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HERMINE STREET

# The True Witness

AND THE MONTREAL CHRONICLE.

Vol. LIV., No. 48 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Author of "The Lives of the Irish Saints"

Dublin, May 18.—Peacefully as a child going to rest has just passed away the great Irish hagiologist, John Canon O'Hanlon, parish priest of Sandymount, County Dublin. Thousands of clerics and laymen all over the world will learn with almost personal sorrow of the demise of the gentle and gifted pastor of the Star of the Sea Church, whose literary labors for fifty-six years have compelled the highest encomiums even from the cautious Bollandists. To others it is given to recount the saintly life and labors of a hard-working Irish priest in his sacerdotal capacity; our duty is merely to outline his literary career. No more zealous minister of religion ever labored in the cure of souls committed to his charge than did the venerable Canon O'Hanlon, who has now entered into his reward.

Lying now before us, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, is the prospectus of "The Lives of the Irish Saints," issued from the Presbytery of SS. Michael and John on the feast of St. Columille (June 9th), 1872, wherein the fellow-curate of the late Father Charles P. Meehan announced the publication of a work, the compilation of which will for ever hand his name down from generation to generation, to be bracketed with Fitzsimon, White, Messingham, Lombard, Fleming, Wadding, Ward, and Colgan. For twenty-six years Father O'Hanlon had been preparing the material for his magnum opus, and he assured his subscribers that he would "faithfully and honorably endeavor to fulfill every engagement specified in the prospectus." And right faithfully and honorably did the erudite author redeem his promise. Ever since the year 1873 "The Lives of the Irish Saints" has been appearing in parts of 64 pages each, and one can only stand amazed at the indomitable perseverance of one single man even attempting a sketchy account of the 3500 Irish saints whose lives have been written by Canon O'Hanlon with a wealth of learning and conscientious research that few could equal. Let us briefly state the actual mechanical work of this colossal literary undertaking. The first volume contained 624 closely printed Royal octavo pages; the second had 736 pages; the third, 1086 pages; the fourth 576 pages; while the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes contained 624, 832 and 520 pages. Succeeding volumes were of about the same character, and November was completed last Christmas. Each volume has been profusely illustrated, and full references are given. It is of interest to the Irish scholar to learn that the beautiful Irish font of type used throughout had been designed by Dr. Petrie for the Catholic University. Of the Bishops who originally became subscribers in 1873 only two survive, namely, Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The late Brother Grace sent a list of over 100 subscribers, adding: "You have done your duty nobly—it remains for us to do ours." Especially pleased was the author with the letters and subscriptions from Archbishop MacHale, Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, Aubrey de Vere, Denis Florence McCarthy, Rev. James Graves, Rev. Dr. Todd, Bishop (the late Cardinal) Vaughan, and Father Victor de Buck, S.J., the Bollandist.

Born over eighty years ago, Canon O'Hanlon was a veritable storehouse of archaeological lore, especially of everything pertaining to the history of Queen's County. As a boy he listened with rapture to Daniel O'Connell speaking at the Great Heath, Maryborough, in 1836, and he was present at the public banquet given to the Liberator at Stradbally, in the large mill of Mr. Richard Leadbetter, on the evening of that memorable day. He loved to recall the political ballads of 1836-1840, written apropos of Sir Henry Brooke Farnell (author of the "History of the Penal Laws"), who was created Lord Congleton in 1841; and he often spoke of the fast disappearing folk-tunes sung and played in the Queen's County in the pre-famine period.

From 1845 to 1852 Canon O'Hanlon labored on the American Mission at St. Louis, under Archbishop Kenrick, but his thoughts were ever with the old land, and in 1849 he published, through Patrick Donoghoe, of Boston, an "Abridgment of the History of Ireland," followed by "The Irish Emigrant's Guide to the United States," in 1851. His first work after his return to Ireland in 1855 was a "Life of St. Laurence O'Toole," published by John Mullary, of Dublin, chiefly remarkable as the first contribution towards a promised series of volumes containing an account of all the Irish Saints—a volume which was followed by a "Life of St. Malachy O'Morgair," and a "Life of St. Dymphna."

On May 14th, 1856, on the proposal of the Rev. James Graves, Canon O'Hanlon (then described as "R.C.C., 40 Parkgate street, Dublin") was elected a member of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, to the Journal of which he was for forty years a valued contributor. In particular, his minute description of the Ordnance Survey Letters showed painstaking research of a very high order. Some years ago he was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. During the summer of 1860 he made a tour of Comnacht, and ascended Croagh Patrick, accompanied by the late Canon Ulick Bourke. He also visited O'Carolan's grave at Kilonan, which suggested to him "The Buried Lady: A Legend of Kilonan." His publications in the years 1864-1868 included a "Catechism of Greek Grammar," "Devotions for Confession and Holy Communion," and "The Life of St. Aengus the Culdee." This last quoted work was dedicated to the "Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, D.D., Professor of Irish History in the Catholic University," subsequently Bishop of Ossory, and now Cardinal Primate of Australia.

## AN ORANGE CONSPIRACY.

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

Mr. Justice Barton yesterday gave judgment in a peculiarly wanton and cruel case of conspiracy. The conspirators were certain Orangemen in the district of Carrntall, County Tyrone, who were headed by the local "Master," Mr. William Coote. About this case there was not a single palliating feature. It was a brutal and disgusting exhibition of bigotry against a poor young sewing teacher whose only offence was that she was a "Papist." This young girl, Miss Rose Sweeney, was appointed as a manual instructress to the National School by the Manager, the Rev. Mr. Bailey, the Presbyterian clergyman of the parish. This school, let us say, in the first instance, was not, even in the practical sense, a denominational school such as we are familiar with, in fact, in most places. Each denomination, in practice, provides its own school, and, while nominally open to all classes, these schools are, in practice, only attended by pupils of the denomination of those who erected the school. But the Carrntall school was what is called a "rested" school. It was erected at the expense of all denominations. It was attended by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Catholics, and the only flavor of sectarianism about it was that the Rev. Mr. Bailey, the Presbyterian minister, was the manager. Such was the state of affairs when Miss Rose Sweeney was appointed at a salary which was to range according to the number of pupils—the maximum to be £24 a year—to teach the little girls of Carrntall how to sew.

For the first few days after the appointment the children attended the school as usual. Even the local Orangemen did not at first see any great danger to liberty of conscience in a Catholic sewing mistress. But at the end of the week the Presbyterian church was daubed with big black crosses, and Mr. William Coote, the defendant in the action yesterday, denounced the Presbyterian minister to his face as guilty of "scandalous" conduct. This Orange bravo, in fact, regarded it as scandalous that a Catholic teacher should be appointed in a school provided by Catholics as well as Protestant money. He called a meeting of the parishioners, he organized a "boycott" of the school, and he indicted before one of the "Lodges" the Episcopalian minister, Canon Hare Forester, because he dissuaded the people from joining in the boycott. The object of the conspiracy was, of course, clear. This poor Catholic girl was to be dismissed from her position to please Mr. Coote and the rest of the gross offence of being a "Papist," and, in default of her dismissal, the school was to be destroyed and the emoluments of the teacher reduced to vanishing point. This blackguard scheme partly succeeded. Every credit is due to the Rev. Mr. Bailey and to the Episcopalian clergyman, Canon Hare Forester, who acted as a Christian gentleman should, and declined to be coerced by the Orange drummer, "ruling elder" though he was of the church to which Mr. Bailey belonged. But the children were withdrawn from the school, and the girl has lost her emoluments. It yet remains to be seen whether the machinations of the Chancery Division will result in compensating her upon the same lavish scale as Mr. O'Keefe, of Tallow, whose verdict of £5000 has been warmly approved of as not excessive by the judges in banco of two of our Irish Courts, headed by that eminent and dignified person, Lord O'Brien of Kilkennora.

## THE LAW OF FINDING.

(From the Ave Maria.)

In common law, finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting only the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public.

The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench more than a hundred years ago (when it was the supreme court of common law in England) as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the wallet and the money. The latter refused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held, as stated above, that against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The finder has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost, unless these rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statutes they have no power to keep an article against the finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods before appropriating them to his own use. It has been decided that if the finder knows the owner or knows that he can discover him, he is guilty of larceny in keeping or appropriating to himself the articles found.

## IRISHMEN HAVE RATHER STRENUOUS TIME IN FRENCH CAPITAL.

The recent death of John Augustus O'Shea, the famous journalist and war correspondent, recalls the following good story of an experience in Paris. It is told by the Gaelic American:

John Augustus O'Shea was a Fenian in his younger days, and some of his most comical experiences were in connection with his enforced sojourn in Paris in 1867. A number of well known Fenians, including William O'Donovan (brother of the more famous Edmund), Col "Ric" Burke, Nicholas Walsh, the artist; and later Co. J. Lawrence O'Brien, of New Haven, who had escaped from Clonmel jail, had taken refuge there, and, owing to the hurried nature of their departure from home, money was rather scarce with all of them. O'Shea was afterwards a fluent French speaker, but at that time he had only a book knowledge of it. "Ric" Burke tells the story. O'Shea had undertaken to conduct a party of the refugees to a cheap hostelry. He marched in at the head of his party, raised his hat politely, and said:

"Bon jour, Madame," which was promptly answered by the landlady with:

"Bon jour, Messieurs."

O'Shea's French failed him a bit, so to relieve himself he asked:

"Parlez-vous Français, Madame?"

"Oui, Monsieur, je suis Française."

"Well, ma'am," said O'Shea, completely losing memory of his French, "I want beds for four."

The landlady protested her ignorance of English, but O'Shea eventually remembered French enough to explain what the party wanted, and they were accommodated.

The exiles were sometimes in sore straits when remittances from home ran out, and had to resort to a famous cheap restaurant, which gave a bowl of soup and a chunk of bread for 3 sous, but took the precaution of chaining the spoons to the counter at which patrons stood while eating. It was during one of these hard spells that Capt. Larry O'Brien arrived, after having taken French leave of the Governor of Clonmel jail. He had saved about as much as would buy a postage stamp to write to his father in New Haven for money, and expected a warm reception from his old friends. But there was not the price of a meal among them.

"Well," said Larry, "you're the meanest lot of Irishmen I ever met, not to ask me have I a mouth on me."

There was an uproarious laugh at this, and they told him their teeth had been watering in expectation of the feed he was going to give them, thinking he was "flush."

But O'Brien brought them luck. Going out on the street, he immediately ran into a party of seven or eight Americans, four of whom were officers in the same Connecticut regiment, who had gone through the Civil War with him. There was a hugging match at once, and they asked O'Brien was he the escaped prisoner they had been reading about. One of his fellow-officers was an official in a Paris bank, who promptly advanced money enough to meet the wants of the whole party, and enabled him to draw on his father. Willy O'Donovan, who spoke French well and knew Paris thoroughly, was employed as guide for the American party, and the "stranded" exiles did not have to patronize the three-cent restaurant for some time.

William O'Donovan and O'Shea saw much of each other during the siege of Paris, and O'Donovan also remained in the beleaguered city for the Irish Times during the Commune. John Augustus O'Shea was born in Nenagh, Tipperary, and was a nephew of the famous Peter Gill of the Tipperary Advocate. He was also a cousin of T. P. Gill of the Irish Agricultural Department. His sister, now dead, was the wife of Mr. Robert Roosevelt, of New York, uncle of the President.

Courage, souls who feel overwhelmed by the weight of your uselessness. See, now prayer; this divine seed can never be lost.—Golden Sands.

Walk quietly through life. If you can not do things without making yourself a nuisance to other people, do not do things. But you can. Distill in your life the gentle, gracious dew of peace which will bind together into a fruitful soil your thoughts, your words, and your deeds. Do not permit any part of your life to fly off, a choking, annoying, hindering dustcloud into the lives around you.

Our Christianity is not to escape Satan, but to conquer him, and this we accomplish by lives of devoted piety and faithful witnessing for Christ, by the triumph of righteousness and by a living preaching in righteousness and holiness.—Rev. John M. Schick.

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