

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal end 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.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Press despatches from London tell us that Ouida, Ouida of salacious novel fame, is passing her declining years in the most abject poverty, depending upon ordinary charity for the sustenance of life.

After flooding the world with the creations of a perverted mind, and reaping half a million of filthy lucre from their sale, this woman is closing her earthly career in the most humiliating and miserable condition possible.

If this is not "reaping the whirlwind" with a vengeance, what is? Our present day "yellow writers may well take Ouida's lesson to heart.

CATHOLIC CLERGY PROMOTERS OF LEARNING.

At a meeting of five thousand people in Long Branch, N.J., last week, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of Rev. Father William P. Cantwell, D.D., the principal speaker was Governor Stokes. Speaking of the Church the governor said: "In the formative period of civilization, the Church rendered incalculable service. In those days the clergy were not only the promoters of learning, they were learning itself. During the middle ages, when it seemed as if the light of the intellect had faded from the earth, within the shadow of Church and monastery, was being developed a new culture that was to break upon the world."

And of Father Cantwell: "I am here to pay tribute to a good priest and a good citizen, a good friend and a good guardian of his people. I stand here a Protestant, with numerous other Protestants and with many Catholics, to honor a Catholic, all shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, heart to heart, striving for the welfare of our community, our State and our nation. I like the spirit of appreciation. In this age of criticism and fault-finding and abuse, when the shortcomings of men are magnified and the good they do forgotten, it is like a breath of roses to turn aside from strife and faction and to join in the good fellowship that praiseth the good works of a good man.

These truthful words and graceful tribute come from one of God's own men. A Protestant himself, Governor Stokes does not appear to find the evil and menace in everything Catholic that the mites of humanity in Ontario profess to fear.

THREE CENT FARES.

"There are millions in it," is a truism as applied to the street railway franchise of this city.

We are believers in city ownership of public utilities, as the public is the master by such ownership. However, we do not believe that the time is quite ripe to seriously interest the public in such a proposition.

Candid discussion, nevertheless, of a matter of such importance to every citizen of this metropolis might be taken up at once as it is sure to be a pressing subject in the not too distant future.

As a preliminary condition to such

VACCINATION-TUBERCULOSIS.

There may be much truth in the theory that vaccination as now practiced is responsible for more misery than is generally thought. There has been a belief, long held by many, that there is not, especially during epidemics, when its use is greatly augmented, sufficient care exercised in the selection of the virus.

NO LINES.

Governor Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts, is one of the big, broad-minded men, of which there are a great many occupying the highest positions in the gift of the people. Guild is built on somewhat the same lines as Roosevelt. The following extract from his address upon the occasion of the annual commencement exercises at Holy Cross College gives little comfort to the A.P.A. fanatics of his state:

"It is with peculiar pleasure that I greet this year my fellow-alumni of Holy Cross. Not always are we distinguished an American as is present to-day. Not merely as a prince of the Church, but as author, as philanthropist, as citizen, has the American Cardinal James Gibbons, shown his right to the title of His Eminence. The attendance of the Governor of Massachusetts at these solemn ceremonies is not an accident. It is a commemoration of the services of men of your faith in the field. The boys who streamed up the heights of Fredericksburg, the boys who charged with the battle cry, "Remember Cass," at Malvern Hill may have first opened their eyes to the skies of Cork or Connaught, but the ideals they died for were the ideals of American citizenship. So I am here not merely to greet our distinguished guest, not merely to pay my respects to the college that has honored me so far beyond my deserts, but to maintain the old tradition founded by Andrew and upheld by Greenhalge, that Massachusetts draws no line in her citizenship, but welcomes and accords to all who love her and who love our common country, equal privileges and equal rights under the broad title of American."

CHANCE FOR CANADIAN MUSICIANS.

The Central Committee for the approaching Jubilee of His Holiness has opened a competition for an anthem in honor of the Roman Pontificate. It is settled that the music shall be popular, as the Catholic people will be taught to sing it. The competition is open to men of letters and musicians all over the world. They should address: Comitato Centrale per il Giubileo, Via Arco della Ciambella, 19, Roma. Papers must be in by April 30, 1908.

CURFEW NEEDED.

We believe that for the good of the coming young men and women, our City Council could enact no ordinance which would better subserve the physical and moral welfare of the city than a Curfew law. Parents seem to be utterly blind to the wrong they are doing by allowing children of very tender ages to infest the streets and alleys until nearly all hours of the night.

THE TEDDY BEAR.

The Teddy Bear fad is coming in for some pretty heavy raps. Many people deplore the tendency to entirely supplant the toy doll of centuries of childhood for the bear.

Father Esper, of St. Joseph, Mich., in a recent sermon held that the toy bears in the hands of little girls were fast destroying the instincts of motherhood and in the future might be factors in the race suicide danger. "There is something natural," said Father Esper, "in the care of a doll by a little girl. It is the first manifestation of the feeling of motherhood. In the development of these motherly instincts lies the hope of all nations. It is a monstrous crime to destroy instincts. That is what the Teddy bear is doing, and that is why it is going to be a factor in the race suicide problem if the custom is not suppressed. It is terrible enough that the present generation of parents in this country are leading us into grave danger by the practice of race suicide. If we cannot awaken them let us at least save the future generations."

BRASS BANDS AND RELIGION.

The Rev. Johnston Myers, Baptist preacher of Chicago, has evidently been having a hard time trying to hold a quorum. He has at last conceived the idea of adopting tactics somewhat after the Barnum style. His first attempt seems to have been a howling success. The Daily Tribune of Chicago relates the incident as follows: "The brass band started off with several bars by a snare drum, causing all the congregation to sit up and listen. Then the 'umpah' horn and the cymbals, and the cornet, and the other brasses began to toot, gathering courage until they were playing for dear life something that sounded suspiciously like the bareback riders march around the ring. Before the regular parishioners had time to get shocked the others didn't care—the band was playing a medley of familiar airs—'John Brown's Body,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye,' and a few others, lively enough, but perfectly proper in a church. Then Leader W. E. Watt, who belongs to no church, slipped in a few waltz measures."

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A fair proportion of the citizens of Montreal are of Irish birth, yet we are struck with the absence of young men of this extraction in the professions and in business and public life. This is noteworthy when contrasted with our own people in the cities of the United States. There the Irish of the present generation have made, and at present are making, great strides. They are now adorning mercantile pursuits and the learned professions on every hand perhaps more than any other distinct race.

True, quite a number of some of Irish parents are shedding imperishable lustre on the race in Canada, but we fear that in the ranks there is a disposition to "let well enough alone." This to our minds should not be.

The Irish character has the essentials of leadership labor, and that dominant characteristic should be vigorously cultivated. This age in Canada is calling for leaders, men of action. And we want to see our people in the vanguard, equipped to reap their just share of the approaching national prosperity.

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CITIZENSHIP SO THAT THE BEST ADVANTAGES MAY BE GAINED FOR THEMSELVES AND THEIR RACE.

Our forefathers fought and died for the principles that to-day are our most glorious heritages. Are we doing as much as they did? Those hardy, optimistic, in many cases, sad to relate, unlettered sons of the homeland, who fought their way gallantly through obstacles that would stagger the young man of to-day.

Qui Vive?

(By Llarotaw.)

"Mark Twain," the refined humorist, (God save the mark) no pun, I assure you, is the latest piece of humor from England. If to make ridicule and mockery of our holy faith (vide his "Innocents Abroad" and his other productions), to assume the character of a buffoon in speaking of his funeral, hoping to have hands clapping and banners flying and the procession to be five miles long is humor, then perish such humor. But when he has the audacity to indite an open letter to His Catholic Majesty the King of the Belgians, taking him to task for his alleged ill treatment of his subjects in the Congo Free State; when it has been proved time after time by Catholic missionaries and others that they receive humane treatment, then his fumosities exceed the limit of humor and descend to the depths of puerility and malignity. But what can you expect of English society? Doesn't Father Bernard Vaughan tell us that their joys consist of drinking and eating immoderately? That they wear, kick, cuff their wives, and when tired of these enchanting pleasures they divorce them, or hang or drown themselves, or worse still, they receive "Mark Twain" with open arms and laugh at his "refined humor."

Speaking of streets, it is highly amusing to me to read about complaints of the dust flying and doing damage both to pedestrians and goods exposed in stores, etc. Don't our wisacres of the City Hall comprehend that we shall always have dust flying until the streets are paved, but not with asphalt and other such abominations? Let anyone examine the latter sort of paving and they will find holes, holes, holes, but look at (say) St. Paul street, west of McGill and past the Haymarket, where they are paved with sets, and I will defy anyone to find a single hole. Get the streets paved with sets and you will have no dust flying and very little need for watering carts.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

Last Friday was a proud day for Toronto. The Orangemen were true to themselves and their history, and the American Belfast had a right to feel proud. Born of emigration, reared in hatred, Orangism seldom fails to show its insubordination. It is the greatest blot in Canada for division-sowing, unprincipled selfishness. There has been no district in the country where it has prospered that did not foster with rancor. "No Catholic need apply," was the motto for miles round Orange lodges. Mob law was the only justice the district knew. Let any candid reader examine the history of Orangism in Ontario from the time when our gracious Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, visited Canada, and long before. He will see an almost irresistible tendency to riot in the organization. From the time the Orangemen sought the life of the Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee in Toronto down to the other day when they used force to oppose the street cars all kinds of progress has been made. The spirit of Orangism is the only exception: it has not changed. There was the action of the lodges towards the Prince of Wales. The Prince would not recognize them: then the Orangemen insulted him. William O'Brien came to Toronto to exercise the right of a free-born British citizen; the Orangemen mobbed him. Last Friday the same spirit showed itself because the street railway manager resolved that processions henceforth should leave the traffic free. It was time such a decision was arrived at, and put in execution. Toronto is a large city. The congestion at any given time of its street cars is a serious matter, without discussing the inconvenience caused the passengers by delay. But the man who would dictate a line of action to the Orangemen of Toronto, although quite reasonable and even necessary, is a brave man. He must make his mind sure that he has the law on his side, for with a Mayor who congratulated the Orangemen upon their behavior, and who left the cars to be looked after by the mob, Mr. Fleming might feel confident that the property of his Company was not at all safe. So it proved. The Orangemen were true to their traditions. The edict had touched them. It was the first time in Toronto a procession had been warned to leave the car tracks free. Why select the twelfth of July for it? The pious, glorious and immortal memory! When they had the Mayor and Dr. Pyne and the police and the mob and the open Bible and the British constitution, how dare Mr. Fleming insist upon running his cars? The irresistible tendency showed itself. Mobs gathered, and whilst the young Britons kept the tracks the crowd kept the cars back. It took only one man to show the Orangemen that they do not own the streets. There was an evident endeavor on the part of the papers to laugh at the whole thing. Hide it as they may, it was a disgrace to

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Notes From

Elaborate preparations a way to welcome Sir Wilfrid to Canadian soil once more on a reception committee the Empress of Britain

and convey the distinguished statesman to this city, had the King's wharf. He will be escorted to the Chateau Frontenac evening a triumphal procession held through the principal streets of the city, on which thousands are being spent for display, to St. Peter's market square, which is situated heart of Quebec East, where Sir Wilfrid will represent the Dominion Parliament.

The speakers who are expected attend the demonstration A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of the Interior, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor General, Hon. Jacques Lacombe, Premier of the Province of Quebec.

The sensational stories reached this city from Roberval, of the death by starvation of some twenty-one Indians, the way from Lake Mistassinu. Roberval were found to have grossly exaggerated, three instead of twenty-one, as reported, succumbing from in the extreme north of the province during the winter. The victims were Thomas B. John, and a Scotchman named son of a former factor Hudson Bay Co. at Lake Mistassinu. The latter, it is stated, lived in the customs of the and was married to a squaw. He had a son with one child, a Montagnais from the Blue reserve, where he lived and an orphan whom he was bringing up. Big John was pious of Miller. Basile and were sick and unable to work. Miller sent Big John to Lake St. Lawrence with a letter to the Hudson Bay post manager requesting assistance. He died en route. Basile died from their starvation. Miller's wife and were succored by an Indian who was hunting in the vicinity of Roberval, and, undergone an operation. Basile and Miller were found dead on March last, by Mrs. Miller's brother-in-law, John Miller. Mrs. Miller is now at Point St. Charles, and is so far recovered in health that she expects to go north with her brother. The winter was a very severe one, game being very scarce, and the Indians suffered many hardships.

Her band playing a selection of Canadian airs, the Italian Varese, the Duke d'Abruzzo in hand, weighed anchor at five Monday morning and steamed away down the St. Lawrence towards Point St. Charles, in the steamer Pont St. Charles. The noble commander of the vessel, his gallant officers and crew won the respect of the entire population of the Ancient Capital. For many years past has a most exemplary body of men visited port. On three occasions during

the "True Witness" had at the following Stands:

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Mrs. McLean, 182 Centre st., P. McNeil, 345 St. Antoine. H. McMorro, 278 Carriers st. E. Watkin, Etches, 44 Bleury st. Charles, 680 St. Denis st. C. J. Thorne, 149 Craig st. Mrs. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahey, 835 St. Antoine. Mrs. Lovac, 1111 St. Catherine. C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis. Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Labrie, 1097 St. James st. J. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame. Mrs. Milroy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine st. west. James McAnn, 38 Chaboulier st. Armande Madore, 3 Beaver Hall. Miss Scanlan, 68 Bleury st. Miss Ellis, 875 Wellington st. Mrs. Steacie, 149 Doychester st.