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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1898.

CURRENT COMMENT

We are delighted to hear that a match factory is soon to be established in Winnipeg, provided, of course, it be a factory for first class matches, not for such foul-smelling things as the country is flooded with. Among several things in which this Western Hemisphere, which thinks itself unapproachable, is really distanced by Europe, is the ordinary house match. Such vile, sputtering, mephitic, accident-generating monstrosities as we have to use when we want a light, would not be tolerated in the British Isles, France or the North of Europe. Give us the Swedish "tandsticker," or, better still, those new matches without phosphorus lately invented by two Berlin chemists.

Next to the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor Forget, one of the best nominations ever made is choice the of the Hon. David Laird for Indian Commissioner to succeed Mr. Forget. It will be remembered that Mr. Laird, during his term as first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories (1876-1881), had much practical and momentous intercourse with the native Indian tribes. As Minister of the Interior (1873-76) he concluded with the Indians the Qu'Appelle treaty, under which the title of certain tribes in the the soil was extinguished by purchase. Thus he is admirably prepared for his present work. Though sixty-five writers have silvered his head, his abstemious habits, strong constitution and blameless life have kept him practically in the prime and maturity of his powers. It is curious that the Hon. David Laird should now succeed Mr. Forget, his quondam private secretary, who in 1876 accompanied the first Lieutenant-Governor to the then capital of the Territories, Battleford.

One of our contributors who wrote, in the issue of Sept. 6th, under the heading "Unfamiliar Facts," gave the area of Great Slave Lake as 8,000 square miles, of Great Bear Lake as 7,500, and of Lake Winnipeg as 8,500. He

wrote, at the time, that these estimates were "approximate, but conservative," based on the best information available in this province. We now find, from the "Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1897," that these estimates are indeed far too conservative: this official authority tells us (page 12) that the area of Great Bear is 11,200 square miles; of Great Slave, 10,100 square miles; and of Winnipeg, 9,400 square miles. These official figures strengthen our contributor's contention, which was that the general designation, "The Great Lakes," is a misnomer for the Laurentian chain of lakes, since there are elsewhere several lakes larger than Erie and Ontario. He had placed Great Bear Lake between these two, and it now appears as the largest of American lakes after Huron and Michigan. The importance of these figures, however, does not seem to be realized by Mr. George Johnson, the government statistician. He still speaks of "the great inland lakes, five in number," and then adds "Other lakes of large size are Great Bear," etc., which would imply that, though of large size, these three others lakes (Great Slave, Great Bear and Winnipeg) are not so large as the pre-eminently great inland lakes; whereas, in point of fact, they are much larger than two of the five so-called "great lakes."

With our larger knowledge would it not be well to change our general designation for Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario and call them collectively "The great Laurentian lakes"? This term, while less misleading than the old one, would present the additional advantage of directing attention to our magnificent waterway from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean.

Sometime ago we made the remark, in this column, that a serial was begun under a new name in the Montreal "Star" several months after it had been completed in the Manitoba Free Press of Winnipeg. Our Montreal contemporary seems to have resolved to wipe out this affront by going the Free Press one better. Both papers began the publication of Robert Barr's "Countess Thekla" at the same time; but, as the "Star" printed instalments every day while the Free Press only did so once a week, the former finished the story twelve days ago, whereas Free Press is still thick in the heart of the plot, miles behind. As a journalistic "scoop," it is not half bad; but how about syndicate regulations? Does it not seem to be a first principle that the instalments of stories appearing in the north, south, east, west and centre of North America should be simultaneous?

MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

The Franciscan Sisters, Missionaries of Mary, of the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, St. Laurent, Manitoba, observe the holy custom of offering up to Our Divine Saviour all their prayers and good works during the entire month of November, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all who seek their aid in this way, and, in particular, for the benefit of the poor souls suffering untold agonies in pur-

gatory who have no one to pray for them.

Those persons who desire their prayers, either for themselves or their friends, living or dead, Catholic or Protestant, are invited to write their request, sign the same with full name and address and forward on or before the first day of November to Reverend Mother Superior.

During the past years the Sisters of this Institute have received many letters from different parts, expressing the gratitude of the recipients for favors obtained through their prayers. The sick claims to have been healed in a miraculous manner; unhappy marriages have been blessed; wayward children have been reformed; extraordinary vocations to the religious orders have been obtained by numerous pious souls; sin has been overcome and virtue acquired.

PROF. HAECKEL ON EVOLUTION.

A few weeks ago at the Cambridge Congress of Zoology Professor Haeckel astonished the groundlings of the universe by proclaiming boldly that Evolution was now and henceforth and for all eternity an ascertained fact, that there was no such thing as a missing link and that primates, lemurs, monkeys, anthropoid apes and man descend from one common stem. This flamboyant assestion was immediately flashed across the wires of both hemispheres, and straightway the worshippers of Science fell down flat on their noses and adored their common pithecoïd ancestor.

"The Review" of St. Louis tells what sort of a fellow this Haeckel is. He is a scientific blackguard who falsifies facts and forges proofs when nature gives them not. Professor His has, it appears, pointed out a number of false diagrams and designs in Haeckel's "History of Creation," and of his "Anthropogeny" the same scientist (His) writes: "I do not hesitate to maintain that the designs, so far as Haeckel's original ones are concerned, are in part extremely inaccurate, in part directly invented." We have noticed something similar, though not so atrocious, in the edition of Darwin's "Descent of Man" which figures on the shelves of the Winnipeg Parliament Library. This classical evolution text-book contains a picture of the foetus of a monkey in which the eyebrow is clearly marked although it is expressly stated that such monkeys have no eyebrows.

Not content with inventing specimens and pictures, Haeckel fabricates principles that may serve to bolster up his anti-Christian views. "Finding," says THE REVIEW, "that nature is loath to follow the ways of evolution, traced out forher by himself, he accused her of falsification" and explained away all cases that seemed opposed to his own theory by classifying them as examples of the "law of falsification." This dodge is one that commends itself to all dishonest theorizers. Start any theory you like, the more absurd the better, so long as it is very bold. When you are confronted by numberless objections, dismiss them with a

lofty wave of the hand into the convenient lumber-room of "falsified types."

"Cabanis", writing in "The Review," says: "In his refutation of Darwinism Dr. Piaff does not so much as mention Haeckel, but relegates him to a note in the appendix, where he expresses his disgust at a method which is as mischievous in its results as it is disgraceful for him who uses it."

It is a pity that so unscrupulous a forger should have been allowed the honor of lecturing at Cambridge. The fact is, the shallow world of would-be scientists is altogether too prone to trust its teachers of science. We Catholics who, thanks to the practice of confession, know human nature as no other body of men can possibly know it, are very chary of pinning our faith to the assertions of men who have every motive to say striking, dazzling things at any risk and who, being unbelievers, have no check on their veracity except the danger of being caught lying. This danger is very remote for a learned specialist. The more he specializes, the more he makes one little corner of science peculiarly his own, the easier it is for him to invent and lie without being detected. He may make a drawing of a unique specimen, which never existed except in his imagination, and then regretfully inform the world that the specimen was lost or burnt up in an accident of some kind. The prudent way would be to distrust all infidel scientists, when they propound anything hitherto unobserved, unless their discoveries are corroborated by other scientists whose interest it is to check and control the assertions of their co-workers.

This much talked of utterance of Prof. Haeckel's suggests another reflection. It will be remembered by those who read it that his address contained not one atom of proof, it was all bald, bold, blatant affirmation. So it is with all evolutionists. They tell you that the cumulative evidence is overwhelming; but they never discuss and dissect the details of one single proof. This again is not reasoning, but mere assertion backing up another assertion. Such tactics would be rejected as ridiculously weak, were not our modern scientists so lamentably deficient in the philosophic habit. Protestantism has destroyed all habits of close and accurate reasoning; else shoals of learned men would not have accepted a theory like that of Evolution in which a million perhaps are made to produce the conclusion "therefore."

Ye worshippers of Darwin and Wallace, give us some detailed proofs. Don't simply affirm that there is a connection of common origin or lineal descent the crohippus and the horse, but kindly tell us (1) where authentic remains of the orophippus may be seen, in order that we may verify your drawings, and (2) prove that the remote resemblance in the structure of the fore foot can be explained in no other way than by common origin or lineal descent. There has never yet been a satisfactory treatment of this last point.

When divested of frills of verbiage and noisy adjectives, the evolutionist argument generally

takes some such form as this:— We do not know what purpose the vermiform appendix can subserve, but we do know that out of a thousand deaths one at least is traced to appendicitis. Therefore the vermiform appendix is a useless, nay dangerous, rudimentary organ, serving only to support the doctrine evolution.

This strange abuse of logic might be levelled with still more disastrous effect at the human stomach in this way:—We find that the stomach is not necessary for the process of digestion; it has been proved lately that a patient, whose stomach had been removed, digested well with his intestines alone. Now, at least one out of a thousand deaths is due to disease of the stomach. Therefore the stomach, which in lower animals is multiple and in higher simple, must ultimately disappear as a useless and even dangerous survival of an herbivorous ancestry.

Both these arguments are equally worthless, and would not for a moment stand the test of the syllogistic method applied by a first-year philosopher in any Catholic college in the world.

MRS. JULIE CARRIÈRE.

Mrs. Julie Carrière, née Marchand, an inmate of the Hospice Taché, died on Friday night in her 87th year. The old lady was well acquainted with His Lordship Bishop Provencher. She was born at L'Isle à la Crosse in 1812. She preserved her faculties to the last and was the life of the old women's department. Being a half-breed and very intelligent, she often acted as interpreter and catechist to Indian catechumens. She was buried yesterday morning.

R. I. P.

LITTLE AGNES SULLIVAN.

Sweet little Agnes Sullivan ten years old, who had been operated three times for appendicitis, died a peaceful and happy death at St. Boniface Hospital on Sunday last at 2 p.m. She had been privileged to make her first communion on her deathbed. Her loss was keenly felt by the Sisters and Nurses who loved her dearly. The remains are now at her home, 186 Hargrave street, and the funeral arrangements will be made as soon as her father, Mr. Peter Sullivan, now on the Crow's Nest railway construction, will have signified his wishes.

R. I. P.

THE REDEMPTORISTS.

Missionary Record O.M.I.

We read with gratification, in the NORTH-WEST REVIEW, that the Redemptorist Fathers have taken charge of the parish of Brandon, a rising town in the diocese of St. Boniface. The sons of St. Alphonsus are, no doubt, the same everywhere. In the Three Kingdom there is no religious order that is more esteemed and beloved by priests and people. There is no church it gives a priest more joy to enter than that of the Redemptorists in Limerick; and those who know, for instance, their churches in Clapham (London), and Bishop Eton (Liverpool), find as much to admire there, making allowance for the MILIEU.

When Father de Mazenod