



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE P. P. A. seems to be getting hard knocks on all sides, but not more than the organization deserves. It is useless pointing out the harm that such an association must cause in a country like this; as long as there are bigots there will be intolerance, as long as there is ignorance there will be A. P. Aists and P. P. Aists. We feel that it is almost a squandering of time and energy to expose the iniquity of those evil principles. The members of that body, while evidently ashamed of their connection with it, are striving to make as much noise as possible through the press; but when it comes to the real test, when it is a question of casting ballots, we are under the impression that there will be less P. P. A. enthusiasm. There is more smoke than fire about them; more noise than solidity; more bluster than serious danger. The only way to deal with such a monstrosity is to strangle it in its cradle; were it to survive to maturity it might engender a swarm of its own kind. We are glad to see that so many outspoken Protestants and non-Catholic clergymen are not behind in expressing their condemnation of so much bigotry and un-Christian as well as un-Canadian tactics.

ON SATURDAY last the Rev. Dr. Douglas, Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, and a well-known lecturer, passed calmly from time to eternity. During the past two years we have had occasion very often to criticize the utterances and to disagree with as well as disapprove of the sentiments of Dr. Douglas. He had, however, the merit of being out-spoken; he was an open antagonist; and we are inclined to believe that he was conscientious in his very boisterous career. We trust, at all events, that his zeal against Catholicity was the outcome of sincerity—for such alone could tell in his favor to-day. Although he was one of our bitterest opponents, still we must pay him the tribute of being fearless in the cause he advocated. His course is run, and all his stupendous efforts have been vain to shake the Church against which he made fierce war. As a citizen, as a man, and as the head of a family, we desire to express our sympathy with his sorrowing relatives, and to hope that in eternity he has changed his judgment so often pronounced on earth against the Faith of ages.

WE ARE very fond of fun, and we do like burlesque or a well-presented farce. However, we do not believe in playing religion—no matter in what theatre or before what audience. Never before, in the annals of Christianity, were there as many religious parodies as in our day. We suppose that different people, outside the Church of Rome, have different ideas about what is likely to be acceptable to God; but certainly some of them have very little conception of the seriousness of real worship. We have an example of this in Chicago. The Salva-

tion Army, in that city, has undertaken to make an example of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Mr. W. W. Winchell, the Army's local representative, has summoned the "Prince of Paganism" to appear and show cause why he should be such. It is to be a mock trial, with judge, jury and lawyers. The summons for Col. Ingersoll is in part as follows:

"You are commanded to appear at the court room, Princess Rink, on February 8, 1894, then and there to testify the truth in a matter in suit wherein the Salvation Army is plaintiff, and Satan, alias 'the Serpent,' alias 'the Devil,' alias 'Angel of Light,' alias 'Science,' so-called, is defendant; and that you then and there bring with you and produce at the time and place aforesaid, to be used as evidence, the Bible which you blasphemed and the manuscript of lectures with which you uphold the defendant; and this you are not to omit under the penalty of the law of conscience."

There may be some wit in this, but we confess frankly that we are too dull to appreciate it.

THERE is an extraordinary club in London; it is called the "Thirteen Club." On the thirteenth of January it held one of its first and most important meetings. The object of the club is to practically and systematically destroy these queer superstitions that exist in the world. However, we are under the impression that the cure is about as bad as the disease; the club evidently wishes to have its members go as far in the one extreme as some innocent semi-fatalists go in the other. They meet on the 13th of the month; on Friday, if possible; they seat thirteen at table; they call the guests together by smashing a mirror; they are served by cross-eyed waiters; the knives are crossed on the table; the salt is placed in little coffins; they commence every important action upon some ill-omened day; they wear jewels that denote bad luck; they have lamps in the shape of skulls—made of plaster of Paris; each one wears a green necktie; they twirl their glasses when drinking; and, in a word, perform every species of eccentricity, which makes them as ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people as are the believers in little superstitions idiotic in their eyes. It seems to us that the "Thirteen Club" must be composed of a lot of fellows who have more money and time than brains and seriousness.

THERE is an important equity suit going on in Missouri to determine the title to the famous Mormon temple lot in Independence. This ground is claimed to be the exact spot where God created Adam and Eve, and that its surroundings constitute the original Garden of Eden. The most striking feature in the case is the peculiar names of the sects that are contending for the ownership of that precious piece of territory. The plaintiff is the "Organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and the defendant is "The Church of Christ of Independence." There is a ding-dong Protestant ring about the extraordinary title of the plaintiff.

Many Protestant sects will disclaim any sympathy with this peculiarly named denomination; they may differ; but as far as the Truth is concerned, the parent Church, the great Catholic body, they are all Protesters, they all combine in opposition to Rome: so they are all equally Protestant. In fact, we have more faith in this sect with the long series of names than in many of those that have shorter but more meaningless titles. However, Protestant Christianity is badly in need of union and harmony, for the absurdities that it is daily perpetrating are sufficient to make its own adherents smile.

LAST WEEK we mentioned a letter which we received from a lady, in which she made certain inquiries about the "Ancient Order of United Workmen." At the time we were not in a position to answer her questions in a satisfactory manner; but this week we can give her the information desired. The Association was established twenty-six years ago, in Meadville, Pa., by a Mr. Upchurch. It is now the oldest mutual benefit society of its kind in the world. It numbers 300,000 members. It is professedly a non-sectarian society. Its object is merely mutual benefit. The amount paid at death is two thousand dollars. It was established, for Canada, at London, Ont., fifteen years ago, and has a Canadian membership of 27,000. Its prospectus claims that it pays out five million dollars per annum for the benefit of deceased members' families. This is about as much as we can say in reply to the questions; further information, if desired, must be obtained from the members of that body.

A CORRESPONDENT from Park Hill sends us an extract from the Toronto Mail of the 5th instant, in which that organ attempts to establish again the oft-repeated Tory fiction about the "Privileges of Irish tenants." Our friend asks us to rectify the statement. As early as 1886 the present editor of this paper threshed out that question in the columns of the Ottawa Citizen, in a series of letters in reply to a writer who signed "Connaught." It would require more than a mere editorial note to do justice to the subject and it is one of considerable importance. If our Park Hill friend will kindly await our next issue, we will strive—in an editorial—to point out the inaccuracies of the Mail.

SOME FRIEND sent us a Sohmer Park fly-sheet announcing Miss Raymond, the cornet virtuoso, for a Sunday afternoon and evening. The play-bill, which presents a picture of the lady cornetist, contains several press comments highly flattering to Miss Raymond. We believe that all the kind words said of that lady are well deserved, and her talents are in accordance with the praise which she receives. But what seemed to shock the person who sent us the sheet was the fact that these bills are distributed in thousands at the doors of the French Church on Sunday before, during and

after Mass. It appears to us that such distributions should be prevented. It is very hard, of course, to stop a dozen boys or more, who are merely handing these dodgers to the people, but some steps should be taken to protect the congregation from their annoyance. An invitation to vespers in the afternoon, or Benediction in the evening, would be more in accord with the time and place.

THE Catholic Sentinel points out, very neatly, how inconsistent are those Christians who profess to believe in the gospel and yet revile the Mother of God. In that same Bible we read that the angel said to her: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. Fear not Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt bear a son and shall call His name Jesus, for He shall be called the Son of the Most High." Mary replied: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." The Bible tells us that when she went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, the latter on seeing her, "being filled with the Holy Ghost," according to the apostle, cried out "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." And St. Luke tells us that Mary made answer: "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The Sentinel asks: "How can Protestant mothers read these words, if they ever do, and not respond to the prophecy here, uttered by the mother of Jesus Christ?"

THE February Pall Mall Magazine is to hand, and as usual is well printed, on fine quality paper, with highly finished engravings. This is about all that can be said in its favor. It opens with a dreamy, meaningless poem, entitled, "Jetsom," which is accompanied by a number of very immoral and disgusting cuts. The artist may think that he is producing the poet's thoughts; if so his pencil is not very complimentary to the poet, for the latter's thoughts must have been exceedingly impure, if these drawings illustrate them. Rudyard Kipling has another of his eccentric and characteristic poems, entitled, "For to Admire," and the grammar and choice of language, as well as the vague illustrations, are in accord with the correctness of the title. Another feature worthy of note is a story, "The Man from Shorrox," by Bram Stoker. It would require a stoker who served his time in the regions below to concoct such stuff as this man gives his readers. His very poor attempt at an imitation, on paper, of the Irish brogue is too contemptible for even severe criticism. He makes the teller of the story, "The widdy Byrne," use expressions that were never heard in even the remotest districts of Ireland. The contribution is at once an evidence of ignorance and prejudice. This is all we have to say about the Pall Mall Magazine for February.