

## Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

### Calendar for Next Week.

- 5—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. Our Lady of the Snow.
- 6—Monday—The Transfiguration of Our Lord. Commemoration of St. Xystus, Pope and Martyr, and his companions.
- 7—Tuesday—St. Cajetan, Founder of the Theatines.
- 8—Wednesday—Saints Cyriacus and Companions, Martyrs.
- 9—Thursday—Vigil. Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament. Third anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius X.
- 10—Friday—St. Lawrence, Martyr. Second class feast with octave.
- 11—Saturday—Of the octave. Commemoration of Saints Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.

### OUR NEW SERIES.

The "Northwest Review" came into being just twenty-one years ago. On attaining its majority it adopts a new name. This is the last issue of the "Northwest Review," which next Saturday will be merged into "The Central Catholic." This change of name, however, does not imply any change of policy, since the same editorial writer who has furnished copy for eleven successive years, continues to direct the Catholic weekly of this city and country. To mark this continuity, our next issue will bear the indication "Whole number 1073," and these numbers will increase by one in each successive issue. Besides being a constant reminder of the not inglorious past of our journal, this system of numbering will, in the future, facilitate reference to back numbers.

As to the change of name, we have long felt that "Northwest," as applied to the city of Winnipeg, the province of Manitoba and even the new province of Saskatchewan, has gradually become a misnomer. The second part of the word, viz., "West," was still in order twenty-one years ago, when our fellow countrymen had not yet outgrown the feeling that they were near the outskirts of civilization, a feeling which the Indian and half-breed rebellion of 1885, then just suppressed, only tended to intensify. But now that we have cities of twelve thousand inhabitants, like Calgary and Edmonton, more than a

day's journey by railway west of us, it is high time that we should recognize that we are no longer a western province. A glance at the map shows Manitoba is the central province of our wide Dominion. Geographically, we are in the great central valley of North America, as the meteorologists always call this region; in fact, Winnipeg is the geographical centre of the North American continent. Our transcontinental railway calls this its central division, and we all use central standard time. Neither is the prefix "North" at all suitable, Manitoba reaching as far south as the boundary line of the United States, only sixty miles south of us. For these reasons we think the term "North-West" should be reserved for the territories lying north and west of Saskatchewan, and we accentuate our conviction by calling our journal, "The Central Catholic," a name which presents the additional advantage of frankly stating our religious attitude.

The generous praise bestowed upon the editorial utterances of this journal in the past ten or eleven years by our Catholic and non-Catholic contemporaries justifies us in hoping for ever-increasing patronage. It has been a long uphill work to make our financial status commensurate with these kindly appreciations. In fact, we may say that only within the last year have our receipts slightly exceeded our expenses. But now, having at long last secured the services of a manager who combines thorough journalistic experience with the enlightened zeal of a true Catholic, we venture to hope that the Catholic body will do its best to increase our subscription list.

The "Central Catholic" will take the shape of an illustrated weekly magazine of twelve pages for the present, with a view to successive enlargements in proportion as the subscriptions increase. Like every Catholic paper conscious of its mission, it will touch Catholic life at every point. Its local departments will present a complete and accurate record of Catholic activities, set forth with that reportorial skill which has always been a feature of the "Northwest Review." In its editorial review of ideas and events, stated and discussed with fearless equity; in its specially prepared articles by distinguished clerical and lay Catholics, and in the selected general reading matter our people will find the standard by which they should measure and estimate the significance and value of the social, political and religious movements of their time.

The "Central Catholic" will be the organ of communication for His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, for the pastors of parishes and missions and for local Catholic societies and organizations. These pages will be brightened with illustrations of local subjects of Catholic interest, and the whole will be presented in a clean, attractive magazine which, by circulating among the public, will add prestige to local Catholicism.

Our first issue on August 11th will be a Cathedral number, and will contain, among other interesting features, an article by the Right Rev. Monsignor Dugas on the first humble cathedral of St. Boniface, and on the second large cathedral of "turrets twain," which was destroyed by fire in 1860, also another article by Mr. Justice Prud'homme, our famous local historian, on the third,

i.e., the present cathedral of St. Boniface. This number will serve as a fitting introduction to the great ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new cathedral four days later, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15th.

### INTERESTING NEWS FROM ALASKA.

Rev. Julius Jette, S.J., well known here as Professor in St. Boniface College and as an examiner in the University of Manitoba, writes from Fairbanks, Alaska, June 19th, 1906:—

"Here I am in the gold mines, for the summer, taking the place of Rev. Father Crimont, Prefect Apostolic, who has just left us to purchase a full hospital outfit, and get Sisters from any community that is willing to volunteer. He will probably return in September. During the interval Father Monroe is building the hospital, and visiting the creeks, while I am running the parish. Every Friday he takes the miniature train which drops him at a mining centre, Golden, I think. Thence a walk of 16 to 20 miles brings him to one of the creeks, sometimes Cleary, at other times Esther, or Dome, or some other. He returns every Monday.

I say a first Mass at 7.30 with short sermon, sing High Mass at 10.30 with big sermon, teach Sunday school at 2.30, assisted by Brother O'Hare, who teaches the second division and Mrs. Blanchfield, who takes the smallest pupils; at 8 p.m. I recite the beads, preach again and give Benediction. Catechism is taught again on Thursday. There are visits to the sick in the Anglican hospital, and visits to the lost sheep, who are much more numerous here, so that good shepherd must leave the one sheep and run after the ninety and nine who are going to the devil. This is my occupation. There are from six to ten thousand people in the camp and the creeks, and each boat brings in sixty more. Three-fifths of the total, perhaps more, have been Catholics, but are so no longer for reasons which are generally too obvious. The Irish and the Germans are almost the only ones that deign to remember Almighty God, and to think of their duties to him. The French, the Italians and the Canadians are, generally speaking, precious scamps. Dawson, Sitka, Juneau and Seattle seem to vie with one another as to which shall send us most dancing girls and harlots, and alas! the supply does not exceed the demand. They are fenced in by the civic authorities in a certain quarter; but on the creeks they have full scope.

A large part of this town, all of course built in wood, was destroyed by fire on the 26th of May. Except one or two blocks all the burnt district is already rebuilt in stores, saloons, pool-rooms, roulette and faro rooms, etc. We have, besides our own Church, one Anglican Church and hospital, one Presbyterian or Methodist Church, one for the faddists of Christian Science, and one Masonic temple.

Hopes were entertained that this year's output of gold would be twelve millions; but the weather is 'set fair' and the creeks are dry, so that sluicing is stopped. If this continues, people will have to be satisfied with eight or nine millions, a neat enough sum, considering that Nome, in its best years, hardly went beyond five millions.

Father Monroe counted on fine subscriptions for his hospital, but much money has been sent to San Francisco in public and private subscriptions, for many people here have relatives in that city; much more disappeared in our own fire, and the price of lumber has risen considerably. So have wages—a good carpenter and joiner earns \$1.50 an hour, say, \$15 a day sad more, if he works overtime. I know one who averages \$21 a day. The price of all goods is in proportion.

There is not one savage in the town or the neighbourhood—I mean redskins, for there are plenty of white savages. There are six or eight French half-breed families, for most of whom Protestants and Catholics are pretty much the same. We have about fifty persons at High Mass, as against two hundred whom we know personally and whom the church building could easily hold.

You see, dear Rev. Father, what an unpromising population we have to deal with and how much we stand in need of the prayers of our brethren."

Rev. Bellarmin Lafortune, S.J., writing from Nome, Alaska, June 19th, 1906, to the rector of St. Boniface College, where he also was Professor, says: "I am very glad to hear that St. Boniface College is prosperous, and I hope that it will always prosper. I keep an excellent remembrance of that college, probably because I worked so hard there. However, this does not mean that I am anxious to return there

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at any cost. My Eskimos are sufficient for me; they give me much more work than I can do, not that they are all Catholics, but that they are so difficult to reach. We are in an immense country where travel is dangerous and very expensive. Our mission extends over 300 miles of coast and inland. Throughout this large territory our poor Eskimos are scattered in very small groups, hunting and fishing for their livelihood, and burning the wood which the sea casts up unfortunately in very small quantities. Their great courage is intercourse with the whites, who give them bad example and horrible diseases. Another and a worse scourge is the preachers of false doctrine, who fill them with perverted notions of the gospel. I have far more need of prayers than you to face these obstacles.

We now have 98 Catholics, and shall soon have a round hundred. With very few exceptions they make excellent Catholics. They like to pray, to go to confession and Holy Communion. Although I have never insisted on frequent communion, some make it a point of duty to communicate every Sunday, and all receive at least once a month. We do not admit them easily to baptism. This explains the small number of Eskimo Catholics, and it also, I believe, explains why they are good Catholics.

My health is good. We are enjoying a splendid summer this year. Last winter was very cold and very long."

Owing to the illness of his regular office boy, a stockbroker recently engaged a new lad named Tommy.

Tommy was a jewel and when Joe, the former lad, was better, the stockbroker was loath to send Tommy away.

But the other boy wanted to come back and pleaded hard for re-instatement.

"Well," said his former employer, "you can have the post again if you can arrange with Tommy."

"Very well, sir, I think I can do that," was the joyous reply.

When the stockbroker went to his office next morning a sight greeted him that he had not bargained for. The glass of the door in his private room was smashed, ink was spilled on the carpet, and chairs were overturned everywhere. Evidently there had been a tremendous struggle.

Joe came forward blithely, one eye blackened and his cheek swollen.

"Tommy's gone, sir," he remarked, "I've arranged with him."

A man was recently sitting in a park with a dog of very doubtful breed beside him. Two little urchins stopped and looked intently at the animal for a few moments. Then one said to the other.

"Bill, I wish that was mine, don't you?"

The man hearing the remarks of the boys, and being somewhat pleased, said: "And what would you do with it, if it were yours, eh?"

The lad looked at his companion, and then, seeing that the coast was clear, wickedly replied:

"I should sell it and buy a dog."

"You are charged," said the Judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man, whose new wheel had run away with him; "ten miles? I'll bet I was going three hundred."

"You mortified me to death," complained Mrs. Richley.

"How?" demanded her sick husband. "Why did you tell that new doctor you were in the habit of eating corned beef and cabbage? We never have such common food as that."

"Well, I want him to fix his charges on a corned beef and cabbage basis."

### MEDICAL

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### St. Boniface Hospital Staff

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Dr. J. H. O'DONNELL, M.D.,  
Dr. J. R. JONES, M.D. &  
Dr. WM. ROGERS, M.D.

#### Consulting Staff Surgeons:

Dr. W. S. ENGLAND, M.D.,  
Dr. J. H. MAERTZ, M.D.,  
Dr. R. MACKENZIE, M.D.

#### Attending Physicians:

Dr. J. H. O. LAMBERT, M.D., Dr. C. A. MACKENZIE, M.D., Dr. E. W. SNIHOLS, M.D., Dr. W. Z. FEATMAN, M.D.

#### Attending Surgeons:

Dr. J. O. TODD, M.D.,  
Dr. JAS. McKENTY, M.D.,  
Dr. J. E. LEBMANN, M.D.

#### Ophthalmic Surgeon:

Dr. J. W. GOOD, M.D.

#### Children's Ward Physicians:

Dr. J. E. DAVIDSON, M.D.,  
Dr. G. A. DUBUC, M.D.,  
Dr. A. J. SLATER, M.D.

#### Isolated Ward Physicians:

Dr. J. H. DEVINE, M.D., Dr. J. P. HOWDEN, M.D., Dr. J. HALPENNY, M.D., Dr. W. A. GARDNER, M.D.

#### Pathologist:

Dr. G. BELL, M.D.,  
Dr. F. J. MACLEAN, M.D.,  
Dr. WM. TURNBULL, M.D. Assistant

There is in St. Boniface Hospital a Ward for C. N. E. patients, who are attended by physicians appointed by the C. N. E. Co. They are: Dr. C. A. Mackenzie, Dr. E. Mackenzie, and Dr. Wm. Rogers. And a second Ward for C. F. E. patients, attended by Dr. Moorehead, who is appointed by the C. F. E. Co.

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