

# Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF PORT ARTHUR.

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### Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface.

- I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.
1. All Sundays in the year.
  2. Jan. 1st. The Circumcision.
  3. Jan. 6th. The Epiphany.
  4. The Ascension.
  5. Nov. 1st. All Saints.
  6. Dec. 8th. The Immaculate Conception.
  7. Dec. 25th. Christmas.

- II. DAYS OF FAST.
1. The forty days of Lent.
  2. The Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent.
  3. The Ember days, at the four Seasons being the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of
  - a. The first week in Lent.
  - b. Whitsun Week.
  - c. The third week in September.
  - d. The third week in Advent.
  4. The Vigils of
  - a. Whitsunday.
  - b. The Solemnity of St. Peter and Paul.
  - c. The Solemnity of the Assumption.
  - d. All Saints.
  - e. Christmas.

- III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.
- All Fridays in the year.
- Wednesdays in Advent
- Fridays in Holy week
- Wednesdays in Holy week
- Fridays in Holy week
- Saturdays in Holy week
- Whitsunday.
- The Ember Days.
- The Vigils above mentioned.

Do you agree with the Catholic Bishops that with the Roman Church?—St. Ambrose [A. D. 335-397].

### CHURCH NOTICES.

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### \*TO THE EARL OF DERBY.

From the Ottawa University Owl.  
To Winnipeg's town hall one day you came, And, standing 'mid fantastic hosts, did dare, With humor and with bravery most rare, To quote, approving, Pius, Ninth of name, Of Popes the most papistical, the same, Whom current fables meshed in Jesuit snare. Such fearless words their fruits in hearts still bear That ne'er your earldom hail with glad acclaim.

What Stanley sowed in calm defence of right May Derby reap in fields imperial. Where, too, the lying subtileth are found Of base unreason bolstering with might Of words weak pleas. May God bless you and

The love you unto life that knows no bound.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

Winnipeg, May 24th, 1893.  
These enthusiastic lines refer especially to the following words used by His Excellency, the Governor-General, in replying to an address presented to him on the occasion of his first visit to Winnipeg: "Though I am inclined to regret that I have only three days to visit your beautiful city, still I console myself with a saying of that 'shrewd observer of men and things, the late Pius the Ninth: 'If you intend to spend a month in Rome you will see very little; but if you have only three days, you will see very much.'"

### THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Princess Day as Viewed By our Own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, June 17th, 1893.

He who does not see the illuminations at the Fair cannot be said to have seen the World's Exposition. This was the conclusion I came to after witnessing the gorgeous display in honor of the Infanta Eulalia. While the glory of it is still fresh in my memory let me tell about it. I know I am attempting a difficult task. I doubt if my words will convey a just idea of the magnificent display. I do not fear that I shall exaggerate. I am rather afraid that I will not paint the scene in the fullness of its unimagined beauty. 'Princess Day' at the World's Columbian Exposition was faultless. The sky was bright, the air was warm, but a soft cool breeze tempered it to agreeableness. By six o'clock in the evening the crowds began to gather in and about the Court of Honor. For architectural beauty and effect this is the grandest part of the Exposition Grounds. At the west end of the court is the Administration Building. A large area lies between it and that elegant conception of the artist known as the McMonnies fountain. This empties its waters into the central lagoon which extends directly east passing beneath the arched centre of the peristyle into the lake. To this central lagoon are two branches. These start immediately at the fountain's foot and extend the one to the north, the other to the south. The peristyle stretches across the eastern end of the Court of Honor. At the north and south end of this colonnade are Festival Hall and Choral Hall. To the north of the central lagoon and east of the north branch thereof is the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building. South of the central lagoon and east of the south branch, stands the Agricultural Palace whose dome supports the gilded heroic figure of Diana the Huntress. Immediately south of the Administration Building and west of the south branch of the lagoon runs the Palace of Mechanics Arts. A similar position is held on the north side by the Electricity Building. Within the large area just defined were to be seen the principal illuminations and fireworks on the evening of the Princess Day. I drifted into this fairy court about 6.30. A line of black had already been formed behind the white railing that separates the lagoon and the four terraces immediately encircling it. It was a geometric line consisting of a succession of points. The points were human heads. The fireworks were not to begin until 9 o'clock; yet, eight or ten thousand persons had already assembled to secure the places of vantage. They completely covered the stately stairs that on either side of the fountains and far away on the north and south sides of the lagoon, parted the surrounding railing and put their last white step to the waters edge. They were gathering in every nook and corner that could be reached and seemed to promise a good view. On the balconies of the Palace of Mechanics Arts and at its highest points of its airy, fairy steeples and towers that could be reached half way up the flag poles, on the high pedestals of giant statues, far up on the Administration building just at the point whence the dome seems to leap up in gilded splendor, specking the mighty rolling roof of the Liberal Arts Hall, dotting the columns of triumph, anywhere and everywhere could human being be seen. Yet into this mighty space a mighty crowd was still pouring. Thicker they came and faster. There was room for all. Wider grew the line about the lagoon, denser and black masses that were crowding up beside the massive buildings. By this time there must have been a hundred thousand persons in the Court of Honor. Over their heads the sweet soft music of the chimas was floating. "Home Sweet Home," "Nearer my God to Thee," and other well known melodies were in turn throbbled by the pulsing metal. Oh! it was a sweet hour. I shall never forget it. That music sank into my soul as never music sank before. It soothed me. And the thousands that heard it with me caught the spell and brooded as only a listening hundred thousand broods. The splashing music of the fountain mingled with the chimas above and murmured an accompaniment that filled the melodies with wondrous charm. It was the hour, too, when the shadows were beginning to fall. I saw the last rays of the sinking sun throw a glamour as it were, of fire, on roofs and domes and steeples and towers. Then the rays were lifted and twilight's veil of gray hung over all. Out of the lagoon an electric launch, beautiful in shape, would suddenly and

silently push its way from beneath a bridge and hurrying along would speed around the base of the immense statue that decorates the east end of this channel. This statue is a figure of "Liberty" and is gilded. I do not know what its dimensions are but leave the reader to conceive for himself the height of the figure beside which if a man were standing his head scarcely reaches the ankle.

Following the silent launch a gondola whose oarsmen wore the flashy costumes that, in the long ago, made Venice look brighter, would slowly push by filled with a merry crowd. The deepening shadows made the crowds seem larger. 194,000 actual admissions them and more were gathered in the Court of Honor. I looked upon them and had some strange thoughts. Here was a huge gathering all because a Princess was in the land. I wondered how many of those noble defenders of our glorious liberty, the honorable gentlemen known as the A. P. A. were in the vast multitude. And did they know that that Princess was a Catholic? And what thought they when the officials in our own dear land bent down and kissed the hand of that Catholic Princess? Here at the World's Columbian Exposition was a Catholic woman bowed to and treated with more honor than any other woman has ever received in this country by the representatives of our own and of all foreign governments present. A Catholic! Just think of it. I could not help thinking of it and marking too, the beautiful example the Princess had given to the Catholics of our country. Notwithstanding all the ceremonies and receptions given in her honor she has assisted at Mass. I have heard that when asked what church she would attend she inquired in what parish the Palmer House was. Being told, she replied it was the proper one in which to hear her Sunday Mass, and that's where she went. While these thoughts had been slipping through my brain, angels had set off to the land of the setting sun. One had returned, I turned at this moment to gaze on the Administration Building, and lo! its pinnacle flashed out a gorgeous crown in lines of sunlight. As I looked, these spirits invisibly laid out along the ridges of the dome strips of this sunlight. Then they girdled its case and marked off the divisions of the stories in lines of light. I turned to gaze down the lagoon and lo, the magic of their work. They had leaped to the Palace of Liberal Arts and away the beaded lines of light sped speeding out its sunny length. Onward. It sprang over the south lagoon and like lightning sped south and east along the Agricultural Hall. Thence it shot to Choral Hall winging its northward way along the peristyle turning to come westward as it met the roof of Festival Hall. Thence it leaped to the mighty building of the Liberal Arts, and beheld a chain of sunlight had marked out the outlines of the cornice of every building in that court, and set the dome of the Administration Building in lines of fire against the inky walls of night. I was in amazement. I could not speak. Deeper grew my astonishment when I saw the fairy fire start to encircle the lagoon at the waters edge. Oh! the wonder of it all. Oh! the triumph of those latter days. I really thanked God that I was alive to look upon it. Did Rome or Athens, or Alexander or Cleopatra, or Solomon or Sandanpalus, or Babylon or Ecbatana ever dare even to dream of the possibilities of such a scene? The waters of the fountain tumbled down the semicircular stairs like sheets of silver. A deep dark blackness was in the lazy lagoon except where the lights that fringed its edges sent sheets of brightness along its surface that danced whenever some passing launch stirred the waves into life. And now came steam craft from the lake, gondoliers with their gondolas and lanterns all crowding into the center of the lagoon laden with human freight. Somebody called my attention to the Administration Building. A new feature that I had not seen nor appeared. At the point whence the dome proper starts out of the roof, great, tall, candlesticks shaped like those that are lit on the torches whose lazy flames hugged back and forth with every puff of wind. They gave a flavor of antiqueness to the scene that was simply admirable. They were needed just where they were to contrast in their grim yellowness with the smokeless bulbs of bottled sunlight that now encircled the Court of Honor.

Amidst all of this glory and beauty, this pushing of waters and flashing of light, the concert bands begin to pour out their sweetest and their best. My heart was flooded with gladness. And I said to myself I could never have formed a just idea of this without seeing—without being here. Soon in the midst of this magnificence the dull lips of cannon spoke and far away to the northeast, some spirit sprang out from the lake and carried a ball of fire heavenward suddenly he opened it and out from his heart sprang a shower of silver clippings, that put the stars to shame. Then came another heart bursting and giving splinters and balls of fire, red, and purple and green. Then another and another and another. This one a shower of sparks that floated away like the drooping branches of a weeping willow. That one, wiggling streams of shining sparks. The hiss of rockets rapidly following each other filled the air with long curved lines of fire. They burst and threw out strings of party colored lights that drifted away before the breeze and blackened in darkness. Another over the lagoon and from a large raft in its center fountains of liquid fire in their hissing sparkling jets of green and silver, red and blue, yellow and crimson back and forth through the air darted fiery snakes, and revolving pin wheels. For fully three quarters of an hour these marvellous white buildings

of wondrous beauty crowned with sunlight looked out upon the display. At about ten o'clock the Princesses picture appeared in fire at the east end of the lagoon. On either side of it gleamed the arms of Spain and America. When the rose-tinted flame that outlined the head and shoulders of the Princess in heroic size were glowing brightest, men and women, steam whistles and bells, guns and rockets broke into a deafening cheer of welcome that shook the vaulted sky. Oh it was grand. And grander did it seem to me when I recalled that it was a welcome to a Catholic Princess—a real Catholic who goes to mass on Sunday, and who recognizes her parish church first. With this feeling uppermost in my heart the cannons spoke again and a bouquet of fire—a huge bouquet that measured probably 150 feet at its highest point burst into the air. It was growing too late to remain longer, so I hastened to take the boat homeward and there get a glimpse of Fairyland from the lake. Soon we were free from our moorings and making for the channel. An immense crowd was in that boat; but every one seemed to hush and listen and look. Between the columns of the peristyle we had the fairest view. We seemed to have stepped into the bosom of darkness as bright as the scene from whence we had just come. And as we looked on it from afar each one passed into silent awe. Towering above all, crowned with its crown of light, built in the womb of darkness the fiery outlines of the gilded dome were as fixed as the face of a star that never twinkles. Through the glass roof of every building gleamed the white light. Along the shore a line of lights, and blacker seemed the waters of the lake. Far into the night a great herculean pillar of white brightness was thrust. It was the search light. During the firework it had been thrown directly on the McMonnies fountain and beneath its magic every figure thereof seemed transformed into the whitest onyx or as bright as silver nine times refined and polished. But we were drifting away and with our drifting the mark of the scene was vanishing. We marked the slowly dissolving outlines of that wondrous dome. A moment came and when we looked the curtains of blackness had cut off the view. Then men and women begin to gain their tongues. Some lovers of music who sat on the upper deck opened their throats in song and thus ended Princess Day at the Fair.

In my next I shall write of the Catholic Educational Exhibit. I am in the mean time giving it a thorough investigation and even now pronounce it a revelation. It is a triumph of which every school boy and girl in the land may well be proud. It is the vindication before the world the parochial school and Catholic education. But wait for my next.

CATHOLIC.

### UNTOUCHED BY THE FLAMES.

The Relics of the Foundress of Villa Maria Convent Unharmed by the Fire.

La Semaine Religieuse of Montreal concludes an article upon the recent Villa Maria Convent fire, as follows: "But, in this cruel trial, a great consolation was vouchsafed the Sisters by Divine Providence. The relics of their foundress, the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, which can still be seen in the crypt of the church, were not touched by the flames, and the wooden cross planted upon this blessed tomb also remained intact in the general destruction."

"Encouraged by the prodigies of virtue which these ashes recall; sustained by the most numerous and affecting manifestations of sympathy on all sides; inspired by Heaven, the Sisters will lose no time in setting about rebuilding. It is thus that Our Lord, while scourging those whom he loves, never fails at the same time to display in striking fashion His goodness and His pity. Yes; it will be a great consolation to the Sisters to think that the Divine Master, in such a sore trial, has at least preserved for them what is the dearest and the most sacred thing on earth, to pious children the relics of a revered mother; that in the presence of a great misfortune God has bestowed upon them a superabundance of grace, strength and courage; that they have met with sincere and respectful sympathy upon all sides, and that, on the other hand, the financial disaster which it has pleased Providence to visit upon them after three long centuries of abnegation and devotedness, is an eloquent reply to the reformers whose vain and malicious pretensions, while rendering it impossible for our institutions to save, would at the same time render impossible the relief of such a misfortune."

### An Easy Way to Get Rich.

To those of our subscribers who are complaining of hard times we present the following method for solving the problem that vexes their souls: No one is so poor that they cannot rake up a penny to start on. Now, let each, upon the first day of the month, deposit one cent in the bank, and on each of the succeeding days of the month, double his previous day's deposit. Let him follow this programme faithfully, and at the end of the month he will be agreeably surprised to find that his account will show the sum of \$5,368,709.12 cent in credit. In return for pointing out this method of acquiring a fortune without labor, all we ask is that those of our subscribers who owe us will call and pay up.

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