



Hon. Senator Bernier's Speech.

IN THE SENATE, FEB. 7, 1900.

LOYALTY—UITLANDERS V. MANITOBA CATHOLICS—STRATHCONA'S SOLDIERS—IMPERIALISM.

Hon. Mr. Bernier—The circumstances under which we have this year assembled are such as to fill the heart of every British subject with anxiety and his mind with a feeling of responsibility that can hardly be expressed. It is only two years since we were in this House rejoicing at the number of years that Providence has been so good as to give to Her Majesty and at the prosperity and peace that had adorned the long reign of our Gracious Sovereign. Today, however, instead of that peace, England and her colonies are entangled in a war, the first result of which has been full of surprise and sorrow. It is some consolation, however, to be able to refer with pride to the gallantry of our troops. Errors may have been committed. As to that, however, we should be very reticent, because we are not in a position to pass any judgment. What we see clearly is the bravery and gallantry of every man bearing the uniform of Her Majesty's soldiers. In his remarks on this subject, the mover of the Address has referred to the loyalty of that group of the nation to which we both belong. No doubt he had in his mind some outside utterances which have been, to say the least, very ungenerous. I must join with the hon. gentleman to vindicate the loyalty of the French Canadians. Indeed, to say the least, it is very annoying to have, after a century and a half of conspicuous loyalty and of good services to the Crown, to undertake a demonstration of our loyalty. Why, hon. gentlemen, few years had hardly elapsed after the surrender of Canada to England when we showed our loyalty. At the time of the American rebellion, who were the disloyal people, French Canada or the English colonies south of us? Then there was a whole generation still living which had seen the French flag floating over the Quebec citadel. Many hearts were still bleeding at the remembrance of the disaster which had brought the change. At that time also appeals were made to them. Those appeals sounded like the trumpet of liberty, and liberty from men having the same blood running in their veins. For it is well known that Lafayette and Rochambeau themselves sent invitations to the French Canadians to join the battle of the 13 colonies. Nevertheless on that occasion, as on subsequent occasions, our people remained loyal to the British flag—our militia went to the front and secured thereby Canada to England. For it cannot be denied that if French Canadians had cast their lot with the Americans, Canada was lost to England. England could not have then saved Canada any more than she has saved the other 13 colonies. And since then

nothing has taken place to impair the situation in that respect. To-day, if a plebiscite was to be held to ascertain whether any desire to return to French allegiance exists amongst us, so general would be the negative answer that we may say that the whole population would vote for the statu quo.

There are reasons for that which I need not refer to at present. I may mention, however, the fact that notwithstanding any friction that may from time to time arise here and there, we have been enjoying for a long time such an amount of liberty under the British flag that there is everywhere a general satisfaction as to the lot that good Providence has bestowed upon us. We are enjoying to a full extent the advantages of a self-governing people, and we hope that nothing in the future will happen to alter that position.

I have just made an allusion to some friction which arises sometimes amongst ourselves. Everybody must have understood that I was referring to the position in which the minority of Manitoba has been placed.

The hon. Minister of Justice, in giving some of the reasons which seem to him to be a justification of the present war, has pointed out the fact that the Uitlanders were denied the privilege of teaching their own language in the schools; yet these Outlanders had no positive right to that privilege under the Transvaal constitution. They could only claim that privilege by virtue of the polity of nations.

But nearer home there is a small group of population the ancestors of which have been the pioneers of the country. There is a minority which has positive rights under the constitution of their country, yet the privilege which is claimed for the Outlanders, and which is held so important as to be made a reason for going to war, that same privilege is denied to the minority in Manitoba. Does it not strike everybody that, if we are going to redress the grievances that our fellow subjects may have in the various parts of the world, we should begin at home? This brings me to the school question. The government has refrained systematically from making any reference to these matters in the Speech from the Throne for the last two or three years. It is sought to submerge that question in the ocean of oblivion, in dungeons of death. But, let nobody be deceived. That question is not settled nor dead. The minority will make it an issue at every favourable occasion, and until it is fairly settled, the people of Canada will hear of it. Although the circumstances seem at present to be unfavorable to the claims of the minority, there is sufficient vitality left in that minority to have its privileges upheld wherever and whenever required. It is well to explain what is the present situation. I maintain that parliament has still jurisdiction in this matter, and has the duty of interfering, unless the province itself goes to work and does what is right. The jurisdiction of parliament remains until the province has complied with the remedial order of 1895. On the other hand, as parliament has not yet taken action, the province can also of its own motion take action in the matter. As the

matter stands, its jurisdiction still lies, by the fact that parliament has not taken action. There has been of late quite an exhibition of loyalty. I am sorry to say that in so far as this question is concerned we find our province and the Dominion in a condition which savours a good deal of disloyalty. What is the refusal of Canada to obey the command of Her Majesty and the decisions of her tribunals, if not disloyalty in disguise? Surely the time must be near when all this should be righted, and then contentment to its full extent will reign again over all the Dominion, bringing with it new expression of devotion to our political institutions, to the British rule, and to the empire.

The Speech from the Throne makes reference, and very properly so, to the action of Lord Strathcona coming forward and undertaking to send at his own expense, a large contingent of troops to the Transvaal. Everybody will join with the government in this expression of satisfaction. But it is matter of regret that no reference had been made to our soldiers. Surely the generosity of Lord Strathcona is commendable. But the man who leaves his country, goes valiantly to the front, and offers his life for the sake of his country is worthy of recognition from his government and from the nation.

We have here in this Senate fellow members whose hearts are beating with pride and with fear on account of the dangers that are now in store for their sons on that distant battlefield. Let us express to them our sympathies. Let us say to them: 'May God spare the lives of your beloved sons and thereby spare to yourselves all the anxieties consequent on such sacrifice.'

I desire to give some consideration to a remark which has fallen from the hon. Minister of Justice, and which must have been of great interest to every member of this House. The hon. Minister of Justice said, in speaking of the imperialist movement, that it must be evident to everybody that the elaboration of a new constitution—he called it an imperial constitution—was going on. Truly we are in the presence of much that is unusual. There is much which seems to be agreeable to many; there is much which gives alarm to others. An imperial constitution, what is that? Nobody as yet has perhaps a clear idea of this new born project. It may be that improvements may be made in our relations with the mother country, and if any real improvements are adopted, nobody will be more satisfied than I. But, hon. gentlemen, we must remember that the time is not distant when we were engaged in a very hard struggle to get self-government. Now we have it. Shall we be persuaded that self-government is no more the political ideal that we thought it to be? If we cast our eyes elsewhere, if we study the history of other nations having colonies, or having had colonies, what do we find? No one has been so successful in the administration of colonies as Great Britain. Most governments have either failed to give satisfaction to their colonial settlers, to get from them what they expected, or have lost their colonies, while England has seen her colonies growing year-

ly in population, in prosperity, in devotion to the empire. Why is that? Because England has been wise enough to concede to her colonies self-government, and because the colonies have found full liberty under their own political institutions. Canada has been a wonder to all foreigners and to all students of national or social evolutions. The colonial system of England is a wonder to everybody and a pride both for the mother country and for the colonies themselves. Let us indeed find some improvement to that condition, if there is any to be found, but at the same time let us not forget that self-government has been the object of our struggle in the past and must be retained by all means, with all its privileges.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

The zealous patriots who had so bravely prevented Lewis Gabriel from lecturing in Winnipeg were falsely informed that he would lecture in St. Boniface on Thursday evening, the 8th inst., and so, considering that they were the keepers of their French Canadian brethren, they determined to affront the ire of the Welsh lecturer with the slight odds in their favor of several hundred to one. The first intimation of the coming loyal army was the entrance of eight or ten unknown Winnipeggers into the St. Boniface Town Hall premises occupied by our capable chief of police, J. L. Gagnier. They met him about 7:30 p.m. on the stairs leading to his private apartments, and when he inquired what they wanted, they said they had come to hear Lewis Gabriel lecture in favor of the Boers. The chief replied that he had not heard of any such lecture, but if they would accompany him he would go round and inquire. They thus left the Town Hall and walked toward the river bank. There the chief noticed that quite a crowd of men were marching down the opposite bank of the Red. As soon as this crowd came to the level bed of the frozen river, they formed into regular marching order with small flags flying and tin horns, mouth organs and bugles making the night hideous. They numbered, not a thousand, as one of the daily papers said, but over two hundred. Though there were many lads among them, there was also a goodly sprinkling of able-bodied men, evidently well organized.

When they reached the St. Boniface bank, Chief Gagnier called upon them to halt, which they first hesitated to do until he had told them who he was, and then they listened respectfully while he explained that Gabriel was not here and he (the chief) was surprised that they should think he was. "Well, at any rate," said one of the ringleaders, "we'll go on to your Town Hall and sing God Save the Queen." The chief gracefully acceded to their wish and led the way. By the time they got there and realized that the hall was in darkness, they called upon the chief for a speech. Meanwhile, several of our fellow-citizens, with the proverbial small boy conspicuous, had assembled to witness the unusual gathering. The chief, mounting the frozen plat-

form of the town pump, said that, though he was pleased to welcome them, he grieved that the Winnipeg people should think the citizens of St. Boniface would allow any pro-Boer meeting in their Town Hall. He was not aware that any one here had entertained such a notion, but his hearers might rest assured that, had Gabriel come, the St. Boniface people could dispose of him without any assistance from elsewhere. Thereupon the crowd gave three hearty cheers for Chief Gagnier for the Queen and the loyal people of St. Boniface, and formed into marching order for the return. As the tail of the column was going down the river bank some urchin called for cheers for Kruger, which made the rear-guard turn back and start in pursuit. But once more the chief expostulated with them, pointing out that they ought to have sense enough to know that no responsible person could utter such a cry. This pacified the doughty warriors and they left for good, but not before some irresponsible idiot among themselves had fired rotten eggs at the door of an inoffensive citizen of St. Boniface.

Our people are disgusted with the whole tin horn demonstration, the rather as it was evidently organized by some busybodies who kept away from the disgraceful scene. Lewis Gabriel's letters on the school question had no weight with our fellow-citizens; because they were considered too stupid to be worth reading. The mere fact of his wishing to lecture against England was enough to turn our loyal French Canadians against him and to refuse him a hall, if ever he should ask for it.

Mr. Nicholas Bawlf, who has been confined to his house by a disease which required an operation, is, we are glad to hear, improving.

Last Tuesday many of the fellow clergymen of Rev. Father Raymond Giroux, parish priest of St. Ann's, foregathered at his hospitable presbytery to wish him a happy feast. His Grace was there and Rev. Fathers Fillion, Joly, Cherrier, Bourret, Gravel, and Lalonde. There was a charming entertainment at the convent in the evening.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Father Gravel, left yesterday for Prince Albert on a long promised visit to his suffragan, Monseigneur Pascal, O. M. I. This is the first time Mgr. Langevin is able to visit the princely northern town. He will be absent ten days. Mgr. Legal, O. M. I., will join His Grace at Regina.

There are now 200 Catholic officers doing duty for the Empire in South Africa. Major General Kelly-Kenny, who commands the Sixth Division of the South Army Corps, is an Irishman, 59 years of age, and entered the army in 1858. He is a zealous Catholic, a bachelor, a native of County Clare, and one of the foremost and bravest of British generals of the present day.

Plum Puddings and mince pies often have bad effects upon the small boy who over indulges in them. Pain-Killer as a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER, Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription, in advance, - - - \$1.00 a year
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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1900

CURRENT COMMENT

With regard to Mr. Goulet's appointment as Inspector of Schools, in addition to what we say in our editorial, there are a few points that need clearing up. Mr. Rochon, in the first of a series of promised letters to "L'Echo de Manitoba," calls himself "ex-inspector of French schools." There are no French schools in Manitoba. There are schools which, at most, may be styled French-English schools, i. e. schools in which French is only the thin end of the English wedge.

The Free Press says Mr. Goulet is "innocent of any part of the three years' practical experience as a teacher." This is contrary to fact. Mr. Goulet taught as assistant in the primary department of St. Boniface College for most of one year. As to his normal school training he had, what for a man of his keen powers of observation, was even better; he was for six years in constant and familiar and trusted intercourse with a body of teachers whose ripe experience no normal or public school in this country could surpass. And in connection with this matter we wish to be enlightened. The Advisory Board, which lays down these laws as to qualifications, is of course supposed itself to possess them all. But where did His Grace of Rupert's Land and the Rev. Dr. Bryce take their course of normal training? Surely they are both esteemed as not the least influential members of that august body, and rightly so.

A fact which, though of extreme importance in this matter, has been overlooked even by "Le Manitoba" in its hearty congratulations to Mr. Goulet, is that this gentleman carried off the highest and most valued prize in the gift of the University of Manitoba by winning the first scholarship of the Previous year in 1899. A University graduate is always, other things being equal, preferable to the mere holder of a school certificate: what then must be thought of the qualification possessed by a medallist in the most important of all the University competitions?

The principal God-given qual-

ifications of an ideal teacher are quickness of perception, good judgment and sympathy. Mr. Goulet possesses these three and many other natural gifts. He is an all-round man in the best sense of the word. Besides being an athlete and an excellent elocutionist, he is endowed with rare facility in the acquirement and retention of knowledge, and his kindness, amiability and prudence endear him to all his friends. This is, for our French-speaking people, the most popular appointment that was ever made.

His popularity with the public was presaged some ten years ago by his popularity at college, where in his junior year (first year of Philosophy) he was elected secretary, and in his senior year, president of "L'Académie Française," the literary society of St. Boniface College. These functions entail the constant use of the judicial faculty in public criticism of essays, recitations and debates. Young men living together in the close contact of a boarding college necessarily become fairly good judges of character and ability, and their choice of Mr. Goulet to lead them implies in him the absence of all meanness, selfishness or whimsicality, and the presence of a well balanced mind and a conciliatory temper.

Quoth the English "Catholic Times" of the 2nd inst.: "We are glad to find the "NORTHWEST REVIEW," of St. Boniface, Manitoba, quoting our "Note of the Week" on "The Oblate Fathers and the War," though we do not understand why it should attribute it to the "Catholic Tribune" instead of to the Catholic Times, the proper source." Neither do we. The mistake must be due to some absent-minded beggar, the scissors man or the proof-reader.

The Sacred Heart Review of the 17th inst., by crediting the Michigan Catholic with our editorial note of January 30th on Father Hughes, the inventor of the printing telegraph and the microphone, reveals two facts. The first, which we deplore, is that our splendid Boston contemporary's exchange editor does not read our columns as assiduously as we do his, perhaps owing to the American principle that bigness is the test of value. The second fact, which does not surprise us, is that the Michigan Catholic, while copying our note verbatim et literatim, with the change of "last week" into "recently" and "the Catholic college of" into "St. Joseph's College," forgot to give due credit to us. This roundabout way of getting a quotation makes the Sacred Heart Review a week late in chronicling a fact already a week old when we called attention to it.

We fully agree with the refined and sympathetic editor of the Midland Review that Prof. Otten's sarcastic and utterly gratuitous allusion to Miss Eleanor Donnelly's "romantic period" was an ungentlemanly and indelicate sneer, which painfully shocked us as it must have shocked many other admirers of Mr. Preuss' "Review."

Eminently thought-provoking is Hon. Senator Bernier's latest

speech, which we reprint from the Senate report. The commonplace platitudes that abound in most Senator's orations are not to be found in his. Every sentence is full of ideas suggested by current events, and those ideas are marshalled with a skill that betokens the graduate of a Catholic college; they are not flung in a ghastly heap after the manner of the disjointedly educated. As it contained some unpalatable truths, and was quite unanswerable, the Senate adjourned immediately after a speech of which many of them could not realize the excellence.

The Telegram and Tribune were both mistaken when they announced yesterday that Mr. J. B. Leclerc's new hall over his store was intended for the use of "secret societies." As Mr. Leclerc is a consistent Catholic he could not lease his hall to a secret society. All secret societies are condemned by the Catholic Church. The mistake is, however, a natural one for Protestants, among whom secrecy seems to have all the charm of forbidden fruit. Almost all their fraternal societies are secret; ours are not, and Mr. Leclerc's hall is intended for Catholic fraternal societies

From the last number (Feb. 3) that has reached us of "The Tablet" we gather that Dr. St. George Mivart must be out of his mind. The extraordinary contradictions between his statements in the January "Nineteenth Century" and those that he has since made to Cardinal Vaughan do not seem to admit of any other explanation, and we cannot help hoping that he is crazy, as this would free him from responsibility for the heresies which he professes. In the Nineteenth Century he wrote of "devout Catholics, weekly communicants, who believe Joseph to have been the real and natural father of Jesus." Now he tells the Cardinal that he "did not mean to affirm they were theologically blameless, but simply that they were persons who looked upon themselves as Catholics while leading 'good' lives in the ordinary sense of that term," in other words, he meant nominal Catholics. Again in the Nineteenth Century he says: "My aim has been to strengthen Catholicity." On the contrary, writing to the Cardinal, he now says that in 1893, after the publication of the Encyclical 'Providentissimus Deus,' he felt his position as a Catholic was no longer tenable and gradually he came to feel that he must remove the impression produced by his former writings. "So that," as the Tablet remarks, "though outwardly conforming, he really ceased to be a Catholic some years ago. That Dr. Mivart, in so short a space [one month], should have persuaded himself first that he wrote 'to strengthen Catholicity' and then that he wrote only to weaken its claims is a melancholy phenomenon in the presence of which criticism is disarmed."

The tide of victory seems happily turning. Roberts and Kitchener seem at last to have found the joints of the Boer

armor. God grant they may soon end this cruel war. General French is nobly maintaining his reputation as one of the few successful British commanders in South Africa.

Protestants, even though they be professors of Logic, live in such an illogical atmosphere that they cannot help contradicting their words by their acts. Sunday night, the 10th inst., the Free Press tells us, Dr. Kilpatrick, of Manitoba College, while championing, in St. Stephen's church, Mr. Irwin as a hero for joining Strathcona's Horse, and expressly disclaiming any wish to fix the blame of the South African war on anyone, "said war was always a crime and an offence to God and His Son, the Prince of Peace." If war is always a crime, then the British Empire must be an incorrigible criminal, then every man that joins Strathcona's Horse is a felon, then most of the Old Testament is a special plea for crime. Happily the Doctor is not infallible, and it will ever remain true that a just war may be a most virtuous action and, in spite of the sufferings it entails or rather precisely on account of those trials, a splendid school of heroism.

We beg to tender to Mr. Arthur Preuss our most sincere condolence on the recent death of his dearly loved wife, who was, he himself tells us, "for seven years his visible guardian angel." In a heart-broken paragraph in the first column of "The Review" of the 15th, he most earnestly asks his readers to pray for him and above all for her, to whom he applies "the words of a more famous, though surely not a better woman: 'de qua nihil unquam homines doluere nisi mortem' (she never grieved others except by her death)." Those who have learnt to look eagerly for Mr. Preuss's fearless review of weekly happenings all over the Catholic world, and who appreciate his manly exposure of humbug and ignorance, will deem it a debt of gratitude to pray for his "faithful, devoted and untiring helpmate."

THE RECENTLY APPOINTED SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

In a long article last Friday lament the appointment of Mr. R. Goulet, jr., as School Inspector for the French-English schools of the Province, the Free Press will have it that Mr. R. Goulet is far from possessing the required qualifications to occupy the position with credit to himself or advantage to the cause of education. On the other hand it claims that Mr. Rochon has the required certificates.

The whole of the Free Press' article, it is clear, was inspired by its political antipathy for the Hon. H. J. Macdonald's administration. We are loath to follow our transpontine contemporary in its political career wherein its achievements of late have proved anything but enviable; nor do we intend to endorse all of the new government's appointments. Our position is an independent one. We advocate principles and by principles alone shall we abide. But in the question just raised we are perfectly free to

express doubt as to the Free Press' own qualifications to pass a proper judgment.

In the first place we would challenge the Free Press to clearly set forth what qualifications are required for the position of School Inspector of French-English schools in the province. The Advisory Board, as far as we know, has failed up to the present, to define these qualifications, and to draw up a complete programme of studies for French students in the French-English schools.

Again the Advisory Board, perhaps on account of its lack of knowledge of the French Language, has refused to issue or approve of first-class certificates being granted to teachers in the French-English schools.

The Free Press therefore should realize the difficulties of the position, if it knows anything about them, and be slow in passing judgment on any School Inspector of the French-English schools. We claim that in this case the qualifications required are different from those of an ordinary School Inspector.

Now since the Free Press has ventured to establish a comparison between Mr. Rochon and Mr. Goulet—although we have no liking for such invidious contrasts—we are prepared to say that in our estimation Mr. Goulet is incomparably a better man for the position than Mr. Rochon ever was or ever will be.

The Free Press says Mr. Rochon has the qualifications required, or, what we should suppose amounts to the same thing—the required certificates. We should feel under great obligation to our contemporary if it would consent to let us see its vouchers for the assertion.

But, be the matter as it may, whilst we should not like to say anything disparaging of Mr. Rochon, we venture to question his ability to give, say, a lesson of English pronunciation, an ability which would be absolutely necessary in a School Inspector of French-English schools, and which exists to an eminent degree in Mr. R. Goulet.

Penmanship might also be mentioned as an interesting feature of comparison between the two. Mr. Goulet writes a most beautiful hand.

Mr. Goulet has not the Normal School training, nor three years' experience as a teacher. Granted, but many there are or may be whose training will never supply them with the judgment and tact which we know to exist in Mr. Goulet. Besides, Mr. Goulet may if need be, until he is acquainted with the routine of his work, follow the example of his predecessor, and have recourse to some of his fellow School Inspectors to assist him with their good advice, until he receives the last finish. And in his case, at least, this will not demand the

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In conclusion, we think that this nomination of the Hon. Hugh John's Government is worth as much as, not to say more than, the appointment made by the mutual agreement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Thos. Greenway.

But we are independent in our judgment, the Free Press is not. Perhaps therein lies the secret of the difference between our appreciation and that of the Free Press.

Only a Woman's Story.

BUT IT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY SILENT SUFFERERS.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION—HEART WEAKNESS—AGONIZING PAINS AND MISERY SUCH AS WOMEN ALONE ENDURE MADE THE LIFE OF MRS. THOS. SEARS A BURDEN.

Just a woman's story. Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears, of St. Catharines, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost despaired of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:

"What I have suffered is almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed for a time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December, 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were all used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptom of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me."

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A NEPHEW OF FATHER M'CARTHY.

The subjoined extract from the Liverpool Daily Post of Jan. 8, 1900, refers to a nephew of the Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I., of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg:

Mrs. Bridget McCarthy, of 41 Hart street, in this city, has received the following letter from her son:

Sterkstroom Camp, Thursday, Dec. 14.

My dear Mother—I am glad to tell you I've survived one battle. As I said in my last letter, we were going to attack the Boers, and we did. It was at Stormberg, on last Sunday, after marching all night, so as to attack the enemy at daybreak. We were taken unawares, as our guides proved to be traitors. They led us right into a trap, and just at daybreak, as we were marching along beside a very steep hill, all of a sudden a terrible fire was poured into our ranks, and before we had time to return the fire there was a terrible lot of our men shot down. So we immediately wheeled into action, and let them have a dose of shell, which did not have any effect, as the enemy were entrenched all up the face of the hill, and we were only about 150 yards away, so that their fire was cutting our ranks up. So we had to retire further back so as to get a better position for our guns. In doing so we had one of our gunners shot dead, and our major shot in the leg, and also a lot of our horses shot. So, with great difficulty, we came into action again, and did some grand work. We dropped shells into the trenches, and killed a great lot of the enemy. The Royal Irish Rifles and the Northumberlanders attempted to charge the hill, but were shot down as they advanced. We were hardly able to stand after the night's march, and not having a sleep for 36 hours; besides, it was raining all the time, and we were fairly worn out. But still we fought for eight hours. Our force was too small for the Boers, as they were out of the infantry's reach. So our infantry had to retire with great loss. Still we kept up our fire, with the enemy's bullets whizzing round us as thick as rain. As our wounded tried to raise they were assailed by a shower of bullets, and killed where they lay. They also fired on our ambulance as they went to fetch the wounded off the field. So at last we had to retire, leaving our dead and wounded on the field. It was a terrible sight to see the poor fellows falling all round. Our major had his wound dressed, and mounted his horse, and fought with us to the last. I don't know exactly how many were killed. We lost about 700 in killed, wounded and missing. The Boers lost heavily. I am glad to say I am in good health, and we are going to attack the enemy again to-morrow or Sunday, and we won't come away until we capture the Boers' position, and I am sure it will be a terrible battle. I don't know how I was not hit, as the bullets passed my head every second. We were very lucky. I would be a dead man to-day, only the Boers' guns fired plug shells, which did not explode. Several dropped right in front of my gun. Our party was only 2,000 strong, but this time we will have five batteries of artillery, and God help the Boers. If I am alive, I will drink your health in a glass of water on Christmas Day. Your loving son. NICK.

If taken in time the D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Forming part of the Coronation chair in which, for very many centuries past, the kings and queens of England have been crowned, is a block of red sandstone about twenty-six inches long by sixteen inches wide, around which have clustered innumerable strange legends, and to which is attached a long history covering quite three thousand seven hundred years; a history which appears to be so well founded on fact that, as has been observed by a noted historian, "Modern criticisms has not cared to meddle" with it.

This stone is believed to be the very identical stone which Jacob "put under his head" at Bethel, and upon which he was resting when he saw the wonderful vision related in the Scriptural records, and received the Divine promise that "his seed should be as the dust of the earth" for multitude. It is related that the patriarch anointed the stone with oil and set it up for a pillar, after which it appears to have been carried to Egypt by the patriarchal family, subsequently forming the base of the Ark of the Covenant.

After the destruction of Jerusalem the stone is traced to Spain, where it appears to have remained about four centuries, subsequently being carried to Ireland, doubtless by the Milesian founders of the Irish race, who were of Spanish origin, who placed it on the hill of Tara, the Irish kings being crowned thereon. (Many of the traditional legends referring to this epoch in the history of the stone are too childish to relate.)

It having come to the knowledge of the warlike Picts that this wonderful "Stone of Destiny" was in the hands of the neighboring Irish, a raid appears to have been made, and the stone was captured, and after, according to some accounts, having been lodged at Dunstaffnage, was finally placed at its last Scottish resting place, Scone, where it remained until the end of the thirteenth century. Here the Celtic kings were crowned, sitting on this almost sacred stone, the barbaric splendour with which these coronations were carried out being fully described by the old chronicler, Fordan.

After resting here for several centuries the Scone stone was carried off by King Edward I, to the great grief of the Scotch, in the year A. D. 1296 and was deposited at Westminster Abbey, where it now remains, every King or Queen of England, having been since that date crowned thereon. This capture is quaintly recorded by an old poet as follows:—

And as he came home by Skoon away,
The regal chayer of Scotland then he brought,
And sent it forth to Westminster for ay,
To ben there ynn a chayer clenly wrought
For masse priestes to sit in whan hem owt.
(M. S. BOD, SELD.)

And there that world-renowned relic of the great past still remains, carrying our thoughts backward through the long vista of time, all through the glorious vista of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the gradual rise and advance of the greatest and most powerful Empire the world has ever seen; all through those wonderful thirty-three years when the Majesty of Heaven condescended to dwell with us in human form, and in order that we might live, to die a terrible death, within sight of the great Temple where that very stone probably rested; all through the chequered history

of the Jewish race, right up to the time when almost the first founder of that splendid race received the Divine promise, which has been so marvellously fulfilled.

And may long years yet roll by before the Stone of Destiny is again called in requisition, and may a gracious answer be vouchsafed by the Almighty to that continuous prayer for the welfare of a beloved monarch from three hundred and eighty millions of her subjects—God Save the Queen.

Messrs. Elder Dempster, Limited, have chartered three of their great fleet to convey Imperial Yeomanry, and, as far as present indications go, the embarkations will take place at Liverpool. The three boats in question are the steamers Lake Erie, which has just arrived in the Mersey from the builders; the steamer Montagle and the steamer Mount Royal. These three vessels have been surveyed by the Imperial Yeomanry surveyor and have come through the ordeal with flying colors. They are all first class boats; indeed it would have been impossible to obtain vessels better adapted for the carriage of horses. The Lake Erie in particular is a splendid cavalry carrier. Her high between decks and shelter decks admirably meet the requirements of the service for which the vessel has been chartered. It is expected that the three vessels will sail on dates between the 15th and 20th inst. Mr. A. L. Jones, the principal of Messrs. Elder Dempster, Limited, who has done so much by gratuitous "extras" to add to the comfort and enjoyment of the soldiers who have sailed to the Cape on one or other of the vessels chartered to the government by this firm, is personally interesting himself in the matter

of the fitting out, provisioning, etc., of the ships which are engaged to carry the Imperial Yeomanry. It is, therefore, needless to say that everything possible which can conduce to the pleasure and happiness of the Yeomanry whilst on the water will be provided. The Elder Dempster liner Prah, which has arrived at the Cape from the River Plate, succeeded in landing all her horses in good condition. The Montfort (Elder Dempster transport) is expected back at Southampton from South Africa in a day or two. She is ordered to take out another lot of troops. Messrs. Elder Dempster intimate that parcels for British soldiers in the war will be taken free of charge by any of their steamers going to South Africa.

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The Last Call For Premiums

The subscribers of THE REVIEW are reminded that the time limit to get the premiums expires on March 1. After that date, all those who have not paid subscriptions beginning Jan. 1 last, will have to pay \$2 for the current year. Paying this year's dues after March 1 will not be considered as paying in advance, as it will then be 2 months behind. Subscribers will please act accordingly.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.
 25.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
 16, Monday—St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent.
 27, Tuesday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
 28.—ASH WEDNESDAY. Beginning of the Lenten fast.
 MARCH.
 1, Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
 2, Friday—The Crown of Thorns.
 3, Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

BRIEFLETS.

Mr. Arthur Bleau is ill at St. Boniface hospital.
 Monsignor Ritchot continues to enjoy good health.
 "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding?" "Shut a small boy in the pantry."—Our Dumb Animals.

This is the twenty-second anniversary of the election of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., the grandest of grand old men.

A large pedro party will be given by the Catholic Club in the Oddfellows' hall, McIntyre block, to-morrow evening.

What Buller doesn't know about the Tugela river isn't worth knowing; he has crossed it so many times coming and going.

We regret to hear that the Very Rev. the Vicar General is suffering from a severe cold. He went to St. Boniface hospital this morning.

Mr. Lucien Dubuc represented St. Boniface College last Friday evening at the twelfth annual *conversazione* of the Manitoba College Alma Mater Society. He made a neat speech.

The greatest event in astronomy in this year 1900 will be the total eclipse of the sun on May 28. The line of total eclipse will pass through the Southern States from Virginia to Louisiana.

James H. Finnigan, a Cleveland yeung man, blew his nose so hard the other evening that he blew his eye out. The member popped out of its socket and hung on his cheek by the ligaments. He was taken to the hospital where his eye was properly replaced. The case among

The hearty looking man who thumps his chest and says he's sound as a dollar, does not take into consideration the catarrh which bothers him occasionally.



"Oh! everybody has more or less catarrh. That's nothing," he says. But he is mistaken. What begins in catarrh may end in consumption. It is a foul disease at its best and a fatal disease at its worst when it involves the lung tissues. For catarrh and for diseases of the throat and lungs in general the standard medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is recommended by physicians who have tested its efficacy and wondered at its cures. It not only destroys the disease, but it purifies the blood and strengthens the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.
 "For twelve years I was a sufferer from catarrh and was treated by one of the best physicians in the state of North Carolina, who said the trouble had reached my lungs," writes Mr. J. M. Patton, of Clotho, Transylvania Co., N. C. "I grew worse every day until I tried Dr. Pierce's medicine. Will say, one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me and to-day I am well and hearty and I will say further that my former physician, Dr. W. M. Lyday, recommends Dr. Pierce's medicine to me and to others. I am sure your medicine will cure any case of catarrh that exists. I recommend them to all."
 A Gift. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered edition, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

oculists is said to be one of the strangest ever heard of.

Rev. Fathers Bitter and Lavigne came in from the south yesterday.

Rev. Fathers Jutras and Bourret came here yesterday and return to-day.

Rev. Brother Jean, of the Provencher Academy, is recovering from typhoid fever.

Rev. Father Pouliot takes part of Rev. Father Gravel's duties during his absence.

Rev. Father Lebel, S. J., preached twice last Sunday at St. Adolphe, on the occasion of the blessing of five beautiful statues presented to the parish priest, Rev. Father Turcotte, by Madame Coupez.

A solemn Requiem Mass will be sung to-morrow at Lorette for the soul of Rev. Father Dufresne's mother, who died lately in the province of Quebec, whence the bereaved parish priest returned last Thursday.

Mr. Peter McKinnon Levêque, the great hockeyist, who, had he been well, would have gone to Montreal with the Victorias, has been laid up in St. Boniface Hospital with a severe attack of typhoid fever, but is now on the mend.

The Catholic Columbian announces that the clerical impostor, whose description we published on the 6th inst., has been captured in Quincy, Ill., where he is sick in the city hospital. The authorities will keep a watchful eye on him.

MEDDLING DOCTORS.

Life is sweet. The whole world is tenacious of it. Every care and prudence is employed to save and prolong it. The physician, as medical expert, comes naturally by his important place in the world. He has always been in demand. Reason, common sense and the Scriptures all welcome his presence and invite his ministrations. When the medicine man confines his labors to his own legitimate field, and does not interfere with the prerogatives of his Maker, or put himself between his patient and the ministrations of religion, he may be regarded as a benefactor, and for good reason.

When, however, he is not satisfied with attending to his own business, but assumes the role of high priest of materialism or bigotry, to rob the sick of the consolations of faith, he becomes a curse in society. Yet there are few priests of any experience who have not been repulsed by the orders of some meddling doctor—under the pretense of safeguarding the sick from every annoyance. This even at a time when the condition of the patient is desperate—in fact, hopeless. Hickory Catholics and non-Catholic relatives connive with physicians of this kind frequently to the eternal loss of the sick—or until he has lapsed into that unconsciousness that knows no waking. And this in the name of kindness, or to satisfy a bigotry that remains unrelenting even in the presence of death! Things have come to such a pass now-a-days that in desperate cases of sickness it is a mercy if the priest anticipates the physicians at the bed of the dying, because if the doctor arrives first he is more than likely to drug the suffering patient until he is drunk to unconsciousness before anything can be done to hear his confession or prepare him for eternity. Besides the petition "from a sudden and unprovided death, Oh Lord deliver us," every man in these days may well add another one, "From the

fool doctor who carries more chloroform than sense, Oh Lord deliver us."

Catholic physicians and every physician who has any faith knows how important it is for men to prepare for eternity, and invariably notify relatives of the serious nature of sickness and the necessity of calling in the priest. With Catholic doctors this is a duty binding under sin, but with many others there is such a reckless disregard for the laws of God and the consequences of an unprovided death that they boldly usurp the place of another, even in the chamber of death. The greatest cruelty to the sick is to deny them the comforts of religion. Most reputable physicians understand this so well that they invariably suggest sending for the priest. Experience has taught them that instead of retarding recovery or precipitating death the peace that is born in the heart of the sick in the reception of the sacrament is an essential help to the sick in the battle for life. For a physician to interfere where he is at best a sorry witness of his own defeat in the struggle for life and death is to put himself on record as an ignoramus and a bigot.

Catholics know how well defined their duties are in regard to the sick and dying. To disregard them is grievously sinful. Moreover, they will do well to keep their eye on the so-called doctors who interfere with the visitations of the priesthood. In the crises of life and death the man most useful is the minister of God.—Cleveland Universe.

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Branch 52. Winnipeg.

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