

The True Witness

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THE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us NOT LATER than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

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 beseech you to encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

SIGNS OF AWAKENING.

All who, for one reason or another, are interested in the changing condition of the Church of France, cannot fail to notice that there are signs on all sides that the Catholics of that country are awakening to the necessity of fighting; while it is pleasant to hear from men of sense and education who have lately returned from a visit in the land of St. Louis, that we may be assured our finding is correct.

Of course, a blow that necessarily means very much, especially through the moral effects it must have surely produced, was the overthrow of ugly little Clemenceau. The daily papers do not say more than they want to, as to what the fall means for the Church: they could not be expected to be either able or willing to grapple with such a question. Nor is it possible the Jews who control the Associated Press are going to permit editors of money-scheme journals to form a straight opinion, when Israel, backed by heathendom and hellum, may easily control what is given to the man at the end of the wire.

Among minor happenings that illustrated our meaning, we may cite the case of three hundred students attending the Lycee Charlemagne, a state institution of France. The three hundred contributed towards a fund to provide an ex-voto commemorative of the Joan of Arc's battle-colors. What is more, a delegation of fifteen among them waited on Mgr. Amette, Archbishop of Paris, to request him to bless the ex-voto, and have it hung from the vault of Notre Dame. It is well to remember that their object is to repair the insults Prof. Thalmas, of their school, offered the name and memory of the holy Maid of Orleans.

FATHER TYRRELL AGAIN.

The daily newspapers, especially over in England, were astray, as could be expected, concerning the death of Father Tyrrell. The London Times thought it had been exceptionally favored, when Miss Maude D. Petre sent it a communication over the priest's dying hours and death. It was not hard, however, for those who have read Miss Petre's "Catholicism and Independence," to think there was something crooked in the matter. It seems strange, too, that both she and Baron Von Hugel should have tried to do their best for the priest just when his speech had left him! The would never heard of such wonderful charity before! It had to come from England!

In her note to the Times (in which note she exhibits her well-known pride and vanity), Miss Petre practically placed the distinguished Prior of Storrington,

Very Rev. Father F. Xavier, C.R.P., in a very awkward position, all to suit her holy fancy, it would seem, as well as to have the world think poor Father Tyrrell had died without having had anything to recant of what he had written. Between Von Hugel and herself, it is nearly safe to say, a clever game was played; but, whatever the ruse and its shadows, not even honest rationalists will be fully reconciled to the thought that Father Tyrrell willingly died the way Miss Petre says he did.

Father Xavier had to write and explain his stand in the case. As a result, Miss Petre, notwithstanding her title to Catholic nobility of old standing, appears in the very unenviable role of one trying to so manage hours and circumstances as to prevent Father Tyrrell from having priestly help and succor, just at the time when he, seemingly, would have wanted it. We hate to think she realized what she was doing, even to the extent only of what the Prior found wrong; for it is plain that, if she was instrumental in keeping back Father Tyrrell's last message from the world, hers has become a terrific responsibility, perhaps, and more than very probably. She ought not to feel proud of the prominence she gave herself.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC EXTENSION.

The Canadian Extension Society of the Catholic Church is young, very young; its existence is reckoned but in days, weeks, months—not years. Yet there it is, strongly started and thoroughly at work. Already it has helped many a poor missionary, and borne solace and comfort to far more than a few struggling missions. Like its American forerunner, it gives promise of working marvels of good beyond ever what the heartiest optimist could have deemed possible a decade ago. But, then, strong men direct the work; and it is the honor and privilege of Prince Edward Island to be able to reclaim them both. The Diocese of Charlottetown gave them to the Church. Very Rev. Dr. Kelly is president of the American Society, and Very Rev. Dr. Burke of the Canadian. Both are young men, but both are exceptionally endowed men, who have turned the gifts of God into astoundingly good use. Their island home may well feel proud of them.

If the two good priests may succeed as they want to succeed, Catholic people must grow interested in the work; they must learn to contribute. Those who are rich can give much, but every little counts. Even a cent, a solitary cent, will do its tiny share of good. There are souls being lost to the Church and Christ, for want of a little help on the part of the faithful who are in cities, towns, or villages where all the benefits of the Church are available at will.

Soon, are we told, both a preparatory seminary and a theological school are to be opened in connection with the work of Canadian Extension. May they and all the works of the Society and its American namesake thrive a thousandfold. Toronto and Chicago have been particularly blessed, in becoming America's mission centres.

AN UNFORTUNATE PARAGRAPH.

In the account of an interview concerning a judge's opinion on how the Montreal Prison for Women is managed and controlled, there appears an unfortunate paragraph. Thanks to the man who wrote it, we learn, if you please, that "over fifty of the nuns in the convent of Sherbrooke street,—of the Good Shepherd,—are graduates of the female (?) jail, who have been reformed and who have taken the veil."

Now, whether jails be either male or female, it still remains true that, if that paragraph was let go through unmoled, either the one who wrote it, or the one who found in it nothing objectionable, hardly displays more knowledge, in doing so, than would the Mayor of Tierra-del-Fuego, on the question of nuns and nunneries. For, taken as they read, the words are surcharged with innuendo of a pitiful nature; and we feel sure all the bigots who read the paper must have stroked their beards, or, at least, have bitten the ends of their broken teeth off, in joy and holy oomfort.

The fifty girls or women of whom the writer means to speak are not "full-fledged nuns," they are simply sincere penitents who have elected to spend their days behind convent walls, under the guidance and protection of "full-fledged" nuns. They do not teach. They do not wear the habit of the religious. They live by themselves, and lead holy, oh! very holy, lives in the seclusion

of the cloister. No girl may become a nun, a "full-fledged" nun, unless she can prove, beyond a doubt, that while in the midst of the world, she had always been pure and good. The point is clear.

We do not like the word "graduates" in the offending paragraph, for it awfully and awkwardly precludes a thorough chance to prove good faith. The late editor Braun had his own ideas about those who could belittle nuns.

THE END OF THE END.

Aristide Briand, the new Prime Minister of France, and director of the comedy company that rules over France, has now to face a critical problem and solve it successfully: the blackguard atheists want the name of Almighty God taken out of the formula of oath-taking. They have sent Briand their order in the form of a petition. "Considering," they say, "that the word 'God,' inserted in the oath demanded of jurors, wounds the conscience of many citizens, who are now enfranchised from all Deistic beliefs, we request that this be stricken out of the legal oath." Hell is rejoicing over the news, and it expects Briand and all of the "Bloc" to do their duty towards Satan, Clemenceau's father, if we are to believe the statesmonkeys just fallen from power.

The oath will go, but what will become of France? It was easy to become Catholic schools, easy to banish priests and monks and nuns, easy to rob and lie and plunder, easy to drive the name "God" out of the schools, easy to put the whole fools' programme through. But did the fiends pushed on by the stinky lodges (that do their life's noblest work in an under-cellar) ever dream the oath would have to go? They knew all along that they were neither honest nor logical—but the oath!

And there it is: the end of the end! When Briand will have acted as the filthy Followers of the Goat will force him to act, France will have to rank among the civilized nations of Europe as the foolishly criminal country unable to properly conduct and ensure the proceedings of even a police court. Logic is the "Bloc's" worst enemy. Religion has failed to frighten them. God is merciful. But the people are beginning to see that the end of the end is come.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

The Presbyterian Witness (Pictou, N.S.) is up in arms against Dr. Eliot and his "new religion," and we are glad to note the fact. Moreover, for some time past, "Prophet" Dowie, Mother Eddy, and "New Theology" Campbell, of London, have been taken to task weekly by the self-same pages weekly; and, all along, we have been glad to note the like, too. But there arises a question in the midst of all; and so, we ask the editor of the Presbyterian Witness what right he has to blame anybody for having founded, or for trying to found, a new religion. To what religion does the editor belong? To the Church of Christ? No. To the Church of Ages? No. To what one, then? To a religion, we answer, founded by a man, and not by Jesus, God made man. We know that Eliot, Mary Eddy, Dowie, etc., and Campbell are astray; but, even if they are, they have as much right to start a new religion as old Calvin, Mr. Luther, or old Jack Knox had. They have as much right to swear away nine-tenths of the Revelation, as the blackguard Reformers had. And that is no right at all. We are gratified, however, to know and feel that the editor is willing to save what he has of the Revelation, gratified to notice that even preachers are rising against religious fakirs. The whole bubble will surely burst; or, to be more exact, all the bubbles will. If once a man gets into his head he can take the place of Christ, and if the venture proves a good business success, he need not be surprised if told that hundreds will try the game.

'T WILL NEVER DO.

It is truly regrettable to see how some Catholic weeklies in our province seem bound to keep up national bickering along religious lines, and it is deplorably scandalous to notice, too, how easily the names of priests and bishops are drawn into the mire and mud of every cock-fight for supremacy. It would seem there are enough foul pens at work discussing candles, school books, and cassocks, so many indeed, that the columns of no Catholic weekly, truly such, should be open to every little intellectual stripping who believes he has a message for the world. We may rest assured that a like mode of procedure does the work of Satan and his leprous agents, to perfection. The True Witness would go out of

business before it would prostitute its type and paper to the blasphemous extent of lecturing the clergy. Unfortunately, national differences will arise; old issues will not settle down in a day; nor will petty squib-writers renew the face of the earth, with their poor literary baggage and poorer logic. From some of the articles we have read, at times, in papers that deem themselves beyond reproach, to the lecherous columns of the unclean weekly, there is not much more than a good step. If grievances there are, there is a way to remedy them; but the true way, for a sincere Catholic, is not staked after the fashions of ridiculous upstarts. It is about time the nonsense should stop. The harm done the ordinary reader is simply soul-killing in the outcome. There is room in Canada for justice and equity, but there is no place, however, for national cock-fights in the name of religion.

FICTION AND FACT.

Our friend the Daily Witness has opened a special department in its Saturday issue under the title "The Jewish World," interesting to the general readers in a way. In a recent issue a paragraph appeared stating that, what would be an immolation indeed had occurred. In the Roman Catholic Church of Our Father, Detroit, a Jewish Rabbi had preached by special invitation upon a non-controversial subject! Upon investigation we learn from a Detroit Correspondent that the story is a fabrication. The Church in question being Universalist a sect founded by one John Murray at Gloucester, New Jersey in 1774.

Echoes and Remarks.

The world is full of martyrs. Half of it is always worrying itself to death over the other half.

A revised edition of the pamphlet dealing with His Worshipful Majesty T. Augustine Dwyer, B.A., Supreme Ruler of the Exalted Order of Fakirs, may be had at the office of the New World, Chicago.

T. Augustine Dwyer, B.A., has a record of which even old Chiniquy would have felt proud. Dwyer was never a priest, however. His literary success has been so strongly felt that the Canadian Post Office authorities have barred his products from the mails, lest the baggage cars might become contaminated with the germs of leprosy.

If "La Nouvelle France" people will look up some numbers of theirs of a few years ago, we are afraid they will find that Thomas Augustine Dwyer's contributions to their pages were, very likely, translations by a third party of what T.A.D. had stolen from a second, Dwyer pilfers especially from the best of writers.

It is funny how some of the letter-writers to the Saturday edition of the Daily Witness like to meddle with matters beyond their ken and reason. One poor fellow, a short time ago, so wrote as to prove he does not know the difference between a true Bishop and an Anglican prelate. Anglican clergymen are good, very good, men; but they are neither priests nor bishops. Even a Presbyterian fire-eater ought to know that.

Our bright contemporary, the New Freeman, of St. John, N.B., has published a full report of Very Rev. Dr. Thompson's lecture, before the Antigonish Catholic Summer School which lecture dealt with the difficult subject of "Capital and Labor." Dr. Thompson was formerly rector of the University of St. Francis Xavier, the ambitious and successful institution, under whose auspices the Summer School is held. We hope the lecture will be reprinted and published in pamphlet form.

Among others who did not like Bishop McFaul's arraignment of certain godless universities must be the scores of so-called Catholic brats who, by hook or by crook, will not agree to go to a Catholic school, lest, at such a place, they might be forced to go to confession, and thus cease to be the enlightened cannibals they have begun to be. There are scores of such good-for-nothings abroad, but they seldom reach proficiency enough to be able to write a legend on a signboard requesting that dogs be kept off the grass—at least, correctly.

Now, that Dr. Eliot has thought out a new religion, he has joined the ranks of the Amalgamated Federation of Pious Bankers. His name must now rank with those of Dowie, Mother Eddy, Horner, Campbell, Prof. Booth, and Mrs. Tingley. The faithful throughout Canada, in

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accordance with the wishes and behests of our chief pastors, should pray hard, especially during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in order to bring God's blessing down upon the work and deliberations of the National Church Council. Quebec, as we know, is where the Fathers will meet; and it is well and fitting that the cradle-city of Canadian faith should have been chosen. Momentous questions will be discussed, and telling measures of good resolved upon for the Church's welfare. As true children of Holy Mother we should be, therefore, heartily and soulfully interested in what makes for the further weight, influence and importance of God's Kingdom.

CHILDREN AND READING.

It is an old truth that parents, especially mothers, love their children. But there is love and love. If a parent really bears the affection he or she should towards the children God gave them, surely the children's eternal welfare will be a concern of the first order on the part of father and mother. And yet, parents think nothing of letting youngsters hardly emancipated a year from the apron run about the streets at all hours and in all kinds of doubtful company. At school the child learns to read, and then there soon follows in his or her heart a longing for newspapers of all descriptions, but especially for the ugly sheets illustrated in tar, ochre, and Indian red. Can children even handle such stuff without being inoculated with the virus of moral dirt? Can even many a polished daily be put in their hands, with stories of scandal and infamy, with accounts of murder and rapine? The old people often remark, nowadays, that the youngsters are sorely proficient in all questions pertaining to evil and corruption. But where do they learn it all? Where? In the daily newspaper, to begin with, the daily newspaper, which, for them, is simply a stepping-stone to Nick Carter and the Police Gazette, and then come Damozel Corelli and the horde of worm-artists. True that no city in the world has cleaner dailies than has Quebec or Montreal; yet columns of newspaper reports were never meant for boys of thirteen or fourteen or for old women of fifteen. We need good dailies; grown-up people need them for more than one reason. We need a Catholic weekly, too. Rest assured that the families whose boys and girls read trash seldom or never think of a Catholic paper before one of the boys enters jail triumphantly.

The press despatches tell us that the Pope has examined Doctor Eliot's new religion. Another despatch will, in all probability, appear later, to the effect that the Holy Father has something else to occupy his leisure moments.

The evidence of Mr. Leopold Copee intimates that when the aldermen select from among their friends gentlemen to serve the city as paving inspectors, foremen and the like, they are not always happy in their choice. He told us, for instance, that a baker was chosen to act as road inspector and that a clerk who could not hold a hammer was appointed foreman in a quarry. Now if the baker had much previous professional experience with good paving material, he must have been a very bad baker, indeed, and no one need be surprised that he was out of a job. As for the clerk in charge of a quarry, he must have been "stone broke" before he took to breaking stone.—Herald.

It may be that, like the landlord in Bill Nye's book, the baker kneaded the money. Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Expellorator to drive out the parasites.

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LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said. Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet. If something good be said. No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glorified, If something good be said. And so I charge, by the thorny crown And by the cross on which the Savior bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown, Let something good be said. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Famous French Basilica Threatened.

Towards the end of 1906, the prefect of the Seine placed the basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre under sequestration. At that time the late Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, appealed from this decision to the Council of State. The affair came up again recently. The attorney for the archbishop insisted that the church was erected by popular subscriptions from all parts of France, and reminded the court that the belfry did not come under the law of sequestration, and it would cost a million francs to purchase it. The decision of the court was deferred for some time, but it looks as if Montmartre was not to escape the fate of so many other of the churches of France.

Abbe... that "play" gish liver. Abbe... diate relief gives new... cious rem... eating or... particular... 25 cts.

Celtic

(Continued) posing celebrati... the rising gen... the noble lesso... tude bequeath... neers of Ireland... country.

Let me, therefore explain to you your monument, you have erected a memorial to perpetuate a notable event, a hill that commemorates the mighty S.

A BLES... It is the cross... our redemption, the dying pilgrim... senses in extror... them for the... loved the grave... laid for eterna... age of the cross... hold in the Hea... of time, the... to call to their... "those that hav... Holy Scripture, this cemetery.

It is the Celti... Ireland, of Pat... the cross for... suffered, bled a... cross of granite... the faith of whi... This cross is... of French Cana... the river discov... tal Jacques... should remind y... peas itself. A... France, the the... tion, befriended... saints and sage... listed in her gl... of the valiant s... nation,—some... brought fame... when dire neces... fathers from the... it was on the s... speaking province... them were well... and treated as... and members of... THE HERO...

It behooves m... a familiar pag... mind you of the... those priests wh... of the Archbish... Joseph Signay... sistance of the... grants. Of tha... the majority w... dian nationality... zealous directio... McGauran, of b... archives of my... most touching p... voteness, and... in the perform... duties.

"I can assure... writes Father M... ver, in all my l... consolation. Th... sick and dying s... My venerable... See of Quebec... then a youthful... same strain: "M... says, "is for no... sooner, and my... have to leave th...

A TOKEN O... Are not such... thy echo of the... die Superbund... tribulatione no... abound with joy... tion.

History has r... of those of our... heroic times, pai... the privilege of... and gave to the... evidence of a "1... which no man h... This cross will... down to posterit... Writ says, "as... on flintstone."... stand aloft as a... attitude towards... at their life's pe... of your forefath... of eternity. Let... the grateful tri... orphans, most o... come to the h... Canadian provi... the least-w... tion as those o... and who becam... and pride of the... Let the cross s... of that union th... together those v... him of faith, b... sons of one Fat...