

The True Witness

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ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: EDITED.

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 consider their best interests, they would make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

All praise to St. Patrick, who brought to our mountains, The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love!

There is not a saint in the bright courts of Heaven, More faithful than he to the land of his choice;

St. Patrick's Day! Ireland's day of national triumph! St. Patrick's Day! Ah! the name is familiar, and, thank God, it is; for the Irish would surrender everything dear to them outside of Heaven, rather than surrender their faith and their creed, rather than surrender their Irish claim to Irish blood!

We are celebrating the feast-day of our country's Apostle, St. Patrick, because we are proud of the saint God and His Church sent our people; because we are grateful for the gift of Faith; and because we want the world to know, in fifty thousand places, from the North to the South, and from East to West, that we are Irish and Catholic.

We are Irish; thence our enthusiasm to-day. Let nations who must hang their banners in shame, refuse to spread them to the breeze.

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The older generations of men remember the celebrations of earlier days. Thousands of the "Old Tim-

ers' who once rejoiced in Montreal, on St. Patrick's Day, are now numbered among the dead. We have inherited their ideals, with their blood and their faith. The men of to-day were taught to be Irish and Catholic by sincerely enthusiastic teachers. The old Christian Brothers did the most of the work, but our priests presided over the destinies of the people. Both agencies produced marvelous results. Those who were the boys and girls of yesterday, and the day before, remember how Fathers James and Martin Callaghan were mindful of them and their concert, on each St. Patrick's Day, while the glorified soul of Father Dowd must assist, with the angels of God, in the sanctuary of His Irish temple in Montreal on each successive St. Patrick's Day.

But the Day has its lessons—lessons of gratitude, fidelity, national endeavor—all dependent upon the Faith of our Fathers. St. Patrick's day must and should, each year, renew our faith in the Lord God of our people, and our loyalty to the land of our elders.

"We've heard our faults a hundred times, The new ones and the old; In songs and speeches, rants and rhymes, Increased full fifty fold; But take them all, the great and small, And this we've got to say: We're still, for Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

St. Patrick's Day! Ah! the name shall ever be familiar! We intend to remain Irish and Catholic to the end! We cherish our cream of creed, and we value our Catholic blood. We have no lessons to teach the Pope or the Church! Our hands and our arms, our souls and our hearts, are our God's, and the belonging of His Church. We are Catholic to-day, and shall be Catholic, loyal to St. Patrick, unto the consummation of ages!

THE IRISH PRIESTS OF MONTREAL.

No people or no community ever loved their priests more than the Irish Catholics of Montreal love theirs. And, with reason, thank God, it is. The Irish priests of Montreal live in the very hearts of those under their sacred care and charge. There was Father Dowd, and there were Fathers Quinlivan, Toupin, James Callaghan, Hogan, Strubbe, O'Donnell,—all dead! We loved them, and, even if they were not all our kith and kin, we respect the claim of the altar beyond the exaction of flag and hearth. Irish priests we have: French and Belgian priests we have, and we love them all. Those who do not share our blood, still are sharing our struggles of earth and for Heaven. Our good diocesan priests are with us; the sons of Ignatius, of Alphonsus, and of the gentle saint of Assisi are working for us; while the truly efficient and hardworking Fathers of the Holy Cross have, with the immortal Jesuits and the eminent Sulpicians, prepared hundreds of our young men for the honorable positions in Church and State they now occupy. We have named the Sulpicians last, for we love to remember the debt we Irish of Montreal owe them. The dean of our Irish clergy, Father Martin Callaghan, is one of their number; another, Father Gerald McShane, is pastor of our oldest parish. Nor could we ever attempt to repay the Redeemers of St. Ann's, that grand old fortress of our faith and flag. Our diocesan priests are all of our own household. We know them, and, thank God, we love and revere them, just because we know them. They are an honor to us, and a glory to our families. You might swear away the earth and the inhabitants thereof, before you could turn the hearts of Montreal Irishmen from their priests.

OUR IRISH PARTY.

It is a pleasure to praise the men of the Irish Party, the Nationalists, with John Redmond at their head. They have won our love, our admiration, and the undying gratitude of our kinsmen the world over. They have fought for their rights, under Butt, Parnell, and Redmond, with John Dillon, Edward Blake, the Devlins, Sexton, Biggar, Justin McCarthy and the immortal Michael Davitt among the leaders and chieftains. They are a grand, a noble party. The Irish "Factionists," under strange William O'Brien and ridiculous Timothy Healey, may find a majority, made up of strange elements, to elect them; but they are

reaping the scorn of the Irish, as a people, from Vinegar Hill and the Banks of the Barrow, to the remotest island of the Western land. The kind of men to whom they owe their luck and chance are a sufficient proof in the concrete, strong enough evidence in flesh and blood, to convince us that the "Factionist" programme is not our nation's policy.

We have all reason to be proud of Redmond. He is the greatest Parliamentary tactician in the world, and his lieutenants are the glory of our people. Among them there is the true and faithful John Dillon, who, unlike William O'Brien, sacrificed self for the good of his country. Edward Blake is no longer with them in the flesh, but his heart and his soul are Irish. Dillon and Blake! Let there be memorials of men such as these in our next College Green! The True Witness, and the Irishmen of Montreal, shall ever be loyal to Redmond and the Nationalists, in spite of faction, dissension, pride, anger, envy, insanity, or fraud!

THE WORK OF OUR PAPER.

The True Witness has long been battling for the rights of English-speaking Catholics. Many an article has appeared in its columns in defence of our sacred traditions of faith and country. We have always stood with the Church, and have always been faithful to Ireland, through cloud and sunshine, under the spell of success, or in the hour of disappointment, Truly brilliant writers have worked with the paper; some of our former editors were giants among their kindred of the pen; and their hearts and their intellect were ever with the Church and with Motherland.

To-day we are endeavoring to do our best. We are endeavoring to battle with all the fire of which we can dispose, and are resolved to keep up the sacred warfare, in the name of God and for the benefit of our people. The encouragement of friends is a source of buoyancy for us; but, were many more to second us and our efforts, we could multiply our zeal and results a thousandfold. Catholic societies we look to for support; we can depend upon our clergy, and they are willing to help us. Our English-speaking Catholic business men could lend us financial help, as well, and Catholics of all classes would find the True Witness a stronger friend and vindicator if they would only do their share more fully and more thoroughly. The thousands, however, who are with us, and who have always been with us, have also earned our heart's best thankfulness.

In the future, as in the past, the True Witness will be faithful to Church and Motherland. The authority of God's appointed shepherds, the Pope, the Apostolic Delegate, His Grace the Archbishop, together with all the clergy, shall always be sacredly respected and obeyed by those answerable for our paper, and when the last drop of water in the ocean shall have been dried up, then, and then only, shall our love for Ireland either cease or diminish. "Pro aris et focis"—the altar and the hearth—this our aspiration, and Fidelity our motto and device!

OUR IRISH TEACHERS OF MONTREAL.

We cannot let St. Patrick's Day go by without paying our tribute of gratitude and admiration to those who once were, those who long have been, and all those who are to-day, the teachers of our Irish-Canadian children in Montreal. Many names come up before us, as we write; names of brilliant Christian Brothers, of gentle nuns, of men and women of the world. But one is dearest to us all and dearest of them all—that of the late lamented Brother Arnold, for years the revered and thoroughly efficient director of St. Ann's School.

They were great and good men, those old Christian Brothers, now dead, who taught the older ones among us. Great men, too, were the cherished schoolmasters, nearly all of them born in Ireland. Great and gently good those nuns of the earlier day. And the Brothers, and the Sisters, and the secular teachers of to-day, who teach and train our boys and girls, are worthy of the immortal pioneers.

How they taught us, those old teachers, to love Ireland, to sing the war-songs and melodies of our people, and to believe and hope in God with the fullness of love's thrilling ardor! Countless the souls they saved! But, again, their mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders. Sweet the memories of old St. Ann's and of St. Patrick's, and undying the tribute of our heart's best thanks. If the faith is so strong in the souls of our men, and if our daughters are as chaste as the soft-

est sun-ray, go ask the Brothers, the Sisters, and the teachers sharing our workaday struggles. Peace to the ashes of those gone before, and our thanks and loyalty to our Irish teachers of to-day in Montreal. We shall ever be proud of them.

THE "OLD TIMERS."

Sad to say, our good "Old Timers" are fast going down in the grave; they are nearly all gone. They are the honest, stout-hearted, clean-souled old Irish grandpas and grandmas. They are going, and a lot of their virtue is going with them. We of to-day, too many of us, look upon their ideals of piety and good living as unsuited to the times. Perhaps we are right, after all. The old Irish respect for God's minister, and the old Irish regard for moral stainlessness may be unwelcome guests in the household of modern refinement. More than one regiment of upstarts among Catholic young men do not quite see why they should salute the priest, or take a spiritual wash more than once a year.

What Catholics those "Old Timers" were! What men, every inch of it! How honest they were with God, themselves, and their neighbor! They had faith strong enough to fight the powers of hell, even at the cost of exile, famine, poverty, and the cannibal's axe and iron. With Abraham, they could hope against hope itself, their trust being founded in the Lord God of their people. No hearts were warmer than theirs, and no souls truer to God or to a friend. But they are going, they are leaving us without our being better men, or as good, as they were.

And yet, thank God, we can hold our own in the face of the sons and daughters of any other people. Though a lot of the old warmth is gone, though an abundance of the old feeling has disappeared; yet our Irish Canadian man are staunch, loyal, full-hearted Catholics; and our mothers and sisters and wives are as pure and as chaste and as loving as the very virgins of the martyr-arenas of Rome. Let us go back fully and heartily to the ideals of Motherland. We know we are Irish, and we are proud of it, too. God be with the "Old Timers"!

THE LOYAL IRISH PROTESTANTS.

We do not forget them, those noble Irish Protestants who have stood by us, and who have shared our struggles for hearth and liberty! Great were the Ulster men of '98! Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolf Tone, Robert Emmett! Then, there was Davis, the bard of our blood. And Grattan and Curran and Flood! They were true, they were good men all of them; and we love them, and their praise shall be ever on our tongue. Parnell, Biggar, Blake! Three glorious names these again. They were not born into the household of the Faith; and yet, what Irishmen! Nor do we forget the Irish Protestant stalwarts of to-day, who, regardless of gain, and in spite of derision, are there to a man, true and loyal to our nation's leader, the great John Redmond. And Isaac Butt! No; we could not forget him, and would not if we could; and when the sun shall have ceased to cast its lustre on the earth, shall we grow unmindful of John Mitchell and Smith O'Brien! The greatest of them all was Grattan, or, perhaps, Robert Emmett, but so great are the others, too, that their glory can never pale. Thanks, then, and the hand and heart of a brother's friendship to the loyal Protestant champions of the Little Green Isle, and her undying traditions. Other Protestants there are, and have been, in Ireland, but they are not of our kith and kin, nor are they brothers in blood of Grattan or Emmett or Charles Stewart Parnell. Our common cause needs no outcast offspring.

THINGS IRISHMEN SHOULD REMEMBER.

On St. Patrick's Day, more than on any other day of the year, the fact is brought home to us that we are of Irish blood. That is an old truth, and, yet, it is ever new. We are Irish, thank God, and are proud of it! But duties we have to God and to the Old Land. We must not forget the altar for which our fathers fought and bled, and we must not forget the Blood that flowed in the veins of our nation's martyrs. As strong as our love is for our country, our first and conquering boast is that we are Catholics, children of Holy Mother. Through storm and cloud, in spite of vampires and scorpions, we have remained faithful to the old Faith, and Ireland never wavered in her allegiance to the Holy See. We preferred famine and exile, the sword and the scaffold, rather than betray the trust committed to our fathers Jesus.

New Shirts Coming In.

Our Shirts have started to arrive a little earlier than usual. The designs and coloring are superior to any Shirts we have yet shown, with high grade workmanship and prices to suit everyone. This will make the Popular Shirt.

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Oh, the pettiness of it all! What materialism! What serfdom to Mammon in the wanted name of Jehovah! Oh, the dearth and sinfulness of creed that is mindless of Heaven's prices and the leaders in the household of the God of all glory and immaculate renown!

But the Catholic Church is above the bottom of the tide. She honors the saints of God. She blesses the name of Mary Immaculate and cherishes a love deep and heartfelt for her meek and gentle spouse, St. Joseph. As well might our enemies attempt to swear away the earth and the heavens as endeavor to weaken the love and devotion of Mother Church for the saint who is her patron and protector.

Let us, however, kindly anew within our hearts the old affection we felt so strongly, and yet so tenderly, for St. Joseph in the days of our youth! Where is the old society of which we once were members? Gone, alas! like many another good thing! But our hearts still mean to be stout, and our souls fervent. So, then, back to the old ideals! Back to the faith and hope and charity of childhood! Just as St. Joseph watched over the Child Jesus, the Son of the Living God, so shall he watch over us, if, trusting, we pray to him and seek protection and patronage under the folds of his gently shrouding mantle. In spite of the world and a world of demons, let us be devout to Heaven's tender saint!

A NOS AMIS LES CANADIENS-FRANÇAIS. C'est avec une joie vraiment sincère que nous vous saluons, vaillants Français du Canada, en la fête de notre patron à nous, saint Patrick, apôtre de l'Irlande; car nous nous faisons une gloire que c'est la France qui nous l'a donné, ce saint que nous aimons tant et dont nous célébrons la fête avec un enthousiasme que comprennent les races bien-nées, telles que la vôtre.

Allons, la main dans la main, efforçons-nous de nous aimer et de nous mieux comprendre pour la commune gloire de notre sainte Eglise! Le "True Witness" saura toujours défendre nos droits sacrés, se fera un devoir de reconnaître vos grandes et légitimes aspirations, et de les révéler avec vous dans son humble sphère.

Nous admirons votre foi virile et les combats que vous livrez pour la défense de votre langue et de vos traditions. Les grandes familles qui sont vôtres vous préparent un avenir en ce monde nouveau qui doit, à juste titre, vous sourire. Sachez, amis français, que le vrai cœur irlandais vous aime et partage vos luttes. Prions ensemble pour le salut de la France éprouvée.

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