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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1898.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We heartily recommend to those who are familiar with the French language the article in last week's MANITOBA, entitled "La question scolaire." It reveals a master's hand and incidentally, with perfect politeness, brushes aside Mr. Bourassa's fiction.

It was a happy inspiration to give the General Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for September in this form: "For all that labor and are burdened." In fact Labor Day occurs on the first Monday of September, and it was an excellent idea to catholicize and baptize this secular holiday. The anti-Catholic world began by abolishing Catholic feasts of obligation on the plea that they were a loss of time, and now it finds itself obliged to institute any number of holidays to give the laborer a rest. Thus do her enemies justify the Church. The true spirit of Christianity—in a word, Catholicism—alone can sanctify labor. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the best rest for wearied human souls and bodies.

Hobson, the Santiago harbor hero, in the lecture he is giving all over the States, says he never will forget the manly and defiant air with which Charette, his French Canadian fellow-hero, replied to the questions of the Spanish military judges before whom the small band of captured heroes stood in danger of instant execution. One of the judges spoke to Charette because he was the only one of the prisoners that could speak French—Spanish being an unknown tongue to Hobson and his men—and asked him what was their motive in sinking the Merrimac. Charette threw back his head and said boldly: "It is not the custom in the American Navy for sailors to inquire into the motives of their commanders; their practice is to obey." Charette, who, by the way, is the only one of his men whose name Hobson mentions, is evidently worthy of his great military name made illustrious by the Vendean chieftain and the General of the Pontifical Zouaves. The fact that a well-

ordered navy is the finest natural school of obedience accounts for the great number of naval heroes. After the supernatural obedience of the Catholic Church this merely human obedience is the noblest and most prolific of natural virtues.

Is it quite refreshing to see how L'ECHO DU MANITOBA, a Winnipeg Liberal organ, shows up Mr. Joseph Martin through two columns and a half of damning facts. The originator of the "rank tyranny" in school matters which he afterwards condemned is branded as a selfish, ambitious and vindictive traitor against whom the whole Liberal party, especially the British Columbia cabinet, is invited to stand on guard.

The Quebec VERITÉ of the 13th inst., replying to the charge of exaggeration, defends its policy for the past seventeen years and maintains, with unanswerable proofs, that it has always held to the golden mean. Unprejudiced minds will endorse that splendid article. Mr. Tardivel is by far the noblest and most capable journalist Canada has ever produced. He combines two apparently contrary qualities, an absolute and defiant independence of illegitimate authority with the most perfect obedience to those who have a right to direct him. His style is clear and terse, his humor bright, his wit refined, his intellect keen and logical, his heart tender as a woman's, his will indomitably wedded to the truth and the right. "Il est droit comme l'épée du roi."

We greatly admired the vigorous and eloquent protest against the Ruthven scandal in last week's ECHO DU MANITOBA. It breathes all a chivalrous Frenchman's indignation at the public toleration of slanderous lewdness. One sees that the writer cannot even understand the frame of the Protestant mind granting liberty to licentious calumny, that he fondly imagines liberty is only intended to favor truth and righteousness. He forgets the origin of the Reformation. One of the best proofs that Shakespeare was untainted by its spirit is his horror of slander.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis [something, nothing;] 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to [thousands;] But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

"Our Lady of the Sunshine" is a midsummer annual published by George N. Morang of Toronto. The engravings are, some of them especially, quite good. Lady Aberdeen contributes a labored allegory in which Her Gracious Majesty is the central figure. There are stories and poems in abundance, among the latter a sonnet in French by Fréchet in which there is not much sense. The best things in the sixty quarto pages of reading matter are "The Habitant's Summer" in which Dr. Drummond still works with rare felicity the mine he himself discovered; "A Northern River," in which W. Wilfrid Campbell reminds us, but with original variations and technical "wimpling music," of Tennyson on The Brook; and "Our Lady of the Sun," a lilting lay in which L. V. Bagnall answers Kipling's "Our Lady of

the Snows," but without the faintest idea of the Catholic meaning of that title which Kipling fully realized. Curiously enough, not a word in this entire Annual, intended though it is for a reply to Kipling, shows that any of the writers is aware that "Our Lady of the Snows" means primarily the Blessed Virgin.

A BURNING SHAME.

The filthy scoundrel who goes by the name of Ruthven will carry off a pile of dollars as the result of his invasion of Winnipeg. It is sad to think that such a malignant wretch can come into the metropolis of Manitoba and attract audiences of men and women who are willing to pay for the privilege of listening to the awful lies and the gross obscenity of which his lectures are composed.

When he is on the platform the place of meeting is for the time converted into a very sink of corruption and impurity, and yet this profligate jester who chatters and gibes in a way that should be a horror and disgust to everyone within sight and hearing is not only listened to by hundreds but is actually applauded and encouraged by laughter and cheers and by substantial pecuniary remuneration to go in on his horrible career.

His coming here was an insult to the respectable citizens of Winnipeg and the patronage he has received will forever remain a foul blot on the fair name of our city. The fact, too, that he should go unpunished after his beastly opening lecture delivered on a Sunday afternoon, which he closed with one of the dirtiest yarns it ever entered into the mind of man to conceive, shows that there is something radically wrong either with our laws or with their administration. We never before thought it possible that anything of the kind could take place in this city and we venture to say that should any travelling minstrel show or theatrical troupe visiting here ever perpetrate anything one hundredth part as vile as the mildest of Ruthven's Sunday afternoon obscenities the authorities would find a law to justify them in interfering and would feel it necessary in the interests of public decency to make an example of the offenders.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The voting on the Prohibition question has been set for the latter end of September and those who style themselves "The Temperance people", but who are often the most intemperate, in many respects, of any class of citizens, are making energetic preparations for the event which they dub "this great crisis in our country's history." "Intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity" they are almost mightily making speeches, passing resolutions, forming committees, and in one way or another enjoying themselves in the way peculiar to their kind, and all the while it is certain that comparatively few of them are really in earnest or believe that prohibitory legislation will ever appear on the statute books of the Dominion. We have no faith at all in the sincerity of a

large proportion of this hysterical brotherhood, and it is not many months ago that some of the most prominent amongst them in this city gave a striking proof that their "principles," as they so glibly call them, are not even skin deep but can be cast aside like an out-of-date garment when they clash with the political pretilities. We refer, of course, to the last Dominion election held in Winnipeg when we were treated to the most interesting and truly edifying spectacle of a large number of the leaders actively campaigning on purely party grounds against the regularly nominated Prohibition candidate.

There are, of course, many honest workers to be found in the "temperance" ranks—men who really mean all they say and who would make almost any personal sacrifice to promote the interests of the cause they advocate; and however much we may disapprove of their methods and the intolerant spirit they manifest regarding those who do not see eye to eye with them, we must at least give them credit for the sincerity of their motives. The worst that can be said of them is that like children crying for the moon they are asking for and will not be contented with anything less than the impossible, they aim too high and so overshoot the mark they desire to reach. They are not practical in their demands, and in trying to force their pet theories on an unwilling people they are wasting valuable time which might be put to much better use. They never will and never can get prohibition; but they could, if they went about it right, get wide legislation which would regulate and control the liquor traffic; and just so long as they refuse to recognize this they will remain the sport of politicians and accomplish nothing.

In marked contrast to the activity in the "temperance" ranks is the apparent apathy amongst those who would have most to lose should Prohibitory legislation be enacted and who might, therefore, be expected to fear the result of the coming Plebiscite. So far as we have observed the Liquor men have taken no steps towards putting their case before the voters and they plainly either attack very little importance to the vote, or are confident that there is no necessity for any exertion on their part to secure a satisfactory result. Being shrewd business men it is altogether likely that they have sized up the situation much more accurately than have the cold water advocates, and they realize that they have very little cause for alarm over the present agitation. They know perfectly well that the Government has given no pledge that a vote in favor of the measure will be followed by Prohibitory legislation and they have perfect confidence that between a successful vote and the passage of the necessary act of Parliament a deep gulf will be found fixed which the politicians will find many plausible excuses for not bridging over. They are, therefore, not worrying over the matter, and it is altogether likely they will wisely refrain from wasting any powder and shot in this preliminary skirmish.

CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

In the August DONAHOE's the editor, Mr. Henry Austin Adams, a convert from Anglicanism of the most gentlemanly type, has these weighty remarks:—

Out of five young men to whom I have talked lately about their going to college in September four are determined to go to non-Catholic institutions, and the other is undecided. Three of these youngsters I know to be good, practical Catholics, and the other I believe, would resent any question of their devotion.

What, then, is the matter? The contemptible worldly pride of their parents—that is the whole of it. These ignorant apes imagine that Micky and Pat will mingle with "better people" at Yale. It is incredible that they really believe that our Catholic colleges cannot furnish sufficiently advanced education. No! they know nothing about this end of it. At Yale the boys may see young Vanderbilt across the campus. Bliss! And they can in after years casually refer to "my chum, Dick Astor don't y' know." They can learn to play golf and to look like Englishmen [now the United States idea of a "gentleman."] I have nothing against our great universities; but I certainly have nothing against those greater colleges, where, in addition to a scientific and classical education second to none, a young man shall be taught the Catholic philosophy of life and of all things.

I maintain, as an absolutely impregnable principle, that, save for some most weighty cause, no Catholic can send his child to these anti-Catholic schools without violating morality and common sense. I understand that at Harvard and Yale the Catholics are now so numerous that they wield an appreciable influence for good. God grant it! But when my son wants missionary work I think I shall give him something easier than trying to Christianize mental and moral mugwumps.

BELGIAN SETTLERS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Mr. D. Frean de Coeli, Canadian Government Agent to Belgium, whom we mentioned as visiting Regina last week, had come down from Edmonton district. He was highly pleased with that part of the Northwest, finding that the crops promise abundant returns. Mr. de Coeli also visited some Belgian families at Duck Lake. He states that nowhere did he see such abundance of hay. Driving over the county with Father Paquet, the horse literally waded through the hay, which averaged in length four feet or more. The principal object of this gentleman's visit to the west was to obtain at first hand from the Belgian families settled in the country accounts of their progress and to see what prospects they have for the future. Every one whom he met was well pleased with the country and all expressed themselves in enthusiastic terms. A few who had not succeeded as well as anticipated blamed their inexperience, and said that the country was all they could wish for. A visit to the Industrial School Mr. de Coeli was much impressed by and became convinced that