

ST. MARY'S
PARISH FEAST.Religious and Social Celebrations
Morning and Evening.His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi
Administers Confirmation and
Preaches an Eloquent Sermon--
The Annual Concert in the
Parish Hall a Grand Success.

In pursuance of my tour through Canada I arrived in Montreal the other day, and happening to worship in St. Mary's, the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at an early Mass, on Sunday morning, I became interested in the status of the parish on account of the religious vigor displayed by the congregation who thronged the sacred edifice until every seat and pew were filled to overflowing. Of course I could very well conceive that a parish priest and his flock who commit their spiritual welfare to the keeping of that powerful protectress, the Queen of Heaven, would feel a renewed glow of religious fervor at the beginning of the beautiful month of May specially dedicated to her service; and when I heard the esteemed pastor, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, announce a grand solemn Mass at a later hour and Confirmation services in the evening, as well as a grand entertainment in St. Mary's Hall on the day after, I saw that the church functions which stir the hearts of devoted parishioners were multiplying and would count as red letter days in the annals of the parish.

The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Condon, C.S.C.; deacon, Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., whose rich musical voice resounded through the church in clarion tones; the sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Tranchemontagne. The musical portion of the service was very fine. The choir, aided by a full orchestra, rendered a special Mass, and the several artists and performers executed their parts in a way to sustain the name of St. Mary's choir as being entitled to rank among the noted ones of the city. The notable event of the day was the visit of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchesi, more especially as it was his first to Father O'Donnell's parish since his elevation to the purple. For that matter a prelate's coming to his faithful priests and people on any occasion is regarded with sentiments of rejoicing, for he comes to witness the edifying bond of union between pastor and flock, to note the spiritual and material progress, to hear, and to rejoice in statements that tell of the religious devotion and docility of the people to their priest and guide. When the existence of these things can be affirmed by the responsible head of a parish it necessarily brings joy to the episcopal soul. The main cause of the Archbishop's visit was to confirm the children of the parish who had attained to the right age and instruction. And of course the occasion was turned to good account in giving a fitting welcome to the distinguished young prelate who rules the destinies of one of the most important Archdioceses on the Continent, and who, moreover, has already made himself so agreeable and acceptable to the Irish Catholics of Montreal and to those scattered throughout his whole diocese. About one hundred children of the regulation age and some adults were confirmed. Then followed the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, after which His Grace moved to the throne and a moment later Mr. Neil McIlhenny, son of Mr. John McIlhenny, the well known contractor of this city, stepped forward and delivered to the Archbishop an eloquent and forcible address on behalf of St. Mary's congregation.

The pronouncement touched the heart of His Grace and brought from him a beautiful reply. He spoke feelingly of the pleasure his first pastoral visit to the parish afforded him, and rejoiced in the pleasant relations existing between the pastor and his faithful people, and voiced his own earnest desire to foster such conditions, promising his willingness at all times to strengthen the hands of the pastor in his well meant efforts to advance the spiritual and temporal interests of his people. In his utterances the Archbishop gave strong proof of his attachment to his faithful Irish Catholic subjects, as did also Mr. Beggs the other day in Quebec, making it clear that both of those eminent prelates have strong convictions as to the credit due to the children of St. Patrick for their heroic defence of the true faith at home in Ireland, as well as for the part they have played in spreading it in Canada and in every part of the New World in which they have found a home.

Finishing this branch of his discourse His Grace dwelt upon the nature and force of the sacred rite of Confirmation which he had just imparted to the children and the few adults as mentioned above. The part of the Church's ministrations to her spiritual children affords strong grounds for a Bishop's touching remarks whenever he administers the holy rite, for worldly seductions and a holy fear of them must be ever present to the episcopal mind, and when he confers the Sacrament that makes the recipients "strong and perfect Christians" he knows that he is putting spiritual weapons into the hands of those confirmed, that will suffice, if rightly used, to shield them in after life from falling under the power of temptation.

Thus were brought to a close the religious exercises on the first Sunday in May '98, in St. Mary's, in a manner that will be long kept fresh in the memory of the pastor and his zealous assistant, Rev. Father Shea, and also in the minds of every member of the parish.

On the following Monday evening St. Mary's hall was the scene of a very large and enthusiastic gathering who flocked to see and enjoy the execution of a well arranged programme representing St.

Mary's Parish Feast, Third Grand Annual Entertainment. The two preceding entertainments of the kind in the same hall had given general satisfaction, and the several artists and performers had gained reputations. This fact no doubt stimulated the players of last night, for, in an age of progress, the things last done must surpass what went before of the same kind.

It certainly is not too much to say that the play put upon the boards in St. Mary's hall last evening reflected credit upon its organizers, and that all of those who appeared before the footlights in their several roles acted their parts well and gave an evening's rare enjoyment to the large audience assembled. It could only be by close study and diligent rehearsal that the amateur actors got to know the characters so well, which they represented, they surely made an intelligent reading and conception of their parts, for they gave them strong and realistic expression, which drew nearly all applause from the audience. Where all did their best, and did it well, it would seem unfair to make invidious distinctions.

But then some had minor parts, without scope to show the artistic skill; while others had roles more favorable. Again, there were non-professionals on the stage last night, both ladies and gentlemen, who have played for years past and who are deservedly ranked high by Montreal audiences; those might be classed as amateurs, among whom may be named Madame Durand and Tootie; Mr. Duquette and Mr. Truman Cribbin. In "Hasten to Me," Miss Sullivan sang sweetly and with well modulated voice, as did Miss McGowan in "Close to the Threshold," and Miss Durand in the "Character Song." This young lady is of tender age, but, to her credit be it said, she acted her part with an ability and confidence befitting maturer years. Those who handled the duettes and quartettes did their work in splendid form. In this line, if a choice be permitted, we go for the quartette, "A Visit from Japan Babies," by Misses Turner, Hyland, Palmer and Hartford, as it was pleasing and amusing to see their comical gestures and motions. But in this branch, perhaps the funniest thing of all was done by the little sisters, Misses N. and H. Coghlan, in the duet "Gracful dance and song," "What a child can do." In this, the playing of the little mite was truly wonderful. She seemed perfectly master of her comical attitudes, and her clever motions were mirth-provoking. Later in the evening her elder sister, Miss N. Coghlan, amused the house by her expert manipulation in "Selections on the Bella." The piece coming from "The Children," in the operetta, entitled "A Lesson in Discretion," was well brought out, and so was the opening piece on the programme, called "Musical Selections," rendered by some 15 young ladies. The recitation by Mr. E. F. Feeley was laughable and really comical. When we turn from vocal to instrumental harmonies we find in Miss Hone a wonderful exponent of the powers of the violin. She came twice before the audience and fairly surprised them by her artistic handling of this popular instrument.

If the first words of praise were not given to Miss Maria Hollinshead and Miss Fannie Pringle it is because the reputation of these two vocalists is already secure. Miss Hollinshead, by reason of her long continued residence in Montreal and her vocal gifts, is immensely popular in the city, and she is never allowed to leave the stage without an encore. This was emphatically proved last night, for although Rev. Father O'Donnell who directed the programme, had put his veto upon the practice, Miss Hollinshead was recalled again and again before the footlights. Miss Fannie Pringle is less known here because of her shorter time in the city, but she is fast coming into popularity with Montrealers; and her sweet singing of last night will strengthen her claim. She has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility. She had attained to distinction in her chosen art in Toronto, but she preferred to cast her lot with the people of Montreal, a field in which success awaits her. She has a cultured voice which if once heard by an audience they would want to hear it again.

Professor Wilson was set down as the accompanist, and he officially acted in that capacity, but during the evening I noticed that several young ladies took his place at the piano, and did so with good taste and skill.

Rev. Father O'Donnell held the stage and wisely directed the course of the entertainment, issuing from time to time his mandate against encores to avoid lateness in getting home, and yet it was late when the performance was over; but I fancy that no one thought that too much time had been spent in that highly entertaining hall. Towards the close Prof. Ware amazed and surprised the audience by his dexterity in slight of hand tricks and proved himself a master in the art. Members of the city clergy graced the hall with their presence, and surely enjoyed the rich treat prepared for the occasion. The genial pastor of St. Mary's and Rev. Father Shea, who expended much time and labor in organizing the affair, must feel gratified at its decided success. Measured by enterprisers I have seen of a like nature on my trip, I think last night's compare well, and will certainly pave the way for efforts as successful in the future.

WM. ELLISON.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FRANK O'REILLY.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Frank O'Reilly, beloved wife of Mr. Frank O'Reilly, ex captain of the Senior Shamrocks, and for many years a director of the S. A. A. A. The sad event, which occurred at the beginning of the week, was not altogether unexpected, as deceased had been suffering for some years from a painful malady. Mrs. O'Reilly was well known in St. Gabriel Parish. She was a devout Catholic and an earnest worker in the cause of charity. The True Witness offers to Mr. O'Reilly and family its sincere sympathy.

REV. JOHN CATULLE.

Superior of the Redemptorist Order in
Canada Recalled.

He Leaves for Brussels on a Few Hours Notice - A Widespread Feeling of Sorrow in the Parish at His Departure - Some of the Good Works He Inaugurated During His Administration.

MEMORIES are only made by years, and affections are not the growth of a day. Ordinary mortals miss the most trivial things they have been accustomed to, and to a certain extent seem lost without them. The information that even the most casual acquaintance has gone from among our midst, has a peculiar effect of making one think that the world is getting smaller; when we lose a playmate we sorrow, and are lonesome; when we lose a friend we stand up, shake hands and attempt to look manly and stoical, where in reality we are feeling



REV. JOHN CATULLE, C.S.S.R.

seemly. When we lose a mother or a wife a man weeps, or his eyeballs burn so that he craves for tears that might well pour from a heart well nigh to bursting. Such might be set down as a crude sketch of individual feelings, where losses or partings are merely individual, and which frequently have a chastening influence on the subject of sorrow.

There are other partings, other Sunderings of friendship other breaking of links, where a multitude of hearts beat in unison with that of a guiding spirit; a feeling that embraces, in one happy whole friendship, respect, love, reverence. An object of such devotion was the Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R., who has endeared himself to every parishioner of St. Ann's. On Friday last the Reverend Father received a telegram from the Superior of the Order recalling him to Brussels and giving but a few hours' notice to leave the field where he had labored so long and become so beloved. There was no time for leave-taking. In a few hours from the receipt of the mandate the beloved pastor was on his way. The news came with the suddenness of a blow to his faithful flock, but, after all, it was only another salutary example of keeping the vow of obedience, and the whole heart of the parish went out after him in one spontaneous throb that in breaking showered blessings and good wishes.

MGR. CORRIGAN'S
SILVER JUBILEE.

Continued From First Page.

Committees in charge of the celebration held their final meetings yesterday, and it was announced that the subscriptions for the payment of the debt on St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, now amount to \$195,000. It was also said that the entire sum of \$200,000, which is to be presented to the clergy of the archdiocese, is in hand. The following new subscriptions were announced:

Eugene Kelley, \$1,000; Thomas H. Kelley, \$1,000; Patrick Kiernan, \$1,000; Eugene O'Sullivan, \$500; William E. Iselin, \$250; John A. Mooney, \$250; D. C. Connell, \$250; Cornelius O'Reilly, \$250; Andrew Connick, \$200; Henry Campbell, \$150, and each of the following \$100: Thomas Burrett, Dennis Hogan, Mrs. A. McGinley, Mrs. J. C. Moore, Mr. J. Adrian, Edward Farrell, James R. Floyd, Stephen Georgehan, William P. O'Connor, Joseph Dillon, T.

The following brief sketch of the grand old priest, who was a warm friend of the True Witness, will be found interesting to its readers:—

On September 22, 1884, Rev. John Catulle, who had been appointed Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Montreal, arrived from Belgium with Fathers Godts, Capel, Strubbe and Caron, and five lay brothers of their Order, and at once the eloquence and deep piety of their pulpit discourses attracted large numbers to their church.

The sympathy and love of the Irish congregation was stirred to its innermost depths, and the Reverend Fathers from Belgium received its generous outpourings in the well-merited respect and devotion of their people.

Rev. John Catulle, Rector of St. Ann's, and Vice Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer for Canada and the West Indies, was born in Ingelmunster, Belgium, on the 22nd of August, 1835.

It would be useless to attempt a detailed account of the work accomplished during the pastorate of the Rev. Father Catulle, for schools and homes and halls

\$2,500; Thomas H. O'Connor, \$2,000; G. P. Morison, \$2,000; Mrs. Martin B. Brown, \$1,000; M. Breslin, \$1,000; Peter McDonnell, \$1,000; L. J. Callanan, \$1,000; Adrian Iselin, Jr., \$1,000; Hugh J. Grant, \$1,000; C. V. Forney, \$1,000; Herman Ridder, \$1,000; Jacob Ruppert, \$1,000; Thomas Crimmins, Jr., \$1,000, and Mrs. Havemeyer, \$1,000.

ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Some Interesting Episodes in the
Life of the Great Statesman.

A writer in the New York Herald gives the following notes of some of the characteristics of England's Grand Old Man. He says:

It was John Bright who is said to have applied the epithet "Grand Old Man" to Gladstone in a speech at Northampton in 1882. Since that time it has become exceedingly popular as a term of respectful familiarity from his friends and of decision to his opponents.

In Mr. Gladstone's nature gravity and earnestness are allied with a strong temper, kept, however, in stern control. He has a great capacity for generous indignation, and when he is at home with it, the hawklike features become more strongly accented, the onyx eyes flash and glow, the voice grows resonant, the utterance emphatic. No one, it seems, has ever tried but once to tell him an anecdote depending for its point upon some trait of cynicism, business or sharp practice. The tale was received in grim and disgusted silence. "Do you call that amusing?" I call it devilish," was the comment with which a characteristic story about Lord Beaconsfield was received by his rival.

In personal dealings, although quickly roused, Mr. Gladstone was plausible, reasonable and always willing to hear excuses or defenses. When the course of life was flowing smoothly he was a delightful company. A most engaging quality was his invariable and universal courtesy. He had the ceremonious manners of the old school, and treated young and old, men and women, as if they were on his own intellectual level. Indeed, his manner toward his intellectual inferiors was almost ludicrously humble. Still, being human, he liked acquiescence better than contradiction, and he was inclined to overrate the characters and attainments of the people who agreed with him. His geese were swans. He showed, according to Bishop Wilberforce, a want of clear sharp sightedness as to others, and he consequently exposed himself to the arts of scheming mediocrities. He was seen to most advantage in his own home. His extraordinary vigor and agility of mind and body, his unbroken health and buoyant spirits, formed an atmosphere of infectious vitality. He delighted in hospitality, and received his friends with a joy that warmed more than wine. The dignity, order, simplicity and manly piety of his daily life made up a spectacle more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform.

Although Mr. Gladstone was pre-eminently a talker in society, yet he did not disdain the other arts by which people who dine out contrive to spend the time. In his younger days he used to be quite noted for singing either solos or part songs, and even down to recent times the musical basis of his voice was often heard to great advantage in family worship at Hawarden on Sunday nights.

There are legends of the wonderful effect with which he was wont to render a favorite Scotch song, and irreverent gossips have even declared that on one occasion Mr. Gladstone brought down the drawing room by the vivacity and rollicking spirit with which he rendered the well known "Camptown Races," with its familiar refrain:—

Gwine to ride all night,
Gwine to ride all night;
I bet my money on the bobbin and nag,
Somebody bet on the bay.

His high spirits broke out at every moment, and he used to rejoice to play a comedy part on his own or his son's lawn. It would be incorrect to say that on the occasion of popular celebrations or local fancy fairs and cottage garden shows Mr. Gladstone played down to the level of his audiences. On the contrary, he exhibited just sufficient sympathy to raise them to enthusiasm, and no more.

Mr. Gladstone's post bag in the days of his greatest popularity used to contain the most incongruous medley of important and frivolous letters ever brought together in the correspondence of a single man. Women wrote to him a great deal, and when he was in office there was seldom a day passed in which he did not receive at least one letter from unfortunate girls telling pitiful stories and appealing to him for assistance. Letters of abuse, threatening letters, fierce oburgations and insane proposals were as thick as blackberries. During the height of the jingo fever it was no pleasant task to go through the letters which the votaries of war used to send to Harley Street.

Sometimes a dozen ruffians would sit down and write post cards to Mrs. Gladstone expressing in the foulest language the most revolting wishes for her destruction. That Mrs. Gladstone and her daughters might be subjected to the last extremity of outrage at the hands of Bulgarians and Cossacks was so common a form of communication that the letters and post cards at last ceased to excite even surprise. The roughs who broke of professional woodmen, and of which the muscles of his arms, wiry and spare like the rest of his body, gave little promise.

In his youth he often spoke of himself as being good upon any day for a forty mile walk, and although he never accomplished the feat performed more than once by his second son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, rector of Hawarden, of walking up from Oxford to London in a day, it was from no deficiency of pedestrian endurance. No ordinary frame was, indeed, requisite to carry Mr.

Gladstone through the superhuman aches which he imposed upon himself. Gladstone, remarked Sir James Graham, in 1852, "can accomplish in four hours what it takes me sixteen to do, and he works for sixteen hours every day."

The extreme subtlety of Gladstone's mind, the almost caustic method of his reasoning, has been a frequent source of amusement to his foes. During Garibaldi's visit to London it was suggested that a richly jointured widow, who was about much with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living the ready answer was, "Oh, we must get Gladstone to explain her away."

Nearly every second-hand bookseller in London habitually sent Mr. Gladstone his catalogue. Sometimes he would repair to the shop, list in hand, and look at the books he had marked, giving a cheque at once, which he sometimes wrote in the shop, for the amount spent. In more than one instance a cheque for £1 or some such small amount has been kept and framed by a bookseller. At one time the most intimate relations subsisted between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Weston, a bookseller in New Oxford street, close to Tottenham Court road. Sometimes Mr. Gladstone when about to dine at a public dinner in the city would send his clothes to Mr. Weston's house, and there dress for dinner. In the more crowded parts of the city Mr. Gladstone would occasionally be observed entering a shop by men and women in the street. They would gather round the entrance and make it impossible for him to make his exit save by the rear. About half a dozen years ago he entered a book shop in the Edgeware road, not far from Edgeware road underground station.

In a few minutes a dense crowd gathered on the pavement and blocked all egress, interfering with pedestrian traffic and even interrupting the omnibuses and vehicles in the main street. The three or four policemen near at hand were wholly unable to control the mob and make a lane through which Mr. Gladstone might pass to a growler, called for his accommodation. One policeman ran around to the police station hard by and returned in half an hour with twenty or thirty constables, who soon managed to secure the Premier's release, after a detention of more than an hour.

The famous American horse tamer, Rarney, when he was in England, spoke of Gladstone as one of the finest and boldest riders he had ever seen. Once when Chancellor of the Exchequer he was taking his usual ride in Hyde Park on a spirited young horse the horse plunged and ran away, got off the ordinary track of riders and came along a spread of turf divided by rails and gateways of slender iron. It went straight over one of the gateways. Gladstone was determined to get the better of that horse. The moment the horse had leaped the gate the rider turned him round and put him at the gate again. Again and again he topped it, and again his master turned him and made him go at it once more, the windows at his house in Harley street had comrades who substituted post cards for brickbats. "To Mr. Gladstone, Russian Agent," was the favorite form of address.

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1898.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your welcome paper of the address (postal) of Mr. Henry Austin Adams, who lectured here recently, and oblige, yours sincerely,

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

[Mr. Adams is the editor of Donahoe's Magazine; address, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.]

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know
How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus provides nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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