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"FOOL FURY."

The Montreal Witness, discussing what it calls the "Fool Fury" in Montreal, says: "With the brutalities of many English papers, and the hysteria of the 'Patrie' and the 'Evénement,' one would think that we Canadians were going to do what Dr. Watts tells us would be a shameful sight, namely, for children of one family to fall out and chide and fight. Yet we are convinced that all but the fools of both populations deplore exceedingly everything that has been said or done to accentuate differences of race feeling." The Witness continues: "The origin of the evil is, we suppose, understood by all. Ever since Sir Wilfrid Laurier achieved triumphs by his imperial policy, a policy in which he was much stronger because he was a French-Canadian, his jealous opponents started a deliberate policy of slander. Every expression of good-will towards Sir Wilfrid that came from England evened them more, and they set themselves to arousing race spite among the English-speaking people of the Dominion against a French-Canadian premier whom, without a vestige or shadow of excuse, they denounced as disloyal. A more treasonable course than this to arouse the more numerous race against the minority, a minority whose position in the Empire was to say the least a delicate one, could not have been devised. Yet it was deliberately planned and persistently followed for two years. There is no string in the human mechanism more easily played upon than race prejudice, and the success of this gratuitously wicked propaganda has been great. Most men are as easily led as sheep, and we meet at every corner the men who are bleating to the piping of these party journals. It was possible to go further than this. It was, of course, still an easier thing under the circumstances to raise an answering cry of anti-British feeling among the French, on which to practise in like manner, and their success in doing so has been growing more apparent in the columns of the French press. The strangest sight of all has been the two organs of one party going out in French and English from one printing office in Montreal, the English voice keeping up an active bombardment of anti-French shot and shell, and the other pouring forth anti-British sentiment in the intangible but unconcealed form of trumpet headlines. The result has been what might naturally have been looked for. An insignificant bit of students' play has resounded through the country as though the two races were already at war. The one thing for good Canadians to do is to frown down all such dangerous taunts and slanders, in such a way that they will at once cease."

THE "POOR OUTLANDERS."

The morning paper here administers a scathing rebuke or rather verbal castigation to John Hays Hammond, an American engineer, who was employed by the gold and diamond gamblers

in South Africa, and who, as a member of the Jameson raid, forfeited his life to the Boer republic. This man, did much to prejudice public opinion against the Boers, initially; but he has been so completely discredited that the Post advises him, if he has any decency left, and is not working his mouth for the pay of the pawn-brokers' syndicate, to retire before the public is utterly disgusted with him. Hammond painted a picture of the Outlanders that was purely ideal. No doubt, there were excellent men among them, but he did not portray a certain class which the London Mail has given to the world. This is a rather long extract from the British paper, but I think it will be read with interest and profit. The Mail says:

There landed yesterday at Southampton from the transport Cheshire over 600 so-called refugees, their passages having been paid out of the Lord Mayor's Fund. Upon the unanimous testimony of the ship's officers, there were scarcely a hundred of them that deserved such help, and these were the Englishmen of the party. The rest were Jews. The ship seemed alive with them.

There were Russian Jews, Polish Jews, German Jews, Peruvian Jews; all kinds of Jews. They fought and jostled for the foremost places at the gangways; they rushed and pushed and struggled into the troopshed, where the Mayor of Southampton, at the request of the Lord Mayor of London and aided by a deputation from the London Jewish Board of Guardians, had provided free refreshments. They had breakfasted well enough on board, but they rushed as though starved at the food. They brushed the attendants on one side, they jostled and upset the weak, they spilled the coffee on the ground in wanton waste, and crammed the food into their mouths with both hands at once. They fought for places in the train. The carriages were filled with cursing and swearing men; the women and the children were left to take their chance unaided. Many were left behind.

Then, incredible as it may seem, the moment they were in the carriages they began to gamble. They played all manner of games at cards, staking sovereigns on a single card. These were the penniless refugees; and when the Relief Committee passed by they hid their gold and fawned and whined and in broken English asked for money for their train fare.

When the train had gone and the ship's officers had time to speak, they told a remarkable tale to the representative of the Daily Mail, which sounded like a story from the pages of romance. "When we left Cape Town," said one, "there were hundreds of English people utterly destitute and all but starving, who went to the offices of the Lord Mayor's Fund and begged and implored to be allowed to sail. But nobody would listen to them. The only reason that we can think of is that the people at Cape Town were anxious to get rid of those we brought. All that the refugees were required to do, as they were taken free of

charge, was to keep the troop decks and the mess utensils clean. This they flatly refused to do. Things became so threatening we had to arm. We had nothing on board but a few revolvers belonging to the captain, but these were useless, as we had not a cartridge between us, so we manufactured life-preservers. We had to insist upon discipline and could only reduce the Jews to order by putting the worst into irons and making it clearly understood that if any attack was made on us the aggressor would be hanged immediately at the yard-arm. All the way home they fought and wrangled among themselves. They gambled incessantly and hundreds of pounds were lost and won and yet these people were supposed to be penniless. Why, we know for a fact that thousands of pounds were deposited with the captain for safety."

This carries its own comment. And for such as these, and their masters, England is pouring out her blood and treasure against the heroic Dutchmen in South Africa. Meanwhile, Lord Curzon states that, with the money thus ignominiously squandered, he could, by irrigation works, save the Hindoos from famine, whose victims, by latest report number 50,000,000. Not long ago, when Leiter's daughter married Lord Curzon, fashionable society people in the United States were dazzled and envious of her fortune; but Lord Curzon, by self-confession, is among the most miserable of men, not because he married a millionaire American's daughter, but because of his frightful environment. He writes:

"I am here as one who lives and moves and breathes in a house of death, only it is not the peaceful house of those who have gained surcease from sorrow in the repose of actual death. It is the dead living which are about me whichever way I turn: hollow eyes that see; fleshless bodies that move and feel; these are before me night and day, until I would to God I might flee the sight. Surely the time has come when the eyes of England should be opened."

JAMES R. RANDALL, in Catholic Columbian.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT MAFeking CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Reuter correspondent at Mafeking, South Africa, describes the desperate sortie made from there on December 26 and prefaces his account with the manner in which Christmas Day was spent:

The Roman Catholics had arranged to follow the old custom of celebrating Mass at midnight. It was close on that hour when I wended my way toward the convent. The whole town was enveloped in Stygian darkness, and I could only find my road by the aid of flashes of sheet lightning reflected from an oncoming storm. The convent has suffered severely from the shell fire of the enemy. As I passed through the ruined portico and shattered pillars I entered the great empty building, pierced in half a dozen places by the shells of the enemy. Through these holes the wind sighed mournfully. At the far end of the room six great tapers

gleamed through the darkness. The windows had been covered with the veils of the nuns, lest the enemy seeing the light should be tempted to open fire. Around the altar the black robed figures of the kneeling sisters contrasted strangely with the white silken vestments of the priest. Behind the nuns was a motley group, mostly of men. Many of us were booted and spurred, and if one had looked into the passage outside the chapel he might have found the rifles and bandoliers of the worshippers, ready for use at any moment. The Mass began with the "Adeste Fideles," and the grand old Christian hymn echoed through the ruined convent. At the chapel door a group of Cape policemen was gathered, wondering and not quite understanding what it all meant. Vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the room, piercing the veiling of the windows; hailstones rattled on the roof, and gusts of wind, rushing through the passages, made the tapers flicker, till total darkness was threatened. A few who had the opportunity made confession and were communicated. Then the priest gave us his blessing and we went out into the early morning of Christmas Day.

DR. MIVART'S FALL.

Although Dr. Mivart has posed for years past as an authority in Catholic theology, he has never been recognized as such by Catholic teachers and writers. As a scientist in his particular line, biology, his opinions have always been considered of high weight and value, and received accordingly. But as a theologian, he has never been recognized as an authority at all, and he has now certainly justified the low estimate in which he has been held as such by persons who knew his limitations and lack of theological training and knowledge. Compared with Dollinger and Lammenais, to whose fall his own lapse has been likened, he is a very tyro in theological acquirements, and all the world knows what utterly insensible effect the fall of those men had upon the bulwarks of Catholic faith and truth.—Catholic Columbian.

ST. PIE—LETELLIER.

The roads have been fairly good lately, consequently many teams have been hauling wood from beyond Stuartburn. At the two or three camps there, some nights there are more than fifty teams. Of course it is a long way to fetch the wood, but you can buy big loads of dry wood for \$1, so it pays, even though you are three days getting it.

Some wheat is being hauled to the elevators to take advantage of sleighing; we are always expecting the local roads to give out, but after a mild day a little snow generally manages to put in an appearance. We have been blessed with blizzards of late, but they do not last more than a day at a time this year. However, what seems likely to be a bad one is blowing up now. The Carnival days passed over very quietly, still the young people managed to have a little fun.

ITEMS FROM THIS MORNING'S FREE PRESS.

The display of the Northern lights early this morning was probably the finest that has occurred during the winter. Not only was the northern sky beautifully illuminated, but the entire heavens were at times spanned with belts and wreaths of the everchanging coruscations. According to tradition such displays forecast a change of weather.

As during the Lenten season the musical services of the Catholic church are confined to plain chant, the choir of St. Mary's church have commenced rehearsing a new mass for Easter Sunday. It is also the intention of this choir to give a sacred concert in the church on Easter Monday, at which several of our local vocalists will assist, and a number of choruses will be sung by the choir, which will be augmented for the occasion.

During the offertory at St. Mary's church on Sunday evening Miss Mabel Holroyde, the contralto soloist of the church, sang a solo with much taste and expression.

ST. BONIFACE NORMAL.

INSPECTOR YOUNG REMEMBERED BY TEACHERS AT CLOSE OF THE TERM.

The normal session for third class teachers, held in St. Boniface, under the direction of Insp. A. L. Young, was brought to a successful termination yesterday.

Before the students separated for their respective homes throughout the province, Miss Alphonsine Samson, on behalf of the class, presented Mr. Young with an address, accompanied by a very pretty ink-stand.

The presentation was altogether unexpected by Mr. Young, and he was deeply moved by the kindly sentiments expressed in the address. In making a brief reply, he thanked the students for their expression of good will, and spoke of the kind manner in which he had been treated by all the residents of St. Boniface with whom he had come in contact.—Free Press, March 10.

Sleepless Nights, caused by a persistent rasping cough. Pyn-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Waghorn's Guide for March reached us on the 6th inst. The Time Tables, Steamship Sailings, Stage Routes, Post Offices &c., are all up-to-date. Among the new features of the Guide are the Barristers' lists of N.W.T. and Western Ontario and a new City Map, showing Electric Car lines, and Cab limits. The latter will be found very useful to strangers visiting Winnipeg.

A great builder.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.