



NOTICE To Subscribers and Advertisers.

Our city collector commences this week his visits to our different subscribers and advertisers who are in arrears. We would respectfully request that all who are indebted to THE TRUE WITNESS Printing and Publishing Co. (Limited), will do their utmost to facilitate his work by settling the accounts presented. If any should find it impossible to do so when he calls, they would confer a great favor by mentioning a date when he might return and be sure of payment. This would greatly lighten his work and obviate the disagreeable necessity of calling more than once on each person whose account is due. Our readers all want a thorough Catholic paper such as THE TRUE WITNESS is to-day; it is unnecessary to argue that in order to have such an organ it is imperative that they support it—at least to the extent of paying up all arrears.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE month of September is one of special feasts in the Church. On the third Sunday the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady are commemorated; in fact the whole month is dedicated to the devotions awakened by the dolours of the Mother of Christ. On the second of September we have the Feast of St. Stephen, the martyr; on the fifth, that of St. Lawrence; on the eighth we celebrate the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; on the fourteenth, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; on the twenty-first, the Feast of St. Matthew; on the twenty-sixth, the Feasts of Saints Cyprian and Justin; on the twenty-seventh, those of Saints Cosmas and Damian; on the twenty-eighth, St. Wenceslaus; and on the thirtieth St. Jerome. It is a month of great devotions and one that should be fruitful of abundant graces.

ON MONDAY next the schools nearly all open for the coming scholastic term. A word to the parents may not be out of place under the circumstances. It is well that the pupils should attend even from the first day. Too often they are kept back, for one reason or another, and come straggling in a few days—and sometimes a week or so—after the classes have commenced. This is a great mistake and it forms a source of considerable annoyance to the teachers and is a cause of great loss to the pupils. At the beginning of the term the classes are organized and the students are classified; then the first general instructions for the year are given and the initial lessons are always of the utmost importance. If the pupils are not present the teacher is obliged to go over the same lessons and instructions for each late arrival, causing thereby a loss of time to all the others. Besides, the student that does not start out on even footing in the race cannot

expect to keep up with his companions, nor to win final laurels, unless through great exertions on his part later on. In every way you look at it the fact is obvious that the pupils who attend from the beginning afford the greatest amount of satisfaction to their teachers, to their parents and to themselves. We, therefore, repeat the request, in the names of the different schools, that the parents send their children from the very first day.

SOME time ago the C.M.B.A. Weekly undertook to fire a few shafts at us, and in our last issue we referred to those feats of archery on the part of our esteemed contemporary; but in so doing the C.M.B.A. Journal—through some mistake—got credit for the editorial witticisms of the Detroit organ. In justice to the editor of our popular C.M.B.A. Journal, we desire to rectify the error. Detroit is a city of humorists; perhaps the spirit is contagious; if so we can account for the sudden dive taken by the Weekly into the sparkling fountain of wit.

THE great match of the 25th August, between the Capitals and the Shamrocks, now belongs to the history of Canadian lacrosse. It was a grand triumph for "the boys in green," and it virtually settles the question of the championship for 1894. We had scarcely any misgivings as to the ultimate result of this year's series; but there is always a degree of anxiety and uncertainty before a battle of giants takes place. So many accidents may occur, so many slips may happen, that it is generally a difficult task to bring one's mind to a state of complete certainty on the result. But the Shamrocks have proven that they are, beyond all question, the greatest lacrosse players of the world; and we heartily and sincerely congratulate them on their triumph.

THE season of pilgrimages is over. Several friends have written to us to know if there were any more pilgrimages this year to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The last on the list took place on August 21. We may yet have very fine weather in September, and a trip on the St. Lawrence may prove quite as pleasant as in mid-summer. Although there may be no general pilgrimage, still many good Catholics might make private pilgrimages to the shrine. There is no trip more enjoyable in America—apart from the spiritual as well as temporal blessings that it affords.

THE POPE has condemned Zola's last abominable production, his novel "Lourdes." Not only is this work a tissue of miserable lies and wicked blasphemies, but even in the statements of ordinary events he is mistaken oftener than he is correct. He draws a fearful picture of the disembarkation of the maimed and dying; in the midst of the confusion there is a cry heard, "Clear the way for the Bayonne express," and

the poor creatures are kicked and hustled about in all directions to let the express train pass. The fact is that no express trains run through Lourdes station. They all stop there, so that Zola's scene is impossible. When he is so inexact about the railway trains we can judge how much confidence he deserves when treating of the supernatural.

IN THIS ISSUE we refer editorially to the subject of suicide, and point out, as one of the causes of this crime, the infidel literature of the day. The Catholic Times of Liverpool speaks as follows—and very wisely—on the question:

"Nothing can justify suicide—not 'the fear of the workhouse,' great as it may be. But there are degrees of guilt even in the perpetration of suicide. The man who commits suicide through fear of facing the consequences of his own acts is an unqualified coward. Neither the civil nor moral law can mitigate the enormity of his crime. He has had no more right to take the life that was given to him than that which was given to another. Coroners' juries are, we are afraid, responsible for at least a proportion of the suicides which take place. The fact is that many of the cases in which coroners' juries return a verdict of 'temporary insanity' are clearly cases of *felo de se*. Jurors do not, very naturally, wish to add to the poignancy of the grief of bereaved relatives. They know nothing about mental disease, and give the suicide the benefit of the doubt. But this is playing fast and loose with a very serious subject. If coroners' juries are of any value at all, and we doubt very much if they are, except to keep up the traditional existence of the oldest Court in the realm, this state of affairs should cease or be remedied."

THAT "Rock" to which we referred last week wants to know how it is that if the Irish Parliamentary party is not responsible for what others may do, how could one of its members predict boycotting in case the Evicted Tenants' Bill were rejected. It fails to distinguish between the sayings of an individual member of the party and the responsibility of that party as a whole. Moreover, it seems to think that whosoever predicts the future must necessarily be the cause of the events foretold. Nobody will hold Professor Stone Wiggins answerable for the devastations of a storm simply because he predicted it would come. The ancient prophets foretold the Redemption, but they never got credit for having brought it about. A queer specimen is the "Rock."

WHENEVER a stray Catholic rambles off into the numerous byways of Protestantism there is generally a noise made over the event, and the failure of Catholicity, the down-fall of the Church and the end of Popery are predicted. From the very beginning there have been apostates and yet the Church has not been staggered, even for one second, in her onward march. If we were to spend our time hunting up the record of every convert to the Faith and publishing details of the conversion we would have very little time left to do anything

else. Here in our own city, in the very central parish of St. Patrick's, during the past eight years there have been six hundred and seventy-five received into the Church. This year—and the year is not near over—the number of converts is forty-five. Who ever heard of these? It is not at all necessary that, when a man or woman, obeying the voice of conscience and the grace of God, turns to the source of Truth, the story—in all its details—should be heralded on all sides. But gradually, steadily, and infallibly the Church of Christ goes on augmenting in the numbers of its faithful and extending the sphere of its mighty work. Some one recently remarked that the Catholic Church was a queer institution; so it is. It is a peculiar, a unique establishment; it has no facsimile, no duplicate on earth. It is so simply because it stands alone as the One only Holy and Apostolic Church.

IT APPEARS that the Rev. C. Horner, Methodist clergyman of Pembroke, has been suspended by the members of the District Meeting, for insubordination. The decision reads that "we, the members, clerical and lay, desire to express our entire disapproval of the action of Rev. R. C. Horner in organizing a new sect." The truth is that Rev. Mr. Horner's individual interpretation of the Scriptures—his Protestant right of private judgment—is condemned because it does not agree with the equally fallible interpretations of his former co-religionists. Perhaps Mr. Horner's initial might also have caused him to fall under the suspicion of the Pembroke Methodists. "Rev. R. C. Horner" might easily be made to stand for Rev. Roman Catholic Horner. It may be possible that the gentleman has actually shown signs of a Romeward inclination—which would be even more terrible, in the eyes of his judges, than the fact of starting a new sect. Surely he has as much right as ever had Wesley, or Knox, or Calvin, or any other man, to start a sect of his own.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, who evidently aspires to succeed Edmund Yates as a cable correspondent, has very crooked views, and the Atlantic cable itself is not long enough to straighten them out. In his last to the Tribune he says: "The Irish allies of the ministry naturally begin to ask themselves where they come in. They took nothing by the last session and nothing by this. Home Rule is no nearer. It has admittedly lost ground." Who admits that it has lost ground? Two men—a disappointed politician and an ambitious correspondent—Goldwin Smith and G. W. Smalley. The former has the advantage over the latter—even if their ideas appear identical. Smith is original, he conceived the thought and he expressed it in his polished style; Smalley borrowed the idea from him and conveys it in his own halting and often uncouth phrase. They would make a good team, but should be driven tandem; side by side the whiffle-trees would not balance.