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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.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.—Here we are in the season when the school term draws to a close and the summer vacation is to commence. During the coming week there will be a number of institutions that will hold the closing exercises of the scholastic year. We always feel a kind of rejuvenation when this period comes around. We like to see the boys and girls come forth, exhibit all their talents and achievements, and beam with the delights of an anticipated holiday. It makes us feel young again; it is calculated to bring back the memories of days that are gone forever, and which we would gladly have with us again.

It is a pity that under such pleasant circumstances there should be grumblers of any kind; but the world has had them from time immemorial, and we may expect that for all time to come there will be some to disturb harmony. An American Catholic exchanges complaints of having received invitations to attend the commencement exercises at various institutions. It tells how "the catalogue of subjects to be discussed in speeches and poems on diploma-day is of a diverting and encyclopaedic largeness." Then it regrets that in some instances "the trail of the Fauculty is too manifestly over it all."

It objects to the students praising "the educational methods of the order under whose inspiration the youthful graduates have been formed to think." This lacks modesty; says our wise friend, and we are treated to the questionable adage that "good wine needs no bush."

We have our doubts about this last statement, and still graver doubts as to the wisdom of the preceding remarks. It entirely depends upon whose wine it is. Everything Catholic is good, provided it is in accord with Catholicity; but it needs to be announced and to be made known to the world. The world is systematic in covering over and ignoring all of good that is done by Catholics. It is that good in Catholicity, or all that is good in Catholics, or all is not sufficient that the equality should exist in mutus be made known otherwise a vast percentage of the world will fail to recognize it and equally fail to benefit thereby.

On this point the fault—if fault it is—that can be brought home to our institutions is not that of telling to the world their merits, but that of refraining from making public all they do of good. There is an excess of modesty, or humility that ends in giving undeserved advantages in the race to inferiority, or mediocrity.

Hence it is that we are in favor of our schools, academies, colleges, convents and other institutions making unstinted use of the press in publishing their various achievements, successes and undertakings. It is simply fair and legitimate advertisement; and in the competition of this hour, everyone, every business, every enterprise, every institution must of necessity advertise. If not it will fall back in the race, to its own greater loss and to that of all Catholics. In the same sense do we believe in the exercises of diploma-day, in the according to the young people every fair opportunity of displaying what they have acquired. It is their only occasion in all the year of so doing; for some it may be the only chance in all their lives of ever coming under the eye of the public and of receiving any due recognition for their labors. And as to our institutions they should occupy more columns in the Catholic press. We do not mean the columns of paid advertisements, but those consecrated to reading matter. No mock humility should prevent them setting forth their own merits and claims to en-

couragement and recognition. We have no patience with the grumbler who would curtail one iota of a diploma-day display.

REV. DR. TEEFY HONORED.

On Tuesday last, the 16th June, Rev. Dr. Teefy, the able and widely known President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. It was only a few weeks since that we had occasion to mention the golden jubilee of the grand, old institution over which he so worthily presides. At that celebration a fifty thousand dollar new wing was the gift of Father Teefy, through his countless friends, to the community of St. Basil. It is now his own turn, and the people of Toronto and of all Ontario have not forgotten him under the circumstances. Apart from his many sacerdotal qualities, all of a high and remarkable order, Father Teefy is an educationalist of experience and of marked success; a pulpit orator whose eloquence has done herculean work in the cause of the Church; and a man of letters. His pen has traced many an able article, and has dotted down ideas, sentiments, and principles that have tended to mould public opinion, to advance the cause of the Church, and to produce precious fruits in numberless souls.

His father is one of the pioneer residents of that district, Mr. Mathew Teefy, J.P., and Postmaster of Richmond Hill. He was born at Richmond Hill, in 1849. He received the degree of B. A. and won the silver medal in mathematics at Toronto University. That 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.

We join our humble but sincere congratulations to those of Father Teefy's many friends on this occasion, and we recall the words spoken to us about him, a few years ago, by the late Father Quinlivan, then pastor of St. Patrick's, when he said: "Father Teefy is a grand priest and a great educationalist; I hope he will long be spared to the Catholics of Ontario."

IRISH PRIESTS.

On Sunday last, at Ste. Therese, His Lordship Bishop Gabriel, of Ogdensburg, ordained to the priesthood a highly esteemed young Irishman, of St. Ann's parish, in the person of Rev. J. R. Killoran. On Monday the newly-ordained priest said his first Mass in St. Ann's Church. In this sublime and solemn ceremony he was assisted by Rev. Father Cullinan. There was a large concourse of relatives and of friends present to assist at the Divine Service, the first ever offered up by the young priest. Two of his own cousins, who are members of the Order of Ste. Anne, at Lachine were present. After the Mass there was an assembly of those so deeply interested in the event at the residence of the priest's uncle, Mr. John Killoran. A fine breakfast was served, with congratulations and thanksgiving to God were the appropriate expressions of the occasion. To-morrow Father Killoran will sing High Mass in St. Ann's Church, and it is expected that special music and singing will be furnished for the occasion.

There is rumor that Father Killoran will be finally attached to St. Patrick's parish; but of this we have no positive information. This is only the first of a series of ordinations that will follow in the next few months.

Rev. John F. Cox, S.J., son of the late Mr. John Cox, and brother of Mr. William H. Cox, the well known notary of this city, will be ordained on Sunday, June 28, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal. Father Cox will celebrate his first Mass on Monday, June 29, in that Church.

The other young men to be ordained are all sons of well known citizens of Montreal. It is a great consolation to see that our good Irish Catholic population continues, as in the past, to furnish priests to the Church of God. We extend to Father Killoran and Father Cox the expression of our sincere good wishes for a long and happy life in the ranks of God's holy ministers. This happy event brings to our mind most forcibly some reflections that we made in the past concerning the vocations to the priesthood. While we have no desire to repeat what we have so often written, still we cannot but pause in presence of two of our young men going, in the language of the Introit, "unto the altar of God; to God who rejoiceth my youth." It is not alone in the sublimity of the vocation that there is a grand consolation, but also in the example that is given to others.

In this age of rush and of electric energy, when the world seems to have gone mad with excitement, the greed of gain, or the thirst for pleasure, it is like the comforting shade of the palm in the oasis, to meet with the one who turns away from all these, and begins to walk the path that conducts himself—and induces others—to the only true peace and satisfaction that earth can afford. In ages gone past, in generations that are no more, the Irish race made untold sacrifices to secure for the sons of the land the happiness of joining the sacerdotal army of the Church Militant. And the race has lost nothing of its strong faith, or of its spirit of sacrifice. It is true that it would seem as if the vocations for the priesthood were growing less numerous; but such is not the case. The vocations are there, but circumstances are such that they are frequently unheeded. However, the examples that we do possess of those who have triumphed over every other consideration, or inclination, and have made the great sacrifice of their lives for God's glory, are so luminous and so strikingly grand that we see in them the continuation of Ireland's olden Apostolic mission carried on in practice. To them all, even as to the youngest, we can heartily say, "Ad multos Annos."

ANONING THE SICK.

A very strange scene has recently taken place in Quebec, during the recent meeting of the Diocesan Synod, held in the Cathedral Church Hall, of that city, under the presidency of the Protestant Bishop of Quebec. In one sense it is to us entirely inexplicable. If we are to trust the report made, it seems that Rev. Dr. Scott, rector of St. Mathew's Church presented a resolution, seconded by Rev. Canon A. J. Balfour, to the effect that the Synod, without committing itself, should memorialize the general Synod on the adoption of the ancient practice of anointing the sick. So far there is nothing wonderful in the proposing of such a resolution, as it is clearly in accord with the general trend of the High Church, which seeks to go back to all the primitive customs and teachings that it had abandoned, on their Church—the Catholic Church. But what is very strange is the fact that Rev. Dr. Scott spent forty minutes, in elaborating his reasons for the moment which he advocated, quoting Scripture, the Apostles, and the usages of the early Christians; and having done all this, he asked leave to withdraw his own motion before any expression of opinion could be had upon it. Some objected, some consented, and finally on a close vote the meeting decided upon allowing the withdrawal.

What could have been the object of the motion, accompanied with such elaborate explanations and arguments, when it was to be at once withdrawn, without even a chance of a discussion, is beyond our knowledge. But we clearly see in this another of those impulses that come to either individuals, or to entire religious bodies, and which spring from a sense of need, or a feeling that there is something wanting in

their system or creed, and which drives them to make desperate efforts to find that which is lacking. They know, and they agree, that all these successive impulses are merely driving them more and more Romeward. They still feel the craving from a spiritual satisfaction and yet they draw back the moment they perceive the ultimate station to which their movement must lead them. Was it a sudden glimpse of Rome, through the rent in the veil, that caused the mover to suddenly withdraw his motion? We do not know.

A TRAGIC EVENT.

On Sunday last a most sad and tragic event took place at Bout-de-l'Isle; and one that teaches a lesson to all who can learn. During the day Mr. Pierre Guay, a master-carter, employed by the "Montreal Hide and Calfskin Company," and who resided on Panet street, took his wife and three of his children to spend the afternoon at Bout-de-l'Isle park. The party consisted Mr. and Mrs. Guay, a son Pierre, aged 17 years, and little Imelda, 6 years, and Oscar, 3 years. Another son, Wilfrid, aged 7, was left at home.

After spending the afternoon in a delightful manner, they decided, about six o'clock, to get a skiff and row over to Sault-au-Recollet. In trying to pass under a large rope, or cable, attached to the new wharf in order to get out into the stream, one of the party made an effort to lift the cable over the heads of the others. Failing to do so the boat was caught sideways and the swift current upset it. In a moment all were in the water. Needless to say that "death sat at the helm" of that skiff. Of the five pleasure seekers, only the boy of 17 was saved.

That happy, good and industrious family of six, vanished in a few minutes, and now there remain but two of them—a boy of 17 and one of 7—to face life as orphans. Model parents, good children, hard-working father, devoted and industrious mother, and model Catholics in every sense; it seems to us that God's ways become more and more wonderful to us, when we contemplate that fatal movement that resulted in such serious consequences. And it is hard to find fault. We cannot say that either the father or mother had any idea of the risk they were running. Had they any such, it is most likely they would not have attempted the trip in the boat. Still, we feel that the lesson should be taken to heart by all other parents. The river is no place for young children; a skiff is not a vessel into which they should ever be placed; and those localities where swift currents and strong eddies are known to exist should never be frequented, even by grown-up people. But probably the warning is all in vain. We can only pray that the souls of those so suddenly ushered into eternity may repose in peace.

FOLLIES OF LIFE.

Life seems to be becoming daily a less serious occupation; it is so crowded with follies, so full of meaningless, useless, trivial amusements, so made up of nonsense and the consequence of nonsense, that one is inclined to wonder if really people ignore the fact that there is an eternity, or that the longest life is very short, or that any hour may close existence in this world for them. We were looking at a cut in a comic paper the other day; it represented two up-to-date ladies, with magnificent hats and corresponding clothes, meeting in a public park. What would you suppose such apparently refined and civilized creatures would have to say to each other? Something about literature, the weather, the fashions, the stirring events of the hour, the latest romance? Even these would be trivial subjects, yet they would not be so very much out of place. No. This was their conversation:—

Jess—I thought that you hated Jack, and yet you accepted him.
Bess—I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused him he would let the rain drip on my new hat.
How refined? You tell us that this is only the making-up of a comic journal, very well. But the comic journalist is not such a fool as to make up this kind of matter if it did not pay. And it would not pay unless it suited the public taste. Therefore, the public taste must

have degenerated to this level. And when such is the case, there is a foundation of truth in it; and that foundation is the follies of the world, of the feminine world, above all.

Only last week we had the sad experience of calling to see a worldly lady who was dying. Her entire life had been one great round of vanity. Her God was dress; and she thought more of a curl on her forehead than of a virtue in her soul. What do you think was her great preoccupation? She knew she was dying; she knew that in two or three days, at most, she would be in a coffin. Well, she wanted to have pink lining for the head of that coffin, or at least a pink silk covering for the pillow, so that it would make her look life-like and pretty. Can you imagine folly carried to the verge of insanity? We hope she was insane on the subject; for it would be too sad to think of her entering eternity perfectly responsible and in such a state of heart.

A SACERDOTAL JUBILEE.

Last week in Baltimore the Rev. Paulinus F. Dissez of the Seminary of Baltimore, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. In reference thereto we might quote two phrases from the beautiful address on "our Jubilarian," delivered by Rev. William E. Starr. They comprise all that we could say by way of congratulation:—

"We come not merely to honor the man who to-day rounds out his rosary of full priestly years, but to acknowledge the debt we owe him and to thank him from overflowing hearts for the inspiration he has been to our best work and noblest ambitions. We come to assure him that time has not weakened nor absence impaired his hold upon us. But we may not say all that we would like or as we would like, because we have to reckon with his shrinking modesty, nay, with his pathetic humility. But before calling upon the Rev. Ignatius Zeller to be our spokesman allow me to offer the sentiment proper to this golden anniversary, health and length of days, with God's best gifts for our venerable master and faithful friend, the courteous gentleman and grand old priest, the Rev. Paulinus F. Dissez of the Baltimore seminary."

The address of Rev. Ignatius Zeller, of Brooklyn, was an admirable tribute. Many other eloquent orations were given by leading educationalists and members of the episcopacy and clergy. The "Post Prandial Conversazione" was a most enjoyable function, and not the less so because of it being informal. Pleasant episodes of old seminary days were recalled by the Rt. Rev. P. Donohue, Rev. Wm. E. Star, Rev. Thos. Finn, Rev. M. Dorney, Rev. W. J. Reany, U. S. N., Rev. J. McCallen and others, and a very pleasant hour was passed by the alumni.

We can heartily join in the congratulations of all the jubilarian's friends and admirers, and in the name of Canadian Catholic journalism, wish him many an anniversary of the day.

Notes From Buckingham

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

WEDDING BELLS.

Irish Catholics were much interested in two events which occurred in Buckingham last week.

The first was the marriage of the daughter of a prominent and well known public-spirited resident—Mr. William O'Neill, Susie E.—to an estimable and enterprising young business man of the town. Mr. A. H. N. Kennedy, who has resided there during the past decade and built up a prosperous business. The ceremony was performed by the venerable and beloved cure, Rev. Father Croteau. The bride wore a most becoming costume of white crepe de chine and was accompanied by her father, and by her bridesmaid, Miss Cameron and two charming little maids of honor, Misses Helena Cameron and Edith Vallee.

The groom was escorted by Mr. J. A. McMillan, Alexandria. The sacred edifice was crowded with the friends

and acquaintances of the contracting parties.

During the progress of the nuptial Mass, the organist contributed several selections, and at its conclusion the happy couple on leaving the Church were made the object of a most enthusiastic reception. A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the father of the bride.

The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy left for Ottawa. They spent a day in Montreal, at the Place Viger, where they received much attention at the hands of friends. They sailed by the steamer "Campana" on Monday for Pictou, and intend to visit Boston and other American cities before their return.

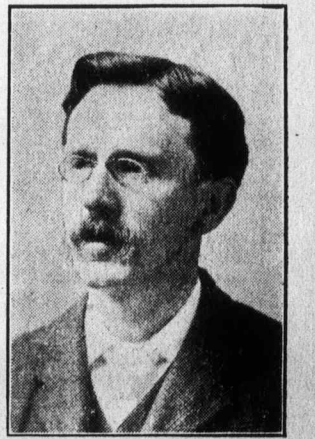
THE A.O.H.—

For sometime past, Mr. J. L. O'Neill, son of Mr. William O'Neill, and an enthusiastic young Irish Canadian Catholic, has spared no effort to introduce this patriotic and time-honored Order in Buckingham. At last he has been successful. Last month Mr. Hugh McMorrow, of Montreal, and provincial vice-president of Quebec, visited that town, and initiated an enthusiastic band of Irishmen who will long be known as the charter members of the new Division. Officers were duly elected, and the event was celebrated by a rousing banquet in the Palace Hotel.

The following toasts were honored: "His Holiness the Pope," "His Majesty the King," "Hibernia and Hibernians," and the "New Division." Rev. W. E. Cavanagh is chaplain of the Division.

Principal Sanders Receives An Honorary Degree.

We notice with no little pleasure by the correspondence of our Ottawa contributor, that our esteemed, able and zealous educationalist, Prof. A. J. H. Sanders, Principal of the Catholic High School of Montreal, has been made the recipient of the honorary degree of M. A. at the recent closing exercises of the University of Ottawa. Mr. Sanders has occupied the difficult and arduous office of Principal of our High School



MR. A. J. H. SANDERS, M.A.

in this city since it first opened its doors. In conjunction with the late lamented Father Quinlivan and Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. Sanders arranged the preliminaries for the opening of the school and ever since, despite many obstacles, has courageously and loyally performed his duty, and we may add without indulging in any exaggeration, more than his duty in the endeavor to promote the best interests of the establishment. Every able man, every conscientious, painstaking man, in every walk of life has to encounter discouragements and meet with opposition from those who should be his most sincere friends. Mr. Sanders is no exception to the rule. But despite all he bravely faced the issue and whatever may be the future of the Catholic High School, the name of its present esteemed Principal will be held in respect for his efforts to make it a success. The "True Witness" congratulates Prof. Sanders on his well-earned recognition by one of the leading Catholic Universities of Canada, and wishes him long years of life to enjoy it and to continue to labor for the great and noble cause of Catholic education.