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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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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."

NOTES OF THE WEEK

AN ESTIMATE OF COMBES. — We do not often refer to our own editorial statements, nor to those of our special correspondents for the good reason that we do not consider they require any corroboration. But we cannot help recalling to the minds of our readers two statements that appeared in these columns a week ago. In an article upon the situation in France, in the course of which the present Premier was criticised, it will be remembered that we compared him to Nero, and that we mentioned the very unenviable position he has taken in becoming the cat's paw of a malignant minority, the members of which are glad to make use of him for the occasion.

In glancing over French exchanges we have come upon a striking Paris caricature, in which Combes is represented as Nero, seated upon his throne in the amphitheatre and gazing upon the martyrdoms that are taking place in the arena. The legend under the cut reads thus:—

Combes a Nero.

France: "Why do you persecute the clergy?"

Combes-Nero: "Because they educated me."

This is about the sum and substance of the affair. The spirit manifested by Combes in persecuting those to whom he owed his education, is not unlike that of Nero commanding the murder of his own mother, "because she gave him birth."

But the "Revue des Deux Mondes" strikes the second note, even more strongly than we did, when it says:

"We remember a former minister of war, who was called General Thibaudin. He was a poor creature in every sense of the word. In the absence of a man of worth willing to undertake the task, he had accepted the office of minister of war in order to carry out the law expelling royal princes from the army. His task being done, he was kicked out doors, not without a feeling of shame at the necessity for his services. We will not commit the injustice of comparing M. Combes with General Thibaudin. He is more intelligent and more responsible. But the work he is doing is not a bit better."

This is certainly heaping on coals. From the very beginning we had grave doubts as to the ultimate execution of the "Law of Associations." Not that we imagined the Law would not pass, but simply that we did not think France contained a public man capable of assuming the responsibility for its tyrannical enforcement. But we were mistaken; the man was forthcoming when the occasion demanded, and with the passing of the occasion the man shall disappear into the nonentity and oblivion out of which he so suddenly emerged.

The London "Tablet" has come about the nearest of all organs to a proper solution of the problem that France's Premier and his course have set before the thinking world. The "Tablet" claims that the purpose of Combes is to force the Pope into some act of resistance that might serve as an excuse for the abrogation of the concordat. And it adds that the Holy Father will not be thus caught, nor will he take any action that might serve the purposes of the Church's enemies. He needs be a genius, and a past-master in statesmanship, who can, at this day, out-manoeuvre the aged Leo XIII. and Combes is not of that calibre!

BAD LITERATURE AGAIN. — We learn that the son of an American clergyman has just committed suicide in a manner similar to that depicted in Marie Correlli's novel "Mighty Atom." Moreover, it is stated that this is the second case of the kind, both being attributed to the reading of the same book. We cannot but pity the poor, foolish, weak-brained lad who was so led to go of his own accord into the presence of God; but we do not envy the notorious novelist whose pen has poisoned so many young lives and ruined so many souls. It was only last Saturday that a literary critic in the "Star" had the hardihood to defend this female fabricator of moral infernal machines, under the title of novels. We had the courage to read three of her works, and the patience to follow each of them to the end, in order to find, if it were possible, some redeeming feature in her output; but we closed each volume in greater disgust than the previous one. Style and artistic talent can never sufficiently veneer that which is radically false and immoral to impart to it an air of respectability. But the world will sooner or later have to learn the terrible lesson that the bad literature of the day, the sensational novel above all, is undermining the social structure and is becoming a deadly menace to the future generation. Even if the evil, in its results, were to stop with the suicidal deaths which it instigates matters would not be so bad; but when it is rotting the heart of society it becomes a national, an international menace, and should be crushed out, or quarantined, even as a deadly plague. The Catholic Church alone, of all institutions existing to-day, has perpetually warned the world against this terrific scourge; and she alone has afforded the means whereby it may be counteracted. The day is fast approaching, when the States of the world, be they Republican, monarchical, or otherwise, will have to learn and admit that the Church is actually the only true friend they have, and the only safeguard against the dangers that menace and the evils that augment.

ROMAN APPOINTMENTS.—Without advancing any opinion concerning the truth or falsehood of the report that Mgr. Falconio is to be translated from Ottawa to Washington, we cannot but express our surprise at assurance of the secular press correspondents who persist in making appointments for the Vatican. If the Court of Rome were to be guided by all the rumored changes and nominations that come to us almost daily through the press, there would be a very prodigal distribution of Cardinal's hats the worldover. For example, this persistent story of Mgr. Falconio going to Washington is all the stranger in view of the fact that, while the whole American and Canadian press can tell all about it, the Apostolic Delegate, himself, and the members of his household are in entire ignorance of any such action, or intention on the part of Rome. We do not say that there is no foundation for the report; but we do say that it is mere guess work, exactly like all Roman despatches to the American press. Happily Rome is but slightly influenced, if at all, by these bits of published information, and the authors of them rely upon the future to either justify their guessing or to make it convenient for them to suddenly forget that they had ever made such prophetic assertions.

TECHNICAL TRAINING. —There is a great deal written and said, in our day, about technical training for the boys; but it scarcely ever crosses the minds of these advanced educationalists to think of technical training for the girls. It is a delightful thing to have a young girl fully educated; her music is charming; her painting is beautiful; her literary acquirements are elevating. It is also very nice for her to have a smattering of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and chemistry, and even philosophy. But these are attainments that presuppose either a teacher's vocation, or else a parent's wealth, in order that they can ever be of any practical use. The vast majority of girls in our day have to become bread-earners at a comparatively early age. They go out of school to go into the factory, or the office; they go out of the factory, or the office, to go into a home, as the mother and head of a family. What on earth can they know about house-keeping, about the duties of a wife, or of a mother, or of a house-keeper? They have just learned enough to unsuit them for their destined place in life, and not enough to be of any use either to themselves or others. What if a little technical training were introduced into the schools for young girls?

MUNICIPAL WISDOM.— The Solons, or mayors, of the principal Canadian centres have met in convention within the good city of Montreal, and have formed resolutions concerning municipal government. The convention was a most enjoyable affair, and it was a splendid occasion for a fireworks display of oratory and advice. The theories advanced were all exceedingly sound, as far as theory goes; but the practical side of the question seems to have been strangled in the midst of conviviality. Take Montreal as an example. The good mayors— except the Mayor of Montreal—who is unavoidably absent—came to the conclusion that municipal government needed reformation. So it does; but we are still anxious for the putting into practice of all these brilliant theories. We are also anxious for the advent of that wonderful being, the alderman who will sacrifice his own seat or opportunities for the sake of the reforms that he advocates. Such the Moses amongst his people that we would like to see arise.

THE LATE WILLIAM RAWLEY

One of the most prominent figures in the ranks of the Irish National societies of Montreal was Mr. William Rawley, of H. M. Customs, whose death we are called upon to announce this week. Mr. Rawley had been ailling for some time past, but notwithstanding the fact that he was nearing the Psalmist's allotted span of life—he was 68 years old—none of his friends and acquaintances anticipated that his illness would prove fatal. Mr. Rawley was a member of St. Patrick's Society, the parent Irish organization of Montreal, and of other societies as well; but his greatest work, and one in which he took especial pride, was in connection with the A.O.H., of which he was one of the most enthusiastic members. Until recently he was County President of that Order. The funeral took place on Tuesday from St. Patrick's Church. —R.I.P.

Miracle at Lourdes

The "Daily Chronicle," London, says that a Mrs. Notterman has returned to her home in London from a pilgrimage to Lourdes, France, where, to all appearances, she was miraculously cured of an internal cancerous tumor.

Mrs. Notterman was unavailingly treated for cancer before going to France by experts in the London hospitals. On entering the waters at Lourdes she experienced a fainting sensation, accompanied by pain. In a few minutes this passed away and with it the swelling of the tumor.

Both as Lourdes and since her return to London Mrs. Notterman has been examined by doctors, who pronounce her absolutely cured. She attributes her cure to the agency of the Blessed Virgin. Her case created a great sensation among the English pilgrims.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

A large and enthusiastic audience was present at the concert given on Wednesday evening in the hall of the Catholic Sailors' Club, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

The Hon. Dr. Guerin, who occupied the chair, thanked the audience for their attendance. The Catholic Order of Foresters, he said, would be always pleased to extend a helping hand to every movement and institution which aimed at the advancement of the cause of Catholicity. In providing a Mass for seamen every Sunday morning the Catholic Sailors' Club was doing a good work, and it was also meeting a long-felt want in giving the Catholic seamen coming to this port the benefit of the club-rooms, of the influence of the executive members of

HON. DR. GUERIN.

the institution, and of these weekly concerts. These sailors should be made acquainted with the fact that a disciple of St. Ignatius Loyola was always ready to minister to their spiritual wants. Sailors of other denominations should know that their temporal wants will be looked after by those in charge of the Club. He understood that it was the intention of the management to erect a permanent home for the sailors; and he hoped that when an appeal was made for funds for this object it would meet with a prompt and a generous response.

The programme was as follows:—Messrs. Clark, Patterson and Cloran, J. P. Meehan, F. Riddell, J. Donnelly, Miss Bannister, Miss O'Brien, Mr. H. P. Betty, Mr. P. Kelly, Miss Mary Agnes Robkin; Seamen Hugh Boyle, steamship Pomeranian; Jas. Gilliland, Pomeranian; Wm. Frampton, Montcalm; Micheal Downey, Rosarian; John Marsh, Pomeranian; Wm. Cochrane, Montcalm; Wm. Patterson, Sarmatian; A. Boucher, Pomeranian; Mrs. D. Mackay, Mr. Singleton, Montcalm; Henry Dunning, Numidian.

A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Mrs. Jennie Riley McIntyre, accompanist.

At next Wednesday's concert Seaman Smith, of the Tunisian, will by special request sing "The Boys of Wexford" and "The Wearing of the Green."

Notes From Lachine.

THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN.—On the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin the Rev. Father Langevin, chaplain of the community, presided at a religious profession in the chapel of the convent of the Sisters of St. Ann, Lachine. The names of the novices are as follows: Sister Annie Gray, of Victoria, Cape Breton, in religion Sister Mary Thomas of the Rosary; Sister Eugenie Charlebois, of Montebello, Sister Mary Jane of Portugal; Sister Eugenie Mercier, of Three Rivers, Sister Mary Artemia; Sister Albina Lacasse, of St. Hypolite, Sister Mary Alberta; Sister Evila Dube, of Haverstraw, N.Y., Sister Mary Theonas; Sister Rose Ann Turcotte, of St. Hypolite, Sister Mary Moses. It was the fifty-second anniversary of the religious profession of the Sisters who founded the Order of St. Ann.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY. — Last Sunday the English-speaking Catholics of Lachine organized a Holy Name Society for men. Seventy members were enrolled. The following officers were elected:

Hon. President, Rev. Canon Savaria; president, Mr. W. Riley; first vice-president, Mr. P. McGee; second vice-president, Mr. Ferguson; treasurer, Mr. James Enright; secretary, Mr. S. M. Lowrie; corresponding secretary, Mr. Daniel Corcoran; librarian, Mr. C. Dunnigan; marshal, Mr. David Corcoran, jr.; and the following committee, Messrs. P. Fleming, J. McCall, Eugene Corcoran, David Corcoran, sr., Wm. Rousome, R. Hogan. The Rev. Father Cullinan, is the chaplain of the new society, which will, in the future, affiliate with it the lady members of the congregation.

A Priestly Martyr of England.

On the occasion of the pilgrimage to the grave of the martyred English priest, the Rev. John Kemble, at Welsh Newton, which was noted in a recent issue of the "True Witness," the Right Rev. Prior Cummins, O.S.B., delivered an interesting sermon. He said that the pilgrims had assembled that day from many parts of the country to honor one of the martyred priests of England, one who was born in that district, who labored there for over fifty years, who was martyred in their country town and was buried in this place. Beneath that stone, 223 years ago were laid the mangled remains of a saintly old man, done to death on this day for his priesthood and the profession of the Catholic Faith. The voice of the people long ago proclaimed him a martyr; pilgrimages to his grave had often been made before; men had invoked his intercession and believed that wonderful graces had been given in answer to his prayers. The Church's judgment had already been passed on many others who suffered under the same laws and for the same cause as Father Kemble; that they were neither obstinate fanatics nor disloyal traitors, but faithful martyrs—England's truest friends and noblest sons. Father John Kemble was almost the last priest to receive the palm of martyrdom in England, and he is perhaps the only tomb of a martyr-priest which is absolutely undoubted. Born in 1599 at Rhydyear, about four miles from Welsh Newton, he passed his youth in this district until, inspired by the example of Father Roger Cadwallader, the martyr of Leominster, he went to Douai, where he was ordained in 1625. That same year began his long apostolate of 54 years among the farmsteads, manor houses, and castles of his native country. At Raglan, Goodrich, Usk, or Monmouth the castle sheltered many of the ancient Faith: but he was the shepherd of a scattered and harrassed flocv.

When nearly 80 years of age enduring the excitement of Titus Oates' plot he was seized at Pembridge Castle, the house of his nephew, lodged in Hereford goal, hurried up to London and back again, tried and condemned for his priesthood and Faith, and then executed at Widemarsh, Hereford, on August 22nd, 1679. The incident of his calmly smoking a last pipe and drinking a cup of sack on his way to martyrdom impressed itself on the imagination of the people as suggesting the simple, unaffected character of the holy old man. The mutilated remains were given to his nephew and buried in this churchyard; his grave at once became a place of pilgrimage, and miraculous favors were given in answer to his prayers. Catholics, continued the Prior, may well be proud of the English martyrs! Men of our own race and country, bearing familiar English names, speaking our dear mother tongue they lived and labored in our shires and towns; their generous blood stained the ground on which we tread each day; and they died to keep the Faith for us! The martyr spirit is not extinct amongst us whilst we see men still forsaking for the Faith all that makes life dear; yet in many there is little of self-sacrifice, and we need to emulate the Martyrs' example. Vindicate, O God, their memory, that men may see in them true patriots and loyal Englishmen. Let their blood plead before Thee for Christian vengeance —the martyr's recompense in the conversion of his persecutors. Turn men's heart to the ancient Faith for which they died! Make us more worthy in our lives and sacrifices of the glorious inheritance of our Faith. O Holy Catholic Faith, Faith of our fathers, how we long and pray for thy triumph in this land! But if not our prayers, then may our Martyrs' merits win our country back to Thee! May God grant us this grace in His mercy!

The Shamrocks Are Champions.

(By a Subscriber.)

We have followed with a great deal of interest and with much more pride the success of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club during the season just coming to a close, and now that their glorious victory of last Saturday has given them the title of world champions of 1902, we cannot let the occasion go by without a word of approbation, praise and congratulation.

It was a gala day for the admirers of the Shamrocks when the New Westminster team came here to match their strength against our Eastern champions, and forced by the superiority of Canada's great lacrosse team, to relinquish their aspirations to the coveted Minto Trophy, they left us not a conquering, but a conquered twelve.

Yet it was not such a victory as was that of last Saturday. The Capitals were, beyond a doubt, from the opening of the season the most formidable, and consequently the most dangerous aggregation against which the Shamrocks were called upon to defend their title.

It has been always so. The Senators, as they are commonly called, have ever, within the memory of the younger followers of lacrosse, been with the Shamrocks the greatest exponents of the game in Canada. We think it but just to say, with no reflection on the efforts of other lacrosse unions, that to these two aggregations, and to the friendly rivalry long-standing between them is due the success and popularity of lacrosse.

Many conjectures have been made as to the number of friends who accompanied the Shamrocks to Ottawa. On this point, however, all agree, it was the greatest following that ever travelled to witness a match, and cheer their favorites on to victory. The number about the G. T. R. Station waiting the arrival of the victors was by no means an inferior one, and travellers arriving by trains earlier than the excursion special opened their eyes in wonder at the throng, questioned the cause of the huge gathering, and were answered but by the uproarous hurrahs, cheers and exclamations of praise of which the only intelligible word was "Shamrocks." St. Ann's school band was there, and with its good old Irish airs, worked up beyond description the enthusiasm of the throng. When at last the train pulled in, a rush was made for the players, and they were borne away almost on the shoulders of the moving mass of people.

Truly, it was a sight worth seeing, and a pledge of the well deserved popularity of our young Irish athletes. Of them it is no idle boast to say that we feel proud of them, and justly so, that we hold them what they have proven themselves to be—the greatest lacrosse team in the world to-day, a credit to the city and to the citizens of Montreal, a credit to their Association, and a credit to the dear old colors they wear.