

Northwest Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO), AND THE PACIFIC COAST

VOL. XVIII, No. 20.

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

\$1.00 per year.
(Single Copies 5 cents)

CURRENT COMMENT

Mr. John M. McAlpine deserves credit for his outspoken attack, in his letter to the Morning Telegram of the 9th inst., on the shameless orgies in which a so-called snow-shoeing party indulged at Deer Lodge on the previous Thursday evening. Few men have the moral courage to write as Mr. McAlpine has done, and the more's the pity, for such disgraceful exhibitions are not uncommon among the supposedly respectable pleasure seekers of a city that seems to exhaust its stock of decorum on Sunday. We regret that Mr. McAlpine's evidence is a little too circumstantial for a religious weekly like ours; but we can safely commend it to anxious and conscientious mothers, and we trust they will take the lesson to heart for the sake of their daughters. One particularly suggestive feature of that drunken and immoral gathering was the shocking behavior of the "matronly, middle-aged chaperons," which ought to remind Catholic mothers how very flimsy, for the most part, is the protection afforded by self-constituted chaperons, even if they are middle-aged. No mother that values the purity of her daughter would allow her to take part in such doubtful amusements. One such carousal is enough to ruin a girl's whole life.

Recent well-founded rumors of terrible disclosures in a certain public school of this city make this warning all the more timely, and justify Catholic parents in refusing to expose their children to a system which breaks down the time-honored barriers between the sexes, as if, forsooth, the consequences of original sin were a myth, and which affords to not a few youths a sort of remote preparation for such performances as disgraced Deer Lodge on the 5th inst.

It appears, not in the papers, however, that at a public dinner last week two reverend ministers of the Kirk exchanged pretty bald compliments. One charged his native "Land o' Cakes" with absorbing more whiskey than any other country. A newly arrived dominie retorted by exposing the hypocrisy in this matter of "Toronto the good." Probably both were right.

The Gazette, of Cardiff, Assa., commenting on a letter it publishes from the Rev. J. W. Bruce, formerly at Carnduff and now at Macleod, says: "Friend Bruce is a big-hearted man anyway. Did you note the admirable way in which he spoke of his Anglican and Presbyterian and Catholic colleagues in Macleod? He mentioned Father Lebreton who has since died, aged 72. In Macleod last spring we met Father Lebreton; and we were proud to make the acquaintance of the grand old missionary, whose devoted life and labors form part of the history of the New West. The Catholic church and parsonage are on the high bank of the river, which was a howling flood, a mile and a half wide. The handsome, big old Frenchman—he was a Frenchman from France—was pacing slowly up and down at sunset, halting now and again to look at the torrent which held Macleod prisoner. His was a striking figure in that wild scene—the stately dark eyed old priest, bare headed, in the long black robe of his Order, with a girdle upon his waist, from which, shining in the slanting light of the setting sun, hung a large brass crucifix. The memory of the Indian's friend—as we stood together on the brink of that terrible flood

—will not soon fade. A kind, a gentle, and a strong man withal, he was a good man to talk with, for the parish priest of Macleod, besides knowledge and wisdom, had the saving gift of a genial and a kindly humor. He was good enough to invite the wandering heretic to call and see him again, but we shall never see him more—unless we quit the newspaper business." Is it so bad as that in Carnduff?

One of our city contemporaries, relying on Henderson's Directory, repeats its assertion that Winnipeg now numbers over sixty thousand souls. We should like to think it did, for we heartily endorse all that is said of the astonishingly solid growth of our city in the last two or three years; but, unfortunately the testimony of the directory is very misleading. For several years past, its estimates have been eight or ten thousand ahead of the more careful estimates made by the city assessors and the Dominion census takers. If the directory were reliable in its own chosen sphere, this discrepancy might be set down in its favor; but those who have to turn constantly to its pages find it lamentably unreliable. This is not the first time we have had to protest against its slipshod arrangement and numberless mistakes in names, numbers and streets. We were assured, when another concern announced its intention of producing a more trustworthy directory, that the old one would be improved; but the assurance has not yet been made good. Meanwhile we prefer to stick to facts and estimate the population at over fifty thousand, which is a very creditable increase of eight thousand over the forty-two thousand registered in the decennial Dominion census less than two years ago.

"The Woman about Town," in last week's Town Topics, writes: "There are no institutions so economically run in the whole country as those that are managed entirely by women. Might not an admixture of feminine financiers lead to a reduction in the cost of such institutions as our asylums, hospitals, jails, reformatories, etc. Making a little money go a long way is a game at which women have played for hundreds of years, and they are past masters of the art. If they have been faithful over these few things why should they not rule over the many to the better administration of the country's purse?" The writer might have made out a still stronger case, had she known how economically women do manage such institutions all over the world-wide Catholic Church. The economy of those she knows of is as nothing compared to the economy practised by nuns, who in various countries have the entire management of asylums, such as the lunatic asylum at Longue Pointe, Que., hospitals, such as our own St. Boniface hospital, jails for women, such as St. Marie in Montreal, and reformatories in many Catholic towns.

Mr. Willoughby Braithwaite, a convert who has spent several years in the Anglican ministry, writes, with great clearness and wide range of thought, on "The Ebb and Flow of the Oxford Movement," in the February "Catholic World." He says that one of the first questions he was asked on his arrival in America was: "Why does not the great movement that has now been going on in the Anglican Church for upwards of sixty years bear greater fruits. Surely those who imitate so closely in their worship and doctrine the Catholic Church must begin to feel and know by this time that they are outside the fold. And yet, though we hear of isolated and frequent conversions,

we do not see that general conversion of large numbers which characterized the earlier years of the Tractarian revival. Why is this? His reply is extremely satisfactory. In the first place, the whole attitude of the modern Ritualistic party towards the Catholic Church is entirely different from what it was forty or fifty years ago. The first Tractarians turned to Rome with deep reverence as the "greatest and grandest portion of the Church still adhering to the whole counsel of God. They admired and tried to imitate the lives of her saints, they studied with a single-hearted purpose." But since then a new school has sprung up, possessing "perhaps far more worldly wisdom, more love of notoriety, but much less self-denial than the early Tractarians. . . . Ridicule the Church, shower mud on her priests, insult her saints, garble and falsify quotations, and make a mockery of many sacred things; this was the method used, and how fearfully it recoiled on its authors, when those who had learned to deride the Church, through the instrumentality of 'Plain Reasons,' carried principles to their logical conclusion, and derided supernatural religion altogether. There have been, and still are, men in the Anglican communion, who with a single-hearted devotion work for the good of souls, fervently believing they are working for a portion of God's Church; but in too many cases bitterness and hatred have supplanted the quiet, prayerful, loving attitude of the men of 1844.

In the second place, the Anglican bishops are now seeking to lead the movement themselves and thus consolidate the Establishment. The Establishment is like an iron band round a weak body of four or five different religions welding all into one. They must keep "those glorious cathedrals, those numerous beautiful churches which stud the land," those rich endowments. In fact, though Mr. Braithwaite does not say so in the same words, it is a question of loaves and fishes.

Thirdly, the Englishman loves compromise. "Tell him to study history, to read who were the fathers of the Anglican Establishment, to investigate the changes of Elizabeth's reign; point out to him that no one else in the world allows his claims; that the Catholic Church rejects his orders, and questions his jurisdiction; that his fellow Protestants ridicule his belief of an Apostolic succession or a visible church on earth; still, like the ostrich, he buries his head in the sand, and refuses to look up."

For these reasons Mr. Braithwaite "cannot help feeling that the movement has reached its high-water mark, and that it will now tend to settle down into a respectable uniformity."

"But if this seems to be true of the immediate future, another aspect of the horizon," adds Mr. Braithwaite, "is full of hope. There is no longer the tendency to Agnosticism and infidelity, covert or open, that existed some twenty years ago. It has been said by an eminent authority that Darwinism is on its death-bed. I am assured that this great phenomenon is as manifest in America as in England, and that on all sides people are throwing away the unsatisfactory theory of a Divinity who, having poised this world in space and set it revolving, troubles not himself with mundane affairs. The day of Colonel Ingersoll is at an end here, as the day of Agnosticism is finished in England. . . . The signs of the times are full of hope, and the twentieth century dawns on a people that knows and feels its need

for a personal Saviour, a God who loves each one and is the Father of all mankind."

It has been often said that curling is a great leveller of ranks. Some forty years ago, when the Marquis of Tullibardine was stationed in Montreal as an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards, he was curling with a partner of Scotch blood and speech. The latter, finding that the noble marquis was too slow about the sweeping, yelled out to him: "Soop, ye divil, ye Tullibardine, soop!" And Tully, as his intimates called him, seemed to enjoy the rough familiarity of a man he had met for the first time that day.

The venomous snake who signed his letter to the Free Press some time ago as "A Catholic," is still lying low, as snakes generally do, even when they sting.

Winnipeg is just now flooded with Straits Settlements silver, which being short in value, is becoming a great nuisance. The smaller coins especially, whose face value is ten cents, are ranked as five-cent pieces. A Winnipegger was boasting to a friend that he had bought a ten-cent cigar with one of these small coins, when the friend awakened his conscience by asking, "Do you think that was a straight settlement?" Whereupon the culprit began to sing Singapore song.

Clerical News

Rev. Father Emard, O. M. I., preached a very impressive sermon at St. Mary's church last Sunday. Those who had heard the eloquent Oblate in French at the cathedral a couple of years ago were surprised at his command of English. He left on Tuesday for the States.

On the 9th inst., the Holy Father insisted on giving a public demonstration of the fact that the rumors regarding his ill health were unfounded, by receiving in audience Bishop Beaven, of Springfield, Mass. The Pontiff conversed at length on American topics and recalled with remarkable lucidity, incidents of Bishop Beaven's former visit to Rome.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Father Boutin, E.M.I., and Messrs. Therriault and Mireault, went to St. Anne's last Saturday, returning on Monday.

Rev. Father Zoldak returned last Saturday and is now visiting his Uniate Ruthenians here.

Rev. Father Cherrier writes from the city of Mexico, where he found the weather delightful. He is now on his way home.

Dr. Da Costa, the celebrated convert from Anglicanism, who is sixty-five years of age, is now in the Eternal City, where he will prepare for the priesthood. His wife died two years ago.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., left last Tuesday for Wolsley and will remain in that district till next week.

Miss Giddy—I suppose you medical students have some gay times. Young Medicus—Yes, we do cut up quite a good deal.—Chicago Daily News.

Persons and Facts

Last Sunday evening Mr. Noel Bernier gave a most interesting lecture on Liberty before the members of the Academie Francaise of St. Boniface College. He speaks with ease and naturalness, and his grasp of facts and principles is remarkable. We hope to give a more extended report of this lecture on another occasion.

Mr. E. McCarthy, of Regina, is here for the bonspiel.

In the Free Press of twenty years ago this month—February, 1883—the Cauchon block, since called the Assiniboine, Indian purely geographical names being preferred to French historical names, is described as just finished and ready for tenants.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, the great convert and lecturer, is seriously ill in Europe, suffering from nervous collapse.

Last Saturday, Feb. 7, the 25th anniversary of the death of Pius IX., a requiem Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Satolli in Rome, in presence of Leo XIII., the Papal Court and Roman aristocracy.

Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc and his bride returned from their honeymoon last Monday. Their travels through the States and the West Indies extended just over a month. They will reside with Mr. Justice Dubuc in Hargrave street till the house next door, which belongs to Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc, is ready for them.

Mrs. Monchamp writes from Naples after visiting Rome. She, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Monchamp and Mr. James McIntyre had a private audience of twenty five minutes with the Holy Father, during which he plied them with questions about their journey, about Canadian affairs, etc. They are going to Cairo, Egypt.

THE CAT AND THE DOUGHNUTS.

This is a true story that my mother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise and found that her cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught, they acted very guilty.—Our Four-Footed Friends.

IRELAND'S MANY NAMES.

Few countries have suffered so many changes of names as Ireland. In the time of Ptolemy the island was known as Scotia; Diodorus Siculus calls the island Iris, or Irisi; in the De Mundo, credited by some scholars to Aristotle, it is called Irenne; in the Araganautica of Orphens it appears as Irinus; Strabo called it Irene; Caesar, Tacitus, and Pliny mentioned it as Hibernia; Mela called it Juverna. The native names in Celtic are Ir, Eri and Erin. Plutarch mentions it under the name of Ogygal. The name Ireland is no doubt derived from the native Ir of Eri, but when it came into general use is a question concerning which scholars are much at variance.