

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908.

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

EASTER SUNDAY.

Religion brings joy the whole year round—on no day, however so much joy as on glorious Easter morn. The very grave exults with hope fulfilled and sorrow changed. Religious joys are chaste and pure—opening up the soul to God and drawing God to the soul as its life, its crown and perfection. No hymn of praise through the circling calendar is so far above the taint of sense and time as the Alleluia which hails the risen Saviour standing over His open sepulchre. All the sorrow, of death, all the pain of pierced limbs and thorn-crowned head, all the dolors of the grieving Mother by the Cross, are swallowed up in the victory of the resurrection. The hour of weakness and suffering is gone; emancipation at long last has come to the weary world. But we started with the joys of Easter; let us continue. Easter is no doubt, the great day of freedom and emancipation; it is, however, a day of joy. There is the joy of Jesus Himself. No longer the Man of Sorrows—no marks of the thorns upon His brow, He is majestic and calm in the language which kindles His face with gentle smile and fills His eyes with tenderest love. His look is so divine, so royal and yet so human, that it wins without terrifying and charms without commanding. Jesus Risen, as He said! His Divinity shines through all the features with masterful majesty, and a gladness so bright that we stoop to worship it. The floodgates of the Godhead are opened to fill the human soul and overflow upon the glorified Body with inexpressible and unending joy. Easter was not our Lord's first joy nor will the resurrection be our first joy. Like our loving Saviour we shall have a trail of joys like meteors following us through darkness.

The Incarnation was a joy. What was the thrill of that human soul so wonderfully, personally united to the Adorable Word! What was its ecstasy as in its consciousness it gazed into the majesty of God the Son, and knew at its first glance that it itself was the soul of the Word-made-flesh! The delight that it was so inextricably enriched with the created gifts of the Holy Spirit; the delight our Lord had in worshipping God, in having Mary for His Mother—and countless other joys like light from those great centres streamed across the sky of our Lord's blessed soul continuously. They brightened the shadow of the Cross, and when all else abandoned Him these joys came to His support in Gethsemani's agonizing prayer and Calvary's breaking Heart. None of the joys were like those of the Resurrection, or more correctly speaking, all the joys met in this overpowering ecstasy—sunshine after rain, victory after combat—all the joy at seeing His Mother now and the sword of sorrow gone from her soul forever more—the thought that He had finished His tremendous

work—that He had glorified His Father—all that He had suffered had now come back to Him as bread upon the water—surely all the joys of the Sacred Heart were renewed a thousandfold in the Resurrection. It was like a new Incarnation—not that the Person was changed or the human nature—but the glory of the Sonship had come in all its fulness. We must not be understood that He was less the Son of God before Easter morn, in the crib of Bethlehem or on Good Friday—or when He lay in His grave waiting the dawn of His eternal day. He was always the begotten Son. On Easter morn the fire was kindled afresh with the glory of triumph and the gladness of that Pilgrim who having sojourned here for our sake was making His immediate preparation to return to His Father. Our dearest Lord, however, had another Easter joy—He thought of us; He rose for our justification. What gladness to Him that He is our Redeemer! If we wish to share in His joy, if we wish to add to it, we must rise to newness of life and imitation of our dearest Lord. In these days when by modernists the resurrection of Christ is openly denied as impossible we must make acts of faith in it as the crown and seal of our Redeemer's Divinity and as the type of our own future rising from the dead. What a joy for us when we shall stand over our open grave—what a new joy it will be for that dearest Lord that His work has not failed in us, that His mercy is crowned and that we are home with Him through the eternal Easter. That will, let us hope, be our Easter when for the first time we, unprofitable servants, look upon our Master's welcome face.

MAY DAY.

A very ardent invitation has been issued by the Secretary of the May Day Conference calling upon his fellow workers to celebrate the day with appropriate demonstration. If we may judge by the circular this means the red flag, and wordy war against capitalism. It is an appeal to the thinking, struggling and intelligently discontented workers of the world to show their discontent, their aspiration, their demand, their feeling of unity with their fellow-workers of every land; their defiance to oppressors and oppression of every sort. These may not be all the themes of speakers or items of the programme. There may be others—but the coup de theatre is discontent and defiance. The most deplorable and threatening feature of the present social outlook is the discontent of the working classes. Discontent may be used for the purpose of self-advancement. In these cases lack of this sentiment is the strong determination of not disturbing things around them, but of stepping higher. Too frequently discontent is either aggravated jealousy or demagogic attempts at social upheaval. We have deep sympathy with the struggling workers and bread winners of our own land and of every other. Our heart is larger than our head. We acknowledge the hardships of their lot, the increasing difficulty of the whole situation, and the disturbing influence their condition exerts upon the character of individuals and the prosperity of the nation. Our sympathy is aroused; but our judgment is not even moved by the socialistic endeavors to aggravate the discontent. So far as we can form an opinion we think Socialists are barking up the wrong tree. Instead of improving the laborer's position they are making it worse. Worse it is, as no one will deny, and more from the Socialists' growling and complaining about capital and the unhome-like habits the working classes have acquired by the very same cause. It is the old story of Rome when the plebeians went out from the city, sulking because the patricians had privileges which they did not possess. The table of the belly and the members is just as applicable to-day as in that first age of the Eternal City. What can the aspirations of any discontented class be? There is power enough in Canada to remedy wrongs. No one is obliged to work at a trade in which there is not a fair wage. There is land enough for all the discontented aspiring workmen to go settle and build homes for themselves. We have a Minister of Labor whose duty and pleasure it is to adjust disputes. If May Day orators and leaders of labor generally would turn their attention to the other side of the question, see how they can secure cheap housing for the workmen, how they can otherwise improve the artisans' conditions they will do much for the benefit of all—for the security of business and the stability of the country. Work is always the lot of the majority, nor do we for our part

work—that He had glorified His Father—all that He had suffered had now come back to Him as bread upon the water—surely all the joys of the Sacred Heart were renewed a thousandfold in the Resurrection. It was like a new Incarnation—not that the Person was changed or the human nature—but the glory of the Sonship had come in all its fulness. We must not be understood that He was less the Son of God before Easter morn, in the crib of Bethlehem or on Good Friday—or when He lay in His grave waiting the dawn of His eternal day. He was always the begotten Son. On Easter morn the fire was kindled afresh with the glory of triumph and the gladness of that Pilgrim who having sojourned here for our sake was making His immediate preparation to return to His Father. Our dearest Lord, however, had another Easter joy—He thought of us; He rose for our justification. What gladness to Him that He is our Redeemer! If we wish to share in His joy, if we wish to add to it, we must rise to newness of life and imitation of our dearest Lord. In these days when by modernists the resurrection of Christ is openly denied as impossible we must make acts of faith in it as the crown and seal of our Redeemer's Divinity and as the type of our own future rising from the dead. What a joy for us when we shall stand over our open grave—what a new joy it will be for that dearest Lord that His work has not failed in us, that His mercy is crowned and that we are home with Him through the eternal Easter. That will, let us hope, be our Easter when for the first time we, unprofitable servants, look upon our Master's welcome face.

envy the lot of the unemployed. Capital has its duty to fulfill to society as well as to its workmen. Both capital and labor are preparing for a death struggle. Both are wrong, for the one grows more selfish and grasping whilst the other walks brooding and threatening under the mistaken notion that labor is all and capital nothing. Money, irreligion, materialism, low ideals are some of the errors leading up to all this disturbing cause—whose consequences have not yet been drawn in the logic of events and the markets of human activity. The circular complains that exploiters "are planning and reducing wages and enriching themselves by forcing the workers into still worse poverty"; that "the signs of the general industrial oppression continue to accumulate," and that "the shut-downs, shutouts, and layoffs will continue as long as capitalism lasts." No one will deny that there is much truth in these querulous statements. We cannot expect that the day is at hand when exploiters are extinct. As long as selfishness is a motive in the human heart, so long will there be wrong-doing and oppression in industry and in supply and demand by which the world is ever largely governed. The law which but for selfishness might keep the relations between men fairly balanced, is continually disturbed by the greed and exaction of selfishness. Nor is the evil less attributable to the erroneous theories about money and wages advocated since the rise of Protestantism. It was not that Protestantism had any view upon the subject, for there was the entire want of principle. Destroying the working guilds, Protestantism never replaced them by fostering union of any kind amongst laborers. In those days money had not the artificial value which it has since acquired and which serves as a snare to entice and deceive workmen. Industry received a tremendous impetus from the introduction of machinery and later from collectivism in capital. By both of these interventions of talent and energy labor was, notwithstanding some compensation, legislated against. Machinery is labor-saving and trusts are organizations for economizing service. Labor thus thrown out in the improvements of the times, feels aggrieved, complains, quarrels and threatens. No good can come of it all. No union can be maintained upon principles of division and sentiments of hatred. If capital and labor would come together on May Day, and in free speech and devoted patriotism, explain their various positions and complaints—lay aside, the one its unbending silence, the other its bitterness—good might come of it for both classes and the country at large. The call to workmen alone is foreboding. "Come," says this secretary, "with your organizations, carry your flags, come in the spirit of comrades and fighters for freedom, and rally for another year's advance." Such language cannot be too severely condemned, for the spirit which animates it is unpatriotic and anarchistic. There is no want of freedom in this country—no privileged class, no oppression of the poor. We want no flag on May day except the common flag of all citizens. We want no strangers coming to our cities sowing dissension, talking license and calling it freedom. We want fair play all round. We wish law and order observed, and we look to the officers of the city for this first act of freedom in flag carrying, in speech-making and in the good name of Montreal.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Perhaps the most gorgeous spectacle case in the world, says the London Sphere, is the one given as a jubilee present to the Pope. It was designed and made by the Papal optician to the late Pope Leo XIII. for sixteen years, and who is also optician and spectacle maker to the present Pope, Pius X. The casket is surmounted with a perfect facsimile of the Papal arms. The tiara or triple crown, keys and stole are beautifully worked out in the finest gold. On a shield appears in enamel the Pope's crest, and at each side a translation in Gaelic pierced in gold letters of the Pope's name. The base on which the casket rests is composed of slabs of the finest Connemara and Cork marbles.

Mild in Their Action.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there at so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

Samuel Lover.

The County Dublin Association of Boston commemorated the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birth of Samuel Lover recently with a concert and lecture. The discourse was delivered by Peter A. Conroy, vice-president of the Association.

Mr. Conroy recalled the achievements in art, literature and music of our race who by their natural talents (often exercised under the most disadvantageous conditions) reflect credit upon the land which gave them birth, and who have left us a glorious heritage, of which we may well be proud.

Samuel Lover, poet, novelist, dramatist, etcher and composer, was born in Dublin on Feb. 24, 1797. He was the eldest son of a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange and was a delicate, precocious and sensitive child, possessing, however, that greatest of life's blessings, a good mother, to whom in a great measure he was indebted for his success. Almost before he could reach the keyboard of the piano he exhibited aptitude for music and composition. His early years being spent amid scenes of violence and bloodshed in consequence of the military occupation of our unfortunate country left an indelible impression on his youthful mind.

At the age of 13 years we find him, much against his will, entering the office of his father, whose wish it was that he should follow in his own footsteps in his chosen profession and who had no sympathy with his youthful drawings. All the lad's leisure moments and much of the time that he was expected to give to his office duties was spent in drawing, music and writing theatrical entertainments.

In the year 1815 the young man went forth into the world to carve out his own fortune in his own way. The three following years he spent in obscurity, living as best he could on small donations furnished by his mother. Those years were spent in studious observation of the great men of his time and in serious efforts to secure their approbation and patronage. He studied painting and music and was largely assisted by the friendship of Comerford, who ranked among the foremost portrait painters of the period, and succeeded even beyond his own expectations in that direction.

The excellence and delicate finish of his miniatures soon attracted attention at the annual exhibitions of the Hibernian Academy and won for him the patronage of the leaders in Dublin society. At this time he began to contribute to the Dublin magazines some of his inimitable tales and legends. Though handicapped by a naturally feeble voice, he was enabled to overcome this weakness by wonderful gifts he possessed as a story teller and the drollery and pathos he was capable of throwing into it. Combined with these gifts his personal qualities were such as to gain for him an entrance into the best and most exclusive drawing-rooms in Dublin, where he soon became one of the recognized social lions of the capital.

In 1827 he married a Miss Berrill. Home became the anchorage which enabled him to ride in safety through many a sudden gust of trouble and many a swaying tide of passion. In 1828 he was appointed secretary to the Royal Hibernian Academy. His miniature of Paganini, the violinist, made on the occasion of that artist's visit to Dublin in 1832, and exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy, brought him prominently before the English public. For many years he had looked to London as the most favorable arena for the exhibition of his abilities, and accordingly removed there in 1834.

It was, however, as a song writer and novelist, not as a painter, that he became popular. His reception in the leading literary circles was most flattering. He began novel writing in 1836, his first book being "Rory O'More." His song of "Rory O'More," written at the suggestion of Lady Morgan and wedded to an old Irish tune, made his fame on both sides of the channel.

His second work, "Handy Andy," though somewhat coarse, is incomparably the best and most brilliant of its class. The hero, Andy Rooney, had the knack of doing everything the wrong way, disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends.

While the story is brimful of wit and humor, yet it contains what is considered his most touching song, "What Will You Do, Love."

Another song, taken from "The Songs of Handy Andy," must not be forgotten in passing. It is the last tune played by all military bands on their departure for foreign service. I refer to the "Girl I Left Behind Me."

Then there is a song, both the words and music of which Lover composed, and which was first published by Duff and Hodgson, London, as No. 8 of the "Songs of Handy Andy." This is "Widow Macree, It's No Wonder You Frown."

Lover had far greater success as a song writer than in anything else he undertook, but his lyrics, beautiful as some of them are, never made capital for him, as worse lyrics for song writers not to be compared

with him have done in later days, and of them all, none was sweeter than "Molly Bawn."

Like many others of our Irish poets, Lover used to advantage in his writings the quaint superstitions of the peasantry, one in particular which spoke of a beautiful child, who from no apparent cause, sickened and died after being stolen by fairies. This legend he has immortalized in "The Fairy Boy."

An Irish peasant maid in the heyday of her youth with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half alluring, half shy expression and the soft lulling intonation of her cooing and brogue, is quite irresistible and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a deluding tongue. Lover makes this the theme of his song, "I'm Not Myself At All."

The peasantry of Ireland are emotional and sentimental, but though there seems to exist a widespread impression that strong, passionate, masterful love is a characteristic of the Irish temperament, love-making in Ireland is really a calm business. Poets of every age and every clime have used love as their theme, and Lover was no exception. Regarding his song, "Molly Carew," the air of which both himself and Hardiman attribute to Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, but do not state their authority, he writes: "The intensely Irish character of the air stimulated me to endeavor that the words should partake of that quality and the rapid replication of the musical phrases made me strive after as rapid a ringing of rhyme of which our early bards were so fond."

The boys sometimes have a great deal of trouble in inducing the girls to agree to "getting the words said," as the marriage ceremony is colloquially described. In one case I have heard of a farm servant told by the girl to whom he proposed that his wife was too much attached to her mother, and her mother to her, to think of getting married. "Arrah, sure no husband could equal me mother in kindness," said she. "Oh," exclaimed the boy, "be my wife and sure we can all live together, and see that I don't bate your mother." He could not have meant that he would ill-use the mother; that was only his Irish way of putting things, for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. Lover gives us an instance of this method of wooing in his characteristic song, "Barney O'Hea."

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking with the angels, and was made use of by Lover in his song, "The Angels' Whisper," published in 1840. The air under the title, "Mary, do You Fancy Me," is in Bunting's Ancient Irish Melodies, volume 1, issued early in the century.

The Shamrock is always represented by three leaves on one stem. There is a very rare specimen, however, known as the four-leaved shamrock, which is supposed to endow the finder with magic power and is of course much sought after. It is the subject of a beautiful poem by Lover, "The Four Leaved Shamrock."

An Irish country gentleman was applied to by a laborer for a certificate of character. The man wrote a very flattering one. The laborer spelled through it, scratched his head and remained silent. "Well," said the man, "don't you consider it favorable enough?" "Oh, no, sir, not that, sure it couldn't be better—but—" "But what?" angrily inquired the man. "Begorra, sir," was the reply. "I was just thinkin' that your honor might give me something to do yourself on the strength of that recommendation." This is a sample of what is known as Irish blarney, about which Lover wrote and which was published as a song sheet in Dundee about the year 1814.

Toward the close of 1835 Lover began writing drama with his "Olympic Picnic." An adaptation of "Rory O'More" followed and was succeeded by "The White Horse of the Peppers," "The Happy Man," and others now less known.

Lover next became a public entertainer, and in 1846 he carried his "Irish Evenings" from the United Kingdom to America, where he made money but suffered in health. It was in this year that his song "There is a Gentle Gleam," together with the air, was published.

There are many kinds of cars used in Ireland. There is one in particular used by the peasantry in bringing their wares to market, which was made famous by Lover in his song, "The Low Backed Car," the air of which is merely a slightly altered setting of "The Jolly Ploughman." The date assigned to Lover's song in the British Museum Library is 1850, but it probably appeared a few years earlier.

Failing health marked the latter days of the poet, and a civil list pension of £100 was settled upon him. The last four years of his life were spent in retirement in Jersey and there he died on July 6, 1868.

As an author of stories Lover was at his best in "Rory O'More." On that he founded a triple glory, and "Rory O'More," in song, story and drama was the greatest success of the day.

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