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THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903.

REV. DR. TEEFY'S JUBILEE.

The Register would, for many reasons, wish to be among the first to offer congratulations to the Reverend President of St. Michael's College upon the attainment of his sacerdotal silver jubilee on the 16th of this present month.

We understand that Dr. Teefy's many warm friends both of the clergy and laity intend that the occasion shall not pass unnoticed. But the happiest, because the real, celebration of those five and twenty years of ministerial life, which have so gratefully conformed to the divinely ordained rule of poverty, chastity and obedience, will be witnessed in St. Basil's Church at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th when the anniversary Mass will be offered up by the faithful servant of his Master. Of this the true character and purpose of the celebration, it is enough for us to make the simple announcement, remembering with our readers who know Dr. Teefy as the model priest, those words of Ecclesiasticus: "With all thy strength love him that made thee and forsake not His ministers."

It is in this spirit that Dr. Teefy's Catholic lay friends will essentially share in the fruits of his forthcoming jubilee. But there are also in the relations of the priest with his Catholic and non-Catholic circle of acquaintance certain personal ties that seem to be drawn closer by the occurrence of an anniversary like that which Dr. Teefy is, with the help of God, so soon to accomplish. In our society there are, for instance, the common relations of citizenship. We know that at the same time Dr. Teefy has lived according to the strict standard of the poor priest, his position as a citizen has demanded from him all the obligations of a leader. He is a leader in educational science, a forceful orator and an accomplished man of letters. In the last mentioned sphere of his intellectual activities The Register has known him intimately, as he was the first editor of this paper writing its leaders during the years 1893-4. We are happy to know that the bond of mutual friendship has never been weakened.

Dr. Teefy is the son of one of the oldest settlers in Toronto, Mr. Matthew Teefy, J. P., Postmaster of Richmond Hill, who was prominently associated with the early printing trade of this city. John Read Teefy was born at Richmond Hill in 1849. He is a B.A. and silver medalist in mathematics of Toronto University, which institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1896. As President of St. Michael's College he is ex-officio a senator of Toronto University.

His latest achievement for education was the erection of the new wing of St. Michael's College, the funds for which were subscribed for the most part by Dr. Teefy's personal friends. This handsome building is the first step towards the general plan of reconstruction and advancement which the Community of St. Basil have decided upon carrying out in connection with St. Michael's College. Dr. Teefy put his heart into the task of completing the eastern wing which has cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000 in time for the College Golden Jubilee celebration. He had, of course, no thought of his own jubilee following the other so quickly. But to the mind of his admirers it is a happy coincidence, and a monument to the closing year of his first quarter century in the priesthood. May the future be as fruitful. Ad multos annos.

SYMPATHY FOR SPECULATORS.

A letter has appeared in one of the daily papers lamenting and upbraiding the lack of patriotism among Canadians, who are so base that they will keep even a dollar in their pockets

whilst a Napoleonic broker falls a victim to the stock manipulators in Wall Street. The broker in question had failed with eight or ten millions of liabilities of every description, from the savings of the poor in his private bank to the accommodation that had been afforded him by the chartered banks in which the great bulk of the savings of the people are deposited. Perhaps our Canadian brokers who dream of beating the Wall Street brethren at their own game may be entitled to sympathy when the hour of their rude awakening overtakes them. But we observe that no sympathy is felt for their victims. The depositor is especially an indifferent thing. All eyes are turned upon the captains of industry, the men of brains and action, who go up against Wall Street with other folk's cash, or else throw it into some hole in the ground artfully covered by a gold or steel charter. Anything will do, so long as it is dazzling. Gold and steel are very shiny. In the City of Toronto within the past nine months \$40,000,000 at least have gone down in the dust of the Waterloo against which the Napoleons of many a deep water stock are desperately contending.

The sense of humor is not characteristic of Canadian journalism; but we observe some signs of its awakening to the plight in which "stock investors" now find themselves. The Globe editorially is somewhat ironically gay. It says:

"That quotations will be restored to their normal level there is no reason to doubt. But it will take time. Factors that will help in the restoration of values are numerous. * * * It will require time to develop the pluck and nerve and to accumulate the ready money necessary to again engage in stock market operations on a large scale. In the meantime the effect of the recent fall in prices may not be without good results. In the past year or two young men of moderate means and not a few women, with the example before them of a few traders on whose operations fortune had smiled, determined to have a try at the get-rich-quick plan, with such disastrous results as have been heard of on every side the present week. Their experience reminds us of a humorous French writer, who put a similar experience in this way:

'Monday I bought stocks;
Tuesday I owned millions;
Wednesday I built a grand mansion;
Thursday I drove a coach;
Friday I gave a fine ball;
And Saturday failed with nothing at all.'

A few days before the foregoing appeared The Globe announced the suicide of a man who after retiring from business with \$50,000 had it all drawn into the hands of his brokers by repeated calls for more margins. It is quite true though not irrepressibly funny what The Globe says about women speculators. Three went insane after the Ames failure. Is there some gruesome idea of humor in the tendency of women gamblers to insanity and male gamblers to suicide? The recent instances of suicide in Toronto are not hard to recall. But such things can have no terror for great minds. Now there is young Mr. Rockefeller who on Saturday crushes the life out of the holders of this or that stock and on the Sabbath explains to his Sunday School class the law which governs and sustains him—the same law that orders the destruction of a hundred smaller rose buds, so that one American Beauty Rose may be brought to the highest development. So that, no doubt, the tragedies of stock speculation are beautiful and even humorous to think upon. But the mind needs education for it.

THE COMMISSION OF JUDGES.

The commission of Judges appointed by the Ontario Government to investigate the charges of bribery made in the Chamber at the opening of the Session by R. R. Gamey, member for Manitoulin, reported a week ago against the accused. Chancellor Boyd and Chief Justice Falconbridge opened wide the door of evidence, nor did they draw latitudinal lines in the way of cross-examination. Their report, accompanying the transcript of evidence, is, like their policy throughout the investigation, exhaustive. The charges are discredited positively. The sum of money surrendered by Mr. Gamey is held impounded until its ownership is proved. It falls short of the amount of the alleged bribe by \$1,200, which latter portion of the

spoils Gamey involved in a sort of a personal transaction with a confidante and which he retains upon that pretext.

The net result of the enquiry, therefore, apart from the bill which the public must pay, is this:

That Mr. Gamey is just where he was before he made the charges—in the Legislature—from which the Government will make no attempt to expel him.

Mr. Stratton is cleared of complicity in the alleged trafficking for the transfer of Mr. Gamey's vote from the Opposition to the Government.

The political partisans are as much at sixes and sevens as they ever were, and the Legislature will probably adjourn in a few days.

If nothing else has been accomplished, as between the opposing forces of Provincial politicians, it would seem at all events that Manitoulin is in danger of becoming an accepted political principle. The active political elements may resolve themselves into Manitoulinites and anti-Manitoulinites. The former will insist upon believing that Ontario is rotten from Dan to Bersheeba and that Gamey is a martyr—with \$1,200 to the good. The discussion is likely to be waged until the next general election, when the public mind will have become thoroughly bogged by it.

But the common sense of the people will experience no difficulty in conceding the real value of the Judges' opinion. Here is a member of the Legislature who professes to lay a trap for a weak government. He is ready to accept money for his vote, intending to use the conclusive evidence of his bribe as a weapon to destroy the administration. Still he is not desirous that his proof should be too conclusive, because he goes vainly looking for his money to an election lawyer acting only for the party organization. In fact, he was more eager for the money than for the evidence, and when at last he, by his own story, got the cash, it was when his back was deliberately turned upon the bearer of the bribe. Then the money was made use of at once by this interesting circumventer of governments and most of it was still in use when the disclosure was made in the House.

On its face the story was too thin, and the Judges very properly emphasized every point of the evidence in defence that made its improbability the more apparent.

The public like the Judges have not lost all faith in the inherent respect which responsible government commands in this country. If the costly machinery of our representative institutions be all devised and employed to sustain life and power in a government that can be undone by so ragged a conspiracy as the Gamey scandal it is about time for us to abandon the last shred of respect for our law-makers and their laws for our citizenship and all its safeguards.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In connection with our article of last week upon the Kishineff atrocities, we observe that Sir Horace Rumbold makes a suggestion that the best method of preventing a recurrence of the scenes of horror would be to move the kindly and high-minded ruler of Russia and the venerable and benignant Pontiff to interfere personally in the question of the ritual murder fables by making publicly and officially known their repudiation of this detestable fiction, whereby the ignorant masses are incited to acts of senseless and devilish atrocity.

In concluding an article last week on Mr. Chamberlain's preference policy for the colonies, "The Register" said: "Imperialists and Free Traders will watch for a sensational move on Mr. Chamberlain's part." The move has already been made. Mr. Chamberlain's policy was debated in the Commons this week, and a rupture of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet seems imminent. The Tories see the danger and are taking time by the forelock, denouncing the Colonial Secretary before he shoots his bolt. In this way they may render it impossible for him to rally any considerable faction in the House around himself should he make a bold bid for the Premier-ship. He has treated Mr. Balfour almost as badly as he treated Mr. Gladstone.

The news that Iona is to pass from the possession of the Duke of Argyll into the keeping of a trustee for one of the religious orders expelled from France is one of the interesting items of the week. The late Duke rendered possession of the cathedral into the hands of trustees, who now hold it on behalf of the Church of Scotland, and plans for the restoration of the cathedral have been entrusted to Mr. Honeyman, a Scottish architect of high standing, who has restored several old Scottish churches with success. A memorial of the late Duke is to be erected in the cathedral at the expense of the Dowager Duchess. He wrote a book on Iona, which tourists can still buy there and in Oban, in which he did his very best to conceal the fact that Columboille was an Irishman!

It is not often that we find the ring of candor in The Orange Sentinel. Its latest issue, however, contains a letter signed by Major William Wallace, of the 36th Peel Regiment, denouncing a cartoon of the McFadden Flats order that appeared in The Canadian Military Gazette. The militia paper with a conception of humor entirely its own gives itself the sub-title of "The Canadian Gentleman's Magazine." What its relations with the Government may be we are not aware of, but Major Wallace calls upon Mr. E. F. Clarke, M. P., to bring the character of the paper to the notice of Parliament. We cordially commend Major Wallace's indignation and endorse his suggestion to Mr. Clarke. But we think there are also some matters in The Sentinel itself which might be coupled with the insulting cartoon in The Military Gazette. There is, for instance, a vile article on His Holiness in which the mischievous and disloyal assertion is made that King Edward's visit to Pope Leo was an affront to Italy, a friendly nation. Mr. Clarke would do well, we think, when demanding that the military scamp be brought to the bar of the House to ask that he come in hand-cuffed to the editor of The Sentinel.

Presentation to Father Cleary

The Paris Review says: After High Mass on Sunday last a committee of the congregation of the Church of the Sacred Heart waited upon Father Cleary, and after reading an address, presented him with a handsome gold watch. Father Cleary leaves this week to take up his new duties as parish priest in Dunville, and the parishioners here have become so much attached to him during his stay that they could not let the opportunity pass without expressing their appreciation of his good work while here. In reply to the address, Father Cleary said that he had become very fond of Paris, and of the people here, and was finding it much harder than he had anticipated to sever his connection with the parish. He thanked the people for their kindness to him during the whole of his stay, and particularly in the presentation of such a handsome gift. He promised that he certainly would revisit Paris as early and as often as possible. The following address was read by T. Murray:

Reverend and Dear Father Cleary: It was with feelings of genuine regret that the members of our congregation learned you were about to leave us. Since you have been among us every member of the parish has learned to have admiration and respect for you in a degree greater than your natural modesty will permit you to believe. In our minds, your duties, although at times in the face of many drawbacks and considerable difficulties, have been efficiently performed. In leaving Paris you have at least the satisfaction arising from duty well done, and you have also the unanimous good will and best wishes of the congregation.

We beg of you to accept this watch and hope that in future years it will often serve to recall to your mind the happier of the associations of the last eighteen months. We would like to have you remain with us, but, since that cannot be, we hope that at least you will not forget to visit the parish as often as opportunity offers.

Signed on behalf of the congregation
URBAN O'NEILL,
LEO LAYDEN.
Paris, May 30, 1903.

DECORATION DAY.

The Order of the A. O. H. Decorates the Graves.

On Sunday last some of the branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians assembled at their hall on Yonge street above Bloor and paraded five hundred strong to St. Michael's Cemetery, where they decorated the graves of the many men who when alive were prominent members of the order and patriotic sons of Erin. A visit was also paid to Mount Pleasant Cemetery by a committee composed of Messrs. Hugh Kelly, County President; A. T. Hernon, F. Walsh, J. Mohan and J. Whalen, who laid a wreath upon the grave of Dr. Burns, to which was attached suitable verses by Mr. J. Mohan.

Farewell to Father Crinion

The Congregation of St. Michael's, Dunville, Subscribe a Purse of Gold.

Dunville, June 5.—Last Sunday Rev. J. E. Crinion, parish priest of Dunville, held his farewell service, prior to leaving for his new parish at Paris. After the service the following address was read, accompanied by a purse of gold.

To Rev. J. E. Crinion, P.P., on the occasion of his transfer from Dunville to Paris:

We, the congregation of St. Michael's Church, Dunville, gather around you to-day to convey to you some feeble expression of our sorrow at your departure, and of the high esteem, sincere affection, and lasting gratitude in which you were justly held during the well nigh 17 years you have been in our midst as our first resident pastor. You have endeared yourself to us by many lasting ties, made personal sacrifices we shall ever remember, and conferred benefits we cannot hope adequately to repay. With slender resources you have built and tastefully furnished this beautiful house of God, the completion and freeing from debt of which cost you so much solicitude and anxiety, until it is to-day our pride and one of Dunville's ornaments. The new house, suitably furnished, entirely free of debt, with its trim lawn and beautiful shade trees planted by your own hands, bear testimony of good taste, financing and management.

Nor have you forgotten our beloved dead. You have provided a suitable resting place for them. The new cemetery has been reclaimed by under-draining it with tile and raising it with hundreds of loads of earth, and the sinking of an artesian well for the two-fold purpose of drainage and flower culture.

By your care and attention to the sick and afflicted you have enabled them to accept their sufferings with resignation, consoled and fortified them in their last decisive hour by the administration of the last sacraments, and soothed and healed the breaking hearts of their living bereaved ones.

You have been with us, heart and hand, in prosperity and adversity alike, in joy and in sorrow. We may be pardoned then, whilst bowing obediently to the will of our bishop, for feeling the separation keenly. Always interested in everything that interests your fellowmen; your zeal, devotion, energy and rare eloquence have ever been devoted to the cause of religion, education and temperance.

We feel that the accompanying purse of gold is a poor offering to make you, but we beg your acceptance of it, dear Rev. Father, not as a reward, but as a token of the high esteem, respect, affectionate good will and sincere gratitude of a faithful and devoted congregation whose cordial co-operation you have always enjoyed and appreciated, and whose hearty, good, kind wishes and humble prayers will follow you wherever you go.

WM. BARRY, Jr., Secretary,
St. Michael's Congregation.

ADDRESS FROM THE CHILDREN.

To Rev. Father Crinion: We are very sorry you are going away. On the day of our Confirmation when the Bishop announced his intention of promoting you to Paris, we felt inclined to ask him to allow you to remain with us, but we know that we owe him obedience, and that he does all things for the best. We shall miss you very much. We acknowledge we tried your patience very often, and we thank you for your forbearance with us. Many who were in the Catechism class when you came to Dunville are now young men and women, but they tell us they remember how zealously and patiently you instructed them for their Confirmation and First Communion. We beg your acceptance of the accompanying gift as a remembrance of your Dunville children of the First Communion and Confirmation Class of 1903. You must promise to return to see us often, and we are all going to Paris some time to call on you.

We wish you every happiness and hope your health will improve in your new parish. We will pray for you every night and morning. Good-bye, dear reverend Father.

(Signed, the First Communion and Confirmation Class.)

HELENA CLEARY, Secretary.
ADDRESS FROM BRANCH 123, C. M.B.A. DUNVILLE.

To Rev. J. E. Crinion, P.P., Grand Trustee C. M. B. A.: We, the members of Branch No. 123 of the C. M. B. A., avail ourselves of this opportunity to offer a last, united and unanimous expression of the strong, deep-seated, commingled sentiments of love and reverence for you, which spring spontaneously from the hearts of the people of this town and vicinity. Notwithstanding the fact that the parish of Paris is a promotion for you, the pervading sentiment of the hour is one of sadness. Harmony, peace, and goodwill which has existed between you and us have been a source of edification.

How gratifying it is to us as Catholics mingling with the good people of this community in the every-day affairs of life, to be in touch with a common feeling and hear on every side, from representative citizens of all religious denominations, all classes and conditions of life and society, the same heartfelt expressions of regret which we ourselves experience at your departure.

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the C. M. B. A. in this parish, and since your election to the important office of Grand Trustee, you have labored assiduously on the platform and otherwise to organize and increase the membership in other parishes throughout the Dominion. We thank the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada for the honor done our Branch in electing you one of the Grand Trustees of the whole Association. We feel you have the good of the Association deeply at heart and that its best interests shall be safeguarded in your hands.

We beg your acceptance of the accompanying gift as a souvenir from Branch 123, Dunville.

If our earnest prayers avail, then your future will be one of happiness, peace, and success in the parish of Paris, where the seeds of the Catholic faith were early sown by saintly and devoted men.

(Signed by the members of Branch 123, C.M.B.A.)
DANIEL O'KEEFE, Sec.-Sec.

FATHER CRINION'S REPLY.

"I know that these addresses came sincerely from your hearts. In responding to them, I must not dwell at any length on the many reasons why this parting is very trying to me. I must not because I cannot. It would be simply evoking emotions which you and I will have to control on this occasion, but I may say that the presentation of an address, couched in terms so generous and affectionate as this, was not needed to cement the union of sympathy and mutual tender attachment that has been abidingly formed between you and me during my 17 years in your parish. During these years I have received many acts of thoughtful, generous and delicate kindness, but this last act, quite unexpected and undeserved, is the most grateful of all. When I first came among you, I quickly found out that the people amongst whom I was going to live and labor were endowed with those estimable qualities and virtues which combine to form good Christians, practical Catholics, and generous willing workers; and I attribute whatever success God has been pleased to bestow on my labors to the capacity for fruitful results with which nature and grace have marked your own character. I found you at all times edifyingly docile, faithful to me and sensitive of my needs, grudging no sacrifice for me or the church if I asked for it; performing good works and attributing, as you do in your beautiful address to-day, the credit of them to me; and prone to accept with confident trustfulness such counsel as I gave. Your confidence never shrank from the largest bestowal of trust. From all this there arose between you and me a localized expression of that sacred union which binds together by an indestructible golden chain the hearts and fortunes of the priests and people of the Catholic Church. Although I cannot claim a title of the ability or zeal with which your charity credits me, I am, nevertheless, hopeful that my mission amongst you has not been wholly devoid of fruitfulness; and I will not affect to deny that I feel what I hope is not an unpardonable pride when you remind me of the days of trying toil and anxiety which I so freely devoted to the building up of this new parish and church, which, after all, has only kept pace with the progressive spirit of the town and the world round about us. But even in those days I merely directed; you, generously aided and assisted by your fellow citizens, performed the continuous indefatigable work—done only for God—known best to Him.

"With reference to your munificent gift, I cannot trust myself to say many words. From the moment I first heard of your intention to accompany your address with the presentation of a purse of gold, I offered all the strenuous and persistent opposition consistent with my unwillingness to give offence. Many and valid reasons urged me to refuse it, but of these reasons I need now make reference to only one, namely, my conviction, resting upon personal knowledge, that any extra draft on your means should, of necessity, involve considerable sacrifice to many. Finding finally that my absolute refusal would give you pain, I consented to accept what you assured me would be no more than a memento. It has now largely overreached the dimensions of a memento, and the pain has been transferred to myself. I accept your gift, however, with the expression of my deep and lasting gratitude, begging you at the same time to feel assured that its being seasoned with those evidences of spontaneity and generous insistence constitutes its most gratifying element.

"In conclusion, I shall always try to merit a share in your prayers by giving you a large share in my own."

Rev. Father Crinion responded at length to the address from the C. M. B. A., but his reply to the Children was the most pathetic and affecting. There were few dry eyes in the church.

REV. J. E. CRINION'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF DUNVILLE.

On Thursday of last week, at the Home Boys' annual Decoration Day ceremonies in the Dunville cemeteries, Rev. J. E. Crinion availed himself of the opportunity to say farewell to the citizens of Dunville collectively, because, as he said, it would be impossible to do so individually. First, after continuing his subject on former decoration days, namely, a description of the cemeteries he visited in Europe, especially Italy, during his travels, he described on this occasion the catacombs of Paris, and then concluded as follows:

"I am bidding adieu in a few days to Dunville which has been my home for so many years. I should have been indeed cold and unsympathetic had I not learned to love its citizens, who for so many years have been my acquaintances, friends and associates in civic, social and business life. Now that I am going away to take up my residence in another town, the pain of parting is increased by the thought that I am leaving a town where I know everybody and everybody knows me; and not only have they known me, but trusted me and honored me with their respect. I desire on this occasion, to thank the citizens of this town for the kindness beyond my deservings which they have shown me, and I wish to assure them in return that neither time, nor place, nor distance, shall ever efface the remembrance of them and their town from my memory."

Father Crinion leaves in Dunville a host of warm friends, who will heartily coincide with the eulogy of him expressed in the address from the members of his own church, and they wish him Godspeed in his new home.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The Ontario Pilgrimage to Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre will be held on Tuesday, July 21st. It will be under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and the direction of the Rev. Father Twomey, of Tweed. Rates, time limit, etc., will be about the same as last year. Further information will be given in a later issue of The Catholic Register.

Put your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand outstretched towards yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality, as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers-by, yet send forth on the four winds of Heaven the melancholy cry: "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it; but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search, and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner, like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

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