



**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

THE MONTH OF MAY draws to a close, but with its devotions to the Mother of God should not cease. Throughout the whole length of the year the true Catholic should constantly honor and invoke the Queen of Angels. June, the first month of summer, is at hand. In a special manner are those thirty day consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and therefore it is a season of grace and happiness for all who find refuge in that Haven of Peace. During the month of June there are several very important feasts amongst others that of St. John the Baptist—the precursor of Christ, the one chosen to make straight the ways of the Lord, the “voice crying in the wilderness,” the great one who was destined to pour the waters of baptism upon the head of Divinity. Likewise in June the church celebrates the double feast of Saints Peter and Paul; the one the first Vicar of Christ on earth, the other the great Apostle of the Gentiles. During the month of June the days grow gradually longer until they reach their fullest extent; so should the Christian spirit of devotion proportionately increase, becoming warmer, brighter and more perfect.

CABINETS in Europe are shaky institutions at present. King Humbert, the Italian usurper of Papal rights, finds it no easy task to secure an honest government for his realm. His ministers plundered the country without scruple and even the King himself was astonished at the coolness with which these trusty gentlemen succeeded so long in covering up their tracks. And yet the Italian people seem to enjoy being publicly robbed, their confidence abused and their liberties curtailed. Were it otherwise they would not be so anxious to persecute the Vicar of Christ, to rob him of his temporal rights and to render it impossible for that great and paternal ruler to make them happy and their country prosperous. Anti-Catholic hatred is so blind that it cannot even see its own ruin—temporal as well as spiritual—in its insane attacks upon that which no human power, nor even the “gates of hell” can ever destroy.

It is somewhat amusing to note how the most democratic of people, our neighbors across the line, yearn for titles and distinction, and scatter them broadcast, where they are deserved and where they are not merited. A bit of royalty seems to turn their heads completely; a live Duke or a real Earl is something calculated to excite them beyond measure. There are apparently more Captains, Colonels, Majors and Generals, in any one state of the Union than in any entire nation of Europe. As to Honorables—well, they are so numerous that we find them flinging handfuls of these titles at Canadians, who have no earthly claim to them—unless the Hon. Senator for Ontario, and Congressman Goldwin Smith. In an account of the Home

Rule Rally, that took place in the Windsor Hall two weeks ago, the Irish World gives a report of the speeches delivered by the Hon. N. F. Davin, M.P., the Hon. Rudolph Lemieux, and the Hon. C. R. Devlin, M.P. This sounds strange in Canadian ears. In this country members of Parliament and public speakers are not entitled to that prefix, unless they are ex-members of a Federal ministry. Even a member of the Provincial government loses the title Honorable the moment he ceases to be a Cabinet minister. After all it seems that we, in Canada, are really more democratic in practice than are our American cousins.

FOR refinement of language and elegance of style, the Montreal Herald takes the palm. The Solicitor-General in one issue is described as a foremost “bottle holder,” in another, he is spoken of as “advancing the carbstones by his portly presence.” No doubt, Mr. Curran feels utterly crushed beneath such polished sarcasm. Then the “TRUE WITNESS,” and especially its Editor, does not appear to come up to the herculean ideas of the mighty intellect that guides the Herald pen. We feel sad, but cannot weep over the calamity that has befallen us.

LORD ABERDEEN, our next Governor-General, and Lady Aberdeen have won for themselves the admiration, the respect and the love of every person with whom they came in contact and of every nation with which they have had public dealings. In Ireland they left behind them an impression that time has not ages and space has not distance to efface from the minds of the people. But their interest in Ireland and the Irish did not cease with the demonstration that marked their departure from that land. In the Irish village at Chicago and the wonderful efforts made, by these two sincere lovers of our race, to bring before the eyes of the world the industries and resources of Ireland, we have an evidence of the attachment that they have for the country over which they held sway during one Lord Lieutenant's term. It is with the brightest of anticipations that Canada looks forward to the advent of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Canada has been most fortunate in its Governors, more so perhaps than any other British colony. Amongst the men who represented Her Majesty in this country we can proudly and gratefully look back to Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne, and the present Lord Stanley-of-Preston—as we like to call him still: but we will be greatly mistaken if Lord Aberdeen's term does not eclipse all the others.

It is with deep and sincere regret that we record this week the almost sudden, the certainly unexpected death of Mr. James A. Sadlier, the well known publisher and Catholic bookseller of this city. Mr. Sadlier was in his forty-fifth year when the summons came that called him to eternal repose. He had gone to New York for a few days, and on Sunday, the

twenty-first May, he was attacked with pneumonia,—already of a somewhat weak constitution, in two days he succumbed. The funeral took place in New York. In Mr. Sadlier Montreal has lost one of its best and most highly respected citizens, and the Catholic Church has lost one of the foremost laymen of our religion in Canada. All that Mr. Sadlier has done for the cause of religion, and especially for Catholic literature will never be really known. He was the very embodiment of devotedness and his heart beat in sympathy with every good cause. Moreover, Mr. Sadlier's charities were as countless as his efforts in the interests of Catholic literature were limitless. He went about doing good, and yet his was a humility that covered from the public eye his good works. The name of Sadlier is a household word in every Catholic family on this continent, as well as in Ireland and England. The noble writings of Mrs. Sadlier have long years ago given an impetus to our national and religious aspirations; while the immense publishing houses of the Sadlier firm, in different cities of Canada and the United States, poured forth floods of literature that have seemed to counteract many a stream of immoral, irreligious and dangerous works. In all this Mr. James A. Sadlier had his share, and in the world, to which he was so unexpectedly called, he most certainly will have his great and unending reward.

THIS is the season of pilgrimages; the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre is the Mecca to which thousands of devout ones will flock during the coming summer. We would again call the attention of our readers to the Irish Catholic Pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Parish, that takes place on Saturday, June 17th, at 5 o'clock p.m. Rev. Father James Callaghan will have charge and Rev. Father Luke Callaghan will direct the congregational singing. It is expected the eminent Paulist orator, Rev. Father Doyle, of New York, will accompany the pilgrims. This will be the 23rd Annual Pilgrimage to the far-famed shrine. Staterooms and passengers' tickets may be had, at any hour, by applying to Father James at St. Patrick's Presbytery. Don't forget the date; “come one, come all.”

THE hissing of Mr. Gladstone by the swell mob on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' presence, with the G. O. M. at the opening of the Imperial Institute, is very characteristic of British Toryism. The London Times lamented over the unfortunate incident, but merely regretted it on account of the insult that it evidently was toward the Prince of Wales. But there was no expression of sorrow, not to say shame, on account of the brutal treatment of the first and brightest character in the realm, of a man bowed down with the cares of a whole nation upon his shoulders, of a man with the snows of eighty-four winters upon his hair, of a man upon whom the eyes of the civilized world are turned in wonderment, admiration and love. Even in

some quarters there seemed to exist a species of barbaric exultation over the fact that the lusty aristocrats and the degenerate offspring of titled plunderers were afforded an opportunity of publicly displaying their disrespect for the purest character in the public arena of our day. The New York Tribune's London correspondent, with ill-disguised glee, tells the readers of that organ that:

“The hostile greeting to Mr. Gladstone at the Prince of Wales's reception at the Imperial Institute is regretted, even by his opponents, but it was spontaneous and irresistible. There were 20,000 guests, and they were largely of the middle classes. Mr. Gladstone was hissed and booed whenever and wherever he appeared. . . . If you care to know what English feeling about Home Rule is, such an incident tells you more than anything else that has happened.”

Thus does the Irish World comment upon the above:

“The day after Smalley sent the above dispatch a monster meeting made up of 250,000 English sympathizers with the Home Rule movement was held in Hyde Park, London. Granting that every one of the 20,000 who crushed into the Imperial Institute was a Tory, how would that fact prove that England was not with Gladstone when we have set our faces against it this other fact that a quarter of a million Englishmen have since formally indorsed Gladstone's Home Rule policy.”

Smalley espouses the cause of his Tory friends in a most shameless manner; while he gloats over the insult to Gladstone, he is as silent as death upon the Hyde Park demonstration.

We always rejoice in the prosperity and advancement of our young and worthy Irish-Catholic fellow citizens. It is with pleasure that we learn that Mr. T. Fitzpatrick, L.D.S., has been most successful in his profession, and that his parlors, 45 St. Lawrence street, are equal in outfit to any Dental establishment in the city. Like many other energetic young men, Mr. Fitzpatrick has a specialty in his profession; it is “crown and bridge work.” Needless to say we wish him all manner of success.

ACCORDING to the census there are 1,588,055 married persons in Canada, of whom 791,802 are females and 796,153 males, so that there are over 4,000 wives missing. The census does not account for them. Nearly every husband in Ontario has a wife in the country, the figures being 353,060 husbands and 352,798 wives. The discrepancy is still smaller in Quebec province, where there are 244,792 husbands and 244,639 wives. In all Canada there are 129,015 widows and 62,777 widowers. In Ontario the number of widows is 60,289 and in Quebec 36,362, or one in about every forty of Quebec's population and one in about every forty-five of Ontario's. Toronto returned 23,856 married men and 23,933 married women. In this case there were 77 husbands not accounted for. The number of widows in Toronto is 5,295. Montreal returned 31,010 married men and 30,947 wives, an excess of only 63 husbands. There are 7,215 widows in Montreal.