

The Northwest Review

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A Catholic correspondent wanted in every important town.

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NOTICE.

The editor will always gladly receive (1) ARTICLES on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political.

of brigands—a highway robber—and all the power of "King" Humbert, is not sufficient to catch the big thief. He has reduced the neighborhood of Viterbo to a state of terrorised subjection and he still exists and flourishes.

Tiburzi entered on his predatory movements just at the time that the Italian Usurper entered the Quirinal and there he is to this day. Is Tiburzi in league with Humbert and does he pay his protector a stipulated sum for his robberies? It looks like it. Brigands of a feather flock together.—American Catholic.

A lot of those black hearted cowards the A. P. A's (A. P. E's) visited the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Columbus Ohio, last week with the intent of insulting and assaulting the nuns and the inmates. The Mother Superior faced them at the door of the convent and by her presence and firmness of character saved the place from outrage. It was well for their vile carcasses that some of the Irish American boys of that city were not present at the time of the visit or they would have promised meekly never to return. The days of Mount Benedict at Charlestown, Mass., are gone forever. Those dark lanterned bigots may grovel in their secret lodge places but when they venture forth upon their evil mission in the light of day to insult nuns and those under their charge, they will find something more than a Mother Superior to greet them on their arrival.—American Catholic.

It is probably not generally known that nearly the most utterly intolerant State in the world nowadays is the Dutch Boer Republic in South Africa. Some years since not a little sympathy with the Boers existed in Ireland, but the actual state of things which prevails in the Republic was unknown here. For instance, at present Catholics suffer under galling disabilities and are even excluded from the franchise, while the other day the Burgurers of Lydenburgh united in a petition to the legislative body requesting "that immediate steps be taken to eradicate the Roman Catholic church in this Republic." With a view to the effectuating of this holy work the Memorialists suggested that the Catholics should be required to sell out all their property "within eighteen months." This is the Boer idea of freedom.—Irish Catholic and Nation.

The volume which President Cleveland will send to the Pope, and which has been accepted in a flattering letter of acceptance, is one which Mr. Cleveland had prepared in New York not long ago, and which he distributed among the few favored persons whom he wishes to honor in a personal way. The paper is royal Irish linen, with rough edges and the widest possible margins. The type is large, old style, and Mr. Cleveland's latest photograph, with his signature beneath, forms a frontispiece. The cover of the book varies with the occasion of its presentation. Thus William C. Whitney has one in seal binding, Daniel S. Lamont has another in rich leather, and it is understood that Wm. F. Harrity got one also. But the one to be sent his Holiness, through the American Cardinal, is intended to be a triumph of the bookbinder's art. The outside of the book will be black and gold while the fly leaf will contain an inscription in Mr. Cleveland's own hand. If he follows the precedent set in former gift books the Chief Magistrate will put simply: "To His Holiness Leo XIII., Pope, from his admirer Grover Cleveland." The New York firm which is authority for these facts estimates the average cost of President Cleveland's gift books, including paper, printing and binding, at something like \$150 each. The edition is very small—some twenty or less—and no doubt will fetch fancy prices a few generations hence.—Irish Standard.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WEAVER. In old English, words with the termination ster were applied to women exclusively. For instance brewing, baking and weaving were formerly feminine labors, and consequently Brewster, Baxter (Anglo-Saxon bacistre) and Webster mean the woman, not the man, who brews, bakes, or weaves. As a survival of this usage we still have the venerable term spinster. This philological reminder is not out of place just now: for there was, lately, junketing and banqueting through our fair Dominion, a sorry specimen of the genus Webster. He is not a woman, but a man; would that he had a woman's sense of right and indignation at wrongdoing! He has, however, as a make-weight, that exaggerated esteem of self which is the besetting sin of the stronger sex. A little more than a year ago he took upon himself, for a substantial pecuniary consideration, the responsible post of chief counsel for the defence of our down-trodden educational rights. The case was clear one. Everybody, even our enemies, thought that we must win it. All the legal talent of our highest Canadian tribunal had pronounced in our favor. Sir Richard Webster had splendid Canadian supporters to enlighten him as to the merits of our cause. But he loftily ignored their proffered aid, and, though his multifarious speculating as Attorney-General for the outgoing cabinet in a general election left him no time to study so momentous a question as it ought to have been stud-

ied, he persisted in abounding in his own conceit and conducting the case as if he knew all about Manitoba; and so he lost an historical law-suit which the average lawyer with an average dose of humility and shrewdness could not have helped winning. In view of the fact that, in spite of his weak and unmanly defence of our rights, two out of the five judges of the Privy Council dissented from their colleagues and would have declared the Greenway school law unconstitutional, it is no exaggeration to assert that Sir Richard Webster completely "gave away" our school case.

This is the man whom the bar of Montreal and Toronto delight to honor. No doubt he must be a clever man, or he would not be reputed the second best lawyer in England, the second, with a huge interval, after the incomparable Sir Charles Russell. But by the Catholics of Manitoba he will be remembered as the trusted champion who betrayed his trust through conceit of his own ability. He can play second fiddle with success, as he has just proved at the Behring Sea arbitration; as first fiddle, he is, to use a Beaconsfieldian phrase "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." He can weave a web of toughest texture in matters of secondary importance; but, when the mightiest and most sacred interests of religion are to be worked out on his loom, he sees nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry and, being unable to picture to himself the right side, he turns out a web of the worst and warp of which prove him an unsuccessful weaver.

QUEBEC CATHOLIC CLERGY DEFENDED. We clip the following article from the editorial columns of our able and highly esteemed contemporary, the Canadian Freeman:

The Pasadena, California, Weekly Star, recently printed some wicked and malicious calumnies about the Catholic clergy of Quebec, not a half a line in the whole "yarn" containing an iota of truth. The epistle is such a lying and wreckless piece of intelligence the FREEMAN has no use for it in its columns, but we will give our readers what the San Francisco Monitor thinks about the ridiculous assertions and how that paper refutes them. It says: "Now, every word in the above paragraph which refers to the Catholic clergy, to its clergy, to their mode of life, to their greed and luxury, to the tithing system, to the building of churches, to the lien upon property of the district is false, absolutely and totally false. The tithing system in force in Quebec is in force by the consent of the Catholic people. It is a fair and just system, not in the least oppressive upon the people, on the contrary very light; it gives no luxury to the clergy, but always keeps them on the brink of poverty; and as to the building of churches, none can be built except by and with the vote of the majority of the property holders in meeting assembled, a perfectly popular system. The lien allowed by law for cost of church buildings only affects the property of Catholics and is granted only for the purpose of enabling the parish to borrow money at the lowest rates, so as to give the faithful time for payment, of which all are glad to take advantage. The tithing is not ten per cent, but only four per cent. one bushel in twenty-six; it is not paid in money; but in kind; it is not imposed upon stock, nor upon hay or root crops, it only effects grains—wheat, barley, oats, peas, rye and buckwheat, the only grain crops cultivated in the Province of Quebec. Now Canada is in a great hay, root, and potato growing country so that more than half, indeed, almost two-thirds of the farmer's crops are exempt from tithing.

The grain being payable in kind and in proportion to its product, there is perfect equality between the parties; if the crops are good and abundant, the priest benefits thereby; if poor and scarce, he shares the poverty of his parishioners. Indeed, as a general rule, poverty is his lot; there is no wine or luxury about his table or household; if he lives like a fighting-cock, it is like a fighting-cock whilst he is in training, on short commons. The average income of a parish priest in the Province of Quebec is \$600 per annum; a good number receive \$800 to \$1,000—some as much as \$1,100—a very few \$1,500 and none as high as \$2,000—whilst fully one-fourth of them do not get \$500 a year and a large number content themselves with from \$300 to \$400 a year. As to being exacting in the collection of their tithes and oppressive upon their parishioners, none could be more indulgent than the Canadian clergy; the best proof of it is in the love and veneration with which they are treated by their parishioners. And well may the French Canadian people love their clergy! To them they owe their very existence. Were it not for their clergy, the French Canadians would have been lost under English conquest and the French language would be no longer spoken on the banks of the St. Lawrence. In 1759 at the time of the capture of Quebec the French were 60,000 people in numbers; they now exceed 2,500,000, probably the greatest population the world has ever seen. A conquered race, they have retained their laws, their language and religion. Not retained them because the English

accorded it voluntarily, the English never accord to the conquered nations their rights except when they can do so otherwise: the French Canadians fought for their rights and conquered them with no other leaders than the clergy. At the time of the conquest almost all the educated class, the officers of the army, the government officials, the signers, the large property-holders, the lawyers, left the country for France, abandoning the people and the priests to the tender mercies of the English. The priest rose to the height of the peril; they put themselves at the head of their race, and today the sons of the 60,000 abandoned peasants dominate not in Quebec alone but in the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian priest is worthy of his great and fearless predecessors. He lives on a mere pittance, he works harder than the most ambitious seeker after wealth, he loves his people and he is loved by his people. We who know and love the Canadian clergy, Bishops and priests, will not permit the breath of calumny to assail their fair fame without raising our voice in their defence, for we know them as the true friends of humanity, the true servants of God."

THE CITY OF CONFUSION. It was announced on the 14th inst. from Toronto that all the Anglican Synods in Canada are now for the first time united in one body. For a moment, we are told, the cause of union was in jeopardy; but, thanks to the able chairmanship of Bishop Machray, a report was drawn up harmonizing the divergent views on a basis of union. What a stupendous feat we have here recorded! Only think of it: harmony has been established between the divergent views of all the Synods of Canada, harmony between the Anglicans that believe in baptism as necessary to salvation and those who do not; between the Anglicans that believe in the Real Presence and those who believe in the Real Absence; between the Anglicans that believe in Holy Orders and those who, like the Bishop of Rupert's Land, think orders might be suspended for a term of years in order to let non-conformists re-enter the church; between the Anglicans that believe in the necessity of episcopal consecration and those who, like Canon Henderson, don't think there is any such teaching in the Scriptures.

This last instance is particularly astounding. It was on the sixth day of last August. There was taking place what the Free Press called "the leading event of the church history of Winnipeg," the consecration of an Anglican bishop. The Rev. J. J. A. Newnham was the elect. His father-in-law, Canon Henderson, Principal of a theological college in Montreal, had come all the way from the metropolis of true Catholicism in order to tell the assembled bishops and clergy what? That the episcopal office was a "good work" (1 Tim. iii, 1), that the bishop is "God's steward" (Titus, I, 7)? Not at all. He chose this solemn occasion to inform his hearers, the bishops of Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, Athabasca, Saskatchewan and North Dakota, and especially the bishop elect of Moosonee, the husband of his own daughter, that episcopal succession was not taught in the New Testament; and he insinuated that Timothy was very likely never consecrated by imposition of hands!

Incredible as this pronouncement may seem, it will be found in the following extract from the masterly report of the Canon's sermon (2 Tim. II, 1-3) in the Free Press of Aug. 7th.

He observed that there was no record of a formal consecration of Timothy by imposition of hands. He did not think that episcopal succession was taught in the Holy Scriptures. The words of the text were not "Who shall be able to ordain and consecrate others," but, "who shall be able to teach others." The speaker argued that imperative episcopacy was not among the things which the apostle taught; after a search of twenty-six years he was unable to find imperative episcopacy there; he did not see that it was essential to the constitution of the church or the conveyance of spiritual gifts. He saw the episcopacy as a historical fact in unbroken succession, but he could not see that this could be converted into a universally binding and inalienable law. If everything apostolic must be minutely and rigidly maintained, then why were the peculiar powers of the apostles themselves discontinued? And why was the kiss of peace practically laid aside? He held that it was indefensible to say that the episcopacy was absolutely essential to the existence of the Church of God; that it might be granted that it was essential to the highest development of the church. The Church of God existed in times past apart from the episcopacy; and therefore it might exist without it again. The doctrine of the indispensability of the episcopacy constituted a formidable barrier to the realization of the Christian union that was so earnestly desired. The preacher went on to show that neither the formularies, nor the articles of the church, nor the ordinal for bishops, nor the writings of reformers, made the doctrine of the episcopacy universally binding. In practice, the church of England for a 100 years had recognized the validity of the non-episcopal order.

In fairness to the Anglican clergy present at this extraordinary sermon, it must be said that many of them were shocked at it. They declared it wretchedly out of keeping with the occasion; they found in it a proof of execrable taste. We can imagine the subsequent comments, and especially the interview between Bishop Newnham and his learned father-in-law, together with the

vehement protests of Mrs. Newnham. Were not the principle involved so wide-reaching, so fundamental to the very conception of an Episcopal church, the whole thing would strike us as a stately farce. The very pretence of a consecration ceremony by men that are not even priests is, at best, a solemn piece of pantomime, an unconscious tribute to the true church whose ceremonies and songs are elaborately parodied and yet ruthlessly mutilated. But tears are more in order than laughter, when the most august foundations of episcopal succession are attacked by a sciolist who has so little sense of proportion as to compare the episcopal character and its necessities to the desuetude into which the kiss of peace has fallen in the church of England; when the man that utters these inanities is the head of a theological college and presumably knows something of the unanimous voice of the early Fathers proclaiming the necessity of episcopal consecration and recognizing the inalienable episcopacy of heretics even, provided they have been duly consecrated; when the honest thousands that ignorantly deem themselves members of Christ's church have to look helplessly on, while their Right Reverend Fathers in God tamely listen to a preacher impugning the only distinctive Anglican tenet, without either the power or the wish to silence him; when the new bishop is ushered into his episcopal career among the nations that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death with the assurance that it is a matter of very little consequence whether he be a bishop or no, and that all he has received is the power to teach others, a power which the lowliest of his lay helpers has just as much of as himself.

Poor Bishop of Moosonee! If he had not been saturated with the spirit of Anglican inconsistency, if he had had anything like a grasp of logic and objective truth, the consecration sermon preached for his benefit would have shown him how correct was the name Newman gave the church of England, when he called her the City of Confusion.

Catholic Notes. Father Cleary, the great Western advocate, read a paper at the Catholic Congress on "Intemperance, the Evil, and Remedy." When he was introduced by Chairman O'Brien, of New York, the audience fairly went wild. They stood up and cheered and waved their hats for fully five minutes before he could proceed, and he surely ought to feel proud of the reception the delegates and audience gave him.

The Grand Opera house, at Dubuque was thronged on Monday the 18th inst., when Archbishop Ireland addressed the public on "The Catholic Church and Our Times." Mr. Nugent of Liverpool followed with an appeal for temperance. The Grand Army post to which Archbishop Ireland subsequently gave a reception, the Protestant ministers of the city and 200 Catholics, priests and laymen occupied the stage, while the auditorium was packed.

At the Vatican the other day, Leo XIII. held a brilliant reception of Cardinals, Bishops, members of the Pontifical court, and representatives of the Catholic lay societies of Rome. In the midst of the conversation, the photograph presented to His Holiness by Mr. Edison, was brought out and the Pope spoke into it an invocation to his patron, St. Joachim, which was reproduced with marvellous distinctness. Next a speech delivered by the late Cardinal Manning in 1890 was repeated by the instrument with all the tone of voice and sharpness of intonation peculiar to the dead prelate. The sentences, poems and addresses by other speakers were made to ring through the hall. The Holy Father was one of the most attentive listeners to the marvels of our wizard's creation, and spoke of it as a triumph of scientific skill.

Monument to John Boyle O'Reilly.

The monument to John Boyle O'Reilly designated by Daniel C. French, of Boston, is no ordinary bust and pedestal, but a composition of no little size. It consists of a bust of heroic size and a group of three symbolical figures, all in bronze. The bust is divided from the figures by a large carved stone fourteen feet high and six broad, which will carry inscriptions and act as background. The top will be carved with celtic ribbon ornament in low relief, and it will be hallowed out behind bust and group. Approaching the monument from one side, the heroic bust is seen on a pedestal of stone about ten feet high, relieved against its shallow niche in the monolith. Approaching it from the other, the three figures are observed on a lower pedestal than the bust, but with a shallow niche behind them also, while the surface of the stone is carved in low relief with a large Celtic cross and decorations of shamrocks. The central figure is the Shan Van Voght, or "Poor Old Woman," otherwise the land of Erin. She is seated and weaves a wreath of laurel and oak leaves, and is attended each side by nude male figures representing poetry and patriotism. Poetry holds a harp and offers a handful of laurels to Mother Erin, while patriotism has oak leaves in one hand and a weapon in the other. The Transcript of Boston says that the model makes an impression of dignified simplicity, but suggests that perhaps, viewed from the sides, the profiles "are likely to be rather

thin and possibly devoid of character and proportion." The design has been formally accepted.

Our Fireside.

A water spout—A temperance oration. In the sifting of legal evidence there is a great deal of dust thrown in people's eyes.

"When you have leisure," said a caller to an editor, "I'd like to speak to you."

"All right; come in after I'm dead."

"Muggles is a good deal like a clock isn't he?"

"Works every hour you mean?"

"No, gets everything on tick."

She: "Maud? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth."

He: "I didn't take her to be as old as that."

A colored philosopher "down south" is reported to have said: "Life my brethren am mostly made up of pravin' for rain, and then wishin' it would clear off."

There are two kinds of children—your own good little darlings and the badly behaved, mischievous little demons owned by other people.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Q. C., "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that therefore the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain."

Cloverton—"Old man, I should think you would wear a silk hat with a dress suit."

Dashaway (sadly)—"You can't hire a silk hat."

Mr. Dearone—"Fancy! I put my hat on that wet towel. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I shall place it next?"

Mrs. Dearone—"On your head, I suppose, love."

"Old Workandslave took his first day off in fifteen years yesterday."

"How did he happen to do it?"

"Went to a funeral."

"Never heard of his doing such a thing before."

"He never did. The funeral was his own."

Mr. N. Peck—"I should think you would be ashamed to wear the hair of another woman on your head!"

Mrs. N. Peck—"Shame on yourself, for you wear the skin of another calf on your feet."

"My brethren," said a frustrated preacher, who was making his first attempt to preach without notes, "you have all heard the old saying that whom the gods would destroy they first kill. I mean," he said, "that when the gods mad they—er—but not to dwell on this aspect of the case, I would beseech you to consider," etc.

He is About Right.

The editor of the Hamilton Herald gets off the following: Girls in this part of the world who feel aggrieved that no one comes a-wooing, should grasp their dainty skirts and trip it merrily to Manitoba. The Pilot Mound Sentinel makes a pathetic appeal for a few car loads of marriageable maids who can scrub, wash, sew, cook, and fill the vacant places in lonely bachelor hearts. It is a sad and solemn thing to think of the well-to-do farmer bachelors of Manitoba razing love letters to the amber moon, and sighing out their burdened souls in sentimental poetry. They have no one to love them, none to caress, and their yearning for female companionship is wild and uncontrollable. Somebody ought to organize a personally conducted party of marriageable girls, and take them on a tour through Manitoba. The conductor would return alone.

The Field of Labor.

Italy has 47,000 miners. Typewritten music is new. China has twenty-four newspapers. Germany has 5,276,000 farms. Aligators are getting scarce. An electric cloth cutter is new. Texas has a lady negro dentist. There is an electric rock breaker. Leadville, Col., is being deserted. French builders make plaster floors. Chicago saloons employ 24,000 persons. Germany's navy employs 20,000 men. Uncle Sam gets few Spanish immigrants. The world's mines yield 12,200,000 tons daily. Great Britain uses 230,000,000 bricks a month. A Vermont mill is making 600,000,000 postal cards. England takes 40,000 tons of eggs from Ireland yearly. Three-fourths of the total population of Russia are farmers. San Francisco police carry lariats to stop runaway horses. About ten thousand gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel. Russian railway trains rarely go as fast as twenty-two miles an hour.

The Bicycle Army.

The war office has taken the bicycle into its decided favor, owing to observations made as to its utility during recent maneuvers. A large number are to be attached to each battalion. The volunteer corps of London have long since incorporated the bicyclist, and when they turn out and ride side by side of the corps they look well. As the colonel unusually the only mounted man, cannot very well be dispatched with a message from a corporal, a bicyclist volunteer comes in very handy. The regulars, when on foreign active service, would find a body of bicyclists amazingly useful, and good scouting would be done by them.—London Court Journal.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is our sad duty to record, in another column, the sudden and terrible death of Michael O'Phelan, son of Captain P. D. O'Phelan, of St. Paul, and until recently one of Winnipeg's most esteemed and respected citizens. The NORTHWEST REVIEW tenders to Capt. O'Phelan and the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction.

We have just learned with the deepest regret that Mr. Luxton and the Free Press have parted company. The Free Press without Mr. Luxton, who founded it and by whose ability and energy it has become one of Canada's greatest dailies, will be like the play of Hamlet with that important character left out. We will say no more this week because we do not know why this has occurred and prefer remaining silent until we do. The reasons must have been weighty ones that caused Mr. Luxton to have left that journal.

The Catholic Review very sensibly remarks: "Surely the times are out of joint when it becomes the duty of a bishop to protest from his pulpit and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament against unseemly criticism and unfounded aspersions coming from papers that pretended to be Catholic. And indeed His Grace has been subjected to a series of outrages from several publications—outrages all the more heinous because they were made under the mask of devotion to Monsignor Satolli. It is high time that these papers, whose liberty has run into the excess of license, should be put down with the strong hand of ecclesiastical authority."

A "religious" contemporary is somewhat excited over the probability of the Bernalillo Indian school in New Mexico, conducted by the Sisters of Loretto, receiving some 3,500 of an appropriation to recoup them for the thievery of Gen. Morgan, and his amiable assistant Dr. Dochester—both bigots of the most fanatical type—who robbed the Sisters of their just claims under the rule of our late President, Benjamin Harrison. Gen. Morgan was commissioner, Dr. Dochester was Superintendent, and Inspector Keck made up the trio of unscrupulous officials who tried to rob the poor devoted Sisters of their little dues for educating our Indian children.—American Catholic.

Humbert, "King" of Italy must be a splendid sovereign of a free people. Here is a scoundrelly robber named Tiburzi who has kept the landlords of Viterbo in a state of absolute terror for the past twenty years. He is a brigand