprise at its head, and we predict for it a successful career. We wish Brother Chadock a happy and prosperous return for his time, labour, money and brains.—Connecticut Catholic.

"The North-West Review" is the title of a new venture in journalism at Winnipeg, Manitoba, and judging from its first appearance it will prove a great success and fill a much felt want. It proposes to be a thoroughly and uncompromisingly Catholic paper, and to supply pure solid and entertaining reading for Catholics. As regards politics it will be entirely independent, and as regards the great North-West it will use its influence to encourage emigration. All this and more it promises in its prospectus. "The North-West Review" is a very neat and newsy journal, and should take a forward rank among the papers of Manitoba. We wish it all success.—Montreal Post.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A new Catholic directory is soon to be published by the Hoffman Brothers, Milwaukee.

The corner stone of a Polish church in Jersey City was laid last Sunday, by Bishop Wigger. There are some 2,000 Polish Catholics in Jersey City.

A chime of five bells, weighing 12,750 pounds, and costing \$2,350 was blessed by Archbishop Heiss, July 26, for St. Francis' Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

The latest sign of the times in Italy is that government officials have been ordered to be conciliatory toward Pope Leo and his clergy. The assistance of the latter is needed to keep down Socialism.

The Catholic Church in Russia, in the midst of the severe trials which it is undergoing from the tyranny of the government, has just suffered a severe loss in the death of Bishop Vnorovski, of Lublin.

The N. Y. SUN states that a new "Holy Family" by Corregio, has been discovered and restored through the efforts of Herr Penther, the custodian of the Vienna art academy. The picture has been re-colored no fewer than three times. It is still unspoiled in the details.

Among those who have joined the Roman Catholic Church in England, since the beginning of the Oxford movement are enumerated 36 lords, 25 baronets, 302 graduates of Oxford, 149 graduates of Cambridge, 142 army officers, 92 lawyers, 48 doctors, and 1010 ladies of aristocratic stations.

The late Rev. Dean Terry's estate has just been probated at Chicago, Ill., and found to amount to \$60,000. Of this, he in his will bequeathed \$10,000 to St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, of which he was the recent pastor, \$5,000 to the Christian Brothers, and \$5,000 to the Sisters of Mercy, of the same parish, and the balance of the estate goes to other charitable institutions.

By the authority of the General of the Jesuits in Rome, the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md., has been declared "The Collegium Maximum," the principal institution under the charge of the Society of Jesus in the United States. This high honor was appropriately celebrated at the college on Monday, September 7th. There was a large gathering.

A Pope who thought of a Suez Canal.

Some manuscripts have lately been found in the Vatican archives of Sextus V.'s time, showing that the Pope had the idea of cutting a canal across the Suez isthmus. It is a fact that Father Eschivardi, a Jesuit of that time, the author of a treatise on architecture, gave a lecture on the possibility of cutting the isthmus, and foresaw that the difficulty would arise, not from the water, but from the accumulation of the sands. This was, in fact, the only difficulty foreseen, and experienced by De Lesseps. Father Eschivardi's works may have been known to De Lesseps.—ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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And October 1, 2 and 3.

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Formal Opening by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sept. 30th.

—

Entries close September 15th. Entry fee \$1.00.

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TELEGRAMS.

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CANADIAN.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Sept. 17.—Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, leaves for Winnipeg on the steamer which departs from Owen Sound next Saturday, the 19th. The hon. gentleman will remain about Winnipeg until the 30th inst. Senator Schultz' condition this evening is reported somewhat more hopeful.

Messrs. Hickson and Wainright, of the Grand Trunk Railroad, had an interview with the Cabinet to-day, the result of which was that an agreement was entered into in accordance with the terms decided by Parliament, by virtue of which the North Shore line between Quebec and Montreal will be transferred to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The necessary papers are in the course of preparation.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 17.—Napoleon Gauther, charged with the manslaughter of young Montith, son of a farmer near here, was acquitted, the jury believing the crime had been committed in self-defence.

Archbishop Tache left for Winnipeg to-day via the Canadian Pacific.

A despatch from Lancaster says: A yacht having aboard three persons, named McCrimmon, Woods, and Charles Dickson, of South Lancaster, was seen at 6 o'clock last night crossing the river from the south shore opposite Lancaster. A heavy wind struck them and they had not been heard of up to 10 this morning.

Passenger and freight traffic is expected to commence on the Canadian Pacific, north of Lake Superior, on Oct. 5th.

QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Sept. 17.—It is reported that a commission will be appointed to ex-amine for the purpose of determining as to his sanity.

TORONTO.

TORONTO, Sept. 17.—Sir Charles Tupper addressed the Board of Trade this morning regarding the Colonial and Indian Exhibition to be held in London, England, next year, explaining its advantages to Canada, and how it will cause a development of trade, etc. Canada has been assigned an entire transept of the building, equal to about fifty-four thousand square feet. A resolution was passed deciding that Toronto take prominent part in the Canadian exhibit and relegating the matter at the Council Board to take whatever action may be necessary.

LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The sitting room floor in the Balkwill House gave way this afternoon, precipitating thirty people into the basement. All escaped without serious injury.

At the assizes to-day Benjamin Simmons was found guilty of the murder of Mary Ann Stokes, and was sentenced to be hanged November 27th.

HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, Sept. 17.—General Middleton will formally open the Central Fair on Tuesday next.

HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 17.—The formal reception of the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers took place in the Legislative Council Chamber of the provincial building this morning. J. E. Bayless, president of the association, occupied the chair. Ex-Governor Sir Adams G. Archibald delivered an address of welcome in the name of the people of Nova Scotia. He was followed by Mayor McIntosh, who welcomed the visitors on behalf of the city. Sir Adams dwelt at some length on the history of the mineral developments of the Province, and referred briefly to the present extent of the coal, iron and gold product. President Bayless replied to the address of welcome in a short speech. He said that free trade rather than protection was an aid to the development of the mineral resources of a country. The remainder of the morning session was taken up with the reading of papers on various scientific subjects, as follows: By Prof. Starry Hunt, of Montreal, on "Studies in the Apatite Regions of Canada;" "The Mines of Nova Scotia," by Edwin Gilpin, Provincial Inspector of Mines; "The Coal Fields of Pictou County," by H. G. Poole, and "Our Glacial Problem," by Dr. Honeyman. In the afternoon the visitors and other guests, to the number of nearly 400, went on an excursion around the harbor.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—Gen Roberts, who has just returned from India, arrived in London to-day. He received an ovation at Charing Cross railway station.

The Norwegian bark Rogerland (Capt. Hanson) capsized while on a voyage from Farsboro, N. S., to Conway. The second mate, seamen Hendrichsen and Nelson, and a boy were rescued from a raft. They were in a greatly exhausted condition. The captain and the other members of the crew perished.

An important meeting of representative men was held here to-day, at which the Lord Mayor presided. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Government to rescind Sir Charles Warren's recall from South Africa, and urging the annexation of Zululand by Great Britain.

FRANCE.

TOULON, Sept. 16.—There has been no deaths from cholera reported here to-day.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Sept. 17.—The commandant of the Province of Guipuzcoaha has been

ordered to push forward the work of fortifying Passages. A chain of torpedoes will be laid off the seashore from Passages to St. Sebastian, a distance of three miles.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 17.—The report that the German Government is making increased naval preparations is semi-officially denied.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck has informed the Bundesrath that he has no fears that the differences with Spain will result in hostilities.

AMERICAN.

WASHINGTON.

Sept. 17.—A largely attended meeting of Irish American citizens of the city was held to-night, at which resolutions were adopted endorsing Parnell's programme for the restoration of the Irish Parliament. Congressman Foran, of Ohio, presided, and speeches were made by Congressman Lawler, of Chicago, Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Iowa, and others.

HAVANA.

HAVANA, Sept. 17.—The Government is strengthening and equipping all the fortresses on the island.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—Articles were signed to-day for a double scull race between Hanlan and Lee against Courtney and Conley, three miles with a turn, for \$1,000 a side, to be rowed October 10. The race will probably occur at Troy, N.Y.

GUAYMAS.

GUAYMAS, MEXICO, Sept. 17.—Yellow fever is increasing. There have been one hundred and twenty-nine cases since September 1st, of which 29 were fatal. The disease has appeared at Hermasillo and Mosellaam. Quarantine has been established at Nogales. The heat is excessive.

Growth of Catholicity.

In 1841 there were only twenty souls in the city of Peoria, Ill., who professed the Catholic Faith, and were attended to by Rev. Father B. Rallo. In 1846 the number had increased and built a little church. To-day the Catholic population numbers fully 6,000 souls, with five grand and imposing edifices, ministered to by nine priests, directed by the zealous Bishop, Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding.

A Taste for Reading.

The man who has a taste for reading has ever the means of happiness within his grasp. Give him his taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail in making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the witliest, the tenderest, the bravest and purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all notions, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but that character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that man should take a tone of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eye the way in which the best bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other.

Life is What we Make it.

Life is, in a great degree, what we make it. And how shall we succeed if we pass by, heedlessly, life's precious opportunities? Little opportunities of doing good, little lessons that may at present seem unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life. Our facilities for exercising an influence over others are so many and so great that it is difficult to conceive how two persons may sit and converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and everyone who critically examines his intellectual and moral state will observe that however short his interview with another person may be, it has had an effect upon him. And this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it; but we have probably left impressions on some mind which will never be erased. And this influence and constancy has often great power. A single instance of advice, reproof, caution, or encouragement, may decide the question as to a man's respectability, usefulness and happiness for a lifetime. How important then, that we improve every opportunity to make our life a blessing to others!

The Franciscan Fathers of Wisconsin appropriately celebrated at La Pointe the fiftieth anniversary of the re-establishment by Bishop Baraga of the mission founded by Fathers Alloué, Dablon and Marquette, S. J., among the Indians of Lake Superior. The event was also the 261st anniversary of its establishment.

Interesting Discovery in Rome.

An interesting discovery, illustrating the commerce and the luxury of ancient Rome, has been made close to Monte Testaccio and the English cemetery. The whole of that district to the west of the Ave-tine outside the Porta Trigemina was occupied by granaries and warehouses for the storage of imports of all kinds. Between the northern side of Monte Testaccio and the Tiber there still exist colossal remains of the great emporium built by Marcus Emilius Lepidus and Emilius Paulus nearly 200 years before the Christian era. In the year 1868 a considerable portion of the quays was discovered, together with some 600 blocks, many of them of large size, of rare variegated marbles of all kinds, lying where they were landed from the galleys which had brought them from Numidia, the Grecian Islands and Asia Minor fifteen centuries ago. Now in the course of the building operations in this locality, two warehouses have been discovered, one filled with elephants' tusks and the other with lentils. It is curious to find such products stored side by side, but as bags of lentils are sometimes shipped as ballast, they may have served that purpose. The discovery would have been a very valuable one if, unfortunately, the ivory had not been much decayed.

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A FEW WORDS ON THE CONFSSIONAL.

That dreadful name! Who has not heard of it? What Protestant has not had the lesson duly inculcated on his mind from his earliest youth, that of all the practical abominations of Popery, the confessional is one of the worst? Many, perhaps, of those who read these pages, have grown up with the fixed idea that the confessional was an invention of the crafty monks of the middle ages, continued by their no less crafty successors in modern times. "It was their receipt of custom, where they sat minting money out of the sins of their penitents. The wealthy transgressor, who could afford to come down handsomely, was let off on easy terms; he was the great hornet or drone, breaking through the spider's web. But woe to the weaker flies that get entangled there! No mercy for them. The lean and hungry priest-spider, lurking there in his obscure corner, fixes his fangs upon them, and drains them, not indeed of their heart's blood, but of the scanty pittance that was to keep body and soul together! The portion of the window, the inheritance of the fatherless, the hard-won wages of the labourer and artisan, all find their way, under plea of absolution, into that insatiable grasp. Oh, the confessional was a choice invention of the priesthood! No wonder they strain every nerve to uphold it."

Then, too, there are other darker and more iniquitous charges, lending their aid to build up that towering Protestant tradition which denounces the confessional, without really knowing aught about the matter. All writers and declaimers, from the Reformation downwards,—heads of families, quiet country gentlemen, pulpit-orators, and what not, have said the same thing for some three hundred years; they say it to-day, and will say it again to-morrow. And thus, armed with this great tradition as with a wide-mouthed blunderbuss, the Protestant fires boldly into the dark, hit or miss; and having first settled in his mind what the confessional has been, must be, and shall be, concludes by force of an unanswerable logic what it is.

We also have our notions of what it is. And one thing we would venture to remark; that they who have never entered a confessional are not quite so likely to be acquainted with it as those who have. The Hindoo subjects of the East India Company believe the Company itself to be a mighty Begum, or princess, sitting enthroned in Leadenhall Street. Half the globe lies between them, and they have no adequate means of correcting their judgment. Protestants live side by side with their Catholic neighbors, and meet them daily in the common intercourse of life; and yet, strange to say, they surround themselves with an atmosphere of prejudice as thick and blinding, though as unsubstantial as a London fog, that prevents their seeing whereabouts their neighbors stand, and deadens the sound of their voices when they would address them. Hence it is, that on our present subject, as on so many others of Catholic interest, the great body of intelligent educated Englishmen entertain notions as groundless and extravagant as those of the Hindoo regarding the princess in Leadenhall Street.

For what, in truth, does a Protestant see, and what can he ascertain, of the confessional! He wanders into some church in Italy, we will imagine, and a scene presents itself to his astonished eyes and curious mind, to the meaning of which he has but little clue. It is getting dusk, on a Friday or Saturday evening, or on the eve of a festival. The old church looks more solemn and mysterious than ever in that gloom; its arches and pillars soar away into the darkness overhead. No light but the last beams dying on the antique glass of those narrow windows, or a few lamps burning here and there at some of the altars, including one that glimmers suspended before a large crucifix, around which a few poor women are kneeling and saying their beads. Why all this gloom and mystery? Simply, my good friend, because these poor people have been hard at work all day, and are now dedicating just that portion of their time which your village gossips would employ upon tea and scandal, to examining their consciences, and preparing for their communion to-morrow morning. Besides, they are anxious to let as brief a time as possible elapse between the Sacrament which is to cleanse and the Sacrament which is to feed them; they desire to present themselves at the altar to-morrow with their souls clothed in the "fine linen, clean and white," unsoiled, if that were possible, by the slightest return to even a venial unfaithfulness to the vows they are renewing before that crucifix. Therefore they come for confession as late as they well can, and they will come for Mass and Communion as early. And you, dear Protestant, must be up betimes if you would see them communicate; or we shall put you down as one of those superficial tourists who lounge into our churches when morning wanes into mid-day,—long after the early Masses (each with its little band of faithful communicants) have been said, and then go home and solemnly assure your neighbors, and write a book to prove, that the people in Catholic countries never receive the Holy Communion.

But let us walk up the church; for we have not yet seen the confessional itself. There stands the dreaded object,—a wooden structure, some eight feet high, divided into three compartments. In the centre one sits the priest: you can still distinguish him in the twilight, with cassock and surplice, beretta and purple stole. He is putting his ear to a grating, or rather plate of metal pierced with small holes, in the partition-board that divides the centre of the confessional from the side-places where the penitents kneel. A similar grating, now closed up by a small wooden door, is at the other side of his sentry-box. When he has

finished with the confession of the penitent on one side, he will close the small door covering the grating of that side, and open the other. For on either side kneels a penitent; the one actually confessing, the other waiting and preparing. Now, then, is the time of conjecture! What have these people to say to the priest, and what says the priest to them? That middle-aged hard featured woman on the one side, is she come just to shuffle off a week's-worth or a month's worth of petty cheatings and abusive language, with whatever else may make up her story, and then go away to run up a fresh score? And for that young and innocent-looking creature whose turn is to come next, can I be sure that, in all the cross-questionings which I find put down in the manuals for confessors, she may not be learning more evil than she is come to tell? That elderly man kneeling a few paces off sipping his sugar and loading his scales, if he frequents his confessional! Ah, here comes a swarthy peasant from the country, with beard enough to furnish forth a captain of banditti. A medal and a scapular are round his neck. Does he wear them as a charm against the carbines of the mounted police? And is he come to confess half-a-dozen murders, and going straightway back to commit half-a-dozen more?

So questions the Protestant, perplexed and anxious, as he sees penitent after penitent rise up from the right hand or the left of the confessional, leave their places for others to occupy, and walk with noiseless step to kneel before some of the altars of the church, and say the prayers that have been assigned them for penance, and make their act of thanksgiving. He cannot but acknowledge to himself the solemnity of the sight, and the air of reality and (what may be called) religious business that pervades it. These people are evidently thinking of nothing but their own spiritual concerns, and are in earnest about them. They take no notice of him, as he walks about, staring at the pictures or the stained windows; except, perhaps, to put up some little prayer for him, that "stranger and foreigner" as he is, he may be brought one day into the great family, and under the power of Sacramental grace. And now we will put into a few words what any one of them might have answered him, if he had taken the trouble to question them about the proceedings of the mysterious confessional.

You have then, my good friend, an impression that Catholics are subject to a system of the most prolonged, minute, painful, nay, revolting system of cross-questioning, whenever they come to seek the pardon of their sins. It is in your ideas such an ordeal as must not only exorcise, but debase and vitiate the minds that are exposed to it; and to prove the point against us, you hold up on your platforms and in your drawing rooms the works of our authorized writers on moral theology; you turn to special subjects, note down the pages, and then face us with a triumphant air, as though we could find nothing to say with such a terrific array of passages witnessing against us. A solemn sense of duty nerves you to mention in English what was written in Latin for the guidance of the priest; or, with still more damaging effect, you profess yourself incapable of sullyng your lips and wounding the ears of your audience by the recital. And then, after quoting, or hinting, you are only astonished that very shame of countenance does not drive us from our place. "Retreat," you seem to say; "retire, priests and people of a debasing creed and yet more debasing practice! Find your home, your dupes and victims, among the degenerate populations of the south. Pour these minute lessons of graduated crime into the ears of the sons and daughters of Italy and Spain: my hearth at least shall be kept pure and free."

Softly, and for once do not refuse to examine. I am not going to follow the casuists into their definitions or distinctions. You would not wish me to do so, any more than I should wish it myself. But let me tell you another thing: "none would have intended it less than those casuists themselves." They did not write for you or for me. It was their duty (and faithfully, though reluctantly, they have performed it) to instruct those on whom lay the heavy burden and responsibility of deciding "between holy and profane," and teaching God's people to discern "between clean and unclean." You seem, dear Protestant, to forget that the very idea of confession includes a statement of sins, but as to nature, number, aggravation, and relapse; and that such a statement, if not sufficiently made (whether from ignorance or inadvertence, or whatever other cause) must be elicited by questions. To suppose the Sacrament of Penance administered without occasional questions, is to suppose its more than occasional nullity; and to suppose an indiscriminate approach to the altar without previous confession, is a prospect which a little meditation on the nature of sin, and of the transcendent sanctity of the Gift received by the communicant, renders frightful to contemplate.

We say, then, either bar from the sinner all approach to the Bread of Life, or prepare him by previous confession. And if it is to be such a confession as shall indeed cleanse and heal his soul, let it be more than the vague general acknowledgement of sin provided for (for example) by the Book of Common Prayer, in which the saint, all but touching on the threshold of Paradise, might take his part with the wretch whose dark crimes have prepared him for the abyss of hell. Let it be a confession full, distinct, particular; not the assertion that a fallen nature needs remedy, but an exposure of the individual ulcer and sores. Let it be a confession, not of humanity in the abstract, but of A, B, or C, D, with such and such a character and predisposition, such and such antecedents and present remainders of sin,—placed in this circumstance of disadvantage or that trying occasion or acting under a pro-

tical doubt, or unable to strike the balance between opposing claims or comparative evils. Let it be the confession of one who feels that he has before him a duty touching his own soul, as distinct from the souls of his fellow-men,—a duty, not graceful, as a general acknowledgment of imperfections might be, but plain and humiliating, as in the detail of one's own unvarnished weaknesses and grievous falls. Let this be made in a spirit of faith, that believes in the all-sufficiency of the atonement on the cross to wash away the blackest sins of a thousand worlds, and the unerring certainty with which the merits of the Redeemer's Blood are applied to every rightly disposed soul in the Sacrament of Penance. Let the sinner come in hope that by the Divine faithfulness, pledged to him on his true repentance and use of the means ordained, he may appropriate to himself all the promises of pardon, and grace to help in future trials. Let him come in love, however poor and inadequate; love that is teaching him to detest his sins as so many offences against an infinite goodness, and therefore rousing him to effectual contrition for them, and a hearty resolution, by the help of Divine grace, to avoid all the occasions that have hitherto betrayed him into sin. Let him, with these motives, come, in entire confidence that what he whispers into the ear of the priest is committed to a more inviolable secrecy than if it were drowned in the Pacific Ocean,—that the confessor must sooner allow himself to be torn limb from limb than breathe the slightest hint of things even remotely affecting the recital. Let him know that the priest sits there not as man, nor receiving his penitent's tale of sorrow merely as a sympathizing friend, nor resolving his doubts as an able theologian and nothing more, nor showing him the remedies for sin simply as a person of sanctity and spiritual experience, whose own triumph over temptation has taught him how best to reach forth a guiding hand to the support of feebler steps. But let the penitent whom we are supposing recognise in the tribunal to which he draws near, the immediate appointment and delegated authority of the Most High; let him look on the priest who sits there as invested by the Lord Himself with the awful yet most gracious power of the keys, to bind and loose in His name; and let him be prepared to hear and accept the councils fitted to his peculiar case, the rules for avoiding such falls in future, and the penance imposed in satisfaction for the past, as coming to him with all the power of that which is at once a promise and a command, "He that heareth you heareth Me."

Confessions, such as we have tried to sketch, are being made daily, hourly, to the priests of the Catholic Church; and we might fairly ask a plain question of any one who really believed in the gift of the keys as the gospels set it before us, whether he could bring himself to think that a gift so distinct and peculiar (if really given at all) meant only the power of declaring in a general way that Almighty God pardoned the penitent, or of confirming that declaration by the words of Scripture. Any educated person, it is plain, could bid the congregation in the Communion Service of the Established Church "hear the comfortable words" which contain that promise, just as well as the minister; only the propriety of conducting the service in an orderly manner would make it inexpedient. But this cannot be the gift of the keys: it must be something quite beyond and apart from this. We are supposing a Protestant to feel that the awful power has really been committed by God to man, as God Himself has declared; and the plain question we wish to ask him is: Can you suppose such a power to be exercised without the priest's knowing the state of the penitent's conscience? Or can he ascertain the state of that conscience without going into detail, and (if need be) asking questions? Otherwise, how completely must he be firing into the dark, with a kind of hit-or-miss imprudence! What random and ruinous work for souls, what blind leading of the blind, what daubing with untempered mortar! Only take for a moment the parallel case already alluded to—the science of medicine. Very distressing inquiries have frequently to be made by the respected family physician, and made of those in whose case we should most shrink from the idea of having them made at all. What, then, renders such an idea even tolerable? Simply and solely the absolute necessity of the case. Without ascertaining his ground, and ascertaining it fully and distinctly, his science would be a blank, and you would not get him to risk either his own professional character or the life of his patient upon any insufficient guess-work or mere likelihoods. Such being the case, we acquiesce, even as regards those who are nearest and dearest to us. Health is a jewel; and though we had much rather there were no necessity for consulting the doctor, yet as the necessity exists, the doctor is consulted. It never enters our heads, therefore, to get up public meetings,—to come upon the platform and denounce all the medical practitioners in London or in England for simply doing their duty. We do not bring forward an array of the books they have studied to acquire their knowledge, nor enlarge upon the hatefulness of a course of dissection in the medical schools, and the deteriorated tone of mind it must induce in the practitioners. Good sense keeps us from all this; for we see at a glance how easy would be the reply. Our next-door neighbor, be he who he might, would answer at once,—My good friend, as long as we have these mortal bodies, with "all the ills that flesh is heir to," we must submit to take advice when they are out of order; and, far from quarrelling with the physicians, or abusing medical science, you ought to be glad that the science has been invented, improved, tested, and brought to a system; and grateful, moreover, to those

who undertake an office which must often be nearly as painful to themselves as to their patients.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Foreign Tongues.

Bobby (to young Featherly, who is making an evening call—"Will you speak a little French for me before you go, Mr. Featherly?")
Featherly, smiling—"Certainly, Bobby, if you wish it."
Bobby—"I do. Ma says your French is very amusing."

Sam. Hooper,

DEALER IN

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MANTLE PIECES & GRATES

ALTARS, &c., A SPECIALTY

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17 Pound Bright yellow Sugar

FOR \$1.00.

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For One Dollar.

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TELEPHONE.

Claims of Half-Breeds and Original White Settlers, Province of Manitoba

WHEREAS since the completion of the allotment of the 1,400,000 acres of and set apart under the Manitoba Act to extinguish the Indian title of the Children of the Province of Manitoba, on the 15th July, 1870, a large number of additional claimants have come and some are still coming forward with the evidence necessary to prove that they are children of Half-breed heads of families and were residents of Manitoba at the date mentioned;

And whereas the 1,400,000 acres set apart under the Manitoba Act aforesaid have been exhausted by such allotment, and by Order in Council, dated the 29th April, 1885, it has been decided to extinguish such additional claims, known as "Supplementary Claims," by an issue of \$240.00 in scrip to each Half-breed child entitled;

And whereas, by the Act 37 Vic., Cap. 20, the Half-breed heads of families resident in the said Province on the date mentioned, and the children of such settlers, as defined in said Act, are each entitled to receive scrip to the extent of \$100.00.

And whereas, His Excellency the Governor General in Council has deemed it expedient to limit the time within which all claims of the nature above specified may be presented; therefore,

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that under the authority contained in the Order in Council above mentioned, bearing date the 20th April, 1885, all claims under and by virtue of the provisions of the said Order in work or mere likelihoods. Such being the case, we acquiesce, even as regards those who are nearest and dearest to us. Health is a jewel; and though we had much rather there were no necessity for consulting the doctor, yet as the necessity exists, the doctor is consulted. It never enters our heads, therefore, to get up public meetings,—to come upon the platform and denounce all the medical practitioners in London or in England for simply doing their duty. We do not bring forward an array of the books they have studied to acquire their knowledge, nor enlarge upon the hatefulness of a course of dissection in the medical schools, and the deteriorated tone of mind it must induce in the practitioners. Good sense keeps us from all this; for we see at a glance how easy would be the reply. Our next-door neighbor, be he who he might, would answer at once,—My good friend, as long as we have these mortal bodies, with "all the ills that flesh is heir to," we must submit to take advice when they are out of order; and, far from quarrelling with the physicians, or abusing medical science, you ought to be glad that the science has been invented, improved, tested, and brought to a system; and grateful, moreover, to those

R.R. TICKETS.

Over Any of the Railroads advertised in this paper are to be had of

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"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

Leave Winnipeg	3.30 p.m.
Arrive Minneapolis	7.15 p.m.
Arrive St. Paul	1.25 a.m.
Arrive St. Thomas	2.45 "
London	4.50 "
Toronto	6.50 "
Coburg	10.50 "
Kingsville	2.15 p.m.
Ottawa	6.07 p.m.
Montreal	8.58 p.m.

Comfortable Day Cars and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.
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EXHIBITION

POULTRY, PIGEONS, DOGS AND CAGE BIRDS, &c., &c.

will take place in TRINITY HALL, WINNIPEG, MAN.

September 29 & 30 and Oct. 1st & 2nd

Open to Manitoba and the North West Territories.

Messrs. Ward and Naylor, of Chicago, have again been secured as Judges. Express companies have granted liberal rates to exhibitors. Incubators Hatching Daily. Bee Keeping Illustrated. Admission 25c. For further particulars apply to

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404 MAIN ST.

THE GREAT Canadian Line.

Particular attention is paid to the fact that on August 11, 1884, a NEW THROUGH LINE from Chicago and Toledo to St. Thomas, where connection is made with the Ontario Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, St. Thomas to Smith's Falls via Toronto, and the Eastern Division from Smith's Falls to Montreal, via Ottawa, forming a DIRECT ALL RAIL ROUTE from the West to the Canadian Seaboard. It is laid with steel rails and was well ballasted and made the model road of Canada before being opened for passenger business.

It is composed of the MICHIGAN CENTRAL, from Chicago and Toledo to St. Thomas, where connection is made with the Ontario Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, St. Thomas to Smith's Falls via Toronto, and the Eastern Division from Smith's Falls to Montreal, via Ottawa, forming a DIRECT ALL RAIL ROUTE from the West to the Canadian Seaboard. It is laid with steel rails and was well ballasted and made the model road of Canada before being opened for passenger business.

The train service is unexcelled in this country. Fast express trains, with the finest equipment of passenger coaches, elegant parlor day and luxurious sleeping cars on this continent, run through without change making as quick time as the fastest trains of any other route.

St. P., M & M. RAILWAY.

Time Table.

SOUTHWARD.

Morning Express leaves Winnipeg daily at 8.40 a.m. and Neche at 12.05 p.m., arriving at Minneapolis at 6.25 a.m. and St. Paul at 7 a.m. the following day.

Night Express leaves Winnipeg at 8.05 p.m. daily except Saturday and St. Vincent at 11.30 p.m., arriving at Minneapolis at 5.40 p.m. and St. Paul at 6.20 p.m. the following day, making close connections with trains south, east and west.

Through trains between Winnipeg and St. Paul without change—Palace Sleeping cars attached.

Through tickets and sleeping car berths on sale at the Winnipeg Agency, 368 Main Street

H. G. McMicken, Agent.

SCIENCE.

French laborers who walk barefooted upon the asphalt pavements are subject to swelling of the limbs. This ailment has been attributed to the effect of the vaporization by the heat of the feet of a small quantity of the petroleum or mineral oil which is contained in the asphalt.

In a New York medical school an interesting experiment was tried with a new instrument designed for removing the interior or spongy part of the bone. The trial was made upon the leg of a sheep. The apparatus is an electrical one, and drives the drill at a speed of 12,000 revolutions per minute.

M. Berlier, an engineer, proposes a system of pneumatic transmission between Paris and London, involving the employment of two tubes—one for sending and the other for receiving telegrams, letters and postal parcels weighing up to twelve pounds.

Herr Sjöberg, a Swedish engineer, has produced a new explosive which he calls "romite," and with which experiments have just been made at the fortress of Waxholm.

One of the most interesting facts contributed by Prof. Nordenskjöld to popular science is contained in his account of his examination—when about eighty degrees north latitude, before reaching Parry's Island, to the northwest of Spitzbergen—of the snow which covered the icebergs, and which had come from still higher latitudes.

It is said that the wood on the north side of a tree will not warp so much as that from the south side, and that if trees are sawed in planes that run east and west, as the tree stood, it will warp less than if cut in the opposite direction.

IN JAIL.

The Limestone Club All Torn Up.

As the members began to fill the chairs and benches in Paradise Hall and the hand of the clock crept along toward the usual hour for opening, there was much wonder and speculation over the absence of Brother Gardner.

"My frens," said Brother Walpole, as a solid hush fell upon the assemblage, "our beloved President left for the west-ern part of de Stait two days ago to deliver a lectur befo' a body named, 'De Association fur de Suppresshun of Corrupt Legislators.'"

At the conclusion of the song Way-down Bebee arose with tears in his eyes and his bosom making thirty-six revolutions per minute. As Chairman of the Committee on Disinfectants and Poetry he had offered a prize of \$5 to the best ode to the watermelon.

Brother Bebee's heroic and philanthropic resolution was being vigorously cheered when the Keeper of the Outer Door announced a communication and sent it up to the President's desk.

"My frens," said Sir Isaac as soon as he could control his voice and stand on his legs, "dis message explains the mysterious absence of our President. Listen while I read:

St. Joseph County, Mich., In the County Jail. My Dear Brethren—At de close of my lectur las' nite I was arrested on de charge of havin' received a bribe to de-florence my offshul ackshuns.

BRO. GARDNER. CONFUSION.

All was uproar and confusion at once. Oldham Jones called for 500,000 volunteers, armed with 500,000 bone-handled razors, to follow him to the rescue and to shed 100,000 gallons of blood to wipe out the insult.

Shindig Watkins said he was ready to lay down his life if necessary, and his words were echoed by Judge Cadaver, Cohorts Perkins, Trustee Pullback and fifty others, and the enraged mob glared around for a victim.

Sir Isaac spoke soothingly. It was a mistake which had often happened before. It had often been remarked that Brother Gardner looked like a member of the Legislature, and the people who caused his arrest would willingly apologise as soon as their victim was properly identified.

This decision was concurred in by the Rev. Penstock, Waydown Bebee, and other influential members, and a motion to adjourn was carried. The hall then became the headquarters of such an excitement that the police rapped several times on the alley door and threatened arbitrary measures.

who can cry to a jury.

- 2. To forward a committee of five members by the first Blue Line Freight train.
3. To demand full satisfaction for the insult, and to accept nothing less than \$50,000 damages.
4. To take said \$50,000 damages and erect a new Paradise Hall.

Mr. Duke's Explanation.

It was at a big August meeting in Wake Co., N.C., and there were acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of the discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Duke, a 'man-cipated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner.

"Brer Dukes," will you 'low me to ax you a question?" "Sartinly; what is it?" "Well, Brer Dukes, I's bin studdin' geografi, an' geografi teeches me dat de Red Sea am in de tropicks, an' dat dere ain't no ice in de tropicks.

"Well, I's glad you ax dat question. It gives me an opportunity to 'splain. My dear young brer, you musn't think 'cause you war' store close an' bin to skool dat you know everything.

The Dog All Night.

As a letter-carrier started to enter a yard on Mullett street yesterday a dog rushed at him and drove him out, and as he limped into a shoemaker's shop on the corner he was asked by the owner: "Vhell, did you meet my new dog?"

"Und didt he bite you?" "Snapped me here in the leg like a steel trap."

"Ah! He vhas recommended to me ash a dog who would bite, but I doan' know if der man lied to me or not. Vhell, vhell! So he does bite, eh? Dot satisfies me, und I doan' worry some more."

A Defective Memory.

"Have you ever before been punished by the law?" asked a justice of a colored culprit. "Yes, I called a man a liar, and I had to pay a fine." "Is that the only time you have come in conflict with the law?"

Irish Emigration set in towards England in 1820 and 1830. In 1840 there were 539,400 Catholics in England and Scotland. The number of priests was 624. In the year 1880, the Catholic population of Great Britain was 1,384,000, clergy, 2,282, and churches 1,401.

The Veto.—O'Connell, one day, when a great Catholic lawyer and speaker named Wolfe had been trying to persuade the people that the veto was an innocent measure and that it ought to be granted, because the Catholics would then be admitted to all places, came forward and told them the story of the wolf, and he punned on the name,—for it was after Mr. Wolfe had finished speaking to them,—how one day the wolf told the shepherd that it was useless for him to keep dogs to guard the sheep, because they would not eat a sheep if it should be given to them.

Something in a Name.

"I don't see much of my husband now a days," sighed a West Side woman, dejectedly conversing over the back yard fence with a neighbor. "He's working in the pail factory." "Where's that," "I don't know exactly. It is somewhere down town. He calls it a bucket shop, but I think the name pail factory doesn't sound so harsh and disgraceful."

Children in Congo are the property of the mother's relatives. The right of inheritance is from uncle to nephew, and a man's slaves and real property go to the eldest son of his eldest sister, or the next of kin in such line. A wise nephew usually leaves his father's household and lives elsewhere.

FOR BOOTS AND SHOES RYAN'S where you will find the Largest Stock in the Country

FURNITURE FURNITURE New Furniture M. HUGHES & COY. 283 AND 285 MAIN STREET Four Carloads Just Received

M. HUGHES AND COY. Wesley Hall Block, Winnipeg. MISS M. M. O'CONNOR, 633 MAIN STREET, has a complete stock of Catholic Books!

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PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER. TAKEN INTERNALLY it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea. Cramp and pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SAINT Mary's Academy Directed by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

The Sisters are happy to inform their Friends and the Public that the new and commodious Building which they have recently erected will enable them to bestow additional care upon the education of their Pupils.

Provincial Exhibition. The Tenth Provincial Exhibition will be held under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY. Is the Fast Short line from St. Paul and Minneapolis via La Crosse and Milwaukee to Chicago and all points in the Eastern States and Canada.

Gold Watch Free. The publishers of the Capital City Home Journal, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make this following offer to their subscribers.

We take the liberty of sending the NORTHWEST REVIEW to many of our friends to whom we hope it will be acceptable, and to all it will be delivered at the very reasonable cost of \$2.50 per year. The reading matter of the NORTHWEST REVIEW is selected with care, and every paragraph will be found interesting. It will compare favorably with weekly papers of the Northwest and we believe it deserves a warm support, especially among Catholics. We trust our friends will help to increase the circulation of the NORTHWEST REVIEW by sending in their names with the subscription fee mentioned, to the office, corner of McDermott and Arthur streets, Winnipeg.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents wanted throughout Manitoba and the Northwest to canvas for the NORTHWEST REVIEW, to whom a liberal commission will be given.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Situated on the corner of St. Mary and Hargrave Streets. Rev. Father Ouellette, Rector; Rev. Father Cahill, assistant.

Sundays—Masses at 7.00, 8.30, and 10.30, a. m. Vespers at 7.15 p. m. Catechism for perseverance at 2.30 p. m.

Week Days—Masses at 6.15 and 7.30 a. m.

The C. P. R. employees are having a successful picnic at the Portage to-day.

The Historical Society gives notice that if the weather is propitious the Mound at St. Andrews will be opened to-day. The train will leave the C.P.R. station at 1.30 and will return at 6 or 7.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, will arrive in this city shortly for the purpose of making arrangements to have Manitoba represented at the Colonial Exhibition in London, England.

Messrs. McLean & Graham of Virden, were threshing last week for Mr. Wm. McDonald, and in seven hours threshed 1,200 bushels of wheat and 96 bushels of barley. The grain threshed was a fine sample and not injured in the least by frost.

A Proposed Catholic Institution.

Friends of Archbishop Feehan, among the Catholic societies of Chicago, are endeavoring to raise a fund to enable the archbishop to purchase the partly finished palace dwelling occupied by the late Wilbur F. Storey. It is intended to convert the building into a convent and young girl's academy. It is said that the preliminaries for the sale have already been arranged.

The Governor-General.

The Governor-General was given a very enthusiastic reception on his arrival in the city, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, and we judge from the manner in which he expressed himself in his reply to the corporation address, that His Excellency was delighted with his reception. In the afternoon the vice-regal party were received by the Manitoba University, and presented with an address of welcome, to which His Excellency replied. In the evening the Governor-General was present at the "Drawing Room," given in the Government Building, at which a large number of citizens were presented to His Excellency.

Pet Stock Club.

The exhibit of the Pet Stock Club this year promises to be a very interesting one, and will no doubt be largely attended by visitors to the city during exhibition week. The list of prizes to be awarded successful competitors is a large and varied one, and must commend itself to intending exhibitors. The Pet Stock Club are deserving of a warm support at the hands of the public, for the good they have done the country in prominently bringing before the Dominion the excellence of Manitoba poultry.

The Exhibition.

The entries already made for the Provincial Exhibition to be held at St. Boniface, from September 28th to October 3rd, are largely in excess of the entries for any former year, especially in the live stock classes. Owing to the late date at which the exhibition was decided upon and the consequent delay in issuing and distributing the prize-lists, but little time has been afforded intending exhibitors to send in their entries by the day announced for the closing, namely, September 15th. Upon these circumstances the time for the reception of entries has been extended for another week. It is hoped that those who have not already made their entries will do so immediately so that they may be recorded in the secretary-treasurer's books, and proper arrangements made for the location of space.

THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.

CELEBRATION OF THE PATRONAL FEAST OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

ELOQUENT AND IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY REV. FATHER DRUMMOND.

MAGNIFICENT RENDERING OF FAUCONIER'S MASS BY THE CHOIR.

As was expected the attendance at St. Mary's Church last Sunday was an exceptionally large one, the occasion being the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, the patronal feast of the church, as well as the formal opening of the new sanctuary, which has just been added to the church. The sermon, as announced previously, was delivered by Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., and was a most brilliant deliverance, and fully in keeping with the scholarly reputation of the members of the Society of Jesus.

The musical portion of the service was of exceptional excellence, the choir displaying a degree of proficiency never before exhibited; the voices being nicely balanced, and the parts admirably vocalized. The soprano singing of Miss Barret was very sweet and effective, and the bass solos superb. Dr. MacLagan presided at the organ with his accustomed ability.

The Rev. Gentleman preached from the words,

"The Virgin's name was Mary,"

taken from the 27th verse of the 1st chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, and said:—"My dear brethren,—The feast of the Holy Name of Mary, which we celebrate to-day, and which is the patronal feast of this church, was extended by Pope Innocent the Eleventh to the universal Church in memory of the rescue of Vienna by the King of Poland on the 12th September, 1683. This great anniversary is kept, not on the date of its occurrence, but, for the convenience of the faithful, on the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity. The story of this siege is full of thrilling interest for those who understand what are the really decisive battles in the history of the world. This was the fiercest onslaught of the Ottoman power upon Christian Europe, but it was also to be the last. One hundred and twelve years before, the supremacy of Islam in the Mediterranean had been shattered, under the protection of our Lady, by the allied Catholic fleets in the Gulf of Lepanto. But the land armies of Turks and Tartars were still the terror of Eastern Europe, and now Vienna, the key to Germany and the highway to the heart of Christendom, is besieged by 200,000 men. After two months of siege operations these fierce soldiers of the Crescent seem to be about to seize upon their prey, and the destinies of the world were trembling in the balance. Meanwhile in Rome, in France, throughout the whole Christian world, prayers were going up to God for the saving of His people, and vows were being made to Mary ever Virgin to obtain her help. And lo! in the octave of the Nativity of Mary the whole beleaguered city sent up a shout of joy. Away on the eastern hill-top there appeared the bright banners, and there glistened in the sun the historic pikes of Poland. There was the soldier king, the true hero, John Zobieski, and as he rode in front of his splendid troops, he turned to them and said, "Christians, charge upon the army—fear nothing—you are under the protection of God, and you are fighting in the name of Mary." And so in that name they charged. That night the Turks had fled—so utterly routed that they left their very tents behind them, their wealth, their ammunition and their artillery. This was God's work, and it was done under the help of Mary and in her sweet name. Nor has that blessed name, my dear brethren, lost anything of its power. These two centuries since have only added to the records of her prowess, and now

THE VERY LAND OF THE PROPHET

is dotted here and there with shrines to her honour. It would be sweet to dwell upon this power of the name of Mary, it would be consoling and comforting to your Catholic hearts; but it seems to me better on this day to take a more practical view of this feast, and to examine with you what it is that Holy Church puts before us when it wants us to honour the name of Mary.

This intention of Holy Church we shall gather from the use of the word name in Scripture. As the names which God gave to His Divine Son, to His patriarchs and prophets, to His warriors of the Old Testament really meant what they signified and implied the virtues of those that bore them, so the word "name" in Holy Writ has a special significance. In fact it has many meanings. We read in the 24th chap. of Leviticus that a man was stoned to death because he had blasphemed "the name"—that is, the name of God—that is, God Himself. So also to praise, to honour, to invoke the name of God is to praise, to honour and to invoke Himself. Again we read in the 23rd chap. of Exodus that God said to His people, "Behold, I will send my angel . . . and my name is in him." Akin to this is that famous command of Peter to the lame man lying at the Beautiful Gate, "Silver and gold I have none, but what I have I give to thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth arise and walk." We see here that what was meant was the life-giving, energizing virtue of Christ, for at that name the poor man arose and leaped for joy. But perhaps what is the primary meaning of the word name in Scripture is best exemplified by those well-known cries of joy in the Psalms—"Oh Lord my

lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!" Name here means all the excellencies, all the majesty, all the loveableness, all the infinite perfections of the Godhead; and it is precisely this meaning, as applied to the Blessed Virgin, which the Church puts before us when it tells us to honour the name of Mary. To honour her name is to honour her virtues. And to cling still more closely to the purpose of this festival, we may say that in honouring her virtues we honour especially the way in which she did everything in the name of Jesus.

Let us consider this a moment, and to understand it better you may call to mind those well known words of St. Paul, "all things whatsoever ye shall do in word or in work, do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." This golden advice has been followed throughout all ages by all those who lead a godly life; but none—not even St. Paul himself—practised it as perfectly as Mary did. Not the slightest action however trivial, no word however short, no thought however fleeting, but was in her heroically and unreservedly offered up for the sake of her Divine Son, in the name of God. Brethren, there were great virtues in the Old Testament. We read of the hundreds of years of penitence of Adam and Eve—of the faith of Noah—of the obedience of Abraham—the meekness of Moses—the magnanimity of David—the patience of Job—the winning wisdom and fearlessness of Daniel; but greater and more wonderful are the virtues of the new dispensation. More virtues have been added than were dreamed of before the coming of Christ, and each generation increases this sum of heroic virtues. Think of the millions of martyrs to whose whiterobed army the late massacres of Annam have just added, five priests and 10,000 of the laity—count each of these pangs—

SUFFERED FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS,

since he died on the cross. Think again of all the long-drawn daily martyrdom of holy souls these 19 centuries through. Think of St. Simeon Stylites, crouching and fasting upon the top of his pillar for 40 years in wind and rain, and cold. Think of St. Francis of Sales who so conquered his fiery temper that those who little knew him thought he had no passion. Think of St. Peter of Alcantara, with his terrible scourgings, continual fast and sleepless vigils amidst the labors of the ministry. Think of St. Francis Xavier, who travelled in those arduous days on foot, and in the miserable craft of the East India seas, at least 50,000 miles, who baptized with his own hands several hundred thousand of pagans, and who in the midst of all this spent his nights in ecstatic prayer, and his days in the closest communion with God. Above all—for love is the perfection of the law—think of all the acts of love that have ever been made since the beginning of the world, that are being made now throughout the whole Catholic world, and that shall be made until the end of time. Here is a multitude of virtues that no man can number.

But Catholic theologians go a step further. This is not all; they tell us a bold thing and a true. They say that if you add to all these merits the merits of all the angelic hosts, so well nigh innumerable in their number, you will still fall short of the merits of Mary. This is true because it is fitting, and whatever is fitting in God's Providence is sure to be true, and indeed is it not fitting that his own mother whom he chose to create for himself, should be high above all creatures in the merit that is to win for her eternal glory?

This then is her place; but think what this means. Tradition tell us she lived 63 years. Divide these 63 years into the smallest instants of time, you will have a few millions. But consider that the angels alone are held to be more numerous than all the elect from the beginning to the end of the world; and it is no exaggeration to hope that one half of the Catholic world goes to heaven, and there have been 50 generations of Catholics since the coming of Christ, and we now number 200 millions. What then, brethren, are these few millions of moments of time in our Lady's life compared to the incalculable merits of all angels and men. Yet she outstrips them all. Therefore, we say, our Blessed Lady must have earned more merit in each instant of time she spent upon the earth, than a great saint could merit in a hundred years. Is this not

A STARTLING TRUTH?

To what is this merit due? Whence comes this transcendent glory? Ah! Brethren, this is just the point to which I mean to call your attention to-day. Mary's great merit was due, not to the exterior acts she did, but to the heart with which she did them—to the attention with which she ennobled every-day concerns, and made each one of her acts trifling as it might seem, a world of virtue. When she sewed or plied her distaff, her heart went out unto her God with a fulness of love that all angelic and human devotion can never equal. She had an intensity of intention that we cannot comprehend. Even in her silence, when, as St. Luke tells us, she kept all the words of Jesus, "pondering them in her heart," she was every moment

DOUBLING HER MERITS

by her perfect union with the whisperings of the Holy Ghost in her soul. Each act was short in itself, but vastly great because of God.

For we must not think that time and space are needed for merit. One heroic act is more valuable in the eyes of God than a long century of middling virtues. God can give to the soul an energy and a concentrated power that we may not even understand. But there is one thing that may help us to realize it. At the last day, when Christ shall come to judge the world, there will be in purgatory souls that have not yet paid their last debt, that have still many farthings—in the language of Scripture—to pay. Perhaps they ought to have ages of their

purgatorial flames, but in one moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the light shines from the east even unto the west, they shall have so bitter and so great a penance that all those stains shall be washed away for evermore—for God knows neither time nor space. Again, when we are met together at those great assemblies, where you and I and all of us shall surely meet again, then shall we see each one's sins and the sins of his lifetime and every shadow which follows those sins—all, again, in the twinkling of an eye—the sins not of one man only but of the millions upon millions that have ever lived, even should the world go on for thousands of thousands of years. Such is the power of God over the soul of man, and such is the capacity of man's soul when sustained by the power of God.

From all this we learn one great lesson. It is not what we do that counts before God: it is the heart, the intention with which we do it. Mary, the daughter of Ann and Joachim, was making no stir in the world. She was forgotten in an obscure town of an obscure province in the obscure country of Palestine. But she was none the less really and truly, as her name implies in Hebrew, the Peerless Lady of the World, the Mistress and Queen of all angels and men, not only because she was the Mother of God, but because she served God with such matchless purity of intention, and lived so completely in the name of Jesus.

Brethren, in the face of this example, what are we doing? What are our plans for material prosperity, what are our intellectual achievements, what are our acts of mere natural charity compared to one act done for the love of God? Man's perfection consists in a

CONTINUAL INWARD YEARNING

towards his last end, the blessed possession of God. It is the will that wins eternal glory—not intellect, not business capacity, not external success. This it is that differentiates the great multitude of spiritual Philistines in the world from the comparatively small chosen band of souls that follow in the footsteps of Christ. This it is that makes the true hero. Take two men both equally respectable and respected. They each give a dollar to a poor beggar at the same moment. One of them is a benevolent man who gives that money because it satisfies his benevolence but he has no thought of God. That man has received his reward—he will get nothing more in the life to come. The other man is naturally stingy and close-fisted; but in the name of Jesus he has conquered himself and he has given that alms. That gift has won for him an immense weight of glory—for ever and for ever he will thank God that he has had the grace thus to overcome himself, for it will be to him a source of unending joy, and this for one apparently trifling act.

And the reason of the difference is plain. Natural gifts are independent of our will, and it is

THE WILL ALONE

that merits. A genius cannot help being supremely gifted. A kind man has not himself to thank for his kindness. But the true adoror adores the Father "in spirit and in truth," and by the strong bent of his free, though heaven-helped, will, he refers his every act to God. Thus it happens that the unseen tendencies of the heart are of infinitely greater value than the proudest achievements of what the world calls heroes. Hence it is that a poor old woman, deaf, blind and crippled, may be every moment performing acts of virtue, acts of eternal glory, compared to which the discovery of a continent, the conquest of empires, the skillful governance of the whole world, and the most wonderful inventions of the human mind are as if they were not.

Yes, brethren, heroism the most true, glory the most lasting, happiness the most soul-satisfying is within the reach of the humblest and weakest amongst us. We all, at one time or another, have had hopes of worldly success that have vanished in thin air. But, granting that we had realized far more than we had hoped for, what is it all worth if the toil and the heart-burnings have been endured merely in the name of earthly comfort, in the name of fleeting wealth? What are we doing if our lives are not united to the Will of God, if we do not serve Him, if our deeds are not done in his name? "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Vain is the labor of him whose heart is not with God, idle is his busiest hour, miserable and wretched his so-called joys. But if his heart is with God, he is a true master of the world. The end, brethren, will prove it all. Then shall we see that the great world of men is split up into two parties, betwixt which rolls an infinite Atlantic. There are the men who live as if they were out of doors—out of themselves—they have a treasure within them which asks only to be brought out into the light of God's glory; but they turn away from it to feast upon the shallow praise of others or to bask in their ephemeral smiles. And there is the world of true men, where alone true heroes are to be found—they are the men who walk with the eye of the heavenly father upon them—they are the men who serve God for his sake—who try to offer up all their actions for his greater glory. Happily they may be cursed and reviled as hypocrites; but what care they? The Holy Spirit within them witnesses to them that they are daily and hourly nearing that real and everlasting day when it will be known that they were right and when the tribes of the earth shall mourn over their own irreparable error. This, then, is the lesson we should gather from the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. To honor the name of Mary is to honor her virtues. To honor them is to imitate them. To imitate them is to do all for the love of God. Let us pray to her this day during this Holy Mass, the merits and the value of which she understood better than any other human creature; let us pray to her

that we may learn, first, how that there is nothing in this world worth living for but the service of God—that to serve Him is to reign, and that the greatest secret of life is the directing of our intentions for the sake of God. It is the living for Him. The man who has never known that, has not yet begun to live. Secondly, we shall ask her again to obtain for us that we may not only have the intellectual conviction, but that we may carry it out into deed—that we may really begin to live for God. Then we shall break once for all with mortal sin for mortal sin kills merit. Again—we shall go further and break with venial sin for venial sin clips the wings of merit and hastens its death. Higher still. Nay; think not that I am putting before you too high a standard. You yourselves have seen or at least heard of saints living in the midst of the world. Why not be as they are? To walk in the presence of God, to be in the world and yet not worldly, to offer up your actions every day, your trials, your sufferings, your crosses—and who has not crosses?—in honor of the sacred heart of Jesus; to do all this without pomp or show—humbly and simply—to do this is to live an heroic life—to do this is to be great among the little, rich among the poor, happy among the sad. To do this is to honor the Holy Name of Jesus by imitating the virtues that make Mary's name the best reflection of her Son's incomparably brilliant sanctity.

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