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he Dean's carriage
 his cane and hat
 ot to hand that
 and at the same
 of his activity by
 his ninety-eighth
 r his baptism Fe-
 dmother prayed:
 on is to do good,
 life; but if he is
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 one had a tomb-
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 scribed it thus:
 s Gadenze, Canon
 mms, piously de-
 in obedience to
 the Holy Roman
 apostolic Church."
 ow in ruins.

d a cheerful face
 those who pos-
 s.—Father Hayes
 a mother's sacri-
 s sorrows are
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 the class," asked
 the origin of the
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 They were writ-

The True Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS
 AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. LIX., No. 38 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910 PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Deep in Canadian Woods.

Missionary Right Royally Welcomed by Miramichi Lumbermen. Prohibition Prominent Feature in These Camps!

By Rev. R. H. Fitz-Henry.

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met
 From once bright Island flow;
 Great is the land we tread, and yet
 Our hearts are with our own!"

It was with a snatch of the grand
 old song on my lips, and with its
 warmth in my heart, that I set out
 for the lumber camps of the North
 and South branches of the poetically
 wild Renous River, Northumberland
 County, in the province of New
 Brunswick, on the Sunday before
 Christmas, late in the afternoon. I
 had promised the pastor and the
 good people of M— that I should
 in the course of the winter, do some-
 thing towards helping to pay for
 their new church; and to the woods
 strange to say, I went for money, a
 kind of big game, if you wish.

(Pat) should "heap coals of fire on
 his enemies."
 "And what does that mean, Father?"
 asked Pat.
 "Oh! it means we should pardon
 injuries and pray for our enemies."
 Pat prayed for the Jew during a
 whole hour, fervently and strongly
 "See here, Pat, you need not pray
 all day," said the priest.
 "I know that, Father, excusing
 your reverence; but I am trying to
 burn the old beggar to a cinder."

VICTIM OF MISDIRECTION.

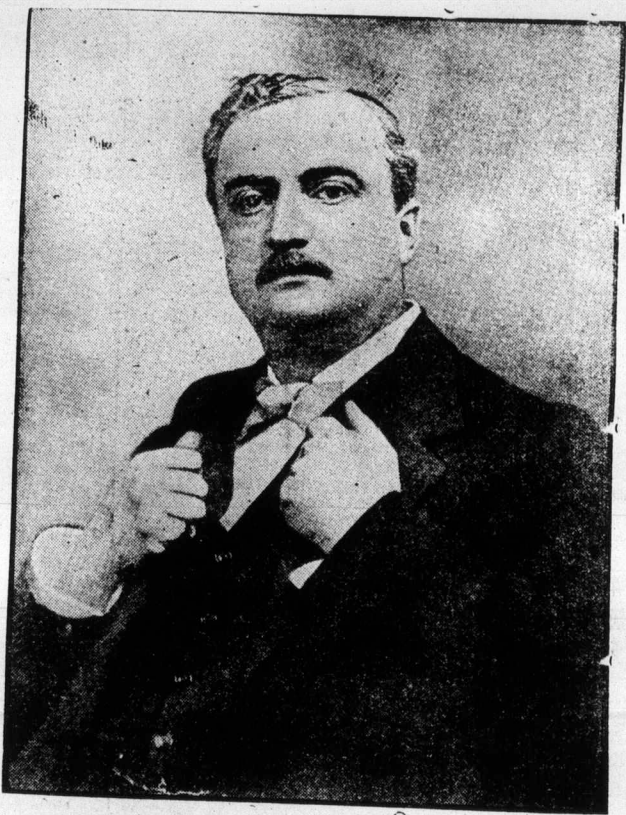
We talked furs and Hebrew for the
 rest of the way.
 At the foot of the thickly wooded
 hills, lives a parishioner, a man of
 heart and a priest's true friend. It

fine summer days, and thus was
 easily prepared for my experience
 with the Catamaran. On we went,
 passing several camps, as I could
 see by the accompanying lay-outs,
 and it was one o'clock, on Monday
 morning, that I entered the woods
 a whit, and halted at the camp of a
 good-hearted Presbyterian,
 who received me with all the hospi-
 tality of his big Scotch heart. After
 preliminaries, the cook and I dis-
 cussed politics and told stories for
 two hours. His name was Gulliver,
 and I thus had the consolation of
 meeting a wonderful traveler after a
 wonderful journey. I had not reach-
 ed Lilliput, but I was "deep in Can-
 adian woods."

Shortly after seven o'clock, I went
 down by what is known as the Red-
 bank road, and crossed Red Pine
 portage, the favorite "yarding"
 place of the moose in the days of
 ice and crust. All along I saw no-
 thing but tracks of the deer, the fox,
 the moose, and the caribou; while,
 with something of "Jasper John-
 son's" cruelty, I aroused the wood-
 hens from their comfortable sleep. It
 was fully five o'clock, in the even-
 ing, and already quite dark, when I
 reached the camp I had missed, and
 took up my first collection for the
 church at M—. I was not obliged
 to tell Mr. Whelan or his men that
 "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver,"
 for they understood the case and its
 details. After supper, we told sto-
 ries, and, as all were Catholics, we
 closed the evening's programme with
 the beads: of course, I had to read
 my office, and I must say I never
 read it with more fervor. I liked
 my surroundings.

NO LIQUOR IN CAMPS.

Here let me state, to the credit of
 the men from the Miramichi district,
 that a drop of liquor never enters
 a camp. As soon as a camp-man is
 found with it, he is forthwith thank-
 ed for his services. In consequence,
 you never, or very seldom, hear of
 an accident in the New Brunswick
 woods, on the Renous, or the Dun-
 garvon. It would be well if prohibi-
 tion could work as effectively else-
 where as it does in the Northumber-
 land forests.



MR. JOHN REDMOND, LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY.

now and then. If there are better
 men than the Catholics and Protest-
 ants of the Miramichi, I have yet to
 find them. They have no use for
 the "foreign sparrows" with bigotry
 as a text for a sermon. God bless
 them!

ALWAYS WELCOME VISITOR.

Among the men of the Miramichi,
 a priest on such an errand as mine
 is not rated as an intruder. Catho-
 lics and Protestants are glad to
 welcome God's minister, whoever he
 may be. The disease of the "priest-
 cater" is unknown among them, and
 they are willing to give their pastor
 a little more than buttons and per-
 forated nickels. The Miramichi
 priests all along have been holy and
 hard-worked men. The result of their
 labors is evident. No where else,
 either, is a Bishop more deeply re-
 spected and thoroughly obeyed. But
 one is not surprised when he remem-
 bers that Bishop Barry is their shep-
 herd.

But going through the woods has
 its hardships. I was easily consol-
 ed, when I remembered that the men
 contributing had to face wind, hail,
 snow, and storm, day after day,
 and refuse themselves the crank's
 boon of complaining. Then it is a

a priest, of course, and then because
 I am the assistant pastor of the
 great and good Father E. S. Mur-
 doch, of Renous, whose kindness has
 endeared him to Catholic and Pro-
 testant alike, and who has always
 made an honest dollar give its full
 return in the concrete.

I had the singular luck of suffering
 no accident either to Cracky or the
 sleigh. I had placed my journey un-
 der the kindly care of Our Lady, and
 she kept watch with all the love of
 the greatest of mothers. I am sure
 it was she, too, who permitted me
 to win the wayward soul of an old-
 time hunter, who lives in the forest.
 In the forest I heard his first con-
 fession, and at the very foot of the
 wood-hills, on the bank of the wild
 Renous, I said Holy Mass for him,
 and he made his first Holy Commu-
 nion. The old man shed tears of
 thankful joy, and I blessed God to
 think He had judged me worthy of
 being the humble instrument of His
 Grace.

My readers must be tired of hear-
 ing from me in the first person, with
 "I" of course, to the rescue, but
 could Cracky talk, I would give him
 a chance. In a few cases, the lan-
 guage might be more congenial, per-
 haps—not with our readers, however.
 How would you like to see three
 moose on the road, directly in front
 of you and your horse? Cracky once
 had the experience, but as he spent
 his boyhood days on a fenced clear-
 ance in the moose and deer coun-
 try, close to brooks and ravines,
 with foxes and bears as next-door
 neighbors, he was not a whit alarm-
 ed, even if one of the forest mon-
 archs did dispute the right of way
 for fully a minute, standing stalk-
 still three feet and two inches from
 Cracky's eyes.

HARDSHIP'S ABOUND.
 Amidst all my consolations, I was
 not three hours in the woods proper
 until the worst snowstorm of years
 began its work. You may be sure,
 then, that on Wednesday of my week
 of mercy I was prepared to ex-
 change my routes of travel for even
 the Montreal sidewalks. You will
 (Continued on page 8.)



GEORGE HAYES' CAMP.

It is a long drive of fourteen miles
 from the priest's house to the foot
 of the gorgeous wood-hills; the road
 is nothing to boast of; you must
 cross big Devil's Back and little Dev-
 il's Back, on your way; while, af-
 ter you leave the parish limits, there
 is hardly either a house or a barn,
 for nine long miles through the near-
 er woods. At any step in the way,
 you are liable to meet a moose or a
 deer or a caribou; foxes, partridges,
 etc., etc., are exceedingly plentiful.
 You may meet bears along the
 road, in the fall, and with all the
 ease in the world, even if the biggest
 game you generally come across is a
 squirrel. When one has grown not
 to bother with barking dogs, he can
 sum up enough courage to face a
 bear.

ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY.

It was in a box-sleigh of very primi-
 tive mould that I made that first
 triumphal march of mine into the
 New Brunswick woods, behind
 Cracky, a colt of three years and a
 few days, whose ancestors, on his
 mother's side, were Texan bronchos.
 I did not mind his name, for I was
 spared the reality it stands for, a
 boon that was not always my share.
 Cracky is as tough as a hardshell,
 as good-natured as was Sancho Pan-
 za, and as lazy as sin. Nothing can
 ruffle him,—in spite of his name,—
 not even the whip; but, for journeys
 over a narrow toting road in the
 woods, his coolness and laziness
 prove valuable assets, if you wish.
 Both accomplishments generally meet
 in the same individual, the latter
 using the former for a cloak; and,
 indeed, the coolest man I have ever
 known, once went asleep while eat-
 ing his supper, although I am told
 that a negro, a cool negro, prefer-
 red to be buried alive, rather than
 consent to work to even the extent
 of taking the jackets off his pota-
 toes at dinner. Cracky is a favor-
 ite of mine, and he nobly did his
 work.

Pardon me a diversion. I met in
 with a Jew fur trader and was glad
 to take him on board, for the
 priest's heart ought to be big enough
 to take in all men, even if some of
 the boarders prove uncomfortable for
 the stomach. As I am fairly omni-
 scient, and the Jew squarely allwise,
 we discussed every subject, from
 whiskers to Home Rule. He told
 me a story about the Irish. I did
 not like it. I was going to tell him
 about the Jewish Saints and the
 Ancient Order, but I told him this.
 There was once a Jew who had
 cheated Pat, and Pat had set about
 cursing the head and shoulders off
 him. The parish priest heard all, and
 scolded Pat, telling him that he

was nine o'clock when I left his
 house to enter the woods, so well
 armed for my long journey with in-
 formation of all kinds, that I lost



P. WHELAN'S CAMP.

my way in the last turn of road-cob-
 web; and, unknowingly, Cracky and
 myself jogged along towards what
 the hunters and the lumbermen call
 the "Little Sou West." Had I not
 made a mistake, I should have reach-
 ed Patrick Whelan's lower camp,
 just at about the time I reached a
 vacated camp on the wrong road.
 I held council with myself, consult-
 ed the colt, and decided to proceed, as
 it was evident, from the state of
 the road, that "toting" and "por-
 tagging" were carried on to quite an
 extent in and around the place, and
 evident, too, that living camps were
 in the vicinity.

My patient readers have heard the
 song of "The Preacher and the
 Bear," how a good colored pastor in
 the South (and best part) of the
 United States had gone a-hunting on
 the Sabbath, and of how, for his re-
 ward, a bear cornered him, forcing
 him to pray with fervor for the first
 time in his life. Now, I felt some-
 thing like that preacher, and was
 about to say a very fervent prayer,
 when another empty camp hove in
 sight. There I unhitched Cracky,
 led him to the camp-hovel, covered
 and fed him, while, with the aid of
 axe, wood, paper and matches, I
 built a fire for both of us, having
 prepared a bed of snow to preclude
 the possibility of a conflagration. I
 then read the remainder of the day's
 holy office I was not a whit lonesome
 for civilization. It is hard to be
 sometimes. I prefer wolves to police-
 men.

GENUINE HOSPITALITY.

When next I set out, it was not
 long before I had to ford the Cata-
 maran, a biroted brook twenty feet
 wide and three feet deep. Cracky ob-
 jected, but I assured him that he
 was safe. I had crossed Craig street,
 in Montreal, many a time, even on

On I journeyed, for a week, from
 camp to camp. Everywhere was I

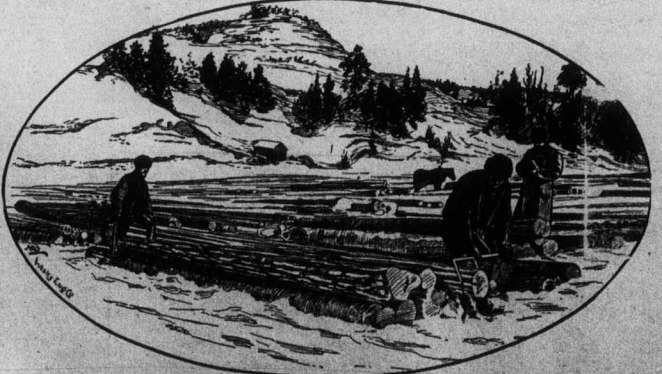


LOGGING IN THE CAMPS OF RENOUS.

welcome, because I was a priest, and
 everywhere I tried to do my share
 setting my tongue and my stories at
 the disposal of the men. I found
 it a pleasant task, for fat contribu-
 tions were the return, fat contribu-
 tions for the new church of
 our Blessed Lady at M—

Let me say again that never in
 my life have I met better-hearted
 people than are the men of the Mir-
 amichi. Irish-Canadian Catholics
 were in charge of nearly all the
 camps I visited, and Irish-Canadians
 were, perhaps, in the majority; yet
 Protestants, whether Irish, Scotch,
 or English, helped my purse as wil-
 lingly as did the men of our own
 blessed kind, while the many good
 Acadians in the camps proved as ge-
 nerous as their companions. To ad-
 just matters, I had to tell a few
 stories in French, had to act the
 priest-doctor in a few cases, make
 poultices and mix honest medicine,
 as well as lead in prayer at a meal

pleasure to find yourself among hon-
 est men. If I was so welcome and
 so well treated, it was because I am



AT WORK ON THE RENOUS.