

The Northwest Review

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Hon. Senator Bernier's last utterance in the Debate, reproduced from the Senate Debates on our first page, has the correct ring of temperate firmness which the present situation of the school question demands. This resolute stand of our distinguished Senator was fully endorsed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell at the reception tendered him at St. Albert on the 27th ult., an account of which we also give. The Head of Her Majesty's Government in this Dominion then said: "I am bound to tell you that the policy of my government as laid down will be adhered to and faithfully carried out, let the consequences be what they may."

The Free Press, unable to reply to our last remarks on the cartoon incident, tries its hand at a joke. First, it represents us as a "provincial contemporary"; that is harmless but hardly honest. Next, it makes out that our observations anent the effect of a hurdy-gurdy in assembling children were based on experiments made during the school vacation; this is what Jeremy Collier would call stark nonsense. We distinctly said that "you will find more urchins out of than in school" between the school hours of 9 and 12. Our comment could not be read before the 4th inst., when schools were all re-opened. Therefore no intelligent reader could suppose that we spoke of what we had noticed during the holidays. In point of fact, we spoke from the experience of several years during the hours when the school rooms were full.

A friend has called our attention to an apparent underestimate of Winnipeg's Protestant church accommodation. We had set it down as nine thousand, while Stovel's Pocket Directory gives it as a little over twenty thousand. What we should have referred to was the actual average attendance, which, for Protestant churches is certainly not one half of the seating capacity. This leaves our main contention intact. Parents who don't go to church themselves don't send their children to Sunday school. And, if not more than nine thousand people, old and young, attend church, surely the young alone, who attend Sunday school, cannot be more than four or five thousand, i. e., about half the total number of Protestant children of school age.

In Stovel's list of churches the smallest Protestant meeting-houses are mentioned, 5 with 150 seats each, 1 with 132, 1 with 125, 2 with 100, 1 with 50, the average seating capacity of all Protestant churches being 463. On the other hand only our three churches, properly so called, are given, with an average seat-

ing capacity of 700. To make the list complete our chapels should be added. They are the following:

	SEATS
Chapel of the Grey Nunnery.....	360
" St. Boniface College.....	154
" " the Industrial school.....	100
" St. Mary's Academy.....	80
" Tache Academy.....	80
" Imm. Conception school.....	50
" St. Boniface Ho. pital.....	70

Moreover, as there are three masses every Sunday morning in St. Boniface Cathedral and St. Mary's Church, the seating capacity of these churches is practically trebled, and in Father Cherrier's church, where there are two masses, doubled.

We had heard much in praise of "The Review," a Catholic paper published in Chicago by Arthur Preuss, and the first number we have been privileged to read (Vol. II, No. 23, Aug. 29, 1895) fully bears out that praise. The editor, Mr. Preuss is a native-born American of German descent, "a Catholic in the first place and above all," a man of large and wide sympathies, a hater of humbugs and frauds, fully in touch with the three great literatures of the North, the English, the French and the German. Unlike many ultra-American editors, he is too learned to imagine that intellect began in this century south of the 49th parallel, and too generous to despise those who do not happen to live under the flag he dearly and wisely loves. We thank him for his fraternal notice of our efforts in the cause of Catholic education.

Another American of German descent publishes the Catholic paper that has the largest circulation in the world, the New York Catholic News. Though generally well informed, he is mistaken in his last number when he says that Father Peter Havermans of Troy, N. Y., is "America's oldest priest." America is a big word. Mexico contains eleven million Catholics, among whom there may be, for aught we know, some priest older than Father Havermans. But, confining ourselves to Canada, which is a tolerably large slice of America, there is one priest now living at St. Mary's College, Montreal, who is almost four years older than the venerable Troy patriarch, and who was ordained more than four years before him. Father Peter Point—they are both Peters—was born April 17th 1802 and ordained priest May 20th 1826, whereas Father Havermans was born March 23rd 1806 and ordained priest June 6th 1830. The latter was, the former is a Jesuit. Another Canadian priest, Mgr. Joachim Boucher, runs Father Havermans very close, having been ordained 14 days after him, June 20th 1830.

Principal Grant's past; his antagonism to the conservative government; his present position as, no doubt, paid correspondent of the Globe, the editor of which had no sooner reached Winnipeg than he lauded the Greenway cabinet to the skies; his self-assumed functions as peacemaker and investigator; his coming to inspect, after the local government had, by five years of relentless persecution, done all they could to make our schools inefficient; his coming at the re-opening of schools when nothing can be as yet properly organized; all these motives would incline us to distrust him and warn him off from our schools which he has no business to enter. But now the Tribune comes out against him and declares him an all-round failure and an advocate of separate schools. This is equivalent to a certificate of sincerity and fair dealing, unless, indeed, it be only one of Rich's tricks—abusing a confederate in order to lull the suspicions of the police. At all events, we are most willing to let the able and courteous President of Queen's University have the benefit of the doubt in his favor, so that he may prove his sincerity by doing his best to right a grievous wrong.

A NEW CANADIAN NOVEL.

Mr. Tardivel's novel "Pour la Patrie" is, by long odds, the most effective bit of fiction ever written by a Canadian. Though utterly incomprehensible to the average Protestant, it is a "thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever" to an out-

and-out Catholic. Every line of it breathes the most intense Catholicism. Yet it contains not one word to wound a Protestant; in fact the best parliamentary speech in a book replete with brilliant phrases is by Houghton, a Protestant pleading for Catholics. Those who have known Mr. Tardivel only as the fearless fighter of La Verite will be surprised at the revelations of infinite tenderness which his novel contains. The sweetest gem of all its many beauties is little Marie's letter to her father, giving her childlike view of all that she has learned in the catechism, so as to convince him that she is ready for her First Communion. This chapter would make an admirable compendium of Christian doctrine for children. It has the three qualities St. Augustine (quoted by Father Schweninger in this month's Catholic World) requires in a catechism: it is clear as crystal, interesting as a tale and touching as a tragedy. In dramatic force and thrilling interest "Pour la Patrie" is second to none of the best contemporary novels. The author has the reserve and startling brevity of a great artist. He knows what to leave unsaid and how to suggest vistas of ideal development. His style, like his wildest play of fancy, is marvellously chaste. You feel that he has lived most of the noble thoughts and deeds he attributes to his hero. Nor is this hero, in spite of his real holiness, despairingly perfect. He, too, has his temptations. Once or twice we tremble lest he should fall. We carry away with us an altogether ideal memory of that incomparable hero, ideal yet most vivid, ideal, but not imaginative nor in any way sensational. We are not told if he is tall or short, dark or fair. All we know is that his face is grave and gentle, and that no one ever heard him laugh or saw him sad. Nevertheless Lamirande is a new and distinct creation which we can never forget.

SILENCED AT LAST.

Days have passed into weeks and weeks into months since Mr. Ewart replied to the last letter of Dr. Bryce on those celebrated resolutions of the Presbyterian Synod, which were sent to the judges of the Imperial Privy Council, and which, according to the Rev. Dr. Bryce, had the effect of winning for Manitoba the celebrated case of Barrett versus the City of Winnipeg. We have read many interesting and stinging letters and articles on this momentous school question, but that reply of Mr. Ewart to the breezy doctor, was, without doubt, the most crushing and perfect rejoinder of the whole collection. It is impossible to review it; it must be read to be appreciated. It is brief—but Oh! how cutting! At one time we thought that no power on earth could successfully drown the cork-like buoyancy of this fellow; but Mr. Ewart has succeeded in the accomplishment of this herculean task. The public owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Ewart for having silenced this man. Not that his opinions amounted to much. They were generally stale and second hand, and never rose above the most commonplace platitudes. He generally managed to get in a few jaw-breaking adjectives, that reminded the reader that the doctor once studied Latin and Greek in Toronto University, when its curriculum was, like the Province of Ontario, in an embryonic condition. Ever since the doctor loves to parade the fact that he once (long ago) actually resided within the walls of a University, and is, therefore, stamped and branded a learned man. It has often amused the members of the University Council, many of them honorable men of such celebrated Universities as Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Cambridge, Laval, etc., to watch the learned doctor telling them how they do things in Toronto. Well, the fact remains, and no one dare deny it, that the reverend doctor is from Toronto. That fact accounts, no doubt, for many of the narrow and peculiar antics of this gentleman. Toronto, as a city, is one of the most noisy and breezy and intolerant in Canada; so is the doctor, as a man. Toronto poses as most pious and religious; so does the doctor. Everything Canadian is judged by comparison with Toronto; so is everything judged by the doctor. Graduates of every university in the Empire missed the opportunity of their lives by not taking a post-graduate course at Toronto; so thinks the doctor. Any one who knows Toronto and its

history would at once suspect that it alone could be the early home and birthplace of the doctor. With parrotlike tenacity he has adhered to all her traditions and adopted all her methods.

But there is a limit to all things and that limit was reached when the doctor wrote his last letter about those celebrated resolutions of the Presbyterian Synod, which had the alleged corrupting influence on the highest court in the Empire. The resolutions were bad enough and narrow enough to satisfy even Toronto; the sending of them to the Judges of the Privy Council was an act of debasing corruption, so bold and wicked in its design as to cover with eternal infamy the body of Christians who sent it; but the blabbing idiot who gave it away was a fitting climax to so dastardly and infamous an act. Had Dr. Bryce never written that letter, but left things as they were, he would have done the greatest possible service to the Presbyterian Synod; but his apology only showed that he was prepared to lie, even injudiciously and disgracefully, (as proved by Mr. Ewart) to get himself and his confederates of the Synod out of a shameful predicament. The Chief Justice of Manitoba, one of the learned judges who sat on that case before it went to the Privy Council, was a member of that Synod. He was present when the delectable doctor, in supporting Dr. Robertson's assertions, made his vainglorious assertions about having corruptly approached the Imperial Privy Council; nay, more; he spoke in favor of these resolutions, but, so far as reported, never said one word to his revered Imperial confederates from that foul charge implied in the doctor's boast. After the crushing exposure of Mr. Ewart, and in view of all the shame which this boastful CLERGYMAN brought upon the Presbyterian Synod, it is not to be wondered at that they have united all their forces to keep the windy doctor out of print. It is to be hoped, in the interests of all concerned, that their efforts will be permanently successful. We would advise them to appoint a wise and judicious committee to examine all future contributions of Dr. Bryce anent those unfortunate and shameful resolutions.

MR. GREENWAY'S ADVANCED POLICY.

It is a long time since we had the pleasure of crossing swords with our esteemed contemporary, the Brandon Sun, and we would not now trouble our conferees were it not that we are seeking for information. We would like to know what it means by the advanced policy of the Greenway administration.

"At present when the forcing of the Dominion government is forcing the eye of the public of all Canada towards Manitoba, it is a fitting time to direct attention to the policy of the government which has aroused so much criticism throughout the length and breadth of the continent. It is all the outcome of a policy of advancement, the gigantic stride taken in the march of civilization that was promised by Hon. Mr. Greenway and those who during the incumbency of the late premier formed the Opposition."

These are the opening sentences of a leader in a recent issue of the Sun. It was written in the dog days, when the Manitoba crop was ripening under a scorching sun, and we put this forward in exaltation of our contemporary's exceeding jubilation and the absence of facts in its article.

We would like our e. c. to define what it means by "a policy of advancement," because very much depends on the definition. There are, of course, many things done by Mr. Greenway which probably could only be justified by the gigantic strides which civilization, as it is understood in Manitoba, has taken, since Mr. Greenway came into power. We have, it is true, a code of public morality in this province, which might be satisfactorily explained on the grounds of a civilization peculiar to this province since Mr. Greenway came into power, but not previously known in this province, or, for that matter, in any other of ours. It is a unique civilization, indigenous to the Province, and supposed to be only practised or properly understood when the rights of Roman Catholics, es-

pecially those of French Canadian extraction, come up for consideration. To understand this civilization, properly, and apologize for it fittingly, all that has to be considered is: "Are the parties affected by its application Catholics?" If this question can be answered in the affirmative, you have the key to the Manitoba code of civilization, which has made each gigantic strides—mark well—only since Mr. Greenway came into power. Like Dr. Bryce's principles and educational policies, this code of civilization is exceedingly elastic. Elasticity is a very quality, and it is possessed in a grand degree by the professors of this unique code of civilization. For instance, it is so elastic as to permit its adherents to rob Catholic and endow Protestant institutions by one and the same act. It can abolish Catholic schools and endow Memnonite schools by a simple turn of the wheel. It can abolish the French language, (because its professors are Catholic) and it can endow the German or Russian. It can make the most solemn promises to the French and Catholics, in order to introduce its moral code, and then violate them in order to live up to that code. Under "this advanced policy of the Greenway administration," it is not necessary to keep faith with Catholics. It may be necessary to make pledges and solemn compacts with them, in order to get into power, but once they get there, it is a sure sign of the gigantic strides of Manitoba civilization, under the Greenway administration, to violate every one of them. To keep faith with Catholics would be to violate one of the first and highest principles of this gigantic civilization. When, therefore, the Greenway administration violated and trampled under foot every solemn and sacred pledge, which they had given us for the purpose of getting into power, they should not be censured, but applauded for it, because they were simply acting up to the principles of a new, but gigantic civilization, only known since Mr. Greenway came into power, but foreshadowed in that gentleman's position as it was.

We confess that we were somewhat astonished at Mr. Greenway's bad faith with Roman Catholics and French Canadians, but this gigantic code of civilization and morality has let in a flood of light upon this much discussed question, and enabled us to understand Mr. Greenway's delicate, but painfully imperative position. Mr. Greenway was placed in the position of choosing between violating his sacred word of honor and keeping faith with the men who accepted those pledges and put him in power; or violating one of the first principles of this new and gigantic civilization, which says: "Keep no faith with Catholics and remain in power to advance our noble and gigantic code of civilization." What was Mr. Greenway to do, under such circumstances? Keep his word of honor, and go back to the ordinary and previously established civilization in which there was nothing of a gigantic nature, or march forward with gigantic strides and cover himself with infamy in so glorious a cause as retaining office. Every one who knows Mr. Greenway's sensitive and noble nature, must appreciate how keen were his sufferings at this trying period of his life, but they cannot help admiring the noble sacrifice which he made in the interest of a gigantic civilization! Is it any wonder that "the Dominion government is forcing the eye of the public of all Canada towards Manitoba?" Such a gigantic scheme of civilization is enough to turn the eye of the public resources, whole globe and the illimitable resources, both moral and physical, of this wondrous prairie province!

The Devil as a Colonist.

Mail advices from Sydney, Australia, say that pilgrims are constantly returning there from Australia colony in Paraguay. They state that an attempt was made to start a model settlement found in the teachings of Bellamy, the Nationalist, whose book, "Looking Backward" which pictured a Utopian existence as the result of Nationalistic modes of living, created a sensation several years ago. Instead of it being a success, however, the whole settlement was run by the devil. The sufferings of the members of the Australiad colony are described as terrible.—N. W. Chronicle.