



SAINTE ROSE DU LAC.

BY FATHER LACASSE.

Missionary Record, O. M. I.

Gentle reader, you may have seen London and Paris, but if you have not seen Sainte Rose du Lac, you have seen nothing.

This charming oasis lies on the banks of the Turtle river, (Makinak in the Indian tongue), one of the four rivers of the Earthly Paradise, if one believes tradition!

Sainte Rose du Lac is a parish whose members are Métais, French, French-Canadian, English and Irish.

Last year 355 persons went to their Easter duties.

You will have some idea of the rapid development of this parish if you know that in 1888 there was not more than one colonist in the parish.

During the cold season of 1889 and 1890, 17 Catholic families wintered here.

In 1891—1892 some twenty families came from France and elsewhere.

The Rev. Father Lecoq, the parish priest of this charming rose (with some thorns) is the soul of this colony. He is indeed the missionary of the prairie, the man of the vanguard. The waters of the marshes, the bulrushes of the prairies, the brushwood of the mounds, the trees of the forests do not make him lose one step. He knows all the paths that lead to the houses of his sheep and without noise he brings them quietly back to the fold. He has always some work in hand, as a blacksmith, a carpenter, or painter, if not as a pastor. He has just built with his own hands a Presbytery—with his own plane and jackknife, as he himself says. Having received only 75 dollars for his "dues" last year, he has not the means to keep a servant, and having no time to serve himself he serves others. When he comes to Winnipeg he has always a hundred commissions to attend to for his people. It saves them so much expense, he says.

It therefore, gentle reader, you should ever come to Sainte Rose beware of speaking evil against Father Lecoq, nay, do not even think evil of him, for his parishioners will certainly perceive it and you will have a bad time.

The building of a new church has been taken in hands and 30 carts are going to bring wood for its construction.

A misfortune has just happened which will delay the building: 25,000 feet of sawed planks have just been burnt! But Father Lecoq is not to be discouraged and he will buy some more which he says he will pay for when he can. [Our readers are aware that this church has since been finished and blessed. Ed. N. R.]

St. Rose possesses a Catholic school attended by some 70 children, who under the care of Mrs. and Miss Tucker have made astonishing progress.

Saint Rose is a good place for colonists. There is plenty of wood, water and stone for building purposes, and vast prairies covered with the finest grass of Manitoba. The fish in the Turtle river is sufficient to feed the whole town of Winnipeg. A great many are destroyed, I am sorry to say.

"Is there much fish in your river?" I asked some one.

"In the spring, when they come from the lake, I have taken some six to seven hundred, in two hours, time with a pitchfork." Another will tell you:—"I filled my cart and went home." Those who have barrels salt them; but they are generally smoked.

In autumn we have plenty of ducks and prairie-hens; and in winter rabbits are so plentiful that any one who wishes to have fresh meat will kill from 400 to 500. A boy of 15 told me that he killed 618 last winter.

But I can hear you say, my friendly reader:—"All this is very well, but it will not last for ever; tell us something of the quality of the soil, for we do not want to live upon rabbits."

How glad I am, my dear reader, that you ask me this question. Well then, the soil is good, for there are 1½ to 2 feet of vegetable soil that has been accumulating here since the time when Adam and Eve took their walks beside the Turtle river.

Before the soil was covered with this organic matter, it contained less clay than that on the banks of the Red River. This clay, mixed as it is with sand, is less sticky and is therefore better for the roads than that of Winnipeg. It is moreover very porous, and the water in spring on this account soon disappears. The level is low, but one everywhere finds dry ground to build upon. There are few free homesteads left. But the Canadian Pacific Company has plenty of landed property, which it sells at 3 dollars an acre, payable in ten years.

The land is generally covered with small willows and elder trees, easily removed, and grass is very abundant.

Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes etc., etc., thrive very well. But this is not the place for agriculture on a large scale. What pays here is the rearing of cattle. One has only to cut down hay for the winter: in summer the grazing costs nothing.

With a capital of 300 or 400 dollars, a man can get on very well here.

Z. LACASSE, O. M. I.

A WARNING TO FARMERS.

DOMINION OF CANADA.
Department of Agriculture.

Central Experimental Farm,
Ottawa, Nov. 17th., 1898.

TO THE FARMERS OF MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

The unfavourable weather which has prevailed in many parts of the Canadian North-

west during the harvest season has, no doubt, in many instances injured the germinating power of the grain, and rendered it unfit for seed. Under the circumstances, no farmer should undertake so costly an experiment as the sowing of any doubtful seed. In every case the proportion which will germinate should be ascertained, as this can be done without cost to the farmer.

Samples for test may be sent now, or at any time during the winter, in any number desired, addressed to the Director of the Experimental Farms, Ottawa. An ounce of the grain is sufficient, which can be enclosed in an envelope and sent free through the mail. The germinating power of the samples sent will be ascertained and a report of the test forwarded to the sender as promptly as possible.

WM. SAUNDERS,
Director.

MUSINGS.

Written for the Review.

Touchiness, in nations, is the badge of inferiority and a relic of oppression; in families, it betrays a strain of vulgarity; in individuals, it betokens either pride when it results in angry irrational behavior, or excessive timidity when it leads to a shrinking from duty. Women are less touchy than men; with the former, touchiness is a sudden blaze that dies out almost immediately; with the latter, it often smoulders for weeks or months before bursting into flame; in the one case it begets in the beholder pity, in the other case, a temptation to contempt.

Surely, when Demosthenes said the first, second and third requisites for an orator could be summed up in the one word "action," he must have meant the manner, not the matter, of a discourse. Nowadays we care more for what a man says than for his way of saying it. And so it happens as a general rule that the best speakers are those who prepare the matter of their speeches with the greatest care. When you hear a man say, "I trust to the inspiration of the moment and never think of what I am to say," you may be sure that he will be an unmitigated bore. He has not what is the very first desideratum in a speaker—respect for his audience. He is not in touch with them. He cannot throw himself into the minds of his hearers as the real orator must do. The latter cannot but prepare with all his soul. He may not write, but he thinks it all out from the listener's view-point, and turns it over and over, looks at it in every way, knows where to stop, has a mortal dread of wearying his audience and therefore delights them.

O the blessed Manitoba winter! From the second or third of this month till the 20th we had a

succession of light frosts, cloudy skies and mid-day thaws, which covered the rivers with a thin, unsafe film of ice and coated the streets with mud. On the 20th came the bright, bracing, buoyant cold with the dazzling sunshine, the mock-suns in the morning, the beautiful, moon-lit, aurora-crowned nights. We look forward to four months of dry air and crisp footing, with no mosquitoes, no dreary rain, no sticky mud, no cough-breeding changes from hot to chilly air, no nerve-jarring thunderstorms, no constant perspiration, no stifling heat. Stand at the eastern end of Norwood bridge and look toward Winnipeg at half past four in the afternoon. Not a breath of wind or a cloud in the sky. It is ten below zero, but you are warmly clad and feel naught but the electric freshness of the pure atmosphere. The smoke that rises from a score of tall chimneys mounts heavenward like a pillar of wreathing wool; the level rays of the setting sun paint all those twisting, swirling columns a beautiful violet, so that they seem tinged with the "royal dye of empire and martyrdom." Presently, when the golden disc—for in winter the sun here is seldom aught but golden, hardly ever red—has disappeared the mounting pillars turn from purple to mauve and lavender and then to pearl grey. Wait a little longer and each are-light in the streets of the Prairie Capital will send up, almost to the zenith, a straight slender shaft of steely brightness like the spears of the sentinels of a mighty host keeping watch and ward with the sparkling, silent stars.

TRUCKLING TO THE ORANGEMEN.

The Irish Lord Lieutenant in his speech to the Orangemen gave an object lesson in the extraordinary methods adopted by the Government in Ireland. He admitted that the claim of the majority of the people of Ireland for a Catholic University is just and ought therefore to be satisfied, but in effect he assured his hearers that the Government had no intention of acting on their own convictions or meeting the wishes of the majority until the small minority gave its fiat. In other words, as the Bishop of Limerick observes, a handful of Orangemen, who happen to be Unionists, are of so much importance that not only their rights must be respected, but their blind and ignorant passions encouraged and pampered; while, on the other hand, the four millions of Catholics can be told with impunity to lie down under wrong and injustice and to remain there until the Orangemen of Ulster give the Unionist Government leave to emancipate them. It is well that we have such an acknowledgment from such an unimpeachable authority. It is an avowal of a policy which has been pursued not for one year but for many, many years and which has naturally kept Ireland in seething discontent.—L'pool Cath. Times.

Rev. Father Jubinville was in town last week.

JESUITS AND PROTESTANTS IN MADAGASCAR.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

We commented last week on the statement of the Rev. Mr. Jukes that "the Jesuit Bishops" had taken possession of one of his churches, having driven out the congregation. In our remarks we said it was not at all probable that the French authorities, who are by no means favourable to the religious Orders in France, would allow the Jesuits to go beyond the law in Madagascar. We now find in the "Kölnische Volkszeitung" a letter from Mgr. Cazet, S. J., Vicar-Apostolic of Central Madagascar, which explains what actually took place. According to this communication, which was written at Tananarivo, on May 5, there were two Protestant churches at Ambohimambola, some distance from one another. When the French had been a little while in possession of the island a goodly number of the Protestants in the district became Catholics. Their Protestantism had evidently been only skin-deep. Then Mgr. Cazet visited the place and found that the converts claimed one of the churches. Their money had gone to build it, and now when they far outnumbered the Protestants it was only fair that it should be handed up to them. Mgr. Cazet entered the building and found in it 238 Catholics and from twenty to twenty-five Protestants. He laid the argument of the converts before the Protestants who left the church, demurring to it but without tumult. Next day the military authorities of the district published a decree to the effect that one of the churches was to be held by the Catholics and the other by the Protestants. This is the story. If the church was built by the people's money, surely it is right that it should be used according to the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants.

BISHOP DISAGREE.

Catholic Record.

On the very same day on which the Archbishop of Canterbury issued his pastoral charge to the clergy, wherein he declares that not only is voluntary confession permitted in the Church of England, but that the clergyman would neglect his duty if he refused to hear the confession of a parishioner who asked this, the Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Ryle, said in an address delivered at North Meols, Lancashire, that confession is "an abominable thing, and any minister who gives absolution in confession insults our Lord." There is evidently something very vague about the actual teaching of the Church of England on this subject, when two such great lights of the Church utter sentiments so irreconcilable. It is certain, however, that Bishop Ryle goes counter to the commandment of the Book of Common prayer, which directs the priest who visits the sick to give absolution to the penitent who "humbly and heartily desires it," when he has made a "special confession of his sins."

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1898.

NOTICE.

We have sent out circulars and bills to our subscribers requesting prompt payment of dues. If any who have already paid should receive a bill for arrears, we beg of them to attribute the mistake to some accident resulting from the recent change in our business management. In such cases the best defence is satisfactory proof of payment in the form of a receipt.

Those of our subscribers who have paid up will kindly excuse a momentary delay in the receipt of their premiums. There has been such a rush for these premiums that our stock was exhausted for a moment. It has since been replenished and the premiums will be forwarded as soon as possible.

CURRENT COMMENT

When our young province boasts of having as good writers and speakers as are to be found anywhere in Canada, our eastern friends are apt to call this "western brag." But, to take a recent instance, we challenge any other paper in Canada to produce an article equal, in its own special line of delicate animadversion, to the editorial headed "La Vice-Royauté au Canada" in the last number of "Le Manitoba."

It is not generally known that the Galicians now settled in the Lake Dauphin district are all, with the exception of one schismatic family, Roman Catholics. Three hundred families of the Ruthenian rite, living there, acknowledge the Pope as their spiritual head. Rev. Father Page O.M.I., has learnt their language and has already visited them several times. Rev. Father Kulavy, O. M. I., who has been familiar with their language from his childhood, has also visited them. They have received the ministrations of a young Galician priest, a Uniate Catholic of their Ruthenian rite, sent to this country by the late Cardi-

nal Sembratowicz, Archbishop of Lemberg (Greek-Ruthenian rite). This priest was lately obliged, through ill health, to return to his own country; but His Grace of St. Boniface hopes to obtain other priests of the same rite.

We mention these facts to show how unjust and useless it would be for Protestants to attempt any proselytism among them. The schools that are being organized among them should, in all fairness and according to the very terms of the so-called "settlement", be taught by Roman Catholic teachers.

In the pictures representing the landing of General Kitchen at Dover he appears in plain clothes as a civilian without any insignia of rank or victory. Is there any other nation on the globe which makes this hatred of fuss and show and frills a point of honor? Here is a man that has crushed for evermore the once redoubtable Moslem fanatic in a campaign and a final battle which are marvels of foresight, and we like him all the more because he seems to wish to attract as little attention as possible.

An esteemed correspondent, while informing us that some fossilized Orange bigots at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., celebrated the fifth of November by an oyster supper and speeches about the Gunpowder Plot, asks where Father Gerard's lecture on this subject is to be found. If our correspondent keeps the back numbers of the NORTH WEST REVIEW, he will find that crushing exposure of Cecil's concocted plot against Catholics in the issue of December 25, 1895. It is taken from a report of the lecture first printed in the "South Wales Argus" of November 7 of the same year and republished soon afterwards in "The Tablet" of London.

Father Gerard's clearly proved conclusion is that "the Gunpowder Plot was the biggest swindle ever floated."

Almost thirty years ago the British Government began to suspect as much and gave directions, as our correspondent notes, on January 17, 1859, for the discontinuance of the thanksgiving service for the supposed delivery from the Cecil-hatched conspiracy.

We print elsewhere an article of richly deserved rebuke by the Morning Telegram, and we do so in order to emphasize our utter abhorrence of the seditious spirit thus kept alive by "L'Echo de Manitoba." Whether the government does or does not subsidize this wretched rag we do not pretend to decide; our only concern just now is to protest against the glorification of rebellion and to affirm our unswerving loyalty.

"The Zambesi Mission Record" is a quarterly review of missionary labors in that part of South Africa which is evangelized by the Society of Jesus. The November number, which has just come to hand, gives very interesting accounts of the mission schools and churches in Cape Colony, Rhodesia and Kafarria. There are seven excellent illustrations, one of which, representing a stately school at Bulawayo, startles us when we read that so fine a building is situate on Lo Bengula street on the very spot where, but a few short years since, that redoubtable chieftain

used to lord it over his warlike people. Father Nicot's letter relating the edifying death on the scaffold of the condemned Matabele murderers is a striking proof of God's mercy to the misguided savage. Entomologists will gloat over "Some Interesting Beetles" found in South Africa and photographed by Father Marconnès. The subscription for one year is only half a crown (sixty cents) and should be forwarded to the Rev. A. M. Daignault, 114 Mount Street, London, W. (England). Father Daignault is a Canadian, who, after serving as a Pontifical Zouave, became a Jesuit in Rome, labored for some time in Canada, then went to England and thence to the Zambesi, where he became Superior General of the missions there and Prefect Apostolic.

Families who value the Catholic training of their household should subscribe to a periodical like this which kindles the apostolic spirit of zeal for the salvation of souls. Catholics are too often lamentably ignorant of the triumphs of Catholic missionaries in far-off lands. We once heard of a well educated Catholic lady who, having been brought up among Protestants, was astonished to hear that there were Catholic missionaries in remote parts of the world. Our separated brethren are kept much better informed as to the doings of their missionaries, and yet the spiritual results of Protestant missionary effort are as nothing compared with the lasting fruits of Catholic missions.

Nicola Tesla can give points to any native American in the art of skilful self advertising. Ever and anon he startles the world by announcing some portentous electrical discovery. The latest is to make all armored ships helpless before his currents of high potency flung into space without wires as far as the eye can reach. This sort of prophesying has been going on for so many years that one wonders why it never materializes into anything practical, and why the public does not catch on to the absence of confirmatory facts. Nicola evidently knows his public.

Mr. Frank A Munsey sends us a highly original and instructive address which he, the owner of the most widely circulated magazine in America, delivered before the Sphinx Club at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on Oct. 12th last. The subject is "Advertising in some of its phases," and the principles enunciated are those which our own Mr. Kennedy, erstwhile so conspicuous as advertiser for the Hudson's Bay stores in Winnipeg and now so attractive in his Fit-reform and Respira Shoe advertisements, is putting in practice in a way which Mr. Munsey himself could probably not equal. The best advertisement is that which is strictly true, straightforward and at the same time striking and easy to read. A pretty half tone, which has no bearing on the goods advertised, is, however charming in itself, a mistake. "Half tone work is colorless, weak, insipid. The wood cut well done pre-eminently the thing for the advertiser." Though Mr. Munsey does not say so, the outline pictures for Ivory Soap have, in this respect, never been equalled,

while the Pearline catchword pictures are as ridiculous as they are ugly.

Mr. Munsey's address is itself a clever advertisement of his own magazine, and in stating this fact we purposely refrain from endorsing his advertisement. We refer to it merely as ingenious. His experience with other magazines is interesting. He bought up Peterson's Magazine, which had an advertising rate of \$60 a page because its circulation was said to be 100,000. He found that only 40,000 copies were ever printed. Of these, 15,000 went to direct subscribers. The balance, 25,000, was turned over to the newdealers, and about 50 per cent. of this found its way back to the publishers. Thus the total net circulation—the only circulation of any value to the advertiser—was about 27,000, a little more than a quarter of the alleged circulation. Mr. Munsey was offered another publication which was credited with a circulation of 40,000, but he did not purchase it because he found the net circulation was at most 5,000, one eighth of the false basis on which the publishers got their advertising. Pretty tall robbery this.

Professor Warman, whose entertainments Winnipeggers enjoyed so much, has issued a new prospectus with a portrait of himself which is also new and very lifelike. In the press clippings on the fourth page an extract from our column appears as the tit-bit to "tap off wi," a compliment which we greatly value; only our geographical designation as "Northwestern" credits us with a final syllable that we did not earn. Prof Warman is one of the rare elocutionists who know how to hide their art under the mantle of nature. The reason why there are so few is that the first requisite of good speaking is that unlearnable and most rare gift, good taste, a delicately poised mind. This Mr. Warman has. He never sacrifices naturalness to system as most elocutionists unwittingly do.

VERIFY YOUR ALLUSIONS.

The Winnipeg Tribune of the 22nd inst. began a long article on the probable future of Spain with the following remarks:—

"Some time ago The Tribune suggested to the city ministers that each one should publish his reasons for following the faith which he professed. The suggestion met with a hearty reception; and a number of clergymen wrote embodying in their contributions the motives which led each writer to embrace the section of Christianity in which he was a minister. Among those who came forward before the public on that occasion there was one who pointed proudly to the position occupied in the world by Spain, and he averred that that preeminence was, in a great measure, due to the teachings of the church whose doctrines he inculcated."

It will hardly be believed, but there is not the slightest foundation for this breezy preface. It is a case of preconceived notions befuddling the memory. Probably there was no intention to misrepresent; the atmosphere of Protestant misconception furnished the imaginary facts.

The real facts are these. In January 1894, at the request of the editor of the Tribune, among other contributions from Pro-

testant clergymen, Rev. Father Drummond wrote a personal statement of his belief under the heading, "Why I am a Catholic." Evidently this is the contribution to which the Tribune writer now alludes: for no one else but a Catholic [he would have to have lived at least three hundred years ago but let that pass now] could aver that the "pre-eminence of Spain was due to the teachings of the Church whose doctrines he inculcated." Besides, no other Catholic clergyman has ever contributed any such paper to the Tribune. Now it is easy to verify this allusion. That contribution of Father Drummond's is now for sale, for five cents, at 364 Main St., with a new heading, "A Catholic Point of View." We have searched in vain through the ten short pages of this little pamphlet for any such passage as is now alluded to by the Tribune writer. Absolutely all that we find therein about Spain is contained in the following sentence:

"The nations that are most remarkable for thrift, natural cleverness, and love of the fine arts, the nations that are the sprightliest and the most lovable in character and the most susceptible to ridicule—for instance, France, Italy, Spain, Ireland, Bavaria, Belgium and Austria-Hungary—glory in being largely Catholic."

Can the writer of this sentence be truly said to be "one who pointed proudly to the position occupied in the world by Spain" and to its "pre-eminence" as "due to the teachings of the Church"? Assuredly not. All that this passage avers is that each of the seven nations mentioned is remarkable for at least one of six qualities, viz.: thrift, cleverness, love of art, sprightliness, loveliness and a keen sense of ridicule. There is nothing to show that "thrift" applies to Spain; if it can be predicated, as every one admits it can, of France and Belgium, the entire sentence is quite in accordance with fact. And, as to cleverness, love of the fine arts and susceptibility to ridicule, no one who has read Don Quixote and knows anything of the art treasures of Burgos and Granada can refuse these qualities to Spain.

But we maintain that no Catholic clergyman anywhere in this nineteenth century and no clergyman of any denomination in Winnipeg has ever been such an ass as to talk of the worldly pre-eminence of Spain at the present day. In the days of Christopher Columbus such an argument might have been plausible, for Spain was then both the most Catholic and the mightiest nation in Europe. But, after a century or two its power began to wane in exact proportion to its gradual abandonment of Catholic principles of government. The mass of the Spanish people are still profoundly Catholic and therefore, all lies to the contrary notwithstanding, pure with a purity unknown to non-Catholic nations; but, for the last sixty years and more, the government of Spain has been either a mere puppet in the hands of irreligious and dishonest rulers or terrorized by atheistic and revolutionary Freemasons. If Spain had been governed by practical Catholics it would not have been humiliated as it is now.

SPIRITUAL NOVELS.

The field of fiction is as limitless as the world of men. Hence the folly of condemning all fiction. What are the parables of Our Lord but fiction pointing a moral? What is the Canticle of Canticles (Song of Songs) but a factless allegory hymning the love of God? Underlying all these inspired creations of fancy is some great soul-saving truth. Why not apply this principle to the novel of the present day?

Some such idea must have been latent in the mind of Mr. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., when he published, a year ago, "In His Steps," a development of the idea broached in "His Brother's Keeper." The former consists in weaving into a connected story the adventures of a chosen band of men and women who determined to ask themselves, before every action of the day, "What would Jesus do if He were in my place now?" and who had the courage to follow Christ's example to the best of their lights.

Much has been written about a book which took the Christian Endeavorers by storm and which has lately formed the theme of special debate in Protestant religious circles in Winnipeg. We mean to call attention to its Catholic tone. In the first place, there is a marked absence of the slightest tendency to sneer at things Catholic. Once only in each of the two books named above is anything professedly Catholic mentioned. In "In His Steps," Rev. Dr. Calvin Bruce writes: "Henry Maxwell tells me that, so far, no one has interpreted the spirit of Jesus in such a way as to abandon his earthly possessions, give away his wealth, or in any literal way imitate the Christians of the order, for example, of St. Francis of Assisi." In "His Brother's Keeper" Eric, a workingmen's champion, says: "If I was a Catholic, I'd be willing to sit on the hottest fire of purgatory to say what I think of an 'aristocratic church'."

In the second place, these books are full of Catholic ideas that would have shocked the early Reformers. Faith without works, and painful works at that, is held up to continual and scathing obloquy.

Converted men and women grow angry at their past lives of ease and luxury, although their faith does not seem to have changed except in vividness. One of them, perhaps the finest character of all, a Protestant bishop, and, by the way, an unmarried man, exclaims: "What have I suffered for Jesus's sake? Do you know, I have been tempted of late to lash myself with a scourge." An all the more valuable defence of Catholic ascetical rigor because it simply means to portray the first tendency of a heart riven with supernatural sorrow.

The same Bishop, we read, "said many times afterwards that the moment his decision was reached to live the life of personal sacrifice he had chosen, he suddenly felt an uplifting as if a great burden was taken from him. He was exultant." Again, we are told that "the Christianity of out times must represent a more literal imitation of Jesus and especially in the element of suffering, a suffering that does not eliminate, but does appear to intensify

a positive and practical joy."

Is not this the experience of all truly converted souls who have entered upon a course of entire self-renunciation for the sake of Christ? Such sentiments remind us of the conversion of St. Augustine, St. Ignatius Loyola or St. John Colombino. They are the common heritage of multitudes of fervent souls in the Catholic Church, who will rejoice to see the knowledge of the Holy Ghost's ways spreading among the great world of ordinary non-Catholic readers.

In "His Brother's Keeper," which, though written before "In His Steps," was only lately reprinted and sent to us by the Poole Printing Company of Toronto, the inner history of Stuart Duncan's conversion (pages 76 and 77) is a true and faithful picture of the workings of Divine grace.

The secret of the very large sale of these books is not in the manner of the writing. Mr. Sheldon is evidently not a carefully trained writer. He continually makes educated people say, "I don't know as I would do so." He invariably prefers the weak past tense "kneeled" to the strong, Saxon "knelt." But these rather annoying blemishes vanish in the grand reality of his love for our Lord, of his genuine scorn for the frivolities of what is pleased to call itself "the best society." One feels that here is a man who has a message to deliver and a message of awful, inevitable import. And, what is very rare in such burning zeal outside the true fold, he does not exaggerate the evils that result from the conflict between capital and labor, he does not lean at all in the direction of socialism; he sees, as Leo XIII. does, that schemes of social equality are vagaries, that the only remedy is in individual recognition that the Christian capitalist is but the steward of God.

These books cost only 25 cents each and may be had of any bookseller in Winnipeg, or direct from the Poole Printing Company, 28 and 30 Melinda Street, Toronto.

A REBEL RAG.

Morning Telegram.

One of Mr. Sifton's most valiant champions is Mr. A. F. Martin. Mr. A. F. Martin has a newspaper organ, L'Echo de Manitoba. This newspaper is liberally subsidized by both the Federal and Provincial Governments. It is only a few weeks ago that it published a special edition which was the means of extracting considerable sums from the public exchequer. This did not, however, exhaust the enterprise of L'Echo de Manitoba. This paper of Mr. Martin's, which is kept alive by the government pap given it by the Governments of Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Greenway still further spread itself in celebration of the 16th November, the anniversary of Louis Riel's death. It published a supplement consisting of a portrait of 'Louis David Riel', and a "poem" by that distinguished gentleman. The sentiments which it seeks to inculcate by means of this poem are worthy of attention. The poem is entitled "Les premiers Temps"; and the last two stanzas will serve as a specimen of it, both from a literary and a political point of view:

"Lorsque la Compagnie
Voulut vendre nos droits,
Toute la colonie
Tomba sur les bourgeois.
Sir John, en petit maitre,
Nous a livre combat;
Il a fallu lui mettre
La bride avec le bat.
"Le Haut-Canada grince
Des dents en furibond.
Il mange sa rince;
Il a mange du plomb.
Il cherche le devoire,
Il court apres son sort.
Vive le Provisionaire
Des Bois-Brules du Nord!"

This doggerel, it will be observed, proceeds to tell that, when the Hudson's Bay Company wished to sell the rights of the Metis, all the French colony fell upon the traders; and that, when Sir John Macdonald, like a fop, offered battle to the Metis, the Metis found it necessary to put bit and pack-saddle upon him. It continues after this style: "Upper

Canada gnashes its teeth in fury. It has got its linking; it has had to eat lead. It is looking for trouble; it rushes upon its fate. Long live the Provisional Government of the Bois-Brules of the North!" Besides being a glorification of rebellion, this effusion is particularly insulting to English speaking Canada. The French version conveys insult which cannot be well rendered in English. And it is towards sustaining a journal which thus glorifies rebellion and insults English speaking Canadians that Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Greenway are devoting the public funds. They are doing so, well aware of its character. This is by no means its first offence. In its St. Jean Baptiste number this summer, it published as a special attraction a double page illustration consisting of portraits of Riel and Papineau; which it headed in large type "Two Great Patriots of the Century" It also published an "ode" addressed by Riel to the Metis in August, 1883, in which, amongst other things, the inhabitants of this country other than the Metis are referred to as "our assassins." In this "ode" it is also declared that "the Church is Queen at the head of everything", and the halfbreeds are reproached as being given too much to compromise. It may be remarked that the channel through which L'Echo de Manitoba gets most of its federal pap is Mr. Sifton's department. What do the McCarthyttes, whom Mr. Sifton presumed to represent, think of Mr. Sifton's action in thus keeping alive such a paper? An what do the McCarthyttes who supported Mr. Greenway on the School Question think of Mr. Greenway for sustaining such a rag out of the Provincial Treasury?

TOLD BY THE EDITOR

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes that Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefit it May Prove to Others,

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction.

The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the counties of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was

born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Ephrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the county of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable a first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all

these weary months, he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he has not taken any medicine whatever, and today you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. "What do I think of Pink Pills?" he queried with a smile; "why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day."

The experience of years has proven that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say it is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.



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I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken out two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

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

Advertisement for Ripans Tablets. Text: 'ONE GIVES RELIEF. R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.' Includes a circular logo with 'RIPANS TABLETS' and 'TRADE MARK'.

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

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

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

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Father Gaire came down from La Grande Clairiere last Wednesday.

The Southeastern Railway began running regular trains yesterday. The people of St. Ann's mark this as a red-letter day.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, who was expected here about the middle of December, has postponed his visit to some later date.

Answer to the Rev. J. McD.—Father Gerard's book is soon to have a second and improved edition. Many thanks for praise of our numbers 16 and 17.

The Very Rev. Mother Olivier and Rev. Mother Martin of the Ascension left last week for Oregon and the Pacific coast where they will visit the houses of the Order of Jesus and Mary.

In a few days Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., will give a lecture on "How to become an Indian Chief" in the hall of the Cercle Ville-Marie in Montreal.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin returned from Rat Portage last Wednesday evening and left the next morning for St. Laurent, Man., where he will spend eight or ten days making his annual retreat.

The popular mayor of Winnipeg, Mr. Andrews, has received requisitions from over two thousand ratepayers asking him to accept the nomination again.

The Yukon map the receipt of which we acknowledged last week and mentioned as coming direct from the Minister of the Interior was, we since found, a gift from Mr. Alexandre LaRivière, to whom we now offer our best thanks.

Rev. Father Leuret, O. M. I., arrived from Macleod at the Archbishop's house last Sunday morning. We regret to learn that the zealous missionary, so well known in Winnipeg, is condemned to absolute rest.

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post send us a puff of the late Harold Frederic's post-humous novel, "The Market Place," which the S.E.P. assures us, "is destined to be the book of the year."

In the absence of Mr. I. Pitblado, his partner, Mr. Joseph Bernier, is presiding over the primary law examinations. This responsible post reflects great credit on so young a lawyer and confirms the hopes entertained of him when he graduated at the head of his class a little more than five years ago.

The heading of the Telegram's fine article on St. John College is misleading. The title of "Pioneer Educational Institution of the West" really belongs to St. Boniface College which antedates St. John's by several years.

is confined to the heading; the body of the article merely says that St. John's is the oldest English college in the west.

In his address to the English pilgrims, Oct. 14th, the Pope referred to his visit to London fifty years ago and his meeting with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, and others.

The notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, Slattery, has, it appears, returned to England. He is advertised to lecture at Bristol on Monday next. We hope Catholics will make his history known to the Protestants of that city.

MCDONALD—DAVIES.

On Wednesday morning a simple yet impressive ceremony took place at St. Mary's, when Mr. Hugh McDonald, son of Mr. J. McDonald of West Selkirk, and Miss Bessie Davies, daughter of the late John C. Davies, formerly of Tillington, Hereford, England, were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony.

ST. PIE—LETÉLLIER.

At last our threshing machines are put into winter quarters. All the threshing at St. Pie is done, and almost all at Letellier. Some of our farmers were getting very anxious about their grain, but three nearly fine weeks settled the matter for everybody.

light fantastic toe" in the evening. We wish the happy pair every joy and blessing. Since Sunday the weather is bitterly cold, there is a little snow on the ground, but not enough to interfere with the summer roads, which are now splendid.

A REMINISCENCE OF COLONEL JOHNSTON.

The recent death of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the well known Catholic literary man, induces a writer in the Atlanta Constitution to recall the following incident, which shows the good feeling that existed between Colonel Johnston and his non-Catholic friend, Mark Twain, the celebrated humorist:

"At one time Johnston had been prevailed on to give a reading in Baltimore, and Thomas Nelson Page had volunteered to assist him. But a death in Mr. Page's family prevented him from appearing in the entertainment. Mark Twain heard of it. The people of Baltimore had long wished to have Twain appear there, but he had steadfastly refused to resume his lectures. But he went on that occasion, for he appreciated the genius of Richard Malcolm Johnston, and, desiring to honor him, he left New York at a great personal sacrifice, and appeared with him on the occasion. There was never such a crowded house in a Baltimore theatre. When the entertainment was over Colonel Johnston, with his accustomed fairness and courtesy, tendered Twain the bulk of the receipts. 'No,' said Mark, 'not one cent. It is such a great honor to know you that I am the one who owes you a debt of gratitude.'



What a man attains to seems for a little time to be the highest rung in the ladder, and during that brief period he may be content, but when he discovers that there are other rungs, still higher up, ambition gives birth to discontent, and he begins once more to climb. To climb is really man's chief end. It isn't in attainment, but in work, that man finds his real happiness, consequently it is not strange that we find men working until they break down when there is no real necessity for it.

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