

The Northwest Review

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A Fine Example.

Mr. C. Gallagher, of Edmonton, seeing our appeal to subscribers, has just paid not only the little he owed us but also two years in advance. Many, many thanks. Con.

The first number of the Neche Star, edited by Mr. Edward Stanley, has just reached us. It bids fair to be a sprightly, newsy paper. The following has a decidedly local flavor: All dwellers in Neche will be interested in the Fireman. In the rendition of this Maggie Askev will endeavor to imitate the piercing yells of Mr. A. J. McFadden on the night of Johnston and Donovan's fire.

The Anglican Bishop of Peterborough, England, speaking at the opening of his diocesan conference, has given happy expression to a really luminous idea. "The undenominational man," says Bishop Creighton, "was an invention of the legislator, to whom diversity was an inconvenience. The State, for mere purposes of convenience, had created an ideal citizen for whom it legislated, and had made inadequate provision for those who did not accommodate to the prescribed pattern."

This is precisely what has been done in Manitoba. In order to avoid certain inconveniences that are inseparable from the rightful exercise of freedom, the local government created an ideal citizen, who is supposed to be not an Anglican, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, nor a Baptist, nor a Lutheran, nor, least of all, a Catholic, and having created this figment of its imagination, it proceeded to legislate for it by permitting certain soulless so-called religious exercises. Of course the result is "inadequate provision for those who do not accommodate to the prescribed pattern," and how few there are who do thus accommodate! In many cases the religious exercises are omitted by Anglicans, Presbyterians and Lutherans because they cannot conform to the prescribed pattern. With private judgment as the rule of faith, such conformity is "an invention of the legislator," the baseless fabric of a dream.

The People's Voice recently reproduced from the Chicago Times-Herald a long article on Cuba's wrongs signed by Walter Wellman, the journalist who immortalized himself by the most ridiculous Arctic expedition hitherto recorded. He conceived the brilliant idea that Belgian dogs would be much quieter and more easily managed than their Esquimaux congeners. When the late Archbishop

Tache heard of this, he, with his practical experience of sledging in the North, declared that it was a mistake, that dogs accustomed to a mild climate would have their feet lacerated and frozen by the ice, and that a sledge dog was worth exactly what his feet were worth. Wellman soon found this out to his cost. His Belgian dogs were not only a failure from the start, but they fought among themselves and killed each other more speedily than any Esquimaux dogs ever did. Clearly, Mr. Wellman, wonderfully smart as he is, does not know where to apply for correct information. This seems to be the trouble with his long screed about Cuba. He quotes largely from a Mr. and Mrs. Macias and a Dr. Rodriguez, without giving any vouchers for the value of these unknown authorities. No doubt he is as blissfully trustful about them as he was about his much advertised Belgian dogs.

And now there comes to the front, not some obscure Rodriguez (the Spanish equivalent of "Brown, Jones or Robinson"), but an ex-mayor of Havana, Cuba's capital, Mr. Segundo Alvarez, a distinguished Cuban statesman. Our morning contemporary quotes him as saying: "I look with pain upon the position assumed by a small part of the American people and the greater part of the American press in regard to the struggle now taking place in Cuba—a struggle precipitated and carried on by the most blind element of native Cubans, aided by a large number of foreign adventurers." In view of the fact that all these foreign adventurers hail from the United States, Mr. Alvarez adds: "In passing judgment on a friendly nation, Americans are doing so in total ignorance of that people's character, laws, society, and habits of thought, and oblivious of the obvious fact that this people's traditions, customs and race instincts are totally different and distinct from those of their critics." If such American writers as Mr. Alvarez thus stigmatizes were not the ignorant dupes of calumnies trumped up by Masonic lodges, they would know that there is more cheerfulness and financial solidity in Cuba than in the United States, and that the insurrection in the Pearl of the Antilles is just a Yankee plot to grab the beautiful island.

A symptom of atavism that reveals the American's Anglo-Saxon origin is his stupid contempt for all other nationalities, particularly the Spanish. Your barbarous average Yankee spurns the Mexican or New Mexican Spaniard as a "greaser." He has kept New Mexico out of statehood as long as he could, because the country is mainly Catholic and Spanish, while he prudently ignores the two or three millions of the "Mountain Whites" of West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Western North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee and Northern Alabama and Georgia, whose uncultivated brutality, vulgar boorishness and indescribable immorality are consigned in the report of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston in 1889. However, a former Governor of New Mexico, the Hon. Edmund G. Ross, has lately attempted, in the North American Review, to open the eyes of his countrymen to the superior skill of the native New Mexicans in irrigating their arid lands. He points out that the expensive modern irrigating plants are practically useless in the face of frequent floods, while of the native New Mexican, whom he gives as his favorite pattern of intelligence in this special line, he says: "Given a known quantity of water supply, he can, with his practised eye, by simply walking over the ground, as exactly determine the course required to ensure uniform flow of water at any desired force, and far more quickly than can the trained engineer with the most perfect instruments." The whole article would be worthy of study on the part of those Alberta settlers who are interested in irrigation.

Mr. Gladstone writes to the Rev. G. J. Lucas, who has recently written a powerful refutation of Agnosticism: "I find your argument against Mr. Spencer, so far as I have mastered it, very striking.

But I ought to add that I regard agnosticism as one of the worst of all devices in respect to religion, and one of the poorest and shallowest schemes ever broached in regard to philosophy." This trenchant criticism of a fashionable craze confirms the view set forth some dozen years ago by the Rev. Richard Clarke, S. J., then editor of the Month, who proved in a series of philosophical articles that Herbert Spencer is an intellectual charlatan. The public of that day were not yet ripe for so sweeping a condemnation; but since that time Henry George, in "A Perplexed Philosopher" has clearly shown Spencer to be "as a philosopher—a fawning Vicar of Bray, clothing in pompous phraseology and arrogant assumption logical confusions so absurd as to be comical;" and so now Mr. Gladstone's declaration finds a public better prepared to receive it without any violent shock. As for Catholics, they had long ago rated at his true value him whom the unphilosophic Darwin baptized "our great philosopher."

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The current number of the Detroit Angelus complains that a Cincinnati concern, formerly known as "The Poor Souls' Advocate" lately styled itself "The Angelus Publishing Company of Cincinnati, Ohio." The Angelus Publishing Co. of Detroit admonished them to drop that title at once, and with many apologies they promised to do so, claiming as excuse for the taking of that name that they were ignorant of the existence of the Angelus. And now the plagiarizing concern announces "The Angelus Magazine" published by "The Angelus Financial Standing and Respectability of the original Angelus."

A FOOLISH *A. P. A.

HE ACCUSES THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN OF BEING A JESUIT.

Dr. Gladden Owns Up, and Announces That It Is His Intention to Become Pope, and Make a Pyramid of 346,927 Dead Protestant Ministers.

(From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Recently the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, a Congregationalist minister, of Ohio, received a letter charging him with having become a Jesuit. Thereupon he wrote a reply that is worth reading, and which is given below, the original charge being prefixed, in explanation of the situation:

TO DR. GLADDEN.

DEAR SIR,—As one who has read much that you have written, and who has been much impressed by your incisive style and ability, and who feels that he knows you, allow me to inquire why you refuse to acknowledge to the world that you have become a Jesuit?

However much we Protestants and former admirers deplore this sad fact, yet we must concede to you and to all men the liberty of choosing Rome, if convinced in your own conscience. But we would certainly think far more of you, as would all noble minded men, if you would publicly avow, boldly and fearlessly, the fact of your change. There is a general conviction and belief that you have united with this order, as it is impossible to otherwise account for your recent course, utterances, etc. I am an A. P. A. leader, and strong in this patriotic order, as the one hope of our country. May God have mercy on you in your sad and fatal mistake, as I feel it to be.

FROM DR. GLADDEN.

MY DEAR SIR,—How did you find it out? It is marvelous—the enterprise of your fraternity. But you hadn't heard that I am to be the next Pope, had you? Well, you'll hear that pretty soon. It's part of the bargain. But don't tell it till you're dead sure that it's so.

There is another little piece of news that you'll be glad to get. Just as soon as I am elected Pope that massacre is going to begin that Leo ordered, you know, but which the faithful hadn't the backbone to carry out. Perhaps it was the heroism of the Mayor of Toledo that prevented it. But when I get there it's going through, sure pop. We have engaged the public Gardens at Washington, down by the monument, and we are going to make a pile of corpses of our Protestant ministers, in the form of a pyramid, higher than the top of that monument. It will take according to

my figures, 346,927 ministers to make this heap. There are not enough now in the country, but several new theological seminaries will be started at once (by the Jesuits, of course) to furnish the supply. We've got the railroads chartered to haul 'em up from all parts of the country. Aren't you a minister yourself? Well, you'll be in it. I'll try and keep a place near the top for you. Apex reserved for former admirers. And when the pile is complete I am going to mount to the top and sit there and howl!

Now, you just take this down to the next meeting of the council and read it to 'em. It'll thrill 'em—you'll see! If any body doesn't believe it you know what's the matter with him. He's a Jesuit! Very truly yours, WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

One of the best proofs of the progress of Catholicism in England is the excellent standing of the Catholic press. Not to speak of the historic Dublin Review (edited not in Dublin but in London), of that eminently able magazine, the Month, and of many other first-rate periodicals, three of the principal Catholic newspapers may be instanced as convincing evidence of the vigorous life that throbs in the Catholic community of England. The Universe, edited by a man whose pungent pen reminds us of Venillot and Macmaster of the oldtime N. Y. Freeman, is the unflinching champion of religious equality and justice and is therefore the terror of all "canting knaves and pious noodles who falsify Catholic teaching and practice." Nothing but its large circulation could enable this "people's paper" to present, week after week, so complete a summary of Catholic happenings all over the world. The Tablet, a 40-page quarto, in size and make-up not unlike the Spectator, is the most high-toned and literary Catholic paper in the world, as well written as the best of its London contemporaries and covering a wider range of thought and learning than any of them. Though it is one of the most expensive of weeklies—the subscription for America being \$6.50 cts.—it is to be met with in all parts of the world wherever there are Catholics of refinement and means. Finally the Catholic Times, of London, Liverpool and Manchester, an eight page paper of 72 columns, measuring 25 by 22 inches, has almost half its enormous space, say 35 columns, taken up with advertisements, the best proof that its circulation of some 50,000 copies is highly appreciated. One of its leading features is its copious and scholarly reporting of sermons and church meetings and ceremonies. It is edited with great care and remarkable skill.

EDITOR BRANN ON EX-PRIEST SLATTERY.

From the Month, New Westminster

Brann is Editor of a paper called the Iconoclast which has for its mission "to expose frauds and abolish fakes, to make unrelenting war upon humbugs and hypocrites, hence it is not remarkable that Slattery should regard its existence as a personal affront."

Although several passages of the article which Brann published in reference to ex-priest Slattery are rather extreme, the exposure, as a whole, which the editor made of the slanderer, is telling and to the point. The article was issued in pamphlet form and had a second edition.

As may be seen by the following passage Brann is not a Catholic: "Nor have I taken the Pope of Rome under my protection. The Popes managed to exist for a great many years before I was born, and, despite the assaults of Slattery, will doubtless continue in business at the old stand for several years to come. I was raised a Protestant, and, thank God, I'm no apostate. I learned Protestantism at my mother's knee and from my father's pulpit; but I did not learn there that the Church of Rome is the "Scarlet Woman," sworn enemies creatures, and priests the sworn enemies of my country. I learned that but for the Church of Rome the "glad tidings of great joy" which Christ brought to a dying world would have been irremediably lost in the dismal intellectual night known as the dark ages. I was taught that for centuries the Church of Rome was the repository not only of the Christian faith, but of civilization itself."

Brann is hard on Slattery, but he is even harder on those who listen to him, applaud him and pay to be "humbugged"

by the "False Prophet," the "Judas," the "Libeller," the "Bogus Christian," the "Fraud," the "Shameless Slanderer," the "Rank Liar," but yet a "Baptist minister in good standing."

Men who went to hear Leyden, who was not even an "ex-priest," lecture here and in the neighboring towns, would do well to read what Brann has to say about "ex-priests and escaped nuns, both real and bogus," before they allow themselves to be "humbugged" again.

CERTAINLY NOT AN EDUCATED FOOL.

We reprint below, exactly as it appears in the original, an article from United Canada of Oct 12th. It is a fair average specimen of the strange style and unconnected thought peculiar to that paper. We do not pretend to fathom its gist. One thing only seems clear. The writer is perfectly qualified to attack educated fools, for he has nothing in common with them. He evidently belongs to the class of self-made men of whom Newman once wrote that they are "badly grounded, slovenly finished and preposterously conceited."

VAE VICTIS.

Woe, indeed to the vanquished. The school agitation is forming some strong arguments that could be made to go far towards proving that Education is not altogether a work accomplished in the Schools. Are not some recent utterances in connection with the changes deemed urgent in some schools, very poor lessons of Christian urbanity. The Commission has spoken, the S. S. Boards have acted, why continue to slander the Brothers as an order? Why not let personalities be hushed? "Getting rid" of men, who, whatever their non-conformist methods may be, is not a kind form of speech. Why under the sun and milky way can't we pass on the outside of some thing in silence? Or if we must fight let it be out in the open, but always generously. All this incisive Candle-like style is not conducive to the amenities that good education demands, even when disagreeable things must be done and said. Some of these utterances sound strangely like some body's speeches in one of Dicken's books. One would think the authors thereof had set up an effigy of afore mentioned vanished against his ink pot and stabbing it with his quill, wants to know if it ever dared to presume to think it could teach in Ontario, if so, "hold up your thumbs, if not contrary-wise." But the effigy being short of thumbs can only shake it head in flimsy denial. "Not guilty"—qualified perhaps by a faint "not very"

It is very well for Carlyle to have spoken of his contemporaries as if he considered himself an intellectual Goliath in museum of Tom Thumbs. All were worthless except Goliath. "Col-dridge is but flabby, and irresolute; Campbell a literary dandy; Procter, Pailish," but this is a digression and almost comes under the censure of the well "educated" reader. But why do some people go around the corner to look at other people?

The greatest fool is the educated fool, who thinks he knows it all. Let us hope the changes in our Ottawa S. S. have really been for the better. Meanwhile let us show by our words and deeds that our education has not been merely book learning. It must be uncomfortable to live with those heads always rake to clouds.

What Others Call Us.

Anent the recurring suggestion to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal church to the "Holy Catholic Church," it may be said that it is the privilege, as it always was, for any body, religious or otherwise, to choose whatever name it pleases. The thing is not to take a name, but to compel others to see in us the characteristics which the name expresses and justifies. There is but one church to which the title of Catholic has been accorded by friend and foe through all the ages of Christendom. Even St. Augustine said that her very name of Catholic attracted him, as it still does those who are seeking the true church.—Northwestern Chronicle, St. Paul.

After Many Days.

Holmfeld, Man., Feb. 14, 1890.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—For 12 years my wife was a martyr to that dread disease, dyspepsia. Nothing relieved her; physicians were consulted and medical skill tried, without avail. One doctor advised a change of climate, suggesting Manitoba as a desirable place. We acted upon this advice, coming here two years ago. The change of climate wrought a change indeed, but for the worse, as she was soon confined to bed, and under the care of two doctors, who asserted she could live but a month longer. A neighbor came to see her one day who had been reading your almanac. She told her of the testimonials she read in it, of the great amount of good they were doing, and advised her to try a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. She did so, was relieved, kept improving, and is now able to do housework, and continues the use of Morse's Pills.
Yours gratefully,
GEO. DUNN.