

# The Red and White

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*RED AND WHITE* is a Quarterly Magazine published  
by the Students of St. Dunstan's College.

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## S T A F F

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## Editorial.

IN the last issue of *RED AND WHITE* it was our sad duty to chronicle the demise of our late lamented Bishop, Rt. Rev. James Charles Macdonald. Today, in the natural sequence of events, it is our pleasant privilege to record the appointment of his successor, Rev. Henry O'Leary, D. D., now parish priest of Bathurst, N. B.

Thus, it will be seen that, by the plan of such appointments lately adopted by the Holy See, each of the Maritime Provinces contributes to the other an episcopal director for their respective Bishoprics.

In the movement around the circle, or rather the triangle, we felt at the time, and expressed it in these columns, that a heavy loss had been sustained by the removal from amongst us of Rev. Dr. Morrison, now Bishop of Antigonish. Yet, one door is never closed but another opens, and from the record

established by Rev. Dr. O'Leary, for brilliancy of intellect and administrative ability, although still quite young in years, we feel there is abundant justification for the sentiment so generally entertained, that with his approaching consecration, another era will be entered into which shall prove in keeping with the illustrious record which sheds a halo about the name of each of his predecessors in the Diocese of Charlottetown.



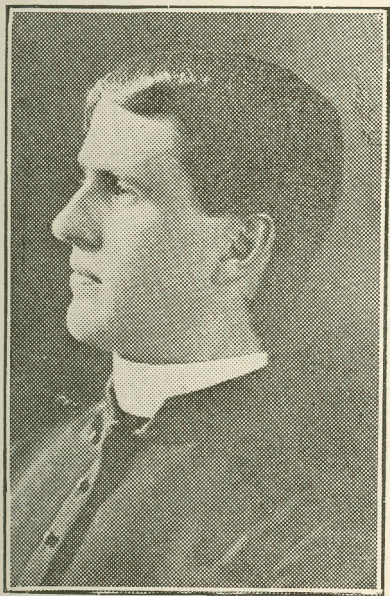
AFTER the appointment of our newly elected Bishop another epoch, little less important, but in a very different way, has been marked within the past few days in the annals of our diocese. We refer, needless to explain, to the destruction by fire of St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown.

The special article on another page deals with the matter in such a way as to leave little to be said, but a few historical details, such as to which we can not expect an impressionistic writer to descend, may prove of interest.

The corner stone of the, then new, Cathedral was laid with becoming ceremony on the fifteenth day of September, 1896. Shortly afterwards, in the fall of '98, soon as the vaults beneath the altar had been completed, the remains of our first Bishop MacDonald and of Fathers Broderick and Dabrieul were removed thither from the cemetery on St. Peters Road, where they had been interred temporarily on the removal of the old Cathedral.

The funeral cortege on that occasion was large as might have been expected had the prelates only lately been deceased.

The students of St. Dunstan's attended in a body, and on their return to the college the then Bishop MacDonald asked the Rector of that day, Rev. A. P. McLellan, now of St. Andrew's, to convey to them His Lordship's thanks and congratulations on the fine appearance they made. He too now lies beside them, and it will be consoling to all who teared a



REV. HENRY O'LEARY, D.D.

Bishop-Elect of Charlottetown



more gruesome fate, that despite the furnace of heat that raged around them the vaults remained intact; and we may well believe the precious contents still unscathed.

The first Mass in the Cathedral was celebrated on the midnight of Christmas 1897, and about ten years later the interior was completed, the church being dedicated on September 19th, 1907.

For the past few years during the protracted illness of the late Bishop, and after the removal of Dr. Morrison, first to Vernon River as parish priest, and then to become Bishop of Antigonish, the financing has been in the worthy hands of Rev. Dr. Gregory McLellan, Rector of the Cathedral.

How he was grappling with the problem was best evidenced by the statement, submitted in December, showing a total debt of only nineteen thousand dollars, on a building costing a quarter of a million.

Just at the moment the prospect may be disheartening, but with such men, such supermen, as we could name as leaders, besides those already mentioned, and with that unity of effort an inherent quality of our Faith, although the task may be momentous, we rest in the proud belief that in proper time it will be overcome, and in a manner redounding to the credit of all concerned.



NO reference to the catastrophe which has befallen the Catholic community, in the loss of their splendid Cathedral, would be complete without due recognition, in at least some small degree, of the financial assistance so promptly rendered by our fellow-citizens of other creed than Catholic.

The action of Mr. W. B. Prowse in tendering a cheque for five thousand dollars for a new Cathedral, while yet the old one was wrapped in flames; the magnificent donation next day of six thousand dollars by Mr. Frank R. Heartz; and one thousand dollars by Mr. R. H. Sterns, all manifest the promptings of that

glorious attribute of the human soul, which in the call of an emergency rises nobly to the occasion, and proves, beyond sectarian bounds, the fundamental principle of the brotherhood of humanity.

Blessed, as we are, to live in a community where sectarian rancor is little known, in comparison with some other lands, the sympathy which has been expressed so freely on every hand for St. Dunstan's congregation came as no surprise.

But that separated brethren, blessed with worldly means, should come forth so promptly and so magnificently, with substantial evidence of sympathy, in form that could not be gainsaid, was a spectacle, in its way almost equally staggering with the catastrophe, which called forth their admirable generosity.

Others there are in our own fold—or perhaps if not unpardonable, our own “ranch” would be more expressive—to whom “Much hath been given” and whatever may be expected, it is not too much to say that the friendly action of those citizens of another faith will stand as one of the brightest pages, when the annals of St. Dunstan's Cathedral are passed on to generations yet unborn.



AT a time when the spread of fever for black foxes gives rise to some pessimism as to the agricultural future of the Island, the manner in which young farmers from every section of the Province took advantage of the Agricultural Short Course, should serve to allay such fears.

That upwards of five hundred young men and women should congregate for a course of instruction, and for two weeks follow closely every lecture without being drawn away by the novelties and allurements of city life, is a very hopeful sign.

No matter what “Boom” may come or go; no matter what prospects other lines of effort may afford; the fact remains, potent as the green of our acres or the red of our fruitful soil, that on agriculture alone can the future of our Province be securely based.



The active interest in agricultural education now being manifested by the "Powers that be" both at our local Capital and at Ottawa is quite in keeping with the recognition of the farmer's status so lately being accorded him after long denial, and from this favorable movement none can hope to reap greater benefit than this the garden Province of the Dominion.



THE suggestion by a writer in the local Press that some action should be taken by which to preserve the memory of those who fought and died in the South African War seems worthy of all possible consideration.

In time of peace, the occupation of the soldier either regular or civilian, is apt to be estimated at less than its proper worth; while in the stress of conflict and excitement of subsequent patriotism the opposite extreme is sometimes touched.

An annual banquet or reunion, in which a few good speakers recalled in sane review the facts and deeds which have made an Empire great, would seem one worthy means of honoring our worthy dead.

They need no monument but their worthy deeds; let it not be said that we who experience in our daily life the benefits of their sacrifice, shall allow the memory of those deeds to perish from amongst us.



THE spirit which has made the British name synonymous with courage of the highest order and unflinching devotion to duty, even in the face of death, has once more been manifested in the death of Captain Scott and his brave associates, caught in a blizzard on their return from the South Pole.

As an exemplification of that dauntless spirit which has carried the British banner literally to the ends of the earth, the story of endurance by the ill-starred party recorded by themselves, even while the hand of Death gradually benumbed the laboring writer, shall take its place with others of fair renown.

Truly for them "The path of duty was the way to glory"—the glory enshrined in the hearts of a sympathetic nation to stand as their noblest epitaph.



IT is with much pleasure that we publish elsewhere in this issue a communication from Mr. Wesley Frost, United States Consul at Charlottetown.

We can assure him that his friendly sentiments are heartily reciprocated, not only by the student body, but by each and every one, who from personal contact and daily intercourse have come to know and realize more clearly the ideals and aspirations of our friends of the Great Republic.

Now that a Prince Edward Islander has been chosen as a member of President Wilson's Cabinet, we may reasonably hope that, at least the special product of "Spud" Island may experience the beneficial influence of that promised tariff revision, and that in course of time, fed corporally on such tempting pabulum as we are able to supply, and with a mental fostering to which the worthy Consul is so well qualified to attend, a movement may be begun by which those Prodigals south of the forty-ninth parallel, may return to the proper fold.

In the meantime Mexico may prove too troublesome for a neighbor, and so be made a State, and then in glorious consummation the Canadian beaver may roam his unquestioned patrimony from Panama to the Pole.



A striking illustration of the truth of that poem by a gifted Island writer, in which she dwells on the wanderings of "The Ubiquitous Islander" were offered not long since by dispatches from the seat of the Balkan War. "A Chicago War Correspondent," it was reported, "disguised as a Priest, had gained the confidence of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and so secured information that otherwise could not have been obtained.



Now it turns out that the "Chicago Correspondent" is none other than our own Rev. Dr. J. T. Roche, a native of Iona.

His first real journalistic work began four years ago on the Extension Magazine of Chicago, official organ of The Catholic Church Extension Society of America, founded, we may observe in passing, by another Prince Edward Islander—Rev. Dr. Kelly, a native of Charlottetown.

Dr. Roche is Vice-President of the great Society which is doing so much for Catholicity in all the Western provinces and States.

For three years he was editor of "The Register" published at Toronto and which is now presided over by still another Islander, Rev. Dr. Burke.

At present Dr. Roche is touring the world in the capacity of special correspondent for an American press agency, and when other correspondents wired these reports of his "disguise" they were doubtless unaware of the universal passport, which made its possessor feel as much at home amid the deep-scarred Balkan Mountains, as in his native vales of peaceful, Prince Edward Island.

Under present circumstances, and perhaps to a greater extent than at any previous time, is public sentiment in Prince Edward Island attuned to the spirit of the Easter Season. A feeling of optimism is abroad throughout the land; all moody doubtings have given way to a strong and reviving hope; the croaker finds his audience becoming smaller day by day; and all thought of the disadvantages and disappointments of the past are being trampled under foot, to form the stepping stone to higher things yet to be.

With the spring-time now upon us, and the spring of hope in every heart, it seems an auspicious time to express the fervent wish, as we do in all sincerity, that the highest ideals of our people may be attained, and that our favored Island home may become in very fact, as well as name, "The Garden of the Gulf."



## Correspondence.

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American Consulate, Charlottetown,

February 22nd, 1913.

EDITOR, "RED AND WHITE,"

St. Dunstan's College, Prince Edward Island.

Dear Sir :

In accordance with your courteous suggestion on Washington's Birthday I venture to avail myself of your columns to express my appreciation of the Columbian Society's hospitality on that anniversary.

It is a matter for universal gratification that the American and Canadian students of your Institution have recognized in one another worthy and valuable friends and comrades, as you so aptly stated in your toast in honor of the "Land of the Maple Leaf." The good will and mutual understanding created by these associations cannot fail to benefit both of the two great Saxon nations on this Continent, as the young men who have formed them gradually pass forth to take their places in the field of life. I am confident, from all I observed at St. Dunstan's that her graduates will be influential and high-minded citizens in their respective communities.

The manifestation of so much characteristic American energy and loyalty on the part of President Curley, Toast-master McDonald, and the other officers and members of the Columbian Society was refreshing to me as Consul, and was in the highest degree creditable to them as representatives of the nation which Washington founded. I desire to felicitate them one and all upon the splendid organization which they have

built up, and upon the happy occasion which they were able to carry through. In addition permit me to say that Mrs. Frost joins with me in asking every American at St. Dunstan's to consider, during his stay upon the Island, that this Consulate is the house of his friends and home people.

I am, Sir,

Sincerely yours,

WESLEY FROST,  
American Consul.



There are a thousand nameless ties,  
Which only such as feel them know ;  
Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,  
And untold fancy spells, which throw  
O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts  
A chain whose charmed links so blend  
That the light circlet but imparts  
Its force in these fond words—*my friend*.



'Tis ever true with noble minds,  
If chance they slide to folly ;  
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience  
Pours more gall into the bitter cup  
Of their severe repentance.



Every crime has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
its own avenging angel—dark misgiving, an ominous  
sinking at the inmost heart.



Proud men never have friends—either in prosperity,  
because they know nobody, or in adversity, because  
then nobody knows them.