

The Northwest Review

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NOTICE.

The editor will always gladly receive articles on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political general or local character.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

ST. BONIFACE, May 10th, 1893.

Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been instructed by the directors of the journal with the management of the same.

I remain.

Yours all devoted in Christ, ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE, O. M. I.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER, 24.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Margaret Shepherd now appears in a new role. She has taken to the stage. This is what the Port Hope Times says of herself and her troupe:

The Margaret L. Shepherd Company appeared before a slim audience in the Opera House here Thursday evening, in "Tried as Fire," the story of Mrs. Shepherd's life.

Some Catholic paper are proposing a Catholic Protective Association, a C. P. A., in opposition to the P. P. A. There is no necessity for such an organization.

It is only the reprobate class that have to resort to such methods of self-protection. They know their deeds are evil, and dread the consequence.

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There seem to be on foot many movements towards the establishing and furthering of charitable institutions in Winnipeg. All or nearly all are connected with some local church, and those who are compelled to seek aid from them are expected to share in the services of that particular church.

THE McGEE STATUE.

Our contemporary the Catholic Register, made a suggestion in a recent issue, in favor of a statue in Toronto to the memory of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGe. We are in perfect accord with the sentiments expressed by our contemporary, so far as the statue is concerned, but for several reasons we would regret to see Toronto selected for the honor.

That style of argument is dishonest and stupid enough to have been written, for the Tribune, by Dr. Bryce. In fact, there is a "breezy impudence" in it that is only found in the self-satisfied mind of such men.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE SCHOOL TAX.

The Winnipeg Tribune had, in its issue of the 4th inst, a long and labored article, in which it tried to explain away the crushing force of the following quotation from a recent letter addressed to it, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the school question in Manitoba:

"You may say," he writes, "let the man who conscientiously dissents from our system set up a voluntary school for himself. But then you could hardly justify yourself in compelling him also to pay the school tax."

How does the Tribune meet this manifestly just argument of Goldwin Smith? The quotation is rather long, but the manifest dishonesty of the Tribune justifies us in giving it to our readers. It says:

"The two assertions of fact made in the passage we have quoted are not at all free from question. It is not at all clear that the Roman Catholic disapproves non-sectarian public schools for non-Roman Catholic children, except in the same way that he disapproves our whole fabric of state as not being sanctified by union with 'the church'."

only be the case when, after obtaining food, clothing, etc., they all had the same margin left for education, and that margin the same in amount as the school tax. It could, moreover, only be the case when, if a reduction in other taxes were made equal in amount to the school tax, those who are now prevented by it from maintaining voluntary schools would then be enabled to do so;

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"It is not at all clear that the Roman Catholic disapproves non-sectarian public schools for non-Roman Catholic children." Pray, what has that to do with the question of taxing Catholics for the support of "non-sectarian (Protestant) schools?"

Religious Panaticism. The Tribune of yesterday publishes a telegram dated from Richmond, Quebec, which we would fain suppose to be a figment of a diseased imagination.

We feel strongly that this is a fitting time to remonstrate with the unreasoning and senseless prejudices that have unhappily divided this province since 1890. Previously to that year, Manitoba was a model to all the other Provinces of the Dominion in its broad and liberal interpretation of the doctrine of Christian charity.

MR. DEVLIN, OR MR. LAURIER, WHICH?

Our esteemed contemporary, the Canadian Freeman, of the 26th September, contains, on its front page, a report of a speech made by the able and eloquent young member for Ottawa county, Mr. C. R. Devlin, on the Manitoba school question, which is somewhat bewildering to us in Manitoba, and leads us to ask which is Mr. Devlin or Mr. Laurier speaking the policy of the Liberals on the school question, or have they one policy for use in Quebec and another for use in Manitoba and Ontario?

"Mr. Laurier if premier to-morrow would have to correct the fatal error of those false Liberals of Manitoba—and if he did not the Province of Quebec which he loves so well would repudiate him. If he did not, we, the Catholic Liberals of Quebec, who follow him and admire him, would desert and repudiate him."

That is the position of Mr. Laurier. He has nothing to add, nothing to suppress. Gentlemen, I am proud of our great leader, whom Canada acclaims as Canada's future premier.

We do not pretend to say what Mr. Laurier would do to-morrow, should he be premier, "to correct the fatal error of those false Liberals of Manitoba."

would repudiate not only the fatal errors of these false Liberals but that he would repudiate them as well. He came to this province recently and what did he do in the way of repudiation? With regard to the fatal errors of the false Liberals of Manitoba, he was interviewed by a number of Catholic representatives, some of them warm supporters and ardent admirers of the eloquent and able leader of the Liberal party.

Neither did we notice anything which would justify us in saying that he repudiated the false Liberals of Manitoba. In fact we believe that he neither repudiated them nor their errors.

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The Kamloops Wawa.

The "Kamloops Wawa" is the title of a neat little pamphlet got up in good style. Its purpose is to teach shorthand through the medium of the Chinook language. Its price is but \$1 a year, surely very little if it is capable of doing all which is predicted of it.

COMMUNICATIONS

The following is a copy of a letter sent to the Editor of the Calgary Tribune by the Rev. Father Fouquet, O. M. I. and which has been sent us for publication. (Ed. Review.)

Calgary, 15th October 1894. To the Editor of the Tribune.

MR. EDITOR:—While thanking you for your report of the visit of the regality party to the convent here, I beg you would allow me to draw your attention to the visit their Excellencies paid to the Holy Cross Hospital. If they are flesh and blood, allow me to remark they are something more, they have a grand mind and a kind heart, in a word a noble soul full of Christian kindness and sympathy, as they proved it by going outside of the city to visit the Holy Cross Hospital.

In their former visit to this thriving city Lord and Lady Aberdeen had contributed to the erecting of the hospital by the gracious hands of her Ladyship. Their charity for suffering humanity is known in the old and new world, and I would not like it to be thought that Calgary has been an exception to their noble and kind feelings towards suffering humanity.

I am sure you will be happy Mr. Editor, to learn that after their visit to the convent their Excellencies went to the hospital, taking upon themselves an excess of fatigue while they would not impose upon their escort who was sent to take rest and refreshment before they would go on the agricultural ground. I need not say that in the hospital their Excellencies showed their usual noble and christian sympathy; at the request of the Sister Superior they did not visit one girl sick with typhoid fever, nevertheless, moved by the most delicate attention His Excellency the Governor-general took from his button hole a beautiful flower which he sent to this patient as a token of his Christian and noble sympathy.

I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, L. FOUQUET, O. M. I.

Prayer to St. Joseph.

By Pope Leo XIII. to be Offered During the Month of October.

To thee, O Blessed Joseph, do we fly in our tribulation, and after imploring the help of thy Most Holy Spouse, we ask confidently for thy protection. We beseech thee with the Immaculate Mother of God, and by the paternal love with which thou hast encircled the Child Jesus, and suppliant we pray that thou mayest regard with benignant eyes the heritage which Jesus Christ has won by His blood, and that thou mayest aid us in our necessities by thy power and help.

Protect, O Most Provident Guardian of the Divine Family, the elect race of Jesus Christ; banish from us, O Most Loving Father, all plague of error and corruption; do thou, our strongest support assist us from the height of Heaven with thy efficacious help in this struggle with the powers of darkness; and, as formerly thou didst rescue the Child Jesus from the greatest danger to his life; so do now defend the Holy Church of God from the treachery of her enemies and from all adversity, and cover each one of us with thy lasting protection, so that, following thy example and supported by thy help, we may be able to live holily, die piously, and obtain eternal happiness in Heaven. Amen.

Clandeboye Bay.

Before writing my notes I must give your readers some idea as to the geographical situation of the place. Have you ever heard of Clandeboye Bay, or have you ever been there? If not let me hasten to say that you will find it on the map of Manitoba. Indeed "the Lake" as it is commonly called in these parts is of untold use, we drink its water and most of us look forward to making what an Englishman would term "a pretty penny" from its fish in winter and at this season of the year the sportsman shoots ducks to his heart's content on its borders.

This particular spot, about which I write, is quite a Catholic settlement and although not yet possessing a church or resident priest, the congregation increases so rapidly that they hope before very long to have both. On the rare occasions when we do have the happiness of hearing mass, it is said by a priest from St. Laurent, in the school house which is a commodious building situated about the centre of the village. Clandeboye Bay is now served by the Rev. Father Dupont, but he is at present absent from St. Laurent and has never on October 7th a good Samaritan passed this way in the shape of Father Chaumont on his way to his Indian mission at "Pink Creek."

Father Chaumont said mass also on Monday morning and then accompanied by the brother—he is taking back to assist him in his labors, resumed his journey. Our first snow fell on the second of this month. Nature spread her white mantle over the earth for the whole day and then removed it to give her sister rain another chance before winter sets in.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

An Interesting Chat With Rev. W. J. Chapin.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He has Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties With Renewed Health.

From the Springfield Journal.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health. "As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good, and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

Things We Owe to Catholics.

Some of the Great Agencies and Evidences of Civilization.

Our cathedrals, and the knowledge how to restore those buildings to their pristine splendor when not architecture only, but sculpture and painting also, lavished their wondrous skill upon the houses of God; we may also owe to them, if we will, the devoted hosts of worshippers, who ought to be constantly seen in them, rich and poor, nobles and laborers, indiscriminately mingled together, all touchingly acknowledge a common origin and end.

The cultivation of the love of music among the people by familiarizing them with it through all the services, processions and festivals of the Church; and to them we owe a better state of feeling than that which has often allowed the musical performances of our cathedral choir to be mutilated on the paltriest ground.

Our drama, which sprang out of the early Church mysteries, it would not be amiss if we were to owe to them a somewhat loftier notion than at present prevails of the objects that theatrical representation should aim at.

The revival of learning, and in a great degree our grammar schools, and to them we may owe the multitudes of students that ought to be able to flock to them as of old, when Oxford University alone is said to have had its thirty thousand scholars.

Many a noble work of charity that still here and there stud the country over the relics merely of a scheme of benevolence, unrivaled for magnificence and completeness, and to them, again, we may owe the right principles of dealing with the poor—principles which can make a bad system to some extent good, but the absence of which must leave the best system worthless; in a word, we owe or may owe to them, a sympathy with the poor that must exhibit itself in practical efforts for them.

Lastly, we owe them an unending debt of gratitude for their services in the cause of literature and science. For who but the monks and friars were the literary and scientific laborers of England?—its poets, its historians, its botanists, its physicians, its educators? Where but in the libraries of the monasteries, where the collections of the accumulated wisdom of ages to be found, each day beholding additions to the store through the labors of the scribes of the Scriptorium. And when at last printing came to revolutionize the entire world of knowledge, who but the monks of Westminster and St. Alban's it was that welcomed the new and glorious thing in the most cordial spirit, providing at once for the art and its disciples a home.—Sacred Heart Review.

Miss Tucker.