

Northwest Review.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

AUGUST.

- 19, Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin. Solemnity of the Assumption.
- 20, Monday—St. Bernard, Founder of the Cistercians.
- 21, Tuesday—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Foundress of the Visitation Nuns.
- 22, Wednesday — Octave of the Assumption.
- 23, Thursday — St. Philip Beniti, Conf.
- 24, Friday—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
- 25, Saturday—St. Louis, King of France.

Current Comment.

On resuming publication, after two months of forced inaction, we feel that the transfer of our office to Winnipeg, where the Northwest Review first appeared and continued to be published until 1896, will commend itself as a wise move to most of our readers. We need hardly add that, in the case of subscribers who have paid in advance, two months will be added to the term of their subscription. Thus those who have paid till November, 1900, will be credited with payment till January, 1901.

Last week, at one of the summer meetings of the Presbyterian body, the Rev. J. Robertson, D.D., superintendent of missions, said: "The province of Quebec was far behind the other provinces of the Dominion almost entirely on account of their [its] being locked up with their [its] own religious ideas and beliefs. The making of these people Canadians, was of primary importance." There was more in the same strain, but this is enough to show the ignorance and consummate cheek of the speaker. Even with regard to mere material progress the province of Quebec, far from being behind, is fully the equal and generally ahead of all the other provinces, because its citizens, as a whole, are more solvent. In Ontario, to take what is commonly supposed to be the banner province, there are four or five times as many mortgaged farms as in Quebec. The French Canadians boast less, but do more; they are more thrifty and spend less on show. As to the highest kind of civilization, which consists in the knowledge of truth, the spread of higher education, the practice of virtue, cheerfulness and contentment, they are far above all those whose fundamental ideas of life are radically wrong and whose so-called

prosperity consists chiefly in bragging about themselves, and running down others of whom they know nothing but what the prejudices of their sect have invented. Then the serene impudence of a man born in Scotland wanting to make the Quebecers Canadians! Why, they are the only historical Canadians. They were Canadians one hundred and fifty years before the first Scotch Protestant landed in Quebec, and they still speak of themselves, with perfect consistency, as "Les Canadiens."

Writing editorially of the impending cloud of Socialism, the Midland Review says: "Were social justice done, indeed, the storm-cloud of socialism would vanish; but who, at this hour, is abroad righting the wrongs that exist? We are assured the remedy is simple; it is notable that the great forces of civilization are slow to apply it. An autocracy may take warning; a plutocracy—never."

The Duke of Norfolk, who returned to Arundel on the 28th ult., went directly to the Catholic Church, where a Te Deum was sung in presence of a large concourse of his people. On arriving at the castle a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The Duke, in a letter to a South African priest, says it is false to suggest that in going to the front he was actuated by a desire to protest against the views of the Catholic papers in Rome.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, the famous author of "On Shabboletsh" and so many other thought-provoking works on ethics and politics, is a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy vacant at Cambridge by the resignation of Professor Sidgwick. For the sake of Cambridge and its moral sanity it is to be hoped the great Catholic writer will succeed.

Last month in Franklin county, Kentucky, a field of wheat near Jetts, belonging to Patrick O'Brien, was struck by lightning and nearly all of it burned up before the flames could be extinguished. Few people, we think, ever heard of the like happening before.—Midland Review.

Monsignor Ritchot, having received a telegram announcing the fatal illness of his eldest brother, Mr. Urgel Ritchot, of L'Assomption, Que., left last Saturday in hopes of seeing his brother, aged 78, before his death.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have 18 provinces or foreign vicariates, with twelve Bishops, 750 Fathers, 300 professed Scholastics and 360 professed Lay Brothers.—Missionary Record O.M.I., August, 1900.

Answer to D.P.C.—The editor of the "Catholic Times and Public Opinion," published in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Dublin, is Mr. Beazley.

Stovel's Pocket Directory for August reached us the 2nd of this month.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

It does not surprise us that an appeal has been made to the Civic authorities to suppress the street preaching, the wonder is that a suffering public has so long put up with this nuisance. For years it has been the custom of the ranting brotherhood to occupy, each evening during the summer months, the principal corners of our main thoroughfare and they have long been a source of general disturbance and annoyance. This season they have

been more numerous and aggressive than ever and it is evident that for the well-being of the city something must be done to remove such a noisy and disturbing element from our streets. It is gratifying to see that the Aldermen intend to act upon the appeal and we trust they will rush through the necessary legislation. No time should be lost in doing this, for the street preaching as at present carried on is not only a great public nuisance but it is also one of the most potent causes of the growing irreligion and irreverence which is becoming such a marked feature of the present time.

If Rev. Mr. Silcox had stayed away from the strike meeting held in Selkirk Hall last week, no one could have raised the slightest objections to any of the speeches which were made on the occasion. The addresses of the two working men representatives, Messrs. McGinnis and Gibbon, were excellent in every sense of the word, presenting their case with a moderation and at the same time with an eloquence and force which were most commendable and convincing. Mr. W. W. Buchanan who followed them made a characteristic speech, which means that he was entertaining but that he was carried away by the exuberance of his verbosity and broke out into extravagant flights of oratory which went far to spoil the effect some of the points he sought to make might otherwise have had on thoughtful men. Mr. A. W. Puttee was not listened to with the attention one would expect that the Labor M.P. would receive from such an audience, but as well as could be heard at the back of the hall he apparently devoted most of his time to a talk regarding the New Zealand Law for compulsory arbitration and he closed with rather a poor attempt to make a point against the company because they had placed several special policemen on duty around their yard and workshops. The Rev. Mr. Silcox evidently failed to realize that he was addressing a law abiding and level headed lot of Canadian working men. His speech was clap-trap pure and simple from beginning to end with a spice of something worse thrown in when he referred it to the part which a thread of hemp and lamp-posts played in the settlement of some trouble between capital and the people in Chicago some time ago. Mr. A. J. Andrews' few words were sensible and to the point and confirmed the opinion we have always held regarding this gentleman, namely, that one of the principal reasons that he is so popular with the working classes is, that they know he is their true friend and that he will always be honest and outspoken in any advice he has to give them. On the whole, then, we say the meeting was a credit to the men and we trust that their difficulty with the Company will be settled at an early date and in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

We notice that The Voice admires Rev. W. Silcox and wishes "the church" would follow his example and "get to know something of sociology and practical rightness." The labor organ thinks that "some great good might result." On the other hand we have formed the opinion, after hearing Mr. Silcox the other night, that it would be as reasonable to expect figs to grow on hills or a bad tree to produce good fruit as to look for any improvement of the social conditions from the words and speech of such men as Mr. Silcox. We are not quite sure what The Voice means by the expression "the church," but we may assure it that the Catholic Church has studied the great social question as it has been studied by no other body on this

earth, and until the laboring men realize this and themselves study the teachings of that church and submit to her directions, they will simply go like men groping in the dark, and refusing to avail themselves of the divinely appointed light, they will never reach the end they claim to have in view. We know it is almost hopeless to ask the working men as a body to look into the claims and teachings of the Catholic Church on these matters. They prefer to listen to and applaud the well advertised sensational pulpit monger of the day, and following him, they present a complete picture of the parable of the blind following the blind with its inevitable result.

The Idyl of the Rose.

If you will come with me down the rose petalled pathways of June, I will tell you how we make love in St. Rose, (we have a nicer way but you don't need telling). Awhile ago a very pretty young lady came to stay amongst us. She has gone now, more's the pity, leaving sore hearts behind her. A young man, not one of us, (he was a stranger but he did not take us in) felt that he had lost his heart to this fair maiden and proceeded to woo her in poetry and prose, (poetry borrowed from the poets, prose of home manufacture) something in this wise: "Well! now you know, you can't do better really. It is not every day you'd get the chance of such a pretty little man as I am. Won't you change your mind by next week, don't you think? Perhaps you don't know how much I am worth. I should fetch you up in the world, I really should, don't you know. Ah! you'll be sorry for this some day, etc." He seemed very much in love, but she did not think it was with her, he admired some one very much, but she said it was a little shoemaker, she answered her in her quaint way for she was Quakerbred: "Thou art the last man, I shall not take thee, friend. Never shalt thou be my awl in all." It was not the trade she objected to, because that in a way appealed to the sole, to the understanding, as it were, but she wanted a man she could look up to; he was only 5 feet 3/4. She remarked incidentally that she thought a tailor would know better how to press his suit, but this was neither here nor there, I take it, only a reflection made by this simple girl. The real fact of the matter she told to me, her friend, she had read once in a learned book something she thought very touching and beautiful bearing on marriage. "I have long known that love is immortal in its essence and consecrates the beloved object, true love, image of God's love for us, never tires; it is all that remains to us of the terrestrial Paradise. Adam and Eve brought it with them when they left, the angel with the flaming sword took pity on them and let it pass." So she was content to bide her time, she was but young, as yet she had not met her ideal man and perhaps one more worshipful would arise on the horizon of her life.

P. S. This fair damsel is now gone to the United States, to the united state, I mean, having taken unto herself a husbandman, not in this instance a farmer, but a Special Pleader. We hope the coming years will give the husband a silk gown and many such to the wife,

"So she shall walk in silk attire
An' siller hae to spare,"
which is not the case with many of us. These things did not happen in this June now gliding away from us, with rosy cheeks and eyes of blue, all too wanting in tender tears. No, but in another June, already vanished into the irrevocable past

where this one hasteneth. Good-bye, sweet June, how young and fair you seem to us now, but next year, we shall exclaim: "Young and fair did you say? No indeed! she is of the last century," forgetting that Time, like the world, is ever young and fair while we grow old at His touch.

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