

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BRIGGS does not hold that the Bible is the only standard of Faith. He has many and queer theories that seem to disagree with the teachings of the different Protestant denominations; he has others that are heretical according to the Catholic Church. He seems to be wandering in space and seeking some place of rest. The Presbyterians have condemned him; perchance that condemnation may lead to his salvation and ultimate acceptance of the Truth. We think that in his erratic movements, from one sphere of belief to another, he is gradually drifting toward the pure atmosphere of Catholicity. It is to be hoped, at all events, that he will end by coming inside the true fold.

THE PILOT, referring to the outcome of the Townsend investigation, or trial, makes the following very truthful remark:—

"William Townsend, the Orange crank who tried to murder Mr. Gladstone, was brought to trial on June 1, and found to be 'insane.' On that finding he was ordered to be detained in a lunatic asylum for an unlimited period, 'depending upon his recovery from mental disease.' Which being interpreted signifies, 'until the whole affair blows over.' If Townsend had been a Fenian, he would have been deemed perfectly responsible for his acts and punished as a 'treason-felon'; and the term of his imprisonment would have been dependent on his vitality alone.

THE Figaro of Paris informs us that the famous ex Carmelite Friar, Father Hyacinthe, handed over the administration of his church to the Jansenist clergy, and has actually retired to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. It is further ascertained that he entertains a continuous correspondence with several dignitaries of the Vatican. His ideas regarding conversion have greatly changed of late years. If the Figaro report be true there is a great chance of his return to the Church. It would now be in order for Dr. Chiniquy to create a sensation by following in the footsteps of Pere Hyacinthe. He has made all the noise he can possibly ever expect to make in the world by his attacks upon Rome; his only chance of a further sensation is to renounce all his errors. Children are given toys to please them and keep them in the house; the Presbyterian Synod gave him a degree apparently for the same purpose. If there be any of his old pride left he might be found rejecting the bauble some day. His last sermon is so transparently false in all its assertions, about his commission from the Pope, and the thousands of dollars he was making for himself as a priest, that it must be evident to him that his hearers only tolerate such trash in order to prevent his return to his childhood's faith.

WE ARE exceedingly glad to have the assurance that the Irish Catholic element has now a worthy representative on the School Board. We are approaching the end of the scholastic year and the general examinations are looked forward to by pupils and parents. We have before us the long vacation, and before the opening of the schools in September we intend to draw the attention of the public and of those in authority to many improvements that we deem advisable and many little changes in the mode of inspecting our schools that may benefit all parties concerned. In the first place we claim that at the beginning of each scholastic year a thorough and efficient inspection should take place, in order that both pupils and teachers may set out upon the new term fully prepared to do the most effective work possible. In this line we

lack several very important requirements; at least as far as our English-speaking schools are concerned. It is as necessary to have a thorough and adequate inspection as it is to have constant attention on the part of the pupils and adaptability to their branches on the part of teachers. In order to have this we must have officers who are superior in every way in their knowledge of what is taught and of how it should be taught. On this score we have suggestions to make that we feel confident will, if acted upon, result in a permanent benefit to all interested in the most important matter of education.

NOW THAT the summer vacations approach and the different schools and colleges are preparing for the commencement exercises we think that the following from the Catholic Review is very timely:

"The chief condition of a successful Commencement speech should be succinctness allied to crystal clearness. Condensation of thought is the foundation of a good style, for the habit of compressing ideas into the briefest possible compass contributes of itself to thought production. On the other hand, diffuseness begets poverty of thought, and seeks to substitute sound for sense. It is for this reason that in those colleges where the young men's orations are kept within the limits of a brief period of time, their utterances indicate maturity and depth.

This restriction as to time is one of the wisest features that characterize the Commencement essays of recent years. We know that the tendency of youthful writers is to unpinion the wings of imagination and to let fancy soar away from reason and therefore they are told that they must prune their compositions of all superfluous words. They are thus taught that brevity and wisdom go hand in hand, and that mere high-sounding words count for nothing. Accordingly Commencement speeches are yearly losing their character of sophomoric froth and mere rhetorical flatulence."

A SAD CONFLAGRATION.

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burned were the well-known "Monklands," at one time the residence of the Governor-General of Canada. This building stands at the back of the ruins of the Villa Maria convent, and in it the young ladies boarded who were attending school. They were taught by about forty of the nuns sent over from the convent. The young ladies, of whom they were about 250, were, shortly after the fire broke out, sent to the homes of friends in Montreal, graduates of the school, who have married and settled down. There are hundreds of these, the majority of whom are wealthy, and from them the authorities will look for assistance towards the rebuilding of the convent.

THE LOSSES AND INSURANCE.

The total cost of the buildings was \$650,000, and it is estimated that the furnishings, including musical instruments for chapel and church and church decorations, cost about \$200,000. It will thus be seen that the loss is only about \$250,000 less than \$1,000,000. Not nearly all this, however, was paid. The organization is by no means wealthy, in fact, it is poor, and no money is left toward erecting a new building. The insurance was only \$100,000. This was divided into three companies, as follows:—North British and Mercantile, \$35,000, Royal Insurance Company, \$34,000, and the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company, \$32,000.

HOME RULERS AND UNIONISTS.

Lord Salisbury Indulges in Metaphor.

London, June 12.—The first in the series of meetings designed by the Unionists to rouse all London against Home Rule, was held in the Royal Surrey Theatre this evening. The Marquis of Salisbury was the most notable speaker. He illustrated his opinion of Mr. Gladstone's action towards Ireland with an elaborate metaphor based on the account of the recent disaster in Washington. The premier, he said, was digging a cellar under the ancient fabric of the

empire. He was working carelessly, as did the men under the old theatre in Washington. If he should be allowed to continue his task all three floors of the imperial building—throne, church and Parliament—would come crashing down around the heads of the destructive Liberal party. At present everything tended to favor the courageous fight that the Unionists were making against the dismemberment of the empire. Several Liberal members of Parliament had already refused to follow their ministers. The Irish leaders were busy quarrelling among themselves. There were signs on every side that the dark night of apprehension was almost spent, and the dawn was breaking. The political conditions, under which alone Home Rule would be possible, were vanishing slowly but certainly.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

A Popular Windsor Man Shot Dead by the Alienator of His Wife's Affection.

WINDSOR, Ont., June 12.—Captain Jas. Hickey, well-known among vessel men as a diver and wrecker, and who has been connected with the Harley Wrecking Company of this city for the past three years, was shot and instantly killed tonight, by John Vrooman, the man who had alienated his (Hickey's) wife's affections.

Vrooman is a man about 23 years of age, dark complexioned and of rather prepossessing appearance. Hickey, who was a very popular man in town, has lived here with his wife for the past five years, and during that time not a breath of suspicion was ever directed towards her. Vrooman had been, up to three weeks ago, a friend of the family, and frequently spent his evenings with Hickey and his wife.

Nothing more than friendship apparently existed between Mrs. Hickey and Vrooman, but on the 24th of May last Mrs. Hickey disappeared, taking with her \$1,300 of Hickey's money and all the silverware she could conveniently carry. The deserted husband took his wife's disappearance very quietly, but all the time kept his eyes open to discover, if possible, her whereabouts. He was unsuccessful, however, and a week ago he moved his furniture down to the office occupied by the Harley Wrecking Co., at the foot of Ferry street, where he took up his quarters, and to all appearances had forgotten the existence of his wife. Vrooman, however, continued his friendly relations with Hickey, and the two men were apparently fast friends, although it is said Hickey suspected that Vrooman had something to do with his wife's disappearance.

Mrs. Hickey has been seen several times walking with Vrooman in Detroit, but this never came to Hickey's ears. About seven o'clock this morning Hickey went over to Detroit to see the officers of the Murphy Wrecking Company, from whom he expected some work. For some reason not known, he failed to come home to dinner, as was his usual custom, but this evening he came over about 6.45 and was met at the top of the ferry hill by Vrooman, who was in a buggy. Vrooman called out to Hickey to come to the buggy, that he wanted to speak to him. Hickey went up and after a few minutes' earnest conversation, Hickey got in beside Vrooman and the two drove up Ouellette avenue toward the Manning House. When they came to the corner of Pitt street, which is only three blocks from the ferry landing, Vrooman turned the horse's head eastward on Pitt street, and when about 25 feet away from Ouellette avenue he turned toward his unsuspecting victim and holding a revolver close to his left breast fired, the bullet entered about half an inch from the nipple and probably struck the heart, as the man fell forward dead.

Vrooman whipped up his horse and drove away, but was captured about twenty minutes afterwards and taken to the city lock up. There were only two or three eye-witnesses to the shooting, and the stories told by each differ, but the general opinion is that some hot words passed between the men previous to the shooting, although no one seems to know just what they were.

Later—Vrooman has just been taken to the county jail at Sandwich, the town lock up not being considered safe, there being some talk of lynching the prisoner. Hickey was a general favorite here, and the excitement is running high.

FRASER-BRANIFF.

A Fashionable Wedding.

The Brockville Recorder of the 8th June has the following interesting item of news:

At 1.30 o'clock this afternoon, in St. Francis Xavier Church, Vicar-General Gauthier performed a marriage ceremony, the contracting parties being Mr. O. K. Fraser, of the law firm of Fraser, Reynolds & Fraser, and Miss Margaret Braniff, daughter of the late Thomas Braniff, of this town. There were only a few of the immediate friends of both parties present, the young couple desiring a quiet wedding. Mr. R. C. McHenry acted as best man, while Miss Rose Braniff, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. The couple are widely and favorably known, not only in Brockville, but throughout the counties, and the Recorder joins in the general good wishes for their future life and happiness.

Mr. Fraser is known all over Canada as one of the most prominent Ontario barristers. He is a brother of Hon. C. F. Fraser, and is President of the C.M.B.A. of Canada. The name of Miss Braniff is a household word in all parts of the Dominion, and particularly in Montreal. The True Witness joins the numerous friends of the happy couple in wishing them all the joys and happiness of life.

The Irish Political Prisoners.

LONDON, June 11.—John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, has returned from Portland prison, where he visited the Irish political prisoners. He says that John Daly's health has improved since the beginning of the warm weather. Wilson, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life on account of his participation in the Fenian conspiracy, has rallied slightly, although still weak and emaciated. Mr. Redmond is reticent as to the conditions of his visit at Portland and his conversation with the prisoners.

CANOE SONG.

[This beautiful poem appeared in the Ottawa University Magazine, "The Owl," and is a real gem.]

While the pinions of night, like the wings of a condor,
Are outspread 'neath the cope of the shadowed sky,
The broad river flows calm in its crystalline splendor,
And the soft breeze is hushed to a brief breathless sigh.
Man and maid, let us sail with lithe paddles and song,
Our canoe can outstrip the bird-flight of an arrow.
The gay hours will fly fast while we scurry along,
By all trouble left free and forgotten by sorrow.

Now the far away sounds—for the night so clear is—
Blandly melt on the ear, like some favorite rhymes,
And the muffled bass roar of the rapid near by.
Made less harsh by the clang of loud turreted chimneys;
Then right glad, while the rent clouds are lessening o'er us,
Our strong voices full blended give volume and tune
To the heartening words of a rollicking chorus,
A most royal salute for the rise of the moon!

Oh! our paddles ply brisk, and each sportive endeavor
Wins the generous praise of the lips which we love,
Till we merrily long to float on and forever
With the pale waves beneath and the bright stars above.
But a-ho! how the froth-crested billows blind us
Wide around in rough glee where the mad rapids leap,
A wild dash—a sheer dip—next moment shall find us
Skimming safe o'er the surge on the breast of the deep.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Ambiguous.—First artist. Well, old man, how's business? Second artist. Oh, splendid. Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly. First artist pleasantly: Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.

An empty void.—Physician: Considering the weak state of your eyes, it will be as well if you gaze as much as possible into empty space. Patient: All right then, I'll keep looking into my purse.

On Deck.—Sniffing Passengers near the cook's galley. Dear me, there seems to be a very strong odour of onions in this part of the vessel. Wagging Passenger. Perhaps the ship has sprung a leak.