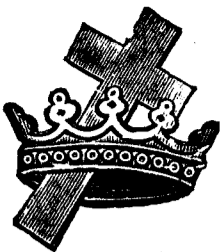


# Northwest Review.



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

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Senate Reading Room

## A FLAT FAILURE.

### A DISGRACEFUL ATTEMPT TO STIR UP STRIFE.

**Promoters of Last Night's Procession Fail to Achieve Their End—The Affair an Ignoble Failure—A Mob of Boys and Toughs Parade the City Streets.**

On Thursday evening and all day yesterday the following "dodger" was freely distributed about the city and St. Boniface:

"Hands off Manitoba schools. Provincial autonomy must be maintained. The Remedial Bill must be buried. A funeral procession of all opposed to remedial legislation will be formed on Friday evening, March 27, headed by a brass band, at the city hall, and will march up Main street to Portage avenue, thence to Kennedy street, and to government grounds, where the interment of the remedial bill will take place. God save the Queen."

The handbill was neatly printed, but did not bear the imprint of any of the city job offices, it was not signed, and in fact bore no mark or token by which its author or publisher could be identified. Naturally the mysterious documents created a good deal of curiosity. People wondered where they originated, and what they meant, and queries and speculations were universal as to who were the leaders of the movement, and what motive could prompt them to such a step at the moment when a peaceable settlement of the school question was being discussed by the Dominion commissioners and a committee of the local administration. The general opinion on the street yesterday was adverse to any such demonstration, and several prominent citizens suggested that the provincial or city authorities should take steps to prevent its being carried out. Prominent members of the Orange order denounced the affair, and disclaimed all knowledge of its originators. The local government, it is understood, issued an order to the civil service employees forbidding them to take part in the demonstration, or even to countenance it by their presence.

Whoever had undertaken the management of the parade were very careful to conceal their identity during the preliminary stages, for up to 8 o'clock last night no man could be found in all Winnipeg who would confess a knowledge of it.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock a steady rain began falling, and at 8, when the "procession" was announced to be formed at the city hall, there were no unusual signs of movement in the square. On the hay market, however, the Free Press reporter encountered a steaming group of citizens whose curiosity had impelled them to brave the weather, and who stood about disconsolately waiting developments. Shortly after 8 o'clock a little mob of dripping musicians made their appearance on the scene; they were not a regular band, but made up of members of several of the musical organizations. They took up their station under the haymarket side portico of the Leland hotel, and the impatient crowd surrounded them asking all kinds of questions, such as:

"When will the show begin?"

"Who's running the circus, anyhow?"

Suddenly the musicians moved over to the weigh house and D. B. Johnston's band wagon and A. Wilson's dray emerged from the darkness and drew up alongside the building.

The bandmen got into the wagon and a number of them appeared from behind the weighhouse. Two barrels containing torches were produced and placed in the single horse dray, and then two cotton covered frames were brought out of the back door of the weighhouse. One of the transparencies bore the following inscription, "Remedial Bill," the other "Daly, Boyd, Ross," and both were decorated with skulls and cross bones. They were greeted with yells and footings by the crowd, which had increased to several hundreds.

A distribution of the torches was next in order. Two men, evidently in authority, mounted the dray and handed out some half dozen torches to men, whom they evidently recognized as friends and supporters, but as there appeared to be much hesitancy and reluctance in accepting the honorable office of torch-bearers—the majority standing back and pushing others to the front—the small boys who composed much the larger portion of the assemblage, became impatient. There was a sudden rush, a sharp snort, but decisive scramble, and the torches were triumphantly waved aloft by the successful juvenile guerillas.

There were just three dozen torches in the barrel and as every torch was eagerly struggled for by the youngsters the scene was quite animated and amusing for a few minutes. When the crowd quieted down again the transparencies were lighted and the bearers took their seats in the wagons; the band being turned out to make room for the one bearing the legend, "Remedial Bill."

A Free Press man tried to get the names of the standard bearers, but nobody seemed to know them. Going up to the one horse dray he asked one of the men in it, would he be good enough to tell the names of the gentlemen driving with him; the answer was:

"I don't know one of them."

Going around to the other side he asked,

"Could you tell me the name of the gentleman sitting beside you, sir?"

"He's a stranger to me, I never saw him before. I don't know none of their names."

"Do you know your own name?" said the reporter.

"Yes, I do. I know it d— well, but I ain't goin' to give it to you," was the emphatic answer.

"I'm not afraid to tell my name," said one man in the dray. "My name is and I'm not ashamed of it."

He was the only man actively engaged in the affair who would give his name.

The reporter recognized four or five employees of the C. P. R. in the wagons or bearing torches. Several prominent Orangemen were in the crowd, but seemed to be there merely as spectators. Of the eight or ten men who carried torches about one-half were foreigners—Icelanders or Scandinavians.

At last, after a long interval of seemingly unsuccessful delay, the mob—for it could not be called anything else—started down William to Main street, to Portage avenue, up to Kennedy, and by way of Kennedy to parliament buildings.

The order of the procession was: Wagon, with "Remedial Bill" transparency; band, dray with "Daly, Boyd, Ross," transparency; following on the sidewalk came twenty-five boys and men carrying torches, and a crowd of men and boys, several hundred, who were not of the procession, but curious to see the end of the fiasco.

At the Clarendon hotel a diversion was created by a well known citizen, filled with patriotic ardor, who charged into the mob, and scattered them in all directions. He commanded them to disperse, "In the Queen's name," and menaced them with all manner of punishment if they persisted in what he pronounced "their disloyal course."

The crowd took the interruption good-naturedly; the small boys jeered and hooted at the disturber of their fun; and the procession moved on again.

On reaching the parliament buildings the same loyal soul, armed with a Winchester rifle, barred the entrance to the grounds, and declared "that no rebel would pass the gate, except over his dead body."

A general rush was made for the modern Horatius, and for a moment it looked serious for him, but happily peacemakers intervened, and saved him from being injured.

While this little melodrama was being enacted at the gate, the main body had drawn up in front of the main entrance of the parliament building. The band was ordered to play the "Dead March," and the howling mob attempted to burn the "Remedial Bill," but—the best laid plans, etc., gang aft a-glee—the cotton, saturated with rain refused to burn, so the whole-souled patriots were foiled, and were ignominiously compelled to tear the transparency piecemeal and trample it under foot. The same fate was meted

out to the "Daly, Boyd, Ross" transparency.

Then the mob paused and looked about for other worlds to conquer, but as there was nothing in sight, they contented themselves by giving cheers for Joe Martin, the Greenway government, Laurier, and the Queen.

Some person proposed three cheers for Uncle Sam, but his proposition was received with groans. The band played the "National Anthem," and the crowd melted away into the night.

The whole affair from beginning to end was one of the most ignoble failures to make capital of the laser passions of a mob that was ever attempted. The promoters, whoever they are, should thank Heaven that their plot was a failure. If it had been as far reaching as they designed it to be, it might have ended in riot and bloodshed.—Free Press, March 28th.

## HIS TURN NOW.

### REV. FATHER LACOMBE ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

Were He to Divulge All He Knew Even as Certain Politicians Made Public His Letter to Laurier, Serious and Strange Revelations Might be Made—Ungentlemanly Conduct.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., left yesterday for his home in Edmonton. Prior to his departure he sent for a Northwest reporter. In a private room at the palace in St. Boniface he made the following official statement, adding that it had been his intention to do so while down east, but postponed it. Now, however, a fitting time had come and he would declare himself. His words are as follows:

"On the eve of my departure for my home in Edmonton, I feel compelled to address my friends in the following words, which are but the expressions of my sentiments. Having been entrusted last fall by my ecclesiastical superiors to leave my missions in the far Northwest, and come down to the eastern provinces for the purpose of attending to the interests of the school question, and now my work being completed I am glad to say farewell. It was never my intention to mix in politics in connection with this question, though at the same time I claim the right even as any Canadian citizen to interfere with politics. If by the word politics is meant the watching of the interests of this great Dominion of ours, then I say there is none who has more right to mix in politics than the pastor of souls. I went east; my name was connected with all kinds of rumors and false reports. I know what gave rise to such rumors and reports; their authors and originators intended to make all the political capital they could out of them. As I am about to retire, as it were, from public life, I protest once and for all against the most un courteous and ungentlemanly publication of my letter to Mr. Laurier, who, I may add, had ever been my friend up to that unfortunate incident. The newspapers have been saying so much about my relations with the bishops, and pretending that my conduct was not approved by them, I take occasion now to protest against those false insinuations, and I say I never did anything connected with my mission in the east without having first consulted with their lordships. It is very easy for those false politicians to bring any kind of accusations against a man who has not the same liberty of language and publication as they have. Were I to use the same liberties as they, were I to stoop to such conduct, unbecoming a gentleman, I could even now make public many things which would certainly not be to the advantage or credit of those who have been accusing me.

"I also take occasion to declare that we approve of the delegation coming here from Ottawa to try to settle the school question with the government of Manitoba; and I may add, the Dominion government have chosen their very best men to act.

"As an old-timer of this country, I pray and hope that the members of the government of Manitoba will employ all their energy and good will to settle for ever this question of schools."—Northwest, March 28.

## DR. HUSBAND'S POSITIVELY LAST LETTER.

With our running commentary.

### "Protestantism in Power."

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

SIR,—Please allow me a few words more, and then this discussion, as far as I am concerned, shall cease. If Roman Catholicism is the only true creed, why is it necessary to state the fact in heavy type? [It is not necessary, when the correspondent readily seizes the point.] So apparent a truth can scarcely want emphasizing. This "cock-sureness" is amusing in the young but ridiculous in the old. [There is nothing either amusing or ridiculous in being cocksure about things that are certain.] Then I am told that "the schismatic Greeks have only a comparatively small, though of course a fatal admixture of error." Well, that must be consoling to the heads and adherents of the Greek church, and I hope, that they duly appreciate the condescension and patronage. If they do not, they ought. [Undoubtedly, they ought, especially as they have been told so repeatedly during the past ten centuries. But, like most people who are wrong, they probably don't.] Has it ever occurred to my critic that whether I join the only true church, printed large, or the schismatic Greeks, the real arbiter is my own private judgment? [It has occurred to us that you think so, but not that it is so.] Yet this alone infallible church has to employ reason and conscience to set up the very authority which is to override reason and conscience. I use my reason, for I have nothing else to depend upon, and join the infallible church, which immediately sets itself to work to override my reason and substitute what it calls faith. [What the Church calls faith is faith; what you call faith in your next sentence is not faith at all, but knowledge. Real faith does not override reason, nor contradict reason, it merely elevates reason to a higher plane.] Now, my faith or belief in any statement must depend upon the evidence brought forth to prove the truth of the statement made. I cannot will to believe anything; such a course, if possible, would be dishonest. The mind is so constituted that if the evidence is adequate, belief must follow as a necessary result. [You mean knowledge; belief has nothing to do with evidence, belief is the acceptance of a statement on the word of another, for instance, on the word of God.] Perhaps I may be told that I have "not prayed for the divine gift of faith." Here, again, my reason asserts itself. Is it reasonable to pray for something which is ultimately to stultify my reason? [Catholic faith does not stultify reason; so the whole objection falls to the ground.] Is not this praying for faith merely a concatenation of dogmatic rigmarole? The above is not an objection to the Catholic church alone, but it is an objection to any church founded on an infallible Pope or Book. I may be "unhistorical," but I can honestly say that after careful investigation I have not found the evidence which would justify me in accepting an infallible church or infallible book. With all due respect for the opinion of others, I can not help saying that to my mind it appears that much, if not all of the irreligion and want of reverence for divine things, which is the cancer of the present age, is due to the dogmatism of the churches. [Quite right. Much irreligion is due to fragmentary and false dogmatism on the part of the sects. But the Catholic Church is neither fragmentary nor false.] When men turn to science where they find unassuming modesty, gentleness and love of truth [as in Tyndall and Huxley, who dogmatically attacked all revealed religion, though they had not the sincerity to study religion properly], it is no wonder that they are repelled by the dogmatism which they cannot appreciate and which they find can have no place in their pursuits. The scientific man is of necessity religious although no infallible church may claim him as an adherent. [We do not believe this statement.] Unfortunately there are men

who goaded by the oppression of the churches [i.e., the erring sects,] have broken loose and are now assaulting them with a vigor and coarseness which is offensive to all religiously sensitive minds. Much harm is doubtless being done among the younger generation, but it would be a piece of affectation to blame these men. The churches [i.e., the erring sects,] have created a Frankenstein and must accept the responsibility. One word more, you state that "a sceptic is a man who does not know how to weigh evidence." This is hardly fair and the exponent of an infallible church should not stoop to play to the profanum vulgus. [We claim a patent on this new definition of a sceptic; the more it will be tried, the better it will be found to work.] The word sceptic comes from a Greek root which means primarily to look into; one who looks into a thing, vulgarly, a doubter, an infidel. But it does not follow that a man who doubts is, therefore, incapable of weighing evidence. [Every reasonable man should doubt about what is doubtful; but the sceptic doubts the clearest evidence and therefore shows his incapacity to weigh evidence.] From the same root we have micros ope, telescope, etc. [This gratuitous pedantry is not even correct—"Sceptic" comes from "skeptomai" whereas microscope, etc., come from "skopos," which is only akin to "skeptomai" and is not derived from the latter.] With this, sir, I close a discussion which has to me, at least, been interesting as it has shown the weak points of my opponent. [It is fortunate that Dr. Husband can fall back on his own self-complacency. We have been privately expostulated with for giving up so much of our editorial page to his rambling snap shots. Our answers, we are told, were too crushing for the subject; it was like cracking a frail nut with a steam-hammer.] My critic need not quote to me what Solomon says about a man, "wise in his own conceit," I know all about that. [Whatever we may have thought, we never said anything about Dr. Husband's conceit; but, "conscience makes cowards of us all."—Ed. N. W. R.]

Yours faithfully,  
H. AUBREY HUSBAND.  
Wawanesa, 23 March, 1896.

## Arraignment of Free Masonry by Protestants.

From N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Christian Reform Convention, whose special object seems to be opposition to secret societies, held sessions in the Y. M. C. A. at Columbus last week. The opening address was delivered by Bishop Halleck Floyd, of Dublin, Ind., on "Secret Societies Opposed to God's Moral Government," showing the inconsistency of Christians in joining secret societies.

During one of the sessions Edmond Ronayne, past master of Keystone Lodge No. 639, Chicago, spoke on Free Masonry as opposed to the Proper Enforcement of Law. The speaker, from what he claimed to be knowledge gained by his membership in the order, gave verbatim the obligation and oath which every one who becomes a Mason is required to take. He claims the applicant was required to take the oath of secrecy before the secrets which he was supposed to hold inviolate were exposed to him. In taking the oath, he declared the applicant is required to say that he deserved to have his throat cut, or his tongue pulled out by the roots if he violated his oath. He then referred at length to the alleged secrets of the order, and said that anyone could secure a book of the secret work in cipher, by writing to a certain publishing house in New York. He said that Free Masons could not be good American citizens for the reason that their oath in the lodge must not be violated, even though the person perjures himself on the witness stand in a court of the country. He said there were only two crimes in which a Mason was not required by his oath to protect his brother Mason, and these were murder and treason. In view of this fact, he claimed no Mason could be a good citizen.

The speaker claimed the first trouble he had with his lodge was because he refused to shield Daniel A. Cronin, a fellow-member, and a man charged with murder. For his stand in that case he was expelled from the lodge.