ARCH 5, 1904.

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and he did o the Holy Saint power of his aid very real to her ng he would find her erself up to the ecs-

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ment, and gradually the floor. ed gaze rested on St Holy Child; he apng the Infant Jesus trouble. She saw trouble. She saw direction, and felt were about to assearch. But see —

g now? Gently the hand, down to the g His little hand, er own, and gently low Him. Full of vs where He leads d Church they go, street. Strange it the crowd, now up lown that, the pasnot. Place after her, they pass, unthe door of her h. Up the steps, doors, and into the

by the Holy Child. l of the Immacul-As they approach e of Our Lady, a ther to Her Holier hed arms move eating their atten-f the altar. Obe-oman looks, where en with a cry of

ep. escaped her awaknd for a moment, dy a dream, disher, but only for , for, full of faith e was, one grance Anthony and the ving, she quietly and as quietly left g the way ore travelled goes, wide awake she traverses, ar-

the Church- her where for years i fears—her praybeen poured out, sional, or before ent. wended her way les, unconsciously h she had so late-l, led by the Holy pel of the Imma-the directed her but to glance at:

ly Mother, she baby boy. Fast low lay on the naculate Mother's ate Mother outstretched armsing him and indirest. Words fail y of that poor rt had but so leave her, gentle

the Immaculate Child who, may have been, where her young e reality of her r to find the lit-C. A., Montreal,

ot loose. The wo pocketbooks, out the smaller all is made upon an has his mond it is loose.

VES.

others find plenothers find plen-they find nei-desire, nor any o appear on the neir field of work Their influence to life. Good

THE DAY OF YOUNG MEN.

By A. H. MARTIN.

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

Mr. Whiting, attorney and counsel or 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 spotless, 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 position," continued the man.

"I think it would hardly suit you,"
responded the attorney. "The wages are small, and I was looking for a "Oh, well, 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 have made partial arrangements fill the place."

A shadow of great disappointment overspread the applicant's counten-"That is too bad," he said, "but I

wish you would take my address, and if the other party should fail you, know I could satisfy you." "Very well. Mr. Bates,"-the law-

yer spoke to his managing clerk, who had been standing by with a bundle of papers-"you may take this gen-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

"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 peaker more closely. The figure had lost its erectness; the hopeful look, which had illuminated his countenance, when he had first entered, was gone, and in its place was an ession 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 lling to work for almost anything. It is pretty hard for a man of—of my age to get work. Everybody wants oung 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, reary and footsone, 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 hance to live. He had been given a number of bills by merchants and professional men, but they were mosty old accounts, chaff that had been thrashed over for years, and there was more exercise than profit in indertaking to collect them.

or car fare, so he walked mile after This day had been but a repetition of many others. Disappointhe was staggering under the load. Gregor watched hen husband as he foreover, he had that morning with- strode down the street.

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

His lips were moving, his bowed ead shaking, and nis hands closing and opening nervously when he was roused from his reverie by a cheery "Good evening, Mr. McGregor!" Raising his eyes he behelf Bates Mr. Whiting's managing clenk, walk-

ng by his side. "Ah, good evening, good evening, You startled me. I did not see you. I was busy-ah-ere-just

hinking." "Poor old chap !" thought John tes. "I suppose 'just thinking' s been the only business he has d for some days." John remem-ted the time when he, a young an full of vigor, had walked the cets day after day. He remem-red the disappointments, the bit-mess and the awful eagerness of quest for work as he saw his mey diminishing. What if he had

a | Gregor's circumstances, but the symp

toms were hard to mistake.

"I thought I recognized you, but I wasn't quite sure until I caught up

with you. Are you homeward bound?" he asked. "Yes, I guess it is about time I was starting. It is quite a little

iaunt from here.' "You are not going to walk?" exclaimed the young man.
"Oh, I don't mind it. I am

great walker usually, but I am little jaded to.might."

John made no comment, although he felt certain that he knew why the old man walked. He wished he could think of some way of offering him car fare without hurting his reelings, but notplan occurred to him, so he him good night at the next corner.

"What if my father was in that shape?" he muttered, when he was alone, and he stepped faster, his brows knit and his face troubled.

Places of busines were closing the streets; men with dinner pails jostoilers were hurrying in crowds along tled Mr. McGregor; messenger, boys and men of affairs hurried by heeding. Street car gongs clanged; wheels rattled; drivers shouted, and the world seemed a pandemonium. At a corner a large department store was pouring its flock of clerks into the street. McGregor was forced to pause until this crowd had scattered. He looked at the people hurrying hither and thither. The world eemed so full of work, but there was none for him.

The way had never seemed so long but at last he reached his home and men him at the door with a smile.

"Nothing, nothing!" he said, in response to the unuttered question which he saw in her eyes. He sank wearily into a chair.

"I have tramped miles and miles but it is the same old story. It is 'young men, young men!' The world seems crazy for young men. Youth and energy are everything. Experience and judgment nothing. There is lot of good work left in me yet. They seem to think that a man who is over fifty is good for nothing but the poor-house. He is worn out, and has no business to be alive."

"O James, don't !" exclaimed Mrs. McGregor, who had never heard her husband speak in this way before, for despite all his disappointments and trials he had always kept a cheerful face before her. She came behind him, and throwing her arms about his neck, nestled her cheek against

his gray head. Mr. McGregor started as if caught talking to himself. He reached up, and taking hold of her hanhs, patted and taking hold of her hands, patted 'There now, dear, you must not mind what I am saying. I am a little timed and disappointed. That is all, I am sure to find something to-morrow. I shall be all right as soon as I get some of that good coffee]

smell. Is supper ready?" He strove to banish the gnawing care and appear cheerful in his wife's presence. It was a difficult task, but he succeeded fairly well. They chat ted continually during the meal, hap-Money was too precious to be used | py in the belief that they were ceiving each other. Hope rose the next morning with the sun. could tell what the new day might ents had been accumulating, and have in store for them. Mrs. Mc-

drawn from the bank the last ten dollars of years of savings.

"Who would have thought," she sighed, "that James McGregor would be seeking service with other men?" Ah, the good days had gone! Young men were in command of affairs now; men who did not remember the time when the name of James McGregor was good for almost any sum he might ask at any bank in the city. The day passed as other days had done. Disappointment, disappoint-ment, bitter and deep, met the old man at every turn. He could hardly

summon courage to go home. There was nothing with which to pay. There was no use trying to deceive his poor wife any longer. He must tell her the truth; some of the furniture must be sold. They had not kept very much, but what they had must go. His footsteps dragged. He felt as if he were an executioner on the

way to kill the one he loved.
"I am a failure, a failure!" he kept repeating.

It was not until after lunch that an old man whom no one want.

He gasped at the thought as horror of those days came back im. He did not know Mr. Mcthat in his dreams the night before he had seen his own old father, for whom he was now able to provide, lering 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

"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 some-thing 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. 'Ho looks strong," John protested, "and I think you would be doing him a kindness if you gave him the

"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 you would have your business provide anything for charity."

"That is a good maxim, I suppose," the young man responded with unusual pensistency, "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 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, man's cause. "you wish "you can try him if you wish shoulder the resposibility."

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?'

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,

coming forward, stretched out "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 like one just roused from a The horror which has possessed him fell from him like a dream The racked nerves relaxed. started to his eyes and blinded him. He sank into a chair, seemingly oblivious to the presence of the strang-

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. St down, please, if you are not in a hurry. I suppose, though," with a disappointed expression, "that you want to get home to your din-

ner. 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 perquisite of a place is its op-portunities for doing good.— The

THE LATE Mme FABRE,

On Friday night, the 26th February, at her late residence, Lagauche-tiere street, poacefully passed away Mme. E. R. Fabre, nee Luce Perneault. The deceased lady was mother of the late lamented Mgr. Fabre, first Archbishop of Montreal. She was ninety-two years of agerare and glorious old age that God had given her. Mme. Fabre was the daughter of the late Julien Perreault and Euphrosine Lamontagne, 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 Mn. 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. Surveyer. She was one of the foundresses 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-Surveyer, advocate; Arthur Surveyer, Paul and Gustave Surveyer, as well as three gnand-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 saintly Mgr. Fabre.

BROTHER BOUCHARD'S DEATH

Tragic, indeed, was the death of

Rev. Brother Elie Bouchard, of the Jesuit College, Bleury street, Thursday afternoon of last week. The deceased was a lay Brother, and one of the most useful and important assistants in the institution. an expert electrician, and had charge of the entire electric plant of the College and the Church. Fon 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 fatility, Brother Bouchard and an assistant were painting and decorating. Without anything to his companion, saving the Brother left the apartment wherein 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 baheld 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 fragments and bullets on his posishock and great efforts, Nelson suction. Men and horses are overwhelceeded in taking the wires out of the Brother's grasp. He had been inkilled. The circumstantaneously stances, 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 sym-

Brother Bouchard was a son of Mr. Hermenegilde Bouchard, and was born at St. Irenee, 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 pain ter, an expert electrician, a first-class carpenter, and might easily be styl-ed "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 dutics—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 Irish men's Literary and Benefit Association have been engaged for 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

In connection with the celebration, and following its custom, the Association will give an entertainment ir the Monument National on St. Patrick's night which will consist of a Irish drama and a select programme of Irish music and dances. bers 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 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. Mc-Lean 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. Arless, jr., the Misses Tina Kitts. 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 machin The carnage that can be produced is something fearful to template. 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 ,s not the case In those days there was merit in fighting, heroism of a lofty character demanded, and skill in the use o arms required; but modern warfare would seem to be nothing else than scientific and wholesale murder. Captain Negote, a German officer, cently gave the following description of a modern battle:

"The distance," he says, "is 6700 yands (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 has ascertained the distance of the enamy. Then every projectile charged bursts over the heads of the enemy, raining med by this rain of lead and fron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated. midst of this fire the battalions advance. Now they are but 2200 yards away. Bullets in great hand-fuls deluge the field of battle. Soon the earth is reddened with The firing lines advance, battalions march after battalions, finally the reserves follow. Yet with all these movements in the two armies there remains a balt 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 oombs will turn farmhouses, villages and hamlets into dust, destroying everything that might be used over, obstacle, or refuge. ment will come when half the combatants will be moved down, dead and wounded in parallel rows, sepa rated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living becross-nre of shells which no living ca-ing can pass. The battle will con-tinue with ferocity. But still these thousand paces unchangingly separ-ate the foes. Which will have gained the victory ?"

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NOTICE.

Dame Appoline Pauline, in religion Sister Marthe, Dame Marie-Emilie Auvert, in religion Sister Sainte Theodora; Dame Ellen Royston, in religion Sisten Marie de Saint Paul, Dame Elizabeth Mais, in religion Sister Marie du Sacre-Coeur, 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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