

ous imagination of the hater of Rome. How ridiculous this latter explanation is must strike every one who reflects that lust is absolutely incompatible with a life of voluntary poverty. Those who yield to temptations of lust leave religious communities precisely because the sweet yoke of Christ becomes unbearable to the habitual sinner.

This leads up to another curious fact. The success or failure of religious orders depends solely on their fidelity to their rule. Fervent orders prosper, the negligent die out. As a rule, in our day, growth is one of the inseparable characteristics of a religious order, and the strictest orders grow fastest. This growth is simply astonishing. Take the Sisters of Providence, one of the many orders of women founded in the Province of Quebec. Two or three pious women began this work in Montreal 56 years ago without one dollar of capital. The Sisters number now over 1,800 in 66 establishments (some of them immense) spread through 14 dioceses of Canada and the United States.

Of course we can hardly expect Protestants to understand the only satisfactory explanation of these facts, viz., the action of the Holy Ghost in the Church. But we have a right to expect that those among them who have some pretensions to learning will not write nonsense about religion only forming the bond of union, will admit that religion keeps up the most flourishing communities in the world, compared to which the efforts of non-Catholic socialists are beneath contempt, and will not orally inform the laugh-ter-convinced Catholic world that "the so-called communism of the early Christians was short-lived."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL AND THE FRENCH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

Apropos of the French national festival of July 14th the Montreal correspondent of the Manitoba Free Press wrote as follows:

Those who understand a little about French history and French sentiment must have smiled a little to see the other day the French flag flying from the city hall to commemorate the fall of the Bastille. What an ironic topsyturvy, to be sure! Although the Pope has recognized the present French republic, the Catholic church has never forgiven the revolution, and in this province religious services are still held in memory of the martyred Louis XVI. In Quebec Catholic opinion denounced the revolution and all its works. It was the Catholic church which prayed the most fervently for the success of the English over Napoleon. It was the French clergy who subscribed the most readily to the Nelson monument—a monument which glories in the defeat of the French navy. Remembering this, consider the enormous revulsion of feeling which makes it possible for Archbishop Bruchési to give his blessing to the French fête which celebrates the most signal act of an impious revolution which the church has never ceased to denounce! This is the proof that in spite of tradition or law or doctrine the Zeitgeist moves and modifies every creature and system, however he or it may have been supposed to be immutable. ONLOOKER.

Here again this unfortunate

and awkward correspondent looks at things in the wrong way. Albeit he admits as we do that time works in ideas and manners changes which are often difficult to explain, and which must be squarely faced and reckoned with, he still clings to the old outworn idea that the 14th of July means nothing but the "most signal act of an impious revolution." To-day the fourteenth of July has become the national holiday of France. Does anyone imagine that this holiday commemorates only a revolutionary act? Not at all. It has been transformed into an occasion for patriotic demonstrations, for wishing happiness and prosperity to the motherland. It is not our business to inquire how it happens that this once gruesome anniversary has taken on this pacific aspect. The fact is that patriotic and religious feelings have quite swamped the demagogic element in this holiday, and constitute the salient features of the annual 14th of July celebrations both in France and in all groups of Frenchmen elsewhere. In Montreal, the entire body of resident Frenchmen, with the Consul General at their head, flocked to the immense Church of Notre Dame to attend the holy sacrifice of the Mass and to listen to a sermon, not on the "Rights of Man," but on their own duties. This was a most edifying spectacle for all those who witnessed it. Nor was it particularly new. For several years past the national holiday of France has assumed this religious character.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchési, being then on his episcopal visitation, sent to the Consul General for France the following telegram: "The French residents of Montreal will perform to-morrow a noble act of patriotism and faith. Together with them, as they are gathered at Notre Dame, I will ask of God for France days of happiness and peace." The Free Press correspondent takes him to task for this. We on the contrary can only praise His Grace's timely and truly Christian wish. In Paris, a few days before the 14th of July, Cardinal Richard wrote a splendid letter in which the same sentiments and wishes are expressed. The strictures of the Montreal correspondent could not receive a more striking refutation.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

WAS TROUBLED WITH PALPITATION OF THE HEART, EXTREME WEAKNESS AND NERVOUS HEADACHES.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith, of Port Robinson, came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I had improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

INGERSOLL AT LEISURE.

AN INFORMAL TALK WITH THE UNBELIEVER—HIS WEAKNESS IN ARGUMENT.

"The only time I ever met Col. Ingersoll," remarked a Western newspaper man now in New York, "was in Cincinnati in 1884. He was going further west on a lecture tour, and a couple of us reporters were sent down to find out why he wasn't doing Republican campaign work on the stump. We found him at the Burnett House, alone, in a big double room—it was a hot Sunday, about half past 5 in the afternoon—with the windows open, his coat and vest off, and his feet in big easy slip-offs. He greeted us in his usual genial, sunny, big-boy way, and in response to the question of the moment he said: 'Well, I've got more against the Christian religion than I have against the Democratic party, and I'm out fighting it,' and the interview was ended. No other reason being given, we took up our hats to leave, but the colonel stood in the way.

"Now, boys, look here," he said in his most persuasive voice and manner, "don't go off and leave me. I'm here by myself with nothing on earth to do till I dress for my lecture, unless it is to be bothered by callers I don't want to see, and I want you to stay and talk to me. Here are some good cigars—reaching for a box of fine ones on a table—and you can just sit down and we'll smoke and talk and enjoy ourselves."

"We weren't looking for that kind of a reception from so distinguished a man and were rather upset by it.

"We'd like to do it the best in the world," I said, "but wouldn't it be imposing on you?"

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it," he said in a tone of frankest sincerity. "And if you'll only agree to stay by me I'll lock the door and not another visitor shall be allowed to disturb us. Is it a bargain?"

"It was, of course, and, helping ourselves to the cigars, we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as the colonel was, and in five minutes he was doing all the talking, with dogmatic Christianity as his subject. That he talked well there could be no denial, but a more illogi-

cal argument I never heard, for being a believer myself, I asked the simple questions that are the most difficult to answer. He hadn't the opportunity for ridicule and oratory that the stage afforded him, and when he had come down to plain methods of question and answer he was lacking in material, and I ran over in my mind a dozen pious old fellows in my native village who could have defeated him in argument at every point. After we had talked for quite a long time I put this question, the answer to which will show how weak he was:

"You will admit, Colonel," said I, "that all the representative men and women of the world, all who have done the greatest work for the betterment of their fellow beings, all who stand for the world's progress, all who are foremost in the field of the highest human endeavor, are believers in Christianity?"

"Yes," he admitted, "most of them are."

"That being true, then, how do you account for it?"

"Well," he replied promptly, "it's because they are all d—d fools."—N. Y. Sun.

PILGRIMAGE

TO St. Anne's BY SOUTHEASTERN RAILWAY Monday, September 4, 1899 (LABOR DAY)

For the benefit of St. Anne's Church.

Leaves C. P. R. Station, Winnipeg, at 8 A. M. Stops at St. Boniface, Lorette, Dufresne, and at the bridge near the church at St. Ann's.

Return Tickets: Adults, ... 75c. Children, ... 40c.

DINNER prepared by the ladies of St. Anne's in the old Church.

CARRIAGES from bridge to Church.

RETURN TRIP begins about 6 p.m.

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

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

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

A new style package containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—TEN FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans OCEANIC COMPANY, No. 19 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general druggists, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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We would like to furnish you with the class of printed matter best calculated to increase your business, and to make known your summer specialties and importations.

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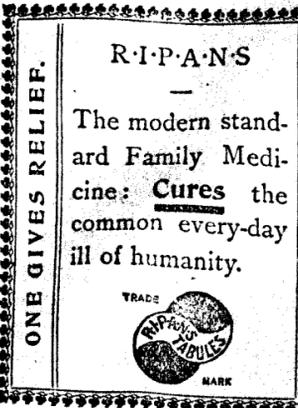
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ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager, WINNIPEG

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

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

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



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