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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1898.

NO ARRANGEMENT AS YET.

Though we should have preferred to remain silent on the school question so long as negotiations are pending, we deem it our duty to most emphatically deny the statement—made in several newspapers lately—that the school difficulty is settled.

On the contrary, no definite arrangement has as yet been arrived at.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The respectable portion of Winnipeg's citizens are just now in the position of passengers in a railway train who have just run across a skunk; they are holding their nose till Ruthven has passed.

We welcome with joy the advent of a new religious order into this diocese, that of the Redemptorists. The sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori are world-renowned for their leaning, zeal and virtue. We wish them great and lasting success in their new field of labor in and around Brandon.

How ministers of the Gospel can go to hear such a full-mouthed slanderer as Ruthven, alias Riordan, is one of those things no decent, sensible fellow can understand. In Ruthven's afternoon lecture last Sunday there was hardly a sentence that any printing office in Winnipeg would not be ashamed to print.

At last we are able to publish a letter from the first Oblate missionary who has reached Dawson City. Rev. Father Gendreau is a man of high standing in his Order and among all those who have witnessed his piety, zeal and kindness; hence the especial weight his opinions must carry with them. It will be observed that the dominant note is cordial concurrence with the Jesuit Father Judge. The minor key tells of disappointment on the part of many. At the date of this letter—July 12th—Rev. Father Corbeil, the soldiers and the Victorian Nurses had not yet arrived, though they had started nine days before

Father Gendreau. The Sisters of St. Anne had just taken charge of the hospital. It will be remembered that they set out for Dawson at the end of last summer, but were stopped by the ice.

A LESSON FROM THE WAR.

When a calm, intelligent Protestant is confronted with the well known Catholic saying that all Protestant history of the Catholic Church is at best a huge misunderstanding, he is apt to reply that it is simply inconceivable how so many well read students of history could have been deceived. The present war between Spain and America shows precisely how the majority of a most intelligent nation may be deceived, not only in respect of remote events in the obscure past, but in contemporary events on which the fierce light of modern publicity is supposed to beat.

Before the war broke out the American people, as a whole, were honestly convinced that the Cuban insurgents were a noble band of long-suffering patriots cruelly done to death by ruthless Spanish soldiers. In fact it was avowedly for their sake that the United States declared war, in the most high-handed and tyrannical fashion, against a third-rate European power. Through zeal for these rebels have so many lives been sacrificed, so many millions squandered. And now the War Department of the United States discovers that these Cuban insurgents are an utterly untrustworthy and dangerous rabble. They ignore or refuse to be bound by the amenities of modern warfare. In a word, they are savages. We Catholics knew all the time that such was their true character, but the Protestant World was systematically deceived by newspaper correspondents subsidized by contractors whose interest it was to provide war material. Then all the Masonic brotherhoods with their endless ramifications, being sworn to injure Spain because she is a Catholic country, spread broadcast the most atrocious lies about Cuba. Somebody asks the AVE MARIA: "Have you no respect for the testimony of Senator Proctor or Mr. Harrison regarding the barbarities perpetrated by the Spaniards in Cuba?" To which the shrewd editor replies: "Not the slightest. Senator Proctor went to Cuba in the yacht of a yellow journal. His hands were tied; he had to see what little he saw through the goggles of the proprietor. As for ex-President Harrison, the only thing about him is his hat, which he is in the habit of using as a speaking-tube." General Fitzhugh Lee, for many years American Consul in Cuba, testifies in a wild, overwrought way which stamps his testimony as altogether unreliable. The immaturity of his judgment is as plain as the childishness of his face as it appears in his best portraits. If these, the leaders of the people, have been so badly "taken in," what wonder that the mass of the nation has followed them blindly?

Goldwin Smith very appositely remarks: "We have had a warning against credulity in the case of the Cuban insurgents, who, after being represented as a set of noble patriots fit, accord-

ing to the Senate of the United States, to be recognized as a republic, turn out to be a set of squalid, savage, and vagabond marauders, nearly akin to the Maroons."

Now the point we make is this. If a keen, bright, fair-minded people like the Americans can, in spite of their splendid facilities for acquiring accurate information, have been deceived so egregiously as to make war under a horrible delusion, is it not quite conceivable that the average Protestant, neither very keen, nor very bright, nor very fair-minded, can be completely mistaken as to the history of past events of which Catholics alone hold the key?

FATHER JUDGE'S HOSPITAL.

The Winnipeg newspapers are at last awaking to the fact that there is at Dawson City an excellent hospital conducted by a Catholic priest. The following is clipped from a Free Press Evening Bulletin of last week. Is it the Yukon Midnight Sun or the Bulletin that wrote "Judd" instead of "Judge"? We are glad to see Fred. Wade collecting subscriptions for a Catholic Hospital; if he begins to devote himself to good works, there is enough energy in him to make a saint.

Perhaps what we wrote a fortnight since about all secular correspondences studiously ignoring Father Judge's great work may have had something to do with this tardy acknowledgment from the Free Press editorial staff.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

The genial, gifted and eloquent prelate, who was suddenly called to his reward in the See of Toronto, had long been intimately connected with the beautiful capital of Ontario. He received the three holy orders from the hands of Mgr. de Charbonnel, the first Bishop of Toronto; his first city charge was St. Mary's parish in Toronto; he was afterward appointed rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and vicar-general of the same diocese; in the same cathedral he was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich, the see being soon transferred to London. He was thus no stranger to the Queen City when in 1889 he was promoted to the archbishopric of Toronto.

Though thoroughly Canadian in sympathy and administration, he was ever devotedly attached to his native Ireland. It was he who originated the scheme of the memorable Dublin convention of 1896, which he graced with his noble presence. This alone would be enough to immortalize his name.

The administrative ability that characterized his twenty-two years' rule of the London diocese was conspicuous during the nine years of his Toronto episcopate, and it seems almost certain that the Holy Father had already chosen him as the second Canadian Cardinal when the Divine summons came to rest from his arduous and fruitful labors. "Lord, give unto him eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine on him."

Rev. FATHER Mc CARTHY'S SERMON OVER THE REMAINS OF LITTLE ANNIE EGAN.

[The following report of the admirable short discourse delivered by Rev. Father McCarthy, O. M. I., at the funeral of little Annie Egan was handed in too late for our last issue.]

At the close of the service, the Rev. Fr. McCarthy addressed the large congregation present, saying, that it was with very great confidence he had just uttered that prayer of the Church, "May the angels conduct thee into Paradise"..... because the parents of this child took care to send her in her tender years to the well named "Holy Angels school" near this church. In that school she early learned to love and fear God, her young heart was formed to noble angelical virtues, and was imbued with a horror of wrong doing. So that, if evil example, or perverse human nature, ever tempted her to transgress God's law, her religious education in the Sisters' school preserved her innocence.

At the same time she was a remarkably proficient pupil, at nine years being able to write interesting letters to her relations and schoolmates in Winnipeg.

Therefore, the preacher said, all here present owe a debt of gratitude to the bereaved parents of this child for having given her a religious education. In our sorrow for losing this child of promise, Mr. Edward Egan and his good wife afford us the only and great consolation, that she will be "associated with the angelical choirs." In our name, and in your name I tender them, with our condolence, our sincere thanks also.

And this child will bless her parents for endless ages for their care of her tender years in this world. Allow me, dear friends, to offer their example for your imitation; give your little ones a school where they will learn piety in the sweet years of childhood. Do not imitate nor patronize those who will have schools from which religion is excluded and which produce such deadly and, I can say, ghastly fruits, that the world is becoming terrified at infantine crime.

Little Annie Egan, from her silent tiny coffin, can preach to all fathers and mothers to imitate hers. She can preach to us all, young and old, to live ever ready for a sudden call to judgment.
R. I. P.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS.

Written for the Review.

Mr. Cerulli has a new theory about the canals of Mars: they simply don't exist, they are merely an optical illusion. Our very best telescopes bring the surface of Mars no nearer to us than an opera-glass brings the moon. Now, through an ordinary opera-glass, which only halves the distance, the moon appears covered with straight lines bulging in knots here and there, precisely the appearance of Mars in the Lick or Yerkes telescope. Therefore, just as a powerful telescope breaks up those apparent canals of the moon into detached craters and mountain peaks, so will the telescopes of the future, ten or

twenty times more powerful than the best we have now, break up and dissolve the so-called Martian canals.

As late as May 1788 there occurred on the hill of Knocklade, Antrim, Ireland, a volcanic eruption which poured a stream of lava 60 yards wide for 39 hours, and destroyed the village of Ballyowen and all the inhabitants save a man, his wife, and two children.

The cost to England of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 is variously estimated at from thirty to fifty million pounds. As this civil war lasted less than five months, the cost per day was even greater than the daily expenses of the United States in the present Spanish-American war, these latter being estimated at one million dollars a day. England employed 137,000 men, of whom 20,000 perished. The Irish lost 50,000. Of the leaders of the United Irishmen fully two thirds were Protestants.

A BASE AND BASELESS FABRICATION.

New World (Chicago.)

The Chicago Tribune, in a recent issue, had a most touching editorial on a story to the effect that 250 Spanish soldiers in some village in the Phillipines, seeing that 200 of the insurgents were coming to attack them, used the women and children of the town as a breast-work.

Of this the Tribune says, with fine indignation, that "there is something irretrievably base in this act of the Spaniards." No doubt it would be irretrievably base, if it ever had happened. But, since, as a matter of course, it never did happen, the baseness is with the man who invented it.

DID NOT LIKE THE IRISH.

A good story is told by a Buffalo exchange of three excursionists riding in a trolley car the other day. They were discussing the desirability of various summer resorts. "No," said one, "I concluded not to go to Newport this season, because there were so many Irish there." "I came to Chataqua to escape the Irish," said a second. "Remarkable," said the third, "that's the reason that kept me away from Narragansett." At this juncture a young Irishman, who had been listening with a look of disgust to this conversation, rose abruptly, gave the bell rope a jerk, and, as he left the car, turned to the group with the remark, "There's one place you can go to where you won't find any Irishmen. You can go to hell."

DIABOLICAL POSSESSION.

Dr. John L. Devius, for forty-years a missionary among the Chinese, has just published an exhaustive study of "Demon Possession and Allied Themes," which very curiously agrees with Catholic teaching on the subject. Dr. Devius, by the way, is a Presbyterian minister, yet he holds that demon-possession and Spiritism are of frequent occurrence among the heathen. When Catholic theologians assert the existence of such phenomena they are dubbed superstitious. We wonder how it will be with Dr. Devius?—Midland Review.