



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Chinese seem to have a greater and more dangerous enemy than even the Japanese. It is the filth that has brought on the fearful plague which has been ravaging Hong Kong. For a time the death rate on that island was five hundred daily. Although it has become lower, during the past couple of weeks, the epidemic is still alarming. A queer people those laundry-men are. They would do well to practise their trade at home.

THE remaining buildings on Jackson Park, Chicago, the edifices that won the admiration of hundreds of thousands during the World's Fair, have fallen a prey to the flames. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It took centuries to build up the ancient splendor of Rome; in a few centuries all that grandeur was demolished. It only took a few months to call into existence the fair creations of Jackson Park, and it only required a few hours to reduce them to ashes. What a sad lesson!

WHO can describe the confusion, social chaos, and wild, unbridled fury of the Chicago commune? A grand strike, and the blow recoiled; the boomerang of events struck in the direction least anticipated. It is unfortunate that the whole commercial, social and civil world—in a vast section of the country—should be flung into a state of consternation. And yet there must be something radically wrong some place. At whose door all the blame is to be laid is more than we are competent to decide. But whether able or not to trace the cause to its proper source, or to indicate the remedy, at least we can deplore the consequences. The unnecessary loss of life, destruction of valuable property, and the unfortunate awakening of the demon of socialism, or rather communism, are results that speak for themselves. The starting of such strikes resembles the putting of a match to the bunch of grass on the prairies. It is very easy to ignite the combustible; but what human power can check the conflagration after it gains headway? Surely the Government of the United States can devise some means of preventing these calamities.

THE death is announced of Sir Austen Layard, the famous explorer and diplomatic agent. He was born in 1817, and was consequently in his seventy-seventh year when he closed his useful and active career. One of the events in his life that will stand forth more than all others before the eyes of future generations was his wonderful works in the East. His unearthing of the ruins of Nineveh served to fling an entirely new light upon certain portions of ancient and oriental history. We remember well the pleasure with which we read, some years ago, Mr. Layard's beautiful accounts of the buried cities of past ages. In the midst of all his official duties—and they were numerous and varied—he found time to delve

into the past, and to literally dig amongst the debris of buried glories. He is one of the rare men, who, dying, have left something tangible after them for the benefit and good of humanity. He had a long and full life and his name will be long cherished by all lovers of authentic history.

IN our second last issue we quoted a few lines from a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and embodied them in our editorial upon "School Flowers." A number of people have asked us to give the whole of that poem—which seems to have struck a happy and responsive chord in the souls of hundreds. In our next issue we will give our readers the full poem and leave it to each of them to decide upon its merits.

THE Gladstonian candidate has carried the division of Attercliffe, in Sheffield. It may sound strange to some that, even while the Grand Old Man is no longer in active politics, the Home Rule candidate should be called Gladstonian; but we must remember that the spirit of the great ex-Premier still rules in British politics and that his successor is merely carrying out the policy traced by the first statesman of the century. Every move made in the direction of Home Rule, every gain to the Liberal party of to day, may be considered as made and won by the followers of Gladstone. It is not yet certain that he is to remain forever out of the arena; perhaps the repose that he has taken may enable him to return when the grand crisis comes. But whether or not he returns, we repeat that his spirit still governs.

WE had intended writing an editorial for this issue upon the treatment of the Catholic Poles by the Russians, and giving therein some of the very pertinent and powerful statements of that great prelate, Cardinal Dunajowski, Prince-Bishop of Cracow; but circumstances obliged us to leave the subject for another issue. We have since learned that on Monday, June 18, the learned and great churchman died. The Liverpool Catholic Times says that "he was a man who, by his ability, generosity and religious zeal, had won a warm place in the affection of his fellow-countrymen." And to this we might add that he had done more than, perhaps, any other individual, lay or clerical, for the happiness of the Poles and the glory of the Church amongst them.

IN the death of Pere Mazurette Montreal is deprived of a most unique character and a worthy citizen. Unostentatiously, this aged patriot of 1837-93 has spent the last thirty years of his life "going about doing good." Many an old man in the east end of the city will miss Pere Mazurette. He labored for the poor; his bent and aged form was familiar in all the streets of that section of Montreal. Always neat, clean, but plainly clad, he spent his days in giving away little sacred pictures, and accepting whatever the receivers desired to give

him by way of alms. These dollars he used in feeding, clothing and lodging the unfortunate and deserving old men of the community. He was the incarnation of charity; surely his reward is proportionate to his works—if so his crown must be a glorious one. May his pious and merciful soul rest in peace!

THERE is a most instructive, edifying and ably edited monthly publication that comes from Falls View, Ont.; it is the Carmelite Review, edited by the Rev. Philip A. Best, O. C. C., of that place. It is well printed, on exceptionally good paper, and contains a fund of information that is of great interest to all Catholic readers. It is published in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and in the interest of the Brown Scapular, and has the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, and the Archbishop of Toronto, as well as the different bishops of Ontario. It contains interesting stories, beautiful poems, able editorial notes, and all the information of the month concerning the works of the Carmelites and the blessings connected with the Brown Scapular. We trust that many of our readers will encourage this very worthy publication.

THERE are clouds collecting over Corea. The Chinese are getting vexed and the Japanese threaten war. It looks as if these orientals were going to have a lively time of it—at least as lively as such easy-going people can be expected to have. It is growing very unpleasant for Christians in China; by letters and reports we learn that even friendly Chinese dread to be found in the company of Europeans on account of the antipathy of their fellow-countrymen to foreigners. The "hoodlum Chinese" call those who accompany strangers the "dogs of the Christians," and they are consequently treated as dogs. Of course the Mongolians are not very far-seeing; but it might serve the purposes of their fortune-seeking fellow countrymen in America were they to be less hostile towards civilized people. They are a queer race.

OUR friend Mr. Norman Murray is becoming quite famous these times. His case before the Recorder, in which he made the extraordinary plea,—that because a man belonged to a certain creed he was not calculated, as a judge, to do justice to men of other creeds,—caused a little stir in the press. It all ended in smoke. Now we find the irrepressible Norman at loggerheads with the Customs authorities, who seized four copies of "Maria Monk's" book, which he had imported. Mr. Murray had written to Hon. Mr. Wallace, but receiving no reply he ordered the books from Milner & Co., London, England, together with some other works—making thirteen volumes in all. Thirteen is a bad number; it proved so in the case of the "gallant thirteen" in the House of Commons,

also in that of the unlucky edition that brought so much trouble to the Canada Revue. Mr. Murray seems to be no more successful in importing anti-Catholic literature into Canada than was Dr. Fulton in trying to carry the same class of stuff into the United States. Mr. Murray is evidently a Norman, and not a Roman.

EMILE ZOLA has written an explanation, or justification, of his work entitled "Lourdes;" this last production is even worse than the one that made so much noise; but it has fallen flat. It is not true that his "Lourdes" has been put on the Index; it was never laid before the Sacred Congregation. No more is there much necessity of officially condemning it; it bears its own condemnation upon every page, and the press of the Catholic world has entirely ruined it and drawn from its sting the venom that it contained.

THE following timely note of warning comes from the Jewish organ, the American Hebrew, and is worthy our attention, for it sums up the situation pretty clearly:

"The obnoxious A.P.A., the organization which is seeking, by concerted action among Protestant Christians, to disfranchise and ostracize all Catholics, seems to be thriving apace. Even in the large cities, where the spirit of charity and tolerance and patriotism might be thought to subordinate the sway of bigotry, the Protestant press and pulpit seem to hesitate, either tacitly forbearing or boldly supporting the benighted tenets of the A.P.A., and but sparsely coming out with any degree of courage or emphasis in opposition to them. Sooner or later our Protestant friends—those who are influential in Protestant circles—will be compelled to declare themselves either on one side or the other. Before long the conflict will be definitely drawn on the lines of Protestantism versus American citizenship. That has a very ugly look in politics, and the only way to avoid it is for influential Protestants to use their power to crush out this outrageous attempt to inject religion as a factor in our political life."

WE notice by the American and European press that the death of the late lamented Archbishop Tache has caused a wave of sorrow to be felt far beyond the limits of Canada. Despite the great distances to be traversed, the concourse of eminent prelates and representatives of episcopal dignitaries at Winnipeg, on the occasion of the obsequies, was an evidence of the esteem, veneration and love in which the great departed one was held. It was a graceful and praiseworthy act on the part of the Dominion Government to have sent an official representative to the funeral of the lamented Archbishop. And certainly no more worthy and proper person could have been chosen to act on behalf of the Government, on that sad occasion, than the Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, whose presence at St. Boniface emphasized the fact that all the Dominion join in paying a well-deserved tribute to the memory of one of Canada's greatest sons.