

The True Witness

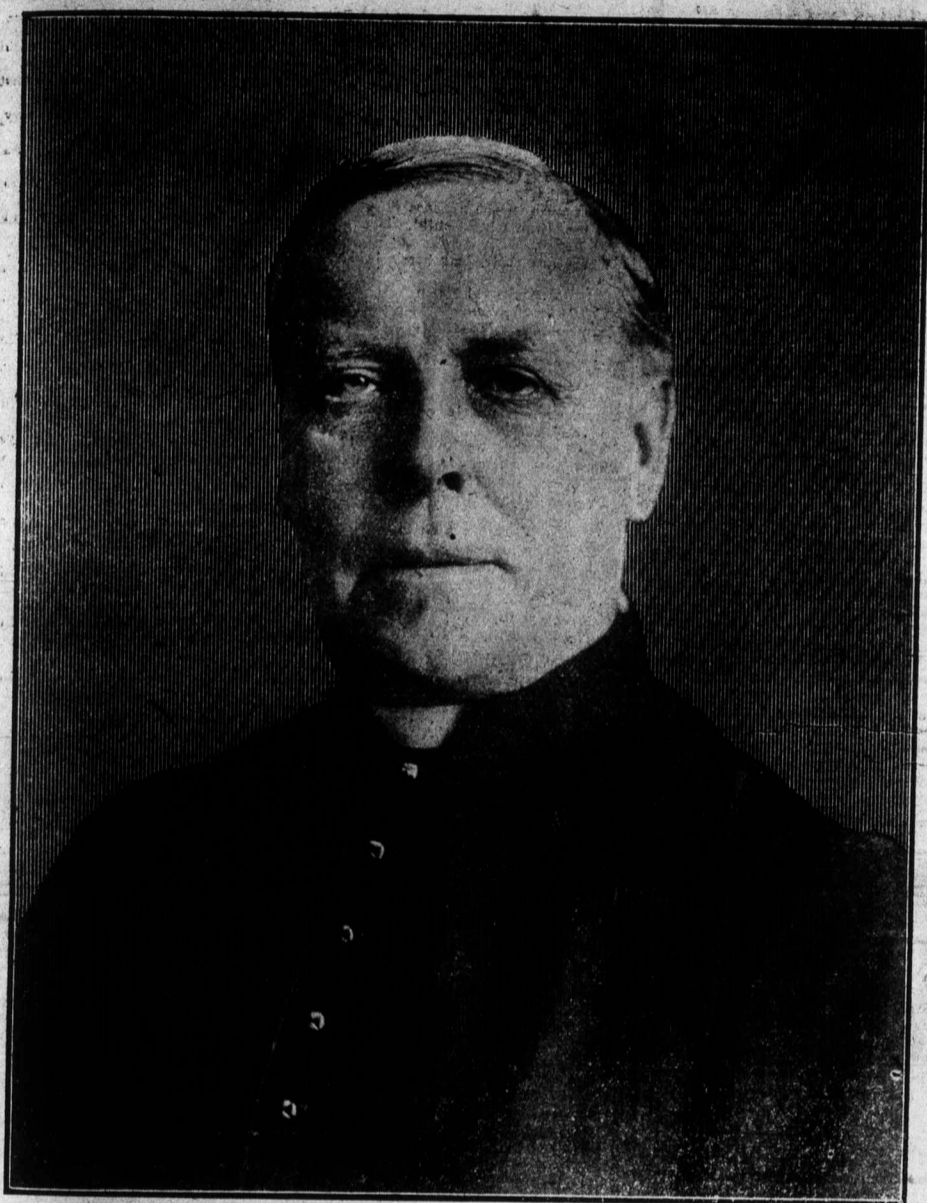


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Assemblée Législative

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN Resigns Pastoral Charge of St. Patrick's.



ifying them as such that fiction, vice fiction, is their name, and that the historical coloring given to them is from the lowest and worst type of that travesty on history to be found in modern literature. Margaret L. Sheppard, the unhappy memory of whom is not altogether obliterated from the minds of the living in this country at the present, might well envy the unenviable success of Madame Muhlbach in her unholy crusade against God's Church and her noblest children in the age of Faith.

It is little wonder that our Protestant neighbors, whose minds have been poisoned with such literature, should look upon God's holy Church as the "Scarlet Woman," and Christ's Vicar on earth as the "Man of Sin." Madame Muhlbach, like all of her kind, has a particular hatred for the Jesuits. She speaks of them and describes them in her books as men in comparison with whom Harry Orchard and Jesse James should appear like innocent infants. John D. Rockefeller, J. Gould and J. Harriman would appear but commonplace specimens of theirs. There is not one redeeming word spoken in their favor, and they are represented as a band of cutthroats and murderers, but, mysteriously enough, true to each other.

She is fond of portraying the characters of Cardinals and Popes, and when you have read her through, the reader must come to the conclusion that her Cardinals, who are represented as red-handed scoundrels, and deep-dyed murderers and publicly known profligates, are her noblest types of Catholic clergymen. Where she speaks of a Cardinal or Pope as a statesman, a diplomat, and a great churchman, you may be sure that before you have gone many chapters further she will lead you around some private corner and open up to you revelations about the private characters of these men, a closet of skeletons, that will picture them as ardent hypocrites steeped in immorality of the most shameful kind, and far more detestable than a red-handed murderer and publicly known profligate. This is the sort of literature to have widely circulated. Here is a quotation from the circular received: "These historical romances are strong, vivid stories as well as good history. No set of books published reproduce so vividly the social life of the times they describe. Do not fail to bear in mind that these are historical romances, not only bringing you into intimate touch with the greatest events in the world's history, but indelibly impressing these events on your mind through the most fascinating and diverting reading." Yes, indeed, this wretched sort of literature is far too fascinating and diverting for many of the youth of our land, and the indelible impression of the rankest sort of bigotry and intolerance is the effect.

So, dear reader, thus we see that Yankee Doodle has given us not only a godless school system, but furnishes us also with the vilest sort of infidel and anti-Catholic literature, and spreads through our land his "Digest" of the world's output of all this sort of pagan poison.

Of all the different races that have settled in this Canada of ours there are few, if any, apart from his own, that the writer esteems more than the sons and daughters of Old Scotia, and he has always looked upon the wearing of the heather on St. Andrew's Day as an event associated with pleasurable recollections, next only to the wearing of the dear little shamrock on the feast of our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick.

Canada feels justly proud of her children of Scottish extraction, and well she may, for she has had her McDonaids and McKenzies in the first places of the State, and her McDonaids and Camerons in the first places of the Church, and in spite of the fact of the existence of a narrow minded reverend preacher in Ottawa, Scotland's descendants in Canada will undoubtedly continue in the future to give noble sons to the service of both State and Church.

The reverend preacher in question is a great admirer of John Knox, who was a dandy enemy of one of Scotland's most noble queens, and who taught the blasphemous doctrine of Calvin, namely, that God was the author of all evil and for man there existed no such thing as free will. The same Knox was known to history as the "Ruffian of the Reformation." From his ideas of the people of Central Europe we may easily perceive that this Ottawa preacher is only too faithful and too subservient in his slavish adoption of the intolerant ideas of the "Ruffian of the Reformation."

This tolerant follower of John Knox believes that the British Colonians are very wrong in objecting to the pagan Japanese and Hindus, but he thinks there is every reason for us to deplore the coming to our shores of the races from Central Europe. In fact the conduct of this bigot reminds us of an incident that happened in poor old Ireland in the days of her trials and sufferings for the faith that Christ established on earth. There was a town in which the enemies of Holy Church not only gained absolute sway, but also banished from within its walls all who dared to profess loyalty to Christ's Vicar on earth, and one of these

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Clergymen—Roman Collars in all sizes.
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intolerant preachers, not unlike the reverend fellow who preached the harangue on St. Andrew's evening in Ottawa, placed a placard on the gate of the city on which he had scrawled:

"Pagan, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here
But not a Papist."
A wag, passing by wrote underneath the intolerant preacher's inscription:
"Who ever wrote this
He wrote it well,
For the same in written
On the gates of Hell."
From the Free Press we quote the following words of this reverend follower of the "Ruffian of the Reformation":

"The reverend gentleman's chief fear was for the races from Central Europe with no notion of the meaning of religious liberty."

Scotchmen need not fear because of this exceptional character among them. In the Apostolic school there was a Judas Iscariot.

On the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 27th, there was a "brilliant function at the Windsor," and it was all to aid the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

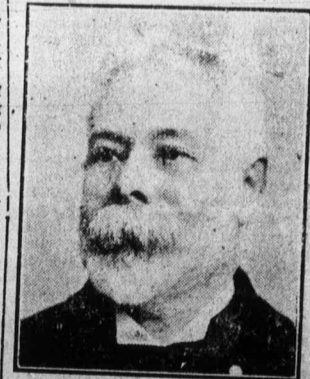
Now this function not only was a success, but also had gathered together there the elite of this city of Montreal and all of them were dressed, as we see by the report of this "function in the Evening Star, Nov. 28th, in decollete costumes. Almost coincident with this was a movement set on foot in New York City by the most prominent leaders of society there for the doing away with low necked dresses, or to put it in intelligible language, a movement among the leading lights of society to have ladies dress themselves decently before appearing in public.

Diseases and bad habits are said to be contagious at times, and it is not a consolation for us to know that the practice of common decency is becoming contagious in our own time. This reminds us of the fact that there is one place at least in the world where the half-naked female dandy is never allowed to enter and that is into audience with the helmsman of Peter's barque. Once upon a time some of the poor creatures did seek an audience with the Holy Father, and seemed to have been totally oblivious of the fact that their indecent costume would prove an insurmountable hindrance to the favor they sought for. The Cardinal whom they had approached with a view of obtaining an audience with the Holy Father reminded them of this. They seemed, however, inclined to argue the point, and expressed wonder that whereas they were admitted, as they were, to his presence, the Cardinal's presence, they should

be refused admission to an audience with the Pope. The Cardinal was equal to the occasion, and reminded these curiosity seekers that for himself this should not be wondered at, for he had in former times been a missionary in foreign lands, where he had become accustomed to admit into audience with him poor savage creatures who wore far less dress than they, the half-naked female dandies, did. This closed the incident.

MAHRTRY.

The Late Felix Carbray.



The funeral of the late Mr. Felix Carbray took place Tuesday morning and was one of the largest and most representative ever witnessed in Quebec, all ranks of society being largely represented by members of the Government, members of both Parliaments, the Judiciary, Bar, consular service, members of all the prominent local trades, the mayor and members of the City Council, Knights of Columbus, and A.O.H. The funeral service took place in St. Patrick's Church, and the interment in St. Patrick's cemetery. The principal mourners were the three sons of the deceased; Messrs. H. J. W. Carbray, of Montreal; W. J. Carbray, and T. Carbray, of Quebec; Messrs. Carroll, of Montreal, and Connor, of Boston, sons-in-law, and grandsons.

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New Appointments.

Rev. Gerald J. McShane, D.D. Pastor.
Rev. T. O'Reilly and
Rev. F. R. Singleton, Curates

have the consolation of knowing that he will be still within their reach. While expressing here our regret, we at the same time fully realize how welcome will Father Martin be within the walls of St. Sulpice, whose worthy son he is, without whose portals it always seems as though sorrow was bidden to remain, while just beyond its threshold all is peace and tranquillity.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan is a native of Montreal, having been born in this city sixty-two years ago. He received his primary education at the Christian Brothers' School, afterwards making his classical and theological course at the Montreal College, and shortly after his ordination as a Sulpician he went to Issy, France, to fulfil the entire routine of the order of St. Sulpice.

REV. L. CALLAGHAN.



The Rev. Luke Callaghan, who has been for the past four years assistant priest at St. Patrick's, has been

appointed as almoner to St. Patrick's new Orphan Asylum, Outremont.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we witness the retirement of Rev. Father Martin Callaghan as pastor of St. Patrick's. For thirty-five years, or almost from the time of his ordination, he has been engaged in the active ministry there, first as curate, and for the past four years as pastor, always proving himself an earnest worker and a devoted priest. He was, most of all, the children's friend, and it was in their midst that he was seen at his best. His voice was raised in every good cause; the Catholic press being a special object of his thought, and as a tribute we must say that he was one of the kindest friends of the True Witness, whose interests he always sought to further.

Gentle and extremely modest, he was at times, unfortunately, misunderstood, but it can truly be said of him that his heart was ever to be found in the right place. A good priest, the children's friend, a sympathizer with the poor and afflicted, he has fulfilled his duties, and now after almost forty years of faithful service in God's Church, he retires to his community, where the prayers of his many friends will follow him, and where, while continuing to perform his sacred duties, we know he will remember his people, who regret his departure from among them, but who

Note and Comment.

In last week's issue of this column we called attention to the prevalence of the pernicious sort of literature to be found in the public libraries of Ontario. We laid particular stress on the writings of Marie Gorelli and merely mentioned the name of Madame Muhlbach. We also called attention to a journal pretty widely circulated in this country, known as

the Literary Digest, and its propagation of infidel literature. We mentioned an advertisement announcing under particularly enticing circumstances the works of the atheist Voltaire. The writer is just in receipt of a postal package from this same Literary Digest in which we are invited to decorate our library with Madame Muhlbach's "Immoral and anti-Catholic trash." The volumes in question are to be found in most of the public libraries of Ontario that

the writer has any personal knowledge of. The Literary Digest styles them the "Library of Historical Romances," and they are put up in eighteen volumes. Now Marie Monk and Father Chiquiquy are mere tyros in their efforts to give vent to all the vile filth of malicious hearts against the Catholic Church in comparison with Madame Muhlbach. Her books are historical fiction, indeed, but when the reader is reading them he should bear in mind that in clas-

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