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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, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909

BACK TO MONTREAL.

Former Montrealers are just now arrived in thousands from all parts of the continent, and it is well. They are come back to visit the scenes of their childhood's story. They are come back, and they have something to see for their trouble. And, indeed, what city in America can show finer churches, schools, colleges and business centres than Montreal? We have heard our city's faults and drawbacks a hundred times; we know them just because we know our city. Side by side with the miscomings stand the thousands of winning features—prosperity, plenty and ambition. Outsiders like to feel scandalized at our failings; they are blinded, many of them, to what is going on where they themselves live and have their being.

We are proud of Montreal; we are proud of our institutions; we are proud of the kind of men whom our city has sent forth to other cities and countries; and we are proud of the fact that there is a religious tone and spirit in our midst, and glad that strangers are responsible for nine-tenths whatever mischief we must deplore. We are proud that we can and may educate our children as we have a mind to, and proud that the Godless school is not a factor in our building.

Welcome, then, old Montrealers, welcome back to the haunts and scenes you have ever loved and will always cherish. Many of you will not know your old city, it has so grown and improved. Pardon whatever little blemishes there may be, and help us make the picture milk-white. Our administration is being probud; but it is just because Montrealers have consciences that such a thing has been made possible.

THE PILATES OF TO-DAY.

When a man who calls himself a Catholic speaks or writes for Catholics, we may suppose he means to help in God's holy cause; but, do what we may, it is hard to understand how a person professing to be a sincere son of Holy Mother can condescend to ridicule the ministers of God's altar and the works over which they are doing their level best to preside with success and full efficiency. True it is, and we all know it, that if more money were available, if our assets were as big as our liabilities, if we did not have to disburse more than we can ever earn and beg, and if our zealous pastors had not so many bills to meet, we might be able to perfect all our institutions unto the last called-for degree. Yet, in such a case, the plans of sane minds and stout hearts should still have to be our chosen ideals of method, and not the errant nonsense and corrupt va-

garies of reformers who know as much about conducting seminaries, colleges, or orphanages, as an ass does about philosophy. Even if it is not utterly perfect, are we sure we are going to get better men for the work by discouraging those we have, as shallow-brained hypocritical scribblers seemingly think? No. We may have ourselves spoken of as luminaries along the dark and dreary road "to Wellville"; the Federation of Vicious Numbskulls may be dazzled as we unsheathe the sword of glittering tin; in the meantime, men with brains will have looked on and smiled and have pitied as they smiled.

No other religious body, we shall not say church—there is only one—can show the one-hundredth part of what we can, along the lines of endeavor, consistency, and self-sacrifice. Yet there will ever be ingrates among us. In the words of Cardinal Newman, "Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with silken threads; then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passions and pride of man." And, in fact, the nine-tenths of the little reformers who criticize schools and colleges are nothing more than immoral little peacocks. They have no time to examine their conscience, and thus grow to understand that in betraying our priests and bishops, our religious and their schools, with the noble Catholic laymen and women in our class-rooms, they are doing what cowardly Pilate did to the Divine Master, surrendering courage, innocence, zeal and success into the hands of their friends the harpies of the lodges. At any rate, we are still waiting to be told of the first good turn any one of the little blackguards who criticize has ever done for humanity. On the other hand the mass of Catholics ought, each and every one, to have enough elementary sense, to say the least, to know there is an odor-bearing feline around as soon as the reformers show themselves at all.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

The editor of the Review of Reviews has what follows to remark concerning the decay from which France, as a nation, is suffering, and which, before long, will prove fatal to a country which might be Europe's greatest if she were Catholic: "The real row ought to have been made over the state of the navy. That is appalling, and it cannot be remedied in a day. Russia and France are both practically crippled, one by war, the other by—Heaven knows what. The consequences to Europe are obvious. The German-Austrian Empire is practically master of the continent. Dr. Dillon, writing on this subject in the Contemporary Review, takes a very gloomy view of the prospects of France, which, he declares, is—a nation in decay. In the days of Napoleon I., the French people represented 27 per cent. of the entire population of Europe. To-day it amounts to 11 per cent. And its indebtedness has gone up as its population went down. France's public debt is now the largest of any. It is computed at 29 milliards, or, say, £1,160,000,000, to say nothing of the milliards of the floating debt. In the year 1862 the public debt of the French nation amounted to only two milliard francs. To-day it is over 29 milliards. This enormous burden weighs out at the rate of 750 francs per head of the population, whereas in England, who come second on the list of debtors, owe 410 francs a head, the Germans only 90, and the citizens of the United States 70 francs."

"Nor can anyone say that there is any prospect of improvement. In a few more years the Germans will outnumber the French by two to one. And then—?"

There is only one way of explaining how things can and may go in France at the rate they have been going for years and years. The devil must be the leading statesman at work, using the dirty lodges in the interests of Hell. Else why can even the most depraved Frenchman across the seas not see that his country is agonizing. Is France going to wait for more stalwarts to cross the Rhine and ask for another billion? Pity poor France and her people with the morally stunted simians who rule her. Does France not know that Jews and other strangers are enslaving her? Oh, for the days and glory of Joan of Arc!

CANADIANS, REMAIN AT HOME!

For years, unfortunately, our young Irish-Canadians, for the three-fourths, have been growing up in Canada simply to cross the border for a living, once they are sure their long pants suit them better than knee-trousers. Of course, ever since our National Policy was set on foot the exodus is smaller proportionately. Not that we are enemies of Uncle Sam, but only because we want our own with us, do we object. Again, when our young men said good-bye to their Canadian home,

they always, or nearly always, made their way to the American cities; and, once there, many, many of them failed, dwindled, and fell. Others, thousands, succeeded. But, if in the past, conditions forced events at times, circumstances now have altered situations. And, indeed, where on the continent do more glorious opportunities await our young men than in our own Great West? Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia! Nor do we wish to infer that there is no chance of success in the East; we simply mean to say that, if, by hook or by crook, any young man cannot be kept where he is nearer the Atlantic; if, come hail or storm, he is bound to migrate, then we say, "Go West, Boys!" The advice holds as good for Canada as it did for the United States, when Horace Greely spoke, "Go West!" Yes, to work, strive and endeavor! "Go West!" but try to make sure of provision for your Catholic soul. Do not leave either your hands or your conscience after you. The smoky atmosphere of sin-cities ought not to be alluring. "Go West!" and to the farm! There is where success awaits you, if you must leave us. The title of American citizen is, perhaps, inviting; but, nowadays, it is not a special honor to be known as a Canadian?

THOSE STRANGE PREACHERS.

Chicago is renowned throughout the world for its freak Baptist University and its notoriously silly preachers. The farce is growing more huge and grotesque each day. The following news item from the Windy City of the West speaks for itself: "Fearing that the national game, baseball, is making too great inroad into attendance of regular church goes on Sunday, ministers in Chicago have begun a movement by which they will go to ball games for their parishioners. 'President Charles W. Murphy, of the National League teams, and Charles Comisky, of the White Sox, have declared they are willing to allow ministers to preach for a short time before Sunday games, on their grounds. 'Other major league managers have been questioned concerning the matter, and if it is possible it is intended to have a regular corps of preachers of different denominations assigned to all ball parks where Sunday games are played.'"

Now, is not that awe-inspiring? Does not all the grandeur of the religious idea beam forth in the news? So many non-Catholics, we suppose, are growing utterly disgusted with their meeting-houses that the preachers are willing to close them—and build tabernacles in the "bleachers"! Oh! the folly of it all! And what folly has not been perpetrated in the United States, by preachers, and all in the name of religion. Is it any wonder that the two-thirds of non-Catholics there do not go to church? Catholics are practical people; when they want a circus they want a whole one. Half the heretics who are preaching in the Republic to-day could be better employed selling "peanuts, cakes and candy." We know, too, that distinguished Protestant clergymen are disgusted with the state of affairs existing; but when do we hear of an Assembly or Conference chastise the fool-preacher? Any "old thing" may get up and preach in the United States to-day. Things are better in Canada, thanks to the influence of the Church.

THE MOST DIVORCED WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

Mr. St. Nihal Singh, continuing to tell the Hindustan Review how an Indian sees America, treats in the July number of divorce. He does not spare our cousins across the water. He says the trinity composing the godhead of the average American is Success, Sensation, and Independence. Those who talk airily about promoting freedom of divorce had better ponder this story. Mr. Singh says:—

Probably the most divorced woman on the globe to-day is Mrs. Grace Snell-Coffin-Coffin-Walker-Layman-Love. This woman has been divorced five times, and is now preparing to secure a divorce from her sixth husband. Mrs. Love is not yet forty years old. She began her career as wife at the age of sixteen. Her father was Mr. Amos J. Snell, of Chicago, the millionaire whose murder twenty years ago never has been solved.

The first marriage prospered well for ten years, when Mrs. Coffin discovered "incompatibility of temper" and secured a divorce. Mrs. Coffin took the little boy that had been born to them and went East to live, while Mr. Coffin, deprived of his wife's fortune, looked for a job. That same year the son was taken dangerously ill. Mrs. Coffin sent for the father, and he arrived in time to effect a reconciliation over the child's death-bed. Mrs. Coffin-Coffin and her husband returned to Chicago, but she soon discovered that her husband's temper still was "incom-patible" with her own. The wife and husband ceased to dine at the same table in the hotel where they

lived, and presently Mr. Coffin left altogether. The chief hotel clerk, Mr. James Walker, sympathized with the deserted wife, with the result that early in the year 1899 Mr. Coffin was divorced a second time. Mrs. Coffin had discovered that Walker, who had sympathized with her, had a splendid voice, and she sent him to Europe to have it cultivated, paying all his expenses. He returned a little less than a year later, and she gave him 50,000 dollars and married him.

Suddenly Mrs. Coffin-Coffin-Walker developed literary talent, and started to write a novel. Mr. Walker objected—she declared in court that he was jealous of the heroes she created—at any rate, the court granted her a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. As soon as the law permitted, she again led Frank Hixon Coffin to the altar, on the theory that the third time certainly would bring success in their matrimonial venture.

Everything looked rosy for a time, but before the year had died Coffin disappeared, bag and baggage. About this time Mrs. Coffin-Coffin-Walker-Coffin became discouraged and wandered about the world husbandless for a couple of years. Finally, in 1893, she married Mr. Perkins A. Layman, a hotel clerk at Riverside, California.

This experiment also proved a failure, as Mr. Layman packed his trunk and left her alone before a year had elapsed. Divorce number five followed. In 1906 Mr. Hugh Love, a newspaper writer, volunteered to act as husband to the much divorced woman. They were married and got along together fairly well for two years. However, she is now suing Mr. Love for divorce number six on the ground of cruelty. It is declared that she has a man in view whom she proposes to make husband number 7. Some people venture the opinion that she may marry Mr. Frank Coffin once more. Mrs. Grace Snell-Coffin-Coffin-Walker-Coffin-Layman-Love, speaking of her matrimonial ventures, declares: "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again."

What infamy! What degradation! The whole is from the Review of Reviews. Comment unnecessary.

Echoes and Remarks.

The British Liberals and the British Unionists have each a suicidal hobby. The former are crazed as to Tariff Reform, the latter as to Home Rule. Next!

The House of Lords ought to wake up! If it falls or if it is thoroughly reformed, it shall have itself to blame. Times have changed since Gladstone's Home Rule was kicked out.

Harpies, vultures, and other carnion-birds are hard to please, but the hardest of all is Abdul Hamid, who after his Armenian banquets is yet dissatisfied. Until the world decides to use legal means in destroying Abdul Hamids justice will suffer. Rats and rattlesnakes and anarchists are bad enough, but Abdul is worse.

The poor Czar would like to get rid of Poland. It was once thought that Siberia could take charge of the noble Catholic country. It has failed, and now Nicholas would sell it to our friend Kaiser Wilhelm; but the Kaiser has troubles of his own. It takes more than a morally weak nation like Russia to entirely subjugate a strong nation like Poland.

And yet English-speaking editors will continue to hold Cromwell up to the admiration of the world, on the score of liberty. Have some people ever read a page of history aright and with mind unbiased, or do they get all their lore from the same magazine? Cromwell the father of our modern liberties! Most likely the editors eat stones and sawdust for breakfast. Read Cromwell's doings in Ireland to a Hot-tentot, and the Hot-tentot will confine his company to tigers and other gentlemen.

The German "Lustige Blätter" has found a good name for the next "Dreadnought"; she might be called "The Last Shilling", for have Lord Rosebery and Earl Grey not said that England would spend her last shilling in building such ships if necessary? And it is no compliment to our age to be forced to admit that the expenses for armaments and general military purposes are impoverishing the nation, keeping people in the clutches of unwholly hatred. Oh! for the days of chivalry!

Europe was never made up of such cowards as she is to-day. Massacres may go on in Turkey the Unspeakeable, all the nations will do is look on and order dinner. Not so in the maligned Middle Ages. People had their heart in the right place then, even if they were without all our scientific forces, and commodities. There was true knightliness in the ages of faith. To-day we have atheism, suicide, child-murder, cowardice, immorality and all the other virtues. What a great age is ours! Indeed! All we need is another

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Cromwell. We need "Dreadnoughts" to-day!

Willie Hearst's dirty news-rags, under the sway of Socialist Brisbane are still insulting Catholics, and the Catholics of New York, Chicago and San Francisco—not to speak of Boston and St. Louis—are afraid to protest in practical form. And does Uncle Sam mean to let his country go to ruin, through the money interests of Hearst? A Catholic can hardly buy one of the big American dailies without sinning. We mean the "yellow dog" rags. The saddest of it all is to think and know that some Catholics hold high places on Hearst's daily nuisances.

French Problem Stirs Press.

Rapidly Falling Birthrate—A Squalid List of Suggested Remedies to Overcome it.

The Review L'Action Francaise of Paris has instituted an international inquiry into the causes of and remedies for French depopulation. "Are you of Rousseau's opinion," it asks in its circular, "that every country which depopulates the state tends toward its ruin? If you are, what means would you suggest to combat the depopulation of France? Diminution of taxes for numerous families? Re-establishment of foundling orphanages? Premiums for legitimate births, and illegitimate births? Progressive taxation on persons who have only two children, or only one, or none? Laws against alcoholism, venereal disease, tuberculosis? Have you any other measures to propose? Do you think any measures can be applied? And how?" And the circular continues to beg and implore your opinion. Prof Charles Richet, who is an illustrious doctor, suggests that the government should raise a milliard of francs and distribute it in premiums for every child after the first-born—500 francs for the second-born, 1,000 for the third and so on progressively, and after having declared that with this milliard France would in four years purchase a million extra births, he states that in his opinion this is the only remedy for the lingering death of his country.

At present the excess of births over deaths is 15.6 per thousand in Holland, 14.9 in Germany, 11.2 in England, 11.1 in Italy, 7.9 in Spain, while in France it is only 0.7 per thousand, and the balance will soon be inevitably turned to the wrong side owing to the large proportion of old in France. A century ago the great powers of Europe counted 95 millions of inhabitants, and of these 26 millions, or more than a fourth, belonged to France. To-day the proportion is 350 millions to 39 millions. Moltke declared that Germany need never go to war with France, for France loses a battle every day without any fighting, but the circular of the Action Francaise with its squalid list of suggested remedies, including that of a premium on even illegitimate births, is the most ominous revelation of the evil hitherto made.

Hurry-Out Catholics.

Venerable Jesuit Takes Them Severely to Task.

Writing in the Irish Monthly, of which he has for many years been the editor, of the "Hurry Out Catholic" who has been from the church before all is over, the venerable Father Matthew Russell, S. J., asks the question: "How does he employ the time that he saves so carefully?"

"What madness," he remarks, "to hurry over our religious duty in order to have more time for doing something immensely less important than the duty that we leave half done or much less well done than we could do if we gave to it full time and our full attention. "A very active professional man broke down in health and came up to consult the Dublin physicians. He and his son attended Mass in one of the Dublin churches. At the end of the Holy Sacrifice, while the altar was being prepared for Benediction,

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several persons went away without waiting for that beautiful and solemn rite. The dying man—for such he really was—had to drive to his hotel in a cab, and on the way he said to his son: "You saw those people—never do that! You may want that blessing yet! And so the young man did. If he is alive, I fear he needs prayer; and if he is dead, I hope he does. Some of those who scandalized the good man by leaving the church before Benediction may have had a valid excuse for doing so; but, if they really could not spare the few additional minutes to choose a different hour or place for fulfilling their chief Sunday duty if that were within their power."

Lord Ripon at Assisi.

Lord Ripon, on his homeward journey from India, of which he was the greatest Viceroy, turned aside to do a good deed in Italy. Passing through Assisi he saw the neighboring monastery of Saint Damiano in a state of decay following the expulsion of its Franciscan inhabitants. The building had been put up for sale, and Lord Ripon bought it and restored it to the roofless Brothers, undertaking to repair it at his own cost. An inscription in Latin commemorates this act of generosity on an outer wall of the monastery. Here it was that St. Francis came to see St. Clare, her sister Agnes, and other Poor Ladies of Saint Damiano, and it is said that the saint wrote his "Hymn to the Sun" in the garden of the convent.

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