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THE SUNFLOWER.

Mark how the sunflower wows with pensive head
The gladd'ning smile of him whose garish light
Throws o'er the upheaved clouds a radiance bright
Of varied hues from his own lustre shed.
When in the morn his welcome beams are spread,
And Orient skies are with his glory dight
Thou greatest him, and winsome in his sight
With floral graces wouldst thy Helion wed.
Fair Hellanth! I hail with reverence due
Such constant love as thine. Sweet, wistful flower!
At eve thou droop'st low; yet soon the hour
Shall gladly dawn and thou shalt smile anew.
Happy our lot, if we, like thee, our gaze
From things of earth to heav'nly things would raise.
—Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M., in the Rosary.

SOLUTORE ZOLA.

From The Tablet.
Concerning the abjuration of the Grand Master of Freemasonry, M. l'Abbe Daurille writes from Rome as follows to the editor of La Verite: "I delight in connecting the date of the first day of a month consecrated to the Queen of Heaven with the account of a wonderful prodigy recently accomplished through her powerful intercession.

"The Catholic papers (for others have been as silent as possible on the subject) have announced the startling conversion of Solutore Zola, a Piedmontese engineer, well-known to the public as Grand Master, Grand Hierophant, Grand Sovereign Commander of Egyptian Masonry of the Scottish rite, of Misraim of Memphis, covered with diplomas of a multitude of lodges throughout the world, who, on April 18, made his abjuration at the hands of Mgr. Sallua, General Commissioner of the Holy Office. This solemn act has caused the greatest consternation amongst the leaders of the sect. But what is yet unknown is that this so consoling event has its origin in a most graceful act of goodness on the part of Mary. La Vera Roma has only a few words on the subject, the further details which I am enabled to give you were received by myself last night from the lips of him who was the object of it.

"About five years ago he purchased a property, where he nearly always resided, in the environs of Rome, close to the Church of the Madonna del Divin' Amore, which is held in such veneration by the people, but he had never entered that sanctuary. However, on October 27 last, seeing such crowds flocking in, he thought he must go and see what they were doing, but only smiled with pity at the sight.

"It would seem that the august Mother of God had decided to transform that smile of scorn into one of joy and gratitude. In order to effect this she summoned suffering to her aid. That same evening Solutore Zola had a bad fall and broke his foot in three places; the doctors who are not easily obtainable in the country, arrived too late. The foot had swollen and they were unable to reduce the fracture. Far from diminishing under their treatment, the swelling assumed enormous proportions and became quite black, added to which the pain was excruciating, at times quite unbearable. Long days went by in this terrible state, and the sufferer was often in despair. And so it continued till Christmas eve. His brother-in-law and other relations who had come from Rome to keep the day, insisted upon his joining in their usual midnight reveillon. With their help he dragged himself to table to please them, but quite overcome by suffering, was obliged to return to his bed.

"He fell asleep and had a dream: Some friends had brought a large, commodious open carriage, and had settled him carefully upon the cushions, and then they had all driven off to the Madonna del Divin' Amore. He remembered perfectly well having been there before. As he and his companions were looking about them, simply out of curiosity, they of majestic bearing though simple in her manner, clothed with a red dress under a blue mantle, and carrying her child in her arms, appeared to him against the wall facing him. She seemed to be in the wall, then issuing from it she glided along until she reached the altar, and from there spoke thus to him: "You came once before to see me, but you

did not pray to me, you even laughed at me. Pray to me to-day. Have you nothing to ask me? You are suffering from your foot. It is nothing; throw away your crutches and walk." He made the attempt, and walked without any difficulty, but said to himself in that reflective way which sometimes happens in a dream: "Yes, here it is all right enough, but how will it be out of doors?" The apparition did not impress him at all, he felt she was a mother, and it seemed quite natural. Wishing, however, to thank her for her goodness, he tried to remember some prayer—but there was a perfect blank in his memory concerning any act of piety. Unable to remember anything else, he said to her, "Dominus vobiscum." That was the end of his dream, and he slept until morning when his wife asked him what had been the matter with him and with whom had he been talking, for he had said, Dominus vobiscum, as though saluting some one. The word brought back to him his dream, and had a soothing influence upon him. He contented himself with saying to his wife, 'Light a candle before the Madonna,' for Madame Zola is a pious Catholic. She had in her room an image of Our Lady which her husband always respected.

This was the first sign of faith his wife had seen in him for forty years. The favor which he anticipated from the Queen of Heaven had called it forth from his heart. An unusual tingling in the foot seemed to have followed the dream, and had become a reality. The presentiment did not deceive him. He stood up, leaned with all his weight upon his foot without experiencing any pain. Then trembling with emotion he looked at it, and every sign of the injury had vanished. He was compelled to yield to evidence. He believed and was converted.

"Such is the miracle of this conversion. It is authenticated by the doctors who attended him, the neighbors who knew his state, by his relations who had come from Rome and seen him on the previous day. The cure of the parish of the Madonna del Divin' Amore being one of the first to hear of the event, wished to have a written account of it. M. Zola undertook it at once and gave it to him signed with his own hand, and sealed with his Masonic seal, for he had none other by him at the time.

"This is more than another tile removed from the roof of the temple wherein the sect conceals its mysteries; it is the keystone of the arch giving way and annihilating it by bringing to light its infamies. For in order to destroy the edifice it needs but to show what it is, viz., a vast office of satanization, prostitution, assassination; and Solutore Zola now contributes his revelations to those already made by others. Through him the destruction of the infernal work becomes complete. It is judged and condemned by its own mouth. Ex ORTU TUO JUDICIO—"Thy own works shall condemn thee." It is doomed through its own revelations, its own breath publicly destroys it.

"To extract these revelations from its own mouth and annihilate it without bloodshed, God in His mercy withdraws from its ranks some souls who have remained more accessible to grace by the inborn honesty which they have preserved. He has called them forth. VENI FORAS—"Come forth," he says every day to some of them, 'come forth and relate to thy fellow men the corruptions of that tomb, its stench, the work of death which it is preparing for them if they do not turn from it with horror.'

"Strange it is indeed that just as Freemasonry thought itself secure enough to appear in public life, it is obliged to again seek its hiding-places if it would escape universal disgust. It can only live by again disappearing into darkness. Darkness is the condition of its existence, so it instinctively seeks it. When, either through pride or to increase its power of evil-doing, it courts the summits of society, it is always enveloped in mystery, jealously guarding its doors, agreeing on watchwords so that no unknown person may pass the threshold, creating even its own special language to make its existence still more impenetrable.

"Like unto the owls, the light of day hurts its eyes, and it needs that of caves. This proves what its work is and what it would do to the world if the world were to fall into its power."

CLOSING EXERCISES

AT ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

Last Wednesday evening was a most interesting one for the Catholic friends of our college across the river. The distribution of Medals and Prizes to successful students was enlivened by two capital performances, "Scapin's Tricks," an English translation of Moliere's incomparable "Fourberies de Scapin," and the charming farcical opera "Le Malade Malgre lui." Long before eight o'clock the tastefully decorated hall was filled with a select and appreciative audience from Winnipeg and St. Boniface. Mr. Albert Betournay, M. A. (1885), one of the first graduates of St. Boniface college and one of the best musical artists in the country, volunteered his services for the piano overture and delighted all lovers of good music. Mr. Lucien Dubuc, who graduated at the head of the first class this year, delivered with natural dignity and quiet earnestness, a thoughtful valedictory. Then Father Drummond, before reading from the printed College annual the award of medals, announced that His Grace the Archbishop, while deeply regretting his necessary absence on his episcopal visitation, had appointed his Vicar General, the Very Rev. Father Allard, O. M. I., to preside in his name. It had been hoped that His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba would also be present; but pressing business still detained him in the East. However, he was very practically represented by the three medals, one gold and two silver which he had spontaneously offered to the college. The gold medal for Physics, after two examinations in addition to the University paper, was conferred on Marius Cinq-Mars of the Junior B. A. Mental and Moral Science course. The silver medal from the University papers on French and also for special papers on the French Literature of the 16th, 18th and 19th centuries, was awarded to Noel Bernier of the Previous year. Jean Arpin, of Verification won the silver medal for Mathematics as the result also of special papers.

Then came what was, for those of the audience who understood English only, the greatest treat of the evening, Moliere Englished, which kept everybody—for most of the French guests had seen the immortal comedy played in French—in roars of laughter and rounds of applause. Thos. J. Dillon in the title role of Scapin was as the Nor'-Wester remarked, inimitable. His rapid changes of mood, voice, feature and gesture were charmingly natural. Some professional actors, who happened to be present, frequently and vigorously applauded his happy hits. Adrien LaRiviere, as Geronte, the father of Leander, is a born comedian whose facial expression is enough to bring down the house. Whether he talks to the other victimized parent of the misdeeds of their respective sons, or laments over his own Leander's apocryphal adventure on a Turkish Galley, or writhes under the beating Scapin gives him, LaRiviere is simply unapproachable; he made many people's sides positively ache with merriment. Lucien Dubuc, as Argante, the father of Octavius, moved about and spoke with the air of an injured prince. His ironical smile and his fear of the threatening bully were particularly telling. J. Poitras, as Octavius, showed to great advantage in the scene where, not knowing how everything has turned out for the best, he persists in misunderstanding the two fathers who are trying to tell him the good news. T. J. O'Connor, in the part of Leander, held his own well in the passage at arms between him and his tricky valet. Sylvester, the improvised swashbuckler, was rendered with rare force and spirit by J. L. Kavanaugh. Even the minor parts, such as Arnolph by W. Tucker and Carl by Henri Painchaud, were creditably sustained. This new venture in college plays, the rendition in English of the master mind of French comedy, reflects most favorably on the artistic training these young men received at the hands of Father LaRue, who gave practical proofs last Wednesday of his proficiency in three distinct arts, the dramatic, the musical and the scenic: for we understand it was he who painted for the occasion the fine street scene that formed the background of the stage in "Scapin's Tricks," and who drilled the twenty-five

singers of the "operette bouffe" that closed this delightful entertainment.

Between the acts prizes were distributed to the first in each subject in the nine classes of the University, Classical and Commercial courses. The prize of Good Conduct based on the votes of the students and Faculty fell, in the first division, to James Kavanaugh, and in the second division, to Alfred Bernier. The prizes for Religious Instruction were as follows: 1st course, Ernest Golden; 2nd course, Joseph Lajoie; 3rd course, Elzear Beaupre; 4th course, Josaphat Magnan; 5th course, Henri Painchaud; 6th course, James Kavanaugh. In the Senior B. A. year for Mental and Moral Science, the prizes for Excellence and Diligence were bestowed on Albert Rousseau, for success in University examinations, on Lucien Dubuc. In the Junior B. A. year, a special prize was awarded to Marius Cinq-Mars. In Rhetoric (Previous Noel Bernier took seven prizes (Excellence, Diligence, Latin, Greek, French, Rhetoric, History), and Ernest Golden two (Chemistry and Trigonometry). In Belles-Lettres (Preliminary) Achille Rousseau took five prizes (Excellence, Diligence, Latin, Literature, Mathematics), Fortunat Lachance two (French and History), and Hormidas Leblanc one (Greek). In Versification Gonzague Belanger won four prizes (Excellence, Latin translation, Greek and Grammar), Jean Arpin also won four (Latin composition, French, Latin verses, Mathematics). Joseph Poitras took two (English and History and Geography), Joseph Lajoie one (Diligence). In Syntax Elzear Beaupre took seven prizes (Excellence, Diligence, Latin composition, Latin translation, Greek, Grammar, History and Geography and Arithmetic), Alfred Bernier took one (French), Arthur Clement one (English), Joseph Prud'homme one (History and Geography, bracketed with Beaupre). In this class Albert Dubuc received a prize for seven "honorable mentions" and Zotique Bertrand for four. Latin Elements: Josaphat Magnan, four prizes (Excellence, Greek, Grammar, History and Geography); James Kavanaugh, two prizes (Diligence, Latin Translation); Leopold Pambrun, two prizes (French, English); Joseph Lord, Latin Composition; Henri Collin, Arithmetic. First Commercial Class: Henri Painchaud, four prizes (Excellence, Diligence, Grammar, French); James Clarke, five prizes (English Composition, History and Geography, Arithmetic, Spelling, Reading); Wilfrid Tucker, Book-keeping; George Senecal, Penmanship. Second Commercial Class: Joseph Ayotte, five prizes (Diligence, Grammar, French, Arithmetic, Geography); John Dunphy, two prizes (Letter-writing, Reading); Edward Hearn, two prizes (Spelling, Penmanship); Lawrence Lloyd, two prizes (Grammar, French); Arthur Beaudry, Excellence; Frank McHugh, Arithmetic. Five pupils of Syntax, Elzear Beaupre, Albert Dubuc, Alfred Bernier, Zotique Bertrand and Joseph Prud'homme, received each a prize for passing an honor examination in three books of Caesar.

The farcical operetta, "Le Malade malgre lui," "The Unwilling Patient," showed great histrionic talent and musical drill. Professor Joseph Piche played the accompaniment faultlessly. Here again the palm for side-splitting fun belongs to Adrien LaRiviere, for grace, pathos and trained vocalization to Joseph Poitras, for refined shading of expression and princely demeanor to Lucien Dubuc, for "swing and go" to the two doctors, Achille Rousseau and Hormidas Leblanc. The best bass was Fortunat Lachance and the best, a really remarkable, tenor was T. Lavoie. The eighteen other performers all did exceedingly well. Not only were they letter-perfect and musically correct, but their acting was admirable. When the apothecaries and cooks came to blows in a general melee to a martial air, the wonder was that they did not get all mixed up in inextricable confusion; and, when the tall duke had pacified them and they all joined in a final triumphal march, the effect was very striking. We must not omit to mention Master James Clarke's singing, between the two plays, of "The little Alabama Coon." He has a sweet, clear treble and sings with so little effort and so well that he was recalled and gave in the same pleasing style "I don't want to play in your yard." At a quarter to twelve "God save the Queen" closed what everybody found a most enjoyable evening.

A CHALLENGE.

To Mr. Robert Watson, M. P. P., Portage la Prairie, Man.
To the Editor of the Free Press.

SIR,—Not many evenings ago I listened to Mr. Robert Watson at High Bluff, abusing the education of halfbreeds, as received in separate schools. It is all very easy for R. Watson to abuse our education, but let him come to the public test which I now propose to him. There are subjects which seem to be dear to him, for I am told he is always at them. It just seemed to me possible that he is by no means perfect in his own early education, and I gather this from his wild use of English grammar, in fact, I thought he was unwise to refer to education. In addressing the people on that night it was not uncommon to hear him say "we was;" "they was;" "they wasn't going to have separate schools." "We has" . . . And his written language is not one bit better. In his address of last December we read, "My actions as a public man 'is' before you." And this is the man who abuses our education. I may add that his friend and champion against our halfbreed race and schools is no better. I mean Mr. E. H. G. G. Hay. Speaking of the members of parliament in 1870 he said often, "We was not wise." "We 'was' ordinary men, without experience. . . ." This is, I was told, a J. P. from whom we ought to expect some respect for grammar. On hearing Watson it seemed to many that he is not fit to pass judgment on any school, but to give him a chance I offer to meet R. Watson in a public examination, not written, but public any place he may select. I am a halfbreed. My parents live near St. Eustache, and I received all I have in education in a separate school. I am fifteen years old, I left school to work for a farmer on April 29th, 1896. I am prepared to meet Mr. Watson on the following subjects:

1. Reading from any book used in schools, any newspaper or magazine, also reading in French.
2. Spelling (and I warn Mr. Watson that I am good in spelling, which I am informed he is not) from any books used in schools up to form fifth; from any newspaper, magazine or any book he may wish to propose. Also spelling in French.
3. English grammar—The entire grammar used in form fifth. All rules of syntax—poetry, parsing, classification of sentences, simple and compound. French grammar, covering some ground as in English. We shall be free to ask each other questions. One question I shall certainly ask, which is, Why Mr. Watson always says 'we was'?
4. History—English and Canadian, by Buckley and Robinson. History in French, "Histoire du Canada," history in French, "Histoire du Moyen Age." The two languages to be spoken.
5. Geography, America, (Canada and U. S.) British Islands, France, Spain, Russia, Italy, Prussia, Holy Land; all rivers, mountains, products, railroad systems, chief cities, with their population.
6. Arithmetic—H. Smith's entire.
7. Algebra—Up to equations; all on blackboard.
8. Book-keeping, single entry.
9. Writing, upright system.
10. Dictation from any book in English and French.
11. Mental arithmetic.
12. Music, notation, vocal and play on organ.
13. To write an account of an article read aloud.
14. The elements of Latin—Regular verbs, five declensions, pronouns, adjectives; to decline an adjective and noun together. Translate from Caesar, the first book of the Gallic war; translate easy sentences from Latin into English and French; and from English into Latin. I shall add another language, older and more noble—the Cree language.

Mr. Editor, if you kindly consent to act as a judge in the matter, I shall do my best. I do not say I know these subjects perfectly, but I am encouraged from listening to Mr. Watson's bad grammar, that he, too, is far from perfect; yet he is ever abusing us. In the language of horsemen I would say; "Let him put up or shut up." I hope Mr. Watson has the manliness to meet a halfbreed and if he does we shall have piles of fun.

CLERMENS GLADU.

St. Eustache, June 10th.