

The True Witness
is published every Thursday by
The True Witness P. & P. Co.
312 LaSalle Street, West, Montreal
P. O. BOX 1133
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada (City Excepted) and New-
foundland..... \$1.00
City, United States and Foreign... \$1.50
Terms: Payable in Advance.

NOTICE.
When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the Old and the New address.
SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued until order to stop is received and all arrears paid up.
Send remittances by P. O. order or money order.
NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us NOT LATER than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

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must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.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

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 Catholic 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 this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.
PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PASTORAL.

The faithful of Montreal archdiocese have greeted His Grace the Archbishop's seventy-eighth pastoral—which appeared in our last issue—with all the warmth and thankfulness it has necessarily elicited. We are reminded of the fact that 1910 will witness a great Eucharistic Congress in our midst. We have already dwelt on the grandeur of the privilege that is to be ours, much through the efforts and instrumentality of His Grace. Catholics, here in Montreal, faithful to the instructions of our Archbishop, will do their best to try and be equal to the demands on our piety and spirit of faith; but while we are thankful for the boon that is to be ours, let us not forget the duties incumbent upon us beforehand. These the Archbishop sets down. They are as follows:

1. Beginning with the first of January, and therefrom to the twelfth of September, 1910, priests will recite at the Mass the collect of the Blessed Sacrament, not omitting the collect for the Sovereign Pontiff.
2. We authorize the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday in the Churches and Chapels of the diocese where it is kept.
3. We recommend to the religious communities of both men and women, to the students of our seminaries and colleges, to the pupils of our boarding schools and academies, and to all the faithful to receive Communion more frequently in accordance with the desire of our Holy Father, also to visit often the Blessed Sacrament, to be more instant in prayer and more abundant in works of charity, offering all that none of the graces of the Congress may be lost.
4. We especially recommend that the prayer for the propagation of the pious custom of daily Communion, composed and indulged by His Holiness Pius X, be recited either at the beginning or at the close of parish catechetical instructions, as also at the daily Mass in religious communities.
- 5.—A triduum in honor of the Blessed Sacrament shall precede the Congress; the date will be announced in due time.
6. The Congress will open on the 7th September and close on the 11th by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament.
7. The program of the labors and the ceremonies of the Congress will be issued later on.

"SECRETS OF THE CONFES-SIONAL."

The Montreal Daily Star, just as if it were glad to have a chance of hitting Catholics, lately told us in flaring headlines, that "secrets of the confessional are (were) told in court." Of course, the story itself does not help the title, but the effect is reached, in part, by ignorance.

among the Star's many readers will read what they are looking for. The Star's label promised old wine. It gave but ironbrow. Just because a woman declared before an A. P. Ape judge of Massachusetts what advice the priest had given her in the confessional, the Star, with many another sensational daily, found the confessional secret had been broken, or, at least, wanted bigots to think so. Thank God, the Church's record is known on the score of the inviolable sacredness of confession. Her priests are ready to die rather than surrender the trust. Some years ago, not at the North Pole, either, a judge with A. P. Ape leanings and a very Irish name, tried to make a priest talk about what had gone on between him and a penitent in the sacred tribunal. The judge failed in his attempt against decency. The priest kept the secret! But notwithstanding the history of the Church, notwithstanding the lessons of the late hour, dailies will keep up their mean little tactics, and Catholics will keep as quiet as Quakers among the mice. Happily the Star and its management know better, at least.

THE "GO PREACHERS."

It is possible that the New Brunswick authorities may be given charge of matters in connection with the "Go Preachers," whose headquarters are at George, near Moncton, in the same province. Startling complaints have been received from England, alleging that the "Go Preachers" have induced many young girls in the Old Country (England) to leave their homes and afterwards ensnared them into lives of shame. With the number of crazy religions smiled at and encouraged, nowadays, in Canada as well as in all English-speaking countries, it is not surprising that the "Go Preachers" and like scamps and rascals should try religion to help make their bank accounts all the bigger. Necessarily there is a good deal of excitement in some rural communities down by the sea, where the filthy proselytizers have been sullying the atmosphere by their presence. In some cases it is even reported that domestic infelicities and family divisions have followed in the footsteps of the new religionists. Already ignorant fanatics are joining the ranks. One crazy woman had a child "christened" three times on the same day! Now, how long is Canada going to stand for such nonsense and corruption, as the "Go Preachers" seem bound to offer? One of the favorite doctrines and practices of the new reformation wave will be hatred for Catholics, most likely. All nonsensical, heretical, schismatical and morally corrupt associations of men agree on that point.

MONTREAL TO THE FORE.

Whatever our drawbacks are, here in Montreal, at least we can say that we are probably the citizens of the most decent city in the world, for not only is our birthrate the highest of any city in the world, we lead all other competitors by a good, and in some cases by an astounding margin. Thus, the annual report of the Board of Health, just published, shows that the birthrate in Montreal is what we claim it to be. It exceeds by 4.12 per 1000 that of any other city; the rate for Montreal is 38.43, being an increase of 2.38 over the year preceding. The number of births for the year was 14,606. With regard to the births of French-Canadians, the number was 10,210, or the very high figure of 44.04 per thousand. The birth-rate among the Jews was 28.26 per thousand. On the other hand, unfortunately, Montreal's death-rate of 22.95 was exceeded by Madrid only in a list of eight cities, including London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Buenos Ayres, and Lyons.

Catholics do not believe in such ungodly things as "race suicide"; the Church is up in arms against it. Learned blackguards and intelligent idiots have sought to encourage it, and we are sorry to say that a Church of England dude-clergyman, across the Big Raindrop, who frequently inflicts his prose upon the reading public, is no enemy of it. But let us cut down our death-rate. The doctors ought to be able to give us a hand. Montreal needs a crusade along the lines laid down by Canon Le Pailleur.

AKED RUBS ELIOT.

We have often heard of that ridiculous Baptist preacher, in New York, called Dr. Aked, the man who works each Sunday for John D. Rockefeller. He has done some very foolish things, since England got rid of him, at America's expense, some years ago, and through the pious Oiler's dollars. But behold him now out in favor of Eliot's religious humbug. He is confident

that Harvard's old oddity has proclaimed the belief of the future. Here is what he said, at Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in part:

"I have no hesitation in declaring that the 'religion of the future' is the religion to-day, of a large part of educated English-speaking people. It is now the religion of people who read books and write books. It is the religion that is now preached from intellectual pulpits."

"Dr. Eliot is right when he says the religion of the future will not be based on authority. The only authority which men and women of the present will heed is experience that can be tested and truth that can be verified."

"So is Dr. Eliot right that the religion of the future will not be local, tribal or sectarian. We rise up and thank God for that. God has long been represented as in a certain church and in a certain service. We will not think of God in this little way in the future. The religion of the future will be the religion of Jesus Christ. It has been selfishness so far."

Yes, the "intellectual pulpits" whose occupiers are semi-educated pagans. "No authority"! Well, that will not change conditions in the Baptist sect or in many others; in fact, in them all. Heretics and schismatics grow enraged each time they read of the necessity of submitting to religious authority. If Aked can succeed, however, in taking from Orangemen their "tribal" sentiment, we shall live in the hope of seeing all Canada civilized; but then what Aked really wants is a Turkish bath and a hut in the Sahara. He is Hearst's best friend. His sermons suit news-rags.

REV. MR. FRENCH'S WAR ON VICE.

We have already said, and now we repeat, that the True Witness is heart and soul with Reverend Mr. French, in his war against vice. Unfortunately, our aldermen could have done more for our city, along the lines of morality. Moreover, it is a patent fact that some of the foulest dens and haunts of infamy are avowedly tolerated in our midst; and, notwithstanding the hundreds of thousands of respectable people in our city, yet it is sad to know we have, as a city, a very poor name abroad. We are even classed and ranked with Toronto. Our Archbishop and our priests are up in arms against sin and disorders in any shape or form; Rev. Mr. French stands a noble fighter among noble fighters in other creeds. But, in such a struggle, we must lend him a hand. True, one or two four-rags undertook to cast ridicule on the earnest Anglican clergyman; they are printed in sinks, and their best offering is mud. Their interests are, seemingly, endangered when haunts of infamy are molested. Montreal bids Mr. French success. Let us hope, too, that the new City Council we shall get at the next elections will not be obliged to have other men do their work for them. The City Council has a trust, and God will ask an account. All is not done when contracts are concluded.

A BUDDHIST'S FANCIES.

A Buddhist priest of some high stripe or other was lately out in Vancouver, on his way back to the Flowery Kingdom of Japan. The man is going home to marry a princess among his people. He had a lot to say. First of all, he is pleased with the general state of Buddhism, the world over; and so, with all his faults, we cannot help crediting him with a very rare sunny disposition of nature. He claims, too, that some white women are joining his (non-Catholic) sect, out in Vancouver. Now, we can give a good guess as to what kind they are. It does not matter much, however; they have no religion to give up, and they are trying Buddhism for purposes that help us to hope they won't bother decent people for a season, at least. Then, the little yellow man finds Christianity unaccommodating. He hopes the day will come when Christians and Buddhists through a joint process of subtraction and addition, will be able to worship together. If he only knew some distinguished preachers of heresy, whose physiogns are always in the sensational columns of Hearst's papers, he might grow more sanguine in his expectations. They do not believe in the divinity of Jesus more than a Buddhist does, while their congregations know very little more about Christianity than a Hot-tentot.

The Buddhist priest cannot admit the virginal birth of Christ; but that would not prevent him from occupying the pulpit in half the heretical churches in the United States. Even man—an Episcopal minister has not to believe in that. The same is true of some Anglicans in England. As to the joke-sects, they can and may believe just what they have a mind to, the less the better for themselves and their pockets. Nor does the Buddhist "ecclesiastic"

as the comical dailies call him, forget to give the Chinese a knock. He says Chinamen make poor converts, and he quotes a preacher to the effect that Christianity has had no serious results in China. The preacher, of course, has never heard of Chinese martyrs, nor is he acquainted with what Catholic missionaries have been doing. Ignorance is bliss, however, and bigotry a balm. If the Japanese talker could go home and persuade his countrymen to have only one-tenth of the respect for womanhood, for their sisters and daughters, the average Chinaman has, he would better employ his time than in "talking through his hat" out in Vancouver. Father Martin Callaghan might have had surprises for him, on the Chinese question, if he had come to Montreal.

BISHOP CASEY'S SERMON.

In other columns we publish the remarkable sermon preached by His Lordship Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., at the second solemn session of the Plenary Council. The distinguished prelate is one of the youngest of our fathers in Christ, yet he is truly a power for good in Canada, and more especially in the Maritime Provinces, where all the organs of the public press make it a duty to herald his teaching. He gives no feeble answer to certain classes of ungodly wiseacres, in his sermon; while all, even Catholics the truest, will do well to meditate upon his message to the Church. Strong throughout, still in the peroration he answers keenly and masterly one or two favorite objections prevaricators like to fondle. We hope that the Toronto dailies, in particular, will publish the Bishop's sermon in full, at some time or other, so that certain bigots sitting in the darkness of self-made and self-sought toms may be helped to think and conduct themselves. The Catholic Register is doing more than noble work, however. But let all give a hand!

THE LATE REVEREND EDMUND WOOD.

Father Wood, the noted Anglican clergyman has passed away, and we offer his congregation, all near and dear to him, our sincerest sympathy. For years did he work honestly and strenuously, and up to his death, had shared with good old Canon Ellegood, of the Church of St. James the Apostle, the honor of being among the oldest Anglican clergymen in active service in the Dominion. Mr. Wood was very "High Church," and as such, was very friendly towards his Catholic fellowmen. His congregation was always noted for piety and righteousness. Certainly no other Anglican clergyman was better known than he in all America. His "ritualism" was a current topic with churchmen all over. He was not a member of the Catholic Church, yet he ardently strove after Catholic ideals. St. John's School and St. Margaret's Home, with the good Anglican Sisters, are there to bear testimony to the fact, along with the neat little Church of St. John the Evangelist. Ignorance and bigotry were strangers in Father Wood's household; but honor, love, and piety were welcome dwellers. He shared his work with the Rev. Arthur French, another good man and upright citizen. While we grieve for the good clergyman now beyond the turmoil of life and struggle, we assure his assistant, Rev. Mr. French, of our loyal support in his war against vice. Even if he has to do other people's work for them, our clergy and the True Witness are there to second him.

"WHAT GLORY IN IT?"

The mean, narrow-minded scribbler who, dealing with the Irish "celebration" (and commemoration at Grosse Isle, chose to insult the Apostolic Delegate, in his article contributed to La Nouvelle France, is more to be pitied and prayed for, than blamed or considered sane. If his article is not rank schism and revolt, what is it? It is not surprising that he should write: "For at the bottom ('au fond') what glory is there in dying of a pestilential disease?" The proud old black-leg cannot even respect the memory of martyrs, and yet he may find space in such an ordinarily clean and high-toned publication as that in which it is given us to read the rich contributions of a Mgr. L. A. Paquet! What glory? Did not the poor Irish of Grosse Isle suffer on account of their faith? If they were poor, was it their fault? Were they permitted to be traitors? We extend our thanks to La Nouvelle France and to its management. When has any Irish-Canadian or American paper undertaken to carry on the mean warfare some French periodicals do? We are grieved, too, that the brilliant La Vérité should approve of such things as were writ-

MEN WHO BUY

Our shirts know what good shirts mean.
If you have shirt troubles come right to us.
We have shirt comfort for everybody—\$1. up.

BRENNAN BROS.

Hatters and Men's Furnishers
251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST Phone Up 3627.
7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

ten by the cantankerous schismatic of La Nouvelle France. We respect our French-Canadian brethren, and we say again that we do not confound their sentiments with those of a few scoundrels.

THEATRICAL MONSTROCITIES.

We all know what His Grace the Archbishop thinks of certain show houses and the plays which even children are given to witness. Lately a French theatre served up a decayed piece for the entertainment of its scrupulous patronizers. But we need not be too hard on our neighbors. The French people are not so favored as we English-speaking people, along the lines of questionable stage-play. The Montreal Daily Star, which so conscientiously bothers itself (and with reason) with the safe-guarding of our city's good morals, published the following programme for one week at the Royal—otherwise known as "De Rile":

Next week's attraction at the Royal will be the Sam Devere Company, presenting two burlesques, "The Hoodlum's Holiday" and "The Queen of the Harem." The new songs provided include "We Want a Man," "My Sweet Pajama Maid," "Spooning in the Dark," "Happy as a Clam," and "Pretty Little Oriental Maids." The olio will include Morris and Daly acrobats; Gibson and Ranney, in a sketch; Matt. Kennedy and Wilbur Held.

In another column of the Star's theatrical page we were told that Robert Mantell will appear at His Majesty's. But don't be afraid, the populace will refuse to bother with Mr. Mantell. It is afraid of being educated. Parts of the programme at the Royal, even in print, would be enough to subtract a cannibal's appetite. We are doing splendidly in Montreal! With gambling at horse races, etc., etc., we shall soon become a "Holy City," if God does not visit us beforehand!

THE LATE JUDGE CURRAN.

One of the most distinguished sons of Irish Canada passed away last week in the person of Mr. Justice Curran. The news came as a shock especially to his very numerous friends, for all had hoped that the deceased gentleman's last journey abroad would restore him to relatively perfect health. Instead we now must breathe a prayer and shed a tear over his departed form.

Judge Curran was truly an honor to Irish Catholics in the Dominion. In whatever capacity he had to act, the deep religious note was never missing in the strain. A Conservative in politics, he served his party loyally, and was called by different premises to the innermost councils of the nation. As a judge he won the encomiums even of losing parties, so evident was it that he always meant to be just and honest. But beyond all his services to the state, stands the fact that he was a loyal Catholic in his heart. And, indeed, it was always edifying to see Judge Curran and Sir William Hingston, attend not only Holy Mass and the Sunday evening services, but manifest, by their presence, their active co-operation in the work of sodalities. Men of their stamp make a nation all the better. Again, the late Judge Curran was always enthusiastically associated with the leaders among his kinsmen and countrymen in blood, toward the work of bettering conditions in Ireland. Long will his memory be blest! Would that the rising generation of our young men could choose their aims and ideals in the story of Judge Curran's life as a Catholic! We consider his loss a very serious one for Irish-Canadians particularly. We cannot afford to lose such men, for we are worried as to who will replace them. The True Witness shares the sorrow of the late Judge's honorable family, and it begs the privilege of saying that no heart-meant sympathy is stronger than ours in the present day of trial. May Judge Curran share the joys of his Master in

Dominion Edition of Payson, Duntun and Seribner's System of Penmanship

SPECIAL FEATURES
Simple in method, practical in plan, to similarity of letters according to improved style of Capital letters, each letter given separately on the covers, and plainly illustrated by diagrams. Absence of unmeaning words and superior selection of sentences. Perfect and progressive grading. Thorough drill in figures. Frequent review practice. Clear and distinct ruling. Graceful and natural motion. Copies written and full of life. Superior quality of materials used and excellence of manufacture. Prepared for this purpose by practical teachers daily employed in teaching the subject.

Published by
D. & J. SABLIER & CO.,
13 Notre Dame St. West
MONTREAL

Heaven whom he so faithfully served on earth.

THE QUEBEC SCHOOLS.

Up in Ottawa, the other day, two or three fellows participating in a meeting of the Canadian Federation of Labor thought it proper to inflict their educational views on all the others present. The fellows do not want so many religious teachers in the Province of Quebec. Most likely they had been eating cabbage and salmon, with an article from Langlois, of Le Canada, for dessert. The Federation voted them "down and out," and we sincerely felicitate its members for having so acted. But agitators will keep the game up. Some of the school reformers do not know B from a bull's foot, and they are among the leaders. Not that we, in any sense, would want to appear the least unfriendly towards our earnest, hard-worked lay teachers; do we protest, but simply because our nuns and brothers were wantonly attacked. At any rate, Devil's Island would be preferable to the duty of having to parse and analyze the fellow's speeches. Looking for logic in them would be something like looking for a policeman on Mount Royal street after dark. The Federation men know what to think on such occasions as the one they disapproved of so tellingly.

PROPER MEN IN THE LEAD.

That any association of men prove a success it must needs be that the proper men be chosen to lead the movement and steer it through channel and passage, clear of rock and safe from shoal. And what is true of any association in general is true of a Catholic association in particular, all rights reserved. Unfortunately, however, Catholic societies are often paralyzed, thanks to the kind of individuals who want to run them, so to speak. And here we mean to confine ourselves to laymen and women, of course. Once the wind carries the news to the four corners of the parish, that Mr. Blinks lays down the law for this society on that, fully two hundred and more decide, there and then, to have nothing to do with it. Sometimes the two hundred and more are wrong; but often, too, Mr. Blinks and gentlemen of his kind, are simply scarecrows that scare men as well. When Mr. Blinks finds out he is in the way of the general good, he ought to be willing to step down; but Mr. Blinks is usually such a proud, haughty article that common sense is not admitted to his brains, on the plea of "except on business," which does not hold in the case. Then, too, a clique or coterie maybe in the way, a clique and coterie in the service of some fool with a little rod in his hand. It is generally through Mr. Blinks, the clique, and the fooling that once strong societies fall to naught.

Abbe
Efficient
that "pla
gish liver.
Abbe
diate relie
gives new
cious rem
eating on
particular
25 cts.

Echoes a

The Toronto
slow in getting
coming the P
that was due t
have to be mind
Orange readers.
clean Heaven to

One of the
in the Register
William J. Fisch
half. His we
opens with a r
poetic pen and
best part of a t
mind-repast. W
trust that nothi
either crush hi
beat him down.

There are impo
who are going a
selves priests, b
heretical or schi
their country. S
or help them fi
station. They g
like a bird of pr
fates look as if
ice for a month.
had just returne
prayer-meeting.

It is never too
and real worth.
sure for us to en
tion with the "H
of the Standard.
cess along all the
ship and present
especially gratifi
the broad-minded
makeup, from cov
of course, the St
in Montreal, not

Reverend "Kid"
forced up prayer
fight, had to app
his Presbyterian
and exonerate hi
succeeded. He ga
lecture on the ge
John L. Sullivan
absolved him. Of
"Wedge was once
and so, the task
He is, we are told,
prominent Presby
his state.

In calling the bis
together for a
Rome, the stronge
ing voice in the w
hedged our nation
tors may like to l
them Britishers; w
ple little name of
have already said
It the Pope in ca
Cormel together h
the interest of ou
several sessions of
do. So we "humbly
grateful indeed. It
for some of our "B
a little sense.

President Taft is
reform of both the
minal court-procedur
and the Senate. Th
to make a new Thav
possibility; while
also be made to pre
wielding decisions
courts. It is abou
thing were done
States in the interes
of even common dec
derer can, we think,
New York, if he has
to save his neck. T
an Imperial Rome!
an Almighty U.S.A.
not immortal either.

We hear an awful l
or that Tom, Dick,
is supposed to hav
for our Canadian We
good old Father Lac
the whole tribe of i
by nine and square
combe lately celebrat
jubilee in the priesth
eighty-three. It is a
indeed, that several
sionaries who spent y
ship on the plains, a
it was to endure priv
kinds for many a lo
among the oldest pri