

Review,

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"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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WINNIPEG MANITOBA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1894.

St. Patrick's Day

is a day dear to the heart of all Irishmen, who love to do honor to the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. On this day the "son of Erin" turns out in his best attire, and if he has got his clothes at C. A. Gareau's—as he usually does —he is a thing of beauty and a joy for the whole of the day.

C. A. Gareau has made extensive pre-parations for the spring trade. The finest tweeds, the best cloths, the new est serges, the neatest worsteds, and the best-fitting ready-made clothing, gents' furnishings, hats, caps, etc., are to be had at C. A, Gareau's.

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S. P. SMITH, of Towarda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condision, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 129 pounds; I now can brag of 159 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day.'

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IRELAND'S APOSTLE AND PATRON.

The Good Results of His Mission Visible in the Characteristics of the Irish Race.

Tribute to Ireland.



week brings with it to a faithful, generous, down-trodden race a day of great rejoicingit averts their

mind from the surroundings of the hour, to the contemplation of a history, the pages of which are replete with the annals of a continued struggle for religious and civil liberty—it brings before their eyes visions of days of ancient glory, long ere the Dane or Saxon had set foot upon the virgin soil of their mother land-it recalls the reminiscences of their saintly ancestors, who won for their native isle the time honored title of the "island of saints and scholars." To the Irish race at home and abroad there cometh the festive hour, for al-ready the bon fires are being lighted on Tara's hill side, announcing to the world the advent of that glorious apostle St. Patrick. The thoughts, the feelings which fill the Irish mind and the Irish heart on St. Patrick's Day are indeed difficult to describe. On the one hand he glories in the fact that centuries of bloody persecution have been unable to the sad state of Ireland's political and civil rights, his religion has been unconquered, but the liberty and freedom of his native land still remain to be acquired. Therefore is it that while he rejoices, he must also mourn. 'Erin the tear and the smile in thine eyes.'

this is the aspect of the Irishman to-day -he sings aloud the praises of his great apostle St. Patrick, while he bedews with hitter tears the leaves of the "dear little Shamrock of Ireland" still forced rather let us proceed to the consideration of St. Patrick and his mission, nor will we attempt to repeat the narrative of our saint's life. His earthly doings are well known to not only the Irishman, but to the Catholic of every land.

The manner in which the Irish race received from the lips of St. Patrick the may seem to us a trivial matter to ask such a query, but there is much more in it than the mere words indicate. It is not on account of his brogue, or his immense fund of natural wit and droll-

ery that the Irishman is called Pat, no, it is because he is a good Catholic, a true follower of his holy patron, Saint Patrick. The Irish people are identified with their apostle and their religion, as is no other race: to be an Irishman means, as a rule, to be a Catholic for every true Irishman is a Catholic. This is the point which we shall consider:— we shall endeavor to trace the best, the truest qualities of the Irish race to their religion, as infant face, and yet, there is a story to this infant face, and yet, there is a story to this! Tradition tells the good Irish morals, as soon as he told them that apostleship of St. Patrick.

To consider the subject before us in

all the fullness which is its due, it behouses us to retrace our footsteps through the centuries of time, until we shall have found for a starting point that assemblage of the ancient Druids, which St. Patrick encountered upon Tara's them to their parents. It is admitted by hill, when lifting up the Shamrock he all that the sun shines upon no race of held it out as an emblem of the holy

their national characteristics, were in a them with the story of the Catholic religion: he told them of the man God who suffered for their redemption, who gave Himself to them for their lifegiving food in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, —he narrated to their impulsive nature of God? Do we see them demand his blood, in proof of his religion? Oh no, on the contrary, we see an entire people bowing down with reverential respect at the feet of that boly man, we see a hitherto pagan nation receiving into its mind the life-giving truths of Christianity, we see, and what a sight it must have been before God's eternal throne, the reach range hantisad in the waters of the Irish race baptized in the waters of we see a noble, generous race entering the folds of Christ, we see the sons and daughters of Erin renouncing forever the traditions of their pagan forefathers, we see Ireland, the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," the "Emerald gem of the ocean" placed in the diadem which encircles the brow of the Roman Catholic church, there to shine as the brightest star of that glorious constellation, which is forever her joy and her glad-

Ireland has been Catholic since the young family, yet not even the deep-ays of St. Patrick! what do these words rooted, true, manly love which he en-onyey? They mean this, that the Irish tertains for the mistress of his heart, not days of St. Patrick! what do these words apostle, St. Patrick the glorious gift of faith, that they have cherished that gift ever make him forget the old land, can tears with them in their joy to shed ever make him forget the old land, can tears with them in their sorrow, "No as their dearest inheritance, that not all the horrors of relentless war nor the blandishments of persecution were capble of dragging from Irish hands the perhaps two aged people are waiting ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession; we send agree the standard or sorrow and ninnession. HE present

their forefathers who died on the battlefield in its defence Having seen that at no time during the last 1500 years were the Irish people lost to the faith, it would be an illogical

those benefits are naught else than the lasting impressions which religion has made upon the people.

There is one great attribute of the Celtic race which when considered in its

proper light, will be admitted to be the point around which many of the minor traits of that race are centred. This attribute is the gift of faith, which is the choicest fruit of the mission of St. Patrick. The Irish people are perhaps gifted above all others with the possess-ion of a most lively faith in the myst-eries and truths of our holy religion: they not only believe, but in a sense, wrest from his mether country the religion preached by Patrick, and on the other he beholds with tearful eyes the other he beholds with tearful eyes in which they hold their Catholic priests. knows no bounds. The "soggarth aroon" is to the Celt as dear as life itself. Why? Is it because he has become his temporal as well as spiritual adviser, be-cause he has identified himself with the tenderest instincts of that impulsive people? Yes, but there is still a great-er reason! It is because the Catholic priest is the minister of God. The Irishman considers his "soggarth aroon" as a being not belonging to earth, but rather as a messenger from heaven, sent down den things is so real that it is a second

nature to them. This belief carries them farther than the mysteries and to them the preservation of her supremdogmas of their church, it leads them to acy, for never have they been known to what the world may call superstition; flinch. "Cursed be the laws that have what the world may call superstition; but what we understand by the more fitting term, their simplicity. There exists in the Irish nature no cunning, no faith of Christ, the steadlastness with treachery, no deceit. Of course there is which they have adhered to his teachwit, and plenty of it, but as a race they ings through centuries of religious per- are exempt from what is known as secution, are topics which in a measure explain the salient characteristics of their great belief: they believe and the Celtic people. Why is it that an Irishman is known throughout every land by the familiar name of "Pat?" At dirst it may seem to us a strivial matter to ask incidents in which this result to the result of their people which simplicity is manifested in their known a century of peace for the last 800 the result many little the result of the resu

we shall endeavor to trace the best, the truest qualities of the Irish race to their Catholicity, and in so doing, we can honor their patron saint in a most especial manner, for the world admits that the qualities of the Celt are indeed good ones, and if they can each and all be attributed, as effects to a cause, to the religion of Christ, then they are naught else but wonderful consequences of the apostleship of St. Patrick.

To consider the subject before us in infant face, and yet, there is a story to the good Irish morals, as soon as he told them that the infant's face is but an angel's the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God, then he found a united people ready to fight and to die of the incarnate God,

ties of filial affection which forever unite people, who cling to the memories of the old land, as do the Irish. Facts are Trinity.
Standing on Tara's summit what do we not necessary to prove this assertion. The exiled Gael never for one instant. grandeur and civilization, we behold a severs his heart from the Green Isla people, who by their very traditions by which gave him birth. Listen to the words of the great Columbkille, addressmost especial manner suited to the ing from the lonely and sea girt Iona, reception of the new religion then to be one who was sailing to Erin—"Carry my announced to them by their apostle. blessing across the sea; carry it to the Some 1500 years ago, the Irish people west. My heart is roken in my bosom." saw the advent of Patrick: he came to This is the expression of one of Ireland's greatest saints: his heart was broken by banishment, he was an exile in a strange land, his eyes were denied that greatest of all earthly privileges—the beholding the green fields of Erin, "where the song of the birds is so sweet." This too is the sentiment of culate Queen of beaven—he preached to them the doctrines of our holy religion,—and then what do we behold? Do we see the Irish race, barbarous like rising up and exterminating the Apostle of God? Do we see them demand his blood, in proof of his religion? Oh no land the proof of his religion? Oh no land the proof of his religion? heart travels back in spirit to the old land, there to revisit the scenes of his early childhood, to listen once again in memory's sweetest vision to the loving words of an aged father and revered mother, to pluck from the green hillside the "dear immortal shamrock" and press it to his heart, on the feast day of his patron saint. But this love for his native land is not alone; there is another love, regeneration, we see the imprint of as warm, as strong, as undying, it is the Catholicity branded on their forehead, love which the Irishman bears towards the aged father and mother whom he left sorrowing behind him, in the old land. Time is incapable of blotting out from the heart of the true Irishman the visions the exiled Gastro-visits the loss fond image of his childhood days, the fond image of his father and mother. In his dreams the hill and the sees the may be in a foreign land.

round that spot, hallowed by the dust of his progenitors. Who that has ever island, rising out of the compared to thee, no witnessed the sad scene of an irishman's vitnessed the sad scene of an irishman's return to his native land, after years of sun, the moon nor the stars of heaven the last 1500 years were the Irish people lost to the fath, it would be an illogical injustice to deny to that faith the credit of those benefits which it must have bestowed on a nation so faithful, and those benefits are naught else than the lasting impressions, which religion has made upon the people.

There is one great attribute of the Church ones in the grave of the cover the grave of his departed parents, Irishman, who, thinking he was a perfect of the cover and moistening the great award with and moistening the green award with bitter tears, suffering his beart to burst the tenderest chords of affection and love, as it pours out in sorrowing accents the sad walls for his departed friends What a noble nature that must be in which the filial instinuts can be kept so living as to burst into tears over the last resting place of his dear ones, though years have rolled by since he knelt to years have rober by since he knest to receive their parting blessing! This is but one of the grand effects of his religion, He is told to honor his tather and mother. He would have done so guided

by his own natural instincts, but when it comes as a command from his religion, then it is all the more binding Religion is so deeply impressed upon the Celtic character, that the very in-stincts of the race are but the conse-quences of faith, so much so that when faith is wanting in the Irishman, there too is wanting the best purest characteristics of his nationality. The third and last adjunct of the Irish character which we shall treat of is their indomitable courage. Irish valour, to grow in a soil, not blest with the sun-shine of freedom. It were better that we dwell not longer on this feature, as a messenger from neaven, sent down to preach God's eternal word. The Irish pluck, Irish daring are written Irish people then have what is known upon the pages of England's history; as a most lively faith, their belief in hid-her glorious victories bear everlasting. proof to the prowess of her Celtic soldi ers. Never has she hesitated to confide deprived me of such subjects," those were the words of one of England's nicious literature on railroad trains and Georges; they were wrung from his lips by Irish valor. Irish gallantry, Irish heroism. Where the fight is thickest, there will ever be found the courageou incidents in which this great character. at another their honor, and again their

teaches them to place in her doctrines.

The second, and perhaps most glorious attribute of the Irish character is the undying love which they bear towards their native land, and the strong ties of filial affection which forever mater. aroon" alone has power to absolve him. and kneeling down with contrite heart he teris his faults, he asks pardon for his crime, and then his faith tells him that he is forgiven. With this belief of his innocence he rights for God and his right. He knows the cause is a just one, he knows that if death comes he is prepared to meet it, and filled with these ideas he entere the battlefield, there to win or die. His immortal soul is cared for, what matters it then to him if he fall in the fight. This is the Irishman's courage, this is his valor. Belief in his religion prompts him to daring deeds inspires him with a spirit that knows no fear.

spires him with a spirit that knows ne fear.

We have considered but a few of the many qualities which tend to form the Irish national character. We might discuss at greater length each and every one of his traits; nor would we find one which, at least, indirectly, could not be attributed to his being Catholic.

What a glorious sight it must be feethat great apostle, St. Patrick, looking down from his throne in heaven, to be hold in this era, after the lapse of 1,500 years, that race still true to their God, their Church, and their morality. How pleasing it must be to him to hower round old Ireland and watch his faithful chikkren pick up from the green self the shamrock so dear; to hear his name chanted and praised by every Irish tongue in every land. How consoling it must be to him to witness the purity of the Irish women. must be to him to witness the purity of the Irish women, the courage of the Irishmen, and, above all, their fidelity

to his teachings.
To the Celt at home and abroad this fond image of his father and mother. He may be in a foreign land, surrounded with all the happy attractions of domestic life, he may have taken anto his bosom a fond wife to whom be pledges eternal love and fidelity, he may find himself the respected head of a young family, yet not even the deeprooted, true, manly love which he entertains for the mistress of his heart, not welcome them in warm embrace. To convey? They mean this, that the Irish race, the Irish people received from their apostle, St. Patrick the glorious gift of apostle, St. Patrick the glorious gift of ever make him forcet the old land can be supported to the control of the control able of dragging from Irish hands the priceless jewel which was the legacy, bequeathed to them by Patrick, that to-day, in this the closing decade of the 19th century, the Irish race, the Irish people are Catholic to the core, that they are as true and faithful to the religion of Rome, as were faithful to the dust of several faithful to the religion of Rome, as were faithful to the religion of Rome, as we

A dignitary of the Church once in Irishman, who, thinking he was a pe son of some importance, tried to find out who he was. "I make so bould," said he, "as to think that maybe your riverence is a canon." "I was once," replied the bishop, who did not care to disclose his rank. "Ah! musha, musha! dhrink, I suppose!" said the son of Erin, in a sympathetic voice.

IRELAND IN '94.

Bright with hope's resplendent glery
Breaks he New Year on the skies i
freiand, land of song and story.
See thy future glory rise!
Mark the longed-for transformation
From the bigot's bitter reignt;
Up, O Erin, ancient nation.
Take thy proper place again!

Now, instead of hate and sorrow,
All thy days for others spent,
Thine the priceless boon to borrow
Of contentment Heaven-sent!
Thine to hail the proud reviving
Of unampered industry!
Thine to watch thy peasant thriving
From the grasping landlord free.

Homeward come thy exites, longing
For thy dreami-of happy shore;
Blessing, joy, and peace are throngin
In the new-born Ninety-Four!
And that hope, the greatest, dearest,
Of a nationhood thine own,
Comes with rainbow promise—neares
To fulfillment it has grown.

It is said that Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland have indentified

news stands.

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

istic shows itself. There is not a hill nationality, that was at stake. That best for "Family Use," and all my custor valley throughout the land, which does not possess some spot, round which fact that for centuries and centuries they