



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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**RUTHVEN ALIAS RIORDAN.  
NOT AN EX-PRIEST  
BUT AN EX-CONVICT.**

The person calling himself Ruthven, who, finding no church or good hall had to be content with a fourth-rate place of meeting, is thus described by The Casket of July 15th, 1897:

"The aforesaid Ruthven, alias Riordan, is a notorious wretch who was expelled from a Jesuit school in Dublin, who then went Australia and became a Presbyterian minister, but was expelled from the ministry for drunkenness and cruelty to his wife. Coming to America, he was, after a long career of fraud, convicted, the 25th day of April, 1893, at Buffalo, N.Y., of obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to serve a year in the Erie County Penitentiary, which he did. The chief witness against him were a Presbyterian minister from Australia and several of the Protestant clergy of Buffalo. He had previously joined the Baptist church and been expelled thence for fraud."

The Free Press Evening News Bulletin of July 19th, 1897, contained a long despatch from Victoria, B. C., showing how Ruthven had been arrested there for publishing indecent literature, obscene and defamatory libel, how he had been committed for trial on the charge of criminal libel and bound over to keep the peace.

The Manitoba Morning Free Press of July 21, 1897, had this additional item in a telegram from Vancouver: "Ruthven, the bogus Roman Catholic priest who nearly precipitated a riot in Victoria, B. C., has been released on three thousand dollars bail from the Victoria, jail and a promise that he will not again say in public that Catholic priests teach murder and immorality."

Further particulars are furnished in the following special despatch to the Montreal Star, dated Vancouver, July 21st:

"Many witnesses were in court who swore that they had been taught nothing but what was proper and moral by priests. They also swore that they would not keep the peace if Ruthven publicly insulted their religion. Protestants and Catholics joined in urging that Ruthven be punished to the limit of the law. The Protestants who stoned the Catholic cathedral were quieted by the receipt of a telegram from the police in Buffalo, saying that Ruthven had never been a priest as advertised, and that he had spent two years in the penitentiary."

This is the man whom some people trust and believe when he says that "lying, theft, anarchy, murder and the most hideous immorality are taught by Romish Confessors." They prefer the word of a professional fraud, of a jail-bird to the silent but convincingly contrary testimony of their honorable Catholic fellow-citizens, of 41 per cent.

of the population of Canada, of the largest Christian denomination in the world, of the Church the let England go into rebellion rather than sacrifice Christian purity!

If Ruthven talked as slanderously, lewdly and lecherously on any other subject as he does on the Catholic Church, the city authorities would long since have made him move on to some other town.

**LETTER FROM DAWSON CITY.**

REV. FATHER GENDREAU, O.M.I.  
WRITES TO REV. FATHER  
LACASSE, O. M. I.

Dawson City  
Yukon District  
July 12, 1898

Dear Reverend Father,

After a favorable journey, being always in excellent health, I reached this place on the 28th of June.

I spent four days at Selkirk, where, I left Father Desmarais and Brother Dumas, who have begun to build a combination house and chapel on the site we have chosen.

The three Sisters of St. Anne did not get here till the sixth of this month. The Sister Superior and Sister Pudentiana "[a niece of Father Lacasse]" are expected to arrive in three weeks. They spent the winter at a distant mission and could not reach Holy Cross Mission in time to take the steamer.

Rev. Father Corbeil, who started from Vancouver with the military contingent on the 14th of May, by way of Teslin Lake, is not yet come. We, who left Vancouver on the 23rd of May, passing by Dyea and Chilcoot pass, have already a fortnight's experience in Dawson City.

I was well received by Rev. Father Judge, S. J., who expects the Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. Father René, S. J., on the 20th inst. This zealous Father Judge ran the hospital at his own expense all winter; it was only yesterday the Sisters took charge of it.

There was here a pretty little church which was burned down on the eve of Trinity Sunday (June 4th) with all that it contained. Not even enough was left to say Mass until Rev. Father Camillus Lefebvre, O. M. I., a missionary from Peel's River, Athabaska-MacKenzie district, arrived here overland with his portable chapel.

Father Judge has begun to build a new church larger than the old one; the future building will be 75 by 37 feet. Meanwhile he has set up a large tent in which we say Mass. The church is being built of logs squared on three sides with the rough side outside; which is the fashion here.

What shall I say of Dawson? A city of 15,000 inhabitants, half of whom are still under tents or on the waters of the Yukon.

There are very rich mines, but they are few. Much disappointment among the new arrivals; many are already going back. There are many Catholics among the miners, quite a number of whom are not as practical as they ought to be. Pray for them and for

Your devoted brother in J.&M.I.  
P. E. Gendreau, O. M. I.

**GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE THIS AUTUMN.**

*Midland Review.*

During this month and next the parents of Catholic children are confronted by the problem of proper education for those under their charge. It is unquestionably vital as a topic and solution frequently difficult. In preceding issues we have proved conclusively from statistics at hand, that more Catholic girls are sent to academies than boys are sent to college. The tendency of Catholic parents, nowadays, is to educate their daughters so they may be able to make their way in the world; without intending it, they neglect their sons, possibly believing they will be able to succeed by sheer force of muscle.

In many cases, too; the boy of fourteen, fifteen sixteen, is kept at home to work and help maintain a sister in school, his parents again trusting to the antiquated notion that because he is a boy he will always be able to win his way into the forefront.

Two generations ago this idea could have been held with some reason. Then hands were worth as much as minds. But to-day conditions are changed. Now the trained mind wins in the sharp competition of the hour. The parent who wilfully debars his son from proper education blindly condemns him to a servitude of inadequate wages. It is right that parents should be warned of this. We do not hold that a classical course is necessary for every boy; we do hold that every boy should receive thorough, practical training in those branches which the advance of the age shows necessary. Above all, he should be taught not only how to think, as the public school faddists assert, but how to think rightly, as the Great Church declares. If you are going to send your daughter to an academy, send your boy to college and give him equal chance. The Church needs all the trained thinkers she can arouse. Let us fill the college as well as the academy.

**WARNER'S LIBRARY.**

About a year ago, when Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" was appearing in periodical issues, we quoted the Ave Maria to show that the very first article was bitterly anti-Catholic; from our own examination of the prospectus we proved that the

work omitted some of the greatest names because they were Catholic; finally, we published, in our issue of Aug. 31, 1897, a letter to us from Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, one of the twelve members of the Advisory Council of Mr. Warner's Library, disclaiming all influence upon the articles of contributors other than himself. During the year we have heard the work enthusiastically praised by learned Freemasons—the best possible sign of its malignity. And now comes the Midland Review, one of the most cultured Catholic organs in the world, with this scathing denunciation:—

"Father Lambing, who is distinguished as an historian, gravely objects to the "American Encyclopaedic Dictionary" on account of its unjust treatment of the Catholic religion. We should like to learn his opinion of Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." In our opinion a more insidiously dangerous compilation scarcely exists. Catholic parents who put the work into the hands of their children need not be surprised to find their children free-thinkers when they grow up. It is not only anti-Catholic occasionally; its tone is anti-Christian frequently. We have so stated before, yet many of our people complacently go on purchasing it. The "Encyclopaedic Dictionary" is harmless compared to it. Would not a Catholic Encyclopaedia pay?"

**THE GOOD SISTERS OF CHARITY AT BEBEK ON THE BOSPHORUS.**

*Written for the Review.*

"Ah Madame, the book I use is one you would not understand!"

This was said to me by a bright-smiling, happy looking girl after Benediction in the Chapel of the French Sisters of charity at Bebek, a village on the European side of the Bosphorus.

She had played the organ and led the singing, the voices of the children in the Litany of Loretto had sounded so sweet, the air was such a beautiful one that I asked the Superior after Vespers who the organist was, and just then the young girl coming into the room, the Superior introduced her to me and I made my request for the tune. This brought forth the answer: "Ah, madame, the book I use is one you would not understand!" Surprised I asked why should not I understand and be able to read the book she used? Then the Superior told me the young girl was BLIND. She used the book for blind people. I was utterly astonished: the girl looked the picture of happiness and content, bright and merry; the Superior told me she was always like a sunbeam in the house. They had sent her to France to be taught to read and play by the system for the blind, and now she was a

great help to them, and was quite happy in her life.

I was deeply interested to hear her story and came away home with my desire to get the tune of the Litany not gratified (as I could not use it) but with a deep sense of admiration at the good work these French Sisters are doing there. They devote themselves to the education of children; they have a large upper room fitted up as a chapel, with a Statue of our Lady of Lourdes at one end. It was great pleasure to go to Benediction on Sundays and light a votive candle to Our Lady, and here once we had the good fortune of hearing that eloquent Dominican, Père Olivier, preach. He was considered the second best pulpit orator in France.

The chapel was thronged, I thought, as I glanced round on those good Sisters, how their eloquent countrymen must have brought forth memories of France and what a treat it must have been to them to hear their own language spoken in all its purity and elegance, after hearing for years a Babel of foreign tongues round them. The next time I heard that great orator was in the densely crowded Cathedral of the Holy Ghost in Pera. His eloquence was marvellous, crowds flocked to hear him. Years have passed; he is still pursuing his mission of preaching in his own sunny land of France, the Sisters are, I presume, still labouring in theirs, instructing the orphans, and the blind girl may be yet giving her lesson of cheerful submission as she did to me when she told me so gaily that she had a "book which I should not be able to read."

**STOREHOUSE OF THE MIND.**

Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot from the mere anticipation of the actual impression. We remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years, but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten.—William Hazlitt.

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**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1898.

**NO ARRANGEMENT AS YET.**

Though we should have preferred to remain silent on the school question so long as negotiations are pending, we deem it our duty to most emphatically deny the statement—made in several newspapers lately—that the school difficulty is settled.

On the contrary, no definite arrangement has as yet been arrived at.

**CURRENT COMMENT.**

The respectable portion of Winnipeg's citizens are just now in the position of passengers in a railway train who have just run across a skunk; they are holding their nose till Ruthven has passed.

We welcome with joy the advent of a new religious order into this diocese, that of the Redemptorists. The sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori are world-renowned for their leaning, zeal and virtue. We wish them great and lasting success in their new field of labor in and around Brandon.

How ministers of the Gospel can go to hear such a full-mouthed slanderer as Ruthven, alias Riordan, is one of those things no decent, sensible fellow can understand. In Ruthven's afternoon lecture last Sunday there was hardly a sentence that any printing office in Winnipeg would not be ashamed to print.

At last we are able to publish a letter from the first Oblate missionary who has reached Dawson City. Rev. Father Gendreau is a man of high standing in his Order and among all those who have witnessed his piety, zeal and kindness; hence the especial weight his opinions must carry with them. It will be observed that the dominant note is cordial concurrence with the Jesuit Father Judge. The minor key tells of disappointment on the part of many. At the date of this letter—July 12th—Rev. Father Corbeil, the soldiers and the Victorian Nurses had not yet arrived, though they had started nine days before

Father Gendreau. The Sisters of St. Anne had just taken charge of the hospital. It will be remembered that they set out for Dawson at the end of last summer, but were stopped by the ice.

**A LESSON FROM THE WAR.**

When a calm, intelligent Protestant is confronted with the well known Catholic saying that all Protestant history of the Catholic Church is at best a huge misunderstanding, he is apt to reply that it is simply inconceivable how so many well read students of history could have been deceived. The present war between Spain and America shows precisely how the majority of a most intelligent nation may be deceived, not only in respect of remote events in the obscure past, but in contemporary events on which the fierce light of modern publicity is supposed to beat.

Before the war broke out the American people, as a whole, were honestly convinced that the Cuban insurgents were a noble band of long-suffering patriots cruelly done to death by ruthless Spanish soldiers. In fact it was avowedly for their sake that the United States declared war, in the most high-handed and tyrannical fashion, against a third-rate European power. Through zeal for these rebels have so many lives been sacrificed, so many millions squandered. And now the War Department of the United States discovers that these Cuban insurgents are an utterly untrustworthy and dangerous rabble. They ignore or refuse to be bound by the amenities of modern warfare. In a word, they are savages. We Catholics knew all the time that such was their true character, but the Protestant World was systematically deceived by newspaper correspondents subsidized by contractors whose interest it was to provide war material. Then all the Masonic brotherhoods with their endless ramifications, being sworn to injure Spain because she is a Catholic country, spread broadcast the most atrocious lies about Cuba. Somebody asks the AVE MARIA: "Have you no respect for the testimony of Senator Proctor or Mr. Harrison regarding the barbarities perpetrated by the Spaniards in Cuba?" To which the shrewd editor replies: "Not the slightest. Senator Proctor went to Cuba in the yacht of a yellow journal. His hands were tied; he had to see what little he saw through the goggles of the proprietor. As for ex-President Harrison, the only thing about him is his hat, which he is in the habit of using as a speaking-tube." General Fitzhugh Lee, for many years American Consul in Cuba, testifies in a wild, overwrought way which stamps his testimony as altogether unreliable. The immaturity of his judgment is as plain as the childishness of his face as it appears in his best portraits. If these, the leaders of the people, have been so badly "taken in," what wonder that the mass of the nation has followed them blindly?

Goldwin Smith very appositely remarks: "We have had a warning against credulity in the case of the Cuban insurgents, who, after being represented as a set of noble patriots fit, accord-

ing to the Senate of the United States, to be recognized as a republic, turn out to be a set of squalid, savage, and vagabond marauders, nearly akin to the Maroons."

Now the point we make is this. If a keen, bright, fair-minded people like the Americans can, in spite of their splendid facilities for acquiring accurate information, have been deceived so egregiously as to make war under a horrible delusion, is it not quite conceivable that the average Protestant, neither very keen, nor very bright, nor very fair-minded, can be completely mistaken as to the history of past events of which Catholics alone hold the key?

**FATHER JUDGE'S HOSPITAL.**

The Winnipeg newspapers are at last awaking to the fact that there is at Dawson City an excellent hospital conducted by a Catholic priest. The following is clipped from a Free Press Evening Bulletin of last week. Is it the Yukon Midnight Sun or the Bulletin that wrote "Judd" instead of "Judge"? We are glad to see Fred. Wade collecting subscriptions for a Catholic Hospital; if he begins to devote himself to good works, there is enough energy in him to make a saint.

Perhaps what we wrote a fortnight since about all secular correspondences studiously ignoring Father Judge's great work may have had something to do with this tardy acknowledgment from the Free Press editorial staff.

**THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.**

The genial, gifted and eloquent prelate, who was suddenly called to his reward in the See of Toronto, had long been intimately connected with the beautiful capital of Ontario. He received the three holy orders from the hands of Mgr. de Charbonnel, the first Bishop of Toronto; his first city charge was St. Mary's parish in Toronto; he was afterward appointed rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and vicar-general of the same diocese; in the same cathedral he was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich, the see being soon transferred to London. He was thus no stranger to the Queen City when in 1889 he was promoted to the archbishopric of Toronto.

Though thoroughly Canadian in sympathy and administration, he was ever devotedly attached to his native Ireland. It was he who originated the scheme of the memorable Dublin convention of 1896, which he graced with his noble presence. This alone would be enough to immortalize his name.

The administrative ability that characterized his twenty-two years' rule of the London diocese was conspicuous during the nine years of his Toronto episcopate, and it seems almost certain that the Holy Father had already chosen him as the second Canadian Cardinal when the Divine summons came to rest from his arduous and fruitful labors. "Lord, give unto him eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine on him."

**REV. FATHER McCARTHY'S SERMON OVER THE REMAINS OF LITTLE ANNIE EGAN.**

[The following report of the admirable short discourse delivered by Rev. Father McCarthy, O. M. I., at the funeral of little Annie Egan was handed in too late for our last issue.]

At the close of the service, the Rev. Fr. McCarthy addressed the large congregation present, saying, that it was with very great confidence he had just uttered that prayer of the Church, "May the angels conduct thee into Paradise"..... because the parents of this child took care to send her in her tender years to the well named "Holy Angels school" near this church. In that school she early learned to love and fear God, her young heart was formed to noble angelical virtues, and was imbued with a horror of wrong doing. So that, if evil example, or perverse human nature, ever tempted her to transgress God's law, her religious education in the Sisters' school preserved her innocence.

At the same time she was a remarkably proficient pupil, at nine years being able to write interesting letters to her relations and schoolmates in Winnipeg.

Therefore, the preacher said, all here present owe a debt of gratitude to the bereaved parents of this child for having given her a religious education. In our sorrow for losing this child of promise, Mr. Edward Egan and his good wife afford us the only and great consolation, that she will be "associated with the angelical choirs." In our name, and in your name I tender them, with our condolence, our sincere thanks also.

And this child will bless her parents for endless ages for their care of her tender years in this world. Allow me, dear friends, to offer their example for your imitation; give your little ones a school where they will learn piety in the sweet years of childhood. Do not imitate nor patronize those who will have schools from which religion is excluded and which produce such deadly and, I can say, ghastly fruits, that the world is becoming terrified at infantine crime.

Little Annie Egan, from her silent tiny coffin, can preach to all fathers and mothers to imitate hers. She can preach to us all, young and old, to live ever ready for a sudden call to judgment.  
R. I. P.

**UNFAMILIAR FACTS.**

Written for the Review.

Mr. Cerulli has a new theory about the canals of Mars: they simply don't exist, they are merely an optical illusion. Our very best telescopes bring the surface of Mars no nearer to us than an opera-glass brings the moon. Now, through an ordinary opera-glass, which only halves the distance, the moon appears covered with straight lines bulging in knots here and there, precisely the appearance of Mars in the Lick or Yerkes telescope. Therefore, just as a powerful telescope breaks up those apparent canals of the moon into detached craters and mountain peaks, so will the telescopes of the future, ten or

twenty times more powerful than the best we have now, break up and dissolve the so-called Martian canals.

As late as May 1788 there occurred on the hill of Knocklade, Antrim, Ireland, a volcanic eruption which poured a stream of lava 60 yards wide for 39 hours, and destroyed the village of Ballyowen and all the inhabitants save a man, his wife, and two children.

The cost to England of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 is variously estimated at from thirty to fifty million pounds. As this civil war lasted less than five months, the cost per day was even greater than the daily expenses of the United States in the present Spanish-American war, these latter being estimated at one million dollars a day. England employed 137,000 men, of whom 20,000 perished. The Irish lost 50,000. Of the leaders of the United Irishmen fully two thirds were Protestants.

**A BASE AND BASELESS FABRICATION.**

New World (Chicago.)

The Chicago Tribune, in a recent issue, had a most touching editorial on a story to the effect that 250 Spanish soldiers in some village in the Philippines, seeing that 200 of the insurgents were coming to attack them, used the women and children of the town as a breast-work.

Of this the Tribune says, with fine indignation, that "there is something irretrievably base in this act of the Spaniards." No doubt it would be irretrievably base, if it ever had happened. But, since, as a matter of course, it never did happen, the baseness is with the man who invented it.

**DID NOT LIKE THE IRISH.**

A good story is told by a Buffalo exchange of three excursionists riding in a trolley car the other day. They were discussing the desirability of various summer resorts. "No," said one, "I concluded not to go to Newport this season, because there were so many Irish there." "I came to Chataqua to escape the Irish," said a second. "Remarkable," said the third, "that's the reason that kept me away from Narragansett." At this juncture a young Irishman, who had been listening with a look of disgust to this conversation, rose abruptly, gave the bell rope a jerk, and, as he left the car, turned to the group with the remark, "There's one place you can go to where you won't find any Irishmen. You can go to hell."

**DIABOLICAL POSSESSION.**

Dr. John L. Devius, for forty-years a missionary among the Chinese, has just published an exhaustive study of "Demon Possession and Allied Themes," which very curiously agrees with Catholic teaching on the subject. Dr. Devius, by the way, is a Presbyterian minister, yet he holds that demon-possession and Spiritism are of frequent occurrence among the heathen. When Catholic theologians assert the existence of such phenomena they are dubbed superstitious. We wonder how it will be with Dr. Devius?—Midland Review.



