

The True Witness

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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 its country.

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1909

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

While worldlings are plying their busy cares, the Fathers of the First Plenary Council are discussing questions freighted with eternal significance. What a noble body of men!

Councils, synods, and the like, are as old as the Church of Christ itself. Such a gathering of men of the stamp our bishops are, with the other brethren in council, and under the auspices that welcome them, will, in the concrete, affirm the nationhood of Canada very strongly.

DAGENAIS AND THE HOSPITALS

The Aldermen are coming out so well in Commissioner Cannon's wash, that they are obliged to cast some of the blame on innocent people's backs. A few days ago, one of the city fathers (or fathers-in-law) told the newspapers, and the public in general, that Church interference is responsible for the two hospitals for contagious diseases.

he sails in is already sunk. Protestants have very little use for aldermen who must delight in discussing cowl, cassock, and candle. The Archbishop of this diocese needs no Dagenais to tell him his duty, nor do we need any Dagenais, to guide us along the paths of economy and righteousness.

His Grace of Montreal, and with him, the entire Catholic community, want peace and harmony with our non-Catholic brethren; so we can easily do without any fellow who feels obliged to give soft soap to honest neighbors and sing a "song of sixpence" every time the tide is too high for wharf rats.

Protestant people have their ideals concerning hospitals; we have ours, and we feel sure Dagenais is not the gentleman we want to voice our feelings. The city suffers no wrong by the existence of the St. Paul and Alexandra hospitals, at one and the same time, for one and the same purpose.

For Heaven's sake, let Church matters drop at City Hall; but, in return, let our sidewalks and streets be about as well cared for, at least, as if Dum Dum, the chieftain of Mud Island, were in charge and responsible for our well-being.

When dogs will be able to blow the moon out, by barking and howling all night, and when the dust of Craig street, in periods of drought, will succeed in poisoning the inhabitants of Mars, then let us hear some of the talk we do down where Commissioner Cannon has found so much virtue and honesty to exist.

RELIGION AND COMMERCE.

Senator L. O. David needs no introduction to our readers. We are all well aware of his thorough spirit of work and energy; nor have we forgotten his submission to Church authority, some years ago, when some of his pages were found undesirable reading-matter for the faithful.

The Canada publishes a brilliant contribution by the Hon. Senator David on the recent festivals in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Hotel Dieu. After giving due praise to the organizers of the grand demonstration, the Senator refers to the moral and national influence of the religious institutions whose work, he declares, is in no way incompatible with industrial progress.

"We may," he says, "and even we should wish for our compatriots a larger share in the commercial and industrial movements of our city but the incense of our churches, the prayers of our communities, and the teaching of our colleges and convents, do not prevent the smoke of our workshops from blackening the sky, and the wheels of our railways from turning. No, one does not prevent the other, and there is in those establishments a religious, moral and patriotic force worthy of respect and gratitude, and with which we must reckon, reason and discuss to prepare the future and place the coming generations in a position to compete with the other nationalities in the domain of material progress."

"Between those who want to go too quick and those whose march is too slow, there is a just mean where reasonable men, both among the clergy and laity, can come to an understanding in conciliating the exigencies of the present and future with the respect and preservation of our old and glorious religious and national traditions, with the principles of order and morals, and the generous sentiments fostered in our educational and charitable establishments."

stand in the Confederation as a bulwark against the invasion of theories prejudicial to social order, and against the dangers resulting from an exaggerated love for money and a too ardent pursuit of wealth. Men living in the whirlpool of business and in an atmosphere of materialism would find it to their advantage to go now and then and meditate in those retreats where the sacred fire of devotion incessantly burns, and where the worship of idealism is perpetuated."

It is truly refreshing, in such days of money deals and selfishness, as are ours, to hear a man of authority speak as does the Senator. Grabbing and thieving will never make a great nation; while even were it possible to work eight days in seven, it is not with such means that we shall strongly assert our title to nationhood.

A LETTER FROM AN ANGLICAN.

Some days ago we received a letter from a distinguished member of the Anglican Church, in which he calls our attention to the fact that he has been following our paper for the "past few months, especially the columns of matter that appear in every issue attacking the Anglican Church." Of course, we have said wicked little things at times, but are sorry that the Church of England is so open to attack. We deem it an honor, however, to have among our readers so brilliant a scholar and so honest a man as our correspondent. Everything in his letter plainly points to the kind of man we had thought our friend must be. He is a firm believer in the Apostolicity of the Anglican Church; we must differ from him in that regard, for we should have to learn all our theology over again if we did not, even if we are willing to pledge our faith that our correspondent is a sincere and deeply religious man.

Now, our good correspondent will understand that it is not the province of the True Witness to offer its columns towards the defence of Anglicanism. Surely all the Church of England publications in Canada are not of so "Low" a nature, that cultured "High Churchmen," such as our esteemed friend, may not expose and expound their views and those of many honest men like them, in their pages. If the True Witness could possibly meet our correspondent's request, it would be with the heartiest of pleasure we should do so.

"BALLAD OF THE EARLY RINGING OF THE CHURCH BELLS."

Under the above caption an autumn poem—that is, one in danger of death from starvation in the ideal line—lately contributed a "poem" (?) to the Daily Witness. As the stuff is best suited for a valentine, and best printed when got out in whitewash on the backyard fence of a second hand store, we shall answer him along his own scheme of verse-making, begging to be pardoned beforehand, and requesting leave to escape the rope. The author—the poet of the Daily Witness—does not like church bells in the morning, poor fellow! Montreal will have to change its site and situation to please him, for he is bound to stay. To the poet we say (changing his lines):

Why should we kick and growl from morn till eve? Why should we write, and wherefore should we bray? Why should we sometimes strain our eyes and grieve! Why should we love and hate, be sour and sweet?

(Before we go any further, let us say that three-quarters of the poem are kept in their original sublimity e.g. the last line above) Are points that with indifference I greet, Arcana that, with writing crowbar, I unlock; But tell me this, I earnestly entreat: Why should the bells be rung at five o'clock?

(Second dose—a year later) Why, O ye men, with poetry to burn (pardon rhyme) Great ink-dispensers, maddened by the feat

Of Biberich nigh murdered with many a "Vire"— Why, O ye poem-smiths, assassins, the elite Of the circus-world, ye who now meet In Birdville-lo, at your doors I knock Pray, murder me—(the question I repeat) Why should the bells be rung at five o'clock?

(Here the cars stop—twenty minutes to prepare for death). Civic money-spenders by whose leave this poem was written—I prophesy defeat, Condemned, election-day, without reprieve, If ye do not hush up, cut out, delete, Eliminate this nuisance; be discreet; Let my poor jaded nerves be spared this shock; Or answer me—Messieurs, repondez vite— Why should the bells be rung at five o'clock?

(Public Notice—All slang, punctuation, peculiarly author's belonging. Reward of \$1000 for him who can parse and analyze the above cord of wood. Apply to Grub street. Full note for "cut out." Wanted immediately, a few ideas.) Better the woods, and hear the buck-goat's bleat, The night-long crowing of Si Burley's cock, Better the boots be put to me on village street— Why should the bells be rung at five o'clock?

Now, we kindly ask the S.P.C.A. to handle the case. Why couldn't the authorities at the City Hall make some poets take out a license. We are sorry, after all, it is true, that some authors are awakened so early. The literary critic of the Daily Witness has all the keenness of the Celt, we are told; but, pray, is the old Craig street organ going into the valentine business? We are sorry the bells will not keep quiet, sorry more especially that many poetasters do not wake up too late for the last edition of the papers each day. The man who wrote the poem for the Witness has all the warmth, pathos, and feeling of a Goldsmith when digging a churchyard for potatoes. We place ourselves on record as requesting that nine-tenths of the newspaper poets be pensioned off until Judgment day.

DR. COOK AND THE NORTH POLE.

Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, the distinguished Irish Protestant writer, who contributes a weekly paper on some important question of economy to the Irish World, has given a good lesson to those among masters or students of science who proved too ready to pronounce final judgment on Dr. Cook and his alleged visit to the North Pole. After having scored the hasty opinion-makers, Dr. Thompson says:

"In a less degree such antipathies are liable to arise among men in the same walks of scientific research, but are worse among the Philologists. "May God confound your theory of the irregular verb!" is a saying handed down by tradition from the days of the Revival of Learning. Prof. Max Muller and our own Prof. Whitney would not appear together at any meeting of Orientalists through the latter half of their lives. Prof. Ritschl, the great editor of Plautus, waged unrelenting war on half of the Latin scholars of Germany. Prof. Ewald annually roasted all the Biblical scholars, except one disciple of his own, and his English admirer Dean Stanley. The relations between Prof. Tyndall and Prof. Forbes in the matter of the theory of glaciers were "strained," as the diplomats say. And so on through the whole circle: "Potter is hostile to potter."

So the outburst of criticism from "scientists" in this case is to be expected and need not alarm those who believe in the story told by our American explorer. Decency would have suggested a suspension of judgment until the man could be heard fully, but jealousy, whether national or scientific, would brook no delay.

Some of the learned scientists referred to by the Irish World's scholarly contributor are simply fakirs, quacks, mountebanks. They will undertake to-morrow, perhaps, to have us believe that, all along, we have been thinking with our thumbs and that the heart has been living in our right lung. Roosevelt exposed Long and a few other "nature fakirs," and if he or anybody else could condemn half our scientists to go shooting grasshoppers, he might prevent them from eventually winding up in a madhouse.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

It is fast becoming a practice for cads with rings in their noses and kinks in their ears, to attack the Knights of Columbus. Of course, the chief offence lies in the fact that too many Irishmen belong to the organization. Editors of supposedly Catholic sheets are among the calumniators, even if the most exalted prelates in America are ready to support the Knights. The blacker slanders are the selfsame who are ever twitting the Irish over the leakage in faith from which they are supposed to have suffered so grievously in America. The fellows forget that they belong to nations, in blood, that have drawn the Pope and Papacy in the mud, or have apostatized as a nation. There is,

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we admit, a telling number of Irish-blooded Knights, and that constitutes a glory for the brotherhood. There may be a black sheep amongst them now and then, but it is not our shame to have to boast of such vamps as Combes, Clemencaou, Luther or Jules Ferry. It must be a rainy day, indeed, when ridiculous asses, with their hoofs, trace graceful letters in the sand over Ireland's infidelity to her God and altar. Just think of it; the Knights of Columbus unfaithful to Mother Church! Go tell that to the Hottentots, for they, at least, won't sicken when the paper is put in their hands. If only Forepugh and Sells could secure one or two of the scribes responsible for attacks on the Knights, "Jo-Jo, the dog-faced Russian boy," and "Zu-Zam the Zulu" would reign in disgust at the company they should be forced to keep.

DEEDS, NOT TALK.

We have read a lot in Catholic papers about the necessity there is of making a serious effort in favor of the Ruthenians in our great North West. Too much cannot be written. But, instead of the empty talk of one or two printed fly-sheets, the Register-Extension backs its story and defence with deeds. And, in fact, Dr. Burke, of the Canadian Extension Society, has promised Father Sabourin, the zealous French-Canadian priest who is hard at work in the cause, the wherewith for ten little churches.

There is muscular Christianity for you, and anything Dr. Burke undertakes and fights for culminates in a living concrete issue of worth and solid worth. The Irish and Irish-Canadian are wicked people; they want all the honors; yet we are glad they can do the things as Dr. Burke does.

Ten new chapels for the Ruthenians! Just think what discomfiture the undertaking means for the foul birds of the battlefield in quest of carrion on Ruthenian territory. Again we say, God bless the hour in which Canadian Extension was conceived, and the men who conceived it.

"SLANDERING A RACE."

We are glad to be able to agree with the Daily Witness, whenever we possibly can and may; and so we are only too willing to say that we fully share the editor's ideas, in the article he wrote under the above caption. There is too much of this cheap patriotism in Montreal; and there are too many honest Englishmen and too much honest Protestant money here in Montreal, to warrant ridiculous fuss-makers the right of insulting people right and left. The article of the Daily Witness, deals with the Board of Control, as attacked by the "Bulletin." The second part reads as follows (we heartily concur):

"The Bulletin also slanderously assumes that the 22,000 names struck from the list for non-payment of taxes are those of French-Canadians. This is a most unjust reflection upon Mr. Brunet's compatriots, who pay their debts as promptly as any other element in our population. It is not improbable that in proportion to the population more English than French names have been struck from the list, a process which is carried out according to the books and without regard to persons. The brand of 'patriotism' indulged in by Mr. Brunet and the Bulletin is one that has served to line the pockets of rogues in all ages, and there is no doubt that true patriots in Montreal intend next Monday to deal it a stern rebuke that it deserves. A somewhat similar appeal to cast a 'stand pat' vote has been made to workmen in general. Nothing could be more suicidal to their interests. It is sung of Robin Hood and his Merry Men that they used to take from the rich and give unto the poor, but whatever standard of ethics this involved, it is not the system of modern free-booters who take from both and give to neither. There is not a department in the

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CARDINAL GIBBONS ON EDUCATION.

The New York Times, Sept. 11, prints a very important paper from the pen of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, on the subject of "Education and Religion." The great American churchman wants the youth of his land well trained in the knowledge profane science can afford; he wants the young men of the United States well prepared for the world; but he wants them pious as well as scholarly. Come what may, the United States will have to do more than it is doing, along the lines of religion, if it means to remain a strong and undivided nation. Sad to say, modesty in dress and demeanor is not a marked feature of even the average American young girl. Even Protestant ministers are denouncing the public schools of the country, because, as they say, the boys and girls co-educated are growing up disgustingly lacking in the ordinary respect a savage would have for a squaw. So long as the American nation will listen to such men as Cardinal Gibbons, and be directed by his counsel and advice, hope will be left and good the outcome; but, if ever the United States grows tired of such lessons, pity the land! The American Republic can fall as easily as a South American Republic can get up a five-o'clock tea revolution. Woe to the country whose destinies God will refuse to bless. We publish elsewhere the Cardinal's beautiful paper.

WELL DONE, ALDERMAN CLEARHUE!

It is a source of gratification for all who are interested in seeing Montreal cease to be a good battlefield full of boot for buzzards and vultures, to know and believe that we still have aldermen like Mr. Clearhue whom money cannot buy. The True Witness is pleased to doff its journalistic beaver and say, well done! If Socrates were to come back to earth he might carry off Ald. Clearhue with him—so we hope the old philosopher will continue to dwell on the banks of the St. Lawrence. We, seemingly, have few to spare who are just of his thorough stamp and trade mark. Well done, brother, well done!

Some of the Jews be glad there is a only because they carts on that day. A Reverend "Kid up prayer in the coo fight out in Nebraska the fellow was the right place. It is enough to m Indian smile to see liputan editors ma; lecture our "bishop" Esop's Fables to h don't know what w

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A "got-rich-quick" Ohio is so fond of h has them clothed and has decreed that brushed and washed refer the case to the poor wayfarer help those covs he would most likely content himself with the lawn.

While the Montreal joining over the pros Montreal a clean city choice bit appeared which thus describes able performance in tre: "Voluptuous, se of appeal to finer fac through-out had charm." And the G ed for a clean city. I in stone houses shou glasses.

Speaking of the No regretful to think the been heard of cour Bernier of late. Ee as much soul and sp any Peary, and so th the dailies hardly us over their gruee along with all other ibles. It is a pity m use are walking so paths of Hearst and even if we do except Hour" and "The Sift are others.

It is too bad to t German Centre is su "vernal dissemination. It noble work hitherto, seem that no good v vision in the ranka. Windthorst must h grave the hour he f Peard above the ho hard to say what sid first. Let us hope it a case of gentleman beads wanting to wise over the same given moment.

And still our youn ting away from the hard to blame them. were they given opp ed Doukhobors, they remain with us in, land. But no; we m a while yet furnish