



EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE DESIRE to call the attention of our readers to a letter signed "Consistency" and headed "The Customs Vacancy," it refers to the appointment of a successor to the late Mr. Cox of that department. Last week we took upon ourselves to mention the name of Mr. W. J. McKenna as the most competent and best entitled person to the situation. We desire that the letter of this week, coming from a person well calculated to judge and deeply interested from a mercantile standpoint in the most effective administration of the Department in this port, be carefully read, and we are confident that its contents will meet with general approval.

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THE THANKS of the great throng of pilgrims, who went with Rev. Father Martin Callaghan to Ste. Anne de Varennes last week, are due to Mr. M. Scanlan, the genial superintendent of the Dominion Line, for the courtesy and honor paid to the pilgrimage by the salute fired from one of the Dominion Line vessels. It was really a gracious act and one that will be long remembered by all who took part in that monster excursion to the shrine at Varennes. The "send off" spoke encouragement, and prophesied well for the day's success, and the results of the pilgrimage fully accomplished the prophecy.

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STRANGE and important are the discoveries that almost every day produces and soon antiquity will be brought to our very doors. A few weeks ago while a dredge was at work on the lagoon in front of the Piazza di San Marco, at Venice, the chain became entangle in some heavy object. It was found to be a column eleven metres in length and over a metre and a half in diameter, equal to the dimensions of the two columns that stand in the Piazza. It is supposed to be a third column brought from Constantinople with the other two, in the time of the Doge Domencio Salvo, during the years 1071-1085. It is supposed that in landing the column, by some accident, it fell into the canal and had sunk.

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THE Methodist pays a strong compliment to our Catholic institutions, when it says: "One-half of the Protestant girls who are sent to Catholic convents are sent there as a protest against the lax notions and unwholesome practices of American society girls." There is more truth than poetry in the remark, and well deserved is the compliment.

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THE Catholic Review says that the Apapists recently sent some vile literature to a rural editor out in Minnesota, and that he acknowledged its receipt in his paper as follows: "Some crank who evidently mistook us for a preacher, judging from the address on the wrapper, has sent us an anti-Catholic circular. Among other absurd things, it contains an encyclical purporting to be written

by the Pope, advising the Catholics in the United States to murder all Protestants next September. Scoundrels, cranks, fools and dupes are not all dead yet by a long way." If things go on as they have been during the last twelve months the President will require to call another special session of Congress to deal with this A.P.A. question. It is certainly as important for the salvation of the Republic as ever was the silver question. The one may effect the commerce of the country, but the other menaces the future of the nation.

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WE RECEIVED a letter from the "Consul-General of the King of Italy" asking for copies of THE TRUE WITNESS of the 2nd and 9th of August, the numbers in which we published editorials on the reception of the man-of-war "Etna." The object is stated to be to have them "re-forwarded to the home office in Italy." We sent the copies with the greatest of pleasure, and we hope our remarks may prove interesting to the officials of the Quirinal. Luckily we are not in the clutches of that paternal government. Only the other day the editor of the Civita Cattolica was arrested, fined and imprisoned for a month for having written and published a short article not quarter as outspoken as any of ours. Poor Italy!

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IT IS very easy to grasp the meaning of the words Conservative and Liberal, but how few can tell the origin of the name "Tory." Strange to say "Tory" originally meant "robber." The word comes from the Irish *toiridhe*, a pursuer, searcher, hence plunderer. A tory was at first an Irish robber or raparee; the State papers of 1606 used the words, "tories and other lawless people." Then the word was transplanted to England, where, after the restoration, the Cavalier party became that of the Tories, the name being given maliciously, with the intention of identifying the court party with the Irish outlaws in its support of the alleged Roman Catholic measures. Then during the American revolution the word was applied to the court party in that country. It finally became the name of the party opposed to the Whigs; and eventually the Conservative party, which is a species of combination of both, has, for some reason or other, been called Tory, although it is no more a party of real Tories than is the Liberal party. In fact the only actual Tories of our day are the Unionists—Conservative and Liberal.

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A STRANGE death took place in July at Belfast. A young Orangeman met with a most singular fate. The "brethren," being anxious to swell their numbers before the "Twelfth," were engaged in initiating members. Among those to be introduced into the ranks was a young man named David Hall. "The Three Steps of Jacob's Ladder" was the title of the order to which he was to climb. A ladder with three steps was provided, and up this rickety piece of furniture the aspirants for Orange honors had to as-

cent. Twelve persons had already performed this feat when Hall's turn came. As a preliminary, however, the climber had to be blindfolded. Whether it was the blindfolding or the shaky condition of the ladder, it appears that he had no sooner ascended the third step than he fell back, receiving injuries which caused his death, on the morning of July the thirteenth.

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SINCE our editorial on Rudyard Kipling was written (by the way, he is at the Windsor Hotel playing "hide-and-go-seek" with reporters) we find J. Zangwill expressing himself as follows about the bard: "The best of Rudyard Kipling's *Many Inventions*, finer even than 'the finest story in the world,' is the introductory poem (as the epilogical poem was, to my thinking, the crown of 'Life's Handicap'). A quatrain in this noble address 'To the True Romance' haunts my memory:

'Thou art the voice of Kingly boys,
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night.'

That last line is wonderful. There could not be two poets more diverse than Kipling and Browning, yet the lesson of both is the same: Aspiration is Achievement. By the way, they also agree in frequent untelligibility, but Browning is obscure in syntax, Kipling in vocabulary. The one bewilders by too much depth, the other by too much surface." Evidently we agree with the critics of the Pall Mall as far as Kipling is concerned.

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IT APPEARS that cholera is again on the westward track; from recent despatches we find that it is terrorizing Naples and portions of France. Even New York has certainly had a visit from the scourge. The United States authorities seem to be desirous of quarantining Canada. However we do not see how Canada is more likely than the United States to become the first receiver of the Asiatic spectre. In fact we are apparently better protected than any of the American ports. No matter how it comes, if it does come, we may prepare for a harvest of death. No precaution should be neglected and no expense should be spared to guarantee the safety of our people. Canada has already had two visits from this demon of the East, and there are many living to-day who can remember the scenes of desolation and grief that were then enacted. May Heaven protect us against such a calamity.

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WE ARE greatly surprised at the editor of the Boston Pilot; we little imagined that he would join in with the Masonic element and the League of the Rose class in condemning the action of our Mayor, in delegating his authority to an acting mayor and personally abstaining from participating in the reception of the "Etna." The only excuse we can find for the Pilot is in the fact that the editor has been misled by the despatches and is very ill-informed regarding the peculiar under currents tha-

we Catholic in Canada have to contend with. The Mayor did not *refuse* to treat the visiting Italians with proper courtesy; he merely called the Reception Committee and delegated to Ald. Stearns his prerogatives for the occasion. The despatches to Hon. Mr. Bowell and Hon. Mr. Patterson had nothing absolutely to do with the Mayor's course: it was merely certain red-tapeism that had to be gone through before the Commander of the Forces and Militia Department could be got to allow a return salute, the port of Montreal not being a saluting port. It would have been exactly the same had Mayor Desjardins acted in person. In the next place the Hon. Mr. Patterson was not "attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Canadian Orangemen." In fact the Pilot gives evidence of very little respect for Papal rights and scant sympathy with the Vicar of Christ, or else it is entirely ignorant of the antagonism in this province between Catholicity and Liberal-Catholicism, between faith and infidelity—above all, between advocates of our faith and the membership of that ubiquitous Masonic organization which has but one object—the wiping out of our religion. If the Pilot's editor could have stood on the "Etna" and seen the brethren of the "mystic tie" meet in all the cordiality of fraternal understanding and mutual hatred of Catholicity, he might change his opinions. Were he to have seen Italian Freemasonry (in the Admiral and officers), English Freemasonry (in the acting-Mayor and assistants), French Freemasonry (in the leading Radicals of the community), all combined in the splendid effort made to give eclat to the reception, he would perhaps not seek to draw such a line of demarcation between what he calls the Mayor's "duty as a British official," or "his duty to his political superiors" and "his spiritual loyalty to the head of the Church." The Mayor has no "political superiors" in Canada—the public is his only superior. We are freer and less dominated over than the editor of the Pilot, because we are at liberty to give our spiritual loyalty precedence over our political ambition.

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WE GIVE a *bona fide* letter recently received by a New York publishing house. It will give our readers a fair idea of the broad horizon of authorship. The spelling, punctuation—or absence of punctuation—are according to the original. Imagine a compositor attempting to wade through a few hundred pages of this kind and watching out for errors that he might correct for the sake of time.

"DEAR SIR: I have finished writing a large amount of novels which I would like you to Publish them the titles of these novels are A Terrible Mystery. Lady Ethels Crime Sir Richard Carelton's Wife Herly Parkes Secret Clifford Hall Millions Pembroke Court and many more these novels are the greatest works I have ever wrote and if you would like to Publish them I could send them to you at once so kindly answer me as soon as possible. I remain, etc."