

Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

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You're 'way Behind

The times, my friend, with that winter overcoat. It was all right at "twenty below," but don't you think it's rather a back number these fine spring days. Even the bears are changing their coats. How's that? "Hard times! Can't afford a new one," you say. Well, times a'nt very good, certainly, but if you'll take a look at C. A. Gareau's prices you'll find the times are not so hard but that you can afford to prepare for Beautiful Spring.

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A Bad Cold,

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Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered, and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiter." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no hair on his head has grown it in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiter" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiter for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this whiter the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc. etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per box and the "Face Whiter" 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

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NOTHING.

BY MISS M. TUCKER.

God out of nothing made the world of old,
'Twill come to nothing when its years are old.
Nothing is nothing, infinitely small,
Yet out of nothing God created all.
The emblem of eternity we show
When we stretch nothing—mark the round—
ed O.
Where no beginning and no end appears,
Meet prototype of the eternal years.

Oh, nothing comes to him who cannot wait,
Faint and constant, at the doors of fate!
And nothing venture, nothing can you win,
And nothing makes a woman e'er give in.
'Come, close your eyes and see it," children say,
Alas! the blind man views it every day.

LOW SUNDAY IN ST. MARY'S.

Miss Barrett Sings an Ave Maria at High Mass—Rev. Fathers O'Dwyer and Blais Preach—Catholic Order of Foresters Receive Holy Communion in a Body.

Low Sunday was religiously observed in St. Mary's church on Sunday. The early morning masses were well attended, and the High Mass at 10.30 o'clock witnessed a large congregation. At the 8.30 mass the members of St. Mary's Court No. 276, Catholic Order of Foresters, in compliance with their annual custom, were present, about thirty in number wearing their badges and received Holy Communion in a body. At the 10.30 mass Rev. Father Langevin, D. D., was celebrant, and Rev. C. O'Dwyer O. M. I. preached an interesting and highly instructive sermon, on the harmony which existed between science and revealed religion. Taking for his text the words, "Praise the Lord, all ye people," he proceeded to show that inasmuch as revealed religion is naught else but the inspiration of an All Wise God, imparted to men, it must ever be in harmony with true science, which is the knowledge of human phenomena, logically deduced, as from effect to cause. He undertook to point out the folly of those so-called scientists who disputed the divine origin of the sacred scriptures, because as they, in their pulp and weak intellects see—there is a discrepancy between the conclusions of modern science and the teachings of the Bible. The speaker then pointed out how the term "atheist" was unknown in the early and middle centuries of the Christian era, in fact, instead of being atheists, denying the existence of a Supreme Being, they were given over to such forms of worship, as monotheism, polytheism, etc. He demonstrated conclusively that the objection raised on the question of the world's age, as stated by Scripture, and as indicated by modern scientific analysis, was unfounded. The Hebrew word "yom," which we have translated into the English expression "day" does not necessarily mean the period of twenty-four hours, but may, and in fact is construed as a length of time, especially when that length marks an era or epoch. Thus there is no discrepancy between the discoveries of modern scientists and the teachings of Genesis, as to the age of the world, for if scientists so will it, the world's age may be made 10,000 years instead of 6,000, all depending, of course, on the interpretation given to the Hebrew term. Father O'Dwyer's next sermon on this question will prove instructive, for he contemplates demonstrating the apparent absurd phenomenon of the existence of light three days before the creation of the sun.

At the Offertory, Miss Barrett sang a very sweet Ave Maria. It is indeed a cause of much surprise why this talented singer's productions are "apparently" so poor, when heard on some occasions, such for instance as the Mandolin Concert given at the Bijou, on last Thursday evening—her Ave Maria on that day was all that one could wish for in the line of sacred music, in fact, it is a great treat to hear such a rendition, and many large cathedrals in eastern cities would be proud of such a singer. It does really seem that biased ears listen to, and still more prejudiced pens criticize, Miss Barrett's singing, as it is heard in other places, and on other occasions. Either her voice is peculiarly adapted to sacred music, or it suffers a marked deterioration during week days, if the criticisms of musical geniuses are to be credited!

The evening services were rendered unusually solemn by Pontifical Benediction. His Lordship, Mgr. Grandin, of St. Albert, officiated. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Blais, O.M.I., late of Prince Albert, who, in his closing remarks, touchingly alluded to the great prelate who was then present. "A triple crown of a Pope, Confessor and Martyr rested upon his venerable head," said Father Blais. The singing during benediction was very fine. The choir repeated the "Agnus Dei" of Gounod's Mass, which was heard on Easter Sunday, and as it was then commented upon, it needs no further praise. Music of a superior order may be expected in the future, as the choir is now placed on a firm basis. Only late on Sunday afternoon were Mr. Arnold's services procured, and Mr. Crek sang his last for Christ Church on Sunday. These two talented singers, together with Miss Barrett, will now embellish St. Mary's choir, and place it where it fittingly belongs, among the first, if not the first, of the city's church choral unions.

HOW IS THIS?

Something unique even in these days of mammoth premium offers, is the latest effort of Stafford's Magazine, a New York monthly of home and general reading.

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SUBIACO.

The Mountain Home Where St. Benedict Founded His Monastic Institution.

Some sixty or seventy miles from the Eternal City, situated away in the heart of the mountains, and nestled in the woody hills, is Subiaco, the infant home of the great Benedictine Order. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," sheltered in the quiet calm of the cloister, may be seen those holy men, the worthy successors of the great St. Benedict. Century has succeeded century in the ever changing tide of life, yet Subiaco stands to-day as holy, as ancient in the sublime simplicity of its nature, as when the young Benedict selected it for the future abode of his hermit life. To visit one of those monasteries in Europe is akin to taking a step back into the early ages of the Church, for though the outside world has been moving steadily in its onward march, the stony walls of the cloister seem anchored to foundations which the tempest of time can never move. I know of no institution that inspires one more with the spirit of medieval life than do the monasteries of the Benedictine monks at Subiaco. Yet while they have been immovable in the sense of worldly progression, they have ever kept in the van of learning and scholastic knowledge. As in the early ages of the church the monasteries and cloisters were the homes of erudition, so to-day, in Europe, the greatest literary achievements of the Catholic religion emanate from these institutions.

It may be of interest to the reader to narrate in brief the attractions which make Subiaco so memorable, which cause it to stand forth in such prominence among the homes of that glorious order of holy men, who for all times have shone out exultingly in the church's history.

In his boyhood years St. Benedict tore himself away from his happy home in Rome, and sought shelter in the rocks above Subiaco, there to lead a hermit's life. The cave in which he built his solitary cell is still to be seen, and is situated in one of the seven monasteries which at one time adorned the place. Tradition tells us that a certain holy man, who alone knew of the saint's whereabouts, provided him daily with food lowering it from the cliffs above. He announced his approach by striking a large gong-shaped piece of iron. This so much incensed the devil, we are told, that in a fit of rage he shattered the gong—the remnants of it are still preserved in one of the monasteries. Tradition also tells us that two ravens brought food to the good saint daily. In memory of this, there are kept in the cloister, two "stately ravens of the ancient days of yore." Those which I saw were certainly of an antiquated aspect, and looked old enough to have lived in the days of St. Benedict. The monasteries themselves are most impressive. Originally there were seven, but now three only are in use. The first is dedicated to St. Benedict himself and is the greatest, for it contains the rich library of the Order, and also the many relics of the saint, as well as other objects of interest. Among the several curios which are to be seen, is the bed of rose bushes which was originally one of thorns, and which, as we are told, St. Benedict prepared for himself, in order to overcome the temptations of the flesh. The leaves of the rose trees are each distinctly marked with the figure of a serpent. The library possesses great interest, for it contains one of the first books printed, and also several well preserved manuscripts, executed by the monks, long before the printing press was invented. A solemn stillness pervades the atmosphere of the place. It is impossible to overcome the strange feeling which takes possession of you. It is as if you were living in another age, so quaint and ancient like are the surroundings.

"LEA FAIL."

The Dude and the Drayman.

A muscular drayman was belabouring a dray horse at Front and Market streets in Philadelphia the other day, in the endeavor to make the animal drag a heavily loaded truck up the hill. A young man with a two-storey collar, an overcoat that was shorter than the one under it, and a wondrous pair of chee ked trousers, stopped on the corner and for a moment gazed with languid air on the man and the horse. Stepping into the street he said with a most abominable drawl, and an affectation of an English accent: "I say, me man, you shouldn't beat that horse in that manner. It's positively cruel, you know. I shall certainly call a bobby." The drayman glanced at the speaker and cut the straining animal more cruelly than before. "I say, me man," continued the dude, "you'll have to stop it, you know, you'll have to stop it." The drayman turned again. "If you don't get away from here," he said, "I'll paste you in the nose. Go on, now, or I'll give it to you good!" The languid young man said not a word. He drew off his gloves, put them in his pocket, and buttoned up his coat. "I say," he began, but the drayman, dropping his whip, aimed a swing blow at the speaker, which cut the words short. Mr. Dude countered, led again with his left, got up there and then followed with a vicious upper-cut with his right, which caught the drayman on the jaw, and knocked him nearly under the horse's feet. The dude simply unbuttoned his coat, put on his gloves and walked off before the astonished drayman came to. "That fellow don't look as if he could fight a mosquito," said a bystander, and a reporter of the Press, who saw the fray, was as much surprised as the teamster.—Philadelphia Press.

Who It Will Hurt.

The citizens of Seattle, W. T., have their first taste of A.P.A.ism in the municipal elections held there recently. There were several Catholic candidates in the field, and they were all defeated by a solid A.P.A. vote. The fair-minded citizens of Seattle should realize the danger their city is in from this religious hatred-provoking organization. The danger does not threaten Catholics so much as it does the best interests of the city of Seattle. The A.P.A. leaders are for the most part office-hunters and bootlers of the most virulent type, and to entrust such men with the civic government is to court disaster in the very near future. Meanwhile, this wholesale slaughter of Catholic candidates will have the effect of making wealthy members of the Church look with an indifferent eye at Seattle as a ground for business investments.

The Family Medicine.

Trout Lake, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville.

DEAR SIR:—For a number of years I used and sold your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." I consider them the very best for "Family Use," and all my customers speak highly of them.

Yours truly,
R. LAWSON.

He's After Him.

The Canadian Freeman commenting editorially on the "opening fire" on Dalton McCarthy in the House of Commons last week, by that fearless young member for Ottawa County, Mr. C. R. Devlin, M. P. very truthfully says:

"Mr. C. R. Devlin, M. P. for Ottawa County, opened fire on Dalton McCarthy in parliament last week and the have thought a cyclone had struck him. Mr. Devlin's remarks were full of fire, and truth as well, for it is well known that no citizen of this Dominion has done more to keep sectarian strife ripe than Mr. McCarthy, therefore the pointed remarks of the young Irish Catholic member were well taken and will be appreciated by Catholics in general, even though Conservative editors and papers look upon the orator's speech as an 'onburst of fiery eloquence.' The criticism of Mr. Devlin by Conservative journals will not affect the matter one whit nor lessen the prospects of the brilliant young man for a promising future. He was not sent to Parliament to represent the Protestant population, and he is an admirable success in that line, no matter coming up of interest to his Catholic fellow-citizens that does not receive his first attention. It will take considerable of Mr. McCarthy's spare moments to compile arguments enough to offset the facts produced by Mr. Devlin."

We might here add that if some of the other Catholic members of the Dominion House of Commons, who are endeavoring to ride two horses at the same time, as it were, had the same manly courage as has Mr. Devlin, and were not afraid to call their souls their own, they might be able to offset some of the bigotry set up against a persecuted Catholic minority in Manitoba.

Obituary.

We regret to announce to our readers the sad news of the death of His Lordship, Michael J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey, who passed away on Monday, April 2nd, at the Episcopial residence, Trenton. Bishop O'Farrell is well known throughout Canada and the United States, for being an ardent advocate of parochial schools. His fame as a pulpit orator is widespread, and his standing as a learned theologian is unquestionable. Not only does Trenton suffer a severe loss by the death of Bishop O'Farrell, but also the Catholic church in America and Canada, for he was a devoted missionary in the fullest meaning of the term.

Have You Ever?

Have you ever brought the good points of your Catholic paper to the notice of your friends? Have you mentioned to your merchant that you saw his advertisement in the Catholic paper and that let you to patronize him? It is the most natural thing in the world to say, "I saw your advertisement in this or that secular paper," but it would seem to be a sacrifice to mention the name of a Catholic paper in a public store. There can be no doubt that an advertisement in a religious paper has more force with its readers than one in a secular publication. In the former case the advertisement is known to be reliable, and the fact of its admission into a truth teaching journal is guarantee sufficient of the integrity of the advertising firm. We know all of this and probably have been acting it out; but outsiders do not. One of the easiest and best means of assisting your home paper is to speak of it, to mention it to your friends and to remind your advertisements. The religious journal while laboring in behalf of truth and faith and justice, is without a business concern and dependent on business methods. The means suggested above will do immense good to your home paper in a business way, without the slightest inconvenience to yourself. It will be a service twice blest—blessing him that gives and him that receives.

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St. Joseph and Catholic Truth Society OF WESTERN CANADA.
CONFERENCE OF WINNIPEG.

Meets in their hall 183 Water street, opposite Manitoba Hotel, every Monday at eight (8) p. m.

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ST. MARY'S COURT No. 276.
Catholic Order of Foresters.

Meet 2nd and 4th Friday in every month, in unity hall, McIntyre block.

C. R. D. McDonald, C. R. D. F. Allman, V. C. R.; E. Genest, Treas.; L. C. Callin, F. S.; T. John, R. S.; H. B. Graham, Senior Conductor; J. J. McCarthy, Junior; E. B. Dowdall, Inside Sentinel; E. W. Faunds, Outside T. John, D. E. C. R.

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