

The True Witness

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TH. WELL.—Matter intended for pub-
lication 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mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.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: UN-
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 this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

THE HOLY NAME.

The Church, on January 16th, ce-
lebrated the feast of the Holy Name
of Jesus, a name that means all for
us, salvation with God and Heaven
for eternity. And yet how lightly,
and even, how sinfully, thousands
of Christians use that name! For the
least and smallest reason the
Holy Name of Jesus is taken in
vain and blasphemed.

What right have we to curse in
the name of our Saviour? Did He
not do all for us? Is it because He
was born a poor little babe in Beth-
lehem that we curse in His name?
Is it because He loved little children
and went among men doing good? Is
it because He cured the lame and the
deaf and those sick with the palsy?
Do we curse in His name because He
was scourged at the pillar for us
and crowned with thorns? Or is it
because, after three hours of agony
on the Cross He died for us and our
eternal welfare?

Shame on the world! Shame on
thousands of Christians, the chief
blasphemers! They are worse than
the Roman soldiery and the "deci-
dal Jews! Cursing in the name of
Bethlehem's gentle Babe! Cursing in
the name of Nazareth's lovely boy
Jesus! Blaspheming the kindly Na-
zarene, and covering Him with
shame who called forth unto life
the window's son, and who gave
Heaven to the good thief at His
side!

What a scandal for the Jew and
the unbeliever! What can they
think of our slavery, when they
hear us revile the very name of
our God? How may we win them
to belief when our example is set
against our words?

Do you belong to the Holy Name
Society? Why not? Are you
ashamed to protest against blas-
phemy? Are you ashamed or afraid
to save your soul? On your death-
bed you will regret not having joined
the parish societies. God blesses
those who bless His Holy Name and
who bless the Name of Jesus.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

The "Hands Across the Sea"—and
in other people's pockets—are doing
successful work in the field of book-
selling. Thanks to our new Cana-
dian postal regulations, we are get-
ting all the printed rot of England.
"Hands Across the Sea" are throw-
ing the mud at us. But, as loyalty
is the soul of wars, our good pos-
tal authorities must neither say nor
do anything. They must 'ave and
'old the money of Canada; we have
not enough poison and corruption
for home manufacture, and consump-
tion; John Bull must send us more.
Meanwhile, our authorities tax the

Catholic weeklies of the land, lest
the work of the devil may be ham-
pered, and John Bull obliged to
beg. "Hands Across the Sea"—yes,
but look out for your hat!

OUR ROTTEN SYSTEM.

Whenever any emergency arises in
Montreal, that is, whenever, like in
the typhoid problem of the hour, a
reason presents itself for public ac-
tion on the part of the city, it is
then we grow more particular
aware of what a huge farce our
City Hall business has been.

At all other work, such as criti-
cising the schools and the clergy,
handing over blind contracts, pocket-
ing thousands, tolerating dens of in-
famy, permitting Jews and Gentiles
to make a market day of Sunday,
etc., etc., our City Hall lords,
as a body, are not surpassed, even
in Constantinople or Toronto.

We heartily wish to believe that
Montreal means to be a great city,
but, as great as we are, or want
to be, we do not seem to have had
enough men with their head in the
right place to make of our city a
success. We have been the gentle
prey of sharks and buzzards.

What qualifications have many of
our aldermen to act as administra-
tors of our public interests? None
at all. There are not ten really
thorough business men in the whole
Council. It is hard to individual-
ize, but we assure our readers that,
if ever we may have given them an
article to their liking, we should
surpass ourselves in describing the
City Council just as it is, and miss
about a baker's dozen, perhaps, of
its gods and billikens.

The first thing, for instance, some
professional men in from the coun-
try want to do, before they really
become acclimated to city life, is to
run for an aldermanic seat. As a
rule, they know no more about the
proper working of either a city or
a council, than a hen does about
ice-yachts. Such men are always
sure of a good supply of "greenies"
to vote for them, while the fellows
awaiting a job do not see why they
should earn a dollar honestly, if
only they may get it through
"graft."

At the next election, there will be
many a fool and many a knave to
continue the work of the past. They
will vote as they have always vot-
ed, but their candidates will not
have recourse to either prayers or
fasting. But others are going to
vote, too, and we are going to
sweep the thieves from office. The
jail, in a few instances, should save
the citizens all trouble. Judge Can-
non was not half strong enough. It
must be learned abroad that Mont-
real has ceased to be an El Dorado
for Klondykers bent on staying at
home, with their gold and silver and
general finery.

The vote is what is going to call
a halt! Vote in the good man, and
unmercifully vote out the wrong.
We hope Montreal will look some-
thing like a Waterloo for many of
our aldermen, when the elections are
over. We sincerely trust that Eng-
lish-speaking Catholics will show
all Montreal that we have con-
sciences. Let there be a good, strong
hearty, heavy vote—and to the Greek
Kalands with two-thirds of our al-
dermen.

THE CABIN-HUNTERS.

Good old Irish fathers and mo-
thers often used the word "cabin-
hunter." But what is a cabin-
hunter? What? The man or wo-
man who trots around the parish,
from house to house, carrying and
getting news. As sure as a neigh-
bor has a toothache, the cabin-hun-
ter hears it, and, at the next neigh-
bor's it is heard that what was in
fact a toothache is now something
worse, etc. The cabin-hunter never
dreams of confessing his or her sins
of the tongue. He or she bothers
much about the children of other
people, and yet his or her own gen-
erally turn out the worst of the
parish. The safest way to cure a
cabin-hunter is to shut one's door
on his or her face unmercifully. Jail
is what they mostly need, and the
scaffold what they deserve.

It is safe to say that the most
morally corrupt men or person in
general in any parish is the chief
maligner of priests therein and
thereof. There is no exception to
that rule. The maligner is so foul
a bird and so mean a piece of
crime-winged carrion that he has to
cover what is best and brightest
with the slime that naturally dis-
tills from his soul and heart.

There is little mercy left for a
"priest-eater" very often, either with
God or with men. No man can
trust such a slanderer, for, as he is
ready to attack the priest, he is
surely prepared and disposed to at-
tack anybody else in the parish. Lust
and impurity are at the bottom of
all his deeds. If he is a "priest-eat-

er" it is because he is no friend of
the Sixth Commandment.

A POOR WAY!

A poor way to begin the year, or
the first part of the year, is to
begin it with mortal sin on one's
conscience. Why does the sinner not
go to Confession? Why are we not
all honest with ourselves? Some
of us will die suddenly in the course
of the year. Shall we be ready to
meet God, when called to give an
account of our stewardship? Why
put off all until to-morrow, when
Heaven may depend upon to-day?
There is no trucking with sin and
perdition. The Dark Angel would
have us live in sin, for we die just
as we live. God is calling to us,
and His angels are spending the
warning of their love on us. It is
still time, soon it will be too late.
If the unfortunate souls in Hell had
our chances and opportunities, Hell
would be emptied of its prey. Con-
fession and repentance are what the
sinner needs most.

A SHAME.

There is nothing much more praise-
worthy in a man than strict ad-
herence to principle. Unfortunately,
as things go here in Montreal, we
are being given all kinds of lessons
to the contrary.

A little while ago a poor deluded
doctor was buried, though a Cath-
olic, without any religious cere-
mony; in fact, his body was cremat-
ed in the fashionable Mount Royal
incinerator or crematorium. Some
little fellows, with more impiety
than sense followed the hearse, but
we were not surprised. They have
grown too self-important to need
either confession or heaven. But
others attended, men, too, who are
supposed to represent Catholic life
and citizenship. Were they ordi-
nary, like the penny journalists and
litterateurs of the first group, we
should not bother much with their
doings or findings. The devil saves
himself the trouble of doing that,
and so may we spare ourselves and
our effects. But in the case of some
others, we refuse to be silent. We
English-Speaking Catholics, together
with our French brethren, want no
half-Catholics at the head of our Cath-
olic departments of work and en-
deavor. We thoroughly respect an
honest Protestant, but, as tax-pay-
ers for our Catholic schools, we
want the interests of Catholic edu-
cation in the hands of safe and
sound Catholics. Can we not pro-
test against what is calculated to
endanger our schools and the edu-
cation our children receive? We
want no freethinkers, or anything
like a free-thinker, to teach us doc-
trine or practice. It is our duty
as Catholics to protest firmly and
everlastingly against any attempt on
the part of free-thought to rule ei-
ther us or our children. We want
no controller of Catholic school mon-
ey at the sad funeral of an infidel.

THE CHRISTIAN AGE'S NEED.

British Ambassador James Bryce
was one of the chief speakers at the
convention of the Student Volunteer
Movement, held in Rochester, N.Y.
He proved a fair success, too. He,
in his speech, characterized the pre-
sent time as a critical and also aus-
picious one for Christianity. To-day
he recalled, nine-tenths of the habit-
able earth is under the control of
the so-called Christian powers. He
did well to use the word "so-called,"
for some of the Christian na-
tions are, through their rulers and
governors, teaching refined paganism
to pagans of the old school, France
in the sacrilegious lead, but with
her zealous missionaries, too, at
work to undo the nefarious influ-
ence of their governmental brethren.

Mr. Bryce says the world needs "a
new and better faith." What the
world most needs is more of the
good old kind of faith, and less of
the semi-infidelity that is being
preached from many a non-Catholic
pulpit. The ambassador did well,
we should think, to dwell on the
harm done among un-Christian peo-
ples by "members of the Christian
nations who disregard the teaching
of their religion." Some of them,
many of them, are supposed to
swear by creeds of small bearing,
and yet they deny the little itself.
Mr. Bryce then described the pre-
sent age among English-speaking
peoples as unprecedented in its po-
wer to draw men to the pursuit of
wealth and enjoyment. The ad-
dress closed with an exhortation to
live lives "in the true Gospel spir-
it," whether at home or in the
foreign fields. Example is a good
sermon all will listen to, if not be-
guided by. It is preached without
saying a word, and there is little
excuse for sleep.

CATHOLIC AUTHORSHIP AND THE PRESS.

In another part of our paper we

are publishing a remarkably well
written article on "Catholic Authors
and Their Press," from the evi-
dently trained pen of John Hannon. It
first appeared in The Magnificat,
and we have been favored with a
copy of the same directly from the
publishers themselves.

Mr. Hannon argues with ease and
effect. Whether our readers will see
eye to eye with him in all details is
hardly probable. At any rate, we
personally, like the article very
much, and we feel sure it will elicit
favorable comment generally. Mr.
Hannon is handling a delicate sub-
ject, a pressing problem of the hour.
It is with work like he is doing that
results in the field of Catholic au-
thorship will become all the more
real and lasting.

"FAITH AND REASON."

Father Saurasaitis, of New York
archdiocese, has sent us a very good
booklet of fifty pages, in which he
deals—in a very pleasing manner—
with the ever-present topic of "Faith
and Reason." Too much cannot be
written, in the right way, on such
a subject. We like Father Sauras-
aitis's booklet, or pamphlet, if you
wish, very much. The author is
evidently well versed in philosophic
lore. What is more—and important
—his pamphlet bears his Arch-
bishop's imprimatur. It is for sale
at the Christian Press Association
Publishing Company's headquarters
in New York City. It costs only
twenty cents, but is worth much
more. We hope many of our readers
will buy copies.

A SAD END.

The French papers from across the
sea tell us of Mme. Hyacinthe Loy-
son's sad death. Years ago she en-
ticed the priest (her unlawful hus-
band) Father Hyacinthe, from the
sacred keeping of his vows and was
thus the cause of a terrible scandal
in France and throughout the world.
Hyacinthe had won fame and glory
for himself as one of France's great-
est pulpit orators, but his deceased
wife led him to shame and sacrilege.
She was buried, the other day, from
the Alma avenue American Protest-
ant Church in Paris, the unfortu-
nate Hyacinthe and his son follow-
ing the remains to the graveyard.
Among the other pious mourners
were the excommunicated Abbé
Loisy, Mme. Emile Zola, ex-Abbé
Houtin (in cassock, if you please),
Rabbi Levy, Pastor Roberty, and
others too notorious to mention.
Lutheran deaconesses acted as pall-
bearers. Let us hope poor old Hy-
acinthe's sense of the crude and ridi-
culous will awaken. Let us hope,
too, that he, in no wise, helped his
poor life-companion to die as she
did, if, indeed, she was ever thor-
oughly convinced of Catholic truth.
Hyacinthe has time as yet to undo
his pride of purpose. God has spar-
ed him through many a day, but
there is an end to defiance and pre-
sumption. While he was a faithful
priest of God's Church the world
admired and cherished him. At pre-
sent he is old junk. As was the
case with Chiniquy even non-Catho-
lics have but little use for him. If
he could only now die an infidel—
which may God prevent!—the pros-
elytizers would rejoice. They would
find all Catholics of any note
die cursing the Pope and all reveal-
ed religion.

PUT DOWN HATRED.

Now is the time to put down ha-
tred. Hatred never did any man or
woman a particle of good. We must
love all men. Life is too short
for petty quarrels and childish
dreams of revenge. Let us have
stout hearts and broad minds. We
ought to be able to love everybody
—even our enemies. Is it not more
agreeable to religion to practice
mildness and charity towards our
fellow-Christians of all denomina-
tions,—even towards willing ven-
ditors,—and if we suppose any one is
in error or directly bent on ruining
us, is it not a boon to win them
by kindness and long-suffering. Let
us remember the story of Jesus and
Calvary.

TORONTO IS CHANGING.

It is now old news that the editor
of the Orange Sentinel, the pious Mr.
Hocken, failed to reach the mayor's
chair in Toronto. He was sub-
merged and overwhelmingly drown-
ed. Is Toronto changing? Let us
hope so. At any rate, the Orange-
men there are beginning to suffer
from the effects of civilization. We
hardly think they could succeed in
disgracing the big village if King
Edward were to visit it for a second
time. Hocken must admit by now
that the methods of his organ do
not appeal to any but the cats who
stood by him. True, he had the sup-
port of the bigots among the Me-
thodists; and is he not welcome to
such lieutenants and volunteers?
Who would want to reach power

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ations, are fully represented—Ties, Mufflers,
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THE AFTER-DAY OF MODERNISM

Every phenomenon in history, says
a writer has a reason for its ex-
istence. Modernism, which spread
so rapidly among certain squads of
Catholic scholars, must also have
had its reason. It generally hap-
pens that the persecutors of the
Church do not understand the hid-
den purpose which God pursues in
permitting their existence. They are
too much intoxicated with their own
doings to see anything beyond the
limited horizon of their immediate
environment. It so happened to
the Modernists, now dead and bur-
ied. They flattered themselves that
the Eternal Law called them to re-
form Catholic doctrine by their
theories; but therein they blundered
and blundered piteously, even moun-
tantly. Their theories were irrelev-
ant and short-lived, even if their
existence was the symptom of a cri-
tical state of the Church; it served
as the indication of a strong un-
dercurrent of irreligion in society;
it foreboded the coming of an epoch
of religious indifference and want
of belief—the "religio depopulate"
of the olden Prophet. The anti-re-
ligious spirit will diffuse itself
through the lower classes of so-
ciety; more difficulties between the
Church and the different states will
arise; sensual indulgence will be the
ethical ideal of the multitudes. One
of the greatest persecutions that
ever swept over the Church is pre-
paring in Europe. The Church,
with our glorious Pontiff, Pius X.,
is getting ready to meet it. There-
fore, God has forewarned it by the
appearance of Modernism, the har-
binger of irreligion. This persecu-
tion may last until the passing of
materialism. After the storm has
abated, the Church will be hailed as
the welcome ally of a new, young,
and vigorous idealism.

CARDINAL SATOLLI.

In the death of Cardinal Satolli
the Church has lost one of her best
theologians; the world, one of its
foremost men. When Leo XIII. set
his eyes on the future Cardinal, then
a professor, and judged he had
found a rare man among rare men,
he was not mistaken. America, all
America, knows the name of Car-
dinal Satolli, he having acted as
Apostolic Delegate to the United
States, with thrilling success, at a
time and under circumstances that
were very trying. His mission was
one of tremendous import for the
Church of God, but Cardinal Sa-
tolli was equal to the task. One of
the peers among theologians, if not
the very leader, he, as professor in
the Propaganda, formed brilliant
professors for many seminaries in
diverse lands and countries. Mgr.
L. A. Paquet, of Laval, Quebec, and
Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, B.

C., were pupils of Cardinal Satolli.
That is a tribute in itself. Leo XIII.
always looked to his favorite pro-
fessor when some great work had
to be done. Together with Cardinal
Pecci, the brother of Leo XIII., Car-
dinal Satolli, at the instance of the
Pope, placed the fine wedge of his
logic and reasoning in between the
honest subtlety of the Molinists and
the cold acumen of the so-called
Thomists, on the question of Pre-
destination. He gave vogue to
the theory of simultaneity, in all re-
spects, even as far as the slightest
differentiation of reason is concerned
of vision and election. Molinism
and the so-called Thomism have
gently granted the right of way to
Cardinal Satolli's interpretation of
the Angelic Doctor. Thus, the new
generation of students will be spared
many a night's sweet rest.

Our contemporary, the New Free-
man, under the pen of another bril-
liant pupil of the late Cardinal, at
the Propaganda, says:

"Perhaps under no title could we
better refer to the recent death of
Cardinal Satolli than that of Theo-
logian. Not merely was he a master
of Theology, but a Doctor of
Doctors. He was a Doctor or Teacher
in the most literal sense of the
word. Theological study was the
great aim of his life. To it he de-
dicated his years, and if any one man
could be called a signal success in
his noble field of Christian education
that man was Cardinal Satolli. To
understand the genius of a Napoleon
or a Nelson, we must see them in
spirit, either on the field of Marengo
or Jena, or on the deck of the
Victory at Trafalgar. To under-
stand the genius of Cardinal Satolli
as a professor of Theology, we
should see him in the professor's
chair in the Theological class room
of Propaganda, with an audience
of ecclesiastical students from every
quarter of the globe. In that hall
every empire and government had its
citizens. The room was representa-
tive of the whole world, and the
great professor, whose burning elo-
quence fell on so many minds, was
in himself a typical leader of men;
one, who in the great battlefield of
truth, inspired such a passion of
enthusiasm as of itself made his
hearers life-long students of that
vast and wondrous subject of Theo-
logy. From Laval to Washington,
there is to-day scarcely a Catholic
college or university, but has bene-
fited directly or remotely by the in-
spiring zeal of Cardinal Satolli in
the great crusade of Catholic the-
ology.

Leo XIII. selected him, over fifty
years ago, as a brilliant young stu-
dent in Perugia, and truly had the
illustrious Pontiff an instinct for
merit and genius as might be seen
by the great churchmen, whom he
placed in prominent and responsible
posts, both as professor of philo-
sophy and Theology, and in the di-
plomatic service."

Are
Poison
Yours

THE bow
move fr
day, to ins
health. If th
the waste is a
the system and
a self blood
Poor diges
of bile in the
or weak r
contraction
bowels, ma
Constipation.
•Abbey's Eff

Echoes and

Are you going to j
parish societies this

It is just as well t
at least, to know th
dead before this date

If ever we are ple
tain principles of the
time, it is when we
in withdrawing po
and Zelazna from the
world.

The Socialists of B
republic. Europe is
governments like tha
States. The trouble
gion and all other So
they never say a pra
cently for an hour.

One of our Catholi
coming a general fav
marked degree, is the
Catholic. The paper
bright editor, and is
being able to count
among its contributo
is a man of deep ser

Lonesomeness cause
bashfulness prompted
a young man in Oh
caused by an abnorm
gride may explain r
too. What intending
is a hearty confession

The Herald says the
Paris recently ran up
\$30,000 for false hair
or column relates that
treasurer's wedding was
misplaced switch. W
women learn to wear
crop?

The dog that bit a
people at Galt was r
to the finding of the
ologists. We hope th
nothing to do with t
ever, the dog was s
same plea put forth
of the murderers.

A fireman recently
Court House to leave h
a new helmet; thought
City Hall. Supposed
reading the papers gi
count of the Royal Co
thought the Palace of
proper place to find c
haul was.

Some of the assistan
eral of the unfortun
to assert that at the
not consider the event
a nature as to create
in the religious world.
hear a sermon occasi
the Catholic papers, at
of what they contain.

Why is there not a s
ment among us for
tion? The best way
fill the colleges we ha
speaking Catholics in
ambition. Very few
Canadians were bo
spout in their mouth
can do, and do easily,
have succeeded in doin
boy to college, if you

Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C.
address in Toronto
which, the despatches
posed church union in
The worthy King's Cou
have saved his hot air
coal is at winter rates,
no union among Protest
except the no poverty of

Captain Poulin found
"Temperance" sign the
der St., and seized abou
of rye, gin, beer, etc.
hear of a zealous offic