

Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

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OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Glance at our Exchanges.

A Tolstoi Who Is Not a Humbug.

From Russia comes the news of the punishment which the Orthodox Diocesan Council of Nijni Novgorod has inflicted upon Nicholas Tolstoi, the Russian priest, whose conversion to Catholicism has caused him to suffer a veritable via crucis. It will be remembered that the condemned, who belongs to the family of the well-known writer, Count Leo Tolstoi, is a young priest of the Orthodox Church, whose early tendencies and faithful correspondence with grace brought about his conversion to the One True Church.—Western Catholic News, Chicago.

Catholic Summer Schools.

Catholic Summer Schools seem to be in great request just at present. The marked success of the summer school at Madison last summer has stirred up the Catholics of the far west, and of the Rocky Mountain region, to feelings of emulation. In San Francisco there is talk of having a Pacific summer school; and our esteemed contemporary, the Colorado Catholic, has for some time past been earnestly urging upon the Catholics of Colorado the expediency of having a Rocky Mountain summer school in that state. The idea is a good one. Colorado would be a splendid place for a summer school on account of its delightful climate and splendid scenery. Numbers of people already go from this city to spend the hot months at the mountain resorts in Colorado, and if a summer school were held in some one of these pleasant summer resorts, it would be possible for Catholics from the eastern states to combine instruction and amusement in a very desirable way.—The New World, Chicago.

British Fairplay.

Nos concitoyens anglais aiment toujours à évoquer les précédents établis en Grande Bretagne. Et nous comprenons cela. L'Angleterre est le pays où les hommes d'état en général respectent le plus la tradition et où ils se font un point d'honneur d'être fidèles à leur parole, et de respecter la vérité quoi qu'il arrive.—Courrier du Canada.

A Fearless Blade.

The Journal has often had occasion to call attention to the broad-minded spirit of equality that actuates the editors of our esteemed contemporary, The Scimitar. But this has never been more noticeable than during the past few weeks since the A. P. A. has raised its standard of bigotry in this city. The Scimitar, from the very start, came out boldly and manfully against this organization, and took no pains to conceal its contempt for men who would band together in secret to proscriber their fellow-citizens for entertaining different religious opinions. It is, indeed, gratifying, not only to Catholics but to all fair-minded men, to see such an influential paper fearlessly advocating the pure doctrine of true Americanism.—Catholic Journal of the New South, Memphis, Tenn.

Many-Sided Joe.

There are good times coming for the colonies! Mr. Chamberlain, who is secretary for the colonies in the new British ministry, has declared himself for a very liberal and progressive colonial policy. He has even gone so far as to say that he would be prepared to "consider carefully" any case in which by a judicious investment of imperial money a colony could be developed. Unfortunately for us, it is only too likely that these remarks were prompted by the consciousness of innumerable schemes for the opening up of Darkest Africa, and had little reference to the claims of such an unromantic region as a province that is about to export some sixty or seventy millions of bushels of grain. Nevertheless, the spirit of liberality towards the colonies is there, and it looks, on face of it, as if now is the time for our governments, local and federal, to return to an active emigration policy in Great Britain. They can certainly count upon the imperial Government's good-will.—The Colonist, Winnipeg.

Does His Own Thinking.

Last Sunday evening, discussing the relation of women to politics, Rev. Mr. Ross took the position that while the women have rights they had no right to rule over man, and he did not think it in the best interest of pure womanhood that they should intermingle with the crowd in the political arena. Speaking of prohibition, to promote which women were anxious to secure the right to vote, he did not think such a law would be successful, as people would weary of the vigilance necessary to enforce its provisions. The proper sphere of woman, Rev. Mr. Ross said, was in the home, training the child and instilling those truths which would be lived out in the lives of the coming men and women.—The Weekly Review, Portage la Prairie.

Folly.

Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sledge up a hill for the fleeting pleasure of riding down again. But it appears to me that boy is a sage by the side of a young man who works hard all week and drinks up his wages on Saturday night.—The Angelus, Detroit.

The Champion Ananias of Quebec.

"Mentez, mentez toujours, et il en restera quelque chose," a dit Voltaire.

C'est ce que fait depuis des mois L'Electeur, l'organe de M. Laurier à Québec.

Ce journal ne respecte ni la personne sacrée de nos évêques, ni l'honneur de nos hommes publics.—Le Manitoba.

Catholic Devotedness.

The citizens of Vicksburg will never forget the martyr spirit of the heroic Bishop Elder, who, when applied to for another priest to take the place of those had fallen before the dreaded foe, the yellow fever in 1878, said there was no other priest to spare, and went himself, offering his own life in the service of God and for the salvation of souls. And when the Protestant ministers fled the plague, all the Catholic priests and nuns remained at their post for life or death, and none of them refused assistance to the abandoned Protestants who often called for them. "The tree is known by its fruit."—Southern Messenger, San Antonio, Texas.

The Other Angel.

Think of an angel standing in a saloon in the midst of a reckless, noisy, and not overly decent crowd. Yet this happens as often as you stop in the saloon. The angel is obliged in shame to stand there. And you are not the angel referred to. Go home to your family, and let the angel rejoice over it. Rather, don't go to the saloon, and your family and your angel will rejoice yet more.—St. Xavier Monthly Calendar, Cincinnati.

Too Strange Not to be True.

Mr. F. F. Busted and Conductor P. Savage of the C. P. R. had a somewhat unusual experience in the hunting line lately. There is a small creek, just east of Gilbert station, generally well stocked with pickerel or other fish; the water being shallow gives a fair opportunity for the hawks to capture their prey with little effort, which attracts many of them to the neighborhood. On Monday last, while Conductor Savage's train was taking the siding at Gilbert, he called Mr. Busted's attention to a very large bird which was perched on a dry limb projecting over this creek, when the latter remarked that the hawk would not drop even if shot as the claws of such birds grasp the wood and they usually remain suspended when killed. He shot the bird however and his statement was verified for the bird did not drop.

Both men were then determined to become possessed of the fruit of a shot at long range and Savage climbed the tree to dislodge the game, but in his efforts to do so the limb broke precipitating bird, limb and man into the creek. Nothing daunted, the latter followed his game down the current when after some difficulty he managed to capture it, returning triumphant to the shore with a bird that measured four feet six inches from tip to tip. But he wore a pair of loose overalls and feeling something kick-

ing vigorously within them he proceeded to investigate with the result of finding three splendid pickerel. This goes to show that fish as well as game, is plentiful in this district.—The News, Rat Portage.

Hatred Changed to Love.

Some time ago in the city of Catanzare, in Italy, a Protestant minister became a convert to Catholicism, but his wife (Maria Eloisa Ferlander) remained in heresy, and, through hatred of the Church, opened a proselytising school. The Bishop, Mgr. de Riso, set himself to bring about her conversion, and on the 25th of August, in the episcopal chapel, she solemnly abjured her errors, and was received into the Church. The Bishop gave her conditional Baptism and Confirmation, and she received Holy Communion at his hands. She displayed great fervor, and all present were much edified.—Catholic American, New York.

Bogs of Ireland.

According to recent discoveries of German investigators, Ireland possesses in her peat bogs a remunerative and extensive field for the employment of capital and labor. These Germans have formed a syndicate and are at present exhibiting in London new products of peat, which range from antiseptic wool for dressing wounds to bearings and journals for machinery.—Irish Standard, Minneapolis.

Indian Shorthand.

With the January (1896) number, will begin a new exposition of the "Wawa" shorthand, English method, which will be continued in the following numbers until complete. It will be done up in clear, readable type, with the phonographic signs at the right, in photo-engraving. Those who have already studied the "Wawa" phonography from the micrographed papers, or from the plates of last year, are unanimous in stating that it is the simplest and easiest to learn that has ever been seen.—Kamloops Wawa.

Not Much of a Conversation.

Speaking of the report that Mr. Brunetiere, editor of La Revue des Deux Mondes, was making rapid strides towards Catholicism, La Verite, of Quebec, says: "If the editor of La Revue des Deux Mondes could not close his eyes to certain lights, he has nevertheless refused to open his heart to the holy emotions that transform a man by ridding him of error. Until he has the courage to do this we cannot call him a Catholic. Louis Veillot, revenu de Rome, brisait les idoles. Brunetiere, lui, se contente de leur supprimer l'encens."—La Verite, Quebec.

Three Questions Easy to Answer.

If the Protestant prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary were compelled by a Catholic warden to attend Mass on Sundays and listen to Catholic sermons preached by priests, how long would that warden hold his position?

If the Protestant prisoners in that state institution were coerced into assisting at Catholic religious exercises and Governor McKinley were requested to put an end to the persecution of them, how long would that request have to be made before he would act?

If the Protestant prisoners in that pen were deprived of religious liberty, would the Protestant preachers in this city maintain a studied silence concerning the outrage?

If the wrong would be loudly denounced and promptly righted if the victims of it were Protestant, why should it not be corrected when those who suffer by it are Catholics?—Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.

Assiniboia Wit.

I lately saw printed on a hand bill "Sailor's walking hats." Well, I have seen a garden walk, likewise a house on the move, also a barrel churn; in addition, I have seen an iron fence and a hurdle race, but never experienced the edifying effect produced by sailors' walking hats. Sailors are, as a rule, a taut crew, though sometimes crudely taught, but as to how they have been smart enough to make hats walk, I am, paradoxical as it may seem, more at sea than they are.—Qu'Appelle Progress.

Golden Advice.

When rumors affecting the good name of your fellow-citizen are heard be careful how you handle them that you do not add more injury. This should be borne in mind more especially as the season for civic elections is drawing near, and people are not too particular about the truth.—People's Voice, Winnipeg.

Don't Potter About It.

Bishop Potter is not satisfied with the name of his denomination. He wants to change it from Protestant Episcopal to "the Holy Catholic Church." But that change would be ridiculous—there is nothing universal about the Protestant Episcopal sect. And the change would be confusing—there is only one Holy Catholic Church, the one that has come down from the Apostles in an unbroken succession and the chief bishop of which resides in Rome. If Bishop Potter wants to become a Catholic, let him come in at the door!—Catholic Review, New York.

Mining News.

Thirty-eight claims have been staked this summer on Cariboo Creek, which runs into the Columbia 20 miles south of Nakusp, and several on Mineral Creek, a tributary. Placer mining has been practically abandoned. The Golden Eagle has a strong ledge, the iron capping of which shows \$10 to \$15 to the ton. On the Promistoria on Mineral Creek streaks running \$167 in gold have been found, but they are not permanent. The owners, Demers, Bourne & Road, have refused a working bond of \$15,000 on the property. The War Eagle runs \$6.25 in gold and \$80 in silver. Snow has fallen and work is practically stopped until next spring.—Kamloops Inland Sentinel.

So say We.

The editor of the Times-Guardian begs to extend his thanks again this week to a very considerable number of correspondents who have on many occasions supplied much news of great interest to the readers of this paper. Our readers can have some conception of the value such contributions are to them when they consider for a moment how interesting some one or more items found under the various headings have been, how eagerly they have told their friends and neighbors of the visit or departure of this one and that one, of the good luck that has befallen some one they know or the sorrow they felt when death or disaster visited a friend or loved one. For all the information thus given our correspondents are to be thanked. Thanks and small glory is what the editor gets in the main, so therefore, thanks must of necessity be the portion of the tireless correspondent. Some day, perhaps "when our ship comes in" reward may follow. For the present many, many thanks.—Times-Guardian, Truro, N. S.

Freemason Faure.

The President of the French continues to decorate Sisters of Charity for their services in the cause of the poor. This prompts a French Catholic to say that Mr. Faure would do better to give fewer crosses and medals and obtain in his country more respect for the possessions of the Sisters of Charity—"the patrimony of the poor." The correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times defends the President by saying that his position in regard to legislative enactments is much the same as the sovereign of England.—Catholic Register, Toronto.

Crusty Judgment.

It was a little curious to note, by the way, at the Wapella show, that the bread prizes were awarded without the judges taking the trouble to cut into the loaves.—The Herald, Whitewood, Assa.

Catholic Survivals in English Speech.

Few of us think perhaps that when we are bidding a friend "good bye," we are really using the pious old formula of "God be with you," which is exactly what the priest says in his Mass at every "Dominus Vobiscum." The French word "adieu" is much the same in meaning.

Since we have become a nation of shop-keepers, "Fairs," have waned in popularity. These fixed markets were held annually on certain "FERIE" or

holidays, from which Latin word they have their names. One of these fair days was the feast of S. Etheldreda—commonly called St. Audrey—and was a day when people could lay in a stock of "fair laces and gay toys" and it is said that our word, "tawdry" can be traced to this market day, being merely a corruption of St. Audrey. Can it be owing to the contempt for the saints which spread over England at the Reformation that this word expresses something showy and useless? and is it to the same misfortune that we owe the word "maudlin?" The dictionary tells us that this word is a corruption of S. Magdalen; that its original meaning was "shedding tears of penitence," and from that to have the eyes "red and swollen with weeping" like Mary Magdalen.—St. Andrew's Magazine, England.

Home Rule.

No one who understands the vicissitudes of politics will regard Home Rule as dead, or even soundly sleeping. On the contrary, exigencies are likely to rise to bring it conspicuously to the front again at any moment. What folly could be greater than to talk of adopting the methods of Anarchists! Too much has been accomplished by peaceful agitation to permit a return to those reactionary ideas. Home Rule has had a setback but in such a cause obstacles and checks are but incentives to fresh exertion.—Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.

A Weighty Opinion.

The Commercial is still hopeful of an improvement in values in the wheat markets of the world during the present crop year. The question of fact as we have shown, however, is greatly in favor of selling now, while the future is more or less speculative. While it may be more advisable for Manitoba farmers to hold some of their wheat, we believe it will be in their interest and in the interest of the country at large, to have a considerable portion of the crop moved out before the close of navigation this fall and while the low freight rates can be taken advantage of. If this is done there will be storage room enough to carry the balance of the crop over to next spring.—The Commercial, Winnipeg.

NO COLOR LINE THERE.

Two Negro Students Enter the Catholic University of America.

The statement made recently by the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University, that color would be no bar to the admission of students to the university, was borne out by the registration of two colored men as students on Oct. 3.

The first to register was J. H. Love, a professor in the Colored High School, of Washington, who was educated at Oberlin College. He will take a course in law under Prof. Robinson. The second was a professor in the Colored High School, who was educated at Amherst College. He will pursue a course in social science.—Irish World, New York.

A Brace of Interesting Items.

Some of our readers are perhaps too far away to know that "Rosa Mulholland," whose graceful verses give a value to our pages this month, has for some years been Mrs. John Gilbert; or that Mr. Gilbert is an historian and the learned editor of many Irish State Records and Dublin Municipal documents.

The Oblates of Mary in Ceylon have for many years been doing everything possible—and impossible—to provide native priests. They have had some success. The head priest at the Jaffna Cathedral, Father Aloysius, O. M. I., is a native of Ceylon, who studied in Europe. Brother Gaspar Gomes, who made his Oblation in the hands of Archbishop Melizan on June 20, 1895, is a Paraver from Southern India. Many Indian and Ceylonese families bear Portuguese or European names.—Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, London and Dublin.

In the November issue of the Catholic World Magazine, Rev. Francis W. Howard has a deeply interesting argumentative article on "Catholicism, Protestantism, and Progress."

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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. (2) LETTERS on similar subjects, whether conveying or asking information or controversial. (3) NEWS NOTES, especially such as are of a Catholic character, from every district in North Western Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. (4) NOTES of the proceedings of every Catholic Society throughout the city or country. Such notes will prove of much benefit to the society themselves by making their work known to the public.

A Catholic correspondent wanted in every important town. Address all Communications to THE NORTHWEST REVIEW, Post office Box 508, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The passage we reproduce from Harold Frederick's correspondence to the New York Times about the jubilee of "United Italy" is more than a month old; but it is one of these old things that are worth repeating, because they shine with the newness of eternal truth.

On Oct. 23rd, at a session of the Ontario Sabbath School association, Mr. Alfred Day, secretary, stated that of the 600,000 public school pupils in Ontario not more than two-thirds attended Sunday school. This statement of an official report bears out what we said some time ago about the vast number of Protestant children who get no religious instruction whatever. In country places they are less neglected; but in cities the inadequacy of the Sunday school attendance is lamentable.

Dr. Bryce made, last Friday evening, one of his pontifical pronouncements "urbi et orbi." In many places this breezy document reveals the converting influence of Principal Grant's letters. We may perhaps dwell on special paragraphs latter on. Just now we select for animadversion this sentence: "Only let the minorities accept the situation, and the minorities may be relied upon to give not only fair but sympathetic consideration to marked predilections, which do not interfere with the school law." How kind of our Manitoba dictator! Having lately, by dint of roping in delegates, got himself elected President of the Winnipeg branch of the Dominion Alliance, the ambitious doctor feels himself well nigh monarch of all he surveys in Manitoba, and, in the magnanimity of his imperial position, he will deign to exercise that virtue of absolute rulers—a wise and benign clemency. How very kind! "Step into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

But the fly has wings, which the spider lacks; and it has more eye-facets than the crafty web-weaver. Besides, being gifted with more varied powers and endowed with greater heterogeneity of structure, it is, according to modern scientists, higher in the scale of being than the comparatively homogeneous spider. However, Dr. Bryce will hardly admit this basic principle, that progress is an advance from undifferentiated homogeneity to differentiated heterogeneity; for his fétich is precisely the contrary, the dead level of absolute sameness, or as he calls it, unity and homogeneity.

This particular fly has already been caught in the web, though it fortunately

broke through it. It is, therefore, a wary fly. It knows what the unctuous spider's promises are worth, and says to itself: "How hard pressed by hunger the old fly-eater must be to make me so pretty a speech! He must surely be trembling for his life, or he would never talk in that maudlin way." The fly has the wings of justice and the eyes of ancestral wisdom, while the poor spider has nothing but the slender threads of promise that come from its empty belly and will break at the first breath of the people's will.

A TIMELY PAMPHLET.

Some time ago we received a pamphlet written by the Rev. Peter Rosen, Heidelberg, Minn., entitled: "A Catholic cannot consistently be a member of secret societies because they are religious organizations." The learned author, in the opening sentences of this very timely pamphlet, informs us that his chief intention is to refute the statements so very generally made, that our Holy Father Leo XIII, acted without sufficient information in issuing his recent decree against Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and similar societies. He begins by quoting the following from the Northwest Odd Fellow Review:

"If there is anything in the general make up of our society which merits this condemnation we would like to know it, and take measures to apply a remedy; and if on the other hand there is no justification for this imposition, then those of our members who are affected by it, and those who are debarred from hereafter participating in the benefits we have to offer in exchange for membership, should have their eyes opened so that truth may guide them in the choice between the two institutions of church and lodge." Then this Review goes on to abuse the Catholic church and its august Head in the usual vituperative style, in which it introduces "Foreign potentate," "terrorism," "middle ages" and such like threadbare claptrap. Without taking any notice of this lame substitute for argument further than quoting it, the Rev. author at once proceeds to point out to all Catholics why they cannot consistently belong to or remain members of these secret societies. After stating the aims and objects of those societies, he shows that the movement of the non-Catholic world to-day, however near it may approach the Catholic model, can be regarded, by those who understand it, only as a conscious or unconscious effort to reproduce the gentile rationalism of the old Alexandrian school. To this school all religions are equally true or equally false, true as parts of a whole, false when regarded each as a whole in itself.

The author then examines the rituals and ceremonials of the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, and, as the easiest way to prove his problem and show how impossible and inconsistent it is for Catholics to belong to such societies, he makes very copious quotations from their ceremonies and the obligations imposed on their members. We wish that space would only allow us to set these authentic quotations before our readers. From the cited texts it becomes self-evident that these societies claim and dogmatically teach a religion of their own, a large amount of which is opposed to the teachings of the Church, in a word, they pretentiously attempt to take the place of the church in society and ignore its divine mission and the teachings of its founder Jesus Christ. They have their "high priests," their "priests of the first, second and third degrees" and their "prelates." In all their ceremonies the Odd Fellows prate about the "Bible," "Abraham," "Isaac," "Rebecca," the "Ark," etc.; but, like all other secret societies, they eschew the sacred Name at which every knee should bow.

The reverend author says: "The teaching of Odd Fellowship in its various branches, as shown in the foregoing (quotations), would be grand if there was no Christ and no Church of Christ. No reference to Him and his Church is found in the Ritual; He is utterly ignored, and as clear as daylight is it taught that He is not necessary; that man can go to Heaven without Him."

Dropping the Odd Fellows, he turns his attention to the Knights of Pythias, of whom he says: "The Knights of Pythias do not employ such a lengthy ceremonial, but their teaching is, if it were possible, even more antagonistic to that of Christ. Prelates and candidates use prayers and symbols; but all the symbols refer to friendship existing between Damon, Pythias and Dyonsius. The Bible plays an important part in the ceremonies, somewhat as in the Odd Fellows ceremonies. The main objectionable feature is the thorough ignoring of Christ in the rule of life and the practice of virtues; and the extolling of the teaching of Pythagoras." So Pythagoras, the Pagan, and not Christ, the Light of the World, is the teacher. After exposing the ceremonies of these secret societies, and thus proving that they contain a distinct religion in themselves, more or less opposed to the divine teachings of Jesus Christ, the writer asks: "Need more be said in proof that the Lodge seeks to supplant the Church? Where Christ is not the teacher the Catholic cannot listen. He must hear the church and the church speaks to us through the mouth of the divine teaching authority. The Vicar of Christ, the Pope of Rome, is for us the law-giver, like Moses of old."

The entire pamphlet deserves attentive perusal. It may be had of the author at the address given in the opening sentence of this article. We should like to see it in the hands of every Catholic layman that is likely to come across admirers of these secret societies.

HIS GRACE RETURNS.

He Says the Delay in His Visit to Rome Has Nothing to do With the School Question—Compromise Rumor.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin arrived home over the west train this morning. A Nor'-Wester representative had a short interview with him. His Grace said he had been in the west on ordinary diocesan business. He went by rail to Qu'Appelle, and drove thence to the missions in that large and scattered district, completing his circuit at Fort Ellice, and returning to Winnipeg via Moosomin. In all of these missions he had been holding confirmations. He finds the work both among Indians and whites progressing favorably.

The press man asked His Grace if he could in any way account for the origin of the rumor which said that a compromise was being arranged between Premier Greenway and him.

He replied—"No. I cannot understand how the man who made the assertion could in any way account for bringing my name into the matter. I do not deny that I at one time thought a compromise might have been suggested from the other side. As a matter of fact, such a thing has never even been hinted at. Certainly, I have never been approached, either verbally or otherwise; and I myself have never made any overtures in the way of a compromise."

"Has Your Grace heard that it was rumored here that you had delayed your visit to Rome till you were able to assure His Holiness that the Manitoba school question was definitely settled?"

"No, I had not heard that. The statement is most incorrect. I did hope to go to the Holy City this fall; my reason for not going was that I felt I could not do so, till I was able to say to the Pope that I had visited my whole diocese. That I have not yet done. I am sorry that I could not at this time for two reasons: First, I am afraid that His Holiness is in a very feeble state of health, and if I do not go soon I may never be able to see him in this world; in the second place, had I gone about this time, I should have been able to accompany one whose companionship and experience would have been of great value to me."

Then your delaying the matter of Rome had nothing to do with the school question?"

"Certainly not."—From the Nor'-Wester, Oct. 25.

THE PANDERING TO PREJUDICE.

From the Toronto Catholic Register. The Letter which we publish to-day from Mr. E. W. Thomson, should be taken to heart by every Canadian who entertains any love of country. There are few journalists or public men who know our politics more accurately than Mr. Thomson. We do not think there is a newspaper in the Dominion that will refuse respect to the opinion of

the former editor of the Globe. And what has his long experience as a political journalist taught him? "All my life," he says, "the horrible hullabaloo against Catholics which one continually hears in Canada has distressed me.....It is my belief that literature written in Canada by Canadians—who to be good Canadians must be as Catholic as the Confederation Act, which provides for the just liberties of both races and both creeds—will yet accomplish the noble work of allaying that infernal spirit of prejudice and persecution which the worst class of politicians of both races so much try to exacerbate."

A "HORRIBLE HULLABALOO."

Mr. E. W. Thomson on the "Infernal Display of Prejudice and Persecution" Displayed Towards Catholics.

Mr. E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," and formerly editor of the Globe writes as follows:

Boston, Mass.

September 28th, 1895.

Editor Catholic Register, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Nothing in connection with the publication of "Old Man Savarin" has given me more gratification than The Register's admirably written notice of the book. To be quite frank, I had felt rather aggrieved that no American Catholic journal saw what The Register has seen in one reading; though the book was published in Boston, by T. Y. Crowell & Co., on the 16th July, and sent to the Catholic as well as the Protestant journals. In alluding to what The Register has seen, I mean, of course, that tenderness for Catholics and the spirit which I have so often found in Catholics which appears to you in the book. I am not of your communion, but was bred in the Church of England, yet I hope that I am Catholic in a right Catholic sense. All my life, the horrible hullabaloo against Catholics, which one continually hears in Canada, has distressed me; I never failed, while I was a political journalist, to write in such a way as I hoped would allay the Protestant or Orange distrust of Catholics; I have loved many Catholics since I was old enough to think; and among my choicest friends Catholics have always been. So far as my book has any other interest than to be a sort of truthful shadowing of the things on which it is based, it was designed to advance a better order of things in Canada, my native land. I was even prepared to be attacked by the narrower class of Protestant writers because of my sympathetic dealings with the Catholic types I have known. And it did cut me that no Catholic had said one word indicating perception, until The Register, absolutely unolicited, published a review that is what my heart sought; though my head says you are far too kind in respect of the literary quality of my work, which has been done at the odd times of a man who has always had to labor steadily at other things than literature to get his daily bread.

I like to think that Toronto has a Methodist Book Publishing company, liberal enough to publish a book that commends itself to The Catholic Register, and that The Catholic Register has the fine Catholic spirit to approve warmly the venture of the Methodist Publishing company. It is my belief that literature written in Canada by Canadians—who to be good Canadians must be as Catholic as is the Confederation Act, which provides for the just liberties of both races and all creeds—will yet accomplish the noble work of allaying that infernal spirit of prejudice and persecution which the worst class of politicians of both races so much try to exacerbate. May I live to see the good day! Should my little book tend in the least to hasten it I shall have a particular right to rejoice.

The Youth's Companion will hereafter be exchanged for The Register, as you have requested. And you will find the Companion owned and edited by Mr. D. S. Ford, one of the leading Baptists of the United States, conducted on what I call a most Catholic spirit; that which seeks to promote good will on Earth and Peace among men of all creeds.

Yours very truly,
E. W. THOMSON.

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE LAMENTED FATHER DAMIEN.

The Following Excerpts From a Letter Received From Father Conrardy, the Successor of the Lamented Father Damien Will be Read With Interest, Not by Catholics Alone, but by Every One Who Admires Personal Heroism and Devotion to Duty.

KALAWAO, MOLOKA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, July 18, 1895.

Mr. W. C. BRANN, Waco, Texas:

DEAR SIR,—Upon reading your scathing article anent the ex-priest Joseph Slattery, contained in the June number of the Iconoclast, I conceived the idea of writing you a personal letter on the subject, which is penned from Moloka, known throughout the world as the leper settlement.

While reading your justly caustic criticism of Slattery and the "A. P. A.," I came to the touching tribute which you pay to the worth and character of our venerated Brother Damien, whom I came to assist in his life's work, and after reading same made my way to his last resting place, the tomb, which is located within my garden, and culled from his grave a few blossoms, which I enclose to you as a token of gratitude for the tribute paid my deceased friend and co-laborer, while I must say at the same time you exalt him too much.

In 1875 I was a missionary priest among the Indians in Oregon, and having heard of Father Damien among the lepers, I tendered my services to aid him in the work. But owing to the fact that I could not secure a substitute to take my place among the Indians, and Father Damien then being strong and well, with less than 600 of his leper charges to care for, I delayed my journey to the leper colony until Father Damien was himself stricken with the fell disease, when I renewed my offer to come and assist him, in reply to which the reverend father wrote as follows:

"If you are willing to come, come at once to my assistance, as my hands will soon refuse their use in celebrating Mass, hence I have to cry from the bottom of my heart, come to my aid at once, to help me, to replace me."

As soon as I was given my freedom by my Bishop I proceeded at once to Moloka. I found Father Damien a prey to the fell destroyer, leprosy, which at that time only extended to his hands, neck and face. I stopped with him at his own house and was with him constantly. The last years of his life he worked almost unceasingly, building a large stone kitchen and dining room for the members of his colony.

He also erected two large dormitories and a church edifice, built of wood and stone, finally concluding with a house for himself. In all this he had only the members of the leper colony to aid him, many of whom were in far advanced stages of the disease.

Scarce two months had elapsed after the completion of this work before the "master workman" (Damien) was carried to his last home, having fallen a victim to the fearful plague before attaining his 50th year.

Leprosy, however, is not always so bad as painted. Very few of the afflicted lose all of their fingers and toes. It is true that the disease is not so bad as it once was. In fact Father Damien's cup was not nearly so bad as many fancied it to be.

An evidence of this may be found in his own words contained in a letter written by him to me, in which he said: "I am the spoiled child of Providence; I have always been happy."

Although a victim to the plague, Father Damien lost none of the members of his body therefrom. While his neck, face and hands were badly swollen and his fingers very sore at the joints, he retained the use of them all.

Even were things so bad as they are represented, that would not have kept either Father Damien or myself from being happy in our work; for were my fingers to drop off and the flesh to fall from my bones I should only be that much lighter and the worms would be cheated of so much in the end.

While among the Indians I gained the sobriquet of "The Fearless," because of my indifference to personal danger, or suffering in the pursuit of my calling, and in imitation of our Divine Master.

True it is among men that some really suffer more than others, or else feel their sufferings more acutely. As, for instance, a mother over the loss of her babe, or a husband over the loss of his life's companion. In fact, the white race is more susceptible to suffering than the colored. Death and its agonies are felt far less by the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, etc., than by the Caucasian race, especially those who are educated and refined.

Incidentally I would suggest that Joseph Slattery be advised to come out here and take up his abode among our leper colonists, where men live and die for their neighbors without expecting much appreciation for their labors or gratitude for self-sacrifice made in their behalf, for there is but little gratitude even in the breast of a Hawaiian leper. Indeed, as a rule, he thinks very lightly of his disease, and so does not have a very exalted opinion of those who fight against its ravages, ever though they do all in their power to alleviate the condition of its victims.

In conclusion I desire to congratulate

you upon the work you are doing and your bold and fearless stand against fraud and hypocrisy.

Continue, my dear brother in Christ, your good work, and fail not to send me the Iconoclast that I may read it and keep posted on the noble efforts you are making, and shake hands with you, in imagination at least, in congratulation thereon.

"UNITED ITALY'S" JUBILEE.

LONDON, September 21, 1895. Rome's celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Gen. Cadorna's entrance through the breach in the Papal walls has been all too palpably a partisan affair, a grand festival and picnic of red-shirted Garibaldians, Masonic lodges, and target-shooting societies, rather than a national demonstration.

Humbert remains King of the Carbonari, and not much else, just as his father was a quarter of a century ago.

It is significant that the Parliament and its officers were scarcely mentioned during the festivities, and cut no figure at all in the ceremonies. There was a good deal of royalty, and still more of Crispi, but scarcely a reminder of the Constitutional nation.

The truth is that Italy as a whole is in no mood for merrymaking, and discerns no practical reason for cherishing 1870 as a sacred date. The promises of that delusive year have all been broken, the peninsula is as divided against itself as it was under the Grand Dukes, and the people are not better educated, or housed, fed and clothed.

Taxation has risen to the point of ruin, the national debt of this small, impoverished country equals that of the United States at the close of the civil war, politics have grown incredibly base and rotten, and, worst of all, there is a permanent religious feud ceaselessly disturbing the social life of every village, disrupting families, estranging friends with deadly certainty, and making another Ireland of the unhappy land.

Crispi's long speech yesterday recognized and illustrated all this. It was as narrow and strictly partisan a harangue as any Orange lodge ever listened to.

Underneath its specious arraignment of the Papacy, however, there seems to lurk a sort of hint that a personal arrangement with the Pope is not wholly impossible. There are rumors, indeed, that negotiations between Crispi and Cardinal Galimberti, who represents the Liberal wing of the Sacred College, have already taken a definite shape, but what they involve remains purely speculative guess work.

HAROLD FREDERICK, European correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

HE HAD NO FAITH IN ANY ADVERTISED MEDICINE.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until He Was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

From the Yarmouth, N. S., Times.

The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matter would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst.



FOUND MR. TRASK IN HIS OFFICE.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught

more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was but a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and seemed to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—there are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them, as I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I got through with the third box, there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, despondent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, and am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health, when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative left, fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

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 household work, and continues the use of Morse's Pills.

Yours gratefully, GEO. DUNN.

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Re-opened on the 28th of August. Pupils attending the institution have every facility of perfecting themselves in the French and English language. Gratuitous lessons are given in plain sewing and fancy work, while great attention is paid to the training and department of the pupils. This school is pleasantly situated in the healthiest and most picturesque part of the city of Kamloops. Music on piano and stringed instruments is thoroughly taught at this Academy.

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