

The True Witness

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TH WILL—Matter intended for
publication should reach us NOT
later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
noon.

Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLI-
CITED.

**IN vain will you build churches,
give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.**

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of
Montreal and of this Province consulted
their best interests, they would soon
make of the TRUE WITNESS one
of the most prosperous and powerful
Catholic papers in its country.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

WHO WILL TAKE JUDGE CUR- RAN'S PLACE?

Were it not that we see a reason
for it, we should not ask the ques-
tion above. But, as place-hunters
are at work, we have to overlook
the demands of propriety, and
squarely ask the Government if they
mean to turn down English-speaking
Catholic candidates. The True Wit-
ness is not in the pay of any one
gentleman, nor are we bound by the
shackles of any group or clique. We
are simply the defenders of our own
rights. A little high-handed work
called for a fitting rebuke some time
ago, and the account of the happen-
ing is not a part and parcel of the
Jewish Antiquities either. A lot
of talk is going on; so much, in
fact, that one would think nine
hundred aldermen were in hard
straits instead of a dozen. Such
debating, such tripping about, such
arguing and explaining and beseech-
ing! Now, we English-speaking Cath-
olics have rights as well as
others, and we want them recogniz-
ed. The people in power will have
to remember that we are not "fish." We
want a man of Judge Curran's
creed and standards to take his
place. Of course, we feel sure no-
body is better inclined towards giv-
ing us honest treatment than is Sir
Wilfrid Laurier. There may be one
or two influences in the way, but
we shall deal with them in due time
if we are forced to the issue. No-
body can or will make us believe
that the late Judge Curran's suc-
cessor must not be an English-
speaking Catholic.

THE NEW CHORAL UNION.

"Mr. Dooley" lately remarked that
if people thought the theatres were
educating them, they would stay at
home. We can never have too many
organizations of a proper kind, and
the sooner we have a great Irish-
Catholic, English-speaking Choral
Union, under the leadership of
a man possessed of Professor P.
J. Shea's ability to work and suc-
ceed, the better! Ways and means
were placed before our readers, offi-
cially and thoroughly, some short
time ago, in fact, only a few days
ago; the benefactors are ready, if
the ones going to benefit are pre-
pared to listen and follow. Let us
have the grandest choral union in
America. There is nothing in the
way to hinder us, and we have all
to gain. We have music in our
souls and hearts; our harp-strings
vibrate under the spell of the ze-
phyr, and are awakened even by a
sigh. Irish men and women love
music, in spite of themselves. Our
national melodies are the sweetest
hymn-voices, the most pathetic
soul-voices of any nation. Our
souls are stirred to the bottom
by hymns as well as to the lyric or the

light-voiced ditty. But interest, hu-
man interest, must be aroused! The
more numerous our union the
stronger and richer, if only quantity
prove the host of quality. There
is not in all America a man more
fit, willing, or determined to give us
a Choral Union than is Professor P.
J. Shea, the devoted organist of St.
Patrick's Church.

WHO FOR THE BOARD OF CON- TROL?

Our readers must have read the
suggestion made by a member of one
of our thriving societies of young
men as to the advisability for Eng-
lish-speaking Catholics of seeing
that they are represented on the new
Board of Control we are going to
have, thank God, here in Montreal.
It is clear that, while many of Mon-
treal's best citizens are fast asleep,
being tired since voting day, the
committees of plunderers and the
sub-committees of codgers are hard
at work trying to fill in the 'new
gaps to be. Now, there are too
many honest men in Montreal to be
overlooked that even the shadow of
a thief could have anything in
common with the coming board; and
there are too many English-speaking
Catholics in the city and of the city,
that we may afford to sit quietly
in the calm shades of the rear. We
understand that we are not the ma-
jority, but we are willing to believe
that we constitute a very respect-
able minority. The only thing we
lack is a proper public spirit doubl-
ed with thorough organization. Not
that honest men may not be found,
and easily, outside of our ranks, do
we claim acknowledgment, but
simply because we have plenty of
honest and honestly competent men
to offer. So, then, our shoulders to
the wheel, and out of the rut! God
forbid, however, that any thief or
clown come forth as our prophet.
We want recognition, but we want
decency as well.

WHAT THE SULPICIAN HAVE DONE.

Lately we came across the hiss of
a snake translated into black and
white, and printed in a Toronto
daily rag-sheet. The snake meant
to bite the Sulpicians, but if that
snake bit an ordinary snake, the
ordinary snake would die. In spite
of the reptile, we, Montrealers, are
willing to confess that we can never
repay the Sulpicians for what
they have done for the city. Schools,
churches, chapels, asylums, hospi-
tals, colleges, seminaries, university
schools, etc., etc., were built with
money out of their pockets. They
have donated hundreds of city acres
for charitable purposes. They have
educated generations of scholars and
have given thousands of priests to
Canada and the United States. And
it is an especial pleasure for us
of Irish blood to express our gratitude
to the Sulpician priests, who, for
years, have directed St. Patrick's
Church, Reverend Fathers Dowd,
Quinlivan, Martin Callaghan and
McShane, to name but the pastors
they have nobly done their duty, to
gether with the other good and holy
priests who have shared their work.
We do not know what school is re-
sponsible for the "freak" from the
Fool's Paradise in the West; in all
probability he is a probationer for a
post-graduate course in the peniten-
tiary. It was only a hiss; but that
is all a snake can offer. It does
not matter whether you tell the
truth in Toronto or not. The more
lies about the Catholic Church, the
better the dailies will sell! The Cath-
olic Register, however, will soon
work a wonderful transformation.

TIMELY WARNING.

It is ever a pleasure to read the
solidly bright editorials and edi-
torial notes of the Montreal Daily
Star. The right note is struck in
the following from the parlor-colum-
ns of that daily:
"Cases of attempted robbery with
violence are becoming alarmingly
frequent again in this city. It is
possible that the close of the sum-
mer has brought the thug element
back to the city again, and that we
must once more face the danger
which recently made our streets pe-
rious for the solitary pedestrian.
The only course open to us is to
revive the heavy sentence. Where
the lash can be applied it should
be; and the agitation must be kept
up to empower the judges to sen-
tence men to be whipped whenever
they are found guilty of assault
with intent to rob. The reckless
highwayman who puts his victim's
life or sanity in danger in order that
he may possess himself of the loose
change in his pocket or the money
in his till, should not be allowed to
escape with any amount of free-
board at the expense of the com-
munity. He should be given a
form of punishment he will feel."
With the new Board of Control,
for which the Star fought so ear-
nestly, we may soon be able to
leave our rifles at home, and thus
escape the necessity of having to
carry them while on our streets at
midday!

THOSE PROSELYTISERS!

Elsewhere we publish a strong edi-
torial from the great Irish Catholic
weekly,—we have named the Irish
World,—denunciatory of those birds
of the battlefield with long eyes
and a potato dish painted black for
a hat. They have them in Boston;
they are all not engaged perverting
and poisoning the Ruthenians. The
Most Reverend William O'Connell,
Archbishop, has denounced them,
and Mr. Ford's paper stands loyally
by the great prelate. The prosely-
tisers cannot keep their congrega-
tions together; they are willing to
look even for rubbish. As soon as
a difficulty arises in some parish or
another, in our own province, the
birds of the battlefields get the fa-
miliar scent, and they hasten for
their fill. They do not care whether
the proselytes themselves are
as mean and as contemptible as
Barabbas, for nothing is mean
enough to beat themselves. Their
pulpits welcome our cast-offs! Er-
ror and heresy are best propagated
by liars and holy (?) rogues; so
they can never get sufficient weeds!
Their meanest trick consists in rob-
bing the faith from children. They
are taught and encouraged to be
soul-kidnappers, unscrupulous baby-
catchers. The sole motive that ex-
plains their zeal is hatred of the
truth and of the Catholic Church. A
vampire and a scorpion are bad
enough, but what must an honest
man think of thieves who rob a
child of its conscience?

AROUSE THE PUBLIC INTEREST

We are glad the dailies are getting
a number of short letters dealing
with city management. Happily
public spirit is awakening, and, in-
deed, is aroused! Keep it up, how-
ever! Let Catholics be in the van-
guard! Our Archbishop expects
every one of us to do his duty! He
has struggled for righteousness, and
it must be a consolation for him
to see that his teachings are being
heard! Yet let us urge matters on
till the end! Keep the Holy Fire
burning!

ANOTHER CRANK LOST OR STO- LEN!

The following has gone through
the daily press:
London, October 8.—In the course
of a remarkable editorial article, the
object of which is to restrain Irish
people from emigrating to Canada,
the Freeman's Journal says:
"The reason Canada requires im-
migrants is that it must get inhabi-
tants at any cost in suffering to the
newcomers. When the wolves howl
round the cowboys there is need of
foreign thousands if only to act as
a sort of vermin killers. Many of
the newcomers will go mad with the
desperation of the loneliness and
bitter hardships of the life; many
will fall in utter misery by the way-
side, but some will live through it
all. The vermin killing will one
day all be done, and the dreary
empty spaces begin to be really ha-
bitable by a normal human being."
"This is Canada's need: First
bands of victims romantically called
pioneers; then, afterwards, on the
ruins of these, happier throngs who
will reap in joy where others sowed
in sorrow."
The Freeman's Journal also re-
marks that the free farms are situ-
ated in a dreary neighborhood of Na-
ture's wildest freaks.

Now, the crank who wrote the edi-
torial for The Dublin Freeman's
Journal ought to be eligible to a
senatorial seat in the Limbo of
Rejected Humbugs. We are ready to
open a subscription list towards pro-
curing a collar and chain of the
best brass for him.

OUR RIFF-RAFF SUNDAY.

It is generally conceded that the
native element of Montreal is dis-
tinguished for its respect for the
Sunday; but we cannot say the
same of the classes that come to us
from God knows where. When Chief
Campeau's special squad reported at
headquarters some time ago, they
must have had interesting informa-
tion concerning the Jews, Greeks,
and others, who can boldly do just
what they have a mind to do in
spite of all our civil laws, rules and
regulations. But how long is the
comedy going to last? Until we
get a new set of aldermen? Perhaps.
May the riff-raff of Europe come
over to us with their ideals of liv-
ing, with their different concepts of
what the Sabbath is, and defy us
and our police? Are we seeking to
live under the sway of the Syna-
gogue? Is modern France our
model? Or are we too lazy, too
weak, to act? Are we willing to
see Montreal of twenty years ago
become a Ghetto? Must it be a
Constantinople? Are we bound to
fill the pockets of bearded buzzards
seven days in the week? Of course,
we know that honey-hearted officials
hate to do the whole of their duty,
but can we not get men to replace
them? The sooner we can the bet-
ter. The longer we adhere to the
Sunday ideals of our grandfathers the
better. Let all our citizens, both

the Catholics and the Protestants,
shoulder the wheel! We are able to
show the scum from any rat-hole of
Europe that we are Montrealers,
Canadians, Christians, and that we
mean business. The True Witness
will do its share fearlessly and thor-
oughly. Give us the Sunday our
Archbishop wants!

WHY NOT HIGH MASS?

Many of our young men are de-
veloping extremely well along the
lines of perdition. High Mass for a
good number of them is as dead an
issue as the sense they should have.
They believe in Low Mass. Their
doctrine is summed up in the words
"The Least Possible." Given the
lives some of them lead, sermons do
not seem necessary at all. In fact,
sermons might prove injurious to
their health; for would it be pru-
dent to preach at all to young men
who are too intelligent to bother
with such worn-out fads as the Ten
Commandments? And yet, although
they do not seem to know it, they,
like any other poor benighted bar-
barian, have a soul to save. They
are bound to know their religion.
And so, do we ask, is it by keeping
themselves everlastingly shadowed
from sermons that they are going
to reach heaven? Must they not
learn and try to know what the
Church teaches? They are often
asked questions concerning the teach-
ing of the Church. Invariably they
can never give a satisfactory an-
swer. They can give you the detail-
ed account of the latest baseball
game, of the last horse race, and of
how Sing Gong had his queue stolen
in the last raid on Chinatown. They
can name you a host of most popu-
lar reading trash; they can tell what
cigarettes are the best and what
some crazy professor or other had
to say about the Middle Ages in one
of Willie Hearst's rags; but answer
an objection against what is sup-
posed to be their belief, they can-
not, and they are even strangely
proud about informing you that they
do not know much about their reli-
gion. Of course, Low Mass on
Sunday is not to be frowned at; but
if the negligent young men we com-
plain of had the salvation of their
souls truly and properly at heart,
Sunday should prove a different
Sunday from what it has ever been
for them.

ARE THE BIRDS TO BE BLAM- ED?

In years past farmers used to
think that birds were among their
greatest enemies, and they frighten-
ed them away from their fields or
killed them. But when the birds
became fewer it was found that they
had really been friends, and not en-
emies, as they had kept down the
destructive work of insects of all
kinds. It is said that Pennsylvania
apple growers alone will, this year,
suffer a loss of fully one million
dollars from the codling moth,
which is readily destroyed by cer-
tain birds. The National Association
of Audubon Societies of the
United States is endeavoring to
have laws for the protection of
birds made more stringent. The
movement deserves the support, not
only of those who suffer directly
through the attacks of insects, but
of the public generally. Our readers
must have remarked that apple-trees
all over, and amore especially on the
island, were well patronized by
moths and insects of all kinds dur-
ing the past summer. Moreover,
new species of tree and fruit de-
stroyers are constantly taking up
their abode in our orchards. We had
better be sure that the sparrows,
for instance, are as bad as we are
told they are!

ANGLICANS IN DISTRESS.

That was an awful blow for the
nerves of "Ritualists" in the Church
of England, when the Vicar of St.
Mary's, Wolverton, England, was
ordered to stop proving in the con-
crete that Anglicanism is truly Cath-
olic. As a result, we poor harm-
less Catholics are reaping the con-
tinuous outbursts of (Episcopalian)
Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, Wis-
consin, while the Living Church of
Milwaukee, and The Lamp, of Gar-
rison, N.Y.,—both Anglican journals
each in its own way,—not content
with "knocking" each other, are
trying to frighten us a whit, too,
if you please. Now, we prefer Angli-
canism, with all its weakness, to
the joke-sects all added together and
multiplied by thirteen and a half. In
this we are faithful to Cardinal
Newman's finding. The better class
of Anglicans stand for a fuller be-
lief in the Revelation, than do even
the preachers of any joke-sect, such
as the Baptists, the Holy Rollers,
and the Methodists, the Hornettes,
or the Christian Scientists. And yet
the last task we should want to
have imposed upon us would be the
necessity of having to prove that

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the Anglican Church is Christ's. It
would be a hopeless case, something
like having to prove that twice two
is three. True, we readily admit
the individual's sincerity, even if
we do abominate the system. We
are ready to grant that there are
hundreds of honest and devout and
cultured Anglican clergymen; but
that they belong to the Catholic
Church is as true as the Man in the
Moon is a Salvationist.

THE FOOLISH LORDS.

Mr. Lloyd George is making it
hot for the Lords and lordlings
nowadays. In fact, he emphatically
declares that they are forcing a re-
volution on the people, by their
doltish opposition to the Budget.
A fully equipped duke, he declares,
costs the country more than a
Dreadnought. "So long as Dukes
were content to be mere idols and
preserved that kind of stately sil-
ence which became their rank and
intelligence, all went well. When
the Budget came, however, they
stepped down from their perches,
because the measure knocked a little
gilt off their stage-coaches." Thus,
in his Newcastle speech, The Duke
of Bedford, who earns (gets) two
millions of dollars a year for posing,
is going to be too poor to give a
one-hundred-dollar dinner, if the
Budget goes through. The Victorian
Colorist tells his tale of woe, as
follows:

"The Duke of Bedford is another
peer who seems bent on inviting the
lightning to strike him. His income
is \$2,000,000 a year, and he has
said that he cannot possibly afford
to entertain his tenants at the com-
ing of age of his son because of the
budget. The British peerage has an
honored place in British history,
and it now numbers in its ranks
many men of the highest possible
character. The whole peerage must
not be judged from a few exceptions.
But unfortunately it is the few who
get written about, and the public
is apt to forget the others. A so-
cial class is likely to be judged by
those of its members who manage to
get themselves in 'the limelight.'"
The folly of such a course as that
taken by the Duke of Bedford is that
it is too utterly transparent, for
no one will believe that a man with
an income of such magnitude cannot
afford to give a party to his ten-
ants, and there are many thousands
of people who will look upon his re-
fusal as an attempt at coercion and
will resent it. The abolition of the
House of Lords would, to our way
of thinking, be a very great mis-
take, but some of the dukes seem
bent on bringing it about.

WONDERFUL CIVILIZATION!

British and American scribblers
are fond of sickening us with their
prose as to how backward the Latin
nations are, when compared with
those privileged sons and daughters
of Adam and Eve, whose boon it is
to live in countries that are general-
ly looked upon as Anglo-Saxon! We
shall admit that the Latin coun-
tries are certainly very backward in
one regard, that is, as far as the
divorce court is concerned. Some
wicked Italians may use a stillette
with too much ease at times, but
they do not, in any sense, share the
filthy ideals of some of their accu-
sers. Just think of it! In the
last twenty years, according to sta-
tistics that do not lie, a million di-
vorces have been granted in the
United States! In other words,
every tenth marriage is a stomach-
turning failure! Yet we shall con-
tinue to hear of how unfortunate
the Spaniards are, and how differ-
ent American ideals are from the
morals of the Turk! We are no
enemies of Uncle Sam; yet that old
gentleman will soon need a clean
shave! With this exception of crazy
France, the English-speaking coun-
tries control nine-tenths of the black-
guard divorce trade, with the Uni-
ted States at the North Pole again
in success. Catholic Ireland has no
divorce court, and has never needed
one. That country, according to
the scribblers, is very backward in
civilization, too! And is it not
wonderful that the countries with
the biggest divorce trade are also

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the countries where ninety-nine per-
cent of the crazy religions have been
started, France excepted again, for
its rulers are in the pay of Hell and
Lucifer. Civilization! Tell that to
the Turks, and they'll hold their
noses! If Roosevelt had done a
little more along ethical lines for
the good of his country, he should
have deserved the praise and admi-
ration of honest men all the more.
The United States will have to
change its divorce legislation, or
pity help the Republic! It will
have to do without God's blessing,
and even the United States needs
that! Each year is alarmingly
beating down its predecessor! There
is a yearly increase in United
States divorces that is sufficient to
disgust the Czar of Frogland!

Why They Don't Go To Church.

The September American Magazine
prints the following from Thomas
F. Woodcock, formerly editor of the
Wall Street Journal, addressed to
Ray Stannard Baker, upon the sub-
ject of Mr. Baker's articles on the
Spiritual Unrest.
"People do not go to church—to
the Protestant churches—because the
churches have ceased to teach them
religious truth with authority, and
because Christendom, so-called, out-
side the Roman Catholic Church,
has ceased to believe in the funda-
mental truths of religion."
"The Protestant churches started
in business, so to speak, on the ba-
sis of 'faith, not works,' and now
have drifted to the absolute op-
posite of that position, viz., 'works,
not faith.' Dogma is a thing ab-
horred, creeds are 'outworn,' all
truth is relative, man is not fallen.
Christ is not God, atonement is a
fiction, and an unnecessary fiction
at that, everything is explained
away on natural grounds, there is
no hell to fear—why should people
go to church?"
"Protestant Christendom has al-
ready lost faith in the Incarnation,
a large part of it no longer be-
lieves in original sin, and a great
many who call themselves Christians
do not even believe in a personal
God. What is religion if it be not
that groups of truth which express
man's relations with and duty to
his Creator? What are these truths
but dogmas? How can there be an
undogmatic religion?"
"There is no Christianity properly
so called in the world to-day—that
is, Christianity as a religion—out-
side of the Roman Catholic Church.
Protestantism in all its forms is an
empty shell now, and even the shell
is rapidly disintegrating. The gen-
eration now growing up will demon-
strate that to you and me if we live
our allotted space according to the
palms. And not even 'refined
vaudeville' will then suffice to keep
the churches open."
"But you won't find the Catholic
churches closing!"

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