

**NORTHWEST REVIEW**

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At St. Boniface, Man.

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**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1898.

**NOTICE.**

We have sent out circulars and bills to our subscribers requesting prompt payment of dues. If any who have already paid should receive a bill for arrears, we beg of them to attribute the mistake to some accident resulting from the recent change in our business management. In such cases the best defence is satisfactory proof of payment in the form of a receipt.

**CURRENT COMMENT.**

The contributor who vividly describes a "Royal Rebuke" writes that the anecdote was related to her by Mrs. Scott, the wife of the Capt. Scott mentioned. "She was doing the honors of the house for her brother-in-law, Lord Clonmell, on the occasion of this visit." Not only the anecdote but all its details are quite true. This knack of administering a rebuke without uttering a single word, this carrying out of the Greek principle of avoiding all exaggeration, all useless violence or acerbity, is the sort of thing that nothing but generations of experience in the governance of men can produce, and the effectiveness of the rebuke supposes an atmosphere of refinement which does not exist outside of an hereditary gentry. That is why many people will see nothing in a scene which to the gently bred speaks volumes.

The style of printing which we are inaugurating in this issue is not an absolute novelty. It was introduced more than four years ago in England and has since been adopted in some United States papers. The innovation consists in abolishing what is, in printer's language, called "justification." The compositor is no longer worried as to how he will make the right-hand margin straight. This saves time in composing, because there is no necessity of re-arranging any line. It also saves time in correcting, because,

if the compositor omits a word by mistake, fewer lines have to be re-adjusted. Finally, it saves time in distributing the type, because all the spaces between words, being equal, go back into the same compartment.

Though at first sight a non-justified column looks odd, it is really more aesthetic and more restful to the eye. This will be evident to anyone who compares the heavy appearance of a solid justified page with the pleasing aspect of a page full of dialogue where each speaker begins a paragraph and the right-hand margin is very irregular.

So true is this that when business men want their circulars to look natural and pleasant, they get them set up in "typewriter" type with an uneven right-hand margin.

**AN IMPERTINENT INQUIRY.**

Editor Morning Telegram: Sir—Many of the readers of the Northwest Review were greatly surprised to note the fulsome laudation bestowed by that journal upon Mr. E. A. Forget on the occasion of his recent appointment to the deputy governorship of the Territories. This looks very much like a case of misdirected hero-worship. Manitoba Catholics have abundant cause to remember that this same Mr. Forget exerted all the influence he possessed in conjunction with Messrs. Laurier, Tarte et al. to force upon them the so-called settlement of the school question. When the present Judge Prendergast, who so long and so splendidly championed the cause of the minority, accepted office in exchange for his Catholic principles, the Northwest Review had nothing but hard words for him, and properly so. But when Mr. Forget, in turn, receives his reward for his base betrayal of the cause of the minority the Review not only beslobbers him with praise, but holds him up as a stimulus as well as an example to the Catholics, among whom he is about to reside. There is surely something here that calls for an explanation. Does it make for the moral uplifting of the Catholic community that the betrayal of a cause so sacred to Catholics as the education of their children should not only be condoned, but that the betrayer, on receiving the fruits of his perfidy, should be obsequiously congratulated and proclaimed, by the journal referred to, as a hero of the first magnitude?

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.  
Winnipeg, Nov. 1, 1898.

EDITORIAL NOTE:— Though the NORTHWEST REVIEW owes no sort of explanation to the readers of the Morning Telegram, we print this letter as a curiosity. In the first place it is passing strange that it should be written by somebody in Winnipeg exactly three weeks after the appearance of our article on Lieutenant-Governor Forget. Who has trod on "A Catholic Layman's" corns at this late date? Secondly, why did this grumbler not write direct to us? Thirdly, would "A Catholic Layman" kindly quote the words we used in Judge Prendergast's case? He dare not, because they were not "hard," they were written in pity

rather than in anger.

Besides, the two cases are not parallel. Judge Prendergast's public declaration was a political event attended by the most disastrous consequences, inasmuch as it completely paralyzed the Quebec defenders of Catholic schools. Mr. Forget's opinion had no appreciable effect on the course of events.

Neither does the anonymous correspondent dare to quote our words in praise of Mr. E. A. Forget. There was no "fulsome beslobbering" in what we wrote. We were neither fawning nor obsequious. We simply enumerated some of his virtues, his "incorruptible integrity, judicial temper, lucidity of mind and expression, perfect urbanity and devotion to duty." These things do not constitute heroism, and so we never even hinted that he was "a hero of the first magnitude," as the correspondent, who is nothing if not inaccurate, says; but such virtues are rarer than they ought to be, especially in high places; hence our genuine delight at finding a post of honor bestowed upon one who possesses them.

We were fully aware that somebody had once written to the REVIEW stongly denouncing Mr. A. E. Forget because he had been mentioned by Mr. Tarte as approving the "settlement;" but this was no editorial pronouncement, and we have since learned that Mr. Forget gave this approval on a misunderstanding of the provisions of the "settlement" before that inoperative document was issued.

On the other hand, we could point to the very clear and vigorous support which Mr. A. E. Forget gave to the cause of Catholic education in the Northwest when he wrote the letter that appears in Father Leduc's outspoken and uncompromising pamphlet, "Hostility Unmasked." Therein Mr. Forget's defence of the Catholic position is unmistakably Catholic; his subsequent advocacy of the "settlement," however mistaken, does not imply intentional abandonment of Catholic principles. We were therefore justified in overlooking this unfortunate episode, on the wise principle that when an honest and able leader appears on a scene where honesty and ability have hitherto been rare it is mean and worse than foolish to rake up one mistake in his past. And we eagerly seize this opportunity to declare that we know we are voicing the sentiments of all the Catholic clergy in the Northwest when we repeat that the nomination of Mr. A. E. Forget to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories is one of the best the Government has ever made.

**A ROYAL REBUKE.**

Written for the Review.  
There are newspapers published in England whose raison d'être appears to be to furnish their readers with anything and everything which can tend to diminish respect for the upper classes; and the various members of the Royal Family are by no means spared. The malice is generally so plain that one might naturally

conclude it too obvious to be dangerous, but Voltaire was right in his promise when he gave the cynical advice, "only throw enough mud, some is sure to stick."

The oft-repeated lie is believed, in the end, by some, and what people began by being shocked at reading, they dismiss at last with the remark, "I suppose there must be some truth in what one hears so often."

A loyal subject is therefore particularly glad to avail himself or herself of any opportunity to make known facts which redound to the honour of any of Her Majesty's children, and it is with pleasure accordingly that we publish the following anecdote concerning His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, which was related to us by an eye witness some years ago.

It is well known that the Duke of Connaught has, all his life, been very exact in his attendance at church on Sunday, and on the occasion we now allude to, he was staying in Ireland, where he was the guest of Lord Clonmell.

On the Sunday in question, the Duke had, as usual, attended Divine service at the parish church in the morning, and had expressed his wish to be present also at the same in the afternoon.

It was a beautiful day in the early autumn, and one of the gentlemen in attendance on the Duke was very unwilling to exchange the comfortable surroundings of the mansion for the old-fashioned, time honoured pew in the Church.

He went therefore to Captain Scott, who was the hosts brother, and also an officer in the Duke's own regiment, and entreated him to take his place.

"I don't mind going for you," returned Captain Scott obligingly, but the Duke will see you are not there, and he won't like it."

"I don't think he'll notice," replied the "other, and if you are in attendance I am sure it will be all right."

At the appointed time the carriages were drawn up in their order at the foot of the broad flight of steps leading to the entrance hall.

A few seconds later the great clock over the stables chimed the hour, when, with the punctuality of his Royal Mother, the Duke of Connaught stepped over the threshold, and glanced round on those who were awaiting him in the portico.

"Where is Captain Grey?" was his very distinctly uttered and definite question.

The words had scarcely escaped his lips when footmen were flying in every direction to find Captain Grey.

The Duke remained standing as silent and well-nigh as immovable as is the statue of his godfather, the "Iron Duke" (of Wellington,) on his bronze charger over the Park gates in London, thus making each minute of delay seem fifteen. In less time than might have been expected, however, Captain Grey, who had been discovered with his coat off in an arm chair in the smoking room, made his somewhat abashed appearance, the discomfort being increased by the sense of a very rapid change of attire.

The Duke turned his eyes towards him with a glance which made it quite clear that he fully took in the situation, and then H. R. Highness quietly stepped into the carriage which was to convey him to the church.

**THE PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE'S.**

The daily papers having given pretty full reports of the grand inaugural excursion on the Southeastern Railway and the Pilgrimage to the blessing of the new church at Ste. Anne des Chênes, we will merely add a few notes which may help to correct the inaccuracies of previous reports.

At eight A. M. on the Feast of All Saints about 250 passengers took the first passenger train on this new railway. Those who entered the cars at Winnipeg were saved the discomfort that fell to the lot of the people who started from the muddy prairie on the outskirts of St. Boniface. It was a real hardship, for ladies especially, to wade through that tenacious rain-soaked loam.

The thirty miles between Winnipeg and St. Anne's were done in two hours and a quarter, not bad speed considering the state of the roadbed. Not being ballasted, it was soft and yielding, so that the cars swayed from side to side like a ship rolling in a swell. More than once the lurch to one side was so marked that nervous travellers thought the cars would upset and some passengers felt quite sick.

When the train stopped opposite the village of St. Anne's the passengers had to climb down on the prairie—there are no stations, not even platforms on this line as yet—and walk nearly half a mile with a vast weight of mud on each foot. But everybody was cheerful and gay and determined to make the most of the situation.

Some three hundred people live in the village, which is the centre of a parish of 215 families, 200 of whom are Catholic. Of these two hundred families 114 are French Canadian, 85 half-breed and one Irish.

The new church is an imposing and graceful structure of brick, 112 feet long and 51 wide in the nave; the transepts are each 16 to 26, and the vestry 20 to 32. Though the steeple is not yet built, the tower on which it is to rest is so nicely crenelated that it might almost remain as it is. The interior needs a good deal of additional work. The cost so far is \$13,500.

A little before eleven the new Church was blessed by His Grace, who went round the building outside and in, sprinkling it with holy water and chanting the liturgical prayers. Then High Mass was sung with the Archbishop on his throne. Rev. Father Giroux, the devoted pastor, whose day of triumph this most emphatically was, officiated as celebrant, Rev. Father Blain, S. J., as deacon and Rev. Father Kruse, O. M. I., as subdeacon. The priests that assisted His Grace were Rev. Father Drummond, S. J. and Rev. Father Grenier, S. J.

After the gospel His Grace preached on Heaven and Purgatory, relating a modern inedited story which we hope some day to publish. When the Mass was