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ODD'S DNEY HILLS KIDNEY DISEASES

The True Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Devil's Own.

Connaught Rangers Are Loyal Catholics in a Militant Way. Some Unofficial History.

A Connaught man, writing in the Rosary Magazine, has been telling tales of "The Devil's Own," as the Connaught Rangers are known in the British service. He says: The Connaught Rangers have always, in their own fashion, been loyal to the Church. The writer personally knows that there are no more fervent members of the League of the Sacred Heart than the bands of the Rangers and their regiments.

A DISAGREEABLE HABIT.

English regiments stationed in Ireland have on occasion, as the writer well knows from personal observation, a disagreeable habit of expressing themselves. I remember one peaceful Sunday afternoon in a little Connaught town, when some members of the Northumberland Fusiliers rudely disturbed the Sabbath serenity by marching abreast from curb to curb, swinging their belts with their heavy brass buckles, and in their Northumberland patois vociferously challenging any "bloody Hibernian papists come out an' fight us."

A DEVILISH INSPIRATION.

In a moment of devilish inspiration, some members of the stay-at-homes broke into the Cathedral of Limerick, sacrilegiously forced the tabernacle, and scattered the Sacred Species on the steps of the Sanctuary. When the horror became known, like their fathers of old the men of Limerick rose "en masse" and drove the desecrators to the shelter of their barracks, where prudent officers kept them under lock and key until shortly thereafter, reinforcements being badly needed at the front, they were drafted to South Africa.

The Peaceful Italian.

Many Crimes Laid to Him, But His Record is Good. Neither Tramp Nor Drunkard.

Once upon a time—this is not a fairy tale, despite its form of introduction—it was quite permissible to lay all forms of crime to the Irishman who had come to these western shores. Then fashions changed and other peoples were compelled to bear the brunt of criticism. At the moment the Italian immigrant is being held accountable for many things in reason and out of reason. In current literature we read: Since the first of January, there have been recorded in New York City 424 Black Hand cases and 44 bomb explosions. Lawyers, bankers, priests and ministers have been among the victims. At the moment the New York Police lieutenant who was murdered in Palermo, believed that these outrages were committed, not by a new and distinctive Black Hand organization, but by members of the Camorra and Mafia using this new phrase to inspire terror. In this country, he estimated, there are 30,000 members of the Camorra, 5,000 of them being in New York City.

NOT AN OFFICIAL STORY.

Investigation by the general in command revealed the cause of the outbreak, and that night the men from Limerick were surreptitiously smuggled across the country to the other distant camp. They have not been allowed to confront the Rangers since. Nor will the story of these fracas in the face of the threatening Zulus be found in the official reports from Africa. During the same Zulu war the chaplain of the Rangers discovered one morning that his tent had been entered; the box that held his vestments, the portable altar and his sacred vessels broken open, and his vestments cut into ribbons and strewn about the tent. In time the Rangers, after careful investigation, satisfied themselves that they had identified the perpetrators of the

The Irish Language.

'Old Ireland' is 'West British' Declares a Critic. Lady Aberdeen's Blandishments.

The discussion of the Irish language question still goes on in the Irish press. In a letter to the Freeman's Journal, Mr. John Sweetman writes: "Young Ireland, supported by her young priests, believes she now sees a chance of reviving national feeling through her national language. Old Ireland does not believe in this; looks on young Irishmen as faddists and lunatics, and thinks the English House of Commons is the only place to do anything for Ireland. Most of the Bishops, being old men, agree with Old Ireland, who still looks on herself very much as a mere slave of England begging for a few crumbs. We have seen of late years the number of independent nationalities that have grown up and prospered in what is called the Near East. Why should we despair of Ireland? The fight for the Irish language is merely the beginning of the fight for Irish nationality. If young Ireland be sound, we need not trouble about old Ireland. The old must soon die. A learned and logical minded priest lately said to me that he quite agreed that the revival of the Irish language would increase the national feeling in Ireland, and from an educational point of view bilingualism would increase the intelligence of the children. These two points, he thought, had been completely proved, but he would have liked to hear further on the point of whether making Irish compulsory for the new University would help to revive the language. He said that such examinations really do not revive the language. It is not for the sake of the few who go to a University, so much as for the many who will never reach that position. It may be asked why we endeavor to force the few, when it is principally the many we are aiming at. The answer is simple: in the first place this new University is the easiest body for us to coerce, as it cannot be successful without the support of the Catholic public. Will the public, if they be Nationalists, subscribe towards one more anti-Nationalist West British institution in Ireland? In the second place, the education of the highest intellects gives the tone to the education of all the schools of the country. If it be National, we may be sure the education of all classes will be National, but if it be anti-National, as it has been in the past, we cannot be surprised that the whole population will become still more West British than they are at the present time. The way Lady Aberdeen (who represents the English Government far more than does her husband, the nominal Lord Lieutenant) has been able to cajole our priests and nuns by going round making speeches on tuberculosis and croquet-work, shows us how very West British Ireland has become. She tried hard to patronize the Gaelic League, and to turn even it into a West British movement, but she would have none of her. The League would have none of her. We are willing to use any means to humbug Ireland. When will Ireland learn to fear the gifts of the Greeks? We cannot as yet throw off our chains, but we are not, therefore, compelled to kiss them and glory in them. If we can compel the Senate to start the new University as a National institution, Young Ireland will have gained a victory, and we may hope that the curse which has rested on Ireland for the last seven centuries is about to be lifted off her, as was prophesied by St. Malachi of old."

AN OLD IRISHMAN.

Frank McNally, of Clinton, Mich., recently celebrated his 112th birthday. He is believed to be the oldest man in the state, perhaps in the country. Mr. McNally was born in Ireland, April 10, 1797, just one year before the Insurrection of '98. He has no relatives in this country, but his genial ways have gained him a host of friends. Hale and hearty and possessing all his faculties, he frequently uses a wheeled chair, which he operates with his hands, while on a visiting tour among Clinton citizens. In early boyhood Mr. McNally went to sea on a merchant vessel. He also worked on a farm for fifty cents a day. Only recently he earned a living shoveling in a gravel pit. He makes his home with Mr. John Adams, of Clinton, and is one of the most popular citizens of that village.

Catholics in Soudan.

Foundation Stone of New Church Laid at Khartoum. The Gathering Was Polyglot.

Sextagesima Sunday will be an ever memorable day in the history of Catholicity in the capital of the Soudan, for on this day the venerated Bishop, assisted by his clergy, performed the solemn rite of laying the foundation-stone of a new church in Khartoum. Count Koziebrodzki, Minister Plenipotentiary of Austria-Hungary in Egypt, attended in state as representing his Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I, who has been for more than fifty years the beneficent protector and generous benefactor of this mission of Central Africa; H. E. Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Soudan and Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, accompanied by some distinguished visitors, among whom were H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland and nearly all the heads of Departments in the Soudan, two of whom are distinguished Catholics, the hero of the Mahdi revolt, now the Inspector-General of Soudan, Sir Rudolph Baron Von Clatin Pasha, and Lieutenant-General Bernard Pasha, besides great numbers of Italian, German and British Catholics, the latter including some forty soldiers of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards; but the greater number of those present were members of the Maronite Church and negro converts—in a word, a homogeneous crowd which only some festival of Mother Church can unite in bonds of sympathy to carry forward a work for God's greater glory. The site of the new church is on the Blue Nile, and the most central and beautiful to be found in Khartoum; so, when amid the stately palms and under a tropical sun the hundred flags of all nations waved and the silken banners borne by the children of the Catholic schools fluttered in the breeze, it formed a sight not easily forgotten by one from our cold northern latitudes. The Bishop gave an admirable discourse, in which he dwelt on the uses and the importance of a church to Catholics and paid a well-merited tribute to the British administration of the country, which was but ten years ago a hot-bed of fanaticism and tyranny.

FANATICISM DEAD.

He earnestly appealed to British Catholics to help him in his great task in erecting a worthy home for the Blessed Sacrament in the capital of the Soudan, which is practically a British city. He thanked the Governor-General, Sir Reginald Wingate, for his aid in carrying on the arduous work of the mission. But he particularly thanked H. A. Majesty Francis Joseph I for his all most lifelong protection and generosity to them, a generosity which was prompted solely by love of our holy Faith and a charity towards those poor neglected children in Darkest Africa. He continued as follows: "Here in this historical and interesting corner of Africa, where Christianity existed in past centuries and where Christ has begun to re-enter into His rights, we wish to build a Catholic Church. If we are able to do so we owe it to the progressive Anglo-Egyptian Government, whose enlightened administration of this country has created an atmosphere of Liberty. Liberty in religious matters is one of the chief marks of true civilization, as well as a guarantee of further progress. All we require is liberty, the truth will conquer in its own time. We are deeply sensible of, and grateful for, the liberty we enjoy in the exercise of our holy religion. We heartily wish that the Government may be enabled to continue that magnificent work of civilization which will gradually change the face of this hitherto unhappy country. The accomplishment of this arduous task will add a most brilliant jewel to the splendid crown of merits which adorns the glorious brows of Albion selected by Providence to spread over the world the benefits of liberty, progress and prosperity."

LIBERTY IN RELIGION.

When the stone had been laid and blessed with all the impressive ceremonial of the Church, Count Koziebrodzki addressed the assembly in a speech full of Catholic feeling and fervor. He appealed to those present to contribute towards the building fund. This appeal met with a generous response. Some time or another there originated the statement that a man would get a peck of dirt into his system in a lifetime. If he lives in Montreal he is certain to get more than a fair share. In the springtime he will have muddy water and in the summer time dusty roads. If he drinks or breathes he cannot escape from gathering in large quantities of soluble or ariel real estate and, probably, some bright genius will discover some day that he ought to be taxed for that. SEUMAS.

Random Thoughts.

Large Hats and Muddy Water Topics For a Rambling Scribbler. Real Estate in the System.

Roast Turkey—Abdul Hamid And well done is the order. "The Sick Man of Europe" is very ill. His own medicine would be a bitter dose. The "Amurrican" sightseer had a run for his money in Constantinople. The newspaper stories from the scene of operations sound like the familiar cigarette advertisements. Would a red fez stir an angry bull to active measures in a shop filled with fragile and costly china? The chap who shot the New York correspondent for snaphotting had evidently seen some of the Gotham publications. Stepping from the fez to the hat we admit madness—similar to that of Alice's hatter who was proverbially daft. We are mad about it because those early Victorian things threaten to obscure considerable of the scenery in our vicinity. Yet not so mad as are the Pittsburg ladies whose Protestant preacher suggested hats off in meeting and failed to provide mirrors. They were so mad about it, perhaps angry would be a better word, that after service they enquired about the horizontal location of their hats instead of the merits of the sermon. St. Paul would have been more popular with those ladies because he had something to say about woman keeping their heads covered in church; yet his purpose was not to aid millinery displays. Fashion reports are to the effect that the Merry Widow is dead, and, without wishing to seem ungracious towards the frisky top, it is to be hoped that the top-hammer of that name will stay dead. Now, to change the subject, we'll take up the drink question; this is about the solid question of Montreal's water, and not about the more serious subject of alcoholic beverages and their effects. "Look at me," exclaimed a City Father, "I have been drinking the water for years and it never did me any harm." That goes to show what hardy subjects some of the aldermen are, immune even from the insidious microbe. But the mere citizen who writes, daily frequents a large institution which very considerably filters the water used on the premises. It is necessary, of course, to clean the filter tubes each day, and they furnish an insistent object lesson. The tubes are spotless in the morning when they begin the task of clearing and purifying the water. In an hour the white surface is coated with a brown slime and it is necessary to scald and scour the tubes before setting them to work again in the filter. Needless to relate, their condition during the spring days has been such as to drive any man to stop drinking—unfiltered water.

AN IRISH GIFT.

The new church will have an altar erected in it to the Irish National Apostle, St. Patrick. The soldiers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers who were stationed here last year gave £50 for this object. The Bishop hopes that some other Irish benefactors will enable him to put up an altar worthy of the saint and of his faithful children in the British Isles. Be constant to your purpose, and desirous only of the praises which belong to patience and discretion.—Ruskin. To judge of the real importance of an individual, one should think of the effect his death would produce.—Lewis.

Given Warm Welcome

Enthusiastic Reception to Mr. Matthew J. Cummings and Father O'Donnell. Big Meetings in Dublin.

It was a warm welcome that was extended to Matthew J. Cummings, National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, and his companion, Rev. P. O'Donnell, on their arrival in Ireland at Queenstown. This welcome was repeated throughout the journey to Dublin. In the metropolis several receptions were tendered to the envoys. Speaking before the Gaelic League in Dublin, Mr. Cummings said he had returned after an absence of 34 years, and he found the National spirit of the people as high to-day as it ever was at any time. The London Times said in the black fortnight year, 1874, "The Irish are going with a vengeance." The Irish carried that vengeance in their hearts to every corner of the earth. And to-day in every land—in the United States, in Canada, in far-off Australia, in every land from the North Pole to the Southern Cross—they would find their race banded together for the very uppermost thought in their minds. The freedom of Ireland. So they had to-day in Ireland the great organization of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, with a quarter of a million members that kept alive the National spirit in that free Republic. They had fought the battles of liberty in that land, and had carried the green flag with the Stars and Stripes to success and victory. There was the love of this organization for the old cradleland, and they were willing to fight under the old flag. And there was hope for Ireland with the spirit manifested that evening. Keep up the national spirit, and the exiled race will do the rest. There were 25 millions of the Irish race in America, they were allied with the great German race, the German people were 30 per cent of the population of the United States, those of Irish blood were 27 per cent, making a total of 57 per cent of the population of America, and while England was looking for alliances and arbitration treaties, that 57 per cent were looking after the interests of Ireland.

ENVOYS FOR PEACE.

They came there that night as envoys from a great Catholic organization seeking to promote unity for Ireland's sake. They came on a mission of peace and good will—first to ask their Hibernian brothers of all sections to unite on a common platform of Catholicity and Irish Nationality. Men should unite upon what was the easiest to unite upon, and so there should be no trouble in uniting upon a principle of that kind. Do not let anyone think that their Society, because it was a Catholic society, was an intolerant one—there was no streak of bigotry in them, they had always worked hand in hand with Irishmen of all denominations, and would do so in the future. They believed in the policy of Wolfe Tone, they believed in a united Ireland, and they believed that the Catholic of the South and the Protestant of the North should shake hands for Ireland's sake. He congratulated the Gaelic League, led by Dr. Douglas Hyde, for their advancement of the principles of Irish nationality—principles that would be the corner stone of the superstructure of a free and independent nation. Let the people of Ireland depend on themselves; the freedom of Ireland must be won on Irish soil. He came not to represent any section or faction, and not to interfere in Irish politics. But they had in America an Irish National Catholic non-sectarian organization, and they thought if there was an organization of that kind in Ireland it might be the means of unity among their people. So they came on this mission of peace, and asked that no obstacles should be thrown in their way.

WANTS THE IRISH FLAG.

Rev. P. O'Donnell thanked the meeting for the reception tendered them. They had read the history of the sufferings of their people; they knew the story of their wrongs, which burned as deeply into their hearts and impressed their minds to such an extent that he dared to say that in Ireland itself there was not more patriotism among the sons of Ireland than there was in America amongst the sons and daughters of Irish Catholics and mothers who were forced from this country to seek a refuge in the land of freedom. Though they came on a mission of peace and wanted to bring concord and happiness to the Irish people, yet as they came along from that beautiful Queenstown through the fertile valleys and beautiful mountains, his heart was wrung to think, with a land so beautiful, where in the name of God were the people. He wanted these lands and valleys to be recaptured by an Irish people with the Irish flag floating over the country.