

The True Witness

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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 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, celebrated the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, a name that means all for us, salvation with God and Heaven for eternity.

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 Bethlehem that we curse in His name?

Shame on the world! Shame on thousands of Christians, the chief blasphemers! They are worse than the Roman soldiery and the decided Jews! Cursing in the name of Bethlehem's gentle Babe!

What a scandal for the Jew and the unbeliever! What can they think of our sinners, when they hear us revile the very name of our God?

Do you belong to the Holy Name Society? Why not? Are you ashamed to protest against blasphemy? Are you ashamed or afraid to save your soul?

"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 Canadian postal regulations, we are getting all the printed rot of England.

Catholic weeklies of the land, lest the work of the devil may be hampered, 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 action 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 criticising the schools and the clergy, handing over blind contracts, pocketing thousands, tolerating dens of infamy, 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.

What qualifications have many of our aldermen to act as administrators of our public interests? None at all. There are not ten really thorough business men in the whole Council. It is hard to individualize, 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 minus about a baker's dozen, perhaps, of its gods and billikens.

The first thing, for instance, some professional men in from the country 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 voted, 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 Cannon was not half strong enough. It must be learned abroad that Montreal 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 something like a Waterloo for many of our aldermen, when the elections are over. We sincerely trust that English-speaking Catholics will show all Montreal that we have consciences. Let there be a good, strong hearty, heavy vote—and to the Greek Kalandars with two-thirds of our aldermen.

THE CABIN-HUNTERS.

Good old Irish fathers and mothers often used the word "cabin-hunter." But what is a cabin-hunter? What? The man or woman who trots around the parish, from house to house, carrying and getting news. As sure as a neighbor has a toothache, the cabin-hunter hears it, and, at the next neighbor'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 generally 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 distills 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 attack 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. Confession and repentance are what the sinner needs most.

A SHAME.

There is nothing much more praiseworthy in a man than strict adherence 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 Catholic, without any religious ceremony; in fact, his body was cremated in the fashionable Mount Royal incinerator or crematorium. Some little fellows, with more impet 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 ordinary, 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 Catholic departments of work and endeavor. We thoroughly respect an honest Protestant, but, as taxpayers for our Catholic schools, we want the interests of Catholic education in the hands of safe and sound Catholics. Can we not protest against what is calculated to endanger our schools and the education of our children receive? We want no freethinkers, or anything like a free-thinker, to teach us doctrine or practice. It is our duty as Catholics to protest firmly and everlastingly against any attempt on the part of free-thought to rule either us or our children. We want no controller of Catholic school money 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 present time as a critical and also auspicious one for Christianity. To-day he recalled, nine-tenths of the habitable 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 nations are, through their rulers and governors, teaching refined paganism to pagans of the old school, France in the sacrilegious road, but with her zealous missionaries, too, at work to undo the nefarious influence 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 peoples 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 present age among English-speaking peoples as unprecedented in its power to draw men to the pursuit of wealth and enjoyment. The address closed with an exhortation to live lives "in the true Gospel spirit," 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 evidently 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 subject, a pressing problem of the hour. It is with work like he is doing that results in the field of Catholic authorship will become all the more real and lasting.

"FAITH AND REASON."

Father Saurasaitis, of New York archdiocese, has set 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 Saurasaitis'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 Archbishop'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 Loyson's sad death. Years ago she enticed the priest (her unlawful husband) 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 greatest pulpit orators, but his deceased wife led him to shame and sacrifice. She was buried, the other day, from the Alma avenue American Protestant Church in Paris, the unfortunate Hyacinthe and his son following 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 pallbearers. Let us hope poor old Hyacinthe's sense of the crude and ridiculous 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 thoroughly convinced of Catholic truth. Hyacinthe has time as yet to undo his pride of purpose. God has spared him through many a day, but there is an end to defiance and presumption. While he was a faithful priest of God's Church the world admired and cherished him. At present he is old junk. As was the case with Chiniquy even non-Catholics have but little use for him. If he could only now die an infidel—which may God prevent!—the proselytizers would rejoice. They would faint see all Catholics of any note die cursing the Pope and all revealing religion.

PUT DOWN HATRED.

Now is the time to put down hatred. 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 denominations, even towards willing vampires, 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 submerged and overwhelmingly drowned. Is Toronto changing? Let us hope so. At any rate, the Orangemen 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 cad's who stood by him. True, he had the support of the bigots among the Methodists; and is he not welcome to such lieutenants and volunteers? He would want to reach power

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THE AFTER-DAY OF MODERNISM

Every phenomenon in history, says a writer has a reason for its existence. Modernism, which spread so rapidly among certain squads of Catholic scholars, must also have had its reason. It generally happens that the persecutors of the Church do not understand the hidden 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 buried. They flattered themselves that the Eternal Law called them to reform Catholic doctrine by their theories; but therein they blundered and blundered piteously, even mournfully. Their theories were irrelevant and short-lived, even if their existence was the symptom of a critical state of the Church; it served as the indication of a strong undecurrent of irreligion in society; it foreboded the coming of an epoch of religious indifference and want of belief—the "religio depopulation" of the olden Prophet. The anti-religious spirit will diffuse itself through the lower classes of society; 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 preparing in Europe. The Church, with our glorious Pontiff, Pius X., is getting ready to meet it. Therefore, God has forewarned it by the appearance of Modernism, the harbinger of irreligion. This persecution 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 Cardinal 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 Satolli 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 divers 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 professor when some great work had to be done. Together with Cardinal Pecci, the brother of Leo XIII., Cardinal 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 Predestination. He gave vogue to the theory of simultaneity, in all respects, 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 Freeman, under the pen of another brilliant 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 Theologian. 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 dedicated 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 understand the genius of Cardinal Satolli as a professor of Theology, we should see him in the professor's chair in the Theological classroom 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 representative of the whole world, and the great professor, whose burning eloquence 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 Theology. From Laval to Washington, there is to-day scarcely a Catholic college or university, but has benefited directly or remotely by the inspiring zeal of Cardinal Satolli in the great crusade of Catholic theology.

Leo XIII selected him, over fifty years ago, as a brilliant young student 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 philosophy and Theology, and in the diplomatic service."

Some of the assistants of the unfortunate to assert that at the not consider the event a nature as to create in the religious world, hear a sermon occasionally the Catholic papers, at what they contain.

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

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

Are Poison Yours

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

Echoes and

Are you going to parish societies this

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

If ever we are pleat principles of the time, it is when we withdrawing peo and Zelaya from the world.

The Socialists of B republic. Europe is governments like that States. The trouble gian and all other S they never say a Pr 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 abnorma bride may explain r too. What intending is a hearty confessor

The Herald says th Paris recently ran up \$30,000 for false hair e column relates that trelar's wedding was misplaced switch. W women learn to wea crop?

The dog that bit a people at Galt was r to the finding of the dogists. We hope th toting to do with t ever, the dog was s same plea put forth of the murderers.

A fireman recentl Court House to leave b a new helmet; thoug City Hall. Supposedly, reading the papers gi count of the Royal Co thought the Palace of proper place to find c haul was.

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