

The True Witness



Commons R. R. Dec. 1909

Vol. LIX., No. 15

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

EMINENT JURIST AND GENTLEMAN. PASSING OF JUDGE CURRAN.

The Bar Loses Bright Light, Montreal Distinguished Citizen.

On all sides one hears nothing but regret at the almost sudden demise of Judge Curran, so well and favorably known as a brilliant lawyer, a patriotic Irishman and an exemplar of Christian. The eminent judge was a man of fearless conviction, and it was because he was never ashamed of his colors that he won the esteem and respect of all, irrespective of race and religion. He will be missed very much in his home, how deeply only the bereaved ones can tell; his loss will be sorely felt in the congregation of St. Patrick's, where he has been a devout and faithful worshipper for so many years. Edification was always aroused when the deceased judge, who never made a parade of his religion, was seen approach the Holy Table every month with the members of the Holy Name Society, not because he was performing an act with hundreds of others, but because, holding the position he did, possessed of the gifts that only the few can boast, he was not too busy with the noisy affairs of life to worship in his own way his Maker whom he knew how to serve so well. On the bench, too, will there be a void hard to fill. His sound judgment, keen insight and whole-souled sympathy made him a power, and his brother jurists unanimously express their sympathy at his demise.

On Friday last, surrounded by his family, he quietly breathed forth his soul, sustained by the last beautiful rites of our Holy Church, and it is in the most prayerful spirit that we mingle our prayers with the Church's earnest supplication: Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

The funeral took place on Monday morning from the judge's late residence, Hutchison street, to St. Patrick's Church, where the body was received by the pastor, Rev. Gerald McShane, who celebrated the solemn requiem mass, assisted by Fathers Flynn, C.S.S.R., and Kavanagh, S.J. Perrault's Harmonized Mass was rendered with telling effect by the choir. The cortege was one of the largest ever seen in the streets of Montreal, some thousand men of all walks in life paying a silent, solemn tribute to the worth of the late eminent judge.

Among those noticed were the following: Chief Justice Sir Melbourne Tait, Justices Davidson, Dunlop, Delormier, Archibald, Pagnuelo, St. Pierre, Lafontaine, Fortin, Guerin, Lebeuf, Puroell, Choquet, ex-Judge Sir Alexander Laocote, C. J. Doherty, Mathieu, Loranger, Recorder Weir, Magistrate U. Lafontaine, Sir Gordon Johnson, Bart., the Hon. Senators Dandurand, Owens, J. P. B. Casgrain and Cloran; the Hon. Messrs. W. A. Weir, J. A. Decarie, J. C. Kaine, Quebec; ex-Mayor Ekers Alderman O'Connell, Walsh, Dunn, Turner, Fraser, acting Mayor, Gallery and Brodeur; the Hon. Messrs. L. O. Taitton, T. C. Casgrain, J. D. Roland, R. Angers, Jas. McShane, L. Beaubien; Messrs. A. Girard, prothonotary; P. M. Durand, deputy sheriff; R. C. Smith, K.C., batonnier; E. Lafleur, E. B. Busted, Campbell Lane, J. Claud Hickson, M. Hicks, M. Meikle, T. J. Bisallion, A. Jobin, F. de S. Bastien, A. de Lorimier, L. A. Loranger, C. Peers Davidson, H. J. Kavanagh, E. McIntyre, W. Keys, H. E. Bell, T. J. Haichette, W. Booth, T. C. Donnelly, C. A. Armstrong, J. E. Rafter, D. McIntyre, T. McL. Graham, G. D. Taylor, J. S. Buchan, E. F. Surveyer, E. Howard, J. Bonin, Capt. B. J. Murphy, John Hoolahan, P. J. Coyle, J. M. M. Duff, Bernard Tansey, D. McDonald, W. S. Walker, A. McGoun, Colonel Stevenson, Gerin-Lajoie, J. U. Emard, C. J. Fleet, L. A. M. Lovekin, T. W. McCoy, C. P. Beaubien, J. P. Whelan, L. J. Archambault, L. T. Marchal, M. J. Morrison, A. Mosher, D. Derome, Dr. Mathieu, Papineau Mathieu, H. J. Elliott, G. McKinnon, J. Fallon, P. W. White, M. Burke, C. D. Phillips, F. S. McLennan, P. Lloyd, M. Demers, R. Clapperton, H. Upton, J. McBride, E. Lavigne, N. Comolloy, C. Ahern, S. H. Ewing, S. W. Ewing, B. O'Brien, C. E. Gault, M. P. F. R. Paradis, A. Parsons, E. T. Stencil, W. McLea Walbank, F. D. Monk, M.P., C. A. Bernard, W. C. Langueudoc, M. F. Ryan, J. Leonard, W. E. Doran, S. H. Montgomery, George Foster, F. McNeil, F. McNamee, A. Faulkner, J. J. McCabe, M. E. Laverty, G. Percival, J. W. Cooke, L. B. Beauchamp, E. M. Morneau, P. McDermid, W. J. White, Rev. Brother Jerome, Rev. Brother Henry, P. St. Germain, L. Garneau, Colonel Fitzbald, T. Pagnuelo, H. A. Cholette. The pupils of the Catholic High School attended in a body, as well as a delegation of the C.M.B.A.

The floral offerings were very numerous, filling, besides the basket,

two large carriages. Mr. Recorder Weir made a reference from the bench to the late judge, whose funeral delayed the opening of the court about an hour. He said Mr. Justice Curran's death was greatly to be deplored. He was a good man, devoted to his duties, and no higher praise could be given him than to say that he was an upright judge.

All the judges of the Superior Court present in the city came on the bench for the opening of Monday's session, when Chief Justice Sir Melbourne Tait expressed the deep sympathy of himself and colleagues over the death of the late Mr. Justice Curran, and referred in feeling terms to the loss sustained by his untimely death. He mentioned his long personal acquaintance with his regretted colleague, both having been admitted to the Bar at the same date, and after briefly describing his brilliant career, tendered the heartfelt condolence of the whole Bench to his bereaved family.

Mr. R. C. Smith, K.C., batonnier speaking in the name of the Bar, joined with the Bench in their feelings of regret.

British Elections.

No Signs of Awakening in Very Dull Session.

There has seldom been such a dull Parliament in Britain as the present one; but there are signs, however, of an awakening. Asquith and Grey are too weak to openly define a thorough "Home Rule" policy; Rosebery, though brilliant and erudite, adds no backbone; Balfour has deemed it a propitious hour to "turn turtle" and swallow Chamberlain and his Tariff Reform. So we can easily foresee an appeal to the people at an early date. A Parliament may last seven years in Great Britain, but the longest on record lasted but six years and one month. The septennial system was established in 1716. A Parliament may last, did we say, seven years, and it may be dissolved before that, for various reasons: a thrilling emergency may bring dissolution about, and the whims of a weak prime minister may easily occasion it. Prime ministers in Britain like big majorities; and, so, they offer appeal to the people, even when the sky is apparently clear. One Parliament of the Victorian reign was dissolved within less than six months of its first assembling. That was the eleventh, which met on the 12th of January, 1856, and on the 26th of June was dissolved. The two Conservative parliaments, so called, which followed the landslide for that party in 1895, had each more than five years of life; and it is significant of the need prime ministers feel of having majorities reflecting unquestioned popular approval, that when Balfour, in the concluding weeks of 1905, decided to have a general election, he still had a majority of sixty-nine in the House. The tendency of the political events had, however, been running strongly against him, and his decision was in accordance with precedents. Asquith, to-day, has an unprecedented working majority. He is anxious to press his programme of "social reform," but too weak, did we say, to come out squarely and definitely on a thorough "Home Rule" policy. Possibly the effete House of Lords may check him, and possibly, too, the voters may decide to give the House of Idols a thorough awakening, a good cleaning-out. The campaign when it does come will easily be one of the most interesting history, or the present, can afford. The winning side will need a landslide majority. Pity the House of Lords if Asquith is the winner! If either party should come in with a lead of only a score or more, in the Commons, the balance of power would fall to the Irish Nationalists. Meanwhile, Redmond, who is Europe's best parliamentary tactician, is keeping his guns in readiness, and manning his regiment with utter skill. Asquith is a "landlord" prime minister; we mean, he enjoys the boon, but could hardly have secured it. It was well for him that before Balfour's is a failure. What England wants is new blood. What the House of Idols wants is a scouring. What the Commons wants is proper leadership. One John Redmond is worth Balfour, Asquith, and the whole ministry, with enough left to shadow ten William O'Briens and a dozen Timothy Heals.

PADRAIG.

Revive the Jaded Condition.

When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach, and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

CELEBRATED 60TH ANNIVERSARY

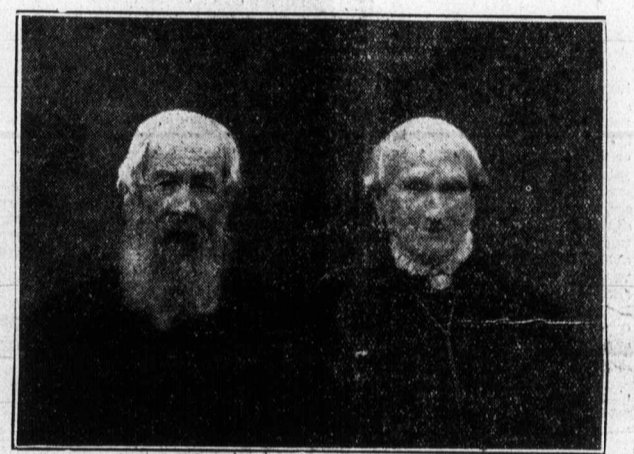
Happy Gathering of Friends--Jubilarians Hale and Hearty Receive Congratulations.

The McKenna home in Cote des Neiges was the scene of a happy gathering on October the first when Mr. and Mrs. McKenna celebrated the 60th anniversary of their wedding. The first part of the celebration consisted of Mass in the drawing-room of their home by His Lordship Bishop Racicot, assisted by Dr. Luke Callaghan and Rev. Frank Singleton. Other clergymen present were Abbé J. S. Perrault, P.P., Cote des Neiges, Rev. Gerald M. Shane and Rev. Martin Callaghan. The venerable pair entered the improvised chapel to the strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March" by Mr. Shea's orchestra. Solos were given during the Mass by Mr. Frank J. McKenna and Miss Dupuis. The members of the family present were Miss Sarah Kearney, sister of the venerable bride, who has lived with her sister since the original ceremony sixty years ago; Aid. James McKenna, Rev. Sister McKenna, Miss Sarah McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, Miss Rose McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Marcand, Messrs. Frank, Leo, Harry and Philip McKenna, and Mrs. Leslie Sheppard of

back upon, and Mr. McKenna cannot dwell on the subject without deep emotion. In common with all emigrants arriving at that time, they were quarantined south of the canal for about three weeks, and the horrors of those days are vividly remembered.

Mr. McKenna began life in Montreal as a gardener to the late Mr. Donald Ross, until 1851, when he was ambitious to start in business on his own account on Trafalgar property, in Cote des Neiges, now known as Westmount avenue. For eighteen years he did a successful business in market gardening on this spot, then he moved to his present home in 1869, when increased attention was given to the floral branch of the business. About 18 years ago Mr. McKenna retired and since then his son and grandsons have continued the business.

In 1849 the heroine of the story appears, when Rev. Father Dowd united Patrick McKenna and Mary Kearney in marriage in Notre Dame Church. Mary Kearney came to Montreal with her father and sisters from Fanningstown, Limerick, in



MR. AND MRS. P. McKENNA.

Toronto, a niece. The house and grounds were tastefully decorated for the occasion. An electric "60" appeared over the altar, which was most effectively decorated with graceful ferns and tuberous begonias. A marquee was erected on the lawn where breakfast was served, and the table decoration was "a thing of beauty," done in helianthus, the golden yellow shades being most effective against the background of palms which were grouped on all sides. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. McKenna received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances.

The jubilarians are well known in Irish Catholic Montreal, having been pew holders in St. Patrick's Church since 1851.

A backward glance to the summer of 1847 might prove interesting reading. There we find a young Irishman from Cavan, Ireland, leave the scenes of his boyhood to seek a home in the new world. Seven weeks on the stormy ocean, with poor accommodation, is tragedy to look

at with a shudder. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna have had fourteen children, but only four are still living. Two they generously gave to the service of God—Margaret, of the Grey Nuns is still a devoted member of the community, and Elizabeth, sister St. Mary Pancreas of the Sisters of the Holy Name, died in the first flush of religious fervor in 1886. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna are both of very retiring dispositions. Mr. McKenna never cared for prominence in public affairs, but always showed himself an active member of society, when called upon to do any good work in the interest of religion or the home land. In Irish affairs he still retains the keenest interest and is always in sympathy with any movement to promote her welfare. One of his proudest possessions is a Father Mathew medal, which he received from the great temperance preacher himself. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna are enjoying excellent health and appeared in very good spirits on the day of their diamond wedding.

UNFORTUNATE FRENCH BLUNDER.

AROUSING MUCH BITTERNESS.

Mistakes Not So Much in Main Policy as in Small Details.

Six years ago the Concordat was broken. In other words, the bond which united the French government and the Catholic religion was dissolved. The government ceased to pay the expenses of the parish priests, forfeited its right to vote in the elections of the high church officials, and thus abandoned all religious responsibilities. Soon after the breaking of the Concordat, the government, largely composed of atheists, forbade the teaching orders, both nuns and priests, to continue teaching, and threatened them with expulsion from France in case they resisted. All the Jesuits were also requested to disband. To be sure, these communities were given the option of staying, provided they would sign certain documents, but so doing would deprive them forever of all their teaching rights, they very naturally refused.

GOVERNMENT SEIZED LANDS.

Some orders left France peacefully, others were forcibly expelled, and in nearly every case the lands and buildings were seized by the government. The separate members of the orders who remained in France were obliged to forsake their religious dress for a civil one. The sad results of this sweeping decree can hardly be estimated. Imagine whole congregations, who have lived behind their quiet convent walls for twenty, thirty, and even fifty years being suddenly turned out into the world, compelled to emigrate to a strange land—their own was strange enough to them—or else to change their entire existence and live in the world! The number of old nuns and priests who died of sorrow and the sudden change in their quiet lives will never be known, the cases of misery and broken hearts are even more numerous. Many nuns and priests had spent their lives, as they firmly believed, for their God and their country. Suddenly their country exclaims: "You are of no use to us; worse than useless, you are a menace, go!"

The terrible mistakes made by the government were not in the line of its main policy, which was sufficiently severe, but in hundreds of small details, sharp, stinging blows at the Catholic religion, which were absolutely unnecessary, absolutely unpardonable and which naturally

aroused an intense bitterness between religion and state. For example in several towns the crucifixes torn from the monasteries and convents after seizure by the government were flung into the river on Good Friday! In the recent Catholic celebration at Orleans of the sanctification of St. Joan of Arc the civil authorities—dwellers in a free republican country—were forbidden to take part! These are only two cases among many which are still occurring all through France.

DIRE RESULT OF FRICTION.

Here in Tours, whose Archbishop is the second highest Catholic dignity in France, here in this quiet provincial capital of Touraine, which has been the cathedral town for nine centuries, one sees only too clearly the results of the friction between state and Church.

The little square leading out of the cathedral square contains the splendid residence of the archbishop and has therefore been called for centuries the Place de l'Archeveche. Now all is changed. The residence has been seized by the government, and worse insult still, the square has been given a name execrated by all Catholics. Fastened on the old walls of the archbishopric is a new blue sign "Place Emile Zola!" On these same old walls an enemy of the government has painted in large black paint, "Volé par le gouvernement" (stolen by the government). These words are also written on nearly all the monasteries and convents in Tours which have been seized, so that in nearly every principal street you come face to face with the ominous words, "Stolen—stolen by the Government!"

WHERE ARE THEY GONE?

But where are the atheists? Where are the upholders of the state and its policy? I have certainly not found them among any class in Tours. At this pension are half a dozen French ladies of good families. Their entire sympathy is with the Church, and it would be an insult to tell one of them that you would meet her in the Place Emile Zola! She would not know where you meant, though she walks through the Place de l'Archeveche every day. The cabman who drove me out to Marmoutier, where my old school used to be, said that it was sad indeed since the good nuns had left; the stationer remarked that France was in a bad way now that all the children were forced to go to schools where religion was never mentioned; while the sacristan at the Cathedral shook his head mournfully, in an emotion beyond words. My dressmaker and photographer both had sad stories to tell, incidents which they themselves had experienced. The dressmaker had been to school in an Ursuline convent. Some of her former teachers, too old and feeble to emigrate, had come to her to have their civil dresses made, and she said, weeping, that the task of making modern dresses of the world for her beloved nuns was almost more than she could bear. The photographer's story was even sadder. Monks and nuns in many orders were allowed to be photographed, and he said that since the act of the government against the teaching orders, many people had come to him to ask for photographs of former teachers and friends who had died as a result of being expelled from their quiet secluded life!

WILL CHURCH OR STATE TRIUMPH?

If so much bitterness and sadness can occur in one town, it is terrifying to attempt to calculate the results all through France. The government has injured its own cause by its many mean and inexcusable actions, actions which one might expect of an angry, unreasonable child, but not of a supposedly dignified government. In the country, where all the villages cannot afford to support a parish priest, there is practically no visible religion, but in cities and towns, churches are more crowded than they have been for years. Catholics of to-day are even more fervidly Catholics than those of yesterday; few serious thinkers believe that any other religion will invade France if Catholicism is entirely driven out; so that the burning question in this country to-day is: will Church or state triumph, or will there be a compromise?—Hilda Millet, in Boston Transcript.

DANVILLE NEWS.

A mission to the English speaking population of Danville was opened on Rosary Sunday by the Rev. D. J. Holland, C.S.S.R. and if it be as great a success as the one just given by the Rev. Father Leclair and Garant, C.S.S.R., also of Montreal, the parish priest, will have every reason to be proud of his people. Notwithstanding the almost continuous rainy weather of last week the population turned out in large numbers to all the exercises which were held, the same as this week at 5 and 8.15 a.m. and at seven o'clock in the evening.

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANAGE OPENING.

OLD SCENES RECALLED. Large Crowd Visit the Splendid New Institution.

Last Sunday marked an epoch in the history of St. Patrick's orphanage. An older generation had grown to look upon the old building on Dorchester street west with an affection born of years of intercourse, and some experienced a pang as the news went abroad that the old landmark was to disappear, and a new building was to be erected at Outremont. To any who may have had a misgiving, a visit to the splendid new institution on St. Catherine Road, Outremont, will set their fears at rest. Therefore, it was fitting that on Sunday last the day set apart for the formal opening, should be marked by special ceremony. At High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, all the orphans, girls and boys, attended, having places reserved for them. The pastor in his sermon dwelt upon the noble work being accomplished by the good Grey Nuns and growing reminiscent recalled the name of the late founder, Rev. P. Dowd, whose sainted memory was an inspiration, and to whom no better monument could exist than the asylum, whose portal in the old house, for sixty years was a welcome haven to many a safeguard from want and distress. The necessity of its founding in 1847 practically arose as a result of the cruel ship fever, when hundreds were orphaned; and for some time the building on Dorchester street was sufficiently large to accommodate all who sought its hospitable doors, but of late years it was sorely taxed; time, also, had set its hand hard upon it, and it was decided to procure other, more modern and more commodious quarters, and the present magnificent site at Outremont was acquired.

A very ungrateful oversight in the reports sent to the daily papers was that no mention of the name of the late Rev. L. W. Leclair appeared. He had been director of the asylum until he went to Rome to superintend the building of the Canadian College there, resuming his work on his return to Montreal and to St. Patrick's, and whose interest and affection for the little ones of the institution was greater than any other could be. Even in the last months of his life, and yet right up to the moment of his quiet passing away, his every thought was for the children and what would be best for their comfort. It is not so long that he is away, and yet it would seem that all he had done, all his intense love for the children, had been forgotten; but even though such be the case, his spirit hovers round the institution he loved so well, and it is certain that as he while resting in the beauty of God's eternal sunshine, he ever intercedes for his little ones.

The different societies connected with St. Patrick's parish assembled at the orphanage on Sunday afternoon last, also the children of the parochial schools, the uniformed Hibernian Knights, the Mount St. Louis College band, and headed by cross bearer and acolytes, took part in a procession through the spacious grounds, after which the building was thrown open for inspection.

St. Joseph's Wayside Chapel.

(For the True Witness.)
St. Joseph's wayside chapel stands in a crowded street, 'Mid the hum of many voices,
And the tread of weary feet.
Its frontal bears no sculpture,
To charm the passers by,
Simply a pile of stone work,
Spire crowned towards the sky.
But enter, the ponderous portal
Sways silently ajar,
And you pass into the "Presence,"
So near, and yet so far.
So near to the humble faithful souls
Unto whom there is nought so sweet,
As to kneel in silent homage
An hour at the dear Lord's feet.
But far to the world-wise skeptics,
Who hold themselves aloof,
Asking, as doubting Thomas did,
Seeking for all things proof.
Oh, sweet and humble, holy shrine,
St. Joseph guards thee well,
For the blessed peace that reigns
within,
Is more than tongue can tell.
AGNES BURT.

St. Joseph's Wayside Chapel.

Elderly Party—"But what in the world, ma'am, made you call the poor child 'Beelzebub'!"
Fond Mother—"It was contrary to my wishes, mum; but his father said that what with the price of coal, and the strikes, and one thing and another, it would be a comfort to have something that at least sounded warm about the place."