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DAWSON CITY.

Missionary Record. O. M. I.

What will become of the so-called city of Dawson? Already the newspapers bring accounts of misery which justify the forebodings expressed by Mgr. Grouard, when he met the crowds of miners rushing wildly into the inhospitable Yukon District. Does it not seem possible that the "city" will be blotted out almost as quickly as it came into existence? For the present, the Church is doing all that can be done for the spiritual and the temporal interests of the miners. This long time the Rev. Father Judge, S. J., has been at work in Dawson, having built (as they build out there) both a church and a hospital. And now the Vicar Apostolic having episcopal care of the district has been able to send some more priests. Two or three of these are Oblate Fathers, and a letter from their Brother Coodjutor, Brother Dumas, has been forwarded to us by a kind friend in Ottawa. The letter is dated from Fort Selkirk, Yukon District, Northwest Territories, July 3, 1898. From it we learn that Fathers Gendreau and Desmarais and Brother Dumas O.M.I. left Vancouver City on the coast of British Columbia on May 23, 1898. They reached Dyea, 1,000 miles away, on the coast of Alaska, after a voyage of four days. From Dyea it is 420 miles to Fort Selkirk. They left Dyea on May 27, each one carrying on his back 25 pounds weight. That evening they slept at Cheap Camp, having walked 20 miles over the mountains. Next morning at five o'clock they were once more afoot, though it was raining heavily. About ten o'clock they came to the place where, on April 10th, 77 persons were buried under an avalanche. The snow was 50 feet thick thereabouts. From that point began the climbing of a mountain 1000 feet high. There is a cable which travellers grasp with one hand as they toil upwards. Poor Father Gendreau suffered much on this part of the journey. However, all thank God, reached the top in safety. They had got through the famous Chilcoot Pass, and gone up, since morning, to a height of 3,000 feet. An icy, cutting wind was blowing on the mountain top.

After a meal, the travellers who had marched up the hill, had of course to march down again—on the other side. Still worse than the climbing! The path was covered with carcasses of horses and dogs. And sometimes the travellers had to wade through water that reached their knees. There was a crowd of men and women, horses, mules, asses, dogs and goats. In the evening Teslin Lake was reached, and summer had succeeded to winter. Lake Bennett is ten miles further on. The missionaries had to wait 12 days at Teslin Lake or Lake Bennett for their baggage which was being forwarded by a

carrying company. At Lake Bennett they had to pay 250 dollars for a schooner to take them and their 6,000 lbs. weight of baggage over the lakes (Bennett, Nares, Tagish, Marsh and Laberge) and the rivers. On June 12th they set sail, and started on a voyage of 380 miles. On the feast of St. John Baptist, June 24, 1898, they were once more on land after many fatigues and fears, and most extraordinary, if not miraculous, escapes from death. Many miners' boats were dashed to pieces during the same voyage, and six lives were lost. In the passage called Five Fingers the missionaries, boat missed the one safe pass out of three, and was carried a distance of half a mile in two minutes, amid waves and rocks which threatened instant destruction. But this was the end of dangers. There were only 60 miles to Fort Selkirk, and they were quickly got over.

Brother Dumas adds that 15,000 boats must have been built between Teslin Lake and Lake Bennett. They are all numbered, and "our boat," says the Brother, "was No. 13,443." He fears great distress for the coming winter. Between Bennett and Dawson not an ounce of gold has been found. In Dawson it is only the few who find any. More than 2,000 people have lately left Dawson, and others would leave if they could. Brother Dumas, in a postscript dated July 15th, says, "We see the sun at midnight."

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Fort Selkirk is near the Yukon and Pelly Rivers. Some ruins are still to be seen of the Hudson Bay Company's "fort," destroyed about 50 years ago by the Indians. Selkirk has a Protestant Church, which was formerly attended by the Rev. Mr. Lyon, who, by a sad accident, was drowned not long ago in Lake Laberge. At Selkirk there are half-a dozen Indian huts and a tent belonging to the mounted police. That is the town at present, but the site is good.

Dawson City lies low between a mountain and the Yukon and Klondike rivers. It is not drained, and a journalist lately wrote that the sanitary arrangements were execrable.

Father C. Lefebvre left Peel River last winter. He came through the pass "Lapierre House," walking 200 miles on snow shoes. When the ice broke up on the Porcupine river he came down that river in a canoe as far as Fort Yukon, where he was fortunate enough to find a little steamboat going to Dawson.

DEATH FROM LAUGHTER.

A man died in New Orleans a few days ago as a result of laughter. He was at the theatre, and began laughing so heartily that he lost control of himself and fell to the floor, dying in syncope. He had suffered for some time from valvular heart disease.—Medical Record.

NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLES.

Wonderful Cures at St. Winefride's Well in Wales—Fractured Kneepans Mended.

The Tablet.

Speaking at a recent evening service at the Well, Father Beauclerk announced a very interesting cure that he had lately received word of, of a man named James Robinson, of 4 Scot's place, Claughton, Birkenhead. Robinson had been a sailor over twenty years and suffered from a sailor's rough life and free habits. Here was his own account of himself: About ten years ago he had to leave the service through infirmity, disease attacking him in the shape of sciatica, Bright's disease and chronic bronchitis. Though only fifty years of age at the time, disability for service came over him, he applied, and having been examined by the doctors, obtained the pension granted to sailors of the Naval Reserve. In July, 1895, he paid a short holiday visit to Holywell. He had no intention of bathing or seeking a cure, which he thought himself unworthy of, considering the life he had led. However, the day before leaving Holywell he took a dip in the Well, and, on emerging, felt an extraordinary burning sensation in the back and loins. It was worse than if mustard or turpentine plasters had been applied. On reaching home he told his wife, who promptly suggested to him that he had received a cure, and so it proved. He returned in 1896, on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving, now quite free from the disease of the kidneys and its attendant stiffness and pains in the back and loins. In fact, as he told the listeners, he was as supple as a boy, and could climb a tree with any of them. On his second visit, when he bathed three times, he left behind, so he avers, his chronic bronchitis and sciatica. He is now turned 60, and hale and hearty and able to work for his livelihood and most grateful to God for the favor shown to him in St. Winefride's Well.

Lucy Francis O'Hare of 229 street, Liverpool, visited the Well with the Liverpool pilgrims on Aug. 22 in company with her father and mother and sister. Aged 17, she had been all but deaf for twelve years through an attack of measles. Her white face and vacant expression bore evident testimony to the reality of the deafness. At 6 o'clock she had asked to be allowed to bathe, but at that hour it was not possible to allow her, so her mother contented herself with applying the water of the Well to her ears. At that moment, it seemed, so the girl says, as if something were violently ejected from her ears, and immediately she heard quite clearly. She was interviewed by Father James Hayes, S.J., Rector St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, who had accompanied the pilgrims and by Father Beauclerk. She could hear easily and dis-

tinctly. The genuine joy of the girl and of her sister and parents left little doubt that a very remarkable cure had taken place. She was regularly besieged by the crowd of pilgrims who were collected on the road preparatory to leaving for the station. It is to be noticed that this cure took place on the octave day of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

A remarkable cure is reported in the case of James Blanchfield, 47 years of age, a wagoner living at 19 Lawer street, Brownhill, Batley, Yorkshire. Blanchfield states that in August last year he was cured of a fractured kneepan by a bath in St. Winefride's Well. The facts are these: Blanchfield was shifting a wagon when his feet slipped and he fell on his back, the shafts descending heavily upon him. The backbone hook of one of the shafts struck his right knee, breaking the patella. This was on May 18, 1897. He went to the Cottage Hospital in Batley for a week, but the doctor in attendance discharged him. He then took advice of a famous bone setter, who also failed to cure him. Another doctor then took him in hand and kept him in bed with an iron splint on his leg for four weeks. After this he was obliged to wear a plaster of paris bandage for eight weeks more. Under this treatment his leg used to swell and become discolored from the knee to the toes, but no permanent benefit resulted. He was advised, as the only chance of improvement, to go to another specialist and undergo an operation which consisted of opening the knee and stitching up the fractured patella. He chose rather to come to St. Winefride's Well, and he arrived in Holywell at the end of August. He bathed altogether about nine times, but, according to his statement, the cure seems to have been wrought on the second or third bath. He returned to his employer in Batley, declaring himself able to work, but the latter refused to believe in the cure and declined to give him employment until March of this year, when he could no longer doubt the fitness of the man for work. A few months ago he met Dr. Ballantyne of Birstall, one of the doctors who had treated his case, and Blanchfield adds that the doctor was not a little astonished, and said: "It looks like a miracle. I never knew such a case." The fractured kneepan appears to be actually knitted together by a new growth of cartilage or fibrous membrane. The man, who is now staying at Holywell, is evidently completely restored and able to follow his hard daily toil without the slightest inconvenience or trace of lameness, and is able to run, jump or kick freely. He cheerfully left at the Well the stick which was absolutely necessary for him to use to support himself. The doctors who attended him were Dr. Russell

of Batley and Dr. Ballantyne of Birstall.

Alexander McFarlane, aged 56, residing at 59 Bell street, Airdrie, N. B., who for the last twenty years has followed the employment of a miner, fell ill and became incapable of work some five weeks ago. The man states that he applied for relief to one or more doctors, one of them being Dr. Montgomery Alston of Airdrie. He was given to understand that he had suffered a strain—that one of the sinews of the heart was weakened, apparently, and that he must avoid any hard work. Under these circumstances he visited Holywell, and bathed three or four times, with the result that he finds himself, as he declares, freed from the trouble and weakness that he complained of.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

There are a fair number of good Catholic novelists who write in the English language. Catholics are, it appears, even better supplied in Germany. A resolution passed at the Crefeld Congress states that the more recent Catholic literature is so fertile in brilliant romances and novels that Catholics who require such reading have no need to have recourse to the literature brought out by their opponents. At the same time the delegates at Crefeld candidly acknowledge that in the art of the effective publication of periodicals German Catholics have yet something to learn from non-Catholics. And they wisely urge Catholic publishers to make their productions equal to those of non-Catholics in get-up, as "the principle that the Catholic tendency or the religious views of a literary work are alone to determine its value, or that the Catholic flag is to cover deficiencies cannot be approved of." This is really the best way to encourage Catholic literature—to tell Catholic authors and publishers that they will receive ample support, but only on condition that their works are not inferior to those of non-Catholics.—L'pool Cath. Times.

A CHALICE MADE OF WATCH CASES.

Among a number of gifts recently received at the Jesuit novitiate, Frederick, Md., is a chalice made of watch cases. It is not the custom for the Jesuits to wear gold or jewelry of any kind, hence for years past the young men who entered the novitiate gave their gold watches to form a part of a chalice towards which it was their ambition to contribute. Several months ago the required amount of gold had been collected and the accumulated watch cases were melted and formed a chalice valued at \$1,000. It is a beautiful and massive piece of work. The bowl is of solid gold, cast in an original mould, and the base is of solid silver, very heavily plated.—Exchange.