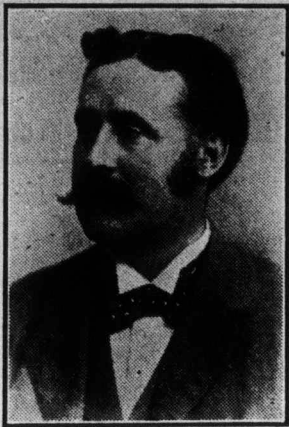


DEATH OF FRANK J. HART.



LATE FRANK J. HART.

A FEW HOURS after we had printed our last issue on Thursday last, the sad news which caused such a terrible shock to all classes in Montreal—the death of Mr. Frank J. Hart—came from Colorado Springs. The details of the sudden passing away of this truly great man of business affairs have already been published in the daily press. The end came at a period of life which may be termed the very prime of physical and mental fitness; when he was engaged in maturing other plans to crown, so to speak, one of the most successful commercial careers in our circle during the past quarter of a century. Whether we consider Mr. Hart's personality as a member of the business world, as the head of a family, as a public citizen, as a man of sterling and proven faith, or as an Irish Canadian, in the broadest and truest acceptance of that term, we cannot fail to note how perfectly his life harmonized with the requirements of each of these spheres. If we were called upon to select a model for the encouragement and imitation of our young men—above all our young Irish Catholics in this Dominion—we could not find one better calculated than he was to serve as a beacon light to commercial prosperity, social distinction, domestic felicity, and Catholic happiness. Many-sided indeed has been that comparatively brief career.

IT IS A CUSTOM in the world to-day, when a man who has attained any remarkable degree of success in business or in financial enterprises, dies, to ask "how much has he left?" It is a sordid question, but it indicates that the world still judges men by their means. It asks what he had, not what he had done; what he left behind, not what he has carried with him. Beyond the knowledge of the one potent fact that the late Mr. Hart had been exceedingly prosperous in business, we know not, nor do we seek to know, nor does it specially interest us how the world's question may be answered. But we are aware of a magnificent heritage that he has bequeathed, by his death, to his family, to the community, to his co-religionists, and to his fellow-countrymen. He has left behind him the priceless legacy of a grand example; he has left to those who loved, to those who knew him intimately, to all, the memory of sterling honesty, of uncompromising justice, of unbounded generosity, of talents consecrated to the advancement of every noble cause, of experience devoted to the augmentation of human happiness, of labor in the field of educational improvement, of municipal progress, of religious development, of social purification, of domestic perfection, in a word, he transmits, by his sudden and unexpected disappearance from the active arena of life, to his children and to his country the magnificent heritage of practical faith, unswerving patriotism, and unqualified public and private integrity.

WHAT MONUMENT can the hands of gratitude and love erect to the fame of such a citizen, such a Christian, such a man? The hand of time will obliterate the name and the record of virtues from the most stately and enduring shaft; his monument was long since fashioned by his own hands, moulded by his own efforts, constructed by his own skill, perfected by his own keen judgment, and adorned by his own rich and appreciative sentiments; his monument, is his family; his sons who will carry on and complete perpetuate and augment the splendid commercial fabric that

their father's talents, labors and honesty had founded, had fostered, had associated them with, and had left as a model—in the temporal sphere—of what the Irish Catholic can accomplish in a land such as ours.

WHEN WE REFLECT upon all that this one man has accomplished in such a comparatively short space of time, and when we hear his name upon every lip associated with the highest civic, social, and religious administration, we feel a pardonable pride of our being. We feel proud that he was a model, a practical, an outspoken Catholic, whose religious convictions were only the more respected on account of the respect that his individuality commanded in all who were not of his Faith. We feel proud that he was an Irish Canadian; son of an Irishman, and one whose patriotism—both as regards the old land and the new—was of that sterling, and yet unostentatious character, which is calculated to win adherents to any cause, and to raise a nationality many degrees in the esteem and respect of all other elements of the community. We feel proud that he was the product—educationally and morally—of our Christian Brothers' Schools, and that he carried into life, and into every avenue thereof, the results of the training, the instruction, the commercial education, the religious principles, and the social and moral precepts that he had imbibed and received as a youth on the benches of the grand old school.

THE DETAILS of such a biography belong to so many records and so many annals, that we dare not, at this moment, and in the presence of the sudden catastrophe that came to his home and to his dear ones, attempt their recapitulation. Our sympathy with the bereaved mother of his children, with those children, themselves, with that other and more aged mother whose heart must have stood still under the shock of the news, is such that it will not allow us to intrude on the sacredness of the sorrow and the profundity of the gloom that has enveloped them. Nor can we go over the story of some of our greatest and most noble institutions—religious, educational and commercial—associated with their development, did not last long. It was ment and their well-being. The Church, the Board of Catholic School Commissioners, the Catholic High School, the Board of Trade, the immense fruit industry, the Civic Council, in a word, the foremost institutions of our city. Over such a grave and beside the ashes of such a man, we can do nought but respectfully uncover the bowed head and offer up a fervent prayer for the repose of his immortal soul. That in the full noon of his prosperous life he should have been so unexpectedly summoned away, is the most painful reflection of all; yet, knowing him as we did, we feel, to its fullest, the great consolation that he was one of those whose lives are a perpetual preparation for the inevitable, and whose soul are ever ready to appear before the dread tribunal of God.

A FEW DETAILS.—It is in this spirit that we now turn to the details of the life which has been made the subject of so many obituaries in the secular press. Mr. Hart had reached his 51st year at the time of his death. Immediately after leaving school he entered as a clerk in the grocery establishment of David Crawford. Shortly after he was taken into partnership, but this as-

dissolved to admit of his forming a business connection with another clerk in Mr. Crawford's store, under the firm name of Hart & Howard, their store being at the corner of Dorchester and Beaver Hall Hill. Two years later Mr. Hart went out of business on his own account.

It was then that he proceeded to lay the foundation of his future fortunes. Entering the employ of his father as bookkeeper for the firm of Hart & Tuckwell, he at once commenced to master the intricacies of the fruit trade. When his father died he was taken into the firm, and subsequently, on the death of Mr. Tuckwell, he assumed full control.

He was a governor of the Catholic High School; a director of the Canadian Rubber Company, a director of the Union Cold Storage Company; president of the Montreal Fruit Auction, director of the Canada Paper Company, vice-president of the Virtue Mining Company, a shareholder in several banks, including the Molsons; and an executor of the James McCready estate. Mr. Hart was also a large owner of real estate.

Perhaps the greatest public distinction was brought to Mr. Hart by the term of two years which he served in the City Council, being elected by acclamation, in St. Antoine East in February, 1900. At once appointed chairman of the Fire Committee, Ald. Hart immediately set himself the task of placing the brigade on a satisfactory basis. This he succeeded in doing, despite all obstacles that confronted him.

In the Board of Trade, both in the ranks of the members, and in the Executive Council where he served a couple of terms, he did yeoman service for his creed and race in the endeavor to secure for them that measure of representation to which their citizenship entitled them. Much could be said upon this subject.

The mother of the deceased is still alive, Mrs. Martin Hart, resident at 609 Cadieux street, and is now about 75 years of age. Besides a widow, who was formerly a Miss Saunders, and whom he married a quarter of a century ago, he leaves three sons—Charles M. and Frank, who are associated with their father's business; Thornley, who is employed in the Canada Paper Company, and a daughter, Miss Muriel.

THE FUNERAL which was held on Tuesday morning, was attended by all classes of citizens. At the solemn Requiem Mass, which was chanted at St. Patrick's Church, the professors, teachers and pupils of the Christian Brothers, Catholic High School and St. Patrick's (girls) Academy, were present as were also the representatives of the various public bodies with which the deceased had been associated. A strong detachment of the Fire Brigade and City Police were also in attendance. The choir of the Knights of Columbus, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, rendered the musical portion of the service, which was most impressive. At the close of the Mass and chanting of the "Libera" the remains were taken to Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment in the family burial plot.

THE IRISH FRANCISCAN MARTYRS!

BY
REV. FR. ANTONINE,
O.M.F.
MGR.
CORNELIUS O'DEVANY,
BISHOP
OF
DOWN
AND
CONNOR;
AND
REV.
PATRICK O'LOCHRAN,
SECULAR
PRIEST.

Most of the authorities we have for the life and martyrdom of Cornelius O'Devany, the great and

Venerable prelate of Down and Connor, were his contemporaries. Thus Roche, Wadding, the Four Masters, O'Sullivan, and Father Mooney, although they were not witnesses, received the entire details of the martyrdom from those who saw the holy Bishop and his companion generously shed their blood for the Faith.

Dr. O'Devany was born in 1533. He belonged to a respectable family in Ulster. Before he was twenty, years of age he received the habit of St. Francis in the Abbey of Donegal. Not many years after his religious profession he was sent to Rome, where he attained a high degree of learning and sanctity. His singular gifts and great virtues attracted the attention of Pope Gregory XIII., and, on the 18th of April, 1582, he was appointed to succeed Donough O'Gallagher as Bishop of the united Sees of Down and Connor. He was consecrated on the Feast of the Purification in the following year, and soon after returned to his native country. It was the same Pontiff, Pope Gregory XIII., that consecrated Dr. O'Hely six years before, and appointed him to the See of Mayo.

Bishop O'Devany, before he set sail for Ireland to take possession of his See, was well aware that the English ruler was endeavoring to crush the Catholic religion in his native land by plunder, fire and sword. He knew that the fair plains of Ulster were devastated by an infamous and cruel soldiery, but all this could not deter him from courageously entering upon his office as pastor of the people committed to his charge. He was one of the prelates who, in 1587, met in the diocese of Clogher, and there solemnly promulgated the decrees of the Council of Trent before a great number of the clergy.

Five years after he was taken and imprisoned in the Castle of Dublin. Fitzwilliam, then Lord Deputy, wrote to the English Prime Minister, Burghley, from Dublin, October 26th, 1588: "There is a prisoner in the Castle, one Cornelius, Bishop of Down and Connor, who having escaped, and being apprehended again, had in his possession a commission from the Bishop of Derry, a copy whereof your lordship shall receive enclosed, authorizing him as the Vice Primate to grant pardons and indulgences; who, albeit a most pestilent and dangerous member and fit to be cut off, yet being informed that we cannot here otherwise proceed against him than in the course of prudence, I humbly beseech your lordship's directions and assistance for some other means whereby we may be rid of such an obstinate enemy to God and so rank a traitor to Her Majesty, as no doubt he is. The 'commission' was merely a document granting certain facilities in the administration of the Sacrament of Penance. For three years he had to endure the most incredible hardships and sufferings of hunger, thirst, and nakedness. Unlike the other prisoners, he received nothing in the shape of food or drink from his merciless jailers. About this time there were some persons confined in the castle for civil offences, and they were plentifully supplied with food at their own expense. The holy Bishop was just a storey above these men, and could hear their voices. Wishing to discover a means of communicating with them he made a diligent search of the floor of his cell, and found that there was a board loose. This he easily managed to remove, and spoke to the prisoners underneath. They told him they were willing to share with him what they received, but that they could not give him much. He then let down his braces through the hole, drew up first a dry crust of bread and afterwards a cup of insipid beer. With these shall we call them delicacies—which he daily received, he succeeded in prolonging life.

At length, by Divine Providence, he was released, and returned to the exercises of his sacred office. Very soon after the Queen's minister regretted having liberated him, and tried every art and means to get him again into their power. The holy Bishop, in attending to the wants of his flock, proceeded carefully and cautiously lest he might again, through inadvertence, fall into the hands of his enemies. However, he perceived that this concern for his own safety interfered with a good deal with the discharge of his sacred duties, and he, therefore, resolved to devote himself without reserve to the spiritual wants of his people.

At length he was seized by the soldiers in the house of a Catholic while he was in the act of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of little children. This was in the month of June, 1611. The priest, Patrick O'Lochran, was taken prisoner the same month in the port of Cork, having

just returned from Belgium. He was accused of "having traitorously gone to Belgium in the same ship with the fugitives, Earls O'Neill and O'Donnell." He replied that, although he had been to Belgium, he was ignorant of O'Neill's and O'Donnell's flight, and had simply gone to that country to pursue his studies. All the same, he was thrown into a dungeon, whilst the Bishop was kept in custody in the Castle, and succeeded in saying Mass daily by stealth.

When the priest was asked would he wish to be tried by a jury of twelve men he answered, "If the twelve men were Irish they themselves would be in danger; if they were Protestants they might be induced by fear or reward to commit sin and condemn him. He did not desire that worthy Catholics should be brought into danger or heretics induced to sin. He therefore placed the entire matter into the hands of a judge in whom he hoped to see both equity and justice." The judge, Dominic Sarsfield, who was a bitter enemy of bishops, priests, and everything Catholic, said, "as you decline the trial appointed by law, the decision of the cause rests with me."

The charge against the Bishop was that in the last year instituted by the Earl of Tyrone he had, by advice and help, sided with the Earl contrary to the obedience he owed his Sovereign, and was consequently guilty of high treason and treachery towards his native country.

The Bishop calmly repudiated the charge. He said he was a Divinely consecrated Bishop, and that as such he was bound to discharge the duties connected with his high office, with due regard to the salvation of the souls committed to his care, and, as his See lay in that part of Ulster which Earl Hugh held by force of arms, it was his duty to direct as best he could all classes of people in the path of virtue; that he had no knowledge of warlike concerns, and consequently could not engage in such matters. Besides, the Earl would pay no attention to his suggestions. As far he could, both by word and deed, he had opposed vice and crime and encouraged the practice of virtue. If he thus faithfully discharged his duty as pastor of his flock, he was not ashamed of it, even though it might be brought as a crime against him. And yet he would remind them that when King James ascended the throne, he had proclaimed, by the voice of a herald and publicly posted up in writing, a pardon for all offences and crimes before committed. He could, therefore, put forward a double defence—First, what was alleged against him was no crime; secondly, that even if it were one, it was forgiven by the King's pardon; otherwise, the Act of Oblivion, instead of being an Act of clemency, was nothing else but a snare.

"A son of Belial" came forward and accused the Bishop before the Court of being in the company of Earl Hugh in a certain castle shortly before his flight, and suggested to him the means of putting it into execution. The holy Bishop proved by witnesses above all suspicion that he was not in any part of that province at the time, nor within several days' journey of the place, so that he could have no knowledge of, much less could he have advised, the expedition. The questions of fact were to be decided by a jury of Englishmen and Scotchmen, to whom the accused was not known. There was one Irishman in the jury who dissented from the verdict in open court. When the Bishop protested against being tried by laymen, the judge alleged the example of Christ, who submitted to the judgment of Pilate. Then the Bishop said, "If you are not ashamed to imitate Pilate, I am not sorry to imitate the example of Christ." The judge forthwith pronounced the sentence, "that Cornelius O'Devany, Bishop of Down and Connor, should be taken back to prison, and then drawn in a cart to the place of execution, there to be hanged on the gallows, and cut down whilst alive, stripped, embowelled, his heart and bowels burnt, his head cut off, and his body quartered." The same sentence was pronounced on the holy priest Patrick O'Lochran.

The Bishop did not deny that he had been in the company of Earl Hugh. He admitted the fact openly, but he denied there was anything criminal in such an act. If they imputed it to him as a crime, then he appealed to their mercy. But if they desired his death, they should spare his good name, and put forward the true reason why they condemned him to die. The words of the Bishop had the desired effect. Seeking to avoid the charge of cruelty, they made his life depend on the will of the King; and no longer veiling their plan, but

showing themselves in their true deformity, they offered him his life if he would abandon the Catholic religion and embrace their sect. The moment the Bishop heard this, with heart overflowing with joy, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "I call on the whole world to witness that I wish to die in the Catholic faith and for its defence. I would be unjust to myself, and deny God, if for a temporal advantage I should abandon the true Faith."

Having succeeded in obtaining his wish, he showed the greatest contempt for the goods of this perishable life, and prepared himself to embrace with fortitude and courage the cross the Lord was pleased to send him.

A pious girl who used to take to the Bishop and priest the food with which the Catholics supplied them, asked him about his health. He replied: "For the last ten years, my child, I have not had better health; nor have I had greater strength of body or peace of mind. One thing only do I feel anxious about—that God would deign to lead me by the way of martyrdom to His Heavenly Kingdom and His Heavenly Presence rather than let me die of old age and perish of decay in this prison. You, my child, have done me many and great acts of kindness, for which I am thankful, and I would repay thee if I could. I know that God will reward you. I beg of you to add one more act of kindness to your many good deeds. It is that when I am put to death (God grant that I may be) you will take care to have me clothed and buried in my Franciscan habit, which I made choice of in my youth and value more than any episcopal insignia or armorial bearings.—Belfast Irish News.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INFORMATION WANTED

A correspondent writing under date, March 3, from Belmont Road, Liverpool, England, is anxious to learn the address of his three nephews, Patrick, Joseph and Michael Cassidy. He says that they emigrated to Canada about fifteen years ago. The "True Witness" will be obliged to any of its readers who will furnish any information regarding the parties.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—We are, says a Maple Island subscriber, all delighted as well as instructed with the interesting articles which have been published in the "True Witness" of late, and are also thankful for your kind consideration in furnishing us with such a large quantity of reading for the small sum of one dollar. May that measure of success attend the old organ it so well deserves.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 1,024. Dame Mary Anne Thompson, of the town of St. Paul in the District of Montreal, wife of Alphonse N. Brunet, plaintiff, vs. the said Alphonse N. Brunet, defendant.

Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation of property has been this day instituted between the above parties. Montreal, April 2nd, 1902. SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

COAL MINING.—More than 140,000 men are engaged in anthracite coal mining.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Straps do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

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A SOCIAL AND PRESENTATION



MR. GEO. A. CARPENTER, C.M.B.A., BRANCH. The fraternal spirit which in the ranks of the men C.M.B.A. has been seldom so enthusiastically put as on Easter Monday of Branch No. 232 of the Grand Council of Canada, closing euchar and social hour. Members of sister branches, leading citizens of the profession, commercial ranks, and beautifully gowned, and function, and entered in test for the prizes with a spirit of sociability have been a source of to the executive man this truly progressive the seventy-five tables, artistic manner in the hall, were seated nearly dred ladies and gentlemen of whom were the art of euchar. As contest was most exciting two and a half hour some prizes which were on the stage, in full players, were the subject attention during the various encounters. The was announced as follows: Ladies: 1st prize, (Bisque China), Mrs. F. prize, Fancy Vase (Austrian glass), Mrs. W. C. (cut glass), Mrs. W. C. Gentlemen: 1st prize, Lamp (brass mounted), Mrs. McGillis; 2nd prize, (cut glass), William 3rd prize, Pudding (China), J. H. John. When the above men and gentlemen were presented the trophies they had they received an ovation, and the presentation were made by gentlemen who are known and enthusiasts of the C.M.B.A. In this case, President of Branch No. 26; Chas. McGillis, T. P. Tansey, Armour, Bro. P. J. President R. J. Cherry 232.

At the close of the prizes the majority of and the zealous and man of the Social George A. Carpenter, lowered their thoughts to anticipation of the del that were to follow. bers of the executive have a method of their prising even such a tive young brother, George A. Carpenter, exaggeration to say, original in conception ly effective in attainin in view.

After the last prize sent Chancellor Thos who is a stalwart of in C.M.B.A. ranks, recognition of the audience moments to perform a he considered one of the ant he had undertaken years. Continuing, he present were aware of Bro. George A. Carpenter, a social and euchar past years, but, said Cowan, you may not with many sacrifices wenter has made in the increase the membership Branch with which I to be associated, and knowledge of the gran objects of our association noble work in outizing this, as we did executive and a few to tender Bro. Carpenter, recognition, at the first