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**RUTHVEN ALIAS RIORDAN.  
NOT AN EX-PRIEST  
BUT AN EX-CONVICT.**

The person calling himself Ruthven, who, finding no church or good hall had to be content with a fourth-rate place of meeting, is thus described by The Casket of July 15th, 1897:

"The aforesaid Ruthven, alias Riordan, is a notorious wretch who was expelled from a Jesuit school in Dublin, who then went Australia and became a Presbyterian minister, but was expelled from the ministry for drunkenness and cruelty to his wife. Coming to America, he was, after a long career of fraud, convicted, the 25th day of April, 1893, at Buffalo, N.Y., of obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to serve a year in the Erie County Penitentiary, which he did. The chief witness against him were a Presbyterian minister from Australia and several of the Protestant clergy of Buffalo. He had previously joined the Baptist church and been expelled thence for fraud."

The Free Press Evening News Bulletin of July 19th, 1897, contained a long despatch from Victoria, B. C., showing how Ruthven had been arrested there for publishing indecent literature, obscene and defamatory libel, how he had been committed for trial on the charge of criminal libel and bound over to keep the peace.

The Manitoba Morning Free Press of July 21, 1897, had this additional item in a telegram from Vancouver: "Ruthven, the bogus Roman Catholic priest who nearly precipitated a riot in Victoria, B. C., has been released on three thousand dollars bail from the Victoria, jail and a promise that he will not again say in public that Catholic priests teach murder and immorality."

Further particulars are furnished in the following special despatch to the Montreal Star, dated Vancouver, July 21st:

"Many witnesses were in court who swore that they had been taught nothing but what was proper and moral by priests. They also swore that they would not keep the peace if Ruthven publicly insulted their religion. Protestants and Catholics joined in urging that Ruthven be punished to the limit of the law. The Protestants who stoned the Catholic cathedral were quieted by the receipt of a telegram from the police in Buffalo, saying that Ruthven had never been a priest as advertised, and that he had spent two years in the penitentiary."

This is the man whom some people trust and believe when he says that "lying, theft, anarchy, murder and the most hideous immorality are taught by Romish Confessors." They prefer the word of a professional fraud, of a jail-bird to the silent but convincingly contrary testimony of their honorable Catholic fellow-citizens, of 41 per cent.

of the population of Canada, of the largest Christian denomination in the world, of the Church the let England go into rebellion rather than sacrifice Christian purity!

If Ruthven talked as slanderously, lewdly and lecherously on any other subject as he does on the Catholic Church, the city authorities would long since have made him move on to some other town.

**LETTER FROM DAWSON CITY.**

REV. FATHER GENDREAU, O.M.I.  
WRITES TO REV. FATHER  
LACASSE, O. M. I.

Dawson City  
Yukon District  
July 12, 1898

Dear Reverend Father,

After a favorable journey, being always in excellent health, I reached this place on the 28th of June.

I spent four days at Selkirk, where, I left Father Desmarais and Brother Dumas, who have begun to build a combination house and chapel on the site we have chosen.

The three Sisters of St. Anne did not get here till the sixth of this month. The Sister Superior and Sister Pudentiana "[a niece of Father Lacasse]" are expected to arrive in three weeks. They spent the winter at a distant mission and could not reach Holy Cross Mission in time to take the steamer.

Rev. Father Corbeil, who started from Vancouver with the military contingent on the 14th of May, by way of Teslin Lake, is not yet come. We, who left Vancouver on the 23rd of May, passing by Dyea and Chilcoot pass, have already a fortnight's experience in Dawson City.

I was well received by Rev. Father Judge, S. J., who expects the Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. Father René, S. J., on the 20th inst. This zealous Father Judge ran the hospital at his own expense all winter; it was only yesterday the Sisters took charge of it.

There was here a pretty little church which was burned down on the eve of Trinity Sunday (June 4th) with all that it contained. Not even enough was left to say Mass until Rev. Father Camillus Lefebvre, O. M. I., a missionary from Peel's River, Athabaska-MacKenzie district, arrived here overland with his portable chapel.

Father Judge has begun to build a new church larger than the old one; the future building will be 75 by 37 feet. Meanwhile he has set up a large tent in which we say Mass. The church is being built of logs squared on three sides with the rough side outside; which is the fashion here.

What shall I say of Dawson? A city of 15,000 inhabitants, half of whom are still under tents or on the waters of the Yukon.

There are very rich mines, but they are few. Much disappointment among the new arrivals; many are already going back. There are many Catholics among the miners, quite a number of whom are not as practical as they ought to be. Pray for them and for

Your devoted brother in J.&M.I.  
P. E. Gendreau, O. M. I.

**GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE THIS AUTUMN.**

*Midland Review.*

During this month and next the parents of Catholic children are confronted by the problem of proper education for those under their charge. It is unquestionably vital as a topic and solution frequently difficult. In preceding issues we have proved conclusively from statistics at hand, that more Catholic girls are sent to academies than boys are sent to college. The tendency of Catholic parents, nowadays, is to educate their daughters so they may be able to make their way in the world; without intending it, they neglect their sons, possibly believing they will be able to succeed by sheer force of muscle.

In many cases, too; the boy of fourteen, fifteen sixteen, is kept at home to work and help maintain a sister in school, his parents again trusting to the antiquated notion that because he is a boy he will always be able to win his way into the forefront.

Two generations ago this idea could have been held with some reason. Then hands were worth as much as minds. But to-day conditions are changed. Now the trained mind wins in the sharp competition of the hour. The parent who wilfully debars his son from proper education blindly condemns him to a servitude of inadequate wages. It is right that parents should be warned of this. We do not hold that a classical course is necessary for every boy; we do hold that every boy should receive thorough, practical training in those branches which the advance of the age shows necessary. Above all, he should be taught not only how to think, as the public school faddists assert, but how to think rightly, as the Great Church declares. If you are going to send your daughter to an academy, send your boy to college and give him equal chance. The Church needs all the trained thinkers she can arouse. Let us fill the college as well as the academy.

**WARNER'S LIBRARY.**

About a year ago, when Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" was appearing in periodical issues, we quoted the Ave Maria to show that the very first article was bitterly anti-Catholic; from our own examination of the prospectus we proved that the

work omitted some of the greatest names because they were Catholic; finally, we published, in our issue of Aug. 31, 1897, a letter to us from Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, one of the twelve members of the Advisory Council of Mr. Warner's Library, disclaiming all influence upon the articles of contributors other than himself. During the year we have heard the work enthusiastically praised by learned Freemasons—the best possible sign of its malignity. And now comes the Midland Review, one of the most cultured Catholic organs in the world, with this scathing denunciation:—

"Father Lambing, who is distinguished as an historian, gravely objects to the "American Encyclopædic Dictionary" on account of its unjust treatment of the Catholic religion. We should like to learn his opinion of Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." In our opinion a more insidiously dangerous compilation scarcely exists. Catholic parents who put the work into the hands of their children need not be surprised to find their children free-thinkers when they grow up. It is not only anti-Catholic occasionally; its tone is anti-Christian frequently. We have so stated before, yet many of our people complacently go on purchasing it. The "Encyclopædic Dictionary" is harmless compared to it. Would not a Catholic Encyclopædia pay?"

**THE GOOD SISTERS OF CHARITY AT BEBEK ON THE BOSPHORUS.**

*Written for the Review.*

"Ah Madame, the book I use is one you would not understand!"

This was said to me by a bright-smiling, happy looking girl after Benediction in the Chapel of the French Sisters of charity at Bebek, a village on the European side of the Bosphorus.

She had played the organ and led the singing, the voices of the children in the Litany of Loretto had sounded so sweet, the air was such a beautiful one that I asked the Superior after Vespers who the organist was, and just then the young girl coming into the room, the Superior introduced her to me and I made my request for the tune. This brought forth the answer: "Ah, madame, the book I use is one you would not understand!" Surprised I asked why should not I understand and be able to read the book she used? Then the Superior told me the young girl was BLIND. She used the book for blind people. I was utterly astonished: the girl looked the picture of happiness and content, bright and merry; the Superior told me she was always like a sunbeam in the house. They had sent her to France to be taught to read and play by the system for the blind, and now she was a

great help to them, and was quite happy in her life.

I was deeply interested to hear her story and came away home with my desire to get the tune of the Litany not gratified (as I could not use it) but with a deep sense of admiration at the good work these French Sisters are doing there. They devote themselves to the education of children; they have a large upper room fitted up as a chapel, with a Statue of our Lady of Lourdes at one end. It was great pleasure to go to Benediction on Sundays and light a votive candle to Our Lady, and here once we had the good fortune of hearing that eloquent Dominican, Père Olivier, preach. He was considered the second best pulpit orator in France.

The chapel was thronged, I thought, as I glanced round on those good Sisters, how their eloquent countrymen must have brought forth memories of France and what a treat it must have been to them to hear their own language spoken in all its purity and elegance, after hearing for years a Babel of foreign tongues round them. The next time I heard that great orator was in the densely crowded Cathedral of the Holy Ghost in Pera. His eloquence was marvellous, crowds flocked to hear him. Years have passed; he is still pursuing his mission of preaching in his own sunny land of France, the Sisters are, I presume, still labouring in theirs, instructing the orphans, and the blind girl may be yet giving her lesson of cheerful submission as she did to me when she told me so gaily that she had a "book which I should not be able to read."

**STOREHOUSE OF THE MIND.**

Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot from the mere anticipation of the actual impression. We remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years, but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten.—William Hazlitt.