

The True Witness
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**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: UN-
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 Cath-
olic 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.
I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

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!
All praise to the Shepherd, who
showed us the fountains
That rise in the Heart of the Sa-
viour above!

There is not a saint in the bright
courts of Heaven,
More faithful than he to the land
of his choice;
Oh! well may the nation to whom
he was given,
In the feast of their own dear
Apostle rejoice!

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 thou-
sand places, from the North to the
South, and from East to West, that
we are Irish and Catholic. We have
survived, in spite of persecution and
in spite of hell, and with the mar-
tyrs of our country, we can ex-
claim:

Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We'll be true to Thee till death!

We are Irish; thence our enthusi-
asm to-day. Let nations who must
hang their banners in shame, re-
fuse to spread them to the breeze.
Let the cold-blooded wonder, and
the man without a standard de-
cide; but we have an unsullied flag
and a stainless banner; pure blood
and honest sinews. We want the
world to know we are Irish! We
want our enemies to know they have
not crushed out our spirit! We
want to make our enthusiasm con-
tagious, in order that the world
may have more of the sunshine of
life, and less of its pangs and dis-
may!

We're loved and we're hated;
We're feared and we're trusted;
To friend or foe we can grant his
request:
We're reckoned with e'er,
For our steel never rusted—
We're Irish! We're Irish! loved Isle
of the West

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

ers" who once rejoiced in Montreal,
on St. Patrick's Day, are now num-
bered among the dead. We have in-
herited their ideals, with their blood
and their faith. The men of to-day
were taught to be Irish and Catho-
lic 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 mar-
velous results. Those who were the
boys and girls of yesterday, and
the day before, remember how Fa-
thers James and Martin Callaghan
were mindful of them and their con-
cert, 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. Old
St. Ann's, with its record of truth,
faith and loyalty, must look on and
victoriously smile with all the ra-
diant joy of heartfelt comfort and
enthusiasm.

But the Day has its lessons—les-
sons of gratitude, fidelity, national
endeavor—all dependent upon the
Faith of our Fathers. St. Pat-
rick'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 Ire-
land,
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 be-
longing of His Church. We are
Catholic to-day, and shall be Catholic,
loyal to St. Patrick, unto the con-
summation of ages!

THE IRISH PRIESTS OF MONT- REAL.

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 re-
spect 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 Hea-
ven. Our good diocesan priests are
with us; the sons of Ignatius, of
Alphonse, 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 hun-
dreds of our young men for the hon-
orable 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 Cal-
laghan, is one of their number; an-
other, Father Gerald McShane, is
pastor of our oldest parish. Nor
could we ever attempt to repay the
Redemptorists 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 admi-
ration, 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 Mc-
Carthy and the immortal Michael
Davitt among the leaders and chief-
tains. They are a grand, a noble
party. The Irish "Factionists," un-
der strange William O'Brien and
ridiculous Timothy Healey, may find
a majority, made up of strange ele-
ments, 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 re-
motest 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 con-
vince us that the "Factionist" pro-
gramme is not our nation's policy.

We have all reason to be proud of
Redmond. He is the greatest Parlia-
mentary 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, sacri-
ficed self for the good of his coun-
try. 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 Col-
lege Green! The True Witness, and
the Irishmen of Montreal, shall ever
be loyal to Redmond and the Na-
tionalists, in spite of faction, dis-
ension, 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 al-
ways stood with the Church, and
have always been faithful to Ire-
land, through cloud and sunshine,
under the spell of success, or in the
hour of disappointment. Truly bril-
liant 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 multi-
ply our zeal and results a thousand-
fold. 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
thoroughly. The thousands, however, who are with
us, and who have always been with
us, have also earned our heart's
best thanks.

In the future, as in the past, the
True Witness will be faithful to
Church and Motherland. The au-
thority of God's appointed shep-
herds, the Pope, the Apostolic De-
legate, 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 only, shall our
love for Ireland either cease or
diminish. "Pro aris et focis"—the
altar and the hearth—this our aspi-
ration, and Fidelity our motto and
device!

OUR IRISH TEACHERS OF MONT- REAL.

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 Broth-
ers, 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 Broth-
er 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 thrill-
ling ardor! Countless the souls
they saved! But, again, their man-
tle has fallen upon worthy should-
ers. Sweet the memories of old St.
Ann's and of St. Patrick's, and un-
dying 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
workday struggles. Peace to the
ashes of those gone before, and our
thanks and loyalty to our Irish tea-
chers of to-day in Montreal. We
shall ever be proud of them.

THE "OLD TIMERS."

Sad to say, our good "Old Tim-
ers" are fast going down in the
grave; they are nearly all gone. They
are the honest, stout-hearted, clean-
souled old Irish grandpas and grand-
mas. 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. Per-
haps 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 regim-
ent 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 can-
nibal's axe and iron. With Abra-
ham, 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 PROTEST- ANTS.

We do not forget them, those no-
ble 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 house-
hold 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 Grat-
tan, 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 Ste-
wart 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 con-
quering boast is that we are Cath-
olics, 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 al-
legiance to the Holy See. We pre-
ferred famine and exile, the sword
and the scaffold, rather than betray
the trust committed to our fathers
Jesus.

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by St. Patrick, in the name and
with the sanction of God. "The Irish
people," says O'Connell, "would not
erect a splendid shrine even to Li-
berty, on the ruins of the Temple."

After centuries of injustice and
persecution, and while yet the rod
of tyrant threatened her, Ireland
"heard whisper of a country that
lies far beyond the sea," of the
United States of America, of Cana-
da, of Australia, of other free coun-
tries; and millions fled from the
land and the home, in which perse-
cutors had made them strangers and
aliens. Tens of thousands had gone
to the countries of the Continent be-
fore them. Many of them rose to
power and to promise in Italy,
Spain, Germany, and Australia; and,
according to Abbe MacGeoghegan,
chaplain, in France, to the Irish Bri-
gade, "from the arrival of the Irish
troops, in 1691, to 1745, the year
of the Battle of Fontenoy, more
than four hundred and fifty thou-
sand Irishmen died in the service of
France! Wherever they went, they
remained Irish and Catholic, and we
the children of the exiled Gael, must
remain faithful to God and Mother-
land, with all the courage of our
fathers! Let there be no traitors
among us, no weaklings; but let us
be Irish through and through, and as
fully Catholic as our blood should
make us. The Church and Ireland,
forever!

THE FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.

Glad honors unto thee to-day we
bring,
In holy faith, O Joseph; of thy
glory
And triumph gained, in holy joy we
sing,
And sound thy story.

O happy saint! O marvelously blest,
At whose last hour, as watchers,
self-appointed,
The Virgin saw thee sinking to thy
rest,
And God's Anointed.

And thou didst rise, from clinging
flesh unbound,
In placid sleep, unto the throne
eternal,
Didst take thy flight, and by God's
hand wert crowned
With palms supernal.

So unto thee, O reigning Saint, we
pray,
Assist us in our needs; be thy
voice given
For our salvation, that at last we
may
See thee in heaven.

We lift our voice in love, we honor
Thee,
O heavenly Ruler, crowning with
Thy glory
Thy faithful servant, in his praises
we
But sing thy story.

This Church's hymn at Lauds,
for the feast day of St. Joseph.
(The translation is Mr. Daniel J.
Donahoe's.)

Even in the midst of our nation's
prayers and rejoicings in honor of
our dearly loved Apostle, we are
mindful of St. Joseph, the true, the
tender, the loving, the soul-revered
of saint and even of sinner, the
blest of the angels, the spouse of
Mary, and the chosen foster-father of
Jesus in the counsels of the triune
God-head from all eternity.

Unfortunately, in these latter days
of sin and greed, the world is losing
sight of the great gospel-
figures attendant on the sacred per-
son of the Saviour Himself. An
accursed wave of religious rebellion
sought to set aside the glory of
God's valiant, a world little occupi-
ed with the things that save, lie-
tened to the evil lesson taught, un-
til even many Catholics, nowadays,
are becoming so narrowed in their
ideas and concepts that they can
question even his right to honor
and glory whom God the Father
chose for the sacred work of guard-
ianship over His own eternal Son
Jesus.

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mann Plate size 6 x 8.

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turzi, Madonna Sicché.

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D. & J. SADLER & CO.
13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Oh, the pettiness of it all! What
materialism! What serfdom to Mam-
mon in the wanted name of Je-
hovah! Oh, the dearth and sinful-
ness 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 cher-
ishes 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 Mo-
ther Church for the saint who is
her patron and protector.

Let us, however, kindle anew with-
in our hearts the old affection we
felt so strongly, and yet so tender-
ly, for St. Joseph in the days of
our youth! Where is the old so-
ciety of which we once were mem-
bers? Gone, alas! like many an-
other 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 Liv-
ing God, so shall he watch over us,
if, trusting, we pray to him and
seek protection and patronage un-
der 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 sin-
cère que nous vous saluons, vail-
lants Français du Canada, en la fête
de notre patron à nous, saint Pa-
trice, 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 enthou-
siasme que comprennent les races bien-
nées, telles que la vôtre.

Allons, la main dans la main, ef-
forçons-nous de nous aimer et de
nous mieux comprendre pour la com-
mune 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 ré-
véler avec vous dans son hum-
ble 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 nous préparent un av-
enir 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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The Christian Ch
zareth; and, even f
it was divinely
care of St. Joseph

Another small C
in trouble. Is it
that such things a
happen?

Oklahoma has ta
fight the "White
an effective way
manner. Chicago is
against its well-ac
grace.

Buffalo is, seemin
the purient stage.
York, as long as
ties last, will welc
ton's side, however

\$33,000,000,000,0
125,000 persons;
owned by 1,375,000
in the United State
the people own sev
wealth. Yet preac
calm, dwell on our
tion!"

One per cent. o
own ninety-nine per
seven-eighths of the
wealth. The figu
paragraphs are from
Spahr's "Present Day
Wealth."

In many things w
our mediaeval forefa-
zation is based on
the outcome of the
lar." It is no w
witnessing social un
ers, however, oug
ed of defending our
of civilization.

Parson Amaron is
evic grant toward
fund. But why did
sell to the papers?
body is aware of the
miqu's disciples are
tholicity and Cath
Amaron takes himse

More children ha
through shameless pi
world can imagine
from the theatres ha
untold evil. We are
spectator intends to c
fectively. Montreal
along without any c
bad theatricals purvey

The police might b
ed rounding up bad
St. Lawrence Main st
p.m. How is it you
girls are permitted to
sidewalks so freely
cernedly after dark?
that so many questio
ply their busy metho
all security, in the sa

The death is annou
'rid Wilberforce, an E
journalist, who was a
late saintly Father W
the Dominicans, and a
marriage of Cardinal
berforce is a good na
and all the more ever
ford Movement began.
the dead writer and h
pages of the Catholic

Five additional clerk
added to the clerical f
Prussian Ministry of W
der to accommodate th
to withdraw from the
The number of such wit
now reached the extrao
of 800 a day. England
have shared a like fat