

The Northwest Review

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NOTICE. The editor will always gladly receive (1) ARTICLES on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER. St. Boniface, May 10th, 1896. Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been entrusted by the directors of the journal with the management of the same.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is an old proverb "Take care what you say before children and fools," which, if attended to, would save many a parent and others from getting into scrapes.

Titus, the Roman emperor, complained on a certain occasion: "Friends, I have lost a day," because he was unable to recall a favor conferred on any one on that day.

There is a grand dramatic and musical entertainment to-night at St. Boniface College, in honor of His Grace, Archbishop Tache's consecration.

The potato is getting into rhetoric. Some one described Father Prout as an Irish potato seasoned with attic salt.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, in a recent lecture delivered at a New York college of journalism, expressed the opinion that news-gathering is taking a secondary place in journalism.

Cynics speak of "the illusions of life"—meaning that many pleasant anticipations turn out to be bitter experiences.

The United Presbyterian does not commend the Apapists methods, which involve secret oaths. It believes in determined opposition to Catholicism, but would have it open, uncovered, and unadorned.

A Catholic in Dubuque writes that he has left the Catholic Church because he has discovered that all the prize fighters are Catholics. This is not true, of course; but if it were it would be about as logical as for a Jew to abandon his creed because most of the usurers are Israelites.

The bazaar just closed has been a grand financial success, thanks to the devotion of the Catholic people to their schools and to the untiring efforts of the ladies and gentlemen who so generously, both by gifts and labor, aided in the good cause.

When we see laymen called to intermeddle in ecclesiastical controversies it reminds us of a story: At a dinner in celebration of the laying of the foundation stone of a church in Scotland, the menu consisted of various courses, amongst which was the old national dish, kale brose, served hot.

Rev. Dr. Horton, a Protestant clergyman, of London, recently preached a sermon on the question, "Is Protestantism Decaying?" "The answer," he said, "if we are candid, if we are determined to face the simple facts in our country, is this: In England, for a time, it certainly is; not by the accession of large numbers at present to the Papal Church, but by the progress of the Catholic principle involving the Catholic claim in the Church of England itself.

THE FREEMASON'S IN ROME. The Freemasons are putting the finishing touches to their new lodge in the grand old Papal Palace Borgnese. Signore Lemmi willed that the seat at Rome should be a princely one, and he has hired part of the first floor, in particular the grand hall of the soldiers which is as large and as high as a church.

IS THAT SO? The Montreal Star's Ottawa correspondent gives its readers an alleged interview with a Conservative member of parliament on political matters generally, especially on questions that are likely to attract the attention of the House during the coming session.

the noble pile should be occupied by a Freemason's lodge!—Facts.

BIGOTRY.

The following pointed remarks are from the Dundas Banner: "There is something to be said concerning those Conservatives who object to Sir John Thompson as Premier, not because he is lacking in ability, for he is one of the ablest men in our public life, but because of his religion. The Roman Catholics are a large proportion of our whole population. They are citizens to precisely the same extent as the rest of us.

GETTING MIXED.

With the Hon. Clifford Sefton as his first lieutenant in this province, and Joseph Martin as his standard bearer in Winnipeg; with Dalton McCarthy supporting his fiscal policy in Ontario, and an anathemizing Catholic schools and the dual language, while his friend and colleague, the valiant Tarte, as representative from Quebec, is loud in demanding the restoration of separate schools and the French language, it must be very perplexing indeed for Mr. Laurier's followers to discover what is the policy of the great Liberal party on the great questions of the hour.

The yellow fever scourge has visited Brunswick, Ga., and made sad havoc with the population. Those who could afford it ran away from the town, but the larger proportion of the inhabitants were compelled to remain and face the terrors of the plague.

Thanksgiving Briefets. Hungry Hyslop—"Can't you help me a bit, boss? I ain't had nothing to eat for to-day."

"I heard little Johnny say that Thanksgiving day would be here soon," said a young turkey to its mamma.

Charles—"Have you anything to be thankful for to-day?" Frederic—"Heaps. I've contrived to break off all my engagements to marry."

Protestant schools. In one word, it is a question which can only be settled when the wrong done is righted. This Tory member of Parliament may be sick of it, his party may be sick of it, both parties may be sick of it, but that will not make things any better, nor will it remove the injustice. We would remind him and his party that however sick they may be of it, they may be much more sick should they attempt to ignore the fact that a gross injustice has been imposed on the Catholic minority of Manitoba.

HEROIC DEVOTION TO DUTY.

A short time ago our contemporary, the Northwest Baptist, took us to task for a short editorial on the many acts of devotion to duty by our priests. For its instruction we give the two following examples of such heroic devotion. It is nothing out of the ordinary, because it only portrays what has been done by thousands of our priests and holy Sisters of Charity, whenever the occasion demanded it.

Little Boy: "The preacher said there is no martyr in heaven." Little Girl: "Of course not. There wouldn't be men enough to go 'round."

A teacher spent a long time in making one of his boys understand a very simple matter; and then, to relieve his mind, said: "If it wasn't for me, you would be the biggest dunce in town."

Bloombumper—"I suppose you will repair to your place of worship on Thanksgiving day, as the president recommends in his proclamation?" Spatts—"Yes, I expect to eat my dinner on that day at my best girl's house."

"Yes, we should all think of the poor on Thanksgiving." "So we should. Did you give anything this year?" "Oh, yes." "What?" "Thanks."

her by the Republic in 1885. She had expressed a wish to die like a soldier at her post. This was not to be. She fell a victim to a cruel malady. The hospital doctor under whom she had worked for so many years was with her at the last. "Courage, sister," he said, "you will get better, and you will live to wear for years to come your Cross of the Legion of Honor."

Tricks in all Trades.

The young doctor was sitting in his consultation room chatting with a friend when some one entered the outer office. He stepped out, and the friend heard him say: "Pray take a seat. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes."

A Great Discovery.

The nickel-plated preacher in the Sunday Herald tells us that St. Paul has a way of challenging our admiration. Wonderful discovery! Most wonderful. The same preacher also tells us that St. Paul was a gentleman.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Cumso—"Wait a minute, Fangle, I want to step into the dressmaker's and pay my wife's bill."

Mr. Sappy—"There's nothing like saying the right thing at the right time."

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A LIE NAILED.

Jumbo Campbell's Friend, the Sham Priest, Leyden, Exposed Before an Audience of Four Hundred Orangemen, in Toronto, by a Plucky Catholic.

A correspondent who signs himself J. C. B., in the Kansas City Catholic, writes as follows regarding the man Leyden who is stumping the country as a "converted" Catholic priest, together with a woman who styles herself a "converted nun."

"I went to see and hear this ex-priest and judge for myself, and I believe I was the only Catholic among the crowd of about four hundred Orangemen. You must know that the first night was a failure, not taking in the price of gas.

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