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The True



Witness

Vol. LVI.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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Assemblée Legislative

The Real Evil Genius of the French Crisis.

"The tragic ordeal which the Church is undergoing at this moment is far from being an accident, but it is the result of a conspiracy which originated some thirty years ago."

Quoting these words, M. Ines Delafosse, member for Calvados in the French Chamber, opens an able and thoughtful study of the French crisis in the well-known paper, Le Correspondent, of Paris.

Since the days of Jules Ferry down to the proscription of the congregations by M. Combes, the policy of successive ministries almost without exception, has been avowedly anti-Christian. The man who is more than anyone else responsible for the impious propaganda is the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau, whose memory even the opponents of the French Government are wont at this time to surround with something like a halo of statesmanship, and to cite as having been entirely opposed to anything in the nature of frenzied anti-clericalism. The vulgarity of his successors and their want of decency and tact have indeed lent some respectability to the memory of a man whose attitude was always "correct." Nevertheless, his work remains; he was its incarnation, and it is not to be denied that his demagoguery gave the present impulse of anti-Christian, anti-military and anti-national sentiment to their numerous exponents.

Despite his rearing in a Catholic family, he found himself at an early age without religion and an opportunist of the pronounced type, and it was as leader of an opportunist party that he was able to introduce his measure against the Church.

A true disciple of Gambetta, it was to this politician he owed his elevation to parliamentary office. On his "arrival," everyone spoke of the advent of a strong man, so outwardly calm and dispassionate the new statesman appeared. Yet, says M. Delafosse, who knew the man well, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was not at all the man his exterior seemed to show. To see him and to listen to his dispassionate outcry, one would imagine him to be a strong man. His methods, his demeanor, his attitude, his indifference were only, however, the masks that concealed timidity, irresolution, limpness of character and a singular incapacity for sustained effort. He was a moral pervert, with no conception of a religious scruple. He looked upon law much as a gladiator looks upon his opponent, as something to grapple with and if possible to destroy.

He was, moreover, deceived in the passionate admiration paid him by a large circle of political friends. These men supported him in order to make use of his personal prestige. They, and not he, drew up the principal clauses of the new programme of "reform." Waldeck-Rousseau only accorded his signature.

At the inauguration of the hysterical anti-Christian policy, his moderate friends of former times withdrew from his coteries, with the result that their erstwhile comrade, smothered by their reproaches and smarting under their attacks, only became all the more active in promoting a policy which should demonstrate their weakness and his strength. So, then, the truth remains that France is to-day being dechristianized, solely on account of the personal ambition and desire for revenge of one individual!

It was about the time of the reopening of the Dreyfus case that the Socialist party made their offer of political support, which was accepted by Waldeck-Rousseau. On his debut in politics, he had distinguished himself by a violent harangue against the progress of Socialism, and till he found the party useful, was never backward in denouncing them and their propaganda.

The occasion arising in which Socialist support was essential to his policy, he readily made concessions to the party, which, with its strong Masonic infiltration, is answerable for the powerful atheistic fanaticism that is brought to bear

upon the actual crisis.

It would be wrong to say, nevertheless, that Waldeck-Rousseau was in any sense a leader of this fusion of Radicals and Socialists. He possessed neither the qualities of character, nor the moral convictions, nor the requisite passions which distinguish great leaders of men. And it was precisely on account of his extreme flexibility and his susceptibility to adroit flattery that enabled the Freemasons and the Socialists to make him at the same time their facile instrument.

Freemasonry in particular made him subservient to its ends at its own sweet will. This Freemasonry is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of modern times. It is a power almost sovereign, and yet there is nothing in it indicative of great intellectual power. Even to its very rites, it is puerile and ridiculous. Yet its strength lies in the very fact that its members are mediocrities, a class of people which provides a mean between the people and the world, and which keeps away from popular ignorance just as it avoids the other extreme of high culture. It is composed of exactly that social body which knows that there is a body above it, and which it profoundly hates. High intellect among its members is rarely found.

It is, in its theory, full of humanitarian expressions and brimful of love and benevolence towards mankind, a theory which, however, fails to demonstrate itself in practice. Despite the protestations of fraternity, it is in reality a sect that knows neither love nor pity. It is a corporation and consequently possesses no soul.

Freemasonry was, however, the soul of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's majority, and it took up with fierce avidity as its war-cry the savage war-whoop of Gambetta: "Clericalism is the enemy." Intent on despoiling the congregations, it gradually brought Waldeck-Rousseau to the view that "the cause of the people" could only be advanced by the destruction of the congregations and the assurance that the coming generations should be brought up in ignorance of God. Above all, there was needed money to educate the people to a sense of the high mission of democracy, and the destruction of the Church would liberate \$200,000,000! Waldeck-Rousseau made the fatal pronouncement at Toulouse, in which he promised the cause of Demagoguery the sum in question, and after that the fate of the religious orders in France was sealed.

It was asserted that if he wished to retain the support of the Socialists party, M. Waldeck-Rousseau should carry out the programme of detroning not only Catholicity, but Christianity. For all religion is opposed to Socialism. It teaches resignation. Waldeck-Rousseau drew and the true Socialist, is he who wants man to be ever in revolt against the hardships and sorrows of our terrestrial life which is according to him, the final end of man. And so, on the eve of his resignation, Waldeck-Rousseau drew up the famous, or rather infamous, law against the congregations, committing the execution of its measures to M. Combes, his successor, who has always had one answer to his critics, namely, that "he is carrying out the expressed intentions of the author of the law."

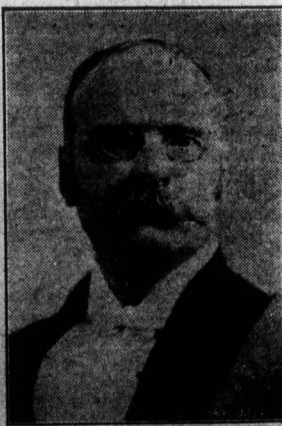
Though Rousseau never contradicted his successor's assertions, he went down to the Chamber shortly before his death, in order, it was said, to mitigate if possible the rabid animosities displayed by the anti-clerical party. He informed the Chamber that there was no need to proceed to violent measures against the Church. In a vague and fugitive way, he sought to throw the onus of his measures upon his successors. His speech drew the memorable reply from Clemenceau, that he (Rousseau) was alone responsible for the originating of the Law; that he had put France on the road to secularization, and that there was no retrogression. This, says M. Delafosse will be the verdict of history.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau started rolling all the instruments of oppression and destruction which have so tragically changed the face of the nation, its customs, its spirit and its mind. He was the inaugurator of a policy which France would never have supported if he had not imposed it upon parliament, and the creator of a host of narrow-minded and time-serving statesmen who, but for him, could never have reached to power. He it was who fathered the anti-militarist propaganda by appointing General Andre chief of the French army. Socialism is stronger to-day in France than in any other country, simply because he took it to his side and worked through its support. Freemasonry is mistress of the State, because he became the instrument of its most destructive aims against the Christian religion. His legacy to France is one of unrest, of uncertainty, of internecine animosities and the unsettling of the economic equilibrium and the social balance in the whole nation. If any apology can be made for a man who in dealing with the members of his private circle, had the reputation of being at least just, it can only be found in the probability that Waldeck-Rousseau was mentally incapable of foreseeing the tremendous results of the policy he had inaugurated. His was a mind which had been ruined by the sophistries of men who posed as economic reformers, but who were in reality self-seekers clever enough to impose their views upon a man whose mind was incapable of mathematical deductions of a profound kind.

The chiefs of great States are not men whose errors are to be excused on the ground that their intentions were good. Feebler human nature may have some claim to have its mistakes pardoned; leaders of men have less right to this excuse. At the very least, men with the first glimmering of statesman-like prudence are expected to realize that there are external and unchanging principles of morality against which it is fatal to fight, and which cannot be betrayed without bringing down condign judgment. All the evils of the present crisis are to be laid at his door. France would never have followed, had it not been given a lead. In the last few days of his life he seems to have had a true understanding of the nature of his work, if we may judge by his political testament which was found among his papers. He particularly insisted in that document that his successor, the Prime Minister, M. Combes, should not pronounce his funeral oration. This would seem to have been on the part of Waldeck-Rousseau some indication that his last days had been clouded with a remorse that hastened the end. It is indeed the only indulgence one can accord to the man who has placed the condition of France in its tragic position of to-day.

EX-JUDGE DOHERTY

Succeeds Late Dr. Hingston. Goes on the City and District Savings Bank Directorate.



HON. C. J. DOHERTY.

Hon. Charles J. Doherty, ex-judge of the Superior Court, will represent the O'Brien estate holdings on the directorate of the City and District Savings Bank, replacing the late Sir William Hingston. The Board of Directors is now complete, and is as follows: J. A. Oulmet, Hon. R. Mackay, E. M. Molson, R. Boulter, R. Archer, M. Burke, Hon. R. Dandurand, A. P. Hebert, G. W. Moncel, N. De Lisle and Hon. C. J. Doherty.

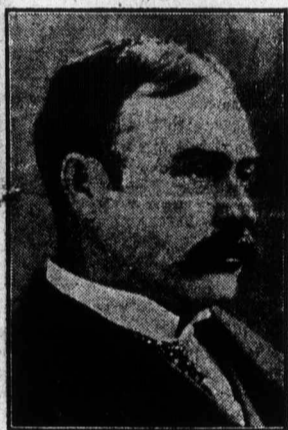
Death of Dr. William Henry Drummond.

The Noted Author Passed away at Cobalt.

William Henry Drummond, M.D., the Canadian poet, who has delighted countless Canadians, citizens of the United States, and England, died last Saturday at Cobalt.

Dr. William Henry Drummond was, at the time of his death, within one week of attaining his fifty-third year, he having been born at Currawin House, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, on April 13, 1854. He was a son of the late George Drummond, an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and received his early education in his native county, his life until he was eleven years of age being passed on the wild western coast of Ireland. It was there that his intense love of nature and his fondness for outdoor pleasures was imbibed. He then came to Canada with his parents, and was further educated at the Montreal High School and at McGill University, afterwards studying medicine at Bishop's College, from which he graduated in 1884. He was for some years engaged in general practice in Montreal, holding at the same time the chair of medical jurisprudence in the medical faculty of his alma mater.

The deceased gentleman was stricken with paralysis a few days ago, and while his condition seemed im-



THE LATE DR. W. DRUMMOND.

proved, he never actually was out of danger since the first seizure.

In Montreal, where he was so well known and beloved, he will be especially missed—but outside Montreal, in the distant hamlet and village—in the far off places where the people did not know his genial personality but had had their hearts softened and their eyes moistened by the pathos and beauty of such poems as "Johnnie Courteau," "Wreck of the Julie Plante," "De Papineau Gun," "Pelang," "De nice little Canadienne," in how many of these places will there not be a sigh of regret, a lingering sadness for the death of this kindly, true, great hearted Canadian.

Dr. Drummond died at the Drummond Mine, in the house of the superintendent of the mine, at 10.40 Saturday morning. The end came quietly and peacefully. At the bedside were gathered Mrs. Drummond, wife of the poet; T. J. Drummond, his eldest brother; Dr. Craig and Dr. Bell, of Montreal, and Dr. Schmidt, the local physician.

The stroke came on Monday, April 1st, since which time Dr. Drummond never thoroughly regained consciousness.

His brother and Dr. Bell came from Montreal to his bedside on Tuesday, and Mrs. Drummond arrived on Wednesday, and they had been in attendance ever since. The funeral took place at St. George's Church on Monday at 2.30 p.m., and was attended by a very large concourse of people.

Dr. Drummond's last public appearance in Montreal was at the annual dinner of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, held at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of Monday, March 18th. The well-known writer was received with great applause, and told his audience a number of good stories. The following patriotic Irish poem, and perhaps the last of Dr. Drummond's literary work, was read by him on that occasion:

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
A few kind words from
The Sisters of Misericorde.
"Having made use of Abbey's Salt for some time in our Hospital, we are pleased to say that it is a very good medicine in cases of indigestion."
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

BRENNAN'S

Just a few Reminders for Spring Buying.

Our lines of new Neckwear are now complete, which means, we offer one of the most up-to-date lines of Men's Ties at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 in all the newest colorings and Styles.

Special Gloves, Tan and Grey, \$1.00. Hats, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, and \$5.00. Caps, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

1-4 SIZE COLLARS. SHIRTS TO ORDER.

BRENNAN'S

7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST.

WE'RE IRISH YET.

What means this gathering to-night
What spirit moves along
The crowded hall, and touching light
Each heart among the throng,
Awakes as tho' a trumpet blast
Had sounded in their ears,
The recollections of the past,
The memories of the years?

O! 'tis the spirit of the west,
The spirit of the Celt,
The breed that spurned the alien
breast,
And every wrong has felt—
And still, tho' far from fatherland,
We never can forget
To tell ourselves with heart and
hand,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn,
Would understand, but fail,
The mystic music played upon
The heart-strings of the Gael—
His ear, and his alone can tell
The soul that lies within,
The music which he knows so well,
The voice of Kith and Kin.

He hears the tales of old, old days,
Of battle fierce by ford and hill,
Of ancient Serach's martial lays,
And race unconquered still—
It challenges with mother's pride
And dares him to forget
That tho' he cross the ocean wide,
He's Irish yet! He's Irish yet!

His eye may never see the blue
Of Ireland's April sky,
His ear may never listen to
The song of lark on high,
But deep within his Irish heart
Are cloisters dark and dim,
No human hand can wrench apart,
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening
rod,
We've had our griefs and pains,
But with them all, we still thank
God,
The Blood is in our veins,
The ancient blood that knows no
fear,
The Stamp is on us set,
And so however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

William P. Kearney, New President of St. Patrick's Society.

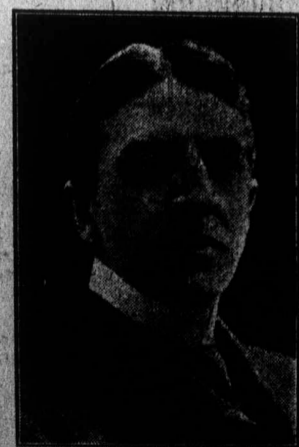
At a largely attended meeting of St. Patrick's Society, held last Thursday evening, Mr. William P. Kearney was elected president of the society for the ensuing year.

Mr. Frank J. Curran, the retiring president, delivered an address. He dwelt upon the good work of last year, which he characterized as most successful and important. For the success which had attended their efforts to improve the conditions of the society he attributed much of the merit to the correspondence secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey, Mr. P. M. Tansey and Prof. P. J. Shea.

The election of officers gave the following results: President, W. P. Kearney; first vice-president, H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; second vice-president, E. McG. Quirk; treasurer, W. E. Durack; corresponding secretary, T. W. Wright; recording secretary, T. P. Tansey; marshal, B. Campbell.

The following were elected to the committee: M. DeLaurie, J. O'Leary, Jas. Rogers, Felix Casey, Ald. T. O'Connell, T. Butler, J. C. Walsh, H. Tribey, J. Coffey, F. J. Greene, Jos. O'Brien, P. Wright, F. J. Laverty, Thos. M. Tansey, Peter Kearney, D. Furlong, P. C. Shannon, W. Kennedy and John Fallon.

The physicians are: Drs. J. J. Guerin, E. J. C. Kennedy, F. E. Devlin, A. Prendergast, F. J. Hackett, O'Connell, Scanlan, E. J. Mulhally, H. Lemmon, H. Donnelly, MacAuley, Wm. Styles, Jas. Rogers, P. J. Curran.



MR. WM. P. KEARNEY.

The new President, Mr. W. P. Kearney, is the proprietor of the well-known automobile agency at 342 Craig street west. Personally Mr. Kearney is a genial gentleman, popular with all classes and particularly prominent in sporting circles. He has always taken a liberal interest in all kinds of societies, and is interested in national and other societies, and is a prominent member of the Shamrock Athletic Association.