

The True Witness

is published every Thursday by
The True Witness P. & P. Co.
318 LaSalle Street, West, Montreal
P. O. BOX 1138

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada (City Excepted) and New-
foundland \$1.00
City, United States and Foreign.. \$1.50
Terms: Payable in Advance.

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THE WELL.—Matter intended for
publication should reach us NOT
later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
noon.

Correspondence intended for publica-
tion 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mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.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 SOLI-
CITED.

**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 Cath-
olic 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 the country.

I heartily bless those who 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 re-
turned 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 jour-
nals to form a straight opinion,
when Israel, backed by heathendom
and hellism, may easily control
what is given to the man at the
end of the wire.

Among minor happenings that il-
lustrated our meaning, we may cite
the case of three hundred students
attending the Lycée Charlemagne, a
state institution of France. The
three hundred contributed towards
a fund to provide an ex-voto com-
memorative of the Joan of Arc's
battle-colors. What is more, a de-
legation of fifteen among them wait-
ed 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. Thaleras,
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 ex-
ceptionally favored, when Miss
Maude D. Petre sent it a communi-
cation over the priest's dying hours
and death. It was not hard, how-
ever, for those who have read Miss
Petre's "Catholicism and Independ-
ence," 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 dis-
tinguished 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 with-
out 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 ra-
tionalists will be fully reconciled to
the thought that Father Tyrrell wil-
lingly 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 un-
enviable role of one trying to so
manage hours and circumstances as
to prevent Father Tyrrell from hav-
ing 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 keep-
ing back Father Tyrrell's last mes-
sage from the world, hers has be-
come a terrific responsibility, per-
haps, and more than very probably.
She ought not to feel proud of the
prominence she gave herself.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC EXTEN-
SION.

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 Amer-
ican 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 So-
ciety, 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 suc-
ceed as they want to succeed, Cath-
olic 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 avail-
able at will.

Soon, we are told, both a prepa-
ratory seminary and a theological
school are to be opened in connection
with the work of Canadian Exten-
sion. May they and all the works
of the Society and its American
namesake thrive a thousandfold. To-
ronto and Chicago have been par-
ticularly blessed, in becoming Amer-
ica's mission centres.

AN UNFORTUNATE PARA-
GRAPH.

In the account of an interview con-
cerning a judge's opinion on how
the Montreal Prison for Women is
managed and controlled, there ap-
pears 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 fe-
male (?) jail, who have been re-
formed 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
unmolested, either the one who
wrote it, or the one who found in
it nothing objectionable, hardly dis-
plays 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 in-
nuendo 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 oomph.

The fifty girls or women of whom
the writer means to speak are not
"full-fledged nuns," they are sim-
ply sincere penitents who have elected
to spend their days behind cor-
vent 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 "gradu-
ates" in the offending paragraph,
for it awfully and awkwardly pre-
cludes 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 Mi-
nister 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,' in-
serted in the oath demanded of ju-
rors, 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 statesman-
key just fallen from power.

The oath will go, but what will
become of France? It was easy to
close Catholic schools, easy to ban-
ish 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 sly 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 ho-
nest 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 mer-
ciful. But the people are begin-
ning to see that the end of the end
is come.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

The Presbyterian Witness (Pic-
ton, 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, "Pro-
phet" Dowie, Mother Eddy, and
"New Theology" Campbell, of Lon-
don, have been taken to task week-
ly by the self-same pious week-
ly; 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 an-
swer, 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 Cal-
vin, Mr. Luther, or old Jack Knox
had. They have as much right to
swear away nine-tenths of the Re-
velation, 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 re-
ligious 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 ver-
ture 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 pro-
vince seem bound to keep up na-
tional bickering along religious
lines, and it is deplorably scandal-
ous 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 Cath-
olic weekly, truly such, should be
open to every little intellectual
stripping who believes he has a mes-
sage for the world. We may rest
assured that a like mode of pro-
cedure 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 blasphem-
ous extent of lecturing the clergy.
Unfortunately, national differences
will arise; old issues will not set-
tle down in a day; nor will petty
squib-writers renew the face of the
earth, with their poor literary bag-
gage and poorer logic. From some
of the articles we have read, at
times, in papers that deem them-
selves beyond reproach, to the lech-
erous 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 ri-
diculous 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, how-
ever, 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 re-
cent issue a paragraph appeared
stating that, what would be an im-
mortal 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 De-
troit 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 Fu-
kirs, 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 liter-
ary success has been so strongly felt
that the Canadian Post Office au-
thorities 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 Augus-
tine 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 let-
ter-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 be-
tween a true Bishop and an Angli-
can 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 diffi-
cult subject of "Capital and La-
bor." 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 reprint-
ed and published in pamphlet form.

Among others who did not like
Bishop McFall's arraignment of cer-
tain 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 can-
nibals they have begun to be. There
are scores of such good-for-nothings
abroad, but they seldom reach pro-
ficiency 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 Fe-
deration of Pious Bankers. His name
must now rank with those of Dow-
ie; Mother Eddy, Horner, Campbell,
Prof. Booth, and Mrs. Tingley.

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accordance with the wishes and be-
hests 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. Mo-
mentous questions will be discussed,
and telling measures of good resolv-
ed 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 chil-
dren. But there is love and love.
If a parent really bears the affection
he or she should towards the chil-
dren God gave them, surely the chil-
dren's eternal welfare will be a con-
cern of the first order on the part
of father and mother. And yet, pa-
rents think nothing of letting young-
sters 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 de-
scriptions, but especially for the ugly
sheets illustrated in tar, ochre, and
Irish red. Can children even han-
dle such stuff without being inocu-
lated 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 peo-
ple 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 sim-
ply a stepping-stone to Nick Carter
and the Police Gazette, and then
come Damocel Corelli and the horde
of worm-artists. True that no city
in the world has cleaner dailies than
has Quebec or Montreal; yet col-
umns of newspaper reports were
never meant for boys of thirteen or
fourteen or for old women of fif-
teen. 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 des-
patch will, in all probability, ap-
pear later, to the effect that the
Holy Father has something else to
occupy his leisure moments.

The evidence of Mr. Leopold Cop-
pee intimates that when the alder-
men select from among their friends
gentlemen to serve the city as pay-
ing 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 ap-
pointed foreman in a quarry. Now
if the baker had much previous pro-
fessional experience with good pay-
ing 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 knead-
ed the money.

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dermine the vitality of children.
Strengthen them by using Mother
Graves' Worm Expeller to drive out
the parasites.

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Published by

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13 Notre Dame St., West
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