

The Northwest Review

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.

At 184 James Avenue East.
WINNIPEG.

Subscription, - - - - \$2.00 a year.
Six months, - - - - \$1.00.

P. KLINKHAMMER,
Publisher,

THE REVIEW is on sale at the following place: Hart & McPherson's, Booksellers, 364 Main street.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Made known on application.
Orders to discontinue advertisements must be sent to this office in writing.
Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted until ordered out.
Address all Communications to THE NORTHWEST REVIEW, Post office Box 508, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Innominato Again.

The Casket said lately that "the person who writes" from Rome "under the pen-names 'Innominato' (to the New York Sun) and 'Bentivoglio' (to a syndicate of Catholic papers) 'is constantly watching for the dawn of a new era. According to him there is a new era dawning in Rome about once a fortnight; but these new eras of his invariably turn out to be mere nests.' To such purpose has our able Antigonish friend exposed this pretentious sciolist that "two such good Catholic journals as the Sacred Heart Review and the Catholic Columbian dropped like a hot potato the syndicate letter which he writes under the other name of Bentivoglio." The Nova Scotia editor then says that, though the Encyclical on Unity goes directly counter to Innominato's 'rules of higher politics,' he will "probably write next as if it were entirely after his own heart, and proclaim that its appearance marks the dawn of another of his regular fortnightly eras." He did write in a strain of praise for the Holy Father's directness, but he prudently said nothing about the way Leo XIII. overturned Innominato's house of cards. Hitherto the latter has been astray mainly in his social and theological principles; but now, in his letter dated July 10th to the N. Y. Sun of July 26th, he betrays a childish ignorance of the most elementary facts of history. Anent the rumor that Archbishop Falconio, procurator-general of the Franciscans in Rome, was to succeed Cardinal Satolli as Apostolic Delegate at Washington, the omniscient correspondent declares that "Leo XIII. has never dreamed of selecting him," because Mgr. Falconio is a monk. Not that monks are not worthy men; O no; Innominato is too diplomatic to hint at any disparagement; on the contrary, he lauds them to the skies, but then he, who always talks as if he had written his article with Leo XIII. at his elbow, oracularly informs us that "a monk, in the Holy Father's mind, has a different part to play, a higher duty to fulfil." Monks "represent knowledge, charity, virtue; they are not the government." "They are, therefore, neither the head that commands nor the heart that sends out to the limbs life and the sum of conserving forces."

Some Popes Who Have Been Monks. This is an astounding assertion in view of the history of the last century and a quarter. If the Apostolic Delegate cannot be a monk, still less can the Pope, the head and heart of all church government, be a monk. Now what are the facts? Not to speak of the sixth century, which closed with the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great, a Benedictine monk, nor of the eleventh century, which witnessed no less than seven Benedictine popes, the greatest of whom was St. Gregory VII. (Hilde-

brand), some of the most distinguished Sovereign Pontiffs in later times, such as St. Pius V. and Sixtus V., were monks in the same sense in which Mgr. Falconio is a monk, for it would be more correct to style him a 'religious,' the recognized Catholic substantive to designate one who has vowed poverty, chastity and obedience in a religious order. But, however ignorant Innominato continually proves himself to be, we are astounded that he should have forgotten the recent instances of monks who became Popes. In 1774 died Clement XIV., who was a Franciscan; Pius VII. (1800-1823) belonged to the Order of St. Benedict; Gregory XVI., during whose pontificate the present Pope was made archbishop, belonged to the Order of Camaldules. Thus, counting from Clement XIV. to Pius IX., we find that three out of the seven last Popes in the space of a century were monks. And, as to Apostolic Delegates, many of them in this century have been members of religious orders. In particular we may mention Monseigneur Smeulders, a Cistercian monk, who was Apostolic Delegate in Canada about twelve years ago, and who was the first to recommend to the Holy Father the raising of Archbishop Taschereau to the Cardinalate. Since Innominato wrote his last screed, rumor has it that the Superior-General of the Augustinians, Very Rev. Father Martinelli, is to succeed Cardinal Satolli. Rumor is verily raining monks on Innominato's devoted head. However, he will not be dismayed, he will maintain that such a nomination is impossible; and, if the Holy Father should have the temerity to make it without consulting him, he will straightway discover in that nomination the dawn of a new era.

Stead On Zola. Mr. W. T. Stead's character sketch of Emile Zola in the June Review of Reviews comes as a severe shock to many Catholics who thought the gifted English journalist was one out of the few Protestants capable of appreciating, in a sort of a way at least, the Vicar of Christ. It turns out after all that the would-be noble-minded and tolerant Protestant is only the commonplace victim of a disgruntled ambition. He went to Rome seven years ago with the avowed intention of converting the Pope to his own views of what His Holiness ought to do for the salvation of society. On his return he was full of cheerful optimism, so much so indeed that the comic papers pictured Mr. Stead with the Holy Father emerging from the top of his cranium, he was spoken of then as having "the Pope on the brain." But, finding that Leo XIII. kept on developing his, and not Mr. Stead's, ideas, the latter soured, and gradually became as embittered against Papal Rome as a craving after popularity would allow him to become. So now he substantially endorses Zola's recent work, "Rome." For Zola, like Stead, is sadly vexed and disappointed. Neither of them could obtain a private audience from the Holy Father. Perhaps Stead did not go about it in the right way. Certainly Zola did; but the Pope, who approved the condemnation by the Index of his caricature of Lourdes, very properly refused him admittance, and now he curses the Papacy with a show of philosophical theories through hundreds of pages of blatant trash. The book is too tiresome to do much harm; but Mr. Stead's approval of it, though slightly qualified here and there, may influence such superficial minds as have never taken Mr. Stead at his true valuation. Without going as far as Mr. W. H. Thorne, who long since dubbed him a journalistic mountebank, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Stead, who rhapsodizes about the unseen and writes beautifully of Christian purity and charity, has not the most elementary conception of the Christian revelation, and can never be trusted when his inordinate self-esteem happens to be wounded. Else, how could he, the soul-stirring champion of so many noble causes, draw such an admiring picture of Zola, the transparent hypocrite, who

pleads "heredity" and "realism" as an excuse for polluting the world with unnamable filth, who grandly theorizes about supposed facts and the necessity of detail in order to ensure the sale of his bestial novels untrue to life, and who has never uttered a passing word in praise of something good without fouling it the next moment with some disgusting obscenity? Even in this latest work on Rome, which is less lecherous than its predecessors, he manages to indulge for a short space his prurient fancy. Does Mr. Stead's theory of journalism recognize no eternal line of demarcation between right and wrong? Does it force the almost heroic author of "The Maiden Tribute" to consort with the Preacher of the Gospel of Lust? The Englishman's heretical training, perfidious imagination and boundless belief in himself may make his sincerity probable; but the Frenchman's clear intellect and necessary familiarity with Catholic views preclude the possibility of his being aught but a solemn humbug, whose main purpose in writing turgid bosh about trilogies and the Augustan blood pulsating "in the veins of all the successive masters of Rome" is the winning of a place among the Forty Immortals of the French Academy.

CANADIAN "FOREIGNERS."

One of the ministers of this Province, Mr. J. D. Cameron, lately said to a Woodstock reporter: "It is the Ontario farmer that will have to settle Manitoba. Foreigners, as a rule, do not care to stay in a country with such a cold climate." We are not concerned with the obvious indiscretion of such a remark, for the speaker's youthful propensity to talkativeness may excuse this odd method of advertising our country; what we wish especially to point out is the implied inference and the consequent exclusion of all other Canadians. It is evident that Mr. Cameron looks upon all immigrants who are not from Ontario as foreigners, and consequently believes that settlers from the oldest and the coldest part of Eastern Canada, the Province of Quebec, are not eligible. Yet, surely, French Canadians, accustomed to winters more severe than those of the greater portion of Ontario, ought to be better able to stand the healthy Manitoba cold. Were Mr. Cameron less exclusive in his tastes, were he more accurately informed as to the status of the French Canadian population of this Province, he would know that they rather enjoy the bracing Manitoba winter and that they stay here and multiply with unparalleled vigor and constancy. Not only are no settlers better adapted than they are to this climate and country, but they, for the most part, manage their municipal affairs with a thriftiness and economy which many bankrupt municipalities of Ontarian and other English-speaking settlers would fain imitate. Unless Mr. Cameron wilfully stops his ears, he will hear from them more and more as he grows older, not in Manitoba alone but even in his incomparable Ontario.

THE SPOILING OF IRELAND.

The Irish World has already called public attention to the fact that England has been, for the past fifty years, annually taxing Ireland \$13,650,000 over and above what the latter was liable to pay. This most momentous announcement was made last June in the report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland. Ten out of the thirteen commissioners have concluded that, for an indefinite time, possibly extending over half a century, the stronger partner has been imposing on the weaker an unjust tax amounting to two millions and three quarters sterling. In other words, despite the protests of the Irish, England has robbed them every year of \$2,750,000. The Royal Commission, the great majority of which were Englishmen, now declares that the Irish were right and that the English were wrong in enforcing so unjust a payment. The editor of the Review of Reviews, under the marginal heading, "The Predominant Partner as Vampire," thus

enlarges upon the monstrous robbery: "It is difficult at first sight to realise all that this means; but when the truth is seen in all its bearings, and the British public slowly assimilates this very portentous fact, it cannot fail to enormously reinforce the movement in favor of Home Rule, for there is no getting over the terrible significance of this brutal fact. We are rich, Ireland is poor; we are strong, Ireland is weak; we have imposed upon her our system of taxation, with the result that we have compelled her to pay, not one-twentieth of the imperial revenue, which is all that could be fairly claimed from her, having regard to her wealth and taxable resources, but one-seventh, the difference between these two fractions amounting to no less than two and three-quarter millions per annum."

This way of putting the case is very forceful. Ireland is paying nearly three times as much in yearly taxes as she would be bound in justice to pay: for, instead of paying more one-twentieth of the entire tax of Great Britain and Ireland, she pays one-seventh.

Mr. Stead continues: "If this has been persisted in for half a century, it would mean that we have extorted from our poorer Irish fellow-subjects a sum of one hundred millions sterling more than they in justice ought to have been asked to pay. There is no getting over that. It is as hideous as a nightmare to us now that we have discovered it; but in face of this who can marvel that the Irish should feel that England was more of a vampire draining their life-blood, than an elder brother upon whose strength and wealth they could confidently rely to supplement their weakness and poverty?"

And now comes a curious instance of the slowness with which Englishmen, in theory so fond of fairplay, assimilate in practice the most portentous proofs of unfairness, when the victim of injustice is Irish. "During the half century that we have been taxing Ireland to the extent of two millions and three quarters per annum above what she ought justly to have paid, who has been the leading financial authority of the English people? Mr. Gladstone and none other! Yet, Mr. Gladstone, of all English statesmen, has been most passionately imbued with a desire to do justice to Ireland. Nevertheless, down even to the present day when the commissioners reported, even Mr. Gladstone seems to have had no inkling of the cruel injustice which our fiscal system was inflicting upon the Irish. Can there then be a greater condemnation of the system by which the Anglo-Irish partnership is carried on, than the fact that such a gross overcharge could be made and enforced, despite all protest, even by Mr. Gladstone himself? And now that the report has been signed, and that the Royal Commissioners have by ten to three certified before all men that Ireland has been overcharged to this amount, how long shall we have to wait before an English Government will attempt to readjust this frightful financial inequality?" Mr. Stead concludes: "No fact in my lifetime has ever been brought to light which is so certain to trouble the consciences and move the hearts of the English people." Let us hope that Mr. Stead's confirmed optimism will not this time be at fault, and that another half century will not elapse before those consciences and hearts rise to practical restitution of ill-gotten gains wrung from an oppressed nation.

The Tyrol Preserved by the Sacred Heart.

Little Tyrol, in the heart of its mountains, itself in the very heart of Europe, is almost the only land whose people has, as a nation, unanimously allied itself to the Sacred Heart, says a writer in the English Messenger. On June 1, 1796, the deputies of its Government were deliberating at Bozen how to check Napoleon the Great, then rapidly advancing on Tyrol. There was no money, no ammunition, scarcely any army. God alone could save them, and in God alone they trusted, solemnly consecrating their land and nation to the Sacred Heart, and vowing to keep annually a festival in Its honor: a decree which was confirmed by

the Imperial Government, and enthusiastically adopted by the people. Their reward came at once. Napoleon changed his plans, leaving Tyrol to a more convenient season; and when his army returned the following spring, the Tyrolese, now better prepared, but above all trusting in their Divine Ally, rose as one man and drove back the enemy once and again, and finally at Berg-Isel in 1809. Three times again in this century an enemy has knocked at the rocky portals of Tyrol, and each time the Sacred Heart has shielded its faithful ally. The Diet of Tyrol has official decided to celebrate in the June of this year the centenary of the National covenant. The National vow will be renewed before the venerable picture of the Sacred Heart, preserved in the grand parish church of Bozen, before which the patriots first made it in June, 1796. The procession will be headed by Cardinal Haller, Prince-Bishop of Salzburg, once a peasant lad in Tyrol, accompanied by the Prince-Bishops of Trent and Brixen, and by the chief members of the Diet. And from mountain and valley the peasants will flock to add the voice of the people to this great national act. The faded and tattered banners which led their fathers to victory will be there, pleading with them to remain faithful to this Divine allegiance with the Prince of Peace.

Changes in St. Boniface College.

Rev. E. Tourangeau, S. J., succeeds Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J., as Minister, and Rev. P. Lamarche, S. J., as Prefect of Discipline. Father Kavanagh goes to St. Mary's College, Montreal, as Professor of Physics and will be replaced here by a competent Professor; Father Lamarche joins the Indian Missionary staff at Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island. Rev. J. Grenier, S. J., is to teach Philosophy, and Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., while retaining the Prefecture of Studies, will teach the classics, history and French for the Previous. Rev. J. Carriere, S. J., will teach the classics, etc., for the Preliminary. Father Lachapelle, S. J., teaches Versification, and, Father Bourque, S. J., Syntax and Latin Elements. Rev. H. Adams, S. J., and Rev. T. Desautels, S. J., go to the Immaculate Conception Scholasticate in Montreal. Rev. Father L. Lafortune, S. J., left last Monday for Sudbury.

First Communion at Treherne.

A valued correspondent, from whom we trust we shall receive contributions in the future, sends us the following interesting item:—
The past week has been a very busy one for our children who were old enough to make their first communion. Ever since the return to us of our energetic pastor he has been preparing the children for that most important spiritual act of their lives—first communion, but it was only last Tuesday when, according to promise, he drove across from Portage la Prairie to consecrate one entire week to their immediate preparation. That they were well prepared one example may suffice: one month ago he examined the children publicly in the Church in the presence of all, when Pauline Miller, a little girl of eight years, answered without a single mistake the short Catechism and ten chapters in the long Catechism to the great astonishment of the assembled congregation. This little child was not a candidate for first communion—being too young. The older children had, of course, more to go through, and they, too, acquitted themselves well, to the great pleasure of their parents. Sunday morning at High Mass nine children partook for the first time of Holy Communion, the girls dressed in white, veils and wreaths to match; the boys in black and ribbons of white on the left arm. Their names are: Gerlie Scommell, Marie Lugin, Mary Miller, Louise Miller, John Scommell, Albert Miller, Anthony Miller, Joseph Lugin, Victor Miller. It was a pretty sight not soon to be forgotten by those who partook in and those who witnessed it, and it was witnessed by a full church—not composed merely of Catholics, but many non-Catholics were present who came long distances—from Holland and Rathwell—to be present at the religious ceremony. And, why did they come? To see the children and to hear an eloquent sermon and they were not disappointed. The ceremony aroused their curiosity, the sermon satisfied their intellects—it was up to their expectations.
Rev. Father Sinnott is not a stranger in these regions—every time he comes to Treherne the Church is filled, but never before as it was on this occasion. The sermon in the morning was short because the children were fasting and he feared to keep them too long. He, however, said a few words first in French, but what was then said I pass over, for the writer is not one of the privileged few who understood that tongue, but if permitted to judge from