

## THE DAY OF YOUNG MEN.

By A. H. MARTIN.

"I saw your advertisement for a copyist, and came to apply for the position."

Mr. Whiting, attorney and counsel-at-law, looked at the speaker and beheld an old man. His hair was white; trouble and time had furrowed a face that at one period must have been firm and handsome. The old frock coat was spotted, but shone in places like satin. His linen was without a stain, but bore unmistakable evidences of wear.

"I can write a good hand and should very much like to get the position," continued the man.

"I think it would hardly suit you," responded the attorney. "The wages are small, and I was looking for a young man."

"Oh, wall, sir, I don't expect very large wages. Of course I am not a young man, but I am as good as any of them. I am only sixty-eight, and I am as spry as ever," and the spare figure straightened perceptibly.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Whiting, turning again to his work, "but I have made partial arrangements to fill the place."

A shadow of great disappointment overspread the applicant's countenance.

"That is too bad," he said, "but I wish you would take my address, and if the other party should fall you, I know I could satisfy you."

"Very well, Mr. Bates," the lawyer spoke to his managing clerk, who had been standing by with a bundle of papers—"you may take this gentleman's address."

The old man followed the clerk to the outer room and saw entered on the memorandum "James McGregor, 139 Bolton street."

As he watched the young man rubbing his fingers over the blotter, he said: "You will be sure to let me know if the other party does not come, won't you?"

There was a note of pleading in the tone that made Bates look at the speaker more closely. The figure had lost its erectness; the hopeful look, which had illumined his countenance, when he had first entered, was gone, and in its place was an expression of despair.

"Are you sure you would want the position?" the young man asked.

"It pays only fifteen dollars a week."

"Oh, yes, yes indeed! I would be very glad to take it. I would be willing to work for almost anything. It is pretty hard for a man of—of my age to get work. Everybody wants young men nowadays. I think this would be just the place for me."

"Very well," responded Bates, strangely touched by the apparent distress of the old man.

Every evening found Mr. McGregor, weary and footsore, returning to the little flat which he and Mrs. McGregor called home. All day long he had been walking the streets, riding in elevators, or climbing stairs, seeking for an opportunity to work, a chance to live. He had been given a number of bills by merchants and professional men, but they were mostly old accounts, chaff that had been thrashed over for years, and there was more exercise than profit in undertaking to collect them.

Money was too precious to be used for car fare, so he walked mile after mile. This day had been but a repetition of many others. Disappointments had been accumulating, and he was staggering under the load. Moreover, he had that morning withdrawn from the bank the last ten dollars of years of savings.

"The Lord only knows," he muttered, as he shook his gray head, "what will become of us unless I get something to do this week. I can't bear to tell Beth."

His lips were moving, his bowed head shaking, and his hands closing and opening nervously when he was aroused from his reverie by a cheery "Good evening, Mr. McGregor!"

Raising his eyes he beheld Bates, Mr. Whiting's managing clerk, walking by his side.

"Ah, good evening, good evening, sir! You startled me. I did not see you. I was busy—ah—just thinking."

"Poor old chap!" thought John Bates. "I suppose 'just thinking' has been the only business he has had for some days." John remembered the time when he, a young man full of vigor, had walked the streets day after day. He remembered the disappointments, the bitterness and the awful eagerness of his quest for work as he saw his money diminishing. What if he had been an old man whom no one wanted? He gasped at the thought as the horror of those days came back to him. He did not know Mr. Mc-

that in his dreams the night before he had seen his own old father, for whom he was now able to provide, wandering disconsolately about in search of employment.

"Mr. Whiting," he said, "have you decided on any one to fill Mr. Hartman's place?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "None of those who have applied suit me."

"I thought you said you had partly arranged for one."

Mr. Whiting smiled. "I am afraid that was not exactly the truth. I said something like that, I believe, to that old man who was in, but I did it because I did not like to tell him right out that he was too old."

"But why wouldn't he be all right?" the young man inquired.

"He would be more likely to stay at it than a younger man. Young men are always looking ahead for something better, and aren't as likely to be so careful."

"That is so," responded Mr. Whiting, twirling his glasses on the end of their cord, "but on the other hand, old men are hard to teach. They do not take things up as quickly, and are opinionated and set in their ways. Then, too, he would be likely to be laid up with rheumatism or something just when we needed him most, and we shouldn't like to be so strict with a man of his years."

"He looks strong," John protested, "and I think you would be doing him a kindness if you gave him the place."

"Perhaps so, but there are ten thousand other old men in the city who are in need of just such kindness. When you have practiced as long as I have, you will have learned that a law business can't be run on a charitable basis. Keep your charity outside of your business if you would have your business provide anything for charity."

"That is a good maxim, I suppose," the young man responded with unusual persistency, "but if you can serve your business and do a needy man a good turn at the same time, I should think it was a good thing to do. I want to make you a proposition. You have agreed that I may attend to any business of my own that I may get. Now I want to make this my business. If you will let him have the place, I will do his work and mine, too, if he should miss a day or so at any time. You might tell him it was simply for a month. Then you could see how he gets along, and if he does not suit, you could let him go when his month is up. He need not know that he is on trial. I think, Mr. Whiting, that he is pretty hard pinched, and he looks as if he could do the work all right."

Mr. Whiting thought a moment. It was contrary to his business maxims, but he was secretly pleased with his clerk's championship of the old man's cause. "Very well," he said, "you can try him if you wish to shoulder the responsibility."

McGregor dragged himself wearily up the stairs. Mrs. McGregor met him at the door with a radiant face. He could not respond this time. The smile refused to come.

She took him by the arm, saying: "You are very tired, dear?"

"Yes."

She opened the door and said softly, "There is some one waiting for you inside."

The information interested him. It would be the landlord, perhaps, or the janitor.

The visitor was sitting with his back to the light, but rose, and coming forward, stretched out his hand.

"Good evening," Mr. McGregor! Mr. Whiting wished me to come to see if you could begin work for him next Monday."

For a moment the old man was like one just roused from a deep sleep. The horror which has possessed him fell from him like a dream. The racked nerves relaxed. Tears started to his eyes and blinded him. He sank into a chair, seemingly oblivious to the presence of the stranger.

John felt that it was a scene on which no outsider should intrude, and started for the door. His step roused the old man, who, springing up with unexpected vigor, put out his hand and said:

"Don't go! Don't go! I cannot begin to tell you how thankful I am to you. S' t down, please, if you are not in a hurry. I suppose, though, with a disappointed expression, "that you want to get home to your dinner. I forgot it was so late."

"If you could put up with our plain little table, we would be glad to have you take tea with us," said Mrs. McGregor, cordially.

John did stay, and he afterwards declared that he never enjoyed a meal more. The old people seemed endowed with the fire of youth, for hope and youth are near neighbors.

On his way home that evening John said to himself, "John Bates, you

don't deserve much credit for it but that is about the best thing you ever did." He realized as never before the truth of the maxim that the chief requisite of a place is its opportunities for doing good.—The Companion.

## THE LATE MME FABRE.

On Friday night, the 26th February, at her late residence, Lagache street, peacefully passed away Mme. E. R. Fabre, nee Luce Perreault. The deceased lady was the mother of the late lamented Mgr. Fabre, first Archbishop of Montreal. She was ninety-two years of age—a rare and glorious old age that God had given her. Mme. Fabre was the daughter of the late Julien Perreault and Euphrosine Lamontagne, and was born on the 11th June, 1811. Two of her brothers were Mr. Chas. W. Perreault, who was member of Parliament in 1837, and Mr. Louis Perreault, owner and director of the Printing establishment which bore his name, and Dr. Adolphe Perreault.

In 1826, the deceased lady married M. E. R. Fabre, who some fifty years ago was Mayor of Montreal. She was the mother of Lady Cartier of Mr. Hector Fabre, the Canadian High Commissioner in Paris, and of Mrs. J. L. A. Surveur. She was one of the founders of the Providence Home, on Ste. Catherine street, and was associated with a host of religious and benevolent societies. She was a cousin of Rev. Mother Gamelin. Of her descendants there still live the following grandchildren: Messrs. Arthur Ed. Fabre, Surveyor, advocate; Arthur Surveur, Paul and Gustave Surveur, as well as three grand-daughters.

Needless to say that we join, with all our heart, in the expressions of regret and of sympathy that arise on all sides, as well as in the thousands of fervent prayers that ascend to heaven for the soul of the venerable lady—the mother of Montreal's first Archbishop, the gentle and saintly Mgr. Fabre.

## BROTHER BOUCHARD'S DEATH

Tragic, indeed, was the death of Rev. Brother Elie Bouchard, of the Jesuit College, Bleury street, on Thursday afternoon of last week. The deceased was a lay Brother, and one of the most useful and important assistants in the institution. He was an expert electrician, and had charge of the entire electric plant of the College and the Church. For some time past the Jesuit Fathers had been having repairs done in the academic hall, situated under the Church. On the day of the sad fatality, Brother Bouchard and an assistant were painting and decorating. Without saying anything to his companion, the Brother left the apartment where he was working, and did not return. Not seeing him come back, the one who was working with him set out to find what he was doing. In passing the front of the stage he experienced a strange odor. Leaning over an opening, he beheld a peculiar light flickering in the obscurity below. Thinking it was the beginning of a fire, he sounded an alarm. As soon as the firemen came upon the scene, fireman Nelson descended into the pit whence the faint light came to discover the cause of it. He soon returned, however, horror-stricken. The odor was that of burning flesh, and the victim was Brother Bouchard. They found him lifeless, holding in his hands the two ends of an electric wire. Not without a severe shock and great efforts, Nelson succeeded in taking the wires out of the Brother's grasp. He had been instantaneously killed. The circumstances, so sad and so sudden, of the death of such a good and beloved man imparted a grave solemnity to the event, and awakened deep sympathy on all sides.

Brother Bouchard was a son of Mr. Hermenigilde Bouchard, and was born at St. Irene, the 19th January, 1855. On the 30th April, 1871, he entered the services of the Jesuit Fathers. He was a man of remarkable piety and of unlimited energy. He was an excellent painter, an expert electrician, a first-class carpenter, and might easily be styled "an all round" assistant in the community. His name and memory will be long preserved green in the College, and his soul will receive many a fervent prayer for its eternal repose.

## THE HOME.

Will a woman who has shirked the noblest duty on God's earth—her house and family, and home duties—not shirk the lesser duties to which she aspires in the clubroom and public halls?

## YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. A.

The members of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association have been engaged for some time past in making preparations for their annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and the enthusiasm and interest already being displayed indicates that this ambitious organization will participate in doing honor to the memory of Ireland's patron Saint in its usual patriotic manner.

In connection with the celebration, and following its custom, the Association will give an entertainment in the Monument National on St. Patrick's night which will consist of an Irish drama and a select programme of Irish music and dances. The members of the dramatic club for the past six weeks have been rehearsing Dion Boucicault's romantic Irish drama "Arrah-na-Pogue," and it is the intention to give this play a creditable production. The drama is one peculiarly adapted to the talents of the cast selected for its interpretation, who are all amateurs of recognized ability.

This play, with Andrew Mack in the role of Shaun the Post, met with great success in the States last season, being everywhere enthusiastically received. Mr. James J. McLean will essay the role of "Shaun" in the coming production, and, judging by his past performances in this line of character, he is certain to do himself full justice.

Among those taking part in the entertainment are Mrs. G. B. Ariess, jr., the Misses Tina Kitts, Alice Jones, Bertha Crouch, Celia Cote, Flora Jackson, Rose Aspel and Messrs. M. J. Power, J. P. O'Connor, J. J. Rankin, J. P. Cunningham, Mark Duffy, Thos. J. Murphy, James Leonard, James O'Grady, T. P. Murphy and William Mahon.

## The Horrors of War.

At this moment Japan and Russia are facing each other in a terrible death-struggle, and both are supplied with up-to-date man-slaying machinery. The carnage that can be produced is something fearful to contemplate. When we read of the battles in olden times, how men cut down each other with swords and transfixed each other with spears, we are inclined to think that our modern methods must be merciful in comparison; but such is not the case. In those days there was merit in fighting, heroism of a lofty character demanded, and skill in the use of arms required; but modern warfare would seem to be nothing else than scientific and wholesale murder. Captain Negote, a German officer, recently gave the following description of a modern battle:

"The distance," he says, "is 6700 yards (nearly four miles) from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to open fire. The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst. In a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated. In the midst of this fire the battalions advance. Now they are but 200 yards away. Bullets in great handfuls deluge the field of battle. Soon the earth is reddened with blood. The firing lines advance, battalions march after battalions, finally the reserves follow. Yet with all these movements in the two armies there remains a halt a thousand paces wide, separating them, swept by the fire of both sides, a belt in which no living being can stand for a moment. Millions of cartridges, thousands of shells will cover the soil. Melinite bombs will turn farmhouses, villages and hamlets into dust, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge. The moment will come when half the combatants will be mowed down, dead and wounded in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass. The battle will continue with ferocity. But still these thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes. Which will have gained the victory?"

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## NOTICE.

Dame Apolline Pauline, in religion Sister Marthe, Dame Marie-Emilie Auvert, in religion Sister Sainte Theodora; Dame Ellen Royston, in religion Sister Marie de Saint Paul, Dame Elizabeth Mais, in religion Sister Marie du Sacre-Coeur, of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for a charter granting them civil personality under the name of "Les Soeurs de l'Esperance, vouees aux soins des malades," with such powers as are generally given to similar corporations.

Montreal, 8th February, 1904.

TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN,

For the petitioners.

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