

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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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.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 15, 1898.

THE ENCYCLICAL.

The voice of the highest tribunal, so far, at least, as Catholics are concerned, has spoken on the Laurier-Greenway compromise in regard to the Catholic schools of Manitoba. The Supreme Pontiff has declared that compromise to be "defective, unsuitable and inadequate." Henceforward there will be no division of opinion on the question amongst Canadian Catholics. The path of duty has been plainly marked out for them by the highest authority which they acknowledge in this world; and they will tread it with no faltering steps. The question has been lifted by His Holiness out of the arena of party politics and party squabbles, into which it ought never to have entered; and it has been placed upon the lofty level of truth and justice.

Elevated though it is in tone, as are all the utterances of the Holy Father, and gentle though it is in its eloquent persuasiveness, the language of the encyclical in affirming Catholic principles on the subject of education is clear and unmistakable. Here are his words: "Justice and reason demand that our children have in their schools not only scientific instruction, but also moral teaching in harmony with the principles of their religion, teaching without which all education will be not only fruitless but absolutely pernicious. Hence the necessity of having Catholic teachers, reading books and text books approved of by the bishops, and liberty to organize the schools, that the teaching therein shall be in full accord with the Catholic faith as well as with all the duties that flow therefrom. For the rest, to decide in what institution their children shall be instructed, who shall be their teachers of morality, is a right inherent to parental authority. When, then, Catholics demand, and it is their duty to demand and to strive to obtain, that the teaching of the masters shall be in conformity with the religion of their children, they are only making use of their rights; and there can be nothing more unjust than to force on them the alternative of allowing their children to grow up in ignorance or expose them to manifest danger in what concerns the supreme interests of their souls. It is not right to call in doubt or to abandon in any way these principles of judging and acting which are founded on truth and justice, and which are the safeguards both of public and private interests."

From this statement the motive underlying the action of the Episcopacy at the time of the general elections is made apparent to those Catholics who, carried away by political passion, openly criticized their conduct and, what was worse, refused to be guided by their counsel. The Bishops were swayed by no political considerations whatever; they acted simply and solely in the discharge of their duty as pastors responsible for the maintenance and spread of Catholic doctrine and for the safe-guarding of the spiritual welfare of the flocks entrusted to their loving care.

What will be the effect of the Holy Father's Encyclical? We cannot doubt that it will result in solidifying the ranks of the Catholics of Canada; that it will cause them to unite in demanding and insisting upon their rights, whether it be in Manitoba or Ontario; that it will fire them to a determination to secure that the rights which they themselves accord to the Protestant minority in Quebec shall also be accorded to the Catholic minority in other provinces. Some weak-kneed, pusillanimous Catholics may object that "circumstances" stand in the way, that we ought to temporize, to compromise, to tolerate, and so forth. We have had enough of that invertebrate sort of policy. What has it done for us? It has caused us to be driven back for years, to keep on retreating like a lot of poltroons' fright-

ened to make a stand for our rights. The day has come for a far different policy to be tried. We demand our rights and we must have them.

THE EDUCATION

BILL DEFEATED.

The Legislative Council deserves well of the province for having killed the Education Bill. Its action caused no surprise, as it was generally anticipated. There was no valid reason why the bill should have been passed; there were many valid reasons why it should meet with rejection. It was drawn up, as we have already pointed out, in a spirit of hostility towards the Catholic Church. Its real object was to laicize the whole system of primary education in this pre-eminently Catholic province. It jeopardized the interests of primary education by placing them in the hands of a politician who had no special fitness either by training or occupation, or mental habit, to have in his hands complete control of the system. It conferred upon him autocratic powers and reduced the Council of Public Instruction to the position of a merely advisory board. It left undone the only change of which the system stands in need—namely, a substantial increase in the amount of the government grant, especially for schools in poor districts. It aimed at upsetting a system which those acquainted with it, like the Hon. Gedeon Oulmet, declare to be working very well and producing excellent results. The Legislative Council has earned the gratitude of the true friends of education in the province.

FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

In an article on "Politico-Religious Questions," a writer in the Montreal Herald formulates what he doubtless considers to be unanswerable objections to the statement of Archbishop Bruchesi that religious or politico-religious questions ought to be kept apart from party politics. After accusing His Grace of "a notable lack of acquaintance with worldly affairs" for having made such an assertion, the writer remarks:

"He loses sight of the fundamental fact a sober examination of the case must reveal that, under free institutions, on all questions of whatever nature which call for legislative action, whenever there may be a difference of opinion, the voice of the predominant party must, for the time at least, be the highest court of appeal. There is no appeal from Cesar except to Cesar. There is no overcoming a dominant party except by inducing that party to reverse its own decision or by putting another party in its place. There is no possibility in this or any free country, on a religious question especially, of such a union of hearts and sympathies as would override party even for an hour. It is really difficult to argue calmly with a writer who makes such a dogmatic declaration as this without offering a scintilla of proof. How does he know what is 'possible' in 'this or any free country?' Would he be surprised to know that in this very province the political history of the past decade shows that there have occurred on two occasions just what he declares, with an amusing assumption of omniscience, to be impossible here or anywhere else?"

A SERIOUS MEASURE.

The Private Bills Committee of the Ontario Legislature has passed a measure which is of grave import to every other province in the Dominion, but particularly to the Province of Quebec. The bill is in reference to the town of Toronto Junction, which is at present unable to pay the interest owing on its bonds, two years instalments being now overdue. The bill provides that a low rate of interest shall be accepted by the bondholders for thirty years, after which it will increase gradually to the rate stipulated by the bonds.

As Sir William Hingston, of this city, who strongly opposed the bill, very properly remarked, such a piece of legislation "favors of repudiation." Nor is this its worst feature, bad as that undoubtedly is. It is an encouragement to municipalities to indulge in extravagance and recklessness, and it will deal a serious blow at the credit of Ontario townships generally, and suggests whether, if passed, it will not constitute a breach of the spirit of the agreement entered into by the provinces which joined the Confederation. No doubt, steps will be taken to have Sir Oliver Mowat, the Lieutenant-Governor, disallow the bill, should it be adopted by the Legislature.

The progress of the bill will be watched with some anxiety in the Province of Quebec, as several of our financial institutions are largely interested in the Toronto Junction bonds, and naturally are irritated at the reckless extravagance if not, even, of bad faith of which it is the outcome.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

For mutual advantage, when you write or call on an advertiser, please mention that you saw his ad. in the TRUE WITNESS.

THE reception tendered to the women and children of the Archdiocese by his Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was an unqualified success. The new departure was a happy thought on the part of his Grace, and was very well appreciated.

ANY subscriber who gets us five new subscribers for one year will have his own subscription extended for one year. The names need not all be sent in at once, but may be sent in one at a time. Show the TRUE WITNESS to your neighbors and take their subscriptions.

ONTARIO'S PREMIER has introduced a bill to abolish jails in counties which cannot make a better showing than three prisoners per day, and to sanction a joint institution with a neighboring county. He also proposes to abolish superannuation and death allowances in the case of civil servants hereafter entering the government employ.

In another twelve-month Mr. Gladstone will become a nonagenarian, having entered his 89th year on the 29th December. His health is good, and it may be said he illustrates the "sana mens in sano corpore" idea as fully as any who ever verged so near to "the nineties." He may yet score his "century" and see a Parliament in College Green.

The Daily Witness, because it sees in the new Education Bill an element of hostility to the Catholic Church, is nearly frantic with joy over the measure. The bill, it says, "is the greatest measure that has ever been submitted to the Quebec Legislature. . . . It is sailing out of the fog into the open sunshine of a new world." Its malign pleasure has been short-lived.

JUDGING from the prison statistics just published for this district, it seems that a practice once in vogue in the United States—that of prisoners giving well known Irish Catholic names instead of their own—is beginning to be largely adopted in Montreal. We hope this hint will be taken in the proper quarter, so that our people may no longer be the scapegoats for the misdemeanors of others.

A MOVEMENT, having for its object the abolition of the public hanging of condemned criminals, would be certain to meet with public favor. No wholesome-minded person takes any interest in the ghastly details which the secular press publishes on the occasions of public hangings. Such gruesome particulars only pander to diseased or depraved tastes. Only those whose presence is necessary in the interests of justice should be permitted to witness the execution of the extreme sentence of the law.

MR. WILLIAM D. KELLY contributes a most interesting sketch of the life of Mr. Joseph Banigan to the columns of the Milwaukee Citizens, and we have taken the liberty of reproducing it in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. Mr. Banigan is known as the Catholic millionaire, and although still a young man, his wealth, as his pseudonym goes to show, is far above the average. But it might also be remarked that his Catholic spirit keeps pace with his wealth, and that he has not forgotten the great words of Scripture, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." His charities and donations to various philanthropic institutions of our faith have already reached the million mark, and although it does not belong to the lot of every one to be able to give so freely, there are, however, many wealthy Catholics who might easily do as Mr. Banigan has done, and give a tithe of their possessions to further the holy cause of true religion. Mr. Banigan's whole career is one which ought to commend itself to the study of every true Catholic. It is a speaking lesson of integrity, pluck and business perseverance, combined with that trust in God which cannot but meet with the blessing that always follows the true Christian.

ARE CATHOLICS BOYCOTTED

At the Carleton Place Works of the C. P. R.?

The Vice-President, Mr. Shaughnessy, interviewed on the Subject—He Says There is No Grounds for the Complaint.

THE TRUE WITNESS has been in receipt of several communications of late to the effect that, in the workshops of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Carleton Place, out of a force of two hundred men employed, only three were Catholics. The writers seemed to infer from this that our people were being discriminated against, not through the fault of the Company, but because of local antagonistic influence.

A representative of the TRUE WITNESS, on Thursday last, waited upon Mr. Shaughnessy, the vice-President of the Company, and asked him for an explanation. Mr. Shaughnessy said:

"I cannot control what people will say but I know what we do ourselves. I can say that the history of the Company will show conclusively that Catholics are not discriminated against. I have received similar communications to those received by the TRUE WITNESS, and have made investigations in one particular instance where it was alleged that a Catholic had been dismissed because of religious prejudice. I found, after a most searching and careful inquiry, that religion did not enter into the matter at all and that it was simply one of discipline. You can rest assured that the Canadian Pacific is not run on narrow lines. I may add that our General Superintendent, Mr. Spencer, would not tolerate any such exhibition of religious prejudice as that indicated."

We may say that, in addition to the information received from our subscriber from the Carleton Place district, we also have on the authority of a well known Irish Catholic of Montreal that there only a few Catholics employed at the works. That there may be something wrong which is not known in the head offices is seemingly evident from the fact that during the past three weeks we have received requests to ventilate the matter in our columns.

Our Philosopher.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Very true. There is no proof to the contrary nor can there be any adduced. But call it a pumpkin and listen to the sound. For instance, a Don Juan sends his lady-love a basket of roses. She is delighted and hastens to share with her mother the pleasure she experiences. It must be remembered that even now-a-days there can be found girls sufficiently old-fashioned to recollect that a mother can enter into the joys and sorrows of a daughter. Well, the aforesaid lady-love exhibits the roses and, carried away by their beauty, exclaims: "Mother, look at the beautiful pumpkins that Percival sent!" Yes; I believe that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but 'tis well that a lover of harmony was at its christening.

Let us take the name of the one-time ruler of Europe—Napoleon Bonaparte. Suppose for a moment that his father had been blessed with the name of Hopkins. It would follow that his son would also be known to the world as Hopkins. Of course he might not, because clever people generally make a name for themselves. However, let us imagine that he remained plain Hopkins—John Hopkins. Now, in what a quandary would he not find himself when, as the doughty Emperor, he undertook the task of selecting the name by which he desired he should be known to future ages! John the First would not do. He was not the first John—not even the thirty-first. A whole world of Johns, good, bad and indifferent, had got ahead of him. Well, he would try the other—Hopkins. Hopkins the First! Spirit of the mighty Napoleon! Hopkins the First! Who in this wide world would care a pinch of snuff about the career of Hopkins the First—Hopkins the Great? What historian, outside of England, would dare to write a sober 'Life of Hopkins the First'? 'What's in a name?' More than you ever dreamt of, dear bard of Avon!

When the motherly eye of England is cast over this broad earth it sees what no other eye could, would, or should see. It discovers an island or perhaps two or three islands flowing with milk and honey, and it also discovers that the inhabitants thereof are unhappy—very unhappy. Nature has been good to them—has given them an abundant supply of the aforesaid milk and honey but has forgotten a few things. The people are terribly unhappy in consequence. The motherly eye drops a motherly tear, and the owner of the eye decides that the people are a deserving people and, therefore, that which shall make them very, very happy, must be forthcoming. And it forthcomes. And the inhabitants of the island of milk and honey are forthwith given the four-sided blessing of English manners, customs, laws and language. They didn't ask for it, but that is because they didn't see it, and besides they were young and foolish and therefore couldn't see it. But now they have it and are happy—deliriously happy. So wonderfully happy that they kick up a row about it. And the motherly tear is wiped away from the motherly eye. And the milk and honey flowed—the other way.

About the manners and customs thus exported for the benefit of such unhappy islanders, I will have nothing to say. Some people consider them to be irreproachable, but it should be remembered that some people are queer. The laws? Will Englishmen admit that their laws are the best on earth. The English language? Ah, there is the difficulty! We will suppose, for the purpose of illustration, that a man is the happy possessor of a plug hat. It is, perhaps, a little disreputable—has seen better days—is too small or too large—a good-for-nothing hat—an outcast—a tramp. Just as soon as he discovers all these defects in his hat he makes up his mind that charity is a cardinal virtue and decides to give the derelict to some deserving person. But before doing so he brushes it up a bit—makes it shine—imparts to it an air of respectability. Then he gives it to the deserving person.

Now, in the name of common sense, why does not the highly intellectual and loving and lovable person with the aforesaid motherly eye do the same with her barbarian islanders? I don't think it would cost an extra tear from the motherly eye to give the present a little brushing up, and the benighted people would feel so grateful that they would not dream of casting a longing eye at the departed milk and honey. In fact, they would not miss the latter, because they could use the sweets of the English language in conjunction with their pan-

cake. But as it is at present they find the gift to be a somewhat large and unwieldy mouthful.

I was passing the house of a friend the other evening and chancing to look up at a window I saw the figure of a young man outlined upon the opposite wall. But, strange to relate, his feet were in the position generally assumed by the head—they were in the air—he appeared to be standing on his head. My entrance was followed by explanations, and I learned the sad truth. My friend had been trying to write a poem. I reasoned with him, telling him that at the moment the moon was laboring under a disadvantage, being partially eclipsed; I advised him to take a cold bath and a tonic, and that after a good sleep he would feel all right. But I might as well have tried to carry conviction to the mind of a mule—he would write that poem. He not only refused to follow my advice, but had the impertinence to ask me to give him a helping hand. He was in a dangerous state, so, being his friend, I threw my conscientious scruples to the winds and agreed to help him.

We got along very nicely until we reached the third line of the second verse and there we stopped. It was necessary that the word yacht should be incorporated into the composition—made, as it were, a part of its anatomy. But neither of us knew how to spell the word. I wrote it thus: "Yat," but it didn't look right. Suddenly I remembered that an h was used in its make-up, but could not recollect just where it should be put; so, like the average Englishman, I dropped it. Then I tried "yawt," but even this didn't look familiar. By this time my friend was in a terrible state. Something must be done. I picked up the despatch h, and again like the average Englishman, placed it where it should not be. The horrible word then appeared as "yhwat." This would not do at all and I had enough sense left to know it. No self-respecting poem would tolerate such an abominable conglomeration of letters. I didn't know what to do, or if I did know, I didn't know how to do it, which amounts to about the same thing. Still, I did not wish to appear ignorant, and to cover my confusion I decided to pass as a critic. I told my friend that the word yacht was not good English and would be quite out of place; that no poem worth its salt ever contained it, and to clinch my argument stated that Shakespeare never used it, and finally suggested that "raft" be used as a substitute. The suggestion was not greeted with cheers to say the least. It was rejected as being impractical, which meant that it was like the average poet. Just then a ray of moonlight settled the whole business. It brightened our wits and in a moment we were poring over a dictionary.

We searched for about two hours and a half and by accident came across the word. Did Webster slavishly copy those idiotic lexicographers who had preceded him, or was he suffering from an attack of acute dyspepsia when he wrote the word y-a-c-h-t? He wrote yawl, yawl, bawl and a host of words with a similar vowel sound, but poor yacht was forced to appear before an angry world in its present distorted shape.

Well, the difficulty was overcome and we decided to re-write the poem. My friend dictated while I wielded the pen, we got as far as the end of the second verse and decided to finish it the following evening. The word yacht had become indelibly engraved upon my memory—in fact while I was engaged in writing, y-a-c-h-t was dancing before my mental vision. In the morning I drew forth the inky page and read the following:—

Methact I lay upon the beach,
The sun was burning bright;
And out upon the lazy sea
I spied a comely yacht.
Her party sails—all sunset white
Had caught the fading breeze;
Her name I caught—twas plainly marked
"The Mistress of the Seas."

I could read no more. The night before I thought I had reached the heights of poetic elevation, but in the clear light of day I found to meigh horror that I could not fleigh as heigh as a punny keight. I heaved a seigh of regret and meighed up meigh meind that meigh prospects as a poet were not very bright. I decieghed to wreight to meigh friend and tell him that I was out of the business for good, and no matter what he meigh do he could not change meigh meind. I also said that the wroard to phause was too difficult and adveighed him strongly to get off it, and plough his weigh through leighs in some other field of endeavor. Whether or not he will take meigh adveighce is a question which the future alone can decieghde.

And this is what the highly intellectual person with the motherly eye gives in return for milk and honey!

J. M.

It is said that a bill will probably be introduced in the British Parliament prohibiting masters and mistresses from exacting more than ten hours a day of work from domestic servants.