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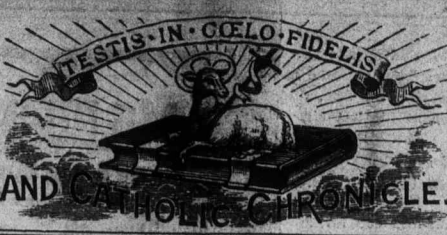
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MONTREAL

# The True Witness



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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## His Memory a Cherished National Inheritance.

(By the Gaelic Editor of the Irish World.)

While men of all nationalities and creeds throughout the world are speaking reverent words and with uncovered heads over the newly-made grave in Straide churchyard, it may not be unfitting if we too say a word of the dead.

We are moved to the word by the question raised in the last days of the patriot's life and the discussion since his untimely death, as to whether he was an Irish Irlander. Not that we are going to "peep and botanize" over the grave of the dead patriot, for that would be as repulsive as it is unnecessary, and in any event the question has been sufficiently answered in the Irish World.

That Michael Davitt's great passion in life was an Irish nation, composed of a free, prosperous, educated and happy people, with lofty ideals, there is no need to assert; and, alas, to how few of those of us who are prone to weaving theories, to telling others what they should do and to the questioning and criticizing of men of force and of action, is it given to do so much for the realization of our hopes and ambitions for our country, as has crowned the life efforts of Michael Davitt. How many of us, or rather how few, can point out as a result of our efforts much less of our philosophizing, one step taken by our country towards freedom and nationhood and prosperity, one shackle thrown off our people, one comfort added to their lives, one inspiration leading to personal independence and to the freedom of their country. No, it behooves us to approach the grave of Michael Davitt and to speak of him and his life and his work not only with respect, veneration and gratitude, but with humility. Michael Davitt did not turn his great love and passion for Ireland into the special fields of the restoration of the Irish language and civilization, as did Father O'Growney and Dr. Douglas Hyde, but he himself was one of the noblest exemplars of Irish civilization which have enriched and blessed our country. Were Father O'Growney and Dr. Hyde born in the circumstances which surrounded the birth and early years of Davitt, had they been heirs as he was to the hardships which iniquitous government, wanton injustice and relentless exaction wrought upon his people, were they as he was the victim of these destroying tyrannies, they would undoubtedly as he did consecrate their lives to the destruction of such intolerable conditions during whose existence the people could not emerge from abject slavery, much less be prosperous, intelligent, independent builders of an Irish Ireland. Some time ago we read in an Irish provincial paper of an interview between a landlord and his tenants, the chief spokesman of the latter being the Catholic curate. After consultation with the tenants the priest politely but firmly rejected the landlord's terms for the sale of the property. The landlord appealed for the maintenance of friendly relations at least if they could not come to terms, and the priest replied that there was not on their side the slightest feeling of revenge or enmity, but that the conditions of the past were intolerable and that his people owed it to themselves, to their children and to their country to secure possession of their own land upon livable terms. The landlord was the applicant for terms and for friendship. A short time before we were reading one of the humiliating but vivid descriptions of William Carleton of "gale day" at the landlord's house. In a peeling rain the tenants waited in line outside the door, huddled and spiritless, each awaiting in fear and trembling, mixed with an abject resignation, for the privilege of hearing whether his rent would be accepted or whether the "sentence of death" would be passed upon him and his family at home. Nothing suggestive of the fighting race in that squalid picture. What a change has occurred in a life time, in a generation at most. That it seems to us to be a

subject for the brush of the Irish artist to come, that volition from the bowed and uncovered head in the drenching rain to the erect, independent man rejecting the landlord's terms, and that devotion from the arrogant, brutal landlord to the mild gentleman suing for terms of peace. Such a picture or pictures would be in a large measure a record of the achievement of the little Irish-speaking boy, who was thrown upon the roadside to witness the destruction of his father's home. Little use would it be to raise the banner of Irish Ireland before the downcast eyes and hopeless hearts of the land slaves; but the way of Irish Ireland was prepared and made straight by the men and the movements that created that great revolution, and of these there were none so great as Michael Davitt.

It is true also that his enforced familiarity with a phase of human, or inhuman, life that most have read of, but few if any who have not undergone the ordeal can realize, broadened his sympathies and enlisted his generous heart not only in the cause of his countrymen and of the poor and oppressed, but with the outcasts, who are so often the victims of society, just as he was the victim of a pitiless tyranny. So, like Mangan, but from different conditions, Michael Davitt came to have an enduring sympathy "for all souls who suffer."

But he was an Irish Irlander withal—not only in that he contributed perhaps more than any other one man to make an Irish Ireland possible, but in practice and above all in character. In his early home, and even in its fragments when it was divided and scattered, the tongue of his fathers was never forgotten or discarded, and when he in turn made a home it was an Irish one, where love of country was inhaled as the air, and where the national language was cherished. To the revival of Irish industries he contributed more of his time and money than any public man in Ireland of his generation.

But in his own personality he was the great exemplar of Irish Ireland. He was born a peasant and he lived a prince among men—not in worldly riches but in his priceless possessions of heart and mind. He was staunchly, absolutely, unflinchingly honest; he could not be dishonest if he tried; it was not a matter of principle with him, it was his inheritance, it was part of his being. He was sublimely courageous. With hardly less fervor or zeal did he espouse causes and proclaim opinions, that he knew would be unpopular than he preached emancipation of the land slaves amidst the plaudits of those whose cause he was pleading. For unity and for Ireland he would sacrifice everything but principle and truth; for persons, no matter how great or how powerful, he would not recede an inch. Neither hope of reward nor fear of punishment or condemnation would lead him to espouse a cause he did not thoroughly believe in, or to utter a word he did not mean. Such a man would be an example, an inspiration in any country or in any age; but in this age, rife with opportunities, with sophistries and platitudes, where opinions and their expression can be purchased outright by lucre, influenced by "a lively sense of favors to come," or shaped to flatter the audience, such a man as Michael Davitt appears as a tower of strength and of inspiration, an encouragement to those of good intentions, but of little faith, a proof that rectitude is not folly, that nobility, truth, unselfishness and idealism still exist among men.

It is unnecessary to add anything to the universal testimony to Davitt's kindly nature, his simplicity, his pure and sweet life, his simple but warm faith. As Davis said of Wolfe Tone,

"For in him was the heart of a woman,  
Combined with a heroic life."

Passionately devoted to Ireland as he was and intensely though he suffered for her, seeing the destruction of his home and the banishment of his family, he never became embittered or soured and he could hate none of God's creation. The abstract thing known as the British Government he hated vehemently, and all other forms of injustice and oppression everywhere. His valedictory, his parting message, reflects in its simple and unegotistic way the lofty patriot, the devoted husband and father, the true Christian. It is one of the most beautiful and touching things in human literature. And as it is not merely simply eloquent words but the last message of a noble man whose life was devoted to our country and whose memory should be cherished by us, Michael Davitt's valedictory should find a conspicuous place in every Irish home the world over, not alone that his memory should be kept green, but that patriotism, truth, courage and fidelity might be kindled or take heart again.

As we have previously said, Michael Davitt's character was a national asset, his memory should be a cherished national inheritance. He deserves to rank not only amongst those who have shed lustre upon our country, but, higher still, amongst those whose intense honesty and unflinching courage left their mark upon the history of their time and bequeathed to their people an example of heroic and unpurchasable devotion to truth always. Such was Columbanus, who refused to purchase immunity from Brunehilde by remaining silent upon the morals of her court; such under almost similar circumstances was Geoffrey Keating centuries later, when the threats of the Lord President's lady had no terrors for him and the shelter of a cave was the reward of his honesty and courage. Such in later centuries and in different times were Thomas Davis and John Mitchell, whose chivalric natures, embodying the purest honesty, the most sublime courage and the noblest of lives, were alike an asset and an inspiration to their own countrymen and to humanity. With these rank Michael Davitt, and let it not be alone "the tear at this moment shed" that will testify our appreciation of his heroic life and our reverence for his memory.

### Body of Pope Leo XIII to be removed to St. John Lateran's.

A recent cable from Rome announces that arrangements have been made for the removal of the body of Leo XIII. from the Vatican to St. John Lateran's, in which that Pope had prepared his last resting place. It is stated that the government was willing to give the funeral of the illustrious Pontiff a solemn character by having it take place in the daytime with military honors. The Vatican, however, insists that the removal shall be unceremonious, and that it shall take place in the night, when it is believed there is no possibility of any unseemly interruption.

### Obliging a Friend

An interesting story has leaked out in connection with the Orange celebration of the Twelfth of July in County Armagh. An accident, it appears, happened to the drum belonging to the Orange Lodge in Newtownhamilton. The master of the lodge, however, solved the problem. He obtained the loan of the drum of the Nationalist "Robert Emmet" Band of Newtownhamilton. This recalls another Ulster story. On the morning of July 13, many years ago, a page of type of a Catholic paper was "piled" just before going to press. What was to be done? An Orange paper was appealed to, and the only page it could give was one containing "bird speeches made the previous day on the 'Twelfth' platforms. The Catholic paper accepted the offer, as it was the only chance of publishing at all. But the sub-editor saved the situation. He put at the top of the speeches heading which read: "This is the kind of thing served up to its readers by our Orange contemporary."

### BURYING BIGOTRY

Independent Orange Order Hold a Novel Twelfth of July Celebration.

The Independent Orange Order held a separate celebration at Belfast on the Twelfth of July, at which Deputy Grand Master Lindsay Crawford made some remarks in striking contrast with those made at the demonstration of the old Loyal Orange Institution on the same day. He said that the new movement was a revolt against the tyranny of ignorance, bigotry and unreasonable prejudice. They were opening the eyes of Ulster Protestants, who had so long sat in Tory darkness, and they had set Ulster thinking. They appeared from an Ulster intolerant and ignorant to an Ulster tolerant and enlightened, and they were not ashamed. They appealed as a moderating force in the political life of their country. They stood for toleration, which was the first step towards the light of liberty, and towards that reconciliation between north and south for which every Irishman prayed. Whenever the flag of Independent Orangeism had been unfurled they found a marked improvement in the relations between Protestants and Catholics, and an absence of that sectarian hate which in former years had led to disturbance and often to bloodshed. The example they set of toleration and good-will towards their Catholic countrymen had borne fruit in the ranks of the old order. For generations Orange leaders had pandered to the lowest instincts of the mob, and had encouraged sectarian and party divisions among the people for their own selfish ends. Independent Orangemen had chosen the better part, and while their Catholic countrymen might disagree with the doctrines of the Protestant religion, they were determined, God helping them, that their creed would not be identified with ignorant bravado and pot-house oratory, but that its principles would be respected even by its opponents. Independent Orangeism stood for practical Christianity, and the propagation of its principles, as outlined in the Magheramone manifesto, had softened the asperities of political controversy and drawn closer together in the bonds of national affinity Ireland's long-divided sons.

They held out the right hand of fellowship to their Catholic countrymen, and hoped the day would soon dawn in Ireland when the only rivalry between them would be in loyalty to their country and whole-hearted service in her cause. But their institution had justified its existence on other grounds. It had taught the Protestants of Ulster that Ireland was their native land and that they could not be true to themselves or loyal to the empire if they were not first loyal to their country. Patriotism banished sectarian hate and broke down the barriers which had so long divided Irishmen: Instinct with life, it taught the Ulster Protestants that he had a duty to his neighbor, and that before he laid his gifts on the altar he must first be reconciled to his brother. It did more—it brought him face to face with the needs of the country and awakened in him a sense of his responsibility as a citizen. The Ulsterman had been taught to look to England as his native land, to mistake loyalty to England for patriotism, and then wondered why he was regarded as an alien. Independent Orangemen put their country first in their affection, and were persuaded that he was the true Unionist and the true loyalist who endeavored to make his country a living, progressive unit in a federated empire. Following the resurrection of national ideals in Ulster, it was only natural that they as Irishmen should protest against the denationalization of their country and the deliberate attempts which had been made to rob her of her peculiar national characteristics. Whatever ignorant, unthinking men might say to the contrary, Ireland had an individuality all her own, and her true destiny lay in its natural growth and development. Ireland could only develop along her own individual

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### The Spread of the Faith

The General Intention Recommended by His Holiness, Pius X. for the Apostleship of Prayer

Christ stood on a mountain in Galilee. "All power is given to me," He said to His followers, "in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days."

There is the height, breadth, depth and length of Christ's Kingdom. It is high as heaven to which "all power" rises; it is broad as the "world which comprehends all nations"; it is deep as Christ's profound teaching and embraces "all things." He commanded, it is long as time, for Christ is with it "all days."

The Faith must spread through all these dimensions, making use of Christ's power, converting all nations, enforcing all His commands, encouraged by His companionship for all days. When He said "go" to His followers, He said it to us. We must all be apostles for the spread of His Faith.

There must be apostles of the purse who spread His Faith by contributions, giving generously to Peter's Pence, to the Propagation of the Faith, to the Holy Childhood, and to those more recent societies which spread the Faith among the neglected, the Indians, the negroes, and those of our country who are not Catholics.

There must be apostles of practice, living Catholic Truth Societies, whose good example and loyalty to religion and its duties will keep themselves true Catholics and bring others to become Catholics.

There must be apostles of preaching, first, in the wide sense, to teach the Faith in Sunday school and everyday schools, whether they are lay people or religious; then, secondly, in the strict sense, to priests, especially on the missions in distant countries. America must be an apostolic nation as other nations have been.

Finally, all must be apostles of prayer, spreading the Faith by their lives which they offer to God entirely, in order to beg grace from Him for the conversion of the world, and arousing in their hearts the true apostolic spirit which will make them generous to give, constant to practice and courageous to volunteer for the spread of the Faith.

The early Church presents us with two classes of martyrs, those whose lives were sacrificed to the fury of pagan persecutors against the Christian name, and those who died or suffered in maintaining the orthodox faith attacked by the Arians and other heretics. To this second class belongs St. Eusebius, a zealous Roman priest. By order of the Emperor Constantine he was confined a prisoner in a room of his own house where the days of his captivity were passed in almost unbroken prayer. There is an ancient church in Rome, one of the Lenten stations, dedicated under the invocation of St. Eusebius.

We should hate heresy, though we are bound to love the heretic. Heresy is the formal denial of any revealed truth; it is a deliberate refusal to admit the teaching of the Church. Some embrace it of their own choice because they are deceived by others or misled by their own self-interest; others are born and raised in it. Others are born and raised in ignorance of it. We must pity and pray

### A GREAT JOURNALIST

Of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the famous journalist, who will soon visit the United States and Canada as a delegate of the Irish Parliamentary party to the convention of the United Irish League in Philadelphia on October 2-3, The Casket of Antigonish says:

If ever there was a journalist who could be called phenomenal, it is certainly T. P. O'Connor. He has founded several papers, and after making a success of them has sold them as valuable property. For some years past he has been associated with two, "M.A.P." and "T. P.'s Weekly." Lately, when he announced his intention of retiring from the first of these and starting another, the publisher of "M.A.P." Mr. Pearson, thought it so serious a matter that he tried to get out an injunction to stay such a proceeding. He did not succeed, however, and the prospectus of "T. P. O." was issued in the fashion usual in England. Even "T. P." himself was staggered by the response. Half a million subscribers demanded the first number, and \$50,000 worth of advertising was booked at once.

For our own part, we can see in "T. P.'s" writing nothing but the light, agreeable, high-class gossip of a man well-informed in literature, politics and social matters.

His sketch of Davitt, which is the latest thing we have seen from his pen, discusses the career of that great man in a tone mingled of admiration and good-humored contempt. Mr. O'Connor has a lightness of touch, and a skill at portraiture which is more commonly found on the other side of the Channel, and he is probably the only man in England who can draw what the French call un portrait intime. Yet his hold upon the English reading world is truly extraordinary, more especially so when we remember that he is President of the United Irish League of Great Britain, that he travels up and down the land making speeches at branch meetings, and that he is one of the most active members of the House of Commons when any Irish business is before it. The whole history of journalism will be searched in vain for another instance of such popularity. Ephemeral as is the quality of his work, however, it is animated by a spirit which does him great credit, a spirit which is expressed in the following lines of his salutatory to the readers of "T. P. O.":

"The reader will look in vain for any ill-natured word, for any petty gossip, for any scandal in these pages. The editors of newspapers, among other painful experiences, are sometimes made to realize how much malice there is in the world; and a newspaper office, if the conductors of it only wish to have it so, can easily be transformed, as in Venice, into a lion's mouth, into which denunciations will be freely poured, especially by the anonymous calumniator and the backbiter. . . . No; even though the journalist knows something of the seamy side of an event or of some individual, it is his business to hold his tongue. The vast power which print, especially print that is largely read—has, must impose a corresponding responsibility, and if any journalist be well punished for the propagation of the malicious falsehood, or even of unnecessary and painful truth about individuals, he deserves, in my opinion, all he gets. I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody. One can be graphic and even personal, without being either offensive or unkind."