

a real sensation in that twinkler's sanctum—but a very unlooked-for and undesired sensation. At once vengeance had to be satisfied. Upon whose head would the angry organ pour out the vials of its wrath? On the Crown Prosecutors, of course! On the senior one, above all! On M. J. F. Quinn, to be sure! What a glorious chance! Long, long had the Star been looking for such an opportunity. Now was the time!

We remember well when Mr. Quinn was appointed Crown Prosecutor the opposition to his nomination that came from the quarter of the heavens in which the Star shone with its uncertain light. During a time, immediately before and immediately after the appointment, the Star never ceased firing its poisoned and often hidden shafts at Mr. Quinn. The choice, by the Government, of that gentleman evidently did not please the Star. Here was the first excuse for an attack upon him; and spurred on by loss of a sensational case, that organ made the very most of its chance. Notwithstanding all, it failed; as its vexed and would-be sarcastic editorial of Saturday night most evidently shows. The first cause, therefore, of this attack by the Star was its vexation at the loss of a long chain of most exciting reports. The second cause was the open and evident hostility of that organ towards Mr. Quinn. In plain English, had Mr. Quinn been anything but an Irish-Catholic no such insinuations would ever have been made by the Star. Had there been a Protestant Crown Prosecutor there, or a Protestant Judge on the bench, the liberal minded and un-biased Star would have swallowed the pill of disappointment and have applauded the course taken—the only wise one under the circumstances, and the only one the law would permit. But a French Catholic Judge, a French Catholic Crown Prosecutor, and (worst of all) an Irish Catholic Crown Prosecutor, and (to cap the climax) Mr. M. J. F. Quinn at that: the combination was too much for the Star's unprejudiced soul, and "hence these tears!" The Witness is an open adversary; we know where to find it: but how different that other evening orb!

THE LATE MRS. MACKENZIE.

During Easter time last year the Angel of Death summoned from this earthly sphere the spirit of a good, an honest and a universally admired man. After years of toil and exertions, after rising from the more humble walks of life to the highest station within the gift of the Canadian people, after feeling that the end of all his work was slowly but surely approaching, in the peace of a quiet home, in the arms of a loving and faithful wife, surrounded by the regrets of the entire Dominion, irrespective of creed or politics, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie passed away to the repose that knows no breaking. Scarcely a year has gone past, and once more the summoning messenger of God has knocked at the same door, and called forth the soul of the faithful and noble companion of the late statesman's checkered life. It would seem as if her mission on earth had been to care for and watch over her husband, and now that he no longer requires her aid, the time has come for her departure. To say that the late Mrs. Mackenzie was a remarkable woman, would be only the truth, but not the whole truth. She was a model in every sense; one whose example is not only worthy of imitation, but should be preserved for the benefit of future generations of Canadian women.

Mrs. Mackenzie began life, like her husband, in a comparatively humble

sphere. This she never forgot even when occupying the position of first lady in the land. As wife of the Hon. Premier of Canada, she was as unassuming, as honestly simple, as perfect a lady as when merely the helpmate of young Alexander Mackenzie. The elevation to an exalted station in no way affected her manners, nor did it take from that charm of domestic interest which her presence flung around the home of her husband. Yet never did woman do greater honor to the position than Mrs. Mackenzie, and souvenirs of her time—when mistress of the festive seasons at Ottawa—are fresh and will long remain green in the hearts of thousands of our people. There is scarcely an institution of education or benevolence in all our broad Dominion that owes not some debt of gratitude to the deceased lady. But it was not in the days of their prosperity, when thousands paid homage to her husband as he ruled the destinies of the country, when her receptions were the most attractive at the capital, that the genuine worth of Mrs. Mackenzie was made manifest. It was in the earlier days, during those long years of struggle, of labor, of mutual assistance, that the virtues of the true helpmate were most apparent. And again in that third and last period of life, after its sun had passed the noon of prosperity, and slowly crept down the western slopes, when shattered in mind and broken in body the venerable statesman trembled between the active existence gone forever and the certain repose so positively approaching, that the fidelity of the wife and the nobility of the true woman were exemplified in Mrs. Mackenzie. How carefully she watched over the stricken partner of her days; how fondly she clung to him, anxious to meet his every wish and fulfil his every desire; how unremittingly she kept guard by his bed side! Even during the last two sessions that he attended in Ottawa, Mrs. Mackenzie exerted herself beyond the ordinary to make her invalid husband feel as much as possible that his time was not forever passed.

Last week that good and model woman departed calmly from her quiet home on earth, leaving behind her memories that are the most enviable in life. When the story of Canada's early political struggles will be written, when the eventful period of the first quarter of a century of our confederation will be recorded, one of the most conspicuous names on the page of our history will be that of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie; and side by side with it, written in lines of admiration and regret, will appear that of his faithful and loving wife.

SENSATIONAL REPORTS.

We are getting accustomed to false and sensational cable despatches from all over Europe. We are not in the least surprised when we read of the Pope's sudden illness, the rumored accident to such or such a royal personage, the hints at dynamite outrages, and dozens of other reports that find birth in the fertile imaginations of European special correspondents. Even these statements are not so bad, for no body is taken in by them; but we would like to draw the line at death and the rumor of death. Last Week the Daily Witness startled us somewhat with a second hand despatch, said to have been received in Toronto, and stating that it was said that Sir John Thompson had died suddenly in Paris. Whosoever concocted that fake cannot be commended for his brains, but he is certainly remarkable for his want of delicacy; he may be smart, in his own estimation, but he is decidedly a

heartless fool in the opinion of all respectable people. Such beings should be ostracized by society, for they are dangerous to the public welfare.

Mean and low as the act of originating such a report may be, the insignificance of its author's seat into the shade; but the avidity with which our esteemed friend the Daily Witness caught the ball from the bat, and fired it into the open field, is something still more significant. It is evident that with the extremists of the Douglas class and the organs of the Witness ilk, the "wish was father to the thought." What a howl of joy would not rise to heaven were it only true that Canada's Premier had suddenly disappeared from the scene! There is something so barbaric in the conception of such a report that we will not attempt to characterize it. What surprises us the most is that men could be so blinded by prejudice, either political or religious, as to lose sight of the importance of the man who is to-day the chief adviser of Her Majesty's representative. In the city of Paris to-day are assembled the representatives of the principal nations of the world, and the eyes of the public, from both sides of the Atlantic, are centered upon Canada's representative and Great Britain's arbitrator.

No Canadian statesman was ever looked up to as is Sir John Thompson to day. He is an honor, not only to Canada but to the whole British Empire. At the present juncture his disappearance from the political firmament would be a loss that for many a year would remain irreparable. Soan as we may the horizon, we cannot perceive the sign of any orb equal in magnitude and in importance to his.

But this false despatch should suffice to teach a lesson to all honest Canadians. It confirms, in our mind, the truth of that fearful definition of a bigot by Charles Phillips. We once thought that the great Irish-Protestant crator had drawn upon his imagination, but we fear there are in our day beings to whom his words might apply. "A bigot," said Phillips, "is a wretch red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, who would erect his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls and would fain feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altars."

WHAT HAPPENED YATES?

Where on earth has Edmund Yates been hiding during the past couple of weeks? He certainly must have been sleeping, otherwise he would not have omitted to send a full and exact, a real official account of the visit paid by the Prince of Wales and other members of British royalty to the Pope; he surely could not have overlooked the significant event of such a reception as Leo XIII. gave the heir-apparent to the Crown of England. In his letter to the Tribune the court gossip gave long paragraphs about Her Majesty's health and the different events of her trip to Italy. We would have thought that the details of the scene enacted on the 23rd of March last, in the Throne Room, at the Vatican, were of more importance, if only on account of being more extraordinary and less frequent, than the different rests taken by the Queen from London to Florence. Yet, Mr. Yates omitted to give any account of that very important event. We hope it was due to his forgetfulness, or else his overload of work; we would be long sorry to think that the editor of the World could be sufficiently anti-Catholic in his prejudices to refrain from telling how British royalty acknowledged in a most emphatic manner, the sovereign right of the Holy

Pontiff to the title and power of a temporal as well as spiritual monarch. Since Mr. Yates did not see fit to tell his numberless readers of the reception in question, we will give our friends the following account, as forwarded in a despatch, dated Rome, 24th March.

"The Throne Room at the Vatican yesterday presented a magnificent sight—the entire Pontifical Court having assembled to participate in the reception of a portion of England's royal family, headed by Victoria's successor, the Prince of Wales. Prince George the Duke of York, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, accompanied the Princess of Wales, and the ceremony was accompanied by all the regal splendor for which Rome is famed. To add impressiveness to the occasion all the English prelates now in the city had been specially invited to be present.

"While there was much that promised to make the ceremonial visit one long to be remembered, there was in it all a cordiality that visibly impressed those who for the first time were privileged to meet the Holy Father in person. The visitors were met, after they had left their carriages, at the royal staircase by members of the Papal Court and quickly conducted to the Throne Room. There the private audience took place. No trace of the recent illness of the Holy Father remained, and during the time the royal visitors were present he evidenced the most loving interest in the questions asked about the royal family and events in England. Upon their departure the visitors expressed themselves as delighted with the audience and were particularly pleased concerning the much-improved physical condition of the Pontiff."

There is, to us, something very significant in this ceremonial and at the same time friendly visit, of the future monarch of the British Empire, to the Father of the Catholic world, the imprisoned prince of millions, the persecuted Vicar of Christ on earth. There is in that action, especially during this jubilee year, a sign of recognition, not only of the spiritual authority of the venerable successor of St. Peter, but even of the temporal rights of the aged victim of of infidel injustice. How wonderful that other fact! The secular press of this country seems to have faithfully imitated Mr. Yates, for only in small paragraphs, and in obscure corners did they allude at all to the event. "By the horns is beast known."

For a third time Emile Zola has attempted to gain admission to the French Academy; for a third time have the "Immortals" rejected him. On this occasion he received one vote, and that was given by the man who proposed him. It is an honor to the members of the Academy that they will not allow the personification of immorality and the apostle of corruption to sit in their midst. Zola wields a powerful pen and he possesses the French language to comparative perfection; but these are the gifts which he prostitutes, and the decorations with which he dresses up the rotten forms of his foul conceptions. He must be satisfied with the money his volumes bring him, the price of hearts corroded and souls damned. His works are *mêlées*, but they are plagues; his mind is active, but it is leperous; the Academy cannot admit him, and the Academy is wise.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. Editor, wishing to put an end to the confusion occasioned by an interview recently published in newspapers, I must declare that I have nothing to do whatever with "The Keely Institute for the treatment of alcoholism," and therefore all those interested should apply to my namesake, Doctor Severin Lachapelle of St. Henri, member for the county of Hochelaga.

E. PERSILLER-LACHAPELLE, M.D.
President of the Board of Health of the Province of Quebec.
MONTREAL, March 31st, 1893.