

The Northwest Review

178 PRINCESS STREET. EVERY WEDNESDAY BY E. J. DERMODY & CO.

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NOTICE. The editor will always gladly receive (1) Articles on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political if not of a party character.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER. ST. BONIFACE, May 16th, 1893.

DEAR SIR, I see by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been instructed by the directors of the journal with the management of the same, "the company for the present, retaining charge of the editorial columns."

I need not tell you that I take a deep interest in the Northwest Review which is the only English Catholic paper published within the limits of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

I therefore strongly recommend to all Catholics under my jurisdiction to give a liberal support to the Northwest Review. It has fully my approval, though, of course, I cannot be responsible for every word contained in it.

I therefore consider that you enter a good work and I pray to God that He will bless you in its accomplishment.

Yours and in Christ, ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE, O. M. I.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Labor has added nothing to its moral support or the good opinion it should deserve of the country at large by the proceedings of the late convention in Philadelphia.

A recent dispatch states that the Dead Sea is to be navigated. Its salt, bitumen and sulphur are to be made marketable.

An exchange says the Catholic Church commands her people to believe everything she pleases. You are right, but it can never please the Catholic Church to command her people to believe anything which Christ has not commanded her to teach them.

General Grant, it appears from his memoirs, was once inveigled into attending a Know-Nothing lodge at Galena, but the shameful sentiments and proscription principles which he heard advocated there so disgusted him that he never attended another meeting.

Our national harlequin, the erratic "Bishop" Cox(e) says, "I shall speak for America as Bossu spoke for France." A scullion boy once personated a King of England, and even incited a revolt, and Newspaper Carrier Prendergast thought that Carter Harrison ought to appoint him corporation counsel for the city of Chicago.

The great assemblages which knelt before Leo XIII. the other day, formed of Italian pilgrims to the Holy See, and representative of the honest, the loyal and the true in Italy, recall to us the words of that great Catholic orator, patriot, and scholar, the Comte de Montalembert, to Cavour, the Cory-Phaeus of the depraved crew which began the assault on the rights of Pius IX.

"We have lost our influence," exclaims a minister, "and where is the remedy." Yes, where is the remedy? If ministers have no influence with the people what good will their exertions do? Who will pay the necessary attention to their warnings? If they have lost their influence with the people in general, who

will hearken to their voice? Catholic clergy have not lost their influence. They could not, they cannot lose it, because they give guarantees for its proper employment, such as wholly transcend any given by the minister. Guarantees that satisfy the heart, the highest, the most complete that can be given by man to man.

At the meeting of the "Ministers' Alliance" of Kansas City, Mo., on Monday, the 27th, one of the most unreasoning bigots in the community is reported as follows in the next morning's papers:—"Rev. J. Z. Armstrong said: 'The world is not growing better. The home is disintegrating. From twenty-five to seventy-five divorces are granted by the courts of this country every three months.'"

And yet this curiosity in fanatical bigotry continuously slanders the only Church that takes men and women to a plane of Christian morality where divorce is unknown—the Catholic Church. How bigotry must unbalance the human mind.

THE KANSAS CITY CATHOLIC says that one of its contemporaries remarks:—"The fact that three persons have committed suicide at Kansas City during the last week by drinking carbolic acid would seem to stamp that as a favorite method of shutting off the mortal coil. Observing men have argued that the mania for suicide, like other mental diseases, is largely governed by external conditions. June is universally agreed upon as the most prolific month in the year for suicide."

Sin, then, is a "mental disease," not an avoidable fault of the will, and of course man would then not be accountable for sin, and is justice could fix no penalty for it. This is the logic of those neo-Heathens. Most comforting to the wrecker and burglar. This Protestant-Heathenism, as contra-distinguished from Protestant Christianity, has deprived the world of the realization of sin. Non-Catholic lands that once were Christian appear to be drifting—to have almost drifted—back to the Heathen state that Christ came to rescue the world from when He established His Church in which He promised that the Holy Ghost would reside for all time to "convince the world of sin," i. e., to teach the world to discriminate sin, and to strengthen them, through the Sacraments, that they might avoid sin. In proportion as men fall away from that Church in which the Holy Ghost resides to "convince the world of sin," in that proportion men lose knowledge of what sin is. Suicide is sin, and is heinous because it is sin.

A THREADBARE SLANDER. It is astonishing the amount of ignorance displayed by some of our contemporaries of the Protestant press when speaking of the Catholic Church. Whenever these "smart Alicks" want to give utterance to a foul slander on the Church, they generally lie themselves off to Belgium or some other remote place to locate their slander. The Northwest Baptist, of Winnipeg, in its issue of the 1st December, has the following example of what we complain of:—"A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that 'bad book' pointing to the Bible. 'Mr. Priest,' she replied, 'a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such good fruit?'"

What fools the readers of the Northwest Baptist must be, if they can digest this unhistoric and miserable slander. Pray, Mr. Baptist, tell us from whom you received that "bad book" the Bible. Are your readers so ignorant of history as to believe that the grand old Church that preserved for you the Bible, and gave it to you consecrated by the labors and the watchful care of the Fathers of the Church for centuries, could speak of it as a "bad book?" If they be thus ignorant of the history of the preservation of the Bible during the long centuries before Protestantism was known, then, indeed, we pity the ignorance to which Protestant slander has debased them. Does the Baptist really think that the propagation of such lies against the Church is necessary to the manufacture of a healthy Christian sentiment? Is it necessary in the interests of Baptist principles and practices to lie about a Church that numbers among its members by far the greater majority of professing Christians? Why, sir Baptist, the Catholic Church holds the Bible in greater reverence than any of the sects of Protestantism. Were it not for the authority of the Catholic Church how could you, Mr. Baptist, tell that what you call the Bible is the Bible? It existed, and was reverently preserved by the Church long before your insignificant sect was known as a minor force in Christianity. And yet you have the impudence to go over to Belgium and import this miserable slander for the delight and information of your readers, who, you must suppose, are as ignorant as yourself. Oh! shame, shame!

Feeble and capricious appetites are best regulated by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They do not debilitate, by excessive stimulation; but cause the stomach, liver, and bowels to perform their functions properly. As an after-dinner pill, they are unequalled.

There are some people who cannot pay a past debt without acting as if they were conferring a favor.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

Why should the Protestant Church in Ireland be called "The Church of Ireland?" The Disestablishment Act of Mr. Gladstone took away from that pretentious body the last vestige of the usurped claim whereby it had so long lorded it over the only true Irish Church. The legal title has gone, and no one can say that any moral right to represent Ireland ever resided in the Protestant body. We expect to find the public opinion of the country taking note of these facts, and refraining from a designation which is unfair. It is this perpetual glance askance at facts in Ireland which renders the English rule so unjust. It is not surprising to hear a new version of history from the Church Times in support of the minority Church being that of Ireland, and to justify its claims this web of fable is put forth:—"The Church of Ireland knew nothing of Rome from St. Patrick till the middle of the tenth century. The Danes being settled in Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford, were afterwards converted to Christianity, but as they claimed affinity with the Normans, they got their Bishops from Canterbury. Lanfranc and Anselm were partisans of Rome, and were thus the first to gain a footing in Ireland for the Papal pretensions."

The adviser in chief who rules the Anglican Church in a somewhat effectual way from behind a curtain, invents neither wisely nor well, and the humor of such remarks as that with regard to the Danes is only calculated to provoke a smile. But as this kind of thing goes on, we ought to be convinced that we need for the information of the people good sound handbooks on special points of ancient Church history.

"IT MADE HIM MAD." Under the above heading, our contemporary, the Colorado Catholic has the following:—"The echoes from the World's Fair are beginning to come back to us. One of them comes from the bleak Northwest, where some of our Methodist brethren have been assembling. At their recent gathering in Minneapolis Bishop Fowler was sad in spirit and heavy in heart, and in a voice pitched in the key of lamentations bewailed the saddening fact that the 'Romsish' church stands today where it never stood before, as a result of the recognition given it at the World's Fair. We fear that the good Bishop's mental vision is somewhat awry, so that he does not see things in their proper relations, and that his historical perspective is likewise faulty. The recognition given at the World's Fair to what Bishop Fowler peevishly calls the 'Romsish' church has not in the slightest affected that ancient and mighty institution. The World's Fair did indeed open the eyes of thousands to the strength of the Catholic Church, and the mighty work she had accomplished, and was daily accomplishing without any ado over the matter; it brought knowledge to many who before had been without the opportunity to learn; it shed light and truth upon the minds of many who had been mistaken; it removed error from the minds of thousands who knew that Church only through her enemies, and it brought sorrow and dismay to the hearts of those who, though their prejudice was proof against removal, could not shut their eyes to what towered before them. But these things in no way affect the immutable Church. She stands very much where she always stood; but thousands upon thousands of honest, fair-minded American citizens have learned much about her of which they before knew nothing, and they stand to-day where they never stood before, in an attitude of respect born of knowledge. But if the worthy Bishop means that in compelling the respect of all whose mental vision had not been incurably distorted by prejudice, the Catholic Church 'stands to-day where it never stood before,' he convicts himself of dense ignorance of the history of that Church and of the human race since Christianity was founded. For sixteen centuries she directed the march of humanity in its progress from barbarism to civilization. She saved the world from the degradation and bondage of Islam, fought its battles, and led its onward march, and reached a point of splendor and glory that has commanded the awe-struck admiration of even her uncompromising opponents. Does the good Bishop realize that he is speaking of the same Church of which Macaulay wrote:—"No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Panteion, when cameloparis and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. . . . She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca."

This Church is not a thing of yesterday that stands courtier recognition from the world about her. She was the inspiration of the heroic voyager whom the World's Fair was designed to honor, and if she came forward at the anniversary celebration it was not as an humble suppliant for recognition from any man or set of men, but she came magnificently and proudly to do honor to her son and held herself aloft with a proud consciousness of stability and grandeur. And when good Bishop Fowler raves against her, from her towering heights she looks down and smiles benignly.

Who Can Dispute It? Barry's Corners, N.S., Feb. 15, 1890. W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

Dear sir,—Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are the best selling pill in the market. This is a fact. I speak with knowledge on the subject, as I have been dealing in various kinds of Pills, and sell more of Morse's than any other.

If any one does not believe this, I ask him to write any of my customers about it, or, better still, I ask him to try a box and see if he will then use any other. I hope I may always have them.

Yours gratefully, H. M. G. BARRY.

GENERAL NEWS.

Two 15-year-old girls have passed the entrance examination to Yale College.

The public and private indebtedness of the world is estimated to be \$100,000,000,000.

The Boston Pilot says there are at least 40,000 persons out of work in that city.

Mgr. Satolli says there is no truth in the report that he is to be made a Cardinal.

Of 181 persons employed by the City of Hamilton, 165 are Protestants and 11 Catholic.

Rev. Thomas J. Power, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, is dead. He was sixty-three years of age, and was ordained in 1854.

John E. Redmond, the Parnellite leader, believes the outlook for Irish Home Rule is darker now than at any time within the last ten years. Let us hope Mr. Redmond's view is a mistaken one. It would be too bad if Ireland's clouds should gather again just as they seemed breaking to let the sun of liberty shine full upon her.

During the fiscal year 19 banks were organized in thirty-two States and Territories with a capital stock of \$11,230,000. Within the same period 158 banks suspended, with a capital stock of \$30,300,000. Of this number 86, with a capital stock of \$18,205,000, resumed, and 65 passed into the hands of receivers, with a capital stock of \$10,855,000. At the close of the year seven remained in the hands of examiners pending resumption.

It is estimated that the number of unemployed men in Chicago is nearly 117,000, and so great has their suffering become that the Illinois Conference of Charities and Corrections at a special meeting yesterday appointed a committee of 100 representatives to at once proceed to raise a charity fund of \$1,000,000 for the relief of the most pressing wants of the worthy and deserving.

An old clock owned by a farmer named Peter Sherman of Yarkin County, N. C., was years ago set aside as worthless. It has not been known to run or strike until quite recently, when, to the great surprise of the family, it struck twice, and just two weeks from that a member of the family died. A few months later it struck twice again, and in two weeks another member of the family died. Shortly afterwards it struck twice again, and in two weeks the third member of the family passed away. The neighbors are alarmed and cannot solve the mystery. The story is told by one of Yarkin's best citizens, who vouches for its truthfulness.

England is to have a central seminary for Catholics making their theological studies. The scheme drawn up by Cardinal Vaughan, with the co-operation of the Bishops of Birmingham, Newport, Northampton, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the late Bishop of Clifton, for the establishment near Birmingham of a seminary where students of the different dioceses in training for the priesthood will be drawn together for their teaching in theology, instead of being scattered through different small seminaries, the sanction of the Pope, as well as of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. The Tablet publishes a letter from the Pope on the subject, addressed to the Cardinal-Archbishop. His Holiness says the proposed seminary will give students the advantage of the experience, method, and teaching of professors enjoying high reputations; that it will also promote progress among themselves by mutual emulation no less than by friendly advice and assistance.

The disgraceful scenes witnessed in New York on the streets, at the theatres and in the police courts after the great football game between Princeton and Yale do but little credit to those great institutions. Rowdiness and drunkenness, if not on their curriculum, appear to be the natural products of their training. Gambling, it is stated, played a large part in the game and it has even been hinted that the game was sold before it began. With such a lesson before their eyes Catholics will learn to appreciate at their full value the advantages of Catholic schools and colleges.

The execution of John Armstrong for the murder of French Sharp, last April, was successfully carried out last Wednesday afternoon, at Athens, Tenn. The criminal had been suffering from an abscess on the leg, and was unable to stand on it, and had to be held up while the noose was adjusted round his neck. The condemned man made a full confession to the sheriff the night before his execution, and expressed his contrition for the crime. He also admitted his crime on the gallows. He said he was ready to die, and would go to heaven. A large and boisterous crowd was in the town, and crowded around the jail, embittering the last moments of the unfortunate man.

The exports of Great Britain to Canada declined 26 per cent during November, but increased 19 per cent during the eleven months of the year. The imports from Canada decreased 13 per cent for November, and for eleven months the imports of corn decreased from \$118,000 to \$28,000; wheat and flour from \$2,000,000 to \$1,400,000; wheat from \$3,500,000 to \$2.8,000,000. The great coal strike in England is answered in a great measure for John Bull's diminished consumption of Canadian products, and the country has been largely dependent for bread on a low-class and very cheap quality of Russian wheat.

A curious example of the difference between law and justice comes from Omaha, Neb. In the Federal court in Omaha, held last week, Charles Mosher, late president of the Capital National Bank of Lincoln, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for stealing \$1,000,000 of the bank's funds. A. M. DeFrance, a South Dakota cowboy, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life for having stolen a single copper cent. Two months ago DeFrance rode into Chadron, Neb., and held up the mail carrier. His crime netted him one cent. He was caught and pleaded guilty. The statutes provide no less a penalty for his crime than life imprisonment.

COMMUNICATION.

St. Joseph's Friendly Union. To the Editor of the Northwest Review.

An effort is being made to revive St. Joseph's Friendly Union. This should meet the hearty co-operation of the Catholic people of this city, or of those, at least, of them who are capable of appreciating the good work which the society has laid out for itself to perform should it be given the necessary strength to do it. It is cowardly on the part of its members who appear to shirk their duties towards this society and wriggle out of squaring up their indebtedness because as they say, it has been allowed to become involved in debt. Its whole indebtedness don't amount to more than twenty-five or thirty dollars. Let every member deny himself just one cigar on one occasion only; hand the price of the cigar to the Treasurer of the Union and the liabilities will be met, with a surplus to start anew on. Or let them meet their moral obligations; pay up back dues and attend the meetings and the Union will be alive again and working full swing. This society must be kept going. It is the only Catholic society in Winnipeg which is calculated to further the spiritual interests of the young men of the city. Unless it is patronized by the more prominent and influential Catholics; unless a more lively interest is manifested on the part of those who know that no such society can live here without their co-operation, it will assuredly die. Its death would be a loss to this community; it would deprive them of the benefits of the library which was being built up by the union, slowly of course, but which in time would be all that the name implies, and of which we to-day stand sadly in need. St. Boniface, with a much smaller Catholic population, has its brass band, and a good one. If we want to celebrate any social event, we must send over the bridge for them, or employ some of the other church musicians. Yet Mr. O'Donohue tells us that those French Canadians of St. Boniface are priest-ridden, and consequently away behind the times; that the English speaking and enlightened Catholics of Winnipeg are a free emancipated people. If we are we have no reason to be proud of the result of such emancipation. The people of St. Boniface are by far and away ahead of us, and I would invite Mr. O'Donohue to come with me somewhere out of sight where we could weep in private over the backwardness of our social condition. Help us in another and final effort, Mr. Editor, to make the Union what it was originally intended to be, and you will be giving your aid to a most worthy cause.

Very respectfully yours, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. Winnipeg, Dec. 18th, 1893.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

American little girl to her mamma—What is a dead letter, please? Mamma—One that has been given to your father to post.

He—At what age were you married? Sue—At the parsonage.

Eton Salzer—Where are those oysters I ordered on half shell? Waiter—Don't get impatient, sab? we're drefle shot on stulls, but you're next.

Nibbs—I don't think "dental parlour" is a good phrase for a dentist's place. Fibbus—Why not? Nibbs—I think drawing room would be much better.

Hicks—Smiddle always speaks well of everybody. Wicks—Mere matter of habit. He worked at cutting out tombstone epitaphs for several years.

Husband (anxiously)—You should not carry your pocket-book in your hands. Wife (reassuringly)—Oh, it isn't at all heavy.

To borrow money is to borrow trouble, and some men find it a good deal of trouble to borrow money, too.

Jackson (in a restaurant)—This chicken of mine was kept too long after being killed. Currie—And the one I'm eating was kept too long before it was killed.

Mr. Vestry—I shall be busy this evening; we've just got rid of our minister, you know. Jack Ford—Had quite a fight, hadn't you? Mr. Vestry—Yes, he hung on like grm death, but, thank goodness, we've ousted him at last. Now I've got to go home and draw up the resolutions of regret at his leaving us.

A man went into a drug store, and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pugnacity. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist. "But don't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that has the headache."

Never tell all you know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than the truth.

Ayer's Pills, taken in doses of one, after dinner, admirably regulate the digestive and assimilatory organs. Buy them and try them.

When a public man has lost his grip he will not do much handshaking with his constituents.

People who have tried it, say that there is no better medicine for dyspepsia than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It may not give one the stomach of an ostrich, but it so strengthens the alimentary organs that digestion of ordinary food becomes easy and natural.

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a cheque than it does to get lynched.

NOT THE ONLY PLACE.

We take the following common sense paragraph from our ever welcome contemporary, The Pittsburgh Catholic:—"We have some Catholics who dearly love to hear the echoes of their own voice. They are more orthodox than the Pope, and they are never so contented as when they can find a willing ear and prize in religious matters. How grandly they admire such and such a bishop, or a priest, his zeal, fervor, etc., but is it not too bad—too bad, and here they roll their eyes portentously and gaze very owlishly at you. They really think that the only place where difficulties are to be found is in religion; in everything else it is plain sailing. If you go to the trouble to dissect these people, you will find them 'shallow and uneducated.' They are not as Catholic as they would have you believe. Difficulties in one's religion should strengthen faith, not weaken it. Only weak minds imagine they can explain everything, and conjure up bugaboos. The student all his life will tell you he really knows and understands very little of the commonest objects about him. The Catholic who claims to be a know-all in religious matters, and doubts a dogma of faith, is no longer a Catholic. Doubting, he has already lost his faith."