

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, JULY 18, 1907.

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.

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 shoulders 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 praises 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 owner 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

future action on the part of citizens of this city, a concerted demand should be made for reduced fares.

It is being constantly shown in other large cities where street franchises are much less valuable and monopolistic than here, that it can be done and yield a very comfortable margin of profit to the stockholders on their investment.

The agitation for three cent fares will before long be a very lively proposition, and it may be well for our citizens to anticipate their best interests by a full discussion of the matter.

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 fortunate in having with us so distinguished an American as is present to-day. Not merely as a prince of the Church, but as author, as philanthropist, as citizen, as 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."

THE TEDDY BEAR.

The Teddy Bear had 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. 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 corset, and the other brasses began to toot, gathering courage until they were playing for dear life something that sounded suspiciously like the entry piece of a circus performance when the camels and elephants and 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."

All discuses draw for a time, but very quickly become tame when repeated in the same town.

Parson Myers' aggregation may be all right for one night stands, but is a loser in the long run.

Meanwhile it is out of the question to accommodate the people at the Catholic churches, which are filled several times every Sunday.

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.

The following seems to bear out this belief:

Baltimore.—"Vaccination is primarily responsible for the alarming increase in the number of cases of tuberculosis," was the statement made to-day by James R. Brewer, secretary of the state board of charities, who says he has been making a personal investigation into the subject. Mr. Brewer claims tuberculosis is conveyed into the human system by means of vaccine virus taken from cattle. He says he expects to see the time when instead of imposing a penalty upon people refusing to submit to vaccination there will be a law prohibiting the practice of vaccination.

Vaccination here is practiced so generally that anything attaching to its proper and safe execution should be given the greatest care and scientific handling.

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.

It is a sad commentary that these young charges are found roaming aimlessly around on the city streets long hours after they should be at rest, while parents, apparently oblivious of their existence, spend the hours in confab and gossip. A vigorously enforced Curfew law, while to some may seem arbitrary, is the means of saving the lives and morals of countless young children.

We think to this neglect is chargeable much of the present heavy child mortality in the city.

We suggest this to our law makers as a subject worthy of their immediate consideration.

Save the dependable young. If not by parental authority, then by statutory force.

Let the Curfew ring.

ARE YOUNG IRISHMEN IMPROVING OPPORTUNITY?

Are the young Irishmen of Montreal making the most of their opportunity? We dislike to think that they are not, but we are forced to that conclusion.

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 (nobility, 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.

The twentieth century is Canada's. By this we do not mean that we want our people politicians in the sense that the word usually implies, but men of solid political convictions, thoroughly versed in the requirements of the most enlightened

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.

Ponder the question. If your answer is in the negative, be no longer laggards, but heroes in the strife.

You young men owe your very best endeavors to the future generation, and with your present-day opportunity, no achievements of yours will transcend in glory those handed down to you from your sires who struggled through adversity and disappointment.

Let every moment count for personal advancement in whatever walk of life your destiny seems directed. But do your utmost to get into business and professional life. Take an active interest in public affairs.

You are a sovereign citizen of your country. Let your sovereignty count.

"No citizen should be a drone in the social hive. No man should be an indifferent spectator of the social economic and political problems which are presented to his consideration. And if every citizen should take an interest in public affairs, surely those who enjoy the advantages of a liberal education should in a special manner have a deep concern for their country's moral and material welfare. Exercise the right of suffrage by giving your influence only to candidates of clean hands and unswerving reputation."

The foregoing words are from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and are deserving, in this connection, of much thought and reflection.

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

the city, a dishonor to its weak Mayor, and a confirmation of the spirit which has ever animated Orangism in Canada.

Certain "jowels" and insignia of the court flunkies, called "Knights of St. Patrick," and other valuables about Dublin Castle have been stolen recently. It looks as if the Castle hacks having become convinced that their opportunities to rob the Irish people in general were ending, have commenced to prey on each other.

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 playing and banners flying and the procession to be five miles long is humor, then perish such humor. But when he has the audacity to indict 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 funniest excesses 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 swear, 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.

George Washington never told a lie until he became a politician.

There are two kinds of people not to trust, those you don't know and those you know.

God help the rich, the poor can always beg.

The Protestant Bishop of Bristol, England, has been indulging (as per usual) at the pagament of St. Albans in one of his little jokes, telling us that the Parliamentary Church is the true Catholic Church in England and that there has been no separation. Proceed—go on. Yet he is aware that the Protestant Church of England, for upwards of three centuries past, has held in possession property, the greater part of which was expressly designed for the maintenance of the Catholic Church. The clergy, one and all, from the Archbishop of Canterbury through the different ranks, are spiritual usurpers in possession of property designed for other persons, and for different purposes.

That truly venerable and philanthropic character, the Rev. and Hon. Mr. Shirley, Protestant Rector of Loughrea, Ireland, lived in a habit of intimacy with the Catholic priest of that parish. One fast day he invited Father Sullivan to dinner by a card, as follows: "A salmon bouill, monsieur de Rea. Requests you'll dine with him to-day."

To fast is yours, to feast is mine, yet neither fast, for both shall dine. We'll give God thanks, we'll bless the dish.

No matter whether fowl or fish."

Two friends who had not seen each other for a long while, met one day by accident. "How do you do?" says one. "So, so," replied the other, "and yet I was married since you and I were together." "That is good news," "Not very good, for it was my lot to choose a termagant." "It is a pity." "I hardly think it so, for she brought me two thousand pounds." "Well, there is comfort." "Not much, for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot." "That is indeed distressing." "Not so distressing as you may imagine, for by the sale of their skins, I got more than the sheep cost me." "In that case you are indemnified?" "By no means, for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire."

"Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune." "Faith, not so dreadful, for my termagant wife and my house were burnt together."

All around us there is an immense hubbub about insignificant things.

The newspapers are mirrors which public persons take up every day in expectation of discovering their own reflection, and in order to carry on the elaborate toilet of their reputation.

Some extremely respectable persons are all baited, and no cargo

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Notes From

Elaborate preparations are being made to welcome Sir Wilfrid to Canadian soil once more on the reception committee was the Empress of Britain. He will convey the distinguished statesman to this city, and the King's wharf. He will be taken to the Chateau Frontenac, where a triumphal procession will be held through the principal streets of the city, on which thousands are being spent for display, to St. Peter's market, where he is situated, heart of Quebec East, where Sir Wilfrid represents the Dominion Parliament. The speakers who are expected to attend the demonstration are: A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of the Interior; Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Minister of Justice; Hon. J. A. G. Macdonald, Solicitor General; Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of the Province of Quebec.

The sensational stories reached this city from Roberval, of the death by starvation of some twenty-one Indians, who were found by a party of men from Roberval. The story was grossly exaggerated, three instead of twenty-one, as reported, succumbing from starvation in the extreme north of the province during the winter. The victims were Thomas B. John, and a Scotchman named John, son of a former factor at Hudson Bay Co. at Lake Mich. The latter, it is stated, lived in the customs of the and was married to a squaw. He survived with one child, a Montagnais from the Blue reserve, where he lived and an orphan whom he brought up. Big John was a pious man, and his wife and children were sick and unable to work. Miller sent Big John to L. L. tassin with a letter to the Hudson Bay post manager requesting assistance. He died en route. Hardships encountered, and Basile died from their starvation. Miller's wife and children were succored by an Indian man hunting in the vicinity of Roberval. Basile and Miller were found dead, and were found on the 22nd of March last, by Mrs. Miller's brother-in-law, John. Mrs. Miller is now at Pointe with her child, 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 Vares, the Duke d'Abuzzi in command, weighed anchor at five Monday morning and steamed up the St. Lawrence towards Pointe St. Louis, in the Acropolis. 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

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Miss Scanlan, 68 Bligny st.
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