

Northwest Review.

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CURRENT COMMENT

Mark Twain has been trying his hand at prophesying. The result is such as to enhance, by contrast, the superiority of his humor. Another humorist wisely said long ago: "Don't prophesy until ye know." Mark Twain does not know enough to go safely into the prophesying business. In the "North American Review" for December last he foretells that "Christian Science," with Mrs. Eddy to worship, will probably be, within a century, second to Rome only, in numbers and power in Christendom. The reasoning on which he bases this forecast is lamentably weak, because he knows nothing of the inherent reasonableness nor of the spiritual, inner life of the Catholic Church. On the other hand the inherent unreasonableness of "Christian Science" fails to impress his shallow mind unused to weighing evidence, and so he ventures to say that this inane fad, based on the wildest and silliest speculation, "appeals to the gifted" and "the cultured." Not so many years ago a certain judge, hailing from the States, with his reputation for intellect and eloquence luridly advertised, and announced as about to lecture in Winnipeg in favor of "Christian Science." A prominent lawyer in this city, on the strength of those advertisements, consented to act as chairman on that occasion, but, after the lecture was over, he gave expression to his complete disappointment. The lecturer had not even made out a plausible case. Neither the audience then, nor the generable public afterwards, exhibited the slightest symptoms of enthusiasm. And when the same judge returned last year to try again, his lecture received but the briefest possible mention from one only of the three daily papers. "Christian Science" may possibly appeal to persons who are called "gifted and cultured" in that great nation which one of its really gifted and cultured sons, James Russell Lowell, did not hesitate to brand as "the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world"; but even there it will hardly survive Mrs. Eddy's approaching death.

"Le Messager du Coeur de Jesus"—which is easily the ablest and the most influential of devotional periodicals, being the organ of thirty million associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, whom it reaches through more than thirty Messengers of the Sacred Heart published in all the principal languages of the world—notes, in its January number, that the bestowal, by King Edward VII., of the decoration of St. Michael and St. George on Rev. Father Hecht, O.M.I., for heroic service as chaplain during the South African war, is an unparalleled event in the history of Protestant England. Hitherto this honor was reserved to princes of the blood royal and to high dignitaries in the service of the Crown or of the Established Church. Thus our gracious Sovereign has, by conferring this distinction on an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, given another proof of his freedom from prejudice and of his appreciation of merit wherever found.

Talking of distinctions conferred on merit, we are reminded that the University of London has once again bestowed its rarest degree, that of Doctor of Literature, on a Catholic and a Jesuit. Only about a dozen men, since the foundation of that university, have gained this

degree, and Mr. (not yet Father, for he is still preparing for the priesthood) Henry Irwin, S.J., has now the honor of being the first D. Litt. in the branch of Economics. The work that won him this unique distinction is an essay on Interest, which is practically a history of usury in the past. It "traces the practice of interest," says the Tablet, "from the dawn of history in Egypt and Babylonia down through the Grecian and Roman Empires, and shows what a terrible and universal scourge it was in every stage of civilization. The conclusion towards which his facts point is that the action of the theologians and of the statesmen of the Middle Ages was in the main as economically sound as it was morally justifiable." This conclusion is diametrically opposed to the declamations of Bentham, Mill and the whole "laissez faire" school of economists who swayed English thought in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, and who had nothing but abuse and contempt for what they called the "economic folly and the moral injustice" of the theologians, canonists and rulers, lay or ecclesiastical, who condemned the charging of interest as practised in those times. Yet the University of London, founded, and for a long time ruled, by the Benthamite school, crowns with its highest approval an essay that directly controverts one of the leading doctrines of that school. This is at once a noble example of impartiality and a strong testimony to the argumentative skill of Mr. Irwin.

His previous course in the London University is, says the Tablet, "amongst the most brilliant of the many Stonhurst men who have achieved high distinction there. In 1893 he won first place in Latin Honors and in the Intermediate Arts Examination. In 1894 he again took honors in Classics at the B.A. In 1896 he took his M.A. in Classics. In 1898 he repeated the operation, taking a second M.A. in Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy. He has now crowned his course by gaining the Doctorate of Literature in this latter branch for a work that will be a precious addition to our Catholic literature," and which his examiners in the University have asked him to publish. It will be remembered by our readers that, a couple of years ago, another Jesuit, Father Michael Maher, was awarded by the same university the same degree, but in Psychology, for his exhaustive treatise on that subject.

In connection with the migration of German Catholics to our territory, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface has received an interesting letter from Mr. F. J. Lange, President of the Catholic Settlement Society of St. Paul, Minn. He says: "Our work is progressing at an enormous rate, so much so as to provoke considerable opposition in various quarters. . . . We intend to undertake our work with the French and Polish elements here in the States at once, and I think we shall be able to accomplish more with them than even with the German Catholics." It appears, however, that several persons interested in keeping these prospective emigrants at home, are writing newspaper articles against the movement, denouncing the Canadian Northwest as uninhabitable and the entire undertaking as a fraud and a swindle. But Mr. Lange says these maligners will be supplied by him with enough facts to keep them busy. "In the end," he writes, "unwarranted attacks of this kind are bound to do more good than harm. It means a lot of free advertising and people will judge for themselves." We may add

that the patronage and endorsement of the Benedictine Fathers is the best possible guarantee of the "bona fides" of the undertaking, which deserves our warmest support.

By way of reply to certain publishers who send us a prospectus of a forthcoming work but not the work itself, we beg to assure them that we mean to take no notice of such advance puffs. We are not in the habit of reviewing books on second-hand information, especially when that information is manifestly one-sided. We pass judgment on nothing that we have not read ourselves.

On our editorial page will be found a most noteworthy letter on the need of a Catholic cyclopaedia. In order to supply this urgent need, it surely must be possible to find one American Catholic millionaire who would make the necessary initial outlay of, say, half a million dollars, for so useful and, in the long run, so profitable a work. The success of the Catholic Dictionary, which reached its third edition in the first year and a half, shows how much greater would be the welcome accorded to a complete work: for, great as are the acknowledged merits of the Catholic Dictionary, it is after all limited to less than a thousand pages and leaves out all questions of biography and secular history.

The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart for February presents an appetizing bill of fare. The editor, Father Connolly, handles the monthly intention, "Apostleship for Men," in a masterly way, showing, by examples from various countries, by the necessary struggles and inevitable temptations of the sterner sex, that "the true apostle in our days, be he priest or layman, will turn attention, devote time and his best endeavors to the salvation and spiritual welfare of men." This article is appropriately followed by an eminently practical one, from the same pen, on "The Men's League." Father Devine's "Alaskan Letters," of which we now have the third instalment, illustrated by four photogravures from his kodak, would, of themselves, ensure the popularity of this excellent magazine, selling, as it does, for the small sum of fifty cents a year.

The dailies of this city have given a more or less faithful report, received by telegraph, of what Archbishop Bruchesi said on the school question after his return from Rome. The following, taken from the "Journal" of January 21, is more likely to be the correct version. His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, answering an address presented to him in his cathedral, January 20, said: "Five years ago"—which was the date of the Archbishop's first official visit to the Pope—"a serious question concerning our country weighed on the Holy Father's mind, the question which brought us the memorable encyclical, 'Affari vos,' that of the Manitoba schools. I found that this momentous question still occupies his thoughts, that he takes interest in it, and what he said to me about it made me understand that he is far from deeming it a settled question. . . . Like all of us, the Holy Father desires that the right may triumph fully, and he hopes that firmness, perseverance and courage may end in success."

The Free Press, in last Monday's issue, tries to make out that our correction means after all pretty

much what its own report of the Archbishop's words meant; in other words, interference in one hundred cases means the same thing as complete liberty in ninety-nine and interference in one out of the hundred. A German philosopher of the name of Hegel used to attempt the same sort of feat; he, too, thought he could prove that black and white, 99 and 1, yes and no were at bottom exactly the same thing.

The anonymous sneak whose letter, signed "A Catholic," appeared in the Free Press of last Wednesday, evidently belongs to that rag, tag and bobtail of Catholicism whose chief champion just now is the royal adulteress, the Crown Princess of Saxony. When interviewed the other day, this shameless woman said her husband was a fervent Catholic, and that she herself was a Catholic too, but "broad-minded." So is that Free Press correspondent "broad-minded." So is Lucifer. So is every transgressor of the ten commandments.

The last paragraph of that "broad-minded" letter was this: "It is well known that some mysterious person is paying the teacher and other expenses of St. Joseph's school in this city; and it is also whispered around in Catholic circles that it is the provincial government that is supplying the necessary funds through the medium of a second or third person, no doubt also a Catholic, and the one alluded to." This paragraph was answered the following day in the same paper in this way:

To the Editor of the Free Press.
Sir,—In looking over this morning's issue of your paper, I notice a letter signed by "A Catholic," which in my opinion is very uncalled for.

I do not wish to enter into any controversy with this Catholic (if he is such) or the Archbishop, as the latter is quite capable of looking after himself, but the writer of the article referred to above is telling a downright lie, and the truth is not in him, and I challenge him to prove his assertion that the money used in the maintenance of St. Joseph's school is coming from the Roblin government through a second or third party, and if he will sign his name to his article I will sign mine, and tell him where the money is coming from. If he will not do this I must say he is a coward.

CATHOLIC.

Winnipeg, Jan. 28.

It is an open secret that "Catholic" himself pays all that is needed for the support of St. Joseph's school and that he is not a man to expect pecuniary help from any government.

Not very long ago, when starting on a pilgrimage to St. Anne's, His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by several members of the clergy and the leading citizens of St. Boniface, was offered the luxurious accommodation of a box-car. We beg to state, on the strength of assurances from the C.N.R. authorities, that the era of box-cars is now happily ended.

Clerical News

Rev. Father Laganier, O. M. I., who is gathering settlers for Alberta, stopped over here on the 29th inst. on his way east.

Rev. Father Jutras, of Letellier, was here last Monday and Tuesday.

Later news from Father Cherrier announces his arrival at Kansas City.

The parish priests of the diocese of Tuam have chosen the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, as "dignissimus," the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, as "dignior," and the Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Maynooth College, as "dignus" for appointment of the vacant Archbishopric of Tuam.

Rev. Father Boutin, O.M.I., began last Saturday to preach a ten days retreat to the Trappists of St. Norbert. The retreat will end on February 2nd, feast of the Purification.

Very Rev. P. Magnan, O. M. I., and Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I., left last Tuesday for Montreal on important business which will probably detain them there a fortnight.

The health of the Pope continues, despite his advanced age, to give the greatest satisfaction to the medical attendants under whose care he is placed. The energy of his bearing and the brilliancy of his eyes are noted at all public functions, and those who see him on these occasions are astonished at his vivacity and his bodily strength.

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Sherry, O. M. I., while the guest of Right Rev. Mgr. Segrave, P.P., St. Peters, Drogheda, recently, preached in Oliver Plunkett Memorial Church before a large congregation, many of whom knew him before his departure for South Africa. He celebrated Mass at the Presentation Convent, and during his visit to Louth met many old acquaintances.

Rev. Father Fillion went to St. Norbert last Saturday, returning to St. Boniface last Monday.

News has been received from Rev. Fathers Cherrier and Jolys, who were staying with Rev. Father Bourdeau at Manteno, Ill., and were soon to leave Chicago for the south.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., preached last Sunday morning at the Immaculate Conception.

Rev. Louis Stickney, a Baltimorean from the American College in Rome, has been appointed secretary to the Apostolic Delegate in Ottawa. He has left Rome and will visit relations in Belgium before reaching his new post.

The majority of men recognize nothing in human affairs as good unless it yields some return, and they love those friends most—as they do their cattle—from whom they hope to obtain the most profit. Thus they lack that loveliest and most natural form of friendship which is sought for its own sake only; nor do they know from experience how beautiful and how lofty such friendship is.

Tread cheerfully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing, see duty in the present moment, trust all without reserve to the will and power of God.

Young Woman's Corner

THE LABORER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings, at noontide:
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not
light,
We need not toil from morn till
night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments doubly blest
That, drawn from this one hour of
rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot—
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church is every grove that
spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious
sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray—
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from Thy love's abundant
source,
What yet remains of this day's
course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's
short day,
Our upward and our downward
way;
When we shall sink to final rest.
—Wordsworth.

Just a little talk about one
thing that is not worth while.

Nine times out of ten it is not
worth while pleasing the public.
The public may mean the society
in which we move, the so-called
"smart set," for which we have a
small longing, our school-mates or
our associates under any circum-
stances. It is quite bad taste to
do unconventional things unneces-
sarily, but there are occasions
where to satisfy one's conscience it
is necessary to do the unconven-
tional and risk the criticism and
ridicule of the "smart set" or any
other set.

There are times when it is a plain
duty to do something that may
show us at a disadvantage. It hap-
pens sometimes that the vagaries
of fortune or rather more correctly
kind Providence in All-seeing Wis-
dom gives one man and his family
the advantages of city living with
many opportunities for educational
and fashionable association, while
his brother's family in some remote
country place gets none of these.

The city family is in nice society,
but not in the "smart set."
Through school association or some
chance they are on speaking terms
with many in it and occasionally
have a small longing to be of it
themselves. When one of the coun-
try girls visits the city home, it
is not worth while for the modish
city girl to hurry her unfashionably
dressed country cousin around a
corner to avoid meeting a member
of the "smart set." Such an action
will not hasten her entrance within
that circle and it is most damag-
ing to the most important thing
for her—the building of character.

Then, although there are many
worthy persons in the "smart set,"
yet when wisdom comes it is easy
to let the "smart set" go. The wise
find nothing worth while in it, or
its slaves.

Another incident to illustrate is
the case of catching up to some
shabbily-dressed old woman who is
heavily laden. In most instances it
is the plain duty of the young girl
going the same way to help her
carry her burden, and it is not
worth while to consider about what
people will say.

These are only relative examples.
Many more and no doubt more for-
cible ones could be given.

The desire is to see the girls
growing up show less tendency to
follow the things that are not
worth while and turn after the real
and lasting. AMICA.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

St. Andrew's Magazine.

The Catholic Church is the most
Christian of all the Churches. All,
or nearly all, the churches profess
to preach Christ: in varying de-
grees all regard Him as the very
centre of their religious systems;
to secure to Him His rights as
they are variously conceived, is the
sole object for which Christian
Churches exist: for all, Christ is
the Great Teacher, the one Model,
the highest ideal, the Way, the
Truth and the Life. We believe we
are right in supposing that all who
call themselves Christian would as-
sent to these remarks, except that
many would demur to the first
statement, namely, that the Catho-
lic Church is the most Christian of
all Churches. Yet we as Catholics
are more certain of the truth of
this assertion than we could possi-
bly be of the truth of the others.
If the homely expression may be
allowed, we declare that the Catho-
lic Church makes more of Christ
than any other Church does; she
loves Him more truly, her faith
and hope in him are immeasurably
deeper and stronger: He is absolute-
ly the centre of the Catholic sys-
tem. He is the One Model, the
loftiest Ideal; for her he is the
Way, the Truth and the Life in the
fullest sense of the words. We are
only putting this truth in another
form when we say that the Catho-
lic Church alone believes, without
the slightest wavering or misgiving,
that Jesus Christ is and always
was, before as well as from the
moment He took to Himself our
human nature, very God. It is
true to say that if all men agreed
to give one and the same answer
to the question "Who is Christ?"
they would forthwith be of one re-
ligion; they would all be members
of one church. But men answer the
question in almost countless ways,
and, in consequence, there are vir-
tually almost countless varieties of
churches. That such a state of
things is dishonoring to Christ, and
therefore matter of regret is ad-
mitted by all who have the inter-
ests of religion at heart; and it
cannot be a subject of indifference
as to which is the most Christian
of all the churches. With the ex-
ception of Unitarians, the Society
of Friends, and some others, the
Christian Churches deem it their
glory to make the most of our
Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.
To see that He shall reign over the
hearts of all men; to bring all
men under the yoke of His Gospel
is their work and sole aim by pro-
fession; it is the very reason, so
they declare, of their being. That
such profession and such declara-
tion involve great issues is obvious
when one recalls the Person of
Christ as portrayed for us in the
New Testament.

The object of this paper is to call
attention to one particular part of
the Gospel record of Christ, that
namely, comprised in the first two
chapters of each of the Evangelists,
SS. Matthew and Luke. In those
chapters of the New Testament, we
have the history of what Catholics
call the Holy Childhood.

The life of Christ upon earth falls,
naturally, into three parts—the
childhood, the hidden life, and the
public ministry. The record of the
Holy Childhood ends with the find-
ing of the Child Jesus in the Tem-
ple after the three days' loss. The
gospel account of that event closes
with the words "He was subject to
them"; that is, Christ was subject
as a Son to Joseph and Mary. This
is all we are told of what we
have called the hidden life, a period
of eighteen years. It is of the pub-
lic ministry that we have the full-
est detail, which began with the
Baptism by John of Jesus in the
Jordan.

Now for all churches that claim
Christ as the centre of their reli-
gious system, who profess to re-
gard Him as their King and Lord,
it would seem reasonable to expect
that they should be, in some way,
influenced in their teaching and
practice by the Scripture record of
Christ's life. That life presents
three striking periods—the Child-

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hood, the Hidden Life and the Pub-
lic Ministry: do the Christian
Churches show anything in their
teaching and practice to correspond
with these three manifestations of
the Word made Flesh?

That the Public Ministry of
Christ, His words and actions and
miracles more or less influence all
the churches may be granted. From
the Baptism by John to the Ascen-
sion, every word and act is scruti-
nized, weighed and discussed by all
the churches; with what results is
sufficiently well known, and need
not be here mentioned.

But how far is this true of the
Hidden Life? How often do non-
Catholics discuss that pregnant
text "He was subject to them,"
followed, as it is, by a mysterious
silence of eighteen years? Has this
wonderful record influenced the
Christian Churches? It has left an
unmistakable mark upon the Catho-
lic Church, a mark which we can-
not find in any other church. We
refer to the imitation of the Hid-

ST. MARY'S COURT, No. 276

Catholic Order of Foresters

Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday in
Trades Hall, Fould's Block, at 8.30
p.m.

Chief Ranger, L. O. Genest; Vice-
C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W.
Russell; F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas.,
J. J. MacDonald; Representative to
State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate,
E. Dowdall.

den Life, as practised by so many
religious orders in the Catholic
Church. What can be legitimately
inferred from the Gospel record of
the eighteen years of silence? Can
we not rightly infer that it was a
life lived by Mary and Joseph in
the presence of Jesus, a life of
prayer, submission, labor and
chastity? But such is the life of
the religious orders of the Church;
their Model is the Hidden Life.
Every candid reader of history,
every one who will use his own

ST MARY'S CHURCH.

Cor. St. Mary and Hargrave Sts.
RECTOR—Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I.
ASSISTANTS—Rev. J. McCarthy,
O.M.I., Rev. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.
SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and
8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sun-
day School at 2.30. Baptism
from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and
Benediction at 7.15.
WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass
In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30.
In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Austin St., near C.P.R. Station.
Pastor, REV. A. A. CHERRIER.
SUNDAYS—Low Mass, with short
instruction, 8.30 a.m.
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30
a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional ser-
mon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on first
Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meet-
ing of the children of Mary 2nd
and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.
On first Friday in the month,
Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at
7.30 p.m.
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Sat-
urdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every
day in the morning before Mass.

HOLY GHOST CHURCH.

315 Selkirk Ave.

PARISH PRIEST—Rev. J. W. Kul-
awy, O.M.I. Assistant priest,
Rev. J. Cordes, O.M.I.
SUNDAYS—Low Mass, 8 a.m. High
Mass with sermon in German,
9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon
in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School
at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benedic-
tion, 7.30 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.
Agent of the C.M.B.A.
for the Province of Manitoba with
power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett,
Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review is the offi-
cial organ for Manitoba and the North-
west, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit
Association.

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(In Faith and Friendship)

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Why so busy with thyself? Leave
Providence to act, whose eyes are
ever upon thee in the greatest dan-
ger, and who will always save thee.
—Life of St. Catherine of Siena.

eyes, can learn that the fact that Christ lived the Hidden Life has marvellously and deeply influenced the Catholic Church. Must we not then conclude that the Catholic Church is in this most Christian? that she most closely imitates Christ? And must it not be admitted that in this she has no equal?

If the reader is, unhappily, one of those who have been trained to view the religious orders with suspicion and dislike, let him try to be impartial and ask himself the following question—

Is it right or wrong to live a life modelled upon that lived by Christ for eighteen years? or, is it right or wrong that men and women should strive to live lives like those of Joseph and Mary? It seems to us that there can be but one answer to these questions; and it also seems to us that the Church which has answered them in so faithful and practical a manner, is thereby shown to be the most truly Christian of all churches, and therefore the most likely to be the right Church.

Thus much has been written to indicate the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Christ as He is set before us in the Gospels. It would seem, from what has been said, that with regard to the Public Life of Christ all the churches are more or less agreed in spirit; with reference to the Hidden Life, however, there is a striking difference, a difference which, as we contend, tells strongly in favor of the Catholic Church.

We are now prepared to consider the attitude of the churches towards the Infancy and Boyhood of Christ, or, as we call it, the Holy Childhood.

A glance at the Catholic calendar will prove how the Church meditates on the Infancy and Boyhood of Christ. The fact, for instance, that we keep with great devotion such days as the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, points to the Catholic doctrine that Christ was truly God from the moment of His conception. There is no stammering or hesitation on the part of the Catholic Church as to this dogma: if there were, such festivals could not be celebrated. All feasts of the Blessed Virgin are kept for the honor of Christ: in those feasts, as in all things religious, Christ is ever the centre and reason. All Mary's glories are for the sake of her Divine Son. But our object in alluding to the above-named feasts, is to bring out clearly that no part of the life of Christ is without teaching and influence for the Catholic Church.

Of Christmas Day and the Birth of Christ we wrote last month and we need only repeat here that it is her recognition of the real Divinity of Christ that leads the Catholic Church to celebrate Christmas with such marked distinction. The same idea is conspicuous in our keeping of the feasts of the Circumcision, the Holy Innocents, the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the gentiles through the Magi. These festivals are not limited to the celebration of a single day, but each are commemorated throughout eight days. Again the record of the Flight into Egypt has given the Catholic Church occasion for a feast in honor of Christ. So likewise has the account of the Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple; and once more we have the Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple. It appears from all this then that the Catholic Church celebrates the events of Christ's Infancy with the same honors and distinction as she does the events of the Divine Manhood. For her the Transfiguration, the Resurrection and Ascension are mysteries to be highly honored, mysteries full of profound teaching, mysteries able to impel the believer to the practice of all and every virtue. But so also are mysteries of the Holy Childhood. In a sense all mysteries are equal inasmuch as they all concern the same Christ. Christ was very God in His Resurrection and Ascension; and he was one and the same God in the arms of His Mother Mary: He was one and the same God who was catechised by the Jewish doctors in the Temple.

Hence for the Catholic the Child Jesus is not merely a charming theme for the artist and the poet, not merely a lovable creature like

the other children of men, not merely a striking model to put before the little ones for their admiration and imitation. The Child Jesus is all this and more. The Child Jesus is God teaching all men by example; He is God proving His love for all men; He is a mystery, a revelation, the contemplation of which has raised up great saints and religious orders for which the world can never be thankful enough.

It is needful to say yet more to show that the Holy Childhood has incalculably influenced and moulded the Catholic Church and her alone? The lives of her saints in all ages, her treasures of art and literature, her orders and her labors all serve to prove beyond question that with reference to the Holy Childhood she is the most Christian of all the churches.

In conclusion let us touch briefly upon a few of the ways in which the Holy Childhood appeals to and influences individual Catholics. Realizing as he firmly does realize that all things are written for his instruction, and that Christ is his appointed model in all things, he sees in spirit the Child Jesus in all the recorded events of Infancy and Boyhood; he beholds a submission, obedience and humility which it is impossible to exaggerate, because He who submits, who obeys and who humbles Himself, is not merely a Child but very God. He notes how Christ is subject to His Mother Mary and to His reputed Father Joseph, and seeing, he learns to submit himself to authority, to prize obedience and to love humility. He observes that Christ was exact in fulfilling all the ordinances of the Temple, and he resolves that he himself will be exact in fulfilling the ordinances of the Church. He argues that if God-made-Man loved, obscurity, poverty and labor, these things cannot but be good for himself. He marvels at the details of the flight into Egypt, and grows resigned at the inscrutable decrees of Providence as they are manifested in his own life. The Catholic parent reads that on the appointed day the Child Jesus was circumcised, and he resolves that his own children shall be baptized as soon as possible; he will not delay or trifle with so important a matter. He takes notice of the very naming of the Divine Child, and like his fellow Catholics who are thoroughly practical he gives his children names suggestive of the saints and things heavenly. While he wonders that the Child Jesus should submit to be catechised by the Jewish doctors, he remembers that his own children should be strictly instructed in the teachings of their faith. If he meditate at all on the Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple he will probably breathe a prayer that he too may present a son to the altar. To give a son to the service of the Catholic Church calls for whole-hearted devotion on the part of the parents; it involves self-denial of almost every sort. But many a father and mother have of their poverty presented a son to the Temple of God's Church; they know that it is good to have a child living in the Father's House and devoted to the Father's Business. The thought of the Holy Childhood is to them a source of resignation, hope, faith and great gladness.

These are but a tithe of the teachings and promptings that come from the consideration of the Holy Childhood; but we think them quite sufficient to prove the assertion with which we began this paper, namely, that the Catholic Church is the most Christian of churches. She alone makes the Christ of the gospel her own; she alone imitates to the full the shepherds and the Magi who adored Mary's Babe for what He was and is, God. For the Catholic Church alone is every event recorded of Christ a mystery and a revelation, a treasure house from which she is for ever drawing forth treasures new and old. God does all things well; it was not in itself absolutely necessary that He should be born of a Virgin Mother; it might have been that He would come into the world as did Adam, in the full stature of manhood. But in the all-wise decrees of God there was to be a Holy Childhood; there was to be that marvellous and special manifestation of Himself to the world. This far-reaching truth

is constantly proclaimed to the world by one voice only, the voice of the Catholic Church.

Chats with Young Men

In order that the series of Chats on the cultivation of force of character may not survive the time during which my suggestions should be put to proof; and again, to epitomize the rather comprehensive range of subjects we have discussed together, I shall endeavor in this article to resume the leading thoughts which have figured in the Chats. That the subject is important to every young reader need not be emphasized. That it might have been discussed at more length, with more order and with more instructive detail is known to no one better than to its writer. But enough has been said to indicate the relative positions of the qualities and virtues that make the framework of character. Around them it is hoped that the judgment of the reader, aided by experience, will fill in a strong and complete body for a character natural to himself.

When a man designs a house which is to be secure against the ordinary attacks of the elements, he considers as the first essential, a foundation as deep as experience or science has proved to be suitable for the superstructure. For the building up of character much greater caution is necessary, for the superstructure—a human life—will have eternal consequences and the elements which are at work to undermine it, weaknesses within and temptations from without, can make a more pitiable wreck of the humblest human soul than all the elements of nature could visit upon the proudest earthly pile. Hence, as the broad and deep foundation for a strong character, I have set forth honesty, truth and honor. That the former two are enjoined in the laws given on Mount Sinai should speak their eternal value. But even human experience, in the interests of earthly success, is embodied in the truisms "Honesty is the best policy," and "Truth will right itself." Truly honesty is the best policy. It gives a man weight. He feels the instinct of self-preservation and concedes every man's right to the benefits of that same first law of nature. He realizes the necessity and advantage of society and recognizes the fact that men are not equal: that some have talents which enable them to stride to fortune while others must be content to walk. Yet every man has a right to that which his labor procures for him, the rich having no right to steal from the poor nor the poor from the rich. So man must be honest. He must depend for his living and for execution of his plans on the fruits of his own labor. Thus, feeling that what he has is his own and having no intention of taking what another has by right, he relies on his own resources and his self-dependence calls forth his energy, develops his latent powers, making him a man of strength. In a somewhat different way truth contributes to strength. Men mingling in society must depend one on the other for the harmonious conduct of their various enterprises. No one man can know all things. Accordingly each masters certain facts, communicates them to his brethren and receives, in turn, the fruits of their researches; the employer depends on the employee, the student on the historian, the public on the journalist. A virtue so essential to the smooth working of society should find a shrine in each soul. It makes man feel the responsibility of his words, compels him to sacrifice advantage for truth, each sacrifice rendering him stronger and better qualified to teach his fellow-men. So the world needs the truthful and exacts as an essential attribute in those who lead it, truth. Nor will truth and honesty alone effect the happiest relations between man and man. As the spirit of a law obligates where the letter of a law may fail to bind, so the voice of honor supplements the rigid calls of honesty and truth. Conscience fails not to suggest how we should deal with our fellow-men, even when we

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might act otherwise and still regard the principles of truth and honesty. Honor is a fine sense of nature which prompts us to noble thought and action, and, as reason lifts man above the dumb animal, so conformity with the calls of honor places degrees between man and man. It is evident therefore, that honesty, truth and honor stand out as the groundwork of lofty and noble thought and action and must underlie force of character.

If my readers agree with me that the above is a good basis for character, I shall not delay longer to design a superstructure for each, especially as I have devoted much space in recent articles to suggestions along lines which I regarded as the finishing touches to a strong character. Generosity, amiability and tact are graces which facilitate the happy mingling of men and which insure the meeting of the strong with the weak. What I have said regarding them is only what everyone knows; I wrote of them only to lodge a suggestion that each of my readers would zealously and perseveringly cultivate them. I hope that the sincerity which prompted my remarks on the subject of character has communicated itself to my readers and that something I have said will give the world at least a few strong souls and a great many successful men.

FINEM RESPICE.

A QUEER DISEASE.

A very queer epidemic is reported to be devastating Uganda. It is known as the "sleeping sickness." Though it was discovered only a few years ago, it is computed that the disease has already killed from 20,000 to 30,000 people, and is spreading to new areas with increasing virulence. Its extension to the north will be of the greatest menace to Egypt. Scientific reports made on the spot describe the sleeping sickness as a complaint something like that group of diseases known as meningitis, or inflammation of the brain. It begins insidiously with changes in the mental attitude of the patient. From that time the disease progresses and the patient becomes stupid and restless, and after other symptoms have passed enters into a state of coma and dies. The duration of the complaint varies from a month in acute cases to six months or more in others. The disease is almost invariably fatal, and although taking longer to cause death than hydrophobia, may be classed with the latter as one of the most fatal illnesses known to mankind. It is contagious, and its spread is assured by over-crowding of many individuals in the same huts. The depopulation of many large and thickly populated areas is making itself felt, and the outlook is very gloomy. The only scheme yet devised for the prevention of the spread of the disease is the isolation of new cases.—S. H. Review.



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SATURDAY, JAN 31, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 1—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. The Finding of Jesus in the Temple.
- 2—Monday—Candlemas or Feast of the Purification.
- 3—Tuesday—Conversion of St. Paul (transferred from Jan. 25).
- 4—Wednesday—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop, Confessor.
- 5—Thursday—St. Agatha, Virgin, Martyr.
- 6—Friday—St. Titus, Bishop, Confessor.
- 7—Saturday—St. Romuald, Abbot.

WANTED: A CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA.

When serious objections were raised last year to the Universal Encyclopaedia because of the anti-Catholic tone of many of its articles in spite of the fact that one of its editors was a Catholic Bishop who was responsible for all the professedly Catholic articles, we contended that no correction of historical errors, no doctoring of the Universal Cyclopaedia, such as that of which the "Messenger," by its vigorous campaign, succeeded in obtaining the promise from the publishers, would satisfy the Catholic public. We pointed out the crying need of a thoroughly Catholic Cyclopaedia, in which all the articles should be, if not written, at least carefully corrected by learned Catholics.

This idea, we are glad to see, has been expressed much more fully of late by an authority in such matters, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, who writes to the Liverpool "Catholic Times," the very weighty letter which we reprint below. The "Dolphin," to which Mr. Raupert refers, is a monthly magazine for the laity published in Philadelphia by the editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review.

The correspondent of the Catholic Times, who so justly censures the "Encyclopaedia Biblica," might with equal justice have extended his strictures to the "Britannica," the new supplement to which distorts most Catholic facts.

Let us hope that his pessimistic view of English Catholic enterprise may not be justified by the event. On the other hand, his hopefulness with regard to American Catholics is very catching. All that is needed is a generous contribution from a few rich Catholics to defray the expenses of preparation and publication. The fund must be sufficiently large to afford a fair income to the first-class men who alone should be invited to contribute articles. The editors should not wait till the work is ideally perfect, before publishing. A fairly complete "Catholic Cyclopaedia" would do for the first edition. This would be bought up so quickly and so carefully criticized that a second and a better edition would almost immediately be called for.

Here is Mr. Raupert's letter:—
"I have read your paragraphs, in the current issue of the Catholic Times, in which you draw attention to Herder's great encyclopaedic

works and our great need of similar productions here in England, with deep interest. The "Dolphin" has, I am confident, touched the right note, and there can be no doubt that "a good, large, carefully written encyclopaedia, under Catholic auspices and censorship, would do all the work which half a dozen wide-awake Truth Societies can accomplish in the same direction." The "Dolphin" further thinks that such a work can be got together, "provided we take a rational interest in the matter and, instead of making speeches and criticisms in public and private about the bigotry of our opponents and the incompetency of our fellows, simply go to do or to encourage those who are capable and willing to do." It is precisely this rational interest in the matter which seems to me to be so sadly lacking in England, and which is so seriously threatening the progress of our great cause. As the English censor and reviser of Herder's Encyclopaedia I have good grounds for deeply and constantly regretting that we possess no English production of a similar character, and that it is absolutely impossible to awake a really practical interest in the matter. Some years ago I had personal interviews with Messrs. Herder on the subject, and I succeeded in deeply interesting them in a scheme for the production of an English edition of the great "Kirchen-Lexikon." In fact, I was commissioned to consult with English Catholics and publishers as to the best method of carrying such a scheme into effect. But I need hardly say that the utter indifference and apathy with which it was met on every hand soon made me abandon the scheme as an entirely unpracticable one. And yet it is evident from communications which are constantly reaching me, from both clergy and laity, that the want of such a work is most constantly and keenly experienced. It is exceedingly difficult to understand the causes which are really instrumental in producing this state of things in a country in which money is always forthcoming for the furtherance of some really great and good work, in which so keen an interest is taken in religious questions, and in which the Catholic Church has just now so magnificent and unique an opportunity. How is it that while a work so destructive to supernatural religion as the "Encyclopaedia Biblica" can find its way to the book shelves and to the hearts and minds of thoughtful Englishmen, it is impossible to find money and interest sufficient to create a work which will authoritatively represent the other side and which will effectually state and defend the case from the historic and Catholic point of view? We have absolutely no authoritative standard work in our great public libraries to which a perplexed modern mind can turn for instruction on the great truths of the Faith. Can we wonder that our cause is languishing and that the arguments of our opponents, appealing so strongly as they do to the ordinary tendencies of our human nature, are increasingly occupying the field? I am glad to see that attention is once more being called to this deeply important matter, although I have personally not a fragment of hope that it will lead to any practical result here. Experience has taught me that there is in these matters in England a kind of chronic inertia which is apt to paralyse all initiative, to stifle all enthusiasm, and to lay its spell upon the most enthusiastic faith. There is a constant clamor for lay help and lay co-operation, especially in the sphere of Catholic literature, but it is only too evident that, as an experienced priest wrote to me a little while ago, few of those who say and write these things have any really intelligent and practical scheme to suggest. A Catholic literary man, however anxious he may be to devote any little talent he may have to the Church's service, is bound to give up and stand back after a time and to devote himself to purely secular work. But I am inclined to think that the outlook is a better one in America, and I am not without hope that the "Dolphin's" suggestion will there be taken up with energy and enthusiasm, and we may thus, perhaps, after a time, benefit indirectly by the keener instincts of our brethren on the other side of

the water. We have in Herder's "Kirchen Lexikon" all the material necessary for the production of a similar English work ready to hand, and a judicious selection of articles, adapted and abbreviated for English readers, would lay the foundation of what might in the end become a really great standard "Encyclopaedia Catholica." No thoughtful person could question the immense usefulness and the far-reaching effects of such a work as this. I would therefore most earnestly urge the American editors of the "Dolphin" to take the matter in hand, and to do this seriously and without delay."

SOCIAL ACTIVITY IN CATHOLIC CLUB.

No Abatement Under the New Regime.

The Catholic Club has been the scene of two interesting social gatherings this week. On Monday evening the pedro team of the Young Liberals Club were present in full force to make a determined effort to recover the cup they lost to the Catholics in the series of games last year. A very interesting match resulted and was much enjoyed, not only by the players, but also by a large number of onlookers, who watched the progress of the games at the various tables with keen interest. The final result showed how nearly matched the teams were, for of ninety-two games played the Catholics won forty-seven to the Liberals' forty-five, and therefore, retained possession of the coveted trophy. At the close of the play the members of the two organizations enjoyed an hour of social entertainment. President F. W. Russell, of the Catholic Club, presided and kept the proceedings going in a manner which fully maintained the reputation this club has gained for the admirable way in which all its social features are carried out. He made an eloquent speech of welcome to the visitors and other speeches were made by Messrs. T. D. Deegan, J. Fahey, D. Smith and Chouinard, of the Catholic Club, and by Messrs. Farmer, Hambly and Barrington, of the Liberal Club. Refreshments and cigars were served and a choice programme of instrumental and vocal music was gone through, and when the jolly company dispersed at midnight it was voted by the visitors that the Catholics are good entertainers, and that they had excelled themselves on this occasion.

On the following evening, Tuesday, a progressive pedro party was held, which was attended by the largest and most representative gathering of Catholics that has yet patronized these events, which are held at regular intervals during the winter at the club. The play was much enjoyed, the pleasure being enhanced by delightful music rendered by Mr. Krauseman's gramophone. The prizes were won by Mrs. T. D. Deegan and Mr. D. Smith, Mrs. Deegan breaking all previous records by winning every game. At the close choice refreshments were served and the proceedings were brought to a close by a happy speech by President F. W. Russell, who thanked all for their presence and spoke of further social events which are under consideration and will shortly be announced.

CAUSTIC LANGUAGE TO BAPTIST PEWS.

Rev. Madison C. Peters on "What Protestants May Learn From Catholics."

Catholic Standard and Times.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, formerly of New York, but now pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Tabernacle, Baltimore, has never been accused of a liking for Catholics. Rather the reverse. In recent years, however, it has become apparent to him that they have some good qualities, and he told his congregation about them on Sunday last in a discourse entitled "What Protestants Should Learn From Catholics," abounding in sharp epigrams and caustic comparisons. Consistently with his more familiar attitude, Dr. Peters did not fail to credit his hearers and Protestants in general with "clearer apprehensions of truth" and "superior intelligence" as compared with those whom he held up

to them as models, but he did not attempt to explain the failure of these "clearer apprehensions" and this "superior intelligence" to produce the admirable conditions he had found among those not similarly gifted.

Here are a few of the preacher's "home thrusts":

"Catholics teach us the lesson of regular and constant attendance upon public worship. Protestants go when the weather is just to their liking. It is high time that an umbrella was invented that would protect Protestants from the rain on Sunday.

"Who has not heard early on Sunday mornings the tramp, tramp, tramp of persons, with a hard week's work behind them and often a hard day's work before them while we are yet asleep, hastening to the Catholic church with prayer book in hand? Have we clearer intelligence? Have we clearer apprehensions of the truth? What benefit to us if we are unfaithful, but how fearful the responsibility.

"The Catholic puts his church first. Seek to employ a Catholic, his first inquiry is whether there is a church handy. There may be Protestants with whom that is the first question, but they are not numerous enough to count for much.

"Catholics go to church to worship; Protestants to hear an eloquent preacher. At the appointed hour for service the congregation, instead of being in the seats to join in the devotional part of the service, begins to gather, and by sermon time the supposed worshippers are in their pews. The devotional element in too many of our churches is lost sight of. The sermon is everything. If that is not great, eloquent, magnificent, the pews are empty. The Protestant pulpit has become largely a lecture platform. The irreverence in the average Protestant church is simply shocking. It is often the gathering place of giggling nonentities.

The Only Real Democracy.

"Catholics seldom ever in their prosperity turn against their Church. Would to God our rich Protestants were as faithful! The rich Catholic hesitates not to kneel by the side of the poorest. The only real democracy in the world is a Catholic church in prayer before God. Protestants have too keen a sense of smell. God never calls an intelligent man to associate with ignorance or a gentleman to associate with boorishness, or a virtuous man to associate with vice, but if there is one place this side of heaven where men ought to meet on a common level, it ought to be in the house of God in common brotherhood prostrated in prayer before a common father.

"Protestants should learn from Catholics how to give. Catholics are generally poor. But behold their churches! Behold the earnings they lay upon the altar of the church! Too many Protestants never give anything unless they are squeezed so hard that they cannot help themselves. When hard times come they begin retrenchment at the Lord's end of their income. Any church finance committee will tell you that most of our church members are Protestants sure enough when it comes to supporting the church.

"Every Catholic is identified with some parish. There are thousands of Protestants in this city whose church membership is in their trunk or in the place where they used to live. When they go to church they go around. They remind me of those matches that strike only on their box. When you have the match you haven't the box, and when you have the box you haven't the match. These Protestants who live within the bounds of one church and insist on holding their membership elsewhere, where they can rarely or never attend, and consequently avoid supporting any church—what shall we say of them? One church has the box, the other the match, and therefore they won't strike.

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and only 9,000 children in the Sunday schools. The Protestant laity need to be awakened to a deep sense of the magnitude of their duty toward the children. Here is the source of strength in the Catholic Church. The seed of divine truth is planted in the hearts of the children, and if this is faithfully done we have the Divine promise that the seed shall grow up into a goodly tree and its boughs shelter the fallen race.

"The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put enough stress upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. I have no patience with those higher-life Christians who have not time to do practical good. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Sisters of Charity. Kindly, generous, loving acts, people believe in that kind of religion. The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, put Protestants to shame."

MISSION STORIES.

Many interesting incidents are described in the Epiphany number of "The Missionary." Here is one of Father Xavier Sutton's experiences:

An old lady came up to the railing after a mission to receive one of the books. She remarked to Father Sutton: "You say some good things and you may be honest enough, but I don't like your Church; no, sir, I have no use for the Catholic Church! I knew a man," she continued, impressively, "and he was the worst man I ever knew—and he was a Catholic."

"Now, now," said Father Sutton, "you are like lots of people I meet; you get the doctrine and the people mixed. Of course, there are black sheep in every fold. Even Judas was a pretty bad man; but he did not learn it from Christ, and he was with Christ and heard Him talk face to face. This man may have been a pretty hard sinner, but he did not learn it at church; he would have been just as bad if he had been a Methodist or a Presbyterian, wouldn't he?"

She shook her curls emphatically. "No, sir, I don't get them mixed at all. I am talking of the doctrine. It is all wrong. I know a woman who is a Catholic, too, and she is a perfectly dreadful woman; why she performed the blackest hypocrisy for the glory of the Church!"

"My goodness, what did she do?" "Well, her husband was a Methodist, and a good man, too, and he trusted her; but while he was away she went and had her children baptized Roman Catholics, deceiving her husband for the glory of Rome!"

But the conversation was interrupted, and it is likely that the lady still argues doctrine on the plan of "Some sinners I have met."

Protestant Mississippi.

"To every Catholic priest in Mississippi there are forty-five Protestant preachers!" writes Rev. Thos. McNamara. "Yet we are gaining steadily. Converts have leavened the State. Among the more noticeable is Frank Johnson and family, of Jackson, Miss., ex-Attorney General of this State. The steady and notable advance of the Church in Mississippi has alarmed the 'preachers,' and I am sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, to stem the tide Romeward, means and methods have been adopted and employed by these self-styled 'ministers of the Gospel' which outrival the earlier persecutors and vilifiers of the Church of God.

"The Jesuits have been accused unjustly of adopting as their motto 'The end justifies the means'; but the fullest expression is found in the tactics of the Protestant preachers of this State.

"I defy contradiction to the facts I am about to narrate, as I am fully prepared to give the names of reputable witnesses to the veracity of my declarations. Protestant children are schooled in their hatred of everything and everybody Catholic. From infancy almost they are taught that Catholic priests are living devils, and that the Sister-

hood of the Church is their potent and immoral auxiliary. Such books as 'Maria Monk,' 'The Secrets of the Convent' are bought at wholesale prices by preachers and retailed to the members of the various denominations at a fair profit! I have encountered cases, however, where the reverend tradesmen in impure literature have presented gratis, copies of the above works when a leaning towards the Church became discernable.

"Some converts have told me that these very books hastened their conversion. Because of their intimate acquaintance with Catholic people they looked upon the books with suspicion, and examination and study proved them slanderous as well as mendacious.

"The most thoroughly Protestant State in the United States, perhaps, is Mississippi. Yet where abounds lawlessness and crime to a greater extent? You have read of the horrors attendant upon the burning of a Negro at the stake recently in Corinth, where not a single Catholic lives. Yet it is considered one of the most flourishing and representative towns in our State."

Arson in North Carolina.

The following from Father Price, of Nazareth, N.C., pictures one of the fruits of the "methods" adopted by the ministers in Mississippi: "Fire! Fire! Fire! This startling cry at midnight, a quick, fierce blaze which illumined the whole heavens for one half hour, and St. Teresa's church, built through the generosity of Mr. Doyle, of Brooklyn, on the missions of Nazareth to non-Catholics, was one mass of coals and ashes and the sum of much mission effort destroyed! A kerosene can, a match and the envenomed heart of a poor wretch overcharged with prejudice against the Catholic Church by non-Catholic ministers, who thought the whole country was turning to the Church, and who stirred up hatred against it accordingly, did the work."

Humble Instrument of God's Grace. The following touching incident is taken from one of Father Sutton's reports:—

A servant girl—one of those earnest-minded girls who are a credit to their class—had been attending the lectures. Noticing that the girl, who had never before had the habit of going out many evenings in the week, had gone for four successive evenings before 7 o'clock, the lady of the house asked her where she was going.

"I have been attending the non-Catholic mission," said the girl, "and I think I will become a Catholic."

The lady became very much affected, and in a moment burst into tears. "Oh!" exclaimed the poor woman, "to think that you, a Protestant, should take such an interest in the Catholic religion! I was once a Catholic, but I married out of the Church twenty years ago, and no one but my husband knows I am a Catholic. But I'll go back!" she exclaimed; "I'll go back to my Church." A day or so afterward she went to confession and was received into the Church once more.

Mission Maxims.

The giving of missions on the eastern shore of Maryland has led to the framing of the following rules of action by Rev. William Temple:—

1. Give the mission in a hall rather than in a church. For many Protestants it requires an act of superhuman courage to enter a Catholic church. The ghosts of generations of lies guards the portals and their hearts fail them.

2. Use the press as far as possible. Distribute Catholic literature and print the discourses in the local papers. Country editors are always clamoring for copy, and country people will read about religion.

3. Follow the methods of St. Francis of Sales. Dip your tongue in the honeycomb and let nothing but kindness fall from your lips. Take it as a first principle of your preaching that all non-Catholics are all Catholics except in name and knowledge. The skin of a Protestant bleeds at the gentlest thrust of criticism.

Kind Old Gentleman—Little boy, do you smoke cigarettes? Little Boy—No, sir; but I kin give yer a chew.—Detroit Free Press.

STORIES OF THE QUEEN.

The Brown Book of Boston tells the following, among other anecdotes, in a little sketch of Britain's Queen:—"One afternoon, when the Queen was little Princess Alexandra Christina of Denmark, she, with her two sisters, Princess Dagmar and Princess Thyra, were having tea in the woods of Bernstorff Castle. They fell to talking as children will of what they wanted to do in life. Princess Dagmar wished to be very grand and have all the people obey her. Princess Thyra desired to be the most beautiful woman in the world. When it came Princess Alexandra's turn she said: "I would like to be very good and have everybody love me very much." The good fairy has granted Alexandra's wish, for she has won the hearts of the British people and is the best beloved woman in the land." The article dwells upon her Majesty's goodness of heart and her passionate fondness for children and continues:

"One day Alexandra came upon a tiny mite of a child crying bitterly. A comfortable, fat old lady who seemed to be in charge of him was entirely unmoved by his distress. The Queen, who is quickly touched by grief, especially that of a child, inquired of the woman what the trouble was, and if the little fellow was ill. 'Well, ma'am,' the old lady agreeably replied, 'he ain't exactly ill, but no stomach can't stand nine buns.' The country folk around Sandringham have many tales to tell about 'ryity.' One old woman tells with the utmost pride how she was struggling to get over a stile with a large head of cabbage under one arm and a bundle under the other. The Queen was on her way to aid and heal some poor laborer, when she saw the old woman. Her Majesty went to the rescue, and here the old woman's voice thrills with emotion. 'And, ma'am, the Queen held the cabbage in her beautiful arms while I climbed over the stile.'

"A most accomplished nurse, her Majesty personally visits the children's hospitals and ministers to them. Some little girls, inmates of different wards in the Great Ormond street hospital, were having a spirited discussion one day as to which ward was the most favored by the royal lady. Finally one little girl triumphed over the others by saying, 'The Queen visits our ward and gives flowers—a bunch to everybody—and mine was tied with red ribbon—a ribbon she had worn, mind you.' With a nerve as true as steel, infinite womanliness, tenderness that is the essence of kindness and usefulness, and a divine sympathy, such are the attributes that make the United Kingdom rejoice that the crown of England is worn so worthily."

A STRANGE MOUSE.

As in the nursery Mrs. Puss Was looking out for mice, She threw a glance upon the shelf, And there saw something nice.

A little mouse among the toys Was standing very still, "I'll catch that mouse," said Mrs. Puss, "Most certainly I will."

Then crouching down behind the shelf, Her instinct to obey, She made a sudden upward spring, And pounced upon her prey.

But what was this? In sudden fear Her claws let go their hold, At coming into contact with A substance hard and cold.

Then frightened Mrs. Puss turned tail, And fled from out the house, While still her prey remained unmoved— He was a clockwork mouse! —Selected.

The sad, discouraged Christian who feels his shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times in which he lives so overwhelmingly as to take away his peace and joy, needs to get out into God's pure air on some errand of mercy.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Power of Laughter in Some Curious Odds and Ends.

Catholic Columbian.

A friend once remarked to Lord Chesterfield that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," he replied, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

A recent witty speaker put in this way: "Man is the only animal that was made to laugh and, as science teaches us that laughter is conducive to health, we ought to laugh. Laugh to increase the blood circulation, enlarge the heart, expand the lungs and beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth—they are not altogether human."

Carlyle says that laughter is the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man. Holmes says: "You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done; The children laugh loud as they troop to his call, And the poor man who knows him laughs loudest of all.

Peter Pinder puts it this way: Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt; And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

I am led to thus quote by noticing the publication of a new book, titled "An Essay on Laughter"; though called an essay, it spreads out over 441 pages. The author seems to think that mankind don't laugh enough and is inclined to think it is not polite to laugh, somewhat after the mind of Lord Chesterfield, who proudly boasted that since he had come to the full use of his reason nobody had ever heard him laugh. The author of this essay, however, put it well when he says as a final conclusion: "Pure and honest laughter, like mercy, blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

City Friend—In this house occurred New York's most famous murder mystery. Country Cousin—Indeed? Which do you mean? City Friend—The one the police solved.—Judge.

There are queer nooks and corners in England yet. A country parson lately went to preach in an old remote parish one Sunday. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I hope your riv'ence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, and I've got a duck sittin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."—London Tit-bits.

"Why do you call them 'French duel' pills?" asked the customer in the drug store. "Because they cool hot blood and are harmless," replied the bright clerk.—Chicago Daily News.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AND YOUR RUBBER STAMPS MADE BY THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE CARNAYGIE LIBRARIES.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

"Has Andrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Not that I know iv," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He will," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman an' child in th' counthry. He's givin' them to cities, towns, villages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas houses an' poor houses to put up libries. Before another year, ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin' is libries. If ye write him fr' an auty'graft he sinds ye a libry. No beggar is iver turn'd away empty-handed fr'm th' dure. Th' pan-handler knocks an' asts fr' a glass iv milk an' a roll. 'No, sir,' says Andrew Carnaygie. 'I will not pauperize this unworthy man. Nawthin' is worse for a beggar man thin to make a pauper iv him. Yet it shall not be said of me that I give nawthin' to th' poor. Saunders, give him a libry an' if he still insists on a roll, tell him to roll th' libry. Fr' I'm humorous as well as wise,' he says."

"Does he give th' books that go with it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Books?" said Mr. Dooley. "What ar-re ye talkin' about? D'ye know what a libry is? I suppose ye think it's a place where a man can go, haul down wan iv his fav'rite authors fr'm th' shelf an' take a nap in it. That's not a Carnaygie libry. A Carnaygie libry is a large, brown-stone impenetrable buildin' with th' name iv th' maker blown on th' dure. Libry, fr'm th' Greek wurruds, libus, a book, an' ary, sidom—sidom—a book. A Carnaygie libry is archytechoor, not lithrachoor. Lithrachoor will be ripsinted. Th' mos' cillybrated dead authors will be honored be havin' their names painted on th' wall in distinguished compny, as thus: Andrew Carnaygie, Shakespere, Andrew Carnaygie, Byron, Andrew Carnaygie, Bobby Burns, Andrew Carnaygie, an' so on. Ivry author is guaranteed a place nex' to pure readin' matter like a bakin' powder advertisement, so that whin a man comes along that niver heard of Shakespere, he'll know he was somebody, because there he is on th' wall. That's th' dead authors. Th' live authors will stand outside an' wish they were dead."

"He's havin' gr-reat spoort with it. I r-read his speech th' other day whin he laid th' corner stone iv th' libry at Pianola, Ioway. Th' entire popylation iv this lithry cinter gathered to see an' hear him. They was th' postmaster an' his wife, th' blacksmith an' his fam'ly, the station agent, mine host iv th' Farmers' Exchange, an' some strhay live stock. 'Ladies an' gentlemen,' says he, 'Modesty compels me to say nawthin' on this occasion, but I am not to be bulldozed,' he says. 'I can't tell ye how much pleasure I take in distributin' monyments to th' humble name around which has gathered so many hon'rabl' associations with meself. I have been a very busy little man all me life, but I like hard wurruk an' givin' away me money is th' hardest wurruk I iver did. It fairly makes me teeth ache to part with it. But there's wan consolation. I cheer meself with th' thought that no matter how much money I give, it don't do anny particular person anny good. Th' worst thing ye can do fr' anny man is to do him good. I pass by th' organ grinder on th' corner with a savage glare. I hit th' monkey on th' head whin he comes up similin' to me window an' hurl him down on his impecyonyous owner. None iv me money goes into th' little tin cup. I cud kick a hospital an' lave Wall threest to look afther th' widow an' th' orphan. Th' submerged tenth, thin that can't get hold iv a good chunk iv th' goods, I wud cut off fr'm th' rest iv th' wurruld an' prevint fr'm bearin' th' laughy name iv papa or th' still lover name iv ma. So far I've only got half me wish in this matter. I don't want poverty an' crime to go on. I intind to stop it. But how? It's been holdin' its own fr' cinchries. Some iv th' gr-reatest iv former minds has undertook to prevint it an' has failed. They didn't

know how. Modesty wud prevint me again fr'm sayin' that I know how, but that's nayther here nor there. I do. Th' way to abolish poverty an' bust crime is to put up a brown stone buildin' in ivry town in this counthry with me name over it. That's th' way. I suppose th' rason it wasn't tried befure was that no man iver had such a name. 'Tis thru me efforts is not appreciated ivrywhere. I offer a city a libry an' oftentimes it replies an' asts me fr' somethin' to pay off th' school debt. I rayceive degraded pettyshuns fr'm so-called proud methropolises askin' fr' a gas house in place iv a libry. I pass thin with scorn. All I ask iv a city in rayturn fr' a fifty thousan' dollar libry is that it shall raise wan million dollars to maintain th' buildin' an' keep me name shiny, an' if it won't do that much for lithrachoor, th' divyle take it; it's unworthy th' name iv an American city. What ivry community needs is taxes an' lithrachoor. I give thin both. Three cheers fr' a libry an' a bonded debt! Lithrachoor, taxation an' Andrew Carnaygie, wan an' insiprable, now an' forever! They's nawthin' so good as a good book. It's better thin food; it's better thin me money. I have made money an' books, an' I like me books better thin me money. Others don't, but I do. With these few wurruds I will conclude. Modesty wud prevint me fr'm sayin' more, but I have to catch a thrain an' cannot go on. I stake ye this libry, which ye will have as soon as ye raise th' money to keep it goin'. Stock it with useful readin', an' some day ye're otherwise pauper an' criminal childher will come to know me name whin I'm gone, an' there's no wan left to tell it thin."

"Whin th' historyan comes to write th' histhry iv th' West, he'll say: 'Pianola, Ioway, was a prosperous town till th' failure iv th' corn crop in nineteen hundherd an' wan, an' th' Carnaygie libry in nineteen hundherd an' two. Th' government ast fr' thirty dollars to pave Main sthreet with wooden blocks, but th' gr-reat philanthropist was firm an' th' libry was sawed off on th' town. Th' public schools, the workhouse, th' wather wurruks an' th' other penal instichoochions was at wanst closed an' th' people began to wurruk to support th' libry. In five years th' popylation had deserted th' town to escape taxation an' now, as Mr. Carnaygie promised, poverty an' crime has been abolished in th' place, the janitor iv th' buildin' bein' honest an' well paid."

"Isn't it good fr' lithrachoor, says ye? Sure, I think not, Hinnessy. Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor anny more thin tombstones encourage livin'. No wan iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his books might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepelcher an' some wan wud write 'Good,' or 'this man is crazy' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' food. If Andrew wud put a kitchen in th' libries or build some bunks or aven swing a few hammocks where livin' authors cud crawl in at night an' sleep while waitin' fr' this enlightened nation to wake up an' discover th' Shakesperes now on th' turf, he wud be givin' a rale boost to lithrachoor. With th' smoke curlin' fr'm th' chimby an' hundreds iv potes settin' round a table loaded down with pancakes an' talkin' pothy an' prize fightin' in wan grand ehorus, with their wives holdin' down good payin' jobs as librarians or cooks, an' their happy little childher playin' through th' marble corrydors, Andrew Carnaygie wud not have lived in vain. Maybe that's th' on'y way he knows how to live. I don't believe in libries. They pauperize lithrachoor. I'm fer helpin' th' boys that's now on th' job. I know a pote in Halsted sthreet that wanst wrote a pome beginnin' 'All th' wealth iv Ind' that he sold to a magazine fr' two dollars, payable on publicayshun. Lithrachoor don't need avancin'. What it needs is advances fr' th' lithrachours. Ye can't shake down posterity fr' th' price."

"All the same, I like Andrew Carnaygie. Him an' me ar're agreed on that point. I like him because he ain't ashamed to give publicly. Ye don't find him puttin' on false whiskers an' turnin' up his coat collar whin he goes out to

be binvolent. No, sir. Ivry time he dhrops a dollar, it makes a noise like a waiter fallin' down stairs with a tray iv dishes. He's givin' th' way we'd all like to give. I niver put annything in th' poor box but I wud if Father Kelly wud ring it up like wan iv thim slot machines, so that whin I put in a nickel me name wud appear over th' altar in red letters. But whin I put a dollar in th' plate, I get back about two yards an' hurl it so lard that th' good man turns around to see who done it. Do good be stealth, says I, but see that th' burglar alarm is set. Anny benivolent money I hand out, I want to talk about me. Him that giveth to th' poor, they say, lindest to th' Lord, but in these days we look fr' quick returns on our investimints. I like Andrew Carnaygie, an' as he says, he puts his whole soul into th' wurruk."

"What's he mane be that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He manes," said Mr. Dooley, "that he's ginrous. Ivry time he gives a libry, he gives himself away in a speech."

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 25, 1903. The Northwest Review, City.

Dear Sir,—At the last regular meeting of Branch 52 of the C.M.B.A. the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Moved by Bro. Dr. J. K. Barrett, and seconded by Past Chancellor Bro. D. Smith, that:

This Branch has heard with feelings of the deepest regret of the death of our esteemed and revered Grand Secretary, Brother S. R. Brown. In the death of Bro. Brown, who has so long and so ably filled the position of Grand Secretary of the Grand Council of Canada, the C.M.B.A. has met with a severe and almost irreparable loss.

Resolved, therefore, that this Branch place on record our sense of our loss, and the loss of our Association generally, and express our sympathy with the widow and family of Bro. Brown, and also with the President and Officers of the Grand Council.

Resolved, that the charter of this Branch be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mrs. Brown, the Grand President and the official organs of the Association. R. F. HINDS, Rec. Secretary Branch 52.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His Infinite Wisdom to call to his reward our Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, be it

Resolved, That we the members of Branch 163 of the C.M.B.A., while bowing submissively to the will of an All Wise Providence, desire to express our deep grief at the death of our Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, who for many years had held that office, and was one of the best known members of the Association, be it further

Resolved, That we the members of this branch pray our Lord to comfort the bereaved relatives in this the hour of their sorrow and grant eternal rest to his soul. Be it further

Resolved, That the charter of the branch be draped for three months, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Northwest Review and Canadian for publication.

WM. J. KIELY, R.S., St. Mary's Court, 276.

Winnipeg, Jan. 16, 1903.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

The Editor Northwest Review.

Dear Sir,—Kindly show the following officers as elected to St. Mary's Court, No. 276, at a meeting held in Trades Hall 15th January, 1903:—

C.R.—E. Dowdell.
V.C.R.—R. Murphy.
R.S.—W. J. Kiely, P.O. Box 469, City.
Fin. Sec.—J. P. Raleigh.
Treasurer—J. J. McDonald.
Trustees—J. O. Genest, R. Murphy and J. Couchon.
Delegate—T. D. Deegan.
Alternate—J. J. McDonald.
S.D.—Rev. Father Guillet.
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CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHEL
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154
Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343	

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The Heart of Things.

She had just returned from the crowded concert hall, where she had enjoyed a veritable triumph. Her face was flushed and smiling, and she still held in her hands the great bouquet of roses—her favorite flower—which had been given her as she left the platform. She was recalled to her surroundings by the voice of her maid, Fanchon.

"There is a telegram for you madam on the table," she said. Denise picked it up; it was addressed to "Mrs. Fielden," which was unusual. She was known to the London world and her friends as "Mme. Elena." She opened it sharply. It was brief and to the point.

"I think it right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill.

"Michael."

Unconsciously she crushed the message in her hand, and her thoughts flew to the Lincolnshire village, where it had been written. She saw again the flat fen-land, the long stretches of empty wastes, which she had grown to loathe, almost to fear; all the grayness and barrenness which were so antagonistic to her gay, beauty-loving nature. Then the scent of the roses smote her sharply, she saw the luxury of her own surroundings, the signs of taste and money everywhere, and, turning to the maid, she cried:

"Bring me an 'A. B. C.' and pack a bag. I am going into the country."

"Shall I attend, madam?"

"No. I don't know how long I shall be away. I will write." Her lips twitched as she thought of the fashionable French maid in the bare manor house with old Hannah for company.

"I wonder if he is really very ill?" she pondered, as she sat in the train. "I think Michael would scarcely have sent for me unless he were. The meeting will be as awkward and uncomfortable for him as for me. Poor little Michael—what a name to give a child! I wonder what he is like now? He was not a pretty or interesting child. I remember he was always crying."

There was no one to meet her when she arrived, but that she did not expect, though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her coming.

After a drive of nearly an hour she recognized a familiar gateway; she remembered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stonework, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live! I die!" Yes, that was all the Fieldens had been doing for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not the energy, or perhaps the power, to stop the ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there now had grown sour and bitter with his balked life.

"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said, distinctly, in reply to Denise's greeting. "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is very restless tonight, and can't well be left. If you will please to sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened the door of a room where a frugal meal was laid.

"I don't want anything, thank you," Denise said, hastily. "I will go up at once, if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up the stairs.

She heard a murmur from the oak bedroom, where the head of the house was always born, and where most of them had died, and tapping lightly on the door, she went in. No one had heard her, and for an instant she stood as if arrested on the threshold. What a great room it was! And how solitary those two figures looked in it!

"I am sorry to trouble you," the man said, getting up as she moved. "I am afraid you have had a long, tiring journey; but I thought you ought to know."

"You did quite right," she said, thickly. What a pitiful little shrunken form it was, looking almost lost in the vast oak bedstead, of which it was a tradition that each successive Fielden should carve a panel, so that it had almost seemed to Denise a weird resting-place, belonging to the dead rather than to the living. She had woke up

more than once on a moonlight night fancying ghostly fingers had come back to finish what here and there had been left incomplete.

"Oh, you poor little soul!" she cried, a sob in her voice, and the next moment her arms were over the bed, and the little figure was gathered to her breast where she crooned over it, calling him her baby, her little Michael, whom she had treated so badly, reproaching herself and showering soft kisses on the wan face in the same breath.

"He is very weak; you must not excite him," a warning voice said, and the calm, measured tones were like a rebuff. The old feeling of restraint and fear held her for a moment, but the mother love, which had woke up for the first time at sight of the forlorn suffering child, rose stronger than anything else.

"I shall not hurt him," she said, holding the boy closer to her breast. "See, he is already more content." The little face certainly looked less tired and troubled, and one wasted arm had gone round her neck, while he made himself at home as a matter of course in those unknown arms.

"Has he been long like this?" she asked. "You ought to have told me before."

"He was never strong, as you may remember," he answered coldly. "He does not take after my family, he pines for warmth and sunshine, as you did. I must remind you that you have never given me reason to think you took any particular interest in him. I was not at all certain that you would come now."

"Not come?" she exclaimed. Then she remembered. "I beg your pardon," she said humbly; "you are quite right. It is I who am to blame—I who am wrong. But—but," her voice growing husky, "I did not know he wanted me so badly. I was so young when I went away—I am not very old now—and I did not understand many things. Perhaps if you reasoned with me—if you had pointed out—"

"Do you think I wanted a captive instead of a wife?" he said harshly. "I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature; I knew you would wear your life out in a little if it went on."

"It was so dull—so dreary," she murmured, "and nobody wanted me, not even you, I think, after a little while. I interrupted your studies, I was restless and disturbed your routine, so when my legacy came it seemed to open a way of escape. I thought it was better for us to go our own road before we learned to hate each other. I had a gift—only one—but it would not let me rest until I had tried what it was worth I ought not to have married."

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that that was more my fault than yours. I was years older and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you of which you did not understand the import. No doubt you knew yourself best. You have the life that suits you; you were free to go your own way."

"As you yours."

"As I mine." Something in the voice made Denise more uneasy. For six years the man and the child had lived here together; her husband, her child. For six years she had nearly forgotten them both; not quite, though she had tried to do so. The man and the child had been growing old together—without love or happiness—while she had laughed and sung. There was nothing young in the house—not even the little form she held in her arms.

A week passed, and little Michael, thanks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted nursing and the interest she created in the child's mind, was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking at her, of admiring all the pretty things that gathered about her as a matter of course; he had never seen so many flowers, so much dainty luxury, in his brief existence.

"You use these every day?" he asked, in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles on her dressing table.

"Yes, every day," she said, with a gay little laugh. "Do you think I am very extravagant?"

"Father hasn't anything pretty in his room. I like to be here best," he said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which

his mother had ordered from a neighboring town. She opened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing-room when her husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tacit consent.

"There is something I wish to say to you if you are at leisure," he began. She thought how worn and gray he looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he stood before her, the hard light from the setting sun showing up the lines on his cold, stern face, as it showed up the patches of damp on the wall paper and the unloveliness of the beautifully designed room. He and it both seemed thrown away under their present circumstances.

"I am quite at your service," she answered. "Little Michael is in bed and asleep, and I have nothing to do."

"It is about him I wish to speak," he said, as he sat down. "He is almost well again now."

"He is very delicate still," she said, quickly. "He needs a great deal of care—he could not stand much." Could he mean that they wanted her no longer? she asked herself, with a thrill of fear.

"As you say, he needs a great deal of care," he answered, slowly. "He also needs more comfort and different surroundings to what I can give him. I have wondered—I have wondered," he repeated, "if you would like to take him with you when you go?"

"Like to take him?" she echoed, her face lighting up with joy. "Need you ask me?"

"No, perhaps not. I have thought that you seemed attached to him."

"Attached?" she repeated again, with a laugh. "I love him with all my heart. I couldn't bear to be parted from him now. But don't you mind?" looking at him with inward resentment at his indifference. "Won't you be very lonely without him?"

"It will be best for the child to be with you for a time at least, I think, as you are willing to have him. As you say, he is not strong enough to stand any shock, and he will miss you. I suppose your engagements will necessitate your returning to town soon?"

"Yes, I ought to have gone before," flushing at his evident anxiety to get rid of her. "We will go as soon as the doctor says we can travel." Then, as he was leaving the room, "I—I should like to thank you very much for trusting me—for letting me have him."

"There is no need. I have been thinking it over and it seems best for the boy," he answered, as he closed the door.

"Of course there would be no thought of me in it," she said to herself, bitterly. "I wonder why he hates me so much now? Once upon a time," the rose color in her cheeks growing deeper, "I am sure he cared for me more than a little in his curious, restrained way."

It was still early when she went upstairs to bed, and she was tired of her own company. As she lit the candles the boy opened his eyes—he slept in a little bed in her room now—and called to her.

"I'm not a bit sleepy. Come and talk to me, mother," he said. She sat down in the low chair and laid her head on his pillow, as he liked to have her.

"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," she said, tucking one of his hands under her cheek. "What do you think has happened? You are to come with me to mother's home. How do you like that?"

A wiser and more prudent mother would have hesitated to excite the child at that hour, but Denise was a creature of impulse.

"Go away with you and see all the beautiful things you have told me about? Do you really mean it, mother? How lovely!" springing up in bed with shining eyes. "And is father coming too?"

"Father does not want to come, darling. The childish face grew grave.

"It will be dull for father all alone here," he said, seriously. "You ask him to come, mother, he'll come for you."

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"Go now, mother," he said coaxingly. "Try... Wait, I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you. Father keeps a picture of you locked up, and I saw him looking at it one night, and—and," in an awed whisper, "he kissed it before he put it away. People must love a person very much to kiss their picture, mustn't they, mother?" Kisses had been rare luxuries in his life.

"Kissed my picture? Are you sure, little Michael?" The child nodded, watching her intently. Denise thought of how she was going to make the desolate home more desolate, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"I'll try, my sonny—I'll try for your sake," she cried, and she went from the room. Her heart was beating fast with fear and excitement as she hurried down the stairs before her courage failed her. What if he should be angry; what if he should repulse her? She shivered at the thought.

She softly opened the library door, where he was in the habit of sitting at night. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in the centre of the room, and its light fell on the bowed head of a man; some books and papers had been overturned as he threw out his arms and mutely emphasized that aspect of despair. Denise forgot her fears.

"Michael!" she cried, in a sobbing voice, her arm round his neck, her cheek to his—"Michael, I've been a bad wife, but I want to be a better one. Will you take me back?"

He looked up, and she saw that his eyes were wet.

"Is that you?" he said, heavily. "What is it?—what has happened?"

"Nothing," softly, "except that I have found out that I want you. We both want you—little Michael and I. You won't send us away—or you will come too?"

"Want me—you?" he said, in a husky whisper. "Is it really true, Denise?" He held her in his arms as one holds something very precious that one is half afraid to touch. "I had almost given up praying and hoping."—Black and White.

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Persons and Facts

A couple of weeks ago we made a general revision of our subscription list. Though we have taken every possible care, we are aware that mistakes have occurred. We hope that those who have suffered from unintentional neglect as a result will bear with us until all mistakes can be rectified.

The pedro teams of the Catholic and Young Men's Liberal Clubs will meet in the second game of the series on Tuesday evening next at the latter's club rooms. The game was announced to take place on Monday evening, but other engagements of the Liberals prevented this and all interested are asked to note that the match will take place on Tuesday evening. The Catholic Club players will assemble in their own club rooms in time to proceed thence in a body at eight o'clock.

Mr. J. T. Dumouchel returned last week from Bermuda.

The Literary Society of Sheldon (N.D.) debated, Friday, January 16, the question whether the United States is justified in upholding the doctrine of President Monroe, which denies the right of European powers to acquire territory on the American continent. Rev. Father J. B. McDonald was one of the speakers on the negative side and delivered, says the Sheldon Progress, "one of the best speeches that has been made in the brilliant history of the society." The three judges, Messrs. Tenneson, Burke and De la Bere (editor of the Sheldon Progress), decided unanimously in favor of the negative.

The Sisters of Providence, of Montreal, have bought what was until last summer St. Joseph's Academy, at Rat Portage, and have sent a community of their order, with several nurses, to open a hospital there. The house is large and is very beautifully situated on a point of land in Rat Portage bay, an ideal site for a hospital. They entered into possession last week.

Five Sisters of Providence have come to Nome. They had been there only three months when they had a hospital well equipped in the very centre of the town. It is through the kind ministrations of these worthy daughters of Madame Gamelin that we (Fathers Cataldo and Devine, S.J.) have been able to reach the souls of a few crusty old miners, who had forgotten even their prayers. We have already established the League of the Sacred Heart in Nome, and a few have begun the First Fridays.—Father Devine in the Can. Mess. of the S. Heart, Feb., p. 78.

Don Ranieri de Bourbon, son of the Count de Caserta, has, says a telegram from Madrid, entered a Jesuit novitiate, preferring the ecclesiastical state to a military career, for which his parents designed him.

The Very Rev. the Hon. Basil Fielding, son of the Earl of Denbigh, has been raised to the rank of Cameriere Segreto by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The more valuable presents which the Holy Father has received on the occasion of the Pontifical Jubilee are exhibited at the Vatican. The total number is 32,000. A Roman correspondent states that a clause in the Pope's will bequeaths this treasure to the Holy See, excluding therefrom his family.

Professor Windle writes to "The (London) Times" in reference to the statement of "A Catholic Parent" in the same journal that "No Roman Catholic school exists in the British Isles conducted on the lines of the English public schools, in which boys can be trained by laymen for the life of laymen in the world." The professor says that it most if not all of our large schools

there are both clerical and lay masters, and that the system—quasi-staff—is very similar to that met with in "the English public school" alluded to by the correspondent.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., on the 25th inst., repeated in French for the benefit of the St. Boniface College Literary Society, L'Academie Francaise, his lecture on the four great orators of Notre Dame in the 19th century—Lacordaire, De Ravignan, Felix and Monsabre. Among the invited guests present were the Hon. Senator Bernier, Baron L. de Galemberg, Inspector Goulet, Mr. Joseph Bernier, M.P.P., Mr. H. Beliveau, Mr. J. J. Arseneault, Rev. Fathers Hudon, Le-compte and others.

Mrs. Seymour Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) has been received into the Church by Father Bernard Vaughan.

Brandon Notes.

Rev. Father Godts spent Sunday in Minnedosa.

Mrs. R. Chapman, of Cranbrook, B.C., is spending a few days in the city, the guest of Mrs. Jeffrey.

On Friday night Mrs. Margaret Cameron, fortified by the consoling rites of Holy Church, passed peacefully from this life at the advanced age of eighty-four years. The deceased, who has been a resident of Brandon for twenty years, leaves to mourn her loss, four sons and two daughters, Mrs. F. C. Patterson, with whom she resided; Mrs. T. E. Seaman, Brockville, Ont.; Hugh R. Cameron, of Winnipeg; A. J. Cameron, of Boissevain; John and Allan Cameron, of Brandon. The remains were sent to Illemtville for interment.

The regular meeting of the Sodality of the Children of Mary took place on Monday evening and was well attended.

The news of the death at London, Ont., on Saturday, Jan. 17th, of Samuel R. Brown, Grand Secretary of the C.M.B.A., was heard with deep regret by the members of the association here. The deceased was known wherever there is a branch of the C.M.B.A. as one of the ablest and best of the society's officials. On Wednesday last a Requiem Mass, recommended by Brandon branch, for the repose of the soul of the late Grand Secretary, was sung in the winter chapel at St. Augustine's.

A fairly well attended meeting of the men of the parish was held in the C.M.B.A. hall on Thursday evening, the anniversary of the organization of Brandon branch of the C.M.B.A., when a couple of hours were spent most enjoyably in a social way. All the Catholic men of the city were invited, the principal object of the meeting being to provide an opportunity for newcomers to become acquainted and to impress upon all those who are not members of the C.M.B.A. the importance of belonging to that association. Rev. Father Godts and Rev. Father Cyril were present to greet those in attendance on the occasion. The programme for the evening was a pedro contest and smoker. Mr. Philip Purcell, on behalf of the officers and members, extended to those present a most hearty welcome. Nothing could give the members of the C.M.B.A. greater pleasure than the privilege of having with them the Catholic men of Brandon to spend a social evening. After warmly thanking the Redemptorist Fathers for their encouragement and assistance so heartily accorded to every movement calculated to advance the interests of the C.M.B.A. and the parish, the speaker proceeded to explain the aims and objects of the C.M.B.A. and to review the work of that association. He expressed his confidence that if the Catholic men of Brandon were fully aware of the splendid service the C.M.B.A. had rendered to its members and those dependent upon them and indirectly to the church, the membership of Brandon branch would quickly be doubled. The work the society is doing is a work in which every Catholic in the Dominion should be proud to assist. During

the twenty-five years it had been in existence the C.M.B.A. had paid to those dependent upon its members the enormous sum of \$2,500,000, an average of \$100,000 a year. Not a single claim had yet been disputed. That the society is on a sound basis is evident from the fact that it has never been necessary to raise its rates; and upon the able and economical administration of its affairs the C.M.B.A. has been repeatedly complimented by the superintendent of insurance. Catholics were frequently heard saying, "The C.M.B.A. costs too much," but investigation will prove that the association provides protection to its members at the very lowest figure upon which it is possible to guarantee strength and security for the C.M.B.A. in the future. The real cost is in the expense of management, and in the management of the C.M.B.A. only 4 1/2 per cent. of the total receipts is expended, while the very lowest in any similar organization is about 7 1/2 per cent. The real facts, therefore, show that the C.M.B.A. not only does not "cost too much," but actually costs less than any other fraternal association. For the first cost, for entrance, etc., it was explained, new members are more than reimbursed, as they become at once equally interested with older members in the society's surplus of \$150,000. Brandon branch had been organized only six years, and yet in that time the C.M.B.A. had paid to the relatives of deceased members here \$6,000, which is certainly a good reason why the association should be strongly supported in the city. In conclusion the speaker declared the C.M.B.A. had every advantage to offer that any other fraternal organization could claim, and in addition to that it is a good Catholic society, which fact in itself, should be sufficient to enlist for it the warm support of every Catholic eligible for membership in the society. At the conclusion of the address the pedro contest was proceeded with. Splendid prizes were offered and the competition was very keen. The fortunate ones were: 1st, Wm. Molloy, pair military hair brushes; 2nd, Daniel McNeill, handsome bible.

OBITUARY.

MRS. CATHERINE WAGNER.

On Thursday, Jan. 22, at 11 a.m. in St. Boniface hospital, Catherine Caroline Wagner, whose maiden name was Schlammes, and who was born in the city of Luxemburg, September 3, 1840, died of pneumonia and heart failure contracted in her duties as nurse. Mrs. Wagner accompanied Madame Moreau de Bauviere to Manitoba eleven years ago and the following year became a nurse in St. Boniface hospital. There she conceived a strong attachment for the late lamented Sister Mary Xavier, and when the latter was removed to Edmonton Nurse Wagner accompanied her. Afterwards she followed Sister Mary to the convent at Touchwood Hills, where they endured the most appalling privation of food, clothing and fuel. Finally they both were transferred to Calgary, where Sister Mary breathed her last. Since the death of her dear and noble friend Nurse Wagner devoted herself to nursing in Winnipeg. Hundreds of people have learned to value her skill, tenderness and extreme delicacy of feeling, but few knew the depths of real Christian virtue that underlay her outward ministrations. She died after receiving with fervor and perfect resignation the last rites of the Church. Her only wish was to do the Will of God.

The funeral took place on Saturday, the 24th, at 10 a.m. Rev. Dr. Beliveau sang the Requiem Mass and officiated at the grave, assisted by Rev. Father Drummond. Many distinguished friends joined with Madame de Bauviere in paying the last tribute of their respect and affection to the memory of Nurse Wagner. Beautiful flower offerings were sent by Dr. and Mrs. Moody, Dr. Good, Dr. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Pufford, Miss Killam, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrison and others. The pall-bearers were Dr. Moody, Dr. McArthur, and Messrs. de Beauviere, Genest, H. Chevrier and Van Koughnet.—R.I.P.

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AN INCONVENIENT MEMORY.

It was a right-of-way case in England concerning an ancient foot path over the fields of an estate which had passed lately from an old family into the hands of a rich upstart. The dispute was carried to the law courts, and the lawyer appearing on behalf of the new land owner cross examined a venerable yokel who had testified that to his own personal knowledge there had been a right-of-way over the disputed land ever since he was a boy of five.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five, sir."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of five, eighty years ago?" said the lawyer, in affected incredulity.

"Deed an' I can, sir. I can mind a year afore that, when your feyther, sir, 'owd Skinflint Garge' us called him—"

"That will do; you may stand down," said the lawyer, hastily, reddening furiously as a titter ran round the court.

—"got a walloping from Mother Buncombe—"

"Stand down, sir!" roared the lawyer, wrathfully.

—"for chatin' her two-year-owd lass—"

"Do you hear? Stand down, I say!"

—"a farden out o' the change o' a thruppy-bit!" concluded the venerable witness, triumphantly, as he slowly left the box.—Exchange.

WHERE WILL IT END?

In an interesting address delivered at Salt Lake City Wednesday afternoon, Apostle Smoot stated that he "holds that the Constitution of the United States is Divinely inspired." Just think of it! And only a few days ago Parson Lyman Abbott declared the Bible was not Divinely inspired. After awhile, perhaps, the dominions may be found carrying the constitution into their pulpits instead of the Scriptures revealed to man.—New World, Jan. 24, 1903.

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