

NORTHWEST REVIEW.

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- NOVEMBER.
- 25—Twenty-fifth and last Sunday after Pentecost. The Patronage of Our Lady.
 - 26—Monday—St. Leonard of Port Maurizio, Confessor.
 - 27—Tuesday—St. Sylvester, Abbot.
 - 28—Wednesday—Dedication of the Basilica of Saints Peter and Paul.
 - 29—Thursday—Vigil.
 - 30—Friday—St. Andrew, Apostle.
- DECEMBER.
- 1—Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Our cousins south of the 49th parallel have a humorously philo-sophic way of consoling themselves for electoral defeats. The *Courier Democrat*, of Langdon, North Dakota, in its first issue after the recent Presidential election, vents its feelings in this wise:

"No bouquets.
"Don't whine, take your medicine.

"To the Republican, Globe, Moon and Cycle, the *Democrat* extends the olive branch. Let's get down to business—same as before it happened—forgetting and forgiving.

"Those rooster crowing Republican fellows should not lose sight of the fact that the last election on earth has not been held. We'll have another try in the sweet bye and bye.

"The exultation and hurrahing at Hannah over last week's election was long and continued, consequently the *Moon* failed to reach its Langdon readers until Tuesday."

From the same source we learn that, as early as the 13th inst., the thermometer, seventy miles south of us, dropped to 18 degrees below zero. We had nothing like that here at that date, although the winter has set in earlier than last year and we now have enough snow for sleighing.

In a recent controversy on the Cordua affair between the *Catholic Standard and Times* and *The Casket*, our Antigonish contemporary used the deadly parallel columns in so effective a fashion as to thoroughly expose the unfairness and bitterness of the Philadelphia editor. It is unfortunate that the latter's excellent literary training has not cured him of that vulgar

unreasonableness with which the average Irish-American views England and all those who take up the cudgels in her defence. A Catholic paper ought to be just even to a political enemy.

The Casket very truly says, in reference to a remark in one of Maurice Francis Egan's recent stories that a "miserable sense of inferiority is one effect of persecution. 'We still bear the disfigurements and weaknesses of centuries of persecution and suffering.' In many cases it is the feeling that we do our whole duty to the Church when we hold our own." This feeling is unknown to Catholics who have been born and brought up in a country where all the best people were Catholics. To them Catholic common sense and Catholic culture are so far superior to any other manifestations of good sense and intellectual refinement that they are never tempted to apologize for their brethren in the faith. The only temptation they have to fight is one of contempt for the lesser lights and the ignorance and prejudice of the outside world. The best remedy for that groundless timidity so often experienced by Catholics who have grown up among non-Catholic surroundings is to go and spend some time in a Catholic country or parish, or, if that cannot be done, to cultivate the society of those who have long breathed its health-giving atmosphere.

At a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod in this city last week one of the speakers kindly reminded a fire-eating brother that "Roman Catholics are Christians." As to the ignorant fanatic this revelation, supposing he was capable of accepting it, must have made him feel, as Ruskin (quoted by *The Casket*) says he felt when his "own pert little Protestant mind," as he calls it, awoke one day to the fact that the homage which Catholics pay to their Saints is not the stupid piece of superstition he once fancied it to be. Speaking of the great Church of St. Mark, which he immortalized for the English world in the "Stones of Venice," he thus apostrophizes his prejudiced countrymen:

"VIVA SAN MARCO!
"You wretched little cast-iron gaspipe of a cockney that you are, who insist that your soul's your own (see *Punch* for 15th March, 1879, on the duties of Lent.) as if anybody else would care to have it! is there yet life enough in the molecules, and plasm, and general mess of the making of you, to feel for an instant what that cry once meant, upon the lips of men?"

Several of our readers, impressed by the thought and power of the story now completed in our columns, have asked us who is the author of "The Revolt of Mary Hennessy." They will read the name this week at the conclusion of this masterly tale—Teresa Beatrice Hare. Some guessed it must be a priest, because of the searching analysis of character and the grasp of the great problems of life; but there are details which none but a woman would think of. Thank God, there are hosts of Catholic women whose souls would echo the sentiments of the writer, though they might not be able to word them as she does. We know of few repartees in the whole of literature equal to Mary's answer, when Mrs. Bolton had admitted that the reform women preferred Catholic servants because they are generally honest and pure in their morals and altogether dependable. "And so the reform women leave their Catholic servants in

charge of their homes while they are wearing themselves out howling against the Church that has made these girls what they are?" remarked Mary, dryly.

Reviewing "The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ" by the Rev. Robert Drummond, D. D., of Edinburgh. *The Tablet* remarks that the author "assumes an easy familiarity where reverence would be more in place. When he speaks of the 'originality of Jesus' or tells us that our oLrd 'spoke with steady enthusiasm of the kingdom of God,' we feel inclined to leave the book aside. . . . There is a passage about our Lord and St. John the Baptist which sets the teeth on edge. . . . The very superior person is out of place in dealing with such themes." And how many such 'very superior persons' are there not among Protestant divines who venture to write on sacred subjects from a rationalistic point of view. Whether they realize it or not, these men have no real faith in the divinity of Christ.

Rev. Dr. Bryce's interesting paper on the origin, history and present status of the University of Manitoba was published in Saturday's *Free Press*. Albeit the sketch leaves many vital points untouched, it makes decidedly pleasant reading and contains nothing offensive. The versatile Doctor points with pardonable pride to the fact that two of the seven first graduates of the University are Catholics, the two brothers McPhillips, both now distinguished lawyers in British Columbia. Should Dr. Bryce see fit to have this paper reprinted in pamphlet form, as it ought to be, let us hope that he will replace the ghastly caricatures with half-tone portraits on coated paper. The artist (?) has been quite impartial, giving to Dr. Bryce himself a face as hideous as any of the others.

A Winnipeg Protestant clergyman, who delights in the sensational, has been exhibiting Tissot's paintings. The engravings made from the grotesque originals are bad enough, but the coloring of the latter would make angels sick, especially those angels, all in horrible green, who are supposed to be ministering to Our Lord after the temptation in the wilderness. Among other fantastic creations, Tissot revels in a burnoose with huge bars across it. A clever child is said to have defined a zebra as "a donkey in a football suit." The football suit seems to be a favorite with Tissot. Almost all his Syrians are dressed up in it. St. John the Baptist turns his back to you, that you may the better see it "flecked with bars." One naturally continues the quotation: "Heaven's mother, send us grace," if this be art. It cannot even be realism; else other painters would have detected in the Holy Land those monstrous landscapes and impossible interiors. Tissot's method must be the result of abnormal vision, color-blindness and a continual straining at outlandish effects. We wish Ruskin could have got hold of him. Then there would not have been an uncomfortable crowd in the Central Congregational Church.

Apropos of the recent discovery of two snakes in Ireland, the papers have indulged in much wild talk about St. Patrick driving the reptiles out of the Green Isle. This legend has never been credited by learned Catholics. Neither the breviary nor the best lives of the Saint mention it. Even mediæval writers, whose testimony may be

read in the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandists, distinctly state that there were no snakes in Ireland long before the coming of St. Patrick, and, consequently, that the great apostle never found any to drive away. The legend is therefore merely a symbol of the idolatry and other evil practices which he expelled from the Isle of Saints. As to the two snakes recently found, they may very easily have been imported by some practical joker.

On the 5th inst. the clergy of the diocese of St. Albert, and especially the Oblate Fathers and scholastics of the Mission and Seminary of the town of St. Albert, celebrated the feast of St. Vital, patron saint of the venerable and beloved Bishop Grandin, the oldest bishop, in point of election and consecration, in Canada. The anniversary of St. Vital of Bologna—there are no less than thirty-three Vitals in the calendar of Saints—occurred the previous day, Sunday the 4th, but the celebration was transferred to Monday, so that the worthy coadjutor, Mgr. Legal, and the other priests might be present. Although Mgr. Grandin is far advanced in his seventy-second year and suffers from more than one very serious disease, he looked, we are told, remarkably well. We beg to offer to the Dean of the Canadian Episcopate our best wishes for a long continuance of fruitful and edifying years.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.

Millionaires are becoming commonplace. Forty years ago they were almost, if not quite, unknown in Canada. Even in the States there were hardly ten. Now even we have dozens of them. The city of New York alone counts about twelve hundred millionaires, and the United States are soon expecting the billionaire. Few of them wear their wealth and attendant honors with naturalness and ease. A self-made millionaire who is not raw is a rarity. A self-made millionaire who has ever been and now is, more than ever he was, a paragon of gentleness, kindness, and the most exquisite urbanity, is, we venture to say, absolutely unique. Him we have and hold, for he represents us in the metropolis of the Empire. His name is Smith, which is cosmopolitan; Donald, which is Scotch; Mount Royal, which is close to the heart of Canada; Strathcona, which is henceforth Imperial.

Last Thursday, on the eve of his return to his duties as High Commissioner of Canada in London, he was tendered an enthusiastic reception by a most representative gathering of notable citizens of all races, creeds and classes in the Montreal Board of Trade building. The Mayor, in his address to Lord Strathcona, described him as "one of the most remarkable figures in our national history." The speeches that preceded and followed the reply of the honored guest breathed a spirit of gratitude and affection towards a great benefactor and were singularly free from that vulgar admiration of mere success which is so apt to pervade such assemblies. The speakers seemed to feel that any such worship of wealth would be distasteful to so modest and tactful a man as Lord Strathcona.

And his own reply showed that they were right. His Lordship was full of deference. He thanked the audience in the tone of a man who was himself their debtor. Like the typical gentleman, whom Cardinal Newman has so accurately described, "he made light of favors while he did them, and seemed to be receiving when he was conferring." The only time

he asserted himself was when he said—and this was an implied compliment to his hearers—"Of the eighty years of my life, I have been a Canadian for sixty-two years, and I believe that I am as much a Canadian as any one born on Canadian soil."

Alluding to his arrival in Canada in 1838, he said: "At that time it would have been very difficult even to have supposed that such an address as that would have been presented to me, for there was a feeling of very great dissatisfaction, and not without just and good cause, as we now all acknowledge, with the administration of that day." This honest appreciation of historical facts Lord Strathcona also evinced when he added: "Mention has been made of what I did in the Northwest

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