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St. James Street

MARCH 28, 1903.

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Ireland's Tribute to Late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

NEVER PERHAPS in our time has there been such an extraordinary demonstration of the popular impulse indicated than by that which was presented on Sunday, March 8, by the public funeral accorded to the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, says the Dublin "Freeman." It is true that at many times the outward form of popular feeling has in Dublin been given expression to by great gatherings of citizens on the occasion of the death of notable persons, but it may fairly be said, and without any exaggeration, that yesterday's tribute to the great patriot dead, was in many respects far and away beyond that which any previous experience can suggest. During the close on sixty years that had elapsed since the demise of the great-est of the Young Ireland Party, and yesterday's sad yet glorious episode, some one event of the kind drew in to public observation the all-recur-ring revival of the spirit and senti-ment around which the duty of the day concentrated itself. To many the personality of the dead patriot, whose funeral was the landmark of this new-born year, may have been but a name—a thing which but for fortuitous circumstances and the revival of old time experiences, had been by time shadowed by the cloud of years. Yet still how strange and wonderful is the all-surviving spirit of nationality, and to-day the senti-ment that breathed through those old years to "48" found fond and effective expression in the honor paid to the memory of Duffy. To many, again, it may be said that though the name and work of Gavan Duffy were but as histories, the masses who gathered around his bier re-membered this one fact, that they were honoring a man who in his time was one of the best and most devoted of Ireland's sons. To many of those who either joined in, or viewed the wonderful tribute to the dead on yesterday, strangely suggestive thoughts must have occurred as the cortege passed the very statues of men of whom he was the associate and friend—Smith O'Brien, Daniel O'Connell, Sir John Gray, and Father Mathew. Most truly may it be said of yesterday's demonstration that it was not political, and certainly it may be added that it was National. In recent years—that is to say, in the years that do not extend beyond the Parnell funeral or the anniversary which followed it—no ap-proach to such a gathering as that we deal with now can well be named. The funeral was remarkable not alone for the singular impressiveness of itself as a funeral composed of those who followed the remains to the grave, but it was also remarkable because of the almost phenom-enal attention it attracted, the multi-tude who lined the city streets as it passed, and the extraordinary defer-ence paid to the day by the people of the metropolis. No breath of dis-cord arose in any phase of the sol-emn function, and surely no greater tribute could well be said to apply to any man than the fact that, re-gardless of creed or class, or section or sections of differences, however constituted, the funeral formed an epoch-making incident to be always memorable in the annals of Dublin. To the city man its import must have been suggestive. Hundreds of people came from the country to join in the celebration of respect and hon-or. Although half-past one o'clock was fixed as the hour at which the procession was to leave Stephen's Green, such was the mass of mourn-ers, so great were the constituent elements of the contingents, that it was long after that time when a move onwards was made. Represent-ative in a very great degree may be said to have been the gathering. North, South, East, and West of Ire-land formed worthy representation, and when the great body moved on towards Glasnevin the route was practically packed with people who paid at least the tribute of their sympathy. A more striking picture it would have been absolutely impos-sible to have found than when the hearse containing the remains, and which was literally covered with wreaths of flowers, and the legend "48," reached the foot of Grafton street, and came into the scene of the great and famous gathering of the Volunteers. The picture was indeed as historical as its more military prototype. All along Dame street the thoroughfares were filled, the line

of the funeral was bordered by thick-ly massed crowds of citizens, and surely no one could gaze on that im-pressive scene, punctuated by the glorious and incomparable statues of Grattan, Goldsmith, and Burke, with the vista filled in by O'Brien and O'Connell, without having his blood tingle with the thought that such an episode, with all its sadness, must strengthen the flow of Irish patriot-ism. To some it may have seemed that from either the experience of a past or the traditions which come of reading, the actual funeral was not so extended as one or more of its predecessors. But however that may be, this thing is beyond all possible cavil that when the members who formed it and the multitudes who bordered and uncovered before it are taken into consideration, no event of the generation can well be compared with it to its disadvantage. Natu-rally the question of crowd comes in to the consideration. From the mighty concourse at Stephen's Green to the multitude at the graveyard at Glasnevin no break took place in the continuous mass of people. And, fur-thermore, every place of vantage—roofs of houses, horadings, steps and balconies—were packed. The bands of the Boys' Brigades and of the York street Workmen's Club, all of whom played solemn Dead Marches with exceptional and remarkable skill preceded the hearse, which was guarded on either side by the Irish National Foresters' Robert Emmet Costume Association. The conting-ents from the country, the students, the branches of the Foresters, the trades' bands, the deputations, the Fire Brigade—all made up a won-drously impressive series of sections in what was a memorable gathering, and one that must, of course, live long in the mind of every man, wo-man, and child who was privileged to be present. The funeral arrange-ments were conducted by Mr. Fan-agan, of Augier street.

THE ASSEMBLING.—The proces-sion did not start from St. Stephen's Green until quite three quarters of an hour after the appointed time. But from half-past twelve o'clock the roadways down the West and South side of the Green began to be filled with people, and by one o'clock por-tion of the thoroughfare was so crowded that it was only with ex-treme care and caution that tram-cars could be piloted through the throng, and the various bodies who had to take their places in the order assigned by the committee had some trouble in getting into position. The head of the procession was taken by the Catholic Boys Brigade, of Church street, who, to the number of 1,500, with their band, ten flags, and mar-shalled by their officers, presented a very fine appearance, and were the subject of much admiring comment. Mr. Thomas Kelly, T.C., led on the St. Columba Catholic Boys' Associa-tion attached to the Workmen's Club, York street, which numbered about 120. Another section which made a splendid show was that of the Rath-mines Boys' Brigade, with their band and flags. Then the boys of St. Vin-cent's Orphanage, with a draped flag and led by two Christian Brothers, struck everyone with their neat ap-pearance and orderly marching. In the carriage of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin followed. The York street Club and band walked in front of the hearse, which was covered with beau-tiful wreaths, while a car that fol-lowed contained a splendid floral dec-oration, the tribute of the Memorial Committee. The Irish National Fore-sters (Robert Emmet Costume As-sociation) acted as the escort to the hearse. The wreaths, which were very numerous and beautiful, were from Mrs. Emma Fuller, Madame de Mello, Nice; Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiseman, M. De Giovanni, Nice; the Em-met United Irish League, Derry; the Irish Literary Society, London; the National Literary Society Ireland; Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shorter, the Monaghan man resident in Belfast, the St. Macartan Branch National Foresters, Monaghan; and the Mem-orial Committee. After the chief mourner's carriages, in which sat the Messrs. Duffy and the Misses Duffy, came immediately the Monaghan band and the Monaghan contingent, which was very large and most re-presentative. Then the Monaghan man resident in Belfast, whose flag was carried by Mr. Philip Ward, came next, with the Drumconrath band. The Malahide, the Baldoyle, and the Ringsend bands came in order. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, a fine body of men, were followed by the Sta-tionary Engine Drivers and by the Artane Band and a representative contingent from Artane School. The students of the Catholic University, numbering about 250, walked next, headed by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J.; Dr. Coffey, Dr. H. Ryan, Professor Cadie, Professor H. McNeill, and Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan. The United National Club, the Friendly Brothers of Ireland, the United Laborers of

Dublin, and the Laborers' Band were followed by several branches of For-esters. A Drogheda band played a long contingents from the South Dock Ward and Arran Quay Wadd, Alderman Coffey walking with the re-presentatives of Arran Quay. St. Pe-ter's band, the Barrack street band, and the Mountjoy Ward band pre-ceded the Operative Stonecutters. Various small bodies of representa-tive men from the country towns fol-lowed, interspersed among them be-ing the Kilkenny band, St. Kevin's band, St. James's band, and a sec-ond Drogheda band. Then the Fire Brigade, under Captain Purcell and Lieutenant Meyers, with three car-riages and a fire escape, being one carriage from each of the stations—Chatham street, Winetavern street, and Buckingham street. The repre-sentatives of the Irish Parliamentary Party present were—Sir Thomas Es-monde, M.P.; Messrs. J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P.; J. P. Hayden, M.P.; J. J. Clancy, M.P.; and D. J. Co-gan, M.P. The Town Clerk, Mace-Bearer, Sword-Bearer, and City Mar-shal (Mr. Parnell) occupied the first of the civic carriages; in the state coach in which the Lord Mayor rode, he was accompanied by Mr. John O'Leary and by his son, Master Brenan Harrington. A large repre-sentation of the Dublin Corporation, wearing their robes followed in their carriages; then the Drogheda and Cork Corporation were also well re-presented, and a long line of private carriages closed the procession. Su-perintendent Whitaker and Inspector Byrne had charge of the police ar-rangements at the Green, which were admirably carried out.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—It was evident to any person perambulat-ing the principal thoroughfares of Dublin in the forenoon that the event of the day would prove historic, not alone because of the personality of the great Irishman about to be laid to rest, but because the people would prove fully equal to the occasion. It might well have happened in the most of the vital struggles of to-day a less true-hearted people than the inhabitants of this country would have been slow to display their ap-preciation of a man whose life story, so far as Ireland is concerned, has long been a completed chapter in our annals. But Ireland never forgets, and though Gavan Duffy was only a name to the multitude, it was a name to be treated with all the hon-or Irishmen could bestow. The news of Gavan Duffy's death came with no shock of pain to a people who may be said never to have seen him in the flesh, never to have heard the tones of his voice, and to whom in life he was but a misty survival of a band of patriots whose fame can never die.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and, as the hours advanced, there was the full warmth of spring in the rays of the sun. Fleecy clouds passed across the sky, and the distant mountains were thinly veiled in vapor, but there was not even a sug-gestion of winter in the gentle breeze, and the waters of the Liffey were calm and unruffled as they flowed to the sea. It was, indeed, an ideal spring day, and all the more enjoy-able, for those out of doors, in its contrast to recent gales and bliz-zards. O'Connell street was crowd-ed, and, round the monument of the great Irishman whose name has been so fittingly given to that splendid thoroughfare, country cousins were assembled in silent contemplation, moving anon to gaze upon others of the sights afforded by the city. Over O'Connell Bridge and through West-moreland street and College green flowed and ever-swelling stream of humanity. Quiet and order reigned everywhere. The comparatively small force of police on duty had nothing further to do than direct strangers upon their road; and as the midday hour passed the necessity for such directions grew infinitely less, for everyone was moving towards the same destination. By half-past twelve o'clock Grafton street was thronged from end to end. At 1.15 p.m. there could not have been less than some thousands of people in Grafton street alone. All the way back along the route the broad thor-oughfares were being covered by a great moving sea of humanity. The tramway traffic, though it had not been officially stopped, was effectual-ly barred at every crossing by the great press of people. The spacious area of College Green presented a most unusual spectacle. The tone pre-vailing the thousands assembled there was silent and subdued. A stranger coming into the place, and not knowing the object of the gather-ing would at once realize that the occasion was one of solemnity. The stately outline of the historic build-ing which cast its shadow in the sunlight half way across the Green, has seldom afforded a background to a picture more calculated to linger in the memory of those who beheld it. Bore on the breeze were the

strains of music from the gathering bands in Stephen's Green. The peo-ple were moving along to the roll of drums. All through the morning the strains of music had filled the streets. Now there was a silence everywhere—a silence emphasized by the im-mense proportions of the crowd. It was no time for talking, and the people fully realized the fact. And then upon this silent scene there came around the graceful curve of Grafton street the head of the great cortege. A small draped banner borne by a boy, and behind him other boys, rank after rank, in hun-dreds upon hundreds. They were on-ly children, Dublin children, heading the funeral procession of one of Ire-land's dead patriots. Yet there was something touching, something fit-ting, in the presence of these chil-dren. They were the emblem, the embodiment, of Ireland's rising gen-eration. They linked a past that is a memory with a morrow that is a mystery. The people were thinking now—thinking of the songs that had roused their fathers, of the songs that had roused themselves and would rouse their children. Indeed, their thoughts might well be run-ning in the inspired words of Duffy himself upon

"The old weird world that sleeps
In Ireland's lore."

In all there were upwards of two thousand boys marching to the beat of muffled drums. When slowly they had wended their way through Col-lege Green, and the little black ban-ner at their head was near the end of Westmoreland street, the casket containing all that was mortal of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was being borne over the historic ground. On the appearance of the hearse in Col-lege Green the people, by a common impulse, uncovered their heads. There was no jarring note in that solemn scene.

The cortege moves slowly onward from the Green. Away over O'Con-nell Bridge the muffled drums are rolling. So dense is the crowd that the progress, naturally slow, meets with many a temporary check. For-ty-five minutes elapsed from the time the first of the procession entered out of it. At O'Connell Bridge the tramway traffic had not been stopped with the result that there was for a moment something ap-proaching confusion. A tramcar had got almost across the line of route and was embedded in the pack. The people close to the car were endeavor-ing to force their way from it as the driver kept ringing his bell, but were pressed towards it by those be-hind. Eventually the car was got a-way just in time to prevent a serious interruption. Once O'Connell street had been reached the progress was smooth and uninterrupted. Thou-sands of people lined the route a-long this spacious thoroughfare, and all along as the hearse was passing the men uncovered and the women bowed their heads.

Not alone was the street thronged, but the windows of the hotels and business premises were all filled with spectators. The United Irish League ongt those viewing the funeral from offices were suitably draped, and am-the windows were—Mr. Alfred Webb, Mrs. Webb, Mr. John O'Donnell, M. P.; Miss Nora O'Donnell, Mr. John Rooney, Belfast; Mr. James Rooney, Mrs. Rooney, Mr. Lawrence Ginnell, Walsh, St. John's, Newfoundland; B.L.; Mrs. Ginnell, Miss Annie Mrs. David Sheehy, Miss Sheehy, Miss Maggie Sheehy, the Misses Con-don, Slonmel; the Misses Nagle, Capel street; Mr. Michael Casey, Drogheda.

The dimensions of the procession were fully apparent to the thousands assembled on the rising ground be-yond the Rotunda. The first of the procession passed Duffy's corner at 3.55 p.m., and in passing that point the entire cortege took a few min-utes less than half an hour. The peo-ple stood three and four deep along Berkeley road and Phibsboro road, and showed in no less degree than elsewhere on the route their appre-ciation of the great patriot whose best life work is interwoven with the story of Ireland's struggles in some of her darkest hours. There was in the throng that saw Gavan Duffy borne to his rest recently more than a suggestion of a realization of his own lines—

"Show us whence we hope may bor-
row
And we'll fight your fight to-mor-
row."

AT THE CEMETERY.—It was twenty-five minutes past four when the head of the procession reached the entrance gate of the cemetery. For at least two hours previous to that time large numbers had awaited its arrival in the vicinity, and as

the afternoon advanced their num-bers were gradually augmented. The weather remained beautifully bright, though the temperature was chilly. Long as was the period during which some of the watchers had to wait, very little impatience was manifest-ed, the comparatively fine weather rendering a stay in the open air less uncomfortable than it would have been under less favorable at-mospheric conditions. Those present in the cemetery employed part of the period of waiting in inspecting the last resting places of, and the monu-ments erected to the memory of, some of the notable Irishmen who, like Gavan Duffy, strove to advance the cause of Irish liberty while they lived. The grave newly prepared to receive the remains of the last of the '48 men claimed a large share of at-tention. It was cut in the southern side of the O'Connell Circle beside the Boland monument, and was ten feet long and eight feet deep. It was lined throughout with grass sods, and the skilful manner in which it was arranged was much admired by all who had an opportunity of seeing it. The wise precaution had been taken of erecting a barrier around it, so as to prevent during the fun-eral service the crush which would otherwise have been inevitable, con-sidering the enormous crowd pre-sent. A number of stakes were driven firmly in the ground, and a rope reaching between them formed, with the aid of the members of the Metro-politan Police present, an effectual barrier against the approach of the open grave. The plot was pre-crowded to the immediate precincts of sented free by the Cemeteries Com-mittee. A few yards distant rises the beautiful Celtic cross erected to the memory of John Blake Dillon, Duffy's associate in the '48 move-ment. In the vicinity is the last resting place of James Stephens, the leader of a later struggle for Na-tional freedom, while close beside is the Manchester Martyrs' Cenotaph to remind the visitor of the fate to which English popular vengeance committed some of those who fol-lowed Stephens in that movement. Not far off lie the remains of other Irishmen prominently identified with the Irish popular movement, includ-ing Tom Steele, Sir John Gray, and A. M. Sullivan.

The crowds who awaited the com-ing of the funeral procession showed their anxiety to secure positions from which they could conveniently ob-serve the last solemn obsequies. Large numbers crowded outside the barrier. The O'Connell Mound over-looking, as it did, the newly-opened grave, offered a choice point of ob-servation. Some photographers, anx-ious to secure pictures of the scene, had early taken up a position there, and the cinematograph apparatus had also been fixed up. Shortly be-fore the funeral arrived, large num-bers clambered up the sides of the Mound, which was dark with people while the burial was proceeding. The members of the Boys' Brigade, who headed the procession, having reach-ed the cemetery, filed in through the new gate, and, passing through the grounds, left by the old gate, as had been arranged. The hearse, contain-ing the coffin, was driven through the entrance gate to the principal door of the mortuary chapel. Mr. John O'Connell, superintendent of the cemetery, was present to receive the remains. The hearse was fol-lowed. The coffin having been born into the chapel, the prayers for the dead were recited by the Rev. F. J. Coffey, the chaplain, the clergy and laity present adding their supplica-tions with fervor. Only a tithe of those who were present in the grounds were able to find accommo-dation in the chapel. The brief cer-emony over, the coffin was removed from the chapel, and borne towards the grave. The procession, which was headed by the Cross-bearer moved along between large crowds gath-ered on either side of the pathway. Very good order was preserved, the efforts of the Metropolitan police, under Superintendent Dempsey and Inspector Quinn, in that direction being supplemented by those of the civilian stewards. The clergy, the relatives of the deceased, the Lord Mayor and members of the Corpora-tion, and a few prominent men were allowed within the barrier. Arrived at the grave the coffin was placed on the trestles. Father Coffey then re-cited the burial service, the clergy-men present responding, while the vast multitude stood around in an attitude of reverence, the men with heads uncovered. The coffin was then gently and skilfully lowered in to the grave, and the earth having been shovelled into the aperture the last prayers were recited by the Very Rev. Dean Hegarty, of Mel-bourne. The wreaths were placed on the newly-formed mound, and the vast concourse of mourners grad-ually melted away, leaving the veteran patriot sleeping the last long sleep close by the honored dead who, like him, loved Ireland and sought to set her free.

Converted a Congregation.

A Catholic Missionary's Success

The Rev. Albert Stroebele, the Am-erican missionary to At. Andrew's Island, off the coast of Nicaragua, who has returned to the United States to get funds for his work, ob-served the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination as a priest in New York on St. Patrick's Day. Arch-bishop Corrigan ordained Father Stroebele in 1878.

Father Stroebele left the United States two years ago for the South American mission. He went to St. Andrews Island, where he was the only Catholic priest, and built a church.

Last November he opened a mis-sion in a Baptist Church in Old Providence Island, and during three weeks of preaching he converted the Rev. E. Howard and his entire con-gregation from Protestantism to Catholicity.

Father Stroebele has permission from the Archbishop of Carthagena, to whose province the islands belong, to take a number of American mis-sionaries to that field. It is Father Stroebele's intention to make an endeavor to procure some English-speaking laymen to aid in his work.

"Penny in the Slot Blessings."

How is an explanation to be found, says "The Month," of the rage at present prevailing for stories to the discredit of the Catholic Church, which appear to be more readily believed in proportion as they are incredible? A choice instance is afforded by the statement made in a recently published work, and con-firmed by a latter in so reputable a journal as "The Scotsman" (Janu-ary 24, 1903), to the effect that a cinematograph representation of the Pope's progress through the Vatican Gardens, and the bestowal of the Papal Benediction, has been declared by the Holy Father to convey his blessing to any one who puts in his coin and sets the machine going, just as though he were actually present when the act represented was per-formed.

That such an assertion is a ridicu-lous and offensive calumny should, we might suppose, be evident to any one possessed of common-sense, but since it has been so boldly promulgated we have taken the trouble to make inquiries at headquarters concerning the foundation upon which it may be supposed to rest, and we are now able to state the facts as follows upon the highest authority:

An American photographer was al-lowed to "cinematograph" the scene in the Vatican Gardens, as the Holy Father was borne around and stop-ped to give his blessing to a group of the faithful who had come to re-ceive it, and amongst whom the pho-tographer stood.

In soliciting permission for this privilege, the said photographer gave the most explicit assurances that he would exhibit his pictures only to Catholics, or at least respectful audi-ences, desirous of realizing such a scene. These engagements he forth-with violated, and made the pictures part of a public exhibition open to all who chose to pay.

The Pope never said any word which could lend the slightest color to the absurd assertion that he in-tended such representation to con-vey any benediction.

It was afterwards declared that, when the cinematographs were exhib-ited in America, Monsignor, now Cardinal, Martinielli assured an in-terviewer that the Pope had attach-ed his blessing to them. We are al-lowed to declare on the authority of the Cardinal himself that such a statement is an absolute falsehood. But, as we have said, the story should be its own refutation.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 22nd March, 1903.—Males 254, fe-males 30, Irish 187, French 114, English 25, Scotch and other na-tionalities 8. Total 284.

NOT IN FAVOR OF FEDERATION.

Archbishop Ireland does not ap-prove of the extension of the Catho-lic Federation into his diocese, and has so notified the head of the movement in Minnesota. This organiza-tion was attacked with congenial garrulity which it was found impos-sible to staunch until the dazed in-terviewer talked itself to death. — Western Watchman.