

ronomer and astrologer, so unfortunate, that his would let him know

divert him from these abodings, and get him to his sweet wife, and his me in Hampshire, where his guest for a time or his marriage. Ever Oxford days, when we students of Magdalen, n like brothers, and al- separable as Orestes and old. So he talked quite ly to me about his dor, and said that as soon s law-suit with a Pro- ghor was ended, as he would be before long, favor, he meant to leave d reside on his own es- he hoped to live and far from all political d troubles. The fines for ce at the Protestant ould be heavy, but he d meet them. Then he rsuade me to settle in with him, and give my- life of study, for he did should ever make much e of the knowledge of had acquired at Padua, the professorship of La- nek poetry at Oxford or the latest object of my I might as well re- idea of that, at once, s very certain that no ad the slightest chance any such post.

g on these and similar eached the time-honored he clear moonlight, shin- on the windows, brought every point of their deli- y, and lit up every pin- spendid structure. As ward to the river, I ro "Suppose the old mon- rest here in their stone the pious abbots and in the silent cloisters angel's last trump, could heir graves, what would the lamentable changes and the offspring of made in this and other of our land!"

monarchs would acknow- in some respects their wn the seed which now fatal fruit, and the old d exhort us to stand faith, and by prayer and ke God's mercy upon " was Tichbourne's re- he added in a changed walked slowly onward of Temple Bar, Windsor, call me a riar preacher if you will, say every day I like our gton less and less. I t to acknowledge that r is utterly different to e is prompt and daring, mery, and withal a ic, ready to sacrifice r his convictions; but is frivolity and love of an excess. Others of us as bad as he. For the a project, such as we hand, a leader of quite mp is needed, and our s ought not to be held hand! Really I almost pledged myself to it. Upon my word, I back now, if it were not nature of a Tichbourne

You know him better Edward; pray warn him, im also, for I am sorely te his denial, that he olhardy designs in view, shall gradually get en- u saw how he drew in hen we declared so posi- we would have nothing the crime he hinted at. d not be in the least so rash as he is, he o far, and get involved rehensible transactions. on your guard both for ours; for we have his designs to an ex- ould render us amen- aw, even if we took no

no gainsaying Tich- ds, and accordingly I do my utmost to avert he dreaded. I felt on my part to be all ob- sary, since I had ob- d of late Babington had vice in the persons he ith. One old soldier in who had served in the under Parma, in whose was frequently to be ter-looking individual, with suspicion and

me we had reached the Temple Bar, whence London Bridge in the hear the rush of the g swiftly under its made a small detour to the heads of the unfor- s who had been ex- esome sight, he said he be continued.)

The True Witness

Vol. LI., No. 37 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902. PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1902

ELSEWHERE we dedicate a special space to the all-absorbing subject of the lamented death of Rev. Father Quinlivan; consequently, in detailing the events that marked the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Montreal, this year we need but mention the fact that all the "eclat" that had been proposed by the various national societies, and all outdoor display that had been so elaborately prepared, gave place to a quiet attendance at the religious ceremonies, as a mark of respect and a sign of mourning in presence of the great blow that has fallen upon the whole community. What a solemn and glorious tribute to the memory of the departed!

While, then, the celebration of Monday was not as elaborate as was intended, still it was by no means lacking in enthusiasm and patriotic fervor. There is a feeling abroad to-day, amongst all Irishmen, and one that is justified by the events of the past couple of years, and especially of past few months, that the prospects of Ireland's cause are better than they have been for a long period back, and that the Home Rule outlook is decidedly encouraging.

It is not the mere language of patriotism, suggested by the occasion, that we make use of this year. We have always made it a rule, while never checking the natural flow of our enthusiasm on St. Patrick's Day, to always keep within the bounds of the real, the actual, the practicable. We have a greater dread of any over-excitement that might be the result of a passing fervor than we have of the apathy which, though frequently marked, is generally apparent. The fact is that no day in the year should lead us, more than St. Patrick's Day, to serious reflection and calm calculation in regard to the affairs and interests of the Old Land.

This year we were pleased to note the religious seriousness that marked all the ceremonies of attending the usual High Mass. It is a graceful and kindly, as well as a sympathetic and thoughtful act of our beloved Archbishop to preside on that day, a compliment which Father Martin, previous to the sermon, most appropriately acknowledged on behalf of the faithful.

His Grace was attended by Rev. Father Leclair, S.S., Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Mgr. Racicot, V.-G., celebrated High Mass, and Rev. E. Kean and Rev. T. Cunningham acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Master of ceremonies, Rev. P. Doherty; acolytes, Rev. P. Casey and Rev. T. Duval; thurifer, Rev. E. D. Hickey; cross-bearer, Rev. J. Crowley; candle-bearer, Rev. J. J. Roberts; mitre-bearers, Rev. P. Silk and Rev. T. Tiernan; book-bearer, Rev. D. Cotter.



IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

Other Sirots, S.S., Rev. Father Forbes, Rev. Father Fournet, S.S., Rev. Father Lelandais, Rev. Father Mercier, Rev. Fathers Robert and Mark, Passionist Order; Rev. Father Perron, Rev. Father Beaubien, Rev. Father Cullinan, Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., Rev. Father Geoffrin, Rev. Father Kirby, Rev. D. McDermott, Rev. D. Devine, Rev. T. O'Meara, Rev. W. Callahan, Rev. T. Ryan, Rev. R. Hawkes, Rev. J. Penders, Rev. J. Purcell, Rev. W. Kavanaugh.

The sermon was, this year, a rare piece of pulpit oratory, and a unique and long-to-be-remembered eulogium of the immortal Apostle of Erin. Rev. Father Roberts, of the Passionist Order, certainly did full justice to his magnificent subject, as will be seen by the report of the sermon which we give.

THE MUSICAL PORTION of the service was worthy of our own Professor Fowler, and of St. Patrick's splendid choir. Mr. George Carpenter wielded the baton. Rossi's magnificent Mass was sung, the soloists being: Messrs. G. A. Carpenter, W. Costigan, F. Cahill, F. Warren, D. McAndrew, and J. J. Rowan.

As to the evening celebrations we trust that our reports will prove full and satisfactory to all. There was a feeling of deep pleasure experienced in the fact that the press of our city, both French and English—especially the former—struck notes that harmonized entirely with the sentiments of the Irish people on that grand occasion. Although it had been intended that Monday's display would surpass anything of the kind for long years back, still the special seal of intense sorrow which was set upon it, will serve to render it memorable, for years to come, in the minds of all who participated in it.

When we look abroad over the Atlantic we feel an inspiration of great encouragement waited to us from the Holy Isle, where the representatives of the people are so solidly banded together in a union that has all the semblance and promise of being permanent. We can detect through the constantly shifting clouds that hang still upon the horizon, the shooting shafts of light from the sunburst of liberty; and we feel the more confident in the national glory of the race because we recognize how deeply, and how strongly the roots of the olden sun, the king of day, and God had mercy on her on these grounds, and sent her the Faith through St. Patrick blessed.

With these sentiments—of Faith and of Love—faith in the religious perseverance of our race, and love for the land of our ancestors, we

able sympathy and love that have always existed between Ireland and France. Wherever St. Patrick was born it was in Ireland that he passed a portion of his youth, and spent the whole strength of his manhood, and it was upon its shamrock-decked soil that he lay down in the sweet sleep of death. Ireland, too, has the honor to guard his remains at Armagh.

St. Patrick, as you know, was in his youth taken captive by pirates and brought to Ireland. The man for whom he worked—he was appointed a shepherd—was a whole-souled Irishman, of instructed mind, and he gave Patrick every opportunity of improving his intellect. Patrick loved the generous and good-hearted Irish people; he learned their language and their customs; and, being a Christian and a Catholic himself, he often, as he watched his flock on the star-lit hill-sides during the night, prayed and yearned that the light of the true Faith might be sent to this pagan but pure-living people; that a knowledge of God and the Blessed Virgin might be spread amongst them.

THE SERMON.

Father Robert, C.S.P., preached an eloquent panegyric of the saint. He spoke as follows: The annual recurrence of this memorable day presents each year more vividly to our minds the great and lasting work of the great Apostle whose feast we are to-day celebrating. Every year tells us more and more of the great missionary, and adds new lustre to the glory in which he is enshrined. The occasion leads us naturally to think of that dear old isle of the sea where religion and nationality are both so intertwined that it is very difficult to separate them; to think of a land that is as great in suffering as she has been glorious in triumph. Illustrious she has ever been. But read the history of nations, and you will find that the greatest glory, in ancient, medieval, and modern times, comes from St. Patrick and his grand work.

Nearly fifteen hundred years have elapsed since St. Patrick went on his sacred mission to Ireland. The people there were well fitted to receive the Gospel. The Irish are one of the most ancient races in the world—a fact of which they may well feel proud. Long before the Christian era, before the Romans conquered the Britons, a branch of the great Phoenician family found its way to the West; then came the Milesians, who were far advanced in civilization; and these, mingled, became the grand old Celtic or Keltic race. It was then that philosophy flourished amongst them. Their code of laws would have done honor to either ancient Rome or classical Greece. The Irish, indeed, were well known to Greek scholars. It was the enchanted isle of Calypso, the isle of paradise, of which one of the Greek poets dreamed. His fancy, however, was not altogether a dream. Ireland was rich, beautiful, and fair. But her charming groves were never desecrated by the worship of Venus; her fair valleys were never disgraced by the orgies of the worship of Bacchus; her ancient hill-tops were never stained by the blood-drinking rites of the monarch of Syria. Thank God! there was never any devil-worship of human sacrifices offered up to Pagan deities in Ireland.

True, the Irish people knew not the true God. But their religion was a poetical religion. Her priests were poets. She worshipped the rising sun, the king of day, and God had mercy on her on these grounds, and sent her the Faith through St. Patrick. The land of his birth is obscured in doubt, but he was most probably born in France; and this perhaps accounts for the remark-



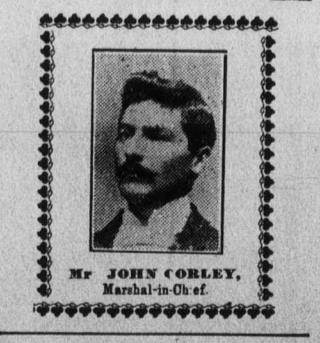
REV. FATHER ROBERT, PREACHER OF THE DAY.

illustrate the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. He spoke of the truths of Christianity, of their worship of the rising sun, of the Faith whose light would never fade, whose sun would never set, of the Holy Redeemer and His Blessed Mother. When he was finished the arch-minstrel, who was next in authority to the King himself, swept the strings of his golden harp with his fingers, and thus addressed the King: "Hear me, O great King of all Ireland! Hear me, ye bards and druids, ye chieftains and maidens! I swear that this man speaks the truth; and from henceforth this harp shall sing the praises of Patrick and of Patrick's God." Up rose the King and the chieftains who surrounded him, and they declared themselves Christians. What a glorious sight! Never before, in the history of the conversion of any other nation, has there been such a spectacle. The intellect, the heart, the chivalry of Ireland were all converted at once. St. Patrick at once began the work of baptizing them. The Druids became priests; the bards became missionaries; the maidens became nuns.

History tells us that a few years after this glorious scene at Tara the whole country was dotted with churches, monasteries, convents and schools. Sixty years passed, and not a drop of martyr's blood was shed. No other apostle had such a peaceful record. Sixty years passed, and St. Patrick, who was then about ninety years of age, once more ascended the hill of Tara. Gazing around him he said: "I have come to a land that was entirely pagan, and is now entirely Christian. May God grant that its Christianity shall ever remain! And after blessing dear old Ireland, and saying his "Nunc dimittis," he lay down to his eternal rest. His work was finished, so far as he was concerned; but his work will go on for ever.

Ireland soon became the island of saints and doctors. Her learned institutions attracted students from all parts of Europe. The country was peaceful and happy; yet, even then her sons had the same spirit which they have to-day the spirit which urges them to go to strange land and spread the Gospel there. How honest, how good, how virtuous a people they were was illustrated in the beautiful poem "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

But dark days were in store for her. The Dane, who had conquered England, and France, and Spain, invaded her. But the Dane never conquered her. The sight of the Dane's pagan god Odin on the sacred soil of Ireland made the blood of Irishmen boil; and the great King Brian Boru, at the battle of Clontarf with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, called upon his men either to drive the Danes into the sea or to spill their own blood in defence of the religion of St. Patrick. The Danes were defeated; most of them were driven into the sea. The Irish people resumed their work of evangelization; and history is making it clearer, as the years go by, that long before Columbus set foot on the Western world, the hard and



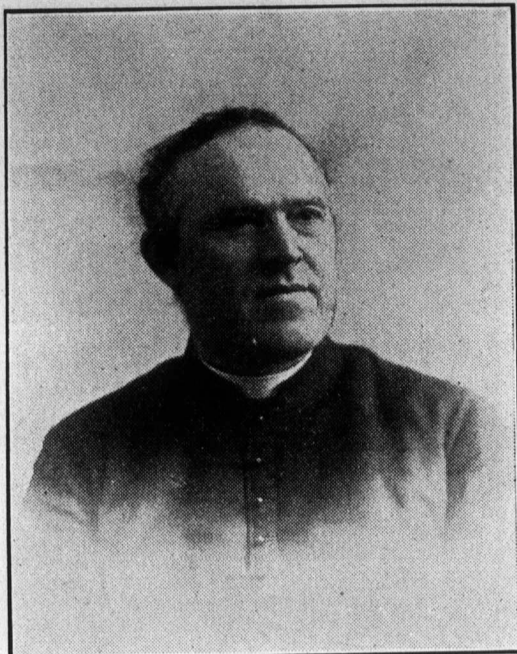
Mr. JOHN CORLEY, Marshal-in-Chief.

The Marshal-in-Chief for 1902—Mr. John Corley, of Division No. 1, A.O.H.—was selected at the last public meeting over which the late lamented Father Quinlivan presided. His duties were confined to the Church where he superintended the work of allotting seats to the officers of the various societies.

OUR PASTOR LAID TO REST!

"Ashes to Ashes, And Dust to Dust;

He Died as Becometh the Faithful and Just."



THE LATE REV. JOHN QUINLIVAN.
(Third Pastor of St. Patrick's.)

Dead! and his sun of life so high!
Dead! with no cloud in all his sky!
Dead! and it seems but yesterday
Happy and hopeful he sailed away.

The holy zeal that still presided,
Which none encounter'd and derided—
That yielded not one fast or feast,
One rite or rubric of the priest.

A golden priest, of the good old
school,
Fearless, and prompt, to lead and
rule;

Freed of every taint of pride,
But ready, aye ready, to chide or
guide;

Tenderly binding the bruised heart,
Sparing no sin its penal smart;
His will was as the granite rock
To the prowler menacing his flock;
But never lichen or wild-flower grew
On rocky ground, more fair to view
Than his charity was to all he
knew.

O Saints of God! ye who await
Your beloved by the Beautiful Gate!
Ye Saints who people his native
shore—
Beloved Saint John, whose name he
bore.

Ashes to Ashes, Earth to earth.

T. D. MCGEE.

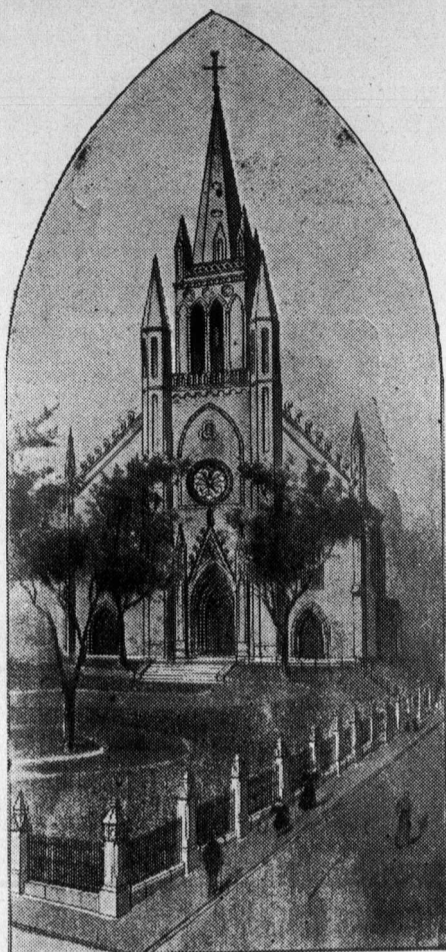
sentiments that overwhelm our hearts. There are men, the few, perhaps, but even then the more conspicuous, whose names are so engraven upon the tablets of the mind and whose forms are so familiar to the bodily eyes, that when, unexpectedly Death touches one of them with his fatal scythe, the news so overcomes us that we naturally take refuge in silence—and in prayer—dreading, as it were, to mar the solemnity of the hour, or to disturb the general grief of a people by any too feeble words that our richest vocabulary might contain. When such an occasion arises, and when such a man has been taken from us, the dilemma of the journalist, whose duty it is to pen an obituary—and from whom some worthy tribute is expected—becomes actually painful. He feels his own impotency, even as does the child, with his boat of paper and his paddle of straw, when obliged to stem an actual torrent. He knows that the task must be performed, and he is aware of his absolute incapacity to do justice to his subject. Under the circumstances we find but one possible resource, and that is in the most rigid simplicity of style and form—for aught else must fail, since the feelings that mere recital evoke are beyond the scope of words to express and be-

ever-to-be-lamented pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which we briefly recorded in our last issue. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly, nor does the shock produced by the very unexpected news of his death,—even though we were long aware that he had been suffering from some dangerous malady—tend to aid us in a calm review of such an exceptionally fine career, and of the numerous important achievements—as priest, as citizen, as patriot, as man—that constitute the cairn of immortality that shall meet the gaze and command the admiration of future generations of Irish Catholics in Canada, and especially in Montreal. If we were asked to state in one line the characteristics of the dead priest and pastor, we would say; zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, unflinching attachment to duty, a most practical patriotism, unostentatious charity, and the most profound humility. These constitute but the outlines; yet it is easy to fill in the details—all of which may be resumed in three words a "Priest of God."

We have been informed of an incident—one so natural that we might almost have surmised it—in connection with the recent departure of Father Quinlivan for France. While the sleigh that was to take him to the railway station was in waiting at the door, and the moment of "adieu" had come, the lamented pastor of St. Patrick's, walked alone into the Church, and there, in twilight gloom—broken only by the rays from sanctuary lamps, knelt before the altars, each in turn, and after his silent prayers, walked for a few minutes through the aisles of the Church he loved so well. We have read, with emotion, a beautiful description of Napoleon's last look at France, the land of his hopes and his glory, as he stood on the deck of the vessel that carried him into exile; we have frequently felt the pulsations of the heart grow faster and stronger as we pondered over the story of an Irish emigrant bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood and the graves of his ancestors; but we would not dare penetrate into the silence of St. Patrick's temple, on that night, nor disturb the solemnity of that brief moment by any attempt to portray the sentiments that must have filled the breast of Father Quinlivan.

That High Altar might be called his handiwork; the renovated roof above him was due to his perseverance and energetic devotion; the magnificent organ—then silent, and whose tones he was destined never again to hear—was the result of his sacrifices and labors; that stall, in the sanctuary, had never missed his presence, at morning or evening service, on Sunday, feast day, or weekday, save when he was under the clutch of a severe sickness; that pulpit, whose steps he had ascended times out of mind, and from which he had preached Christ's Gospel and taught his beloved parishioners during all the long years of his ministry; that confessional, in which he had sat by the hour, while bending under physical oppression and suffering, yet consoling, absolving and saving his unnumbered penitents; the very boards of the floor, against which he had a million times pressed his feet, as they carried him, on his pathway of duty, up and down those familiar aisles; the artistic designs from the grand windows, the Way of the Cross and Litany of the Saints that smiled down upon him in lines of gratitude and love; that monumental swinging altar lamp, standing sentinel, so to speak, in front of the Tabernacle, the richest and most beautiful in all Canada, the jewel of his own predilection—all these, and all other details must have taken unto themselves tongues of unspeakable eloquence to bid adieu to the one who was gazing on them for the last time in life.

With a tearless eye, but with a heart that trickled tears of blood, he passed quietly out of the Church—his own Church—the temple of his Faith, of his Hopes, of his Love. He passed out into the night to be conveyed to a train that was to whirl him away, with all the rapidity of invented power, to the seaboard, to the vessel, that was to carry him over the furrowed face of the Atlantic, to the scene of his last and supreme struggle with the grim spectre that had so long shadowed his footsteps and menaced his life.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Yes; he passed out from the Church, that hour, into the twilight that precedes the night that is coming on; he passed into that gloom to be swept away at a rapidity that none could have ever anticipated towards the shore of that eternal ocean that rolls its unending cycles between the finite and the infinite; he passed out, and unto that final voyage that was to end in the heaven beyond the surging billows that lash the ultimate shores of Time, that harbor of beatific rest where the saintly priest entered upon the joys and the glories that have been promised by Infallible Faith to "the good and faithful servant."

Had he his choice—and it was characteristic of him never to seek his own will or desire, when the will of God or the desires of his superiors were not in accord with his own—he would have selected to have

breathed his last in his own dear presbytery, surrounded by the assistants and friends he so dearly loved, and to have been laid to rest by the side of his predecessor—Father Dowd—whose memory he cherished and revered up to the hour of his death; or, this being impossible, he would have wished to sleep his unending rest in the shade of some Celtic cross and ancient tower, in a sequestered glen of that Emerald Isle—the land of his forefathers, the land of St. Patrick, the land that he cherished as only the deep and holy hearts of Ireland's sainted priests can cherish. But it was the design of Heaven that it should be otherwise. Still it was reserved for him to end his career beneath the sheltering roof of old Saint Sulpice, in the very institution where he had, years before, imbibed the spirit of the great and



THE SANCTUARY LAMP.



HIBERNIA.



HERE are events which occasionally take place in life, and circumstances of such an exceptional character which arise, that language becomes entirely inadequate to give expression to the thoughts that crowd upon us, or to convey the

beyond the power of imagination to translate, for the one who is stranger to the departed and to the work that he has left behind him. It is, therefore, with diffidence, rarely experienced, that we approach the subject of the death of the late Father Quinlivan, the dearly beloved and

venerable Olier, the grand Order to which and of which he was and noble member. en him to repose in that hold the ashes prior-general from the down to the last of his eternal reward, society of the good gifted and the hol trumpet call that w all, one day, to th the full fruition of bor and of sacrifice. Before touching up of a career that is s terwoven with the Catholic Church in Irish Catholic elem and the progress an great central Irish city, we may be per dress him in the wor poet of the last cen "Green be the turf Friend of my better None knew thee but None named thee bu

His Ill

Rev. Father Quinlivan, suffering from an affection of the sinuses for some time, operated upon in November last. As the result he required a further operation, and underwent the same, and under the treatment he spent several months in the hospital. His strength for it, to the city in November was no better left for Paris, to consult the surgeons there. According to the report received at St. Patrick's, he took up his residence in the hospital of St. Sulpice, passed his novitiate, two difficult and dangerous operations, at the hands of a specialist, Dr. Luc, and was referred by two gentlemen—Drs. Beuckroy and Forster—to the hospital of St. Sulpice, where he remained for some time, and was then sent to the city in November. For a time he rallied, but could not gain strength, and was referred to the hospital of St. Sulpice, where he remained for some time, and was then sent to the city in November. His last days were spent in the hospital, and his thoughts according to the report received by St. Patrick's by the Rev. Father Dowd, in one of his letters he expresses the hope of going well in the par-

A SHORT SKETCH FROM THE FILES OF THE "TRUE WITNESS" 1892.

Upon the Rev. John S., who for several years one of the "Soggarthe" St. Patrick's, has fallen and at the same time becoming the successor of the late Father Dowd, priest of the well-known parish. The responsibility attached to the dignity, one, especially in view of his administrative abilities, the late pastor rendered conspicuous, not to speak of his many accomplishments, and the half century of sacerdotal work which he performed. But it may be predicted that in Father Dowd's late deceased past leading Irish Church will not be unworthily forgotten. Born in Stratford, Ontario, on the 17th, 1846, he is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as his name would indicate, was a native of Emerald Isle; his mother was Scotch. He received his education in that part of Ontario, made his classical studies at the school of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto. Having graduated with honors there, he came to Montreal to study philosophy at the college of St. Sulpice. On completing his course there, he studied for a year at the University of Toronto, where he studied sciences, theology, for four years in the Gray Seminary at Sherbrooke, which he went to the provincial seminaries of

OUR PASTOR LAID TO REST CONTINUED!

He Died as
Becometh
the Faith-
ful and
Just."

venerable Olier, the founder of that grand Order to which he belonged, and of which he was such a model and noble member. Yes, it was given him to repose in the same vaults that hold the ashes of every superior-general from the days of Olier down to the last one that went to his eternal reward, and there in the society of the good, the great, the gifted and the holy, to await the trumpet call that will summon them all, one day, to the enjoyment of the full fruition of their lives of labor and of sacrifice.

Before touching upon the details of a career that is so intimately interwoven with the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, of the Irish Catholic element in Montreal, and the progress and glory of the great central Irish parish of our city, we may be permitted to address him in the words of a profane poet of the last century—"Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days; None knew thee but to love thee, None named thee but to praise."

His Illness.

Rev. Father Quinlivan had been ailing from an affection of the frontal sinus for sometime, and was operated upon in New York two years ago. As the trouble was not cured a further operation was decided upon, and under doctor's orders he spent several months at his father's home in Minnesota, to gather strength for it. He returned to the city in November, and as he was no better left February 11 for Paris, to consult the most eminent surgeons there. According to letters received at St. Patrick's presbytery, he took up his residence at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he had passed his novitiate, and underwent two difficult and dangerous operations, at the hands of the eminent specialist, Dr. Luc, to whom he had been referred by two leading surgeons—Drs. Beuckroy and Berger.

For a time he rallied, but he could not gain strength and passed away, having received the last Sacraments a few hours before.

His last days were days in which his parishioners were very much in his thoughts according to letters which were received by the priests of St. Patrick's by the last mail from Paris. In one of the letters he expresses the hope "That all is going well in the parish."

A
SHORT
SKETCH
FROM
THE
FILES
OF THE
"TRUE WITNESS,"
1892.

Upon the Rev. John Quinlivan, S. J., who for several years has been one of the "Soggarths Aroon" of St. Patrick's, has fallen the honor, and at the same time the burden of becoming the successor of the late lamented Father Dowd, as principal priest of the well-known Irish Catholic parish. The responsibility attached to the dignity is no light one, especially in view of the great administrative abilities for which the late pastor rendered himself conspicuous, not to speak of the many accomplishments which he possessed in so superlative a degree, and the half century of splendid sacerdotal work which he so zealously performed. But it may safely be predicted that in Father Quinlivan, the lately deceased pastor of the leading Irish Church in Montreal, will not be unworthily succeeded. Born in Stratford, Ont., on September the 17th, 1846, Father Quinlivan is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as his patronymic would indicate, was a native of the Emerald Isle; his mother was Scotch. He received his early education in that part of Canada, and made his classical studies in the school of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto. Having graduated with high honors there, he came to Montreal to study philosophy at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. On completing his course there, he studied the science of sciences, theology, for a period of four years in the Grand Seminary on Sherbrooke street, after which he went to the principal seminarian institutions of the Sulpician Order in Paris to render himself more proficient in the study of sacred lore. Failing health, however, compelled him to return to Montreal not long afterwards, where he was ordained by His Grace Archbishop Fabre, in 1878. He entered the Grand Seminary this time as a professor, where he spent one year, and became vicar of Notre Dame, 1880. In 1881 he became assistant to Father Dowd, who found in him a capable assistant in the financial administration of the affairs of the parish.

Father Quinlivan is of that retiring disposition which is characteristic of the profound scholar. He is an earnest, zealous, patient and indefatigable worker, but takes great care to be unostentatious in his energy. He is affable in manner and kindly in disposition; and while his pulpit oratory is of the chaste and quietly eloquent order, it is marked by the earnestness and logicality which never fail to carry conviction to the listeners.

In every position associated with the pastorate of the parent Irish Church of Montreal—and it may be truly said the duties of the office are numerous, responsible and difficult, because they cover every phase of life, the spiritual, the domestic, the educational, the national and the commercial—Father Quinlivan exhibited rare judgment, kindly forbearance, manly firmness, dignity of bearing, and saintlike humility, this every one who has had even only a brief intercourse with him will, we have no hesitation in saying, cheerfully concede.

Catholic High School.

Father Quinlivan's great executive talent is strikingly manifested in the history of the administration of the Church for a period longer than the decade in which he occupied the

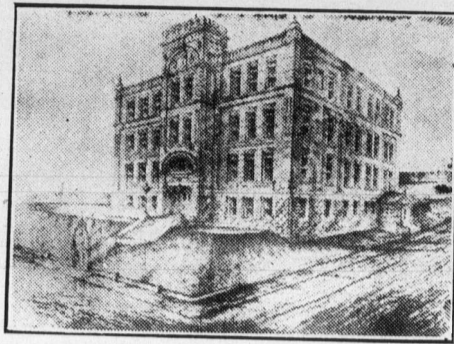
liquidate the debts of the contractors of building.

Then followed the maturing of the plans to put the school in operation, to make it the busy scene of the studies of hundreds of young Irish boys, the preparation of the curriculum, the appointment of professors, and a score of other details, all of which engaged his personal attention. To the writer, who has some personal knowledge of the facts, associated with the organization of the school, it seems, to-day, almost incredible that he could have achieved so much in such a few years.

In every position associated with the pastorate of the parent Irish Church of Montreal—and it may be truly said the duties of the office are numerous, responsible and difficult, because they cover every phase of life, the spiritual, the domestic, the educational, the national and the commercial—Father Quinlivan exhibited rare judgment, kindly forbearance, manly firmness, dignity of bearing, and saintlike humility, this every one who has had even only a brief intercourse with him will, we have no hesitation in saying, cheerfully concede.

All I had to do with it was to bow to the will of my superiors, to incline my shoulders and receive the heavy burden they have placed upon me. I can say with truth, and as I hope without any show of false humility, that I feel myself altogether unequal to such a task. Men in every way my superiors could sincerely say as much.

You all knew Father Dowd too well and valued him too highly not to feel that our generation at least need never hope to see his like again. Father Dowd was a man who was cast in a rare mould. He was one of those few whom God sends at rare intervals to fulfil some special mission; for those who are familiar with the details of his long and remarkable career cannot doubt that he fulfilled a providential mission in this city of Montreal, in this parish of St. Patrick's. You all know with what fidelity he clung to this mission, and that neither the highest ecclesiastical honors, nor the great and numberless difficulties that beset his path could either turn him or frighten him from the course God had marked out for him. Through good report and evil report he was faithful to the end to his beloved people of St. Patrick's. Father Dowd combined in himself



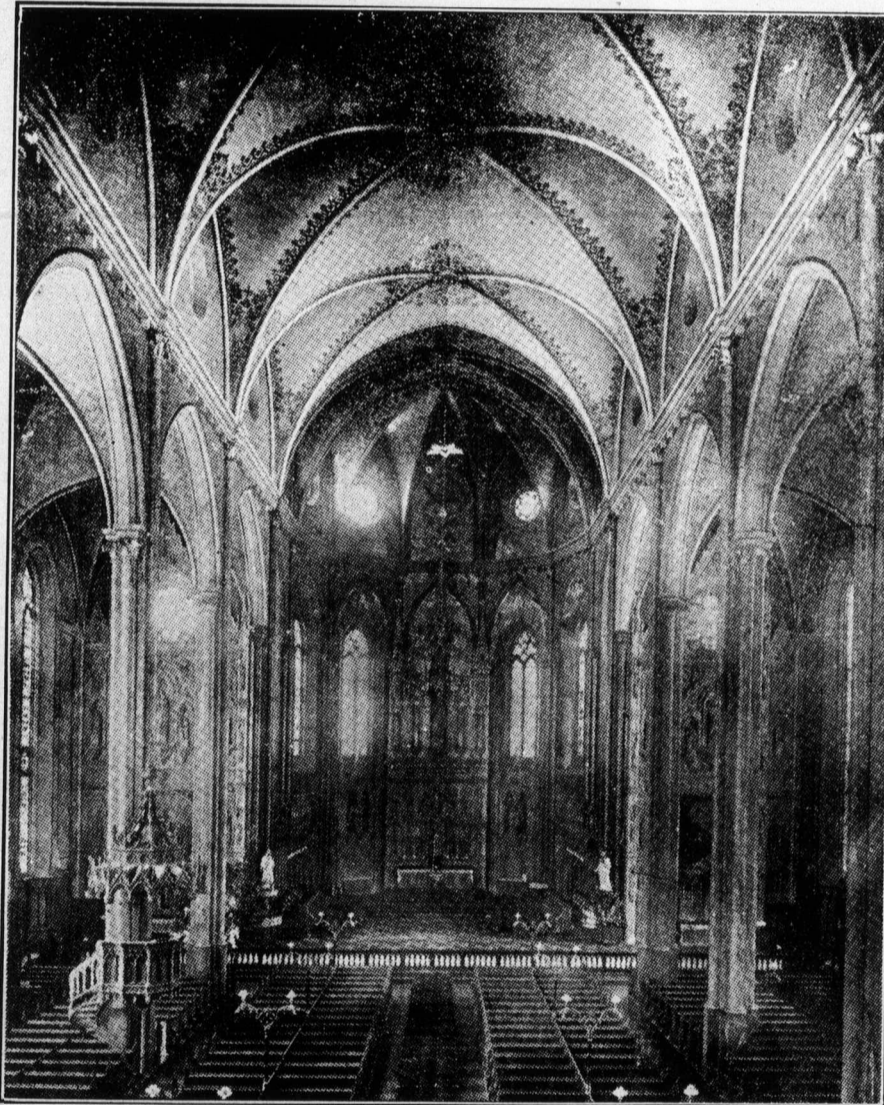
THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

his death, to have seen the fenness of the primitiveness of the wants of this man, who, if he had chosen a worldly career, might have surmounted himself with everything that the world could afford. With the exception of an arm-chair, which a gentleman of the parish gave him when he was ill of the rheumatism, some years ago, I don't think the effects of his room if sold at auction would realize ten dollars. We have just reason to believe that this want of care of personal comfort was the occasion of his death; in fact, since he came to Montreal, he was never known to give to his health the attention that others would deem strictly necessary.

But it would be superfluous to enter into further detail matters with which many of you are more familiar than I. One thing, however, I would wish to notice, and it is this: That comparatively few, even amongst his own people, seem to realize how much they owe to Father Dowd. This often struck me since I came to St. Patrick's, and since I came to know something of the history of the parish. Not only the people of St. Patrick's, but the English-speaking Catholics of the entire city, and even elsewhere, owe the quiet enjoyment of their rights to his enlightened zeal. And now that he is gone, would not gratitude towards him seem to require that the memory of these things should not perish? There are few who know all the labor and anxiety which the triumph of these principles cost Father Dowd. The remembrance of them would certainly help to unite us as people, as members of the same parish, of the same spiritual family; and let us admit there is some need of this. The people of St. Patrick's, dispersed as they are, over the territory of three French parishes, require more than an ordinary hand to hold them together. The older members of the congregation, fathers and mothers, should make known these things to the younger ones, so that all might know and appreciate what they owe

a man and such a pastor. If I consider only myself, as I already remarked, I certainly could not muster the courage to undertake such a charge, but there are two things especially that I count upon to bear me up. First, the grace and assistance of God obtained for me through your charitable prayers. And it is not lightly or to flatter you, that I say this. I have certainly the greatest confidence in the prayers of the good people of St. Patrick's. And why should I not? No doubt, as in every flock there are a few black sheep, but it still remains true that the parishioners of St. Patrick's are a people of faith, that they truly fear God, and strive to serve Him. I therefore have the fullest confidence in the efficacy of your prayers, and trust they will not fail me in the hour of need. What I count on, in the second place, is your charitable indulgence. You must bear well in mind that you no longer have Father Dowd. But God, who has called him from us to his reward, wishes that we also should save our souls. Now God never wishes the end without wishing also the means. There are only means, instruments, in his hands. He sometimes chooses instruments that are great and noble, sometimes that are humble and lowly; but in either case it is He who does the work. To Him alone be the honor and glory. I beg of you then, brethren, to bear with my many shortcomings, and to pray our Heavenly Father that they may not be an obstacle to the accomplishment of His work. With His grace and blessing I think you can always count on my good will.

Since I had the honor of coming amongst you I have always considered it my duty to pray for you, and to remember you at the altar. This bond now becomes stronger than ever, and I shall ever deem it my glory, as it is my duty to spend myself for your spiritual good. I trust, moreover, that, in your good will and lively faith, you will allow me the exercise of that liberty which my duty towards you requires—that



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.



ST. PATRICK'S PRESBYTERY.

pastorship, for during the latter years of Father Dowd's pastorate, Father Quinlivan was a prominent figure in undertakings, such as the erection of the presbytery, and in the management of the institutions in connection with the parish. When we reflect upon the magnitude of the duties associated with the administration of the Orphan Asylum, St. Bridget's Home—leaving aside the important work of the services of the Church, alone sufficient to occupy the attention of a pastor—his intense enthusiasm may be imagined better than described, when in 1893, in the St. Patrick's pulpit, he announced the details of the project of the Catholic High School. This work he had the satisfaction of beholding practically inaugurated when the corner-stone was laid by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi in 1898. A year prior to that time and for a year subsequent he gathered together by appeals of various kinds to the generosity of men and women whose names have already been published in the "True Witness," through the zeal of his assistant priests, and other sources the large sum of \$40,000. With all the cares and anxieties of the parish and its institutions he accomplished this truly heroic task to

FATHER QUINLIVAN'S
REMARKS TO
ST. PATRICK'S
CONGREGATION
ON ASSUMING
THE
OFFICE OF PASTOR.
DELIVERED ON
SUNDAY,
7TH FEB., 1892.

You are aware brethren that the Superior of the Seminary has appointed a successor to the deeply lamented father whom God has called to his well-earned repose. It has pleased His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal to confirm this appointment, so that now, such as he is, you have a pastor duly appointed and commissioned by lawful authority. It is not for me to appreciate the wisdom or unwisdom of this choice. Neither my advice nor my consent was asked for in the mat-

two qualities which are rarely associated in the same person, at least to the same remarkable degree in which they were found in him. These were his simplicity and docility on the one hand, and his indomitable courage on the other. In the face of plain duty, of the known will of those who had a right to command him, Father Dowd was a child. His obedience was unflinching, unquestioning. But in battling for what his great mind clearly saw to be his rights, and especially the rights of his beloved people, Father Dowd knew no fear. A whole parish, a city, or even a province, might lose heart and quail before difficulty or danger, but Father Dowd never. Men who knew him well and long, have said he was capable of governing a nation, and I humbly believe it was not saying too much. But besides this greatness of mind and heart there dwelt a simplicity that was most edifying to all those who had the privilege of sharing his domestic life. His great soul was absolutely beyond such petty things as luxury, selfishness, ostentation, or even the innocent forms of worldly pleasure. It would have been a touching sermon to have visited his room and wardrobe after

to Father Dowd. Such things would recall to you, and in the manner most calculated to touch your hearts, the wise counsels he so often gave you from this pulpit. I am sure you will all bear me out when I say that, as often as truth and his duty towards your souls required it, Father Dowd never hesitated to speak plainly, even at the risk of temporarily displeasing you. He was not a man to shirk his duty or to ask a favor. He loved his people with the tenderness of a mother, and it was with this affection of a mother that he viewed even their faults. How often when some adverse criticism was passed upon them has he suddenly crushed all further discussion by warmly declaring that the St. Patrick's congregation was the best, the noblest, the most generous-hearted in the world.

You can easily understand, brethren, that it is not without some trepidation that I find myself suddenly standing in the shoes of such of speaking the truth to you on all occasions, even when it may be displeasing to your human nature. I would also ask you now, from the very start, never to expect anything from me which you know would be inconsistent with my duty as a priest, as your pastor. For your own sake, and of those committed to me, I should feel bound to refuse. In such matters a little forethought would save much unnecessary pain both to you and me. Your Catholic instinct tells you very plainly what a priest ought to be and ought not to be—what he may do and may not do. Never, then, I beg of you, knowingly put me under the necessity of refusing you. I had the honor of laboring under Father Dowd for a good many years, and of becoming familiar with the general lines on which he wished the parish to be conducted. Confidence in his great judgment and respect for your feelings (for I know you would feel hurt to see Father Dowd standing in the shoes of such

(Continued on Page Six.)

An Hour With a Gifted Family of Irish Catholic Writers.

The Requiem Services—A Teaching Tribute to the Memory of Our Dead Pastor.

The recent death in Paris of the Rev. Father Quinlivan is certain to call forth so many eulogiums, such numbers of able pens will seize upon the theme that it seems almost superfluous to attempt to put down for publication, some thoughts which naturally arise upon the mournful occasion.

which spoke of mourning and deep sorrow, on the confessional, vacant now, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles and curtained in black, on the catafalque, bearing sadly and significantly the priestly insignia, on the altar glowing with lights amongst funeral coloring. A large congregation filled the sacred edifice. There were no outward demonstrations of grief for the sorrow in every heart, was tempered by the thought that he whom they mourned had been called away in the fullness of grace to partake of the eternal reward.

Solemnly sounded through the aisles the exquisite strains of Chopin's funeral hymn, the music of the Lead Mass, the weird "Dies Irae," and that wonderful cry for pardon, and the wail of sorrow, with the sure hope of immortality. "Liberate me Domine." Deliver my soul, O Lord, from the gates of hell, deliver my soul. And in the hush the calm words of the Gospel: "I am the resurrection and the life. Who believe-

eth in me shall not die forever. The whole sublime ritual of the Catholic burial service, impressive always, became heartrending almost in its solemnity, when it was chanted for one who would preach no more, who would minister no more in the time-honored shrine, of which so lately he had been the very soul. There where his face was so familiar, there where his wise, grave voice spoke the counsels of the law, only vacancy, only silence. "Because he has gone into the house of his eternity, the mourners shall go round about the streets."

Tributes to Father Quinlivan as citizen, as priest, as pastor, will be numerous, but all will fall short of the truth. His qualities of head and heart, his warm and generous sympathy, overflowing geniality, clear, strong judgment, the priestly virtues, devotion to duty, steadfastness, cannot be put on paper. Only the bare suggestion of them is possible.

Father Quinlivan was a man of great schemes, broad views, far-seeing and practical, a worthy follower of the blessed Oller. What he has accomplished for St. Patrick's, for the Irish population and for the city of Montreal remain his monuments. Other plans he had, which remain in embryo, but will doubtless be carried out by other heads and other hands.

Few of his parishioners have not experienced his personal sympathy, his stretching out in their regard of a deep though undemonstrative kindness and good will. Therefore the news from Paris,—following too, upon a comparatively recent bereavement, when the people of St. Patrick's lost their much beloved and ever lamented Father James Callaghan,—come with a sense of profound loss to all who had known Father Quinlivan, and it was whispered about, with a genuine sadness, which few deaths, after all, have the power to call forth. The old, who remembered him coming amongst

them as assistant to the illustrious Father Dowd, a brave, high-hearted young priest, eager for work, planning nobly, achieving steadfastly, entering in course of time upon the pastorate and fulfilling with the same earnestness its more arduous obligations. The middle-aged, who have grown as accustomed to his ministrations as to the storied windows of the chancel, and the young who have been as his spiritual children all their lives. The Irish, as a body, who felt his deep sympathy with their national aspirations, whilst he guided them in safe channels,—all will be filled with the same sense that a great ruler in Israel has been taken from them.

It is a truism to say that their loss is his gain, and that for him in the words of Holy Writ, the day of his death is better than that of his birth. Nevertheless, earnest prayer will follow him to the throne of mercy, that if the imperfections of earth should clog the wings that have so persistently flown upwards,

they may speedily washed away and the dawn of the eternal peace shine upon him."

He has won a twofold crown, the honor, the respect, the warm affection, the grateful remembrance of numberless hearts, and that other crown, which endureth forever.

Yes, Father Quinlivan lies dead, "the peace of God in all his looks from all that his priestly heart held dear:

"Why, but yesterday the bells Rang for thee their loud farewells And to-day they toll for thee, Lying dead beyond the sea."

Well, may it be hoped in following the words of the poet farther, that all the physical suffering, the anxiety, the burdening cares and harassing responsibilities, which beset his path are at an end forever. "On the ruins of the past Blooms the perfect flower at last."

ANNA T. SADLER.

The Grand Old Irish Catholic Writer—Mrs. Sadlier.

I had not been very long in Montreal, arriving here in 1844, when I was taken to see the new Irish Church. The walls were standing, but neither chancel nor aisle were as yet boarded over.

As early as 1829, Father Richards, of the Seminary, had collected the small handful of Catholics in the old Recollet Church. Father Phelan, afterwards Bishop of Kingston, was appointed their pastor, and he in turn was succeeded by the gentle and much beloved Father Connolly. It was during his pastorate that St. Patrick's was completed. Father Connolly after years of faithful service left Montreal for Boston, where he subsequently died.

St. Patrick's was dedicated on the feast of the Apostle of Erin, 1847. That year was destined to be one of harrowing memories to the Irish population of Montreal. For it witnessed the fearful mortality of the "Ship Fever," which not only swept away thousands of incoming emigrants, but took other valuable lives as well, including both priests and people. But this is an oft told as well as tragic tale. My memories of that epoch are singularly distinct, as regards St. Patrick's. I was then attending the Church regularly with my husband, and I can remember many dreary days, when the announcements from the pulpit were of the most tragic.

I recall the venerable figure of Father Richards, his silver locks framing a face of singular benevolence and the tears streaming from his eyes, as he asked our prayers for those confessors of the Faith who were to die on an alien soil and be buried in nameless graves. Father Richards very shortly afterwards, fell a victim to his charity and died of the fever. He was a most apostolic man. As a Methodist minister, he had come to Montreal, to "convert the Seminary," and had like Saul of old, become a vessel of election. Father Morgan, a cousin of the future pastor of St. Patrick's, Father Dowd, and who had preceded him by some years in Montreal, also died of the fever, as did another Irish priest, Father McInerney, of Lachine, who never however, ministered at St. Patrick's. Father MacMahon, also of the staff of the Church, was stricken down with the fever. Each sad announcement cast a gloom over the congregation, and at last Father Connolly, in a voice choked by emotion, declared that he was left alone.

This was followed by the arrival of five Jesuit Fathers of New York, seeming to bring new hope by their brave and cheerful response to the summons. Father Dumerle died of the fever, Father Scheansky took it, but recovered, whilst the other three, Fathers Driscoll, Macdonald and Tellier continued to labor amongst the little flock.

After that came the brighter days. Father Dowd, at a request from the Bishop of Montreal for priests, came over from Ireland, with Fathers MacMahon, McCulla and O'Brien. From that time forth the parish of St. Patrick's grew and flourished. Father Dowd was the providential man, a wise ruler, a great administrator, a saintly and whole-hearted priest.

To look back now, through the years, how solemn it seems and how unreal. Or is it the present which lacks reality? The Sunday mornings in old St. Patrick's, days of spring or days of winter, autumn Sabbaths or those of fiery midsummer. I remember the pew-holders of those days, most of them have passed into the shadows. Happily a few still survive, even amongst the earliest pioneers of the Faith and those it is not necessary here to particularize. The majority sleep upon the mountain side, where the great Calvary throws its shadow over their graves.

I can very vividly recall the appearance of many of them, trooping into Church Sunday after Sunday and, perhaps, in these recollections, it may not be amiss to recall the names of a few.

There was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, most gifted of Irishmen, the golden tongued orator, the wise statesman, the fervent and intense lover of Ireland, despite all that his detractors have said. And Bernard Devlin, afterwards McGee's political opponent, a man of many gifts and of genial manner. He was at that time Colonel of the Prince of Wales Rifles, and a not an inconspicuous figure in early Montreal.

There was the stately figure and impressive personality of Hon. Thomas Ryan, afterwards Senator, who accompanied Mr. McGee to Rome, as a delegate on matters concerning the then mooted question of the division of the parishes. There was Edward Murphy, then in the flower of his ever useful and honorable manhood, afterwards to be Senator and a veritable pillar of St. Patrick's and leader in all good works. There was that tower of strength and Hercules of journalism, George E. Clerk, the son of a Scotch baronet, a devout and zealous convert to the Church, the founder of the "True Witness," and its first editor. All who remember old Montreal and old St. Patrick's will remember how he fought the battles of the Faith in the columns of his journal, with his powerful pen, deep learning and rare journalistic skill.

I recall an amusing incident of that gifted gentleman. On a certain Sunday morning, the pulpit of St. Patrick's had been occupied by a strange priest, who had come from



MRS. SADLIER.

a distance, and he occupied it for an hour and three-quarters. As he walked out of Church, my husband enquired of Mr. Clerk how he liked the sermon. With characteristic humor and brevity, he replied: "Well, it might have done very well in the days of the patriarchs when men's lives were numbered by hundreds of years."

Amongst other parish notables of the day were the much esteemed and learned Dr. Henry Howard and the ever-lamented Dr. Schmidt. There was Francis McDonnell, friend of the orphans, and the genial and cultured Henry Kavanagh and Captain McGrath, chief of police, and John Fitzpatrick, of the munificent donation to St. Patrick's Asylum, and his business partner, Luke Moore.

There were the Mullins and the Shannons and the Currans, one of the latter being father of that truly representative Irishman of to-day, Mr. Justice Curran, and Patrick and William Brennan and M. P. Ryan, afterwards member for Montreal. Jas. McShane, father of the late member for Montreal, and Peter Devins and Charles James Cusack, and James Sadlier and Thomas Dell and Charles Palsgrave and Michael O'Meara and M. Darragh and Galbraith Ward and Isidore Mallen and John and Daniel Mahony, the latter a worthy old schoolmaster, and William O'Brien, of the Grand Trunk, and William P. Bartley and Matthew Ryan, the able journalist, and Muldoon and Dolan and Doran and Bryan Hayes, and Thomas O'Brien and Kelly and McCulloch, and J. P. Sexton, afterwards Recorder, and Dromgoole and Dunn. Their names come back to me after the

lapse of years and many of the faces, too, grown familiar from their places in the pews, Sunday after Sunday, from the parish bazaars, and all the local affairs of the time. Who does not remember Christie McCocmack) Quaint old Christie! In those days the factotum about the Church, the right hand man of the clergy.

Of course, there were many, many more of those old parishioners and, perhaps, the names here set down will stimulate the memories of others to add indefinitely to the list.

Needless to say that the wives of nearly all the foregoing were equally prominent with their husbands and worked hard in the interest of the parish and its various works. Mammoth bazaars were organized for various objects and much work was accomplished by the Ladies of Charity, under such workers as Mrs. Charles Wilson, a gifted and accomplished woman, and wife of the Mayor of Montreal, the large-hearted and devoted Madame Valieres de St. Real, wife of the Chief Justice, and herself an Irishwoman, whose prominent place in all charitable deeds, was so ably taken by her successor, happily still surviving. Mrs. Francis McDonnell, afterwards Mrs. Sexton, Mrs. Lawlor and Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. McGrath and Mrs. O'Meara. It would be impossible to name them all. All have gone long since to the rewards of their zeal and devotion.

What pleasant chats there were outside the Church door on fine mornings, for in those far off days when Montreal was a small city, al-

most every one in the parish had at least a chatting acquaintance with each other. And the sermons we heard! The splendid practical sermons of Father Dowd, touching often on the national, social and commercial affairs of his people, pointing out the line of their duties as Christians and citizens with no uncertain tones. And the more homely instructions of Father Hogan, who afterwards became the beloved pastor of St. Ann's, and the truly Celtic oratory, impassioned and glowing with poetic feeling of Father Michael O'Farrell, afterwards Bishop of Trenton, N.J. The refined and scholarly utterances of Father Bakewell, the convert priest, who like the gentle and saintly Father Toupin, came later to St. Patrick's. Both died at their posts, the one in middle age, the other in fullness of years and of holiness.

Father McCulla, another minister of that time, and who had come out from Ireland with Father Dowd, returned thither, while Father MacMahon, who also accompanied the last named to Canada, went later to New York, and became pastor of St. John the Evangelist. Does any one remember Father Halley, who was one of the best beloved of all those early priests? He finally went to Salem, Mass., and usefully filled a pastorate there for the years preceding his death. Father Leclaire sincerely regretted, went away to Rome, but has happily returned to labor in the old fields.

As regards the matter of sermons. One of the most splendid and effective discourses I have ever heard, was delivered in St. Patrick's, by that most eloquent of Irish priests, Rev. Michael O'Brien, uncle of the present Senator. He was at all times a wonderful speaker and a large-hearted, noble minister of the sanctuary.

Of course, we had missions given by the various religious orders and sermons by occasional preachers. Notable amongst these were discourses by the famous Bishop de Charbonnel, who had left his native France to labor in Canada, and the learned Archbishop Spalding, and Bishop McClosky, then of Albany, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

I remember how in his unfinished ed the parish on the splendid group and inimitable style he complimented of charitable institutions which had grown up about the Church.

Might be said about the national and religious celebrations of St. Patrick's Day, gala days in the parish, with pomp of green, with the shining as well of cheerful smiling faces and the ringing melody of the old airs. And the Christmases and Easters and other great solemnities, when the parishioners exchanged warm-hearted seasonable greetings.

It is all fading into the distance now, with the week day Masses and the May services when the breath of spring came into the dim Church

and the familiar bell called the people to the simple prayers and the old-time hymns.

I was young, then, and but just beginning my literary career, which has extended over the half century. I have lived in varied scenes and known almost innumerable men and women. But through all vicissitudes it is a pleasure to look back upon those days. Green be the turf above priests and people, who have, one by one, passed away. The names of many of them are scarce remembered save when some survivor, like myself, standing lonely on the shore, seeks to call them back in a few recollections of Old St. Patrick's.

MARY A. SADLIER.

A LAY OF THE SHAMROCK.

Air: "And doth not a meeting."

On the feast of St. Patrick in memory again
We'll seek thee, green Erin, across the wide main,
While back through the ages in spirit we'll stray
And pluck the green shamrock on Ireland's great day!

O land of our fathers, we see thee arise
Thy hills and thy valleys 'neath spring's changeful skies,—
Where the lark sings at morning his soul-stirring lay
As we pluck the green shamrock on Ireland's great day.

'Tis sad to remember on this blithe some day
Now thy children are scattered far, far and away,
Yet roam where they will, they must love thee for aye
As they wear the green shamrock on this festal day!

While thy rivers are flowing to seek the deep sea
The Shannon, the Suir, the Blackwater and Lee,
Thy sons are remembered let them be where they may
And wearing the shamrock on Ireland's great day!

Then we march 'neath thy banners in many a clime
When this day comes around in the passage of Time—
While home-thoughts fill the heart like the sun's cheering ray
As we cull the green shamrock on Ireland's great day!

So fling the proud sunburst once more to the breeze
As our fathers of old in that land o'er the seas
While mem'ries awaken so sad yet so gay
As we wear the green shamrock on Ireland's great day!

—J. A. S.

Montreal, March 17, 1902.

St. Patrick's

Continued From P

The various societies service marched to the halls. The A.O.H., Knights, which were contingent from other province, made a fine Among the officers in H. Turner, Provincial Coffey, Provincial Secretary; J. McIver, Hochelega Co. Secretary; W. O'Hara County President; C. M. Missisquoi County Secretary; Farnham County Jas. Byrne, President Montreal; A. Dunn, Pr. No. 2, Montreal; Ald. M.P., President Div. No. 1; J. Doolan, President 4, Montreal; A. McCrae, President Div. No. 5, Montreal; J. Clarke, President Div. No. 6, Montreal; two companies of St. Mary's Young Men's Society; Ann's Young Men's Society; T. A. and B. Society; Ann's Cadets, Young Men's Association, St. Young Men's Society, T. A. and B. Society, erry Club, and the Society, St. Patrick's Society, and the pupils of the St. Patrick's School; and St. Patrick's tur large numbers, and as High Mass.

The splendid muster of young men's organization most creditable.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S ASSOCIATION

This well known patronage honored the evening Ireland's national festival, worthy of the tradition, by putting on the Victoria Rifles A that sterling old drama, "The Bawn." The attendance, previous to the drama, Mr. John ham, the newly elected in a neat speech, thanked for their attendance to the past his land, which he said without ceasing deeds of her. After a well rendered "Irish airs" by the curtain arose and the drama was presented.

The following is the actors:—

Myles Na Coppaleen the Soil," Mr. J. J. Hardress Creagan, "Torc Creagan," Mr. nor.

Danny Mann, "The Robt. J. Love, "In Love," Mr. J. P. O'Loughlin, "Father Tom," "Aron," Mr. J. P. O'Loughlin, "A S yer," Mr. M. J. Powell, "Bertie O'Moore," "Mr. P. J. McHyland Creagh, "O Servant, Mr. M. O. Corporal, Mr. T. O' Eily O'Connor, "Bawn," Miss Tina K. Anne Chute, "The M. tle Chute," Miss E. Mrs. Creagan, "P. ed to Her Son," Miss Sheelagh Mann, "M. ay," A. Kartizza.

Kathleen Creach, a gan, "Friends of Miss Rosie O'Brien a Gregory. Peasants, soldiers Time, 1792.

In connection with following songs and introduced:—"The "For Freedom and "The Dear Little She of Kilkenny," "Me Waters," and double Mr. J. J. McLean er shared the honors with Miss Tina Kitt K. Peacock. Mr. Mcl P. of the rollicky Irish lad to perfect Power looked and act manner which enar tion he has already dramatic circles. Mr nor was excellent, members of the cast respective parts v among the number, Love. The vocal programme was of spe

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

The members of the Young Men's Society should their efforts on Mon

St. Patrick's Day

Continued From Page One.

The various societies after the service marched to their respective halls. The A.O.H., Knights, and Divisions, which were reinforced by a contingent from other parts of the province, made a fine showing. Among the officers in line were: W. H. Turner, Provincial President; J. McCaffrey, Provincial Secretary; H. Mc Morrow, Hochelaga County President; J. McIver, Hochelaga County Secretary; W. O'Hara, Mississquoi County President; C. McGuire, Mississquoi County Secretary; J. J. Cote, Farnham County President; Jas. Byrne, President Div. No. 1, Montreal; A. Dunn, President Div. No. 2, Montreal; Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., President Div. No. 3, Montreal; J. Doolan, President Div. No. 4, Montreal; A. McCracken, President Div. No. 5, Montreal; W. Clarke, President Div. No. 9, Montreal; two companies of Hibernian Knights, under Capt. Kane; St. Mary's Young Men's Society, St. Ann's Young Men's Society, St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society, St. Ann's Cadets, Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, St. Anthony's Young Men's Society, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society, and '98 Literary Club, and the St. Patrick's Society, St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, and the pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools, St. Ann's and St. Patrick's turned out in large numbers, and assisted at the High Mass.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. AND B. ASSOCIATION.

This well known patriotic organization honored the evening of the Ireland's national festival in a manner worthy of the traditions of the past, by putting on the boards in the Victoria Rifles Armory Hall, that sterling old drama "The Colleen Bawn." The attendance was large. Previous to the first act of the drama, Mr. John P. Cunningham, the newly elected president, in a neat speech, thanked the audience for their attendance. He referred to the past history of Ireland, which he said was marked by countless deeds of heroism. After a well rendered selection of "Irish airs" by the orchestra, the curtain arose and the first scene of the drama was presented to the audience.

THE SHAMROCK.

The following is the cast of characters:—
Myles Na Coppaleen, "A Sprig of the Soil," Mr. J. J. McLean.
Hardress Creagan, "The Master of Tore Creagan," Mr. J. P. O'Connor.
Danny Mann, "The Cripple," Mr. Robt. J. Love.
Kyrle Daly, "In Love with Anne," Mr. J. P. O'Loughlin.
Father Tom, "The Soggarth Aron," Mr. J. P. Cunningham.
Mr. Corrigan, "A Scheming Lawyer," Mr. M. J. Power.
Bertie O'Moore, "The Magistrate," Mr. P. J. McElroy.
Hyland Creagh, "Of the Gentry," Mr. J. McBrearty.
Servant, Mr. M. Callaghan.
Corporal, Mr. T. O'Connor.
Eily O'Connor, "The Colleen Bawn," Miss Tina Kitts.
Anne Chute, "The Mistress of Castle Chute," Miss E. K. Peacock.
Mrs. Creagan, "Proud and Devoted to Her Son," Miss Allie Jones.
Sheelah Mann, "Mother of Danny," A. Kartizza.
Kathleen Creach, and Ducie Dugan, "Friends of the Creagans," Miss Rosie O'Brien and Miss Alice Gregory.
Peasants, soldiers, guests, etc. Time, 1792.
In connection with the play the following songs and choruses were introduced:—"The Lass I Love," "For Freedom and For Ireland," "The Dear Little Shamrock," "Kate of Kilkenny," "Meeting of The Waters," and double Irish jig.
Mr. J. J. McLean and Mr. J. Power shared the honors of the evening with Miss Tina Kitts and Miss E. K. Peacock. Mr. McLean played the part of the rickling, yet astute Irish lad to perfection. Mr. M. J. Power looked and acted his part in a manner which enhanced the reputation he has already earned in Irish dramatic circles. Mr. J. P. O'Connor was excellent, and the other members of the cast performed their respective parts with much care, among the number, Mr. Robt. J. Love. The vocal portion of the programme was of special merit.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society should feel proud of their efforts on Monday evening last

when they presented "The Abbot of Dunganvon" to an audience that packed to the doors the auditorium of the Monument National. In fact, standing room was at par, many being contented to get even that. "The Abbot of Dunganvon" is from the pen of Mr. James Martin, the popular and enthusiastic member of the Society, and is, like his former productions, a drama of great worth and beauty. It includes a prologue and five acts. The play is an Irish military drama. The plot is laid in a barrack-yard. Squire Middleton is skeptical, Lord Foppington is convinced, Captain Norbury explains, Lord Foppington throws oil on the troubled waters. The scenes and tableaux were beautiful in the extreme; these players would rank with some of the best professionals. Messrs. P. Kennehan, J. Kelly, J. Cox, Geo. Gummerell, Jas. Kennedy, P. J. O'Rourke, Ed. Quinn, R. Hart, Jas. Polan, John Shanahan, T. M. Jones, Frank Brown, M. J. O'Donnell, J. Hughes, Arthur Jones, M. Rae, G. E. Cochran, T. Dillon, M. J. Doherty, performed their different parts with credit to themselves.

During the intervals between the acts the junior quartette, Messrs. Norris, McCrory, Latimer and McGuire, rendered several selections in pleasing voice and good style, the different parts being well sustained. Messrs. McCrory, Norris, Jones, rendered vocal solos, which were also much admired, as well as the fine clog and jig dancing of Mr. T. Hogan. Too much praise cannot be given to the indefatigable and zealous musical director, Prof. P. J. Shea, for the able manner in which he handled the many duties which fell to his lot during the entertainment. The genial professor has a record of giving the music loving people selections which cannot fail to please. During one of the intervals a very pleasant and timely feature of the evening's performance was the presentation of a substantial gift to the author of the drama, Mr. Jas. Martin. Hon. J. J. Guerin, M.L.A., in a neat speech, paid a tribute to his worth, and then presented him with a cheque for a good round sum. The donor was completely taken by surprise, and words were inadequate to express the gratitude he felt on receiving such a gift.

Among the large and appreciative audience were:—Rev. Fathers Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Reidfeldt, C.S.S.R., Flynn, C.S.S.R., Fortier, C.S.S.R., Saucier, C.S.S.R., Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., Ald. D. Gallery, M. P., E. Guerin, K.C.

THE A-O-H.

This patriotic organization honored the evening of the national festival by holding a dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the County Board in the Windsor Hall, and right royally did the members and their friends turn out.

The drama selected was the ever-interesting "Kathleen Mavourneen," and it was staged in a manner that was most creditable to the various members of the cast, which was as follows:—
Cast of characters:—
Terrence O'More, "A Dear Irish Boy," Mr. Ed. Vernot.
Bernard Kavanagh, "The Squire," Mr. C. C. Collins.
David O'Connor, "Kathleen's Father," Mr. R. K. Sharps.
Father O'Cassidy, "The Parish Priest," Mr. John J. Friend.
Bill Button, "The Butler," Mr. Arthur Bailey.
Capt. Clearfield, "27th Regiment," Mr. Geo. Wayland.
Black Roddy, "An Outlaw," Mr. Joseph Slattery.
Red Barney, "An Outlaw," Mr. A. Bailey.
Darby Doyle, "An Outlaw," Mr. Garfield Collins.
Mr. McCubben, "Prison Warden," Mr. G. A. Wayland.
Denis, "A Country Boy," Mr. J. Baylor.
Mag Marslogh, "Fortune Teller," Miss E. J. Murphy.
Kitty O'Laverty, "Maid," Miss Bessie Branigan.
Lady Dorothy, Miss J. Conroy.
Kathleen O'Connor, "The Colleen," Miss Mary Knowlton.
Soldiers, peasants, etc.
Under the management of Mr. J. J. Friend.
Stage manager, Mr. A. J. Furlong.
Master of properties, Mr. C. C. Collins.
Musical director, Prof. Metcalf.

Previous to the first act Mr. Hugh McMorrow, County President, delivered a practical speech, outlining the aims and objects of the Order, and giving an idea of the progress it had made during recent years. Much credit is due to the members of the committee in charge of the arrangements, and to the always industrious and enthusiastic Secretary of the County Board, Mr. Jas. McIver, who has so long been in office and shown such good results in his department.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

On Monday evening the feast of Ireland's great Apostle, the "Ancient Sanctuary Boys," gave one of their splendid dramatic entertainments. The play was that beautiful Irish drama in three acts entitled "More Sinned Against, Than Sinning." The rendering of this beautiful play was charming, and the success of the evening was most gratifying. In connection with this pleasant event we may mention the fact that the proceeds of the concert were for the fund for the rebuilding of St. Mary's Church, recently destroyed by fire. It was a kindly and thoughtful act on the part of the young men, and an example that is worthy of imitation amongst the members of the other societies of the parish. Only the people who have suffered the same blow can estimate at its true value the loss it is, to be deprived of the dearly-beloved parish church. There is no gainsaying the fact that St. Mary's boys are carefully trained, in the histrionic department. Their entertainments are always excellent, and that of Monday evening was no exception. Apart from the grand object in view Rev. Father Heffernan, the devoted director of the Sanctuary Boys, is doing a noble work amongst the junior members of the parish.

The scene of the drama is laid in Killybegs, Ireland, years 1876-1881. Squire Hilton disowns his son for some alleged misbehavior, the land agent Belhaven, after getting the Squire to make his will in his (Belhaven's) favor, plots to get rid of him and put blame on the Squire's son. The part of Squire Hilton was admirably taken by Mr. Patrick Phelan, and the son's part, by Mr. Louis Prevost. Belhaven, the grasping land agent, by Mr. Robt. McIlhone, left nothing to be desired, and was well supported by the good acting of Mr. Thos. Norton. The unscrupulous villain, Major Lookout, (Mr. Jno. Toohy) and Teddy O'Neill (Mr. Wm. Kelly), supplied the lighter parts and kept the large audience in good humor. Mr. P. E. Brennan made an excellent Captain de Balzac. Messrs. Friel, Singleton and O'Brien were a jolly lot of smugglers. Mr. Albert Prevost's rendering of the aristocratic servant of "ye olden time," was a decided success. Good friends of St. Mary's, Misses N. Kennedy, U. O'Brien and Ryan did much to make the entertainment a success.

During the acts songs were rendered by Messrs. J. Friel, J. Chambers and D. O'Rourke. The singing of "God Save Ireland" brought the concert to a close, and the large audience dispersed well pleased with the way "Our Own Boys" did their parts in honor of the Patron Saint of dear old Ireland.

Rev. P. McDonald, curate of St. Gabriel's, who, by the way, was a classmate of the Rev. Father Heffernan, was called upon during the evening, and made a few remarks, encouraging the young men to be true to their nationality and religion.

The success of the entertainment is largely due to Prof. Jas. Wilson, organist of St. Mary's and the committee, composed of Messrs. J. P. Chambers, Arthur Phelan, W. J. Dunn and Charles E. Morley.

ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

In St. Anthony's parish the Young Men's Society held a musical and card entertainment, and as was anticipated, it was a great success. Mr. J. T. O'Connor, the energetic and enthusiastic president of the Society, opened the proceedings with a well-worded address of welcome. The event took place in the commodious hall located in the basement of St. Anthony's Church. Every available place was occupied by the parishioners who turned out in force, and nobly seconded the efforts of the young men. Hardy's orchestra contributed a programme of music in which Irish national airs were a prominent feature.

AT THE HOTEL DIEU.

The feast of Ireland's glorious Apostle was celebrated with an unusual eclat at the Hotel Dieu. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Fisher, of Dorchester street, St. Patrick's Ward was tastefully and beautifully decorated for the occasion. Numbered green flags, on which was emblazoned the harp of the Emerald Isle, encircled with the shamrock, floated from the many beds of sick, while the centre was conspicuous for its decorations of various colors. In fact, the ward was transformed into what may be termed a concert hall. The patients feel deeply grateful to the devoted Sisters for the efforts which they made to render the day enjoyable and memorable in

the annals of the Hotel Dieu. Too much praise cannot be given to Rev. Sister Franchere for the very valuable assistance which she lent towards beautifying the ward. Prior to the concert prepared by the inmates, an address of welcome was presented to Rev. Sister McGurty on her re-appointment to the important charge of St. Patrick's Ward, a position she filled with so much dignity for many years past.

The following is the address:—
ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE REV. SISTER MCGURTY, MARCH 17TH, 1902.

Rev. and Dear Sister,—On behalf of the Sisters of the community and the patients of St. Patrick's Ward, we tender you a cordial and hearty welcome, on this auspicious occasion, "The anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint," and of your resuming charge of St. Patrick's Ward. With sentiments of profound joy and gratitude we extend to the Sisters of the community, our sincere thanks in appointing you once more to this important position which you held for many years past, but not forgotten.

Your re-appointment evidently proves the high esteem in which you are held by the Sisters in general and by the many patrons of the institution, and what occasion could be more befitting your re-appointment, than this festive day of Ireland's glorious Apostle. Your tender solicitude for the sick and infirm, your many sacrifices since your connection with this institution, have not been confined to this renowned house of charity; they have sought an outlet to the outer world, through the many patients who have been under your care and who have learned to love and revere you as a mother.

We trust and pray that Almighty God may spare you for many years to come to preside over the destinies of St. Patrick's Ward.

Signed, PATIENTS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

The concert programme was lengthy, and consisted principally of songs and recitations, which were well executed. The entertainment was brought to a close by a few speeches from the local clergy.

Father Mark's Striking Sermon.

On Sunday morning last a mission for men was begun in St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Passionist Fathers Robert and Mark. It was continued throughout the week, and was well attended. Both missionaries expressed their astonishment at the size of the congregations who listened to their sermons. They were the largest, they said, that they had ever addressed. Father Mark said, that it was the first time that he had heard congregational singing; and it did his heart good to hear so many many voices singing out the praises of God. It was an inspiring experience for a missionary.

The first of the exercises was held in the evening. Rev. Father Mark preached the sermon. Among other things he said:—
During the spring of 1893, Father Robert and I were giving a mission in Chicago. The Chicago "Herald" at that time conceived a new notion of getting up a sensation for its Sunday edition. On one of these Sundays the front page was covered by a picture. It represented to the right, a wide thoroughfare in a large city, with a crowd of well-dressed men and women walking along at their ease. It was clear that the impression sought to be conveyed was that it was a Sunday. There was the entrance to a church, at which stood a clergyman, beckoning to the people to enter. But they paid no heed to him; they walked on. The left side of the picture contained a large picture of Mephistopheles made famous by Goethe's "Faust." He also was beckoning to the crowd. On the top of the picture were the words, in large type, "Why I do Not Go to Church." Page after page of the newspaper followed, filled with letters from men and women in all walks of life, giving their reasons for not going to Church. Some said that they had found out that religion's chief work is making money; some said that to go to Church was to abase their reason; others, be-

Heirs Found By the TRUE WITNESS

The following communication, which we have received from the esteemed pastor of St. Gabriel's parish, needs no words of a special introductory character to show that the "old organ" is doing effective work. It is as follows:—

Law Offices of Lee & Coghlan, Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal., March 12, 1902.

Rev. Father O'Meara, St. Gabriel Church, Montreal, Canada.

My Dear Sir,—I desire to thank you very cordially for your kindly effort to aid me in the search for the missing Downey heirs, and to convey to you the information that, the recent publication of my letter in the "True Witness," for which courtesy I am indebted to you, has resulted in our locating the two girls at the town of Port Dalhousie, Canada.

I am just in receipt of letters from the girls, enclosing a clipping from the "True Witness," containing the published letter.

The success of this search is especially satisfactory to me, as it will enable us to turn this money, amounting to several thousand dollars over to these two girls, who are entitled to it, and to whom doubtless it will be very welcome.

The estate will, we hope, be ready for distribution early in April, and possibly before that date. I am persuaded that, had it not been for your kindly assistance these heirs would have remained undiscovered, in which event their share of the property would have escheated to the school fund of the State of California.

Very truly,
(Signed) CHARLES A. LEE.

does not go to Church gives no money, so he has not nothing to grumble about on that score. Is it manly not to give money, or to give it? If I reverse the question and ask you, who do go to Church, why do you do so, will not your answer be, in substance, as follows, and will it not settle the whole point? "The reason why I, as a Catholic, do go to Church is simple. I go because of my absolute conviction that there is a God; that God has made known through His Son Jesus Christ Our Saviour, that He desires to be adored; that His Son founded a Church of which I am bound by my conscience to be a member; and that it is only by going to Church that I can adore Him." That will be your manly, your generous, your noble reply. Oh, I appeal to you to take my words to heart, to keep them there all your lives.

NOW IN STORE... A CARLOAD 108 Barrels
Original Budweiser Beer
Brewed and Bottled by the ANHEUSER BUCHS BREWING ASSOCIATION, Saint Louis, Missouri.
1080 Dozen Pints.
BUDWEISER BEER;
\$1 60 per dozen pints.
\$14 75 per original cask of 10 dozen pints.
The Trade supplied at Trade prices.
FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents.
EXTRA CHOICE FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT
Just Received for our Easter Trade.
FLORIDA SHADDOCKS, "MAMMOTH," 40 cents each. \$4 50 per dozen.
FLORIDA SHADDOCKS, "SUPERLATIVES," 35 cents each. \$3 75 per dozen.
FLORIDA SHADDOCKS, "LABOR," 25 cents each. \$2 50 per dozen.
FLORIDA SHADDOCKS, "QUEENS," 15 cents each. \$1 65 per dozen.
1/2 lb. Packets LILAC TEA 1 lb Packets
25 cents each. 50 cents each.
A very refreshing blend of carefully selected growths.
LILAC TEA
THAT'S ALL.
1 lb. Packets, 50 cents each. 1-2 lb. Packets, 25 cents each.
FRASER, VIGER & CO.,
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 and 211 St. James Street.

Our Pastor Laid to Rest.

Continued From Page Three.

ther Dowd's wise rules set aside) will make it a sacred duty for me to follow these general lines as closely as I can. I shall always, God aiding, keep in view the same great ends which shaped his conduct, viz., the glory of God, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of the good people of St. Patrick's congregation. May Almighty God then, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless you all; may He enlighten and strengthen both you and me, so that together we may reach the one great end for which we were created in this world. Amen.

Work of Renovation.

Until 1861, the Church remained without any decoration and with only temporary altars. In that year, the three present altars were erected by the late Father Dowd, and the whole interior of the Church painted and decorated.

From the autumn of 1893 St. Patrick's has been gradually undergoing a complete transformation so that one familiar with the old church of years ago would hardly recognize it as it now appears. In 35 years, the walls had time to grow dingy, and the semi-religious light, formerly recognized as the proper thing, especially in Gothic

school boys, are all new, provided with comfortable backs and kneelers. These seats are all as commodious as the pews, and are in much demand.

3rd. The gallery has been practically rebuilt; all decayed or defective timbers were removed, the floor was graded so that all may see equally well, and pews were provided to give comfortable accommodation to between three or four hundred persons, not including the space and seats for school children.

4th. An entirely new gallery for the organ and choir. The framework of this gallery is of solid steel beams of girders, which are supported entirely by steel pillars passing through the lower gallery down to the ground, where they rest upon foundations of solid masonry.

5th. A splendid new electric organ, fitted up with the most modern and up-to-date improvements, takes the place of the old organ of St. Patrick's, which did good service for over forty years.

6th. Perhaps the richest and most effective item of the renovation is the magnificent oak wainscoting which encircles the entire nave of the Church. It rises to a height varying from 12 to 15 feet, and consists of three series of beautifully designed panels, each series offering a distinct variety, but all combining with its several accessories, to produce a specimen of wood work such as is seldom if at all to be found in any other church in this country. The fourteen Stations of the Way of the Cross are deftly fitted into this wainscot. Four large canopies, two on each side of the Church, also combined with the paneled wainscot, overhang the spaces for four lateral altars, namely, St. Ann, St. Bridget, the Souls in Pur-

which occupy the upper and open panels of the wainscot.

13th. The stone and iron fence encircling the Church grounds.

14th. The pulpit with its artistic dome.

15th. The "Catherine Wheel" window near the organ.

16th. The monumental Gothic sanctuary lamp, one of the most beautiful features of the renovation.

17th. A life-like figure of our patron Saint prepared by a skillful artist in Rome, and robed in rich episcopal vestments of green and gold.

To Complete First Plans

Shortly before his departure for Paris, France, Father Quinlivan in an interview with a representative of the "True Witness," in speaking of the work yet remaining to be done to complete the first plan of the renovation, said:

There are some things which remain incomplete, and now, after a rest of a couple of years, since any heavy expense was undertaken, it would be well to think of completing what remains to be done. First, there are the six windows in the body of the Church. On the Epistle side, besides those in the sanctuary, we already have the windows of St. Patrick and St. Bridget. There remain those of St. Columba, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Margaret of Scotland, to complete the list of our national Saints. It is our wish to have the three nationalities, Irish, Scotch and English, that compose our congregation, duly represented. On the Gospel side the idea is to have the leading saints of the Church in general.

ous or less thoughtful towards those who were dear to them?

Three of the four new altars in the nave have already been given by generous donors. There remains only the altar of the Holy Angels, which will be specially devoted to the spiritual benefit of our children, whose guardians are these blessed spirits. It would be most appropriate to have a suitable altar where our parish children would be reminded of what they owe to these heavenly protectors, and where they would be encouraged to express their love and gratitude towards them.

What we consider a unique feature of our Church is the pictorial Litany of the Saints. They are all oil paintings executed with great care by skillful artists. The name of each donor who wishes it is written in small letters at the foot of the picture. The cost of each picture is only ten dollars. Here is a chance for everyone who desires to have a charming little memorial in the Church which is within the reach of everybody.

It is doubtful if our city has another Church so admirably adapted, by position and build, as St. Patrick's for a magnificent chime of bells. First, its commanding site and the grand elevation of its bell tower, give it advantages which are scarcely, if at all, equalled in the city. Then the great strength and amplitude of its bell chamber, twenty feet square on the inside, gives more than place enough to receive as full a chime as we could wish to have. Such a chime could be got, we believe, for eight or ten thousand dollars.

Archbishop Bruchesi's Words of Sympathy.

Archiepiscopal residence, Montreal, March 15, 1902.

Dearly Beloved Brethren,—The tidings of the rather unexpected death of your devoted pastor, the late Father Quinlivan, have cast a gloom of sadness over dear old St. Patrick's, and filled your hearts with grief and sorrow in which I sincerely share. I condole with you all, both priests and people, and I hasten to offer you my heartfelt sympathy in the loss you have recently sustained.

About a month ago, dear Father Quinlivan called at the Palace to say "au revoir." He was very ill at the time, but little did I then think that he was bidding farewell, as far as this world is concerned, and that after the lapse of a few short weeks the cable would transmit such dreadful news. The Angel of Death awaited him at the Mother House of the Rev. Sulpician Fathers at Paris. The best medical advice available, the prayers of his numerous friends at home and abroad were ineffectual in staying the Angel's hand, and Almighty God was pleased to summon the good priest to his reward. To-day he is calmly resting after a long life spent in the vineyard of the Master whom he loved and followed at all times. May his soul rest in peace.

Pious, prudent, unassuming was the late Father Quinlivan. During his classical studies and later on as a candidate for the holy priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Father Quinlivan displayed sterling qualities of mind and heart which bore such abundant fruit throughout his ministerial career. His success as a School Commissioner, his efforts to embellish St. Patrick's Church and make it one of the handsomest places of worship in the archdiocese, the herculean task that he undertook to erect the Catholic High School, his love for the orphan and the outcast, and last but not least, his saintly character and life as a priest denote the lofty ideals that prompted him, in spite of untold infirmities, to further the noble causes of religion, education and Christian charity.

Father Quinlivan will no longer preside over your destinies, but his spirit will ever animate his successor.

He is now, I trust, with his God enjoying a well-earned rest. Still it is the duty of each and every one to pray for the repose of his soul. I am confident that your prayers will ascend like sweet incense to the throne of the Most High in his behalf. I took part in the solemn obsequies held yesterday in memory of the distinguished priest, and I left with the conviction that the late Father Quinlivan occupied a warm corner in your hearts and that the eternal interests of his noble and pure soul were safe in your hands.

For my part I will not fail to unite with you, dear brethren, in soliciting this favor and pray too that his successor may be like him "a priest after God's own heart."

God bless you and support you in your affliction.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.



Altar donated by Mr. Michael Burke and Miss Eliza Burke.

Father Martin Speaks

At High Mass on Sunday last in St. Patrick's Church, the Rev. Martin Callaghan, acting pastor, announced the death of the late lamented Rev. Father Quinlivan. He said:—

Father Quinlivan, as you are aware, is dead. I deeply deplore the sad event. I had a good opportunity of knowing him well, for I was long associated with him in the sacred ministry. I have always appreciated him as a priest, as a Sulpician, and as a pastor. As a priest he had all the good qualities that could be found in one. He observed the rules of the Sulpician Order with fidelity. As a pastor he devoted himself unstintingly to the interests of his parishioners. He lived for his flock, and he may be said also to have died for them. He was a man of the noblest and broadest views, and he heroically carried them into effect. During his whole ministry he was a martyr, a Christian martyr, for he was suffering all the time. But he bore the pain with characteristic fortitude. He was always resigned to the Will of God. What he did for this parish, although he was in bad health, is almost incredible.

A letter received from him, dated Paris, March the 3rd, in which he spoke of the great kindness shown to him there, and of the emfluence of the physicians attending him, and in which he mentioned by name all the priests attached to this Church. I will read for you a few words from the letter: "May the Holy Will of God be done! I am now a little nervous in face of all I must go through, and the possibility of complications. I am in the hands of God and the Blessed Virgin, and am doing my best to become resigned."

Father Quinlivan has now gone to his heavenly home, where is free from pain and trouble and where he is happy with Almighty God.

Father Martin concluded by reading the sympathetic letter, which

we publish above, received from His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, and of which Father Martin said it was but another striking evidence of the deep-seated interest which His Grace manifests in all that concerns English-speaking Catholics.

IN MEMORIAM.

LATE FATHER QUINLIVAN.

Silent, lonesome seems the sanctuary,

Where oft-times in the past he prayed;

Now far from friends, and far from kinsfolk,

In a distant grave he's laid.

Of he passed those aisles and portals,

Of he spoke within those walls;

No more his voice, no more his foot-tread

O'er the inner stillness falls.

Well he filled a place left vacant,

By a loved one gone before;

Now he too has joined the many

Time nor tears cannot restore.

Even though the tree of future,

Bears the fruit of brighter days;

The Church he loved shall long have crumbled

When his memory decays.

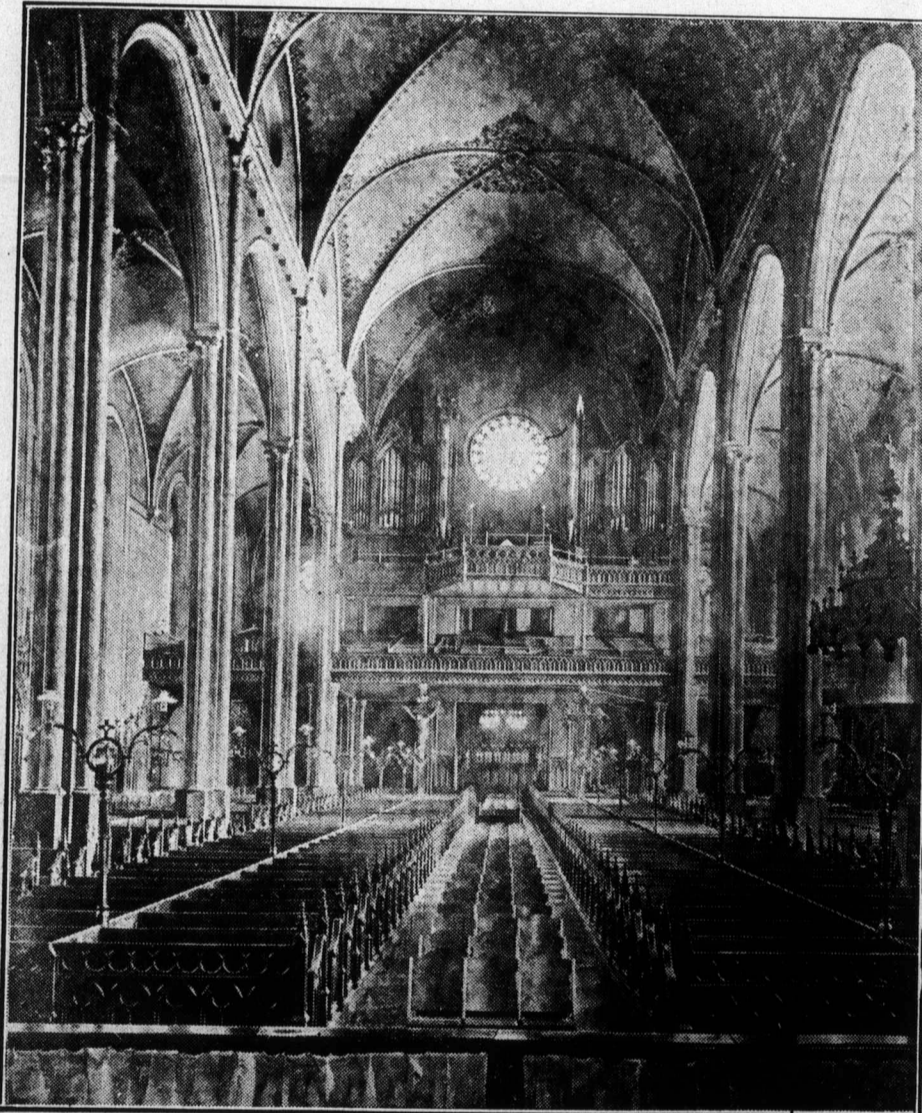
Now he sleeps beyond the ocean—

Sleeps beneath a stranger's sod;

What matter where the grave is chosen

When the soul exults with God!

—JOHN F. LOYE.
Montreal, March, 1902.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

churches, was no longer acceptable to the present generation, more disposed to consider matters from a practical point of view. Successful efforts were made to brighten the heavy-colored, stained-glass windows; additional light was obtained from the roof by doubling the size of the windows placed there, and all this, added to the cheerful terra cotta, gold and ivory tints of the new decoration, produces a general effect that is at once highly religious, and most agreeable and soothing to the eye, so that on entering, one immediately feels that he is in a suitable place to pray and quietly commune with God.

A brief enumeration of the various improvements made in St. Patrick's under Father Quinlivan's pastorate, will be of interest, we are sure, at the present hour.

1st. A new floor of maple in the entire body of the Church, outside the pews.

2nd. All the old pews have been replaced by beautiful gothic ones of red Indiana oak; the free benches on each side of the Church, as well as the seats in the gallery for our

gatory, and the Holy Angels. The two first mentioned have been donated by Mr. Michael Burke and his sister, Miss Eliza Burke, and by the family of the late Senator Edward Murphy.

7th. The pictures of the Way of the Cross are oil paintings, 6 1/2 feet in height, by 3 feet 4 in. in width, and were executed by Patriglia, a distinguished Roman artist, under the direction of Father Leclair, of St. Patrick's. They were donated, or their cost subscribed for, by fourteen families or individuals.

8th. Two new windows of St. Patrick and St. Bridget on the Epistle side of the Church, works of rare beauty. They were made in Innsbruck, a city of the Austrian Tyrol, and cost, exclusive of duty, about \$1.00 each.

9th. A new slate roof of superior quality, completed in 1895.

10th. New candlesticks of Gothic design for the three sanctuary altars.

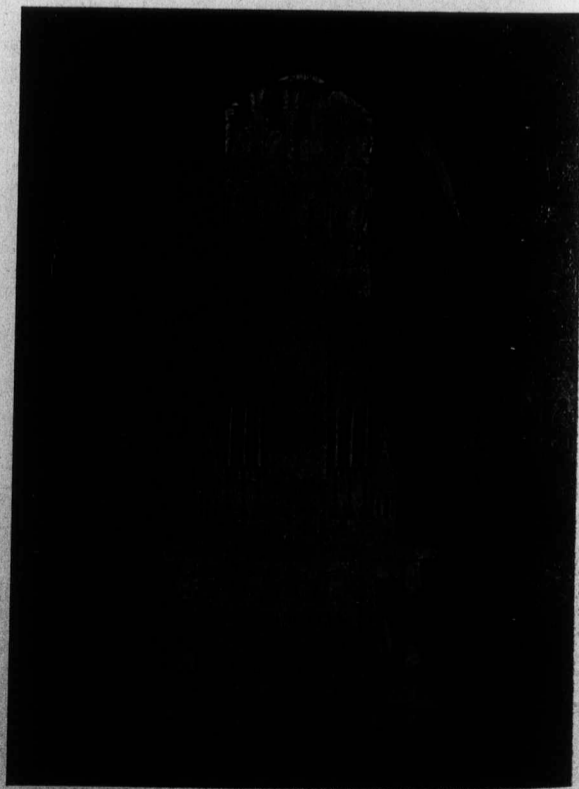
11th. Important changes in the sanctuary approaches.

12th. The Litany of the Saints,

Those of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann are already in position. After these we would like to have the three remaining windows dedicated to St. Peter, St. Paul, and the great St. Martin of Tours, who was a relative of St. Patrick, and in great honor amongst the children of the latter. These six windows would add immensely to the beauty of our already fine Church. By ordering them together we could get them for five thousand dollars, whilst singly their price would be as the others, eleven hundred dollars each. No more beautiful or appropriate monument to the memory of a deceased relative could be erected, and no surer means of securing prayers for the deceased, where these prayers would be said with the most fervor. We see that elsewhere, as in the United States and Ontario, people consider it a favor to obtain a memorial window in memory of a departed friend or relative. The same may be said of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens in Montreal. In their churches, almost all the fine windows are memorials. Are our Catholic people less gener-

ally thoughtful towards those who were dear to them? Three of the four new altars in the nave have already been given by generous donors. There remains only the altar of the Holy Angels, which will be specially devoted to the spiritual benefit of our children, whose guardians are these blessed spirits. It would be most appropriate to have a suitable altar where our parish children would be reminded of what they owe to these heavenly protectors, and where they would be encouraged to express their love and gratitude towards them.

What we consider a unique feature of our Church is the pictorial Litany of the Saints. They are all oil paintings executed with great care by skillful artists. The name of each donor who wishes it is written in small letters at the foot of the picture. The cost of each picture is only ten dollars. Here is a chance for everyone who desires to have a charming little memorial in the Church which is within the reach of everybody.



Altar donated by the Family of the late Hon. Edward Murphy.

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OUR WEEKLY PARISH CALENDAR.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS MUST REACH US BEFORE 6 O'CLOCK P. M., ON TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

AN ACCURATE CHRONICLE - BRIGHT NEWS NOTES.

OPEN TO ALL OUR PARISHES

ST. PATRICK'S.

BOUNDARIES OF PARISH.— St. Patrick's parish extends from Amherst and Grant streets on the east to Mountain and McCord streets on the west. Above Sherbrooke street. It runs from Amherst street to city limits west beyond the Grand Seminary; on the south, it runs from the corner of McCord along William street to McGill, down McGill to river and along water front Gill to river and along water front east as far as Grant; the northern limit is the old city boundary, now the dividing line between St. Louis and St. John the Baptist wards, and running from the corner of Amherst and Duluth Avenue, along a line about midway between Duluth and Napoleon streets. All St. Louis Ward lies in St. Patrick's parish.

WHO ARE PARISHIONERS.— All Catholics residing in this territory, and whose language is English, belong to St. Patrick's. Those of all other languages belong to one of the other parishes, either Notre Dame, St. James' or St. Louis, according to location. In families where French and English are equally spoken, the nationality of the head of the family decides to what parish the family belongs, thus when the mother tongue of the head of the family is French the whole of the family belongs to the French parish, and to St. Patrick's when the mother tongue of the head of the family is English. In cases of doubt, especially on occasion of marriage, parties should consult one or other of the pastors of the territory on which they live.

HOURS OF SERVICE.

ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.— Low Masses, at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock; High Mass, at 10 o'clock; Vespers

and Benediction, at 8.30 p.m.; evening service, (except during July, August and September) consisting of Rosary, congregational singing in English, sermon and solemn Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

ON WEEK DAYS.— In summer, Masses at 5.30, 6 and 7 o'clock; in winter, Masses at 6, 7 and 7.30 o'clock.

PARISH SOCIETIES.

FIRST SUNDAY OF MONTH.— Holy Scapular Society, instruction and investment in scapular, instruction and Vespers in the Church.

General Communion of Sacred Heart League at 8 o'clock Mass.

SECOND SUNDAY.— Meeting of Temperance Society, instruction and giving of temperance pledge, after Vespers in Church.

General Communion of Holy Name Society at 8 o'clock Mass, recitation of office of Holy Name at 7.30 p.m.

THIRD SUNDAY.— Holy Rosary Society after Vespers, instruction in Church, after which society business attended to in large sacristy.

FOURTH SUNDAY.— Children of Mary, general Communion at 7 o'clock Mass, meeting in hall of St. Patrick's (girls') school after Vespers.

Promoters of Sacred Heart League hold meeting in large sacristy at 2.45 p.m., distribution of leaflets, etc., in library, 92 Alexander street; on 4th Sunday, 3 to 6 p.m., and after evening service, and on 1st Friday, after evening service.

FIRST FRIDAY DEVOTIONS.— The Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed all day in St. Patrick's on every first Friday, solemn Benedic-

tion and Act of Reparation at 7.30 p.m., followed by short instruction.

LADIES OF CHARITY meet every Tuesday at 2 p.m., again at 8 p.m., to make garments for the poor. There are some sixty members, many of whom attend regularly every week to join in this highly charitable and meritorious work.

PARISH REGULATIONS.

BAPTISMS are attended to each Sunday and week day (except Saturdays) from 2 to 5 p.m. in the sacristy. Baptisms should not be brought on Saturday afternoons, on account of confessional work, except in case of urgent necessity.

MARRIAGES.—Parties intending marriage should see the priest in charge before deciding on the day and hour for the ceremony. In this way many inconveniences can be avoided.

Your marriage may not be the only one to be arranged for. Many matters in connection with a marriage are likely to be known only by the priest, and it is your interest as well as your convenience to allow him reasonable time to attend to them.

Banns are received any day from 4 to 5.30 p.m., except on Saturdays, Sundays and eves of holidays. Outside of these hours they are received only by appointment arranged beforehand.

Each contracting party should bring a reliable witness, and when available, parents are preferred. According to the civil law, the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of minors or those under 21 years of age.

Those who are to be married should go to confession some days at least beforehand, and tell their confessor of their intended marriage, so that he may give them advice

and direction suitable to the occasion. They should also ask him for a certificate of confession, which they have to present to the priest who marries them.

CONFESSIONS are heard on Saturdays and eves of feasts, from 3.30 to 6 p.m., and from 7.30 to 10 p.m. On ordinary days, except Tuesday afternoons in summer, and Thursday afternoons in winter, confessions are heard from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

During the last two weeks of Lent, especially, and at other times when confessions are numerous, persons having leisure to come in the afternoon should do so, in order to leave the evening for those who are working during the day and can come only after nightfall.

FUNERAL SERVICES.— It is the universal practice of the Church, and the expressed wish of the Archbishop that those who can afford it should have a burial Mass chanted over the remains of their deceased relatives. The Archbishop has pronounced against afternoon funerals, in which for the sake of a numerously attended funeral the deceased are deprived of the benefit of a Mass sung over their remains.

The following are the classes with tariff of funeral services in St. Patrick's:—

1st class, full draping of entire Church, deacon and subdeacon, 4 chanters, two bells rung, price, \$125.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

2nd class, full draping of Sanctuary, lower gallery and pulpit, deacon and subdeacon, 4 chanters, two bells rung, price, \$75.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

3rd class, draping of 3 altars, stalls, chanters' and celebrant's bench and pulpit, 3 chanters, deacon and subdeacon, two bells rung, price, \$50.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

4th class, half draping of high and side altars, chanters' and celebrant's bench and pulpit, without deacon and subdeacon, 2 chanters, one bell rung, price, \$25.00; hour, 8 o'clock.

5th class, half draping of high altar only, 2 chanters, celebrant only, one bell rung, price, \$18.00; hour, 7.30.

6th class, mourning altar fronts 3 altars, 2 chanters, one bell rung, price, \$11.00; hour, 7.30.

Fifteen minutes grace is allowed for the first four of these services, but not for the two last.

The organ alone costs five dollars extra.

Full choir and organ cost \$25.00 extra in each case.

CATECHISM CLASSES are held at St. Patrick's every Sunday, from September till the summer holidays. They begin at 2 p.m. sharp, and are conducted by two of the Fathers, assisted by the school teachers and a staff of some 65 catechism teachers.

Order of Exercises—2 o'clock, opening prayer, recitation; 2.20, discipular remarks or short exhortation on the feast of the day, hymn; 2.30, instruction followed by Hymn; 3.00, dismissal.

N.B.—The success of the catechism depends in a large measure upon the fidelity of the parents in sending their children regularly and on time.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CLOSE OF MISSION.—The closing of the men's mission will take place to-morrow evening at 7.30 o'clock.

FORTY HOURS.—The devotion of the Forty Hours begins to-morrow, with a solemn Mass of Exposition, at 9.30 a.m. There will be devotions each evening at 7.30.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.— The monthly communion of the Holy Name Society takes place to-morrow at 8 o'clock Mass. The evening meeting and recitation of the office are deferred till Monday evening at 7.30, owing to the closing of the mission. The office of the Holy Name will be chanted in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

WOMEN'S MISSION.—It is estimated that nearly four thousand women were present at the closing exercise of the retreat on Sunday evening last.

A REQUIEM MASS for our late Reverend Pastor, Father Quinlivan, was sung by Rev. Father Leclair, on Wednesday last in St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum.

BIRTHS.—Hazel Ida Trimmer, Maurice Francis Joseph Bondy, John Ryan, Isabella Agnes McCormack, Joseph William O'Donnell, Mary Frances D. McGoogan.

DEATHS.—Ann Marshall; James McAllister; Catherine Reilly, widow of Hugh Montgomery; Arthur Jas. Cuddihy; Mary Kernan, wife of Thomas W. Nicholson; Emma Judge; John Reilly; Bridget O'Flaherty, widow of Alp. Barbeau.

NOTE.—Owing to their many duties the priests of the parish cannot attend none but cases of sudden illness or accident from 3 o'clock on Saturday until the afternoon of Sunday.

Notice of funerals should be given as early as possible, and the time appointed for each adhered to strictly.

THE MEN'S MISSION is a great success. Rarely, if ever, in the history of the parish, has the attendance at the various exercises of a mission been so good.

Miss Eliza Burke.

above, received from His bishop Bruchesi, and of Martin said it was but striking evidence of the interest which His Grace all that concerns Eng-Catholics.

MEMORIAM.

FATHER QUINLIVAN.

seems the sanctu- es in the past he

friends, and far from

grave he's laid.

those aisles and por-

within those walls;

his voice, no more his

stillness falls.

a place left vacant,

he gone before;

as joined the many

cannot restore.

the tree of future,

of brighter days;

loved shall long have

ry decays.

beyond the ocean—

a stranger's sod;

where the grave is

results with God!

—JOHN F. LOVE.

rch, 1902.

Edward Murphy.

OTHER IRISH PARISHES.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.— Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., previous to the sermon at High Mass, on Sunday last, said:—

It is with deep sentiments of sorrow that I commend to the very pious prayers of the congregation, Rev. Father Quinlivan, late parish priest of St. Patrick's. It is only a few weeks ago since he left this country dangerously ill. He went to consult physicians in France, who declared his sickness to be a very dangerous one. Rev. Father Quinlivan was a very holy man, and the fact that he had been called to succeed Rev. Father Dowd was more than sufficient to show that he had all the confidence of his Superiors. He was an Irishman, and had always at heart, all that interested the Irish people, and worked with great zeal for the benefit of his parish. He was certainly one of the greatest men of the Sulpician Order. On Thursday, at 8 o'clock, a solemn Requiem Mass will be said for the repose of his soul.

AT ST. MARY'S.—Rev. P. J. Heffernan in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, in requesting the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the soul of Father Quinlivan, touchingly referred to his wonderful career in the parent Irish parish for more than a quarter of a century. He said that Father Quinlivan had been a devoted priest, a noble Irishman and an able administrator who had rendered priceless service to Church and country. In the cause of education he had shown himself to be a tireless worker, and the Catholic High School would always stand as a grand memorial to his memory in that regard.

AT ST. GABRIEL'S, Father O'Meara, P.P., asked for the prayers of the parishioners for the repose of the soul of Father Quinlivan. He dwelt upon the great zeal and devotion of the late pastor of St. Patrick's for the salvation of souls and for the noble efforts he had made to promote a spirit of harmony and good-will in the ranks of Irishmen.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.—Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., at High Mass on Sunday last, said:— "Prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of the late pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Quinlivan, who departed this life as a result of an operation he underwent in Paris this month. Rev. Father Quinlivan was pastor of the largest Irish Catholic parish in Montreal, and as such endeared himself to his people by his untiring energy and ardent zeal, and at the same time commanded the respect of the whole community by the reason of the great interest he took in public schools. It is our duty to offer special prayers that God will give him a special reward for the good works of his life.

AT ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—Rev. Father Casey, at the eleven o'clock Mass, on Sunday, feelingly referred to the death of Father Quinlivan, third pastor of St. Patrick's. He recalled a beautiful incident, of recent occurrence, in the career of the lamented pastor, when the parish of St. Jean Baptiste suffered the terrible loss of its parish Church by fire, Father Quinlivan had in his own generous way held a collection in St. Patrick's with the result that the sum of over \$200 was contributed by his parishioners to the building fund of the new Church.

Other Tributes to the Requiem Mass at Late Pastor. St. Patrick's.

A special meeting of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was held recently, in St. Patrick's Hall, Alexander street. As the meeting had been called to order to adopt resolutions of condolence at the death of Rev. Father Quinlivan, the attendance was a particularly large one. Mr. J. P. Doyle, the vice-president, presided. On the motion of Mr. J. J. Costigan, chairman of the committee, seconded by Mr. J. P. Gunning, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas, this society desires to place on record its most profound sorrow at the loss sustained by the death of the beloved pastor of St. Patrick's, Father Quinlivan;

"Whereas the late pastor during his lifetime had unceasingly devoted himself to the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people, and words are wanting that would justly attest his virtues, his self-sacrifice, and his wisdom:

"Whereas, the death of Father Quinlivan is not alone a great loss to the congregation of St. Patrick's, but also to the Irish Catholics of Montreal and Canada in general;

"Whereas, the late pastor was always a true friend of this society, and under his fatherly care it has prospered, and its usefulness increased; and his great intellect and his superior mind was ever and always at the disposal of the society, its members will sadly miss their spiritual guide, their sure adviser, and their constant friend.

"May God rest his soul. "Resolved that this public expression of our great sorrow be entered on the minutes of this meeting, and that copies of the same be sent to the Rev. Superior of St. Sulpice, and to the members of the deceased's family."

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.— Out of respect for the memory of the late Father Quinlivan, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Catholic High School, the St. Patrick's Day entertainment by the pupils of that institution will be postponed until Monday, the 14th of April next.

The funeral of the late Rev. Father Quinlivan took place Saturday morning last, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, France. The solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the chapel of the Seminary, and was attended by the members of the Sulpician congregation. Mass was sung by Rev. F. Garriguet, director of the Seminary. The final absolution was given by Rev. F. Lebas, Superior-General of the Sulpician Order.

At the Requiem Mass, held in St. Patrick's Church, this city, on the same morning, and to which Miss Anna T. Sadler so touchingly refers in an article in another column of this issue, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi assisted.

Among the clergy present were:— Rev. F. Colin, Superior of the Sulpician Order; Mgr. Racicot, Rev. A. Turgeon, S.J., Rev. J. E. Donnelly, Rev. L. Callaghan, Rev. G. McShane, Rev. A. Troie, Rev. W. O'Meara, Rev. J. Heffernan, Rev. R. E. Callahan, Rev. F. McGrath, Rev. F. Leclair, of St. Patrick's; Rev. J. Brady, Rev. F. Casey, Rev. F. Martin, Rev. F. Larocque, Rev. F. Adam, Rev. F. Perron, Rev. F. Ouellette, Rev. F. Robert and Rev. F. Mark, of the Passionate Order; Rev. M. Shea, Rev. F. McDonald, Rev. F. Doyle, Rev. F. Strubbe, Rev. F. Catulle.

Rev. M. Callaghan, acting pastor, officiated at Mass, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. In the body of the Church besides the members of the congregation, were the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in charge of St. Patrick's School, the Grey Nuns, in charge St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and the Christian Brothers, in charge of the parish schools.

THE SECULAR PRESS.

The Irishmen of Montreal, by cancelling their St. Patrick's Day procession, have paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the late Rev. Father Quinlivan. A good man, indeed, was Father Quinlivan, and the

cancelling of the annual procession, always so dear to Irishmen, means that the memory of the dead priest will live in the hearts of the people. No more impressive memorial could have been erected and no inscription thereon could have meant more as a heartfelt tribute than this sacrifice of the procession, which was expected to exceed in enthusiasm that of former years.—The Star.

The Irishmen of Montreal, while they thank God for St. Patrick will with still more feeling thank him for Father Quinlivan, who was indeed a father to them and whose untimely end precludes the festive note in to-day's celebration.—Daily Witness.

HOLY WEEK.

The last week of Lent, which we are about to commence, is very properly styled "Holy Week." The reason is quite obvious to all Catholics. Into the three last days of that one week are crowded more commemorations of important events in the history of Redemption, than into all the rest of the ecclesiastical year. The whole Passion of Our Blessed Lord is repeated during these days, and the Church makes special efforts to impress upon the hearts and minds of the faithful the story of the wonderful sacrifice made by the Son of God, for the redemption of humanity. It is also a Holy Week, because it is the one during which the vast majority of Catholics seek out the tribunal of penance, and by means of that sacrament, return to the state of grace so necessary in all who wish to rise from the death grasp of sin and to participate in the glories and triumphs of Easter.

GOOD FRIDAY.—Of all the days of the year this is the most sacred, for it is the annual commemoration of the most stupendous action of love that has ever, or could ever be performed. On that day the tabernacles are thrown open, and their interiors are empty; funeral signs are associated with the ceremonies and the ritual of the Church.

The Civic Hospital

To His Worship the Mayor and to the Aldermen of the City of Montreal.

We, the Catholic citizens of the city of Montreal, undersigned, declare that our feelings as Catholics were deeply wounded by the decision that was taken by the Municipal Council, on the tenth of this month, in reference to the Civic Hospital, and we demand a reconsideration and a modification of this decision, in conformity with the views expressed by His Grace the Archbishop, who is the official Head of the Catholic population of Montreal.

On Sunday last, in accord with the principles laid down and the reasons advanced by His Grace the Archbishop, in his recent letters to the Council, anent the new Civic Hospital, thousands of Catholics, in all the parishes of the city signed the petition above, to the City Council, praying that two distinct hospitals be created, or, at least, one institution separated into two distinct parts—one Catholic, the other Protestant. It stands to reason that both sections of our religious population, being so radically different, in methods and in practices, each should have its own distinct privileges, and advantages. In any case the matter is one that will admit of no compromise. The language of His Grace is sufficiently emphatic, the reasons which he has advanced are sufficiently strong, to obviate the necessity of any argument on our part. Moreover, every Catholic can detect, at a glance, the justice of the idea. It remains for the Council to take up the matter in a manner that will give entire satisfaction to all—and that can only be done by adopting the views and wishes of the Archbishop and the Catholic population.

Irish and Other Races in Canada.

Ottawa, March 18.

No more interesting bulletin has been issued by the census department than that which shows the population of Canada by origins and nationalities. In order to better attain an exact knowledge of the different elements of our population, it must be borne in mind that among the white people the racial origin is traced through the father, and among Indians through the mother.

We will give the table, exactly in the alphabetical order of the report, and then draw attention to our own element. The table is as follows:

Arabian	145
Armenian	34
Austrian	10,211
Belgian	2,528
Bohemian	870
British	
English	1,263,575
Irish	989,858
Manx	286
Scottish	798,986
Welsh	13,094
Bulgarian	9
Chinese	17,299
Dutch	33,839
Egyptian	11
Finnic	2,502
Flemish	334
French	1,649,352
Galician	5,682
German	309,741
Greco	291
Hawaiian	30
Hungarian	1,549
Indian	93,319
Indian, English breed	4,557
Indian, French breed	17,012
Indian, Irish breed	989
Indian, Scotch breed	6,300
Indian, Other breeds	4,716
Italian	10,892
Japanese	4,738
Jewish	9,123
Lutherian, Russian	24
Maltese	37
Negro	17,427
Persian	15
Polish	6,255
Polish, Austrian	3
Polish, German	27

Portuguese	467
Roumanian	345
Russian	23,586
Scandinavian	1,929
Danish	3,945
Icelandic	9,292
Norwegian	5,841
Swedish	10,597
Slavic	768
Servian	24
Sicilian	9
Spanish	902
Swiss	3,863
Syrian	1,641
Turkish	40
Unspecified	32,629
Various origins	13
Total for Canada	5,371,051

It will be seen by the foregoing, leaving aside all the other various races, tribes and divisions, that the inhabitants of Canada of English-speaking nationality number in all 3,065,799—or the three-fifths, in round numbers, of the entire population. As we are more especially interested in the Irish element, particularly on account of the claims that our numbers afford us, in matters of representation and political, social and other privileges and rights, we will figure upon our proportions as regards the other English-speaking sections of the community.

The Irish number only 273,717 less than the English or regular British people. On the other hand, the Irish have 177,492, of a population in Canada, more than the Scotch, Manx and Welsh combined. In round figures we might say that we number almost one million. But to keep to the figures of the official report, we find that we are 190,872 in excess of the Scotch. Or, in other words, the Irish are only 23,380 less in excess of the Scotch than the English are in excess of the Irish.

It will be seen that the largest individual race is the French; numbering 1,649,352—or a little over a million and a half, and just 385,777 more than those of purely English origin. The Irish are about half a million less, or nearly, than the French people. That is to say the Irish element numbers the two-thirds of the French one.

Taking these figures as they stand, how do we find the Irish race in Canada to-day? Out of a mixed population of five millions and one-third, the Irish constitute a little more than one-sixth of the entire population. They are only a quarter of a million less than the English, and half a million less than the French, while they outnumber by almost two hundred thousand all the other English-speaking sections of the community. We will have occasion next week to deal specially with the Irish in regard to the Indian tribes—and we hope to point out many things of great interest. But for the present we must remember that the Irish is the third strongest element in Canada; and that our race comes within measurable distance of the French and English, while outstripping by long odds all other races, taken either separately or collectively.

These are facts that we would like to impress on the minds of our readers, and we are sure that they will be of great utility for us on future occasions when discussing certain questions of rights and privileges affecting the status of our race in this Dominion.

RECENT DEATHS.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle this week the death of that devoted religieuse, Sister Stanislaus, of the Hotel Dieu, at the age of 57. She was known in the world as Miss Eugenie Laroque, and was a cousin of Mgr. Laroque, Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Sister Stanislaus was hospitaliere, whose duty consists of supervising the entrance of patients, looking after the recommendations of physicians, etc. She was of a kindly and sympathetic disposition, and was a good friend to the Irish patients, who will remember her, with their warm and grateful hearts, in their prayers.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and Bishop Laroque were present at the Requiem Mass.—R.I.P.

MR. FRANK KIERAN, a well-known and highly esteemed Irish Catholic business man. Mr. Frank Kieran died the other day at his home at the Back River. He was a native of Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, being born there in 1840. He came to Canada at an early age and entered the employ of Messrs. J. E. Mullin & Co., then in the wholesale grocery business. After being with this firm for several years, Mr. Kieran opened for himself in the tea trade. He moved to Toronto, and was engaged in the wholesale grocery line for four or five years, afterwards returning to Montreal. At the time of the formation of the

Montreal Cold Storage & Freezing Company Mr. Kieran joined the company, and was secretary for some time, finally retiring owing to ill health. The funeral took place to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Mr. Kieran leaves a widow and four children.—R.I.P.

MR. DANIEL HAYES, a well known resident of Montreal, died on Saturday last, after a brief illness. Mr. Hayes had retired from business only a few months ago. He was genial and unassuming in manner, and very attentive to business. He had only been ailing a short time. The funeral which was held to St. Patrick's Church the other day, was attended by a large concourse of citizens.—R.I.P.

In Honor of Mgr. Decelles.

MGR. DECELLES.—On Thursday, the 13th instant, the town of St. Hyacinthe was in full festive glory. It was the ninth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Mgr. Decelles, the beloved Bishop of that important diocese, Bishops Gravel, of Nicolet, and Laroque, of Sherbrooke, were both present to take part in and add to the importance and impressiveness of the occasion. The Cathedral was most fittingly decorated, and the ceremonies of the morning were in accord with the religious solemnity of the day. Scores of priests and hundreds of the faithful flocked to the temple to pray with and pay homage to their first pastor. In the evening the students of the college gave a splendid dramatic, literary and musical entertainment. The drama played was entitled "Count O'Neil of Tyrone," and was an able representation of the stirring scenes in Ireland from 1549 to 1602. In fact, this year is the three hundredth anniversary of the exploits of Hugh O'Neil—the Red Hand of Ulster. The banquet was a brilliant affair; and needless to say that the just praises of the good bishop were properly echoed in that festive hall. We take this occasion to join with all his friends and his flock in wishing Mgr. Decelles many long years of health and strength to continue God's good work in the cause of Church and country.

Christian Brother Dead

Brother Charles, president of Manhattan College, died on March 11, of pneumonia at the institution of which he was the head. He was only ill a few days.

Brother Charles was born in Paterson, N.J., forty-seven years ago. He went as a student to Manhattan College, at old Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, twenty-eight years ago, and his time was thereafter given to the college. He was chosen president of the college two years ago, and he administered the affairs of the institution with singular ability.

It was his favorite project to move the college from its present location to a point further north, where he thought that the quiet would be more conducive to academic pursuits. Through his efforts a new site was purchased at Old Broadway and Two Hundred and Forty-second street, and arrangements had already been made for the erection of college buildings. He was busy on the plans for the enlarged institution when he was stricken with his fatal illness.

Catholic Notes.

LAETARE MEDAL.—Dr. John B. Murphy, surgeon, of Chicago, Ill., has received the Laetare medal from Notre Dame University this year.

A BEQUEST.—The late Mr. William Skinner of Holyoke, Mass., left \$5,000 to the House of Providence Hospital in that city.

AN EVENT which has attracted general attention is the marriage at the Brompton Oratory, London, of Miss Enid Dickens, daughter of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., Recorder of Maidstone, and granddaughter of the novelist, with Mr. E. B. Hawksley, son of Mr. B. F. Hawksley, solicitor.

SILVER JUBILEE.—Very Rev. John R. Slattey, provincial of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, Baltimore, celebrated his silver jubilee on St. Patrick's day.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL in Ceylon is St. Benedict's Institute, Colombo, kept by the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

GRAND TRUNK EASTERN SYSTEM EASTER EXCURSIONS.

Going Dates—March 27, 28, 29. Return Limit—April 6, 1902.

MONTREAL TO NEW YORK

Sheet Line. Quickest Service.

ROUND TRIP FARE, \$10.65

MONTREAL TO BOSTON, Mass., \$9.50

WORCESTER, " 9.35

SPRINGFIELD, " 9.00

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Return Tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE.

Going Dates—March 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Return Limit—April 1st, 1902.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS. Single First Class Fare and One-Third, March 21 to 29 inclusive, returning April 8th, 1902—on surrender of standard form of School Vacation Railway Certificate.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 137 St. James Street. Phone Main 460 and 461, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Easter Holidays!

ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE.

March 27th to 31st Inclusive. Good to Return until April 11, 1902 To Canada, East of Fort William

Students and Teachers. At one way First Class Fare and One-Third March 21st to 29th inclusive, good to return until April 8th, 1902, on surrender of Standard School Vacation Railway Certificate. Exceptional arrangements for Maritime Province points.

EXCURSIONS

FROM MONTREAL TO

BOSTON, Mass., and Return \$9.50

SPRINGFIELD, " " \$9.00

WORCESTER, " " 9.35

Good going March 27th, 28th, 29th. Good returning until April 8th, 1902. Trains for Boston and Worcester leave Windsor St. at 9 a.m. week days, and 7.45 p.m. daily.

SPRINGFIELD MASS.

Through Coach and Sleeping Car From Windsor St. Station 7.45 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE on Train leaving Montreal (Windsor St.) at 10.05 p.m. daily. Passengers from Montreal can remain in Sleeper until 9 a.m., and passengers from Ottawa can board Sleeper any time after 9 p.m.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 137 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.—At Columbus, Ohio, the Legislature passed the Thompson Bill, creating the position of Catholic chaplain at the Ohio penitentiary by a vote of 24 to 3. The bill provides a salary of \$500 a year. The "Catholic Citizen" remarks: This is somewhat reassuring, considering that Father Kelley, of Columbus, has ministered to the Catholic convicts in the penitentiary, without a cent of compensation, during the last eight years.

HONOR TO A CITIZEN.—A Celtic cross, erected by public subscription in memory of William Edward Marmion, was unveiled at Fremantle, on Jan. 9, 1902, by Sir John Forrest, who was formerly Prime Minister of Western Australia, and is now a member of the Commonwealth Cabinet. Mr. Marmion, a Catholic Fremantle man filled various public offices in his day. His monument occupies one of the most public positions in the town, being in the Mayor's Park, opposite the Catholic Presbytery. After the unveiling before a very large gathering, the Mayor of Fremantle, Mr. L. Alexander, assembled some guests in the Council Chamber. Father Cox and Father Thomas Ryan were amongst them, and Father Ryan was chosen to propose the health of Sir John Forrest.

THE CHIMES of St. John's Church, Clinton, Mass., recently installed, were blessed on Sunday last.

The late Father Quinlivan, of St. Patrick's Church, this city, had for some years previous to his death, in view, the installation of a chime of bells in the steeple of St. Patrick's. This idea should not be overlooked by the parishioners of St. Patrick's.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL.—Plans have been filed for a new four-story parish school, 110 x 110 feet, to be built for the Church of All Saints at the southeast corner of Madison avenues and 180th street, New York city. It is to cost \$100,000, and will adjoin the Church and rectory.

HIS DEATH NOTICE.—Very Rev. Paul Joseph Volk, formerly of the diocese of Louisville, Ky., and at present a zealous missionary and parish priest at David, Columbia, Central America, has on two occasions read obituary notices of himself in the public press.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

The Big Store's New JACKET and COSTUME SALON

Modern, superb, spacious, forming the whole of the first floor of our new St. James Street Premises, exactly double our previous space, thus enabling the Company to place on exhibit the finest variety of Spring Jackets and Costumes ever shown in the city.



LADIES' SUITS.

Ladies' New Spring Suits, in Black Oxford and Light Gray Homespun, made Russian Style, Eton Coat, lined silk, trimmed Taffeta applique, skirt is made full flare, silk applique, lined percale. Special price, \$18.75.

Ladies' New Spring Suits, in Black and Fawn Vicuna Cloth. Jacket is made with yoke very pretty effect, trimmed tailor stitched and silk piping, Chesterfield front, velvet collars. Skirt is beautifully shaped, with a curve at the knees, trimmed silk fold and fancy stitching. Special price, \$30.00.

SPRING JACKETS.

Ladies' New Spring Jackets, in Black Box Cloth, lined black satin trimmed with applique and six rows of stitching at the bottom, finished velvet collar, length 39 inches. Price \$14.25.

Ladies' New Spring Eton Coat, made all over tuck silk, lined satin, trimmed rows of stitching, velvet collar. Price, \$18.75.

GRAND SPRING OPENING—Men's and Youths' Hats.



Young Men's Dark Gray Fedora, silk ribbon band to match, the very

Men's and Youths' Fine Quality Fur Felt Hats, Derby shape in black, fawn and brown, silk ribbon band and bound, latest shape, all sizes. Special \$1.65.

Men's and Young Men's Extra Fine Quality Fur Felt Derby Hat in black and brown, best shape, best trimming and the most up-to-date. Price, \$2.00.

Hats, very latest shape, flat brim, latest for young men. Price, \$1.25.

SPRING SHIRTS.

Men's New Spring Shirts, white ground with neat black stripes, open front, laundered, cuffs attached. Special 70c.

Men's New Colored Spring Shirts, with pretty stripes of pink, blue, heliotrope, open laundered fronts, cuffs detached, all sizes. Special 85c.

SPRING GLOVES

"Kathleen," 75 doz. Ladies' fine 2 large dome Kid Gloves in tans, browns, grays, greens, fawns, navy, white, black with pretty silk points. Regular, \$1.00. Sale price, 73c.

"Countess," 60 dozen Ladies' best quality 2 large dome Kid Gloves in all the latest shades, handsome silk points. Regular \$1.25. Sale price 97c.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street. 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal

FOR THE VERY LATEST IN Carpets and Floor Coverings,

Go to Montreal's Only Exclusive CARPET WAREHOUSE.

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING 2472, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

J.J. & S. Celebrated Dublin Whisky is a pure Spirit made in Pot Still.

J.J. & S. Commands the highest price in the Markets of the World.

J.J. & S. Is not an acquired taste but very palatable, owing to fine quality, age and mellowness.

Then "Go!" is the word, and away we all speed, each hoping a trophy to gain;

And some, who at first show the power to lead, fall back, lacking will to attain;

And others there be who join in the fray undismayed by the ones in their van,

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

Some time ago I read a curious article, from F. Raymond, in which a very busy lawyer takes a portion of time to dream—that is to say, to think—and he adds that "Take time to dream."

Cultivate the imagination as a priceless gift. dream, for dreaming ends and molds our will that when the door is great unknown, the real we may leave a noble on the lofty things in the lofty peaks that ca morning ray. It is the are bright long after a slumber wrapped in night. Dream on the br life, on the certainty of good, and the ultimate right. Take time to dream, your soul will yearnings, your horizon friends will seem friendlier, and your who have received a new joy

Before having my hum the subject of dream dreams, I would respect attention to the fact that actly the idea of "meditation is so universally practiced Church, and that is the cupation—united of course—of the contemplation against whom prejudice so many unfounded accusations it is not exactly with refutation that I have merely incidentally pointed fact, in order to show to both from a worldly as religious standpoint, of in all her rules and practices

ALL OF US DREAMERS all of us, more or less air; we build our "castles in the air," as we move along thoroughfare, even as we silences of the night—sleep forsakes us. Our be more or less pleasant as circumstances of life and they take their shadows and forms from our ings, as does the surface lake take its hues and d the aspect of the sky at they are always dreams of the imagination, that plate as we construct them we then endeavor to forming the actualities of after these models of Thus no man can say that a day-dreamer, unless his mind is cast in too sl mould.

BOYHOOD'S DREAMS. lad merges from childhood hood—I will not speak of and its unnumbered dream becomes a great dreamer. He shapes and fashions to come in a million forms that probably they assume; but, out of all his city of palaces, with their stairways and their glories, there generally r after years, a few columns that are embedded in the of life. During those ho days, and even years of he is happy beyond all c The past has no bitter bl pierce to shatter his ca sunshine that plays upon and cupolas that his in has constructed, is a light lets only for the young and innocent. There is no joy of boyhood's day dreams.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.
ON THE USE OF DREAMS!

Some time ago I read a very peculiar article, from the pen of Chrs. F. Raymond, in which he describes a very busy lawyer taking a certain portion of time, each day, for dreaming—that is for quiet reflection, and he adds this:—

"Take time to dream, for by fancy's vision one may live above the clouds. We may become great or rich or young or old, we may be the peer of the mighty or the companion of the lowly, because for the time we are what we dream we are. Cultivate the imagination. Treasure it as a priceless gift. Take time to dream, for dreaming shapes our ends and molds our wills. So dream that when the door is opened and we pass through to inhabit the great unknown, the realm of shade, we may leave a noble man. Dream on the lofty things in life, for it is the lofty peaks that catch the early morning ray. It is the peaks that are bright long after the foothills slumber wrapped in the folds of night. Dream on the bright side of life, on the certainty of reward for good, and the ultimate triumph of right. Take time to dream, and as you do, your soul will feel new yearnings, your horizon will widen, friends will seem friendlier and hope happier, and your whole life will have received a new joy."

Before having my humble say on the subject of dreams, or day-dreams, I would respectfully call attention to the fact that this is exactly the idea of "meditation" that is so universally practised in the Church, and that is the especial occupation—united of course to prayer—of the contemplative orders, against whom prejudice has formed so many unfounded accusations. But it is not exactly with religious meditation that I have now to do; I merely incidentally pointed out this fact, in order to show the wisdom, both from a worldly as well as a religious standpoint, of the Church in all her rules and practices.

ALL OF US DREAMERS.—We are all of us, more or less day-dreamers; we build our "castles in the air," as we move along the busy thoroughfare, even as we do in the silences of the night-time, when sleep forsakes us. Our dreams may be more or less pleasant, according as circumstances of life shape them—and they take their shades and colors and forms from our surroundings, as does the surface of the lake take its hues and designs from the aspect of the sky above—but they are always dreams, creations of the imagination, that we contemplate as we construct them, and that we then endeavor to realize but forming the actualities of the future after these models of the fancy. Thus no man can say that he is not a day-dreamer, unless it be that his mind is cast in too sluggish a mould.

BOYHOOD'S DREAMS.—When a lad merges from childhood into boyhood—I will not speak of girlhood and its unnumbered dreamings—he becomes a great dreamer of the future. He shapes and fashions the years to come in a million and one forms that probably they will never assume; but, out of all his elaborate city of palaces, with their stately stairways and their glorious proportions, there generally remains, in after years, a few columns or steps, that are embedded in the realities of life. During those hours, and days, and even years of dreaming he is happy beyond all conception. The past has no bitter blast of expiation to shatter his castles, and sunshine that plays upon the spires and cupolas that his imagination has constructed, is a light that exists only for the young and the innocent. There is no joy like that of boyhood's day dreams. He sees

himself away up the ladder of fame, or perched upon the summit of success, he forms generous and noble purposes, all of which, while having no foundation, serve to mould the heart, to elevate the mind, to whet the ambition, to direct, to guide, and often to save in the long years that are to come. And while the character of his dreams may change, he still goes on dreaming, as it were from habit, when he has entered upon the realities of life. It is so unto the very end.

DREAMS IN MID-LIFE.—What are our ambitions, no matter in what sphere, but dreams of the future? Our aspirations are dreams that may go off in the breath of disappointment; but for the time being they sustain, they encourage, they make life bearable. The politician who dreams of becoming a statesman; the lawyer who dreams of a future judgeship; the merchant who dreams of an ultimate independence; the tradesman who dreams of a comfortable home for his old age; the poor man who dreams of his children one day being educated and prosperous citizens; all of them have their hours when the imagination plays the most important part in their lives. Take away from them their dreams, and you shatter ambition, you extinguish hope, you cripple courage, and you render life ten-fold less pleasant, less contented, less endurable. It is not the poet alone who dreams. His mind may soar aloft on the wings of fancy, far into the starry realms above, but he finds a means of giving expression to these imaginings. Yet, such are not the real dreams of his life; rather are the visions of domestic bliss, of academic honors, of literary immortality, or any other such aspirations that fill his heart, and the attainment of which he seeks by means of song.

THE GREAT DREAM.—But there is one grand and all-important dream that comes to most men, and that grows brighter, sweeter, more delightful in proportion as man indulges in it. I refer to the dream of an eternal happiness beyond the horizon of time. Ah! In regard to that we are all dreamers—young and old, learned and illiterate, priest and peasant, all alike. The visions of another life come to us in our most holy day-dreams. We figure to ourselves the undying bliss of an existence that has been promised to us. From the Pope to the most lowly Christian in the world, all are dreamers in this sense. All aspire to happiness, all want eternal joy, all thirst for perpetual life, all hope for unending repose; and all pray for these blessings, and, in praying, have visions of what is to come, contemplate the future as best the human imagination can point it, and meditate upon all the rewards that a life of justice here below must earn for us. "Take time to dream," says the writer of the passage that I quoted. Yes, take time to think, to meditate, to study, to pray, to contemplate, and to dream—to dream of the things that are real, that are attainable, that have been guaranteed us. Take time to let the soul build up structures of unending glory, for it will yet inhabit grander and more glorious one than its finite powers can ever build. It is "taking time to dream," that the saints did when, in the solitudes of desert or of cloister-cells, they imagined the glories that heaven held at their disposal, and it was by means of such dreams that they so shaped their lives as to one day eventually enjoy the possession, in an unchangeable and immortal form, the Halls of Eternal beatitude that they had created by force of imagination and in their day-dreams.

Notes for Farmers.

RAISING PORK.—The raising of the quality of pork that packers most desire is still a matter not taken up by farmers, says a writer in the Ottawa "Free Press." So much careless hog feeding is going on in the country that dealers who have the duty to perform of supplying the market, both home and foreign, have no means available of procuring the kind of meat they want. In Canada every advantage is afforded for the production of pigs that will yield superior pork and it is one of the most serious mistakes in farming that a more intelligent and profitable plan of pork production is not adopted. With an inexhaustible supply of all kinds of feed at low cost and free knowledge in the way of chemical analysis of foods and their effect on the live animal, pork raisers have a splendid opportunity.

It has been the custom with far too many to feed young pigs of any breed, whether they be run out strains or not, and raise them to the heaviest possible weight. These are sold for pork. It is not surprising that this course brings down the reputation of Canadian pork and justifies the statement that good pork can be had only in the old country.

The loss to the country by negligence on the part of pork raisers is realized more by the large pork packing establishments than any other party. They see the immense sum that Canadian farmers might receive each year and do not. A short time ago the Geo. Matthews Co. sent to pig raisers a pamphlet bearing instructions on the methods of the best pork with a view to obtaining from them supplies for the market, not satisfied with the ordinary kind of pork. A further attempt is to be made next fall at the autumn fairs to improve pork raising methods. It is the intention to have a distinct series of fairs for pigs alone and to have these attended by expert men from the agricultural colleges and experimental stations, who will demonstrate the methods that should be followed for successful pork production. When desirable the animals will be butchered so as dealers may learn exactly what faults are in the pork at present reared by careless feeding.

An undertaking of this kind which will be sure to reach all interested in the pork industry is of inestimable value to the cause of pork raising. A statement furnished by the Geo. Matthews Co. shows that in January out of 4,154 hogs only, 398 or 33 per cent. were suitable for first-class bacon.

POULTRY.—Reports are received every day to the effect that poultry is becoming more and more scarce on the markets. Like pork the good quality of poultry is what is becoming scarce. There is no farm not adapted to poultry raising, and if the proper breeds are secured a profitable industry may be carried on. In Ottawa Professor Gilbert recently spoke before the Eastern Ontario Poultry Association as follows:—

The value of experimental work carefully conducted for a number of years as a means of arriving at correct conclusions cannot be over-estimated. It puts an end to conjecture so often given in place of facts. Backed up then by an experience acquired in fifteen years of experimental work and years before that as an amateur poultry keeper. I can speak with no uncertain sound in relation to certain breeds best fitted for the farmer. I have advocated strongly Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes as breeds best suited for the farmers of this country for reasons that both breeds furnish good winter layers and rapid flesh forming chickens. We have now a comparatively new comer in the Buff Orpington, a variety that is bound to take a front place on account of its marks. It has white legs, white skin, and so far experience has shown the pullets to be excellent winter layers and the cockerels to be hardy, quick growers and rapid flesh-makers. When they are in great numbers throughout the country and should future experimental work warrant the many deservedly good things said about them, they will doubtless be held at cheaper figures and be generally adopted by the farmers. It must be a rare breed that will take the place of Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. But trade knows no sentiment. It is the breed or variety of a breed that embraces the greatest numbers the best points that will become universally adopted.

There is one strong point in favor of the Buff Orpington, and it is that the farmers or breeders who hold them have birds with white skin and white legs suitable for both English and home markets. The two strings in the Buff Orpington's bow are strong points in their favor. The position at present seems to be that a great number of farmers have been advised in the past to procure Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes and have done so. Let those who have Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes keep them and perfect their strains so as to have the best winter egg producers and the heaviest flesh weight makers in the shortest time. If a farmer is about to begin poultry keeping he may make a choice of Buff Orpingtons if he can procure eggs or stock at a reasonable figure. Experience so far gained shows that it is far better for farmers who intend to commence to buy stock rather than eggs. Stock can be bought comparatively cheap in the fall months from a reliable dealer. In the spring following the purchase he should hatch out all the chickens he can and by the end of the season he will have sold enough cockerels to in a great measure recoup him for first outlay. He will also have a number of pullets worth at least one dollar each as prospective layers, and he will have the parent stock and they will be good as breeders for another year anyway. In the event of a farmer wishing a number of eggs to fill an incubator he should purchase from as nearly a source as possible, and from a breeder with a large number of hens so as to ensure the eggs being as fresh as possible. My experience in raising a superior quality of poultry flesh has been a large one for years past, and I have never had any trouble in obtaining a weight development of one pound and over on Plymouth Rocks, Wyandotte and Brahmans. But there are some important points in connection of the proper fattening of thoroughbreds of any kinds of poultry that our farmers will find indispensable to success. Summarized, the most important points are:—First. The proper breeds; second, breeding from none of large robust birds; third, the proper care for and the feeding from time of hatching; fourth, the penning up of the birds at three or four months of age for three or four weeks or less seems to give the best results. To prove my contention that fowls of the larger breeds properly treated require little fattening, I may say that in the end of October last I purchased from a farmer in Huntley township, near Ottawa, four Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels, which weighed 7 1/2, 7 1/2, 7.07, 6.05 1/2 lbs., most satisfactory weights you will admit from birds raised by a farmer. A White Plymouth Cockerel hatched on the 18th of April weighed on 21st of October, six months and three days after, seven pounds four ounces. The same birds on 22nd November, one month and one day later, eight pounds and eight ounces and on 6th December fourteen days later, nine pounds four and one half ounces. Three other White Plymouth Rocks hatched on 25th April, weighed on 21st October following, 5 months, 26 days, 5 pounds, 14 ounces; 5 pounds, 12 ounces, and 5 pounds, 12 ounces respectively. A Barred Plymouth Rock cockerel, hatched on same day, weighed on 31st October, 6 months after, 7 pounds 5 1/2 ounces. Three other cockerels of same breed hatched on 24th May, weighed on 31st October, 5 months and 7 days, 5 pounds 13 1/2 ounces; 5 pounds 6 1/2 ounces, 5 pounds 3 ounces respectively. And so on with other breeds. Light Brahmans did equally as well and it goes to prove my contention that with proper care and treatment Barred Plymouth Rocks and all fowls I have mentioned will put on a flesh weight of one pound per month. Perhaps not that weight in the first month, but afterwards they make up so that at the end of four or five months the weight will average one pound per month.

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THE VALUE of cover crops is set forth in the following statement from F. W. Hodson, live stock commissioner of Canada:—

Prof. I. P. Roberts, of Cornell University, says:—Cover crops may in a measure take the place of fertilizers and manures. They are not, however, a universal panacea for all soil deficiencies, neither are they a full substitute in all cases for fertilizers. There is always a wide field for the profitable use of one or all of the concentrated forms of fertilizers named, and in many cases there is also a special place for the use of fertilizers, therefore the more need of honest goods. Commercial fertilizers furnish available plant food, but no humus. The cover crop furnishes both, but it is only fair to say that the plant foods in the former are more available than in the latter. Cover crops improve the physical condition of the soil, lessening the cost of tillage. Physically, fertilizers benefit the soil little or none. The humus furnished by the cover crops increases the availability of the plant food already in the soil; fertilizers do not.

Cover crops shade the land and conserve moisture.

It is impossible to accurately compare the cost of fertilizers with the cost of seeds for the cover crops and the preparation of the soil for them. The cost of increasing productively by extra tillage, by the use of fertilizers, by cover crops or by all three means, can only be determined in each case by the farmer interested. I give below a single illustration of what a cover crop contains knowing that another cover crop under other conditions, might either be more or less valuable. Second growth of clover, furnished in roots and tops per acre the following:—Nitrogen, 138.86 lbs.; phosphoric acid, 67.35 lbs.; potash, 109.96 lbs. There is removed by 25 bush. wheat and accompanying straw, Nitrogen, 43 lbs.; phosphoric acid, 20 lbs., and potash, 27 lbs. It is believed that most of the nitrogen taken up by legumes is secured from the uncombined nitrogen in the atmosphere. The clover did not add to either the store of phosphoric acid or potash. The plant took them from the soil and made them available.

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A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording-secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial-secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

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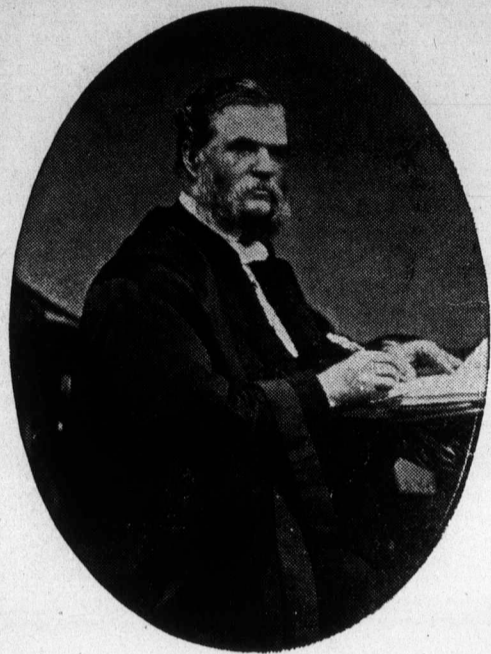
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SKETCHES OF IRISH-CANADIANS.

Honorable Marcus Doherty.



HON. MARCUS DOHERTY, EX-J. S. C.—In presenting to our readers a brief sketch of the career of the Hon. Marcus Doherty, now retired from the Bench of the Superior Court of this province, we are giving a life with a lesson. The term, "grand old man," has not been inaptly applied to more than one veteran in the present day. Few deserve that title better than the subject of his sketch. It is not surprising that Irish Canadians, favored with every advantage, should rise to eminence, but to the sturdy and valiant carver of his own future, must be given the palm, when in the face of difficulties that would cause most men to falter, he achieves a position honorable to himself and creditable to the race to which he belongs.

Hon. Marcus Doherty, now in his eighty-seventh year, his mind still bright, physically sound, and exceptionally vigorous, was born at Dungan, Co. Derry, Ireland, on the 19th March, 1815, in the house where the illustrious patriot, John Mitchell, first saw the light of day. Leaving Ireland at the age of 18, young Doherty had for capital Irish talent and pluck, a common school education, and a good constitution. Arriving in Canada he first directed his steps to the Eastern Townships, where he had an uncle who was principal of the Sheffield Academy. There our young immigrant was enabled to devote himself, for about six months during the winter to the study of Latin. At the end of that time he had to make provision for himself, and in the spring he was fortunate enough to secure a position as teacher of a school in the Township of Shefford. This he held for the greater part of two years. Having gathered a little money he went to St. Hyacinthe College, for the purpose of continuing his Latin studies and learning French. There he remained until 1837, when the country was in the turmoil of rebellion. Not a few of the students were violent patriots, and amongst others the young Irishman caught the patriotic fever. An uncle, who lived in the State of Vermont, came and took him to his home, on the pretence of securing for him a position as French teacher. The mythical professorship did however materialize, and Mr. Doherty next found himself teaching acceptably the language he had acquired in the classic halls of St. Hyacinthe. A worthy ambition is most commendable. Such was the sentiment that impelled Mr. Doherty to his next step. He was determined to enjoy the advantages of a university course. His English education was excellent; he was strong in Latin, and fairly well versed in French, but he was backward in Greek. This he had to master to a certain degree, before he could enter the university course. Nothing daunted, whilst he taught his class French he followed the St.

Alban's Academy for the study of Greek, and in 1838 obtained entrance to the Vermont University, where he took up the courses for four winters, earning during the summer months, by teaching, the fees for his winter tuition. Having graduated in 1842, it was his intention to proceed to the Southern States as a teacher. A large percentage of the teaching staff in the South was drawn, in those days, from the Eastern colleges. He was, however, prevailed upon to accept a vacancy in the Sheffield Academy, where he had made his debut as a pupil on his first arrival in the country. This he accepted for one year, but his success with the school was such that he was induced to remain, and he held the appointment for four years. During all this time he spent his leisure hours studying law which he thoroughly mastered. In 1843 he married Miss Elizabeth O'Halloran, a most accomplished and highly educated lady, sister of Mr. James O'Halloran, Q.C., a prominent lawyer in Montreal. Miss O'Halloran was a real help-mate to her husband, and by her genial disposition and remarkable talents, contributed in no small degree, to her husband's success in life. In 1848 Mr. Doherty was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada. He opened an office in Montreal, and in a short time, by his ability and remarkable industry, acquired a large practice. He won the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and was elected president of St. Patrick's Society for many successive terms. At the close of the civil war in the United States a Joint High Commission was named to settle claims made by American and British subjects, and Mr. Doherty was selected by the United States Government to watch proceedings on behalf of their claimants. Later a commission was named by the Canadian Government to investigate the working of the Crown office in this city, and Mr. Doherty, with the late Mr. Lafrenage, Q.C., were Joint Commissioners. In 1871, he was made a Q.C., and the same year was unanimously elected Batonnier of the Bar of the Montreal section. The Government of Sir John A. Macdonald appointed him a judge of the Superior Court in 1873. He presided in the district of Arthabaska for some time, when he was transferred to the district of St. Francis with headquarters at Sherbrooke. There he remained until 1882, when he was removed to Montreal. Before leaving Sherbrooke he was the recipient of a most complimentary address from the Bar of the district. In Montreal he fulfilled his duties in the Superior Court until 1887, when he was appointed "ad hoc" judge of the Court of Appeals, a position he held until his retirement four years later. As a judge, his decisions were in great respect, and were seldom reversed in appeal to the higher tribunals. Ex-Judge Doherty, enjoying universal esteem, in the sunset of his long and successful career, is a striking example of what may be accomplished, in this Dominion, by a man of integrity, who, having ambition to make his mark, is not afraid to undertake and do the work that is necessary to gratify it.

Attacked By Crows.

Daniel Wilson, who lives in the edge of Washington County, Ky., 20 miles from Harrodsburg, had a thrilling battle with crows the other day. The snow and sleet of the past four weeks have been very hard on the birds and they have become so famished that it was no unusual sight to see them perched on the backs of sheep and lambs, riding about and pecking in the flesh. Wilson had lost several of his flock in this way.

Tuesday he went out as usual to scare them off, but when the crows saw him they set up a great crawling and hundreds of them flew at him. Wilson emptied both barrels of his gun at them and fled, holding one hand over his eyes to protect them and with the other brandishing his useless gun over his head. Bleeding and almost exhausted with the pain of innumerable pecks Wilson reached an empty cabin and shut the door.

Myriads of angry cawing crows surrounded the building and kept him prisoner until dusk, when they flew away to the cedars, where they roost.

CAREFUL MOTHERS.

Should Always Be Prepared to Promptly Treat the Minor Ailments of Their Little Ones.

No mother can hope that her children will escape all the minor ailments that afflict little ones, and she should be prepared to treat these ills instantly when the emergency arises. At the same time mothers cannot be too careful what they give their little ones in the way of medicine. Doctors have long protested against the use of the so-called "soothing" preparations and they are still used and with alarming frequency by mothers. These preparations invariably contain opiates which drug and stupefy the little one into temporary quiet or sleep. For all the minor ills of little ones there is no medicine acts so speedily as Baby's Own Tablets and they are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Thousands of mothers now use no other medicine for their little ones, and all who have tested it speak of its prompt and safe action in the warmest terms. Mrs. Geo. B. Kilgore, Wellwood, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my house for some time, and I can sincerely say that they are the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones. They act promptly and the results are always beneficial. I think mothers should keep these Tablets constantly in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets are a positive cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea and worms. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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A Marconi company with a capital stock of \$10,000,000 is to be incorporated under New Jersey laws to promote the Marconi wireless telegraph system in the United States.

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IRISH NOTES.

CORK'S EXPOSITION.—The buildings for the International Exhibition at Cork, Ireland, are well under way. Three hundred workmen are engaged all through the day and far into the evening, and there is no doubt that the exhibition will be ready for opening on the 1st of May.

MR. JOHN E. REDMOND, through the death of a relative, falls heir, so it is reported, to a large but heavily-encumbered estate in Ireland, Lieutenant-General John Patrick Sutton Redmond, C.B., whose estate it was, was Colonel of the Gloucestershire Regiment, entered the army in 1842, was made Lieutenant-General in 1881, and served in several of England's Indian campaigns.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—Commenting upon some remarks made recently that Irishmen drank more than the average Englishman or Scotchman, the London "Universe" says:—The truth is that he drinks less; but that what he consumes has a much more detrimental effect on his peculiar temperament than on that of more cold-blooded races. The matter can be proved from the latest statistics. On the consumption of liquors the proportionate expenditure per head of the population for the three countries is: In England, £4 3s. 2d.; in Scotland, £3 6s. 4d.; and in Ireland, £2 18s. This shows that even the comparatively small amount of alcoholic drink is injurious to the Irish race, and makes it clear that the only true remedy is total abstinence.

AGRICULTURE.—The Liverpool "Catholic Times" remarks:—The Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, in his evidence before the Irish University Commission described the agricultural department in connection with Louvain University, and said his idea was that they should have in the proposed Irish University a Faculty of Agriculture, that that Faculty of Agriculture should be largely theoretical, that in addition they should have in Dublin a college for higher agricultural education, separate from the University Faculty, and that the students should be taken to work at Glasnevin. Cork Queen's College could, he said be utilized to a very large extent as a technological college, and the Model Schools could be utilized for the purposes of agricultural and technical education.

TRIBUTE TO THE BROTHERS.—Rev. Dr. Sheehan, in a recent sermon, paid the following tribute to the Christian Brothers. He said:—People could hardly appreciate the full value of the precious treasure which the work of the Christian Brothers had conferred upon them. It was only when they compared the condition of things that prevailed at home with those that prevailed in France and Italy, where so many of the youth received either no education at all, or received as their lesson a contempt for religion, that they could form a proper estimate of the work which the Christian Brothers were doing in Ireland. They were doing untold good throughout the country.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—Ireland may turn out to be a veritable Klondike in a few years, so writes an American correspondent. The latest scientific discovery is a method of manufacturing artificial gutta-percha from peat, and if it turns out to be what is claimed, it will

simplify a great problem, in electricity, the insulation of ocean cables.

A scientist who discovered the method asserts that he is able to make an equally good insulator out of ordinary peat.

So far, gutta-percha is the only substance which has been found to furnish perfect protection for a wire against the chemical influences of salt water, and the product is not only limited, but is practically controlled by a few manufacturers, who own the forests in the East Indies from which gutta-percha is obtained.

The price of gutta-percha has been gradually increasing for years, owing to the enormous demand, and the supply is diminishing, so that if the scientist's discovery prove successful he will contribute greatly to the world's economy.

In Ireland there are over 3,000,000 acres of bogland which are at present useless, while in Scotland 2,500,000 acres will be at the inventor's disposal.

AN ANCIENT BOAT.—According to a correspondence to an American journal, a remarkable discovery has been made in County Mayo, Ireland, where a wooden boat, believed to be nearly two thousand years old, has been dug up by some laborers. They struck something hard with their spades, and at first thought it was a coffin. Later a boat, beautifully carved from the trunk of an oak tree, was revealed. It was forty-six feet long, and showed absolutely no signs of decay. The wood was so hard that hatchets made scarcely any impression on it. Excursions are now being organized to view this relic of Celtic customs, which will shortly be taken to the Dublin Museum.

Ruined By Souvenir Friends.

Rupert Fritz, one of the oldest and most widely known chefs of New York, has been ruined by the American love of souvenirs.

Fritz was the steward of the Liederkrantz Club, which took a conspicuous part in the recent entertainment of Prince Henry of Prussia. He obtained the contract to furnish the luncheon to Prince Henry and his suite and President Roosevelt and to guests invited to witness the launching of the Emperor William's yacht.

To set the luncheon in a style commensurate with the occasion, Fritz found that it would be necessary for him to borrow some things, especially silverware. So he borrowed, on his personal responsibility, articles of silverware, not only to give his tables the sumptuous appearance befitting the event, but to meet the requirements of more than 2,000 persons.

After the Prince and the President and their suites had risen, it appears that the persons remaining made a wholesale raid upon the silverware. They did not intend to steal the valuable articles. They merely took them as souvenirs. They took several hundred dollars worth.

On Friday last Fritz was forced to make an assignment in favor of his creditors. His misfortune in this particular, for some reason, has led to his resignation as steward of the Liederkrantz Club. He is not only bankrupt, but out of a job. But some of the best people of New York who were invited to the luncheon have the souvenirs, and doubtless will long treasure them as priceless mementos of the time when they lunched with a Prince and a President.

They ought to be some way to re-

lieve Rupert Fritz of the burden which has so unexpectedly and so undeservedly fallen upon his shoulders. He should not be compelled to foot the bill for these souvenirs, or to suffer the humiliation, loss of credit, and, perhaps, loss of professional standing, resulting to him from this episode. But how it is to be managed is a question.

If some of the best people of New York who were invited to the luncheon will not return the silver knives, forks, spoons, butter dishes, salt dishes, salad dishes, pepper castors, cruet, fruit dishes, platters, bowls, cups, and bouquet-holders which they carried away as souvenirs, or refuse to send the price of them to Fritz, there seems to be little recourse for him except to appeal to the generosity of the people who were not invited, and those invited who abstained from reading the tables.

The only alternative to this is the procurement by Fritz of an omnibus search warrant which will enable him to look over the souvenir collections in the homes of the people who were among those present at the luncheon.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 15th March, 1902:—Males 367, females 49. Irish 235, French 149, English 20, Scotch and other nationalities 12. Total 416. All had night's lodging and breakfast.

HIGH-PRICED BULL.—"Prince Ito," an Aberdeen Angus bull, was sold, for \$9,100.

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Men's Waterproof Coats, \$7.50 for \$3.75, \$9.00 for \$4.50, \$11.50 for \$5.75, \$13.50 for \$6.75, \$15.50 for \$6.75, \$18.00 for \$6.75.

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MR. JO

IN A RECENT John E. Redmond, of the Irish Parliament reviewed the work of

He said, he did not see any necessity for him than briefly refer to most important incidents marked the progress during the past year, he thought that that year of steadily reviving the bare truth, there was far stronger to numbers, discipline, than it was twelve years ago.

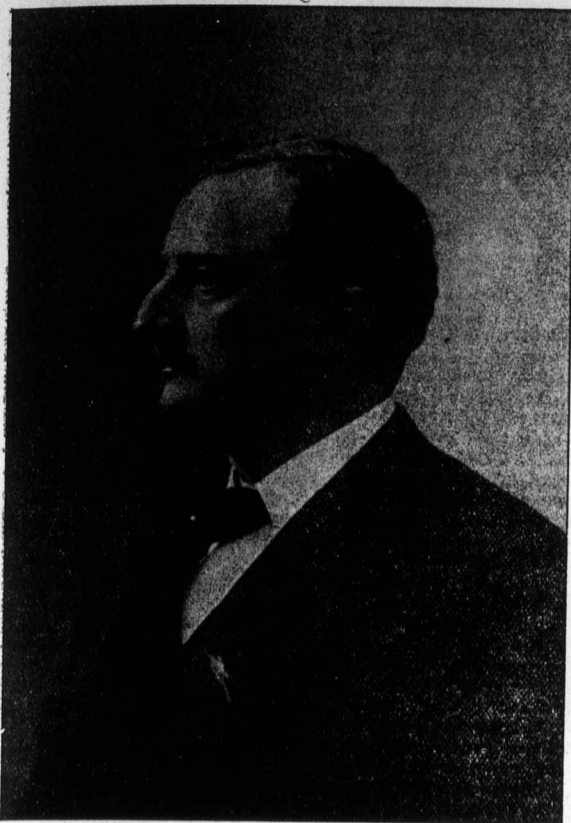
The Irish party tested by a long session full of unceasing industry, the bare truth, there was far stronger to numbers, discipline, than it was twelve years ago. The Irish party tested by a long session full of unceasing industry, the bare truth, there was far stronger to numbers, discipline, than it was twelve years ago. The Irish party tested by a long session full of unceasing industry, the bare truth, there was far stronger to numbers, discipline, than it was twelve years ago.

TWELVE YEARS AGO the people were thought, exhausted by which had been made an election fund. That apparatus with the utmost liberality immediately afterwards obliged to make a second appeal to the generosity of the people to provide a fund for a permanent and steady attention whole Irish party in that appeal also had a Parliamentary fund for 400, subscribed by their trymen.

In Ireland ... In Great Britain ... In Other Countries ...

From an analysis he would declare that every county parish, subscribed to the that, having provided for the continued presence of the whole party during the last year the necessary individual great political party, still to their credit at

Ireland's Struggle Now!



MR. JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

IN A RECENT SPEECH Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, reviewed the work of the past year. He said, he did not think it would be necessary for him to do more than briefly refer to some of the most important incidents which had marked the progress of their movements during the past year. Broadly speaking, he thought they could claim that that year had been one of steadily reviving hope and confidence in Ireland, and of steadily increasing strength and power. The position of the popular organization was far stronger to-day in point of numbers, discipline, and courage than it was twelve months ago.

The Irish party had also been tested by a long session, which was full of unceasing industry and successful effort on their part. It was the bare truth, therefore, to assert that their cause stood higher and that the prospects of their country were brighter than at any time within the past ten years. Humanly speaking, nothing could effectually lessen the steady and persistent pressure of a united Ireland, represented in the House of Commons by a body of united and independent members. The very fact that English political parties to-day were shrieking expressions of hatred to Ireland was proof enough of itself of the revival of Ireland's power. For his own part, he was quite confident of the future of Ireland, if the country remained united, and that the immediate future would bring redress of many grievances and would witness a large step forward in the direction of national self-government. They could fairly boast that they were the only political party who could look back on the past year with pride, and to the coming year with hope and confidence.

TWELVE YEARS AGO the generosity of the people was, as many thought, exhausted by the appeal which had been made for a general election fund. That appeal was met with the utmost liberality, and immediately afterwards they were obliged to make a second appeal to the generosity of the people in order to provide a fund for the constant and steady attendance of the whole Irish party in Parliament. That appeal also had been successful, and he had to report that the Parliamentary fund for 1901 produced the magnificent total of \$53,400, subscribed by their fellow-countrymen.

To Ireland	\$40,000
In Great Britain	10,800
In Other Countries	2,600
Total	\$53,400

From an analysis he was able to declare that every county, every parish, subscribed to the fund, and that, having provided adequately for the continued presence of practically the whole party in Parliament during the last session and the necessary individual expenses of a great political party, they had still to their credit at the opening

of the new year the handsome balance of \$10,000. He did not believe that any political party in these kingdoms could make the boast that it had been conducted on such strictly economical lines, and he thought they had something to be proud of. They were now at the commencement of a new year and a new session, and the necessity would be increased ten-fold for a constant attendance of the Irish party in Parliament. No man could foretell what might occur in the political world during the next few months, or what crisis might arise, and the full attendance of the party was, therefore, absolutely essential, and one of the resolutions to be submitted would ask for the inauguration of a Parliamentary fund for 1902. He might express his own individual opinion that the Irish party could not adequately perform its duty unless it had at its disposal from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year, and he was perfectly convinced that the collection they now desired to inaugurate would be as successful as the previous one.

THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS.

Speaking of the manner in which the League progressed Mr. Redmond said:—

He found that they were commencing the new year with a total number of branches of 1,230. Mr. Wyndham had stated that there were not more than forty branches of the organization in existence. Everbody, of course, was aware of the fact that that was a ridiculous misstatement. He had the most careful inquiries instituted and careful lists of the various branches made, and he was prepared to stake his personal credit on the statement that there were 1,230 paying and working branches of the United Irish League in Ireland. The United Irish League also had taken root in America, and had been established on a broad and firm basis. The first president was Colonel John Finerty, of Chicago, whose name carried weight with Irishmen all over the world, and the provisional executive consisted of representative Irishmen almost all over the continent. At the request of that executive they were sending out two other delegates to assist in the work of organizing branches, and he expected before the end of the year to hold a great convention to put the movement on a firm basis. From that movement Ireland would be able to count on the steady support of practically the whole Irish race in the great Republic. The success of the movement in America would, however, depend absolutely on the success of the movement at home; if there were any signs of laxity or backsliding, then they could expect nothing from America, but if they continued to present a united front to their enemies, if they made this movement a dangerous movement to the enemies of Ireland, and if it was conducted with spirit and courage, then (he said) that the more they did at home the more would be done for them by their brethren in America.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Francis Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, born at Newfoundland, 1844. Died at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Saturday, March 8, 1902.

Hark, friends, anoble soul has passed away,
The vital spark of a loved one has fled,
The Angel's voice has called from us this day,
A true friend, now numbered with the dead.

A holy priest has yielded up his trust,
The Loving Master has bid him come,
He has left us, and is gone to join the Just
His day of toil, of labor, now is done.

Of talents the brightest and the most choice,
That man could possess here below,
Admired by all, true wisdom in his voice,
His charity set his heart all aglow.

A pastor, heroic, true at every turn,
Upon the altar how nobly he stood,
For him to-day how we all deeply mourn,
Even his presence inspired us with good.

The young he loved like his Master above,
For them what noble sacrifices he made;
O children of St. Michael's, show your love,
Place the choicest flowers upon his grave.

A great patriot, through his circle of years,
For him all classes and creeds are weeping;
The dirge of a people is heard by their tears,
For that dear honored priest who is sleeping.

Like a star taken from the heavens grand,
When its brilliancy most we're admiring,
His name will be echoed throughout the land,
He has joined the more fervent aspiring.

Then farewell dear Father, your work is o'er,
Forget not those you have left behind;
You're at rest on the Bright Celestial Shore,
Where happiness and joy we all will find.—R.I.P.

R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

Gov. Altgeld's Death.

The news of the sudden and almost tragic death of former Governor John P. Altgeld, at Joliet, Ill., on the 11th instant, spread like wild fire over the whole of America, and created considerable astonishment. After delivering one of his fiery and enthusiastic speeches, into which he evidently threw all his energies, a fit of illness seized him, unconsciousness followed, and death ensued. While it is not for us to judge of the departed public man, nor would it be at all becoming to do so under the circumstances, still we cannot refrain from considering his unexpected death—in the hour of excitement and zeal, in a moment when his whole soul was bent on the attainment of another worldly success, as very illustrative of "uncertainty of the hour," and of the importance of those safeguards of Faith and of grace whereby the Church hedges in from all catastrophes the children that obey her behests. Apart from this reflection we need but give a brief summary of the dead orator's career:—

John P. Altgeld was born in Germany in December, 1847. His parents brought him to America when he was three months old, and he grew up as an ordinary American boy in the Ohio town of Mansfield. In 1863, when 16 years old, he gained entrance to the army of the union as a private and remained in active service to the close of the civil war. Later he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1869. He was always a democrat, and in 1884 was a candidate for congress, but failed of election though he ran ahead of the regular party ticket. In 1888 he became judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, but suddenly resigned in 1891. Next year he was nominated for governor and was carried into power on the crest of the wave which landed Grover Cleveland in the White House for a second term.

IMPENDING STRIKE.

Bricklayers and masons in Chicago are making a fight for a change in the present scale of wages, which they declare will eventually result in a tying up of local building operations unless their demands are granted.

There are 3,200 men in International Bricklayers and Masons' Union No. 21, and it controls every contract for masonry work under way in Cook County. The present scale is 50 cents an hour for an eight-hour day. This has not been improved in fifteen years. During that time carpenters have advanced from 27½ cents an hour to 47 cents an hour, structural iron workers from \$2.25 a day to \$4 a day, plumbers from \$2.50 a day to \$4.40 a day, and other trades proportionately, with Saturday half holidays.

The masons want an increase from 50 cents to 60 cents per hour, and are determined that they will accept nothing less than 55 cents per hour.

SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

F. Raymond Prentice, thirty-eight years old, a trainer of racehorses, and said to have been connected with a prominent New York family, was found dead in a room of the Mount Vernon Hotel, at Mount Vernon, recently. The room was filled with gas, which was escaping from a gas stove tube.

BLIZZARDS IN DAKOTA.

A despatch from St. Paul, under date 15th March, says:—

Blizzard news is contained in telegrams to "The Dispatch" from various points in both North and South Dakota. A hard snowstorm is reported at Fargo. The storm in Western and Northeastern Dakota is said to have been the worst in years, with snow three feet deep on the level.

Through the Confessional.

The other day a Catholic priest presented himself to the cashier of the Parker House and handed him \$50, for which he asked a receipt. When asked to whose account the money should be credited, the priest replied that the money came from one of his flock, who had requested him to hand it to the Parker House cashier, and to have it credited to the conscience fund, without revealing the identity of the person for whom he was acting. The priest's request was complied with, and the money was credited as directed. It may be thought that this is an extraordinary occurrence, but we are assured that it is not, and that the hotel's conscience fund is augmented by frequent contributions from anonymous sources. Nor is the experience of this hotel exceptional in this respect. It obtains in a great many establishments having extensive dealings with the public.—Boston Herald.

St. Patrick's Day in Ottawa.

From the Ottawa "Free Press" we take the following extracts of the report of the celebration of the National Feast in the Capital:—

Irishmen have every reason to feel proud of the Church parade on Sunday last to honor the feast of St. Patrick. In point of numbers, Irishmen of all ranks and walks of life took part in the parade and the green emblem of Ireland was strongly in evidence. No more orderly celebration has ever taken place in Ottawa. The celebration was religious in nature.

Not only did local Irishmen take part, but there were delegations from many of the towns of the Ottawa Valley.

The weather furnished the only drawback. The early morning rain had the effect of putting the streets in a bad condition for walking, and this deterred many from taking part. As it was over fifteen hundred persons marched from St. Patrick's Hall to St. Joseph's Church, where the religious part of the celebration was conducted. Along the line of parade the sides of the streets were lined with spectators.

Three bands furnished excellent music for the marching, and the Irish airs were rendered in a manner to rouse to highest pitch the Irishmen who heard it.

The parade was in charge of Chief Marshal John Grimes. The Hibernian Knights, of Montreal, created a favorable impression by their marching.

Coming from the Church to the hall the processionists walked in a

Dr. G. H. Desjardins

Graduate of the Universities of Rome and of Victoria
Member of the Medical Society of Boston
and Specialist for diseases of the eyes,

Has the honor to inform his patients, confreres and friends that he has definitely left the Ophthalmic Institute and has removed his office

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CONSULTATIONS BELL TEL. EAST 1840.
10 TO 12 A.M. AND 2 TO 5 P.M. MONTREAL.

perfect downpour of rain. The general committee was as follows:—

Representing the County Board, Ancient Order of Hibernians—M. J. O'Farrell, president; John Butler, vice-president; Wm. G. Teaffe, secretary; Jas. Bennett, James Buckley, James Rowan, Alex. Hunter, Wm. Rogers, Phil. O'Meara, Allan P. Tobin.

Representing St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society—D'Arcy Scott, president; John Daly, secretary; D. McD. Renihan, Jos. Lyons, John Casey.

Representing Division No. 1 A.O.H.—M. H. O'Connor, J. Bergin, J. Walsh, W. H. Higgerty, J. J. O'Meara.

Representing Division No. 2, A.O.H.—Dr. A. Freeland, S. Cross, John Hanlon, M. J. Dodd, M. J. O'Connor.

Sub-committees:—
Ways and Means Committee—M. J. O'Farrell, chairman; Jas. Rowan, W. H. Higgerty, M. H. O'Connor, Allan P. Tobin, Alex. Hunter.

Music Committee—Phil O'Meara, chairman; Alex. Hunter, James Bergin.

Resolutions Committee—M. J. O'Connor, chairman; M. H. O'Connor, S. Cross, John Daly, D'Arcy Scott, John Casey.

Badges Committee—Dr. A. Freeland, chairman; James Bennett, John Daly.

Reception Committee—D'Arcy Scott, chairman; Dr. Freeland, Jas. Buckley, J. J. O'Meara, W. G. Teaffe.

Invitation Committee—John Hanlon, chairman; W. G. Teaffe, secretary.

The order of the procession was: Grand Marshal.

Band.
St. Bridget's Court, C.O.F.
Bayswater Court, C.O.F.
St. Patrick's Court, Hull, C.O.F.
St. Paul's Court, Aylmer, C.O.F.
St. Joseph's Court, C.O.F.
Emerald Court, C.O.F.
Capital Court, C.O.F.
Branch 159, C.M.B.A.
Branch 94, C.M.B.A.
Branch 28, C.M.B.A.

Band.
Irishmen in general.
St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society.

Band.
Hibernian Knights, Montreal.
Division No. 2, A.O.H.
Division No. 1, A.O.H.
Officers of County Board, A.O.H.
At St. Joseph's Church Rev. Father William Murphy preached an appropriate sermon, taking the life of St. Patrick as his subject.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.—At St. Patrick's hall an enthusiastic gathering of Irishmen took place at the conclusion of the parade.

Strong resolutions for the formation of a branch of the United Irish League and expressing sympathy with the Home Rule movement were adopted amid applause.

Mr. M. J. O'Farrell, chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements, presided.

President D'Arcy Scott, of St. Patrick's Society, introduced the motion favoring Home Rule, in a spirited and eloquent speech. He moved, seconded by Dr. Freeland, the following resolutions:—

Whereas the Irish of this fair Dominion, in the full and free enjoyment of all the blessings that flow from a responsible form of government, have ever been a loyal, prosperous and happy people, justly proud of citizenship in this great dependency of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, and

Whereas our fellow-countrymen at home although they have on so many occasions given signal proof of their fitness for self-government, yet remain deprived of that priceless blessing which His Majesty's subjects in almost every other part of the Empire enjoy, and

Whereas in view of the rising sentiment in favor of a federation of all parts of the Empire on a uniform basis of local self-government, the growing necessity of decentral-

ization of the vastly increasing volume of legislation in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster; the marked success that has attended the recent introduction of elective municipal bodies in Ireland, and many otherwise changing political conditions, we are assured that the time has arrived when the long struggle for Home Rule must issue in the establishment of a complete system of responsible government for Ireland.

"Be it therefore resolved that the Irishmen of Ottawa assembled on the occasion of Ireland's national festival place on record our entire sympathy with the Irish Nationalist party in their renewed efforts to secure within the lines of the constitution such a measure of self-government as we ourselves enjoy.

"Be it further resolved that while recognizing the patriotism and Parliamentary genius of the Irish leader, John Redmond, and placing our entire confidence in him and his colleagues, in their efforts to secure Home Rule, we desire particularly, to express our admiration for a great and distinguished fellow-countryman, the Hon. Edward Blake, for the lofty spirit of patriotism he has displayed towards the land of his forefathers, and the invaluable service he has rendered to the cause.

"Be it further resolved that copies of these resolutions be given to the press and forwarded to John Redmond, M.P., and Hon. Edward Blake."

The resolution was adopted amid applause.

Mr. M. J. O'Connor moved the adoption of the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. J. J. O'Meara and carried:—

"That whereas the United Irish League, in the words of the constitution of the first club of United Irishmen in 1792, 'is constituted for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, a communion of rights, and a union of power among Irishmen,' irrespective of religious differences, and has for its objects the securing of self-government for Ireland, the obtaining of the land for the people of Ireland instead of allowing it to remain in the hands of absentee landlords, and the developing and stimulating of her agricultural and industrial resources.

"And whereas great benefit has already accrued to the people of Ireland from the formation of branches of the United Irish League throughout the Empire.

"Resolved, that the Irishmen of Ottawa in general meeting assembled hereby establish a branch of the United Irish League in Ottawa, to be known as the Ottawa branch.

"And that Dr. Freeland be appointed temporary chairman, and James Bergin temporary secretary of the said branch, with authority to call a meeting at some future date for the election of officers and the completion of organization."

Speeches were also delivered by Hon. John Costigan, Ex-Ald. Devlin, Mr. Hughes, M.P., (Prince Edward Island), Dr. MacCabe, D. J. McDougall, Dr. Dowling and F. B. Hayes. The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

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A Famous Irish Shrine.

RESTING amid magnificent elms and beeches on a knoll overlooking the Shannon, in the very centre of Ireland, stands a building which, dating its foundation in the sixth century, is now approaching complete restoration. Surrounding it is a church yard, the gravestones of which are in themselves monuments of antiquity, and yet they are infants in comparison with the small but beautiful structure standing in their midst. The building is Clonfert Cathedral.

Here our footsteps touch the threshold of the dawn of Christianity in the British Islands. While Anglia was still wrapped in the darkness of heathenism, the light of the new Ibernia; and it was here, on this very spot, that St. Brendan nearly 1,400 years ago laid the foundations of a monastery, of which the present cathedral is the successor. Here in the chancel lie his bones, and they have a jealous guardian in the present rector of the parish, the Rev. Canon McLarny.

The romance of religion was never better illustrated than in the career of St. Brendan and in the history of the cathedral which enshrines its remains. The saint is known as "the navigator," and he is the patron saint of sailors. He was born at Tralee, in Kerry, in the year 481. At an early period of his life he crossed to Great Britain, and thence to France, founding monasteries or schools in his progress. But it was not until 545 that he undertook the voyage with which his name is chiefly associated. This event, which was called "the Setting Sail of St. Brendan and his Crew," was commemorated in the calendars of the Christian Church on March 22 every year for many centuries afterwards.

VOYAGE TO AMERICA.—Whether did the saint sail and what did he discover? This is a question upon which light has only recently been thrown. The late Bishop of Iowa, at a meeting in Dublin a few years ago, asserted that St. Brendan not only landed in America 900 years before Columbus was born, but also evangelized a portion of the country at that time. It is certain that the voyage lasted altogether a period of seven years.

The belief that St. Brendan was the first European to visit America rests upon a number of isolated but significant facts. That the Icelanders and the Norsemen preceded Columbus is generally admitted; and when Columbus required information about his proposed voyage he sought it in Iceland and Ireland. One of the sailors whom he took to America was an Irishman named Patrick Maguire. Maritime intercourse between Ireland and Iceland was frequent from the earliest days of navigation. To various voyagers from time to time the great western continent was known as "Ireland the Great" (Ireland ed Mikla).

Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, is of opinion that this Great Ireland of the Northmen was the country south of Chesapeake Bay, including Carolina, Georgia, and East Florida. There is a remarkable tradition preserved among the Shawanese Indians, who emigrated more than a century ago from West Florida to Ohio, that "Florida was once inhabited by white men who used iron instruments." Traces of Irish origin have been observed among some of the original tribes of North and Central America, which suggest a presumption that those countries had been colonized from Ireland at some remote period.

A DISCOVERY BY CORTEZ.—The history of early Irish Christian missions to America affords another proof of that country having been discovered by St. Brendan 900 years before Columbus was born. In the year 1519, when Cortez and his six hundred companions landed in Mexico, they were surprised to find that their coming was welcomed by the Mexicans as the realization of an ancient native tradition to the effect that many centuries before, a white man had come across the great ocean from the northeast in a boat with "wings" (sails) like those of the Spanish vessels.

In the year 558, six years after St. Brendan's return to Ireland from his voyage to America, he founded the Cathedral of Clonfert, in County Galway. When he came to Clonfert he said: "This shall be my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." When he was dying at Annaghdown, near Galway, on May 16, 577, when he was ninety-six years of age, one of his last requests was: "Bury me in my dear city of Clonfert." His wish

was granted. He was buried in the place of honor; in the chancel of the Cathedral. Clonfert Cathedral has suffered so many vicissitudes during the long period of 1,343 years of its existence that it is surprising anything ancient has remained. It suffered greatly from the incursions of the Danes, who frequently sailed up the River Shannon from Limerick and attacked it. It was burnt six times between the years 949 and 1065. In the year 1541 it was almost totally destroyed. Bishop Wolley repaired the Cathedral in the year 1064. From that time up to the present no general restoration was undertaken till Canon McLarny took the work in hand.

A VANISHED CITY.—There is now no city of Clonfert; there is not even a village. In ancient times a city did exist, and was celebrated as a seat of learning. The present University of Dublin narrowly escaped being established on this spot because, being so central in the island, it was considered a convenient place for students to assemble. With the exception of the Bishop's Palace, now a private residence, and a single cottage, the Cathedral stands alone. War, revolution, tribal feuds, industrial stagnation, fire, famine, and pestilence have done their work with exceeding thoroughness. Not even a vestige of the former city can be traced. The parish of Clonfert, although twenty-seven Irish miles in circumference, contains a very small population. It is dotted about with a few private houses and a number of cabins; yet the land is good, and the scenery is of great sylvan beauty. There is, indeed, no part of Ireland that is fairer to look upon.

One of the curiosities of Clonfert is the yew tree avenue, planted in the form of a cross. This is supposed, judging from the size of the trees, to be hundreds of years old. It presents at this moment a remarkably beautiful appearance, and is certainly a unique spectacle.

The war has greatly interfered with the collection of the funds still necessary to complete the restoration.

It certainly would be a pity that an ancient historic cathedral, which has been used as a place of worship for 1,343 years, should be allowed to decay. Clonfert Cathedral having been founded in the year 558, existed as a place of worship thirty-nine years before St. Augustine landed in England, and thus dates before Canterbury Cathedral, York Minster, Winchester Cathedral, Westminister Abbey, Salisbury Cathedral, or many of the ancient cathedrals existing at the present day.—Robert Dennis, in the Daily Telegraph, Quebec.

REMARKS ABOUT OLD MEN!

Discussing the question "When is a man too old to work," a New York daily points out that it gets letters by the score from those who say they have been shoved aside to make room for younger men.

It seems, however, that despite his sixty-six years Lyman J. Gage, who has retired from the Treasury Department, has had four good jobs offered him, with salaries attached ranging from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

Useless old men are not wanted these days. Useful old men are. Mr. Gage is only one instance. There are hundreds of other men past the threescore mark filling positions of highest importance and filling them well. Chauncey Depew, John Wanamaker, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, George F. Hoar, Hiram Maxim, Bishop Potter and Levi P. Morton are all past sixty—some of them past seventy—and yet they are among the most useful and active men in the country.

How old a man is depends largely on himself. If an old man is not wanted in a position he has occupied for years it is not because of his years or his gray hairs. It is because he has lost interest and ambition, because he has made no effort to keep up to the times, because he has grown careless. Useful men are always in demand, no matter when they were born.

In Montreal, in many of our Catholic parishes, the men who have crossed the half century period are the leaders in our most important enterprises, and they are the mainstay of our educational and charitable institutions.

If the enthusiastic, vigorous and loyal "old men" are to be criticized it might be in the direction that they do not, in some instances, make the "young men" of to-day take a more prominent and active interest in the important affairs of the parishes to which they belong. The "old men" are alright in every other respect, and the evidences of this fact are nowhere to be noticed so abundantly as in Montreal.

We may also add, and with good reason too, that no stronger evidence could be produced to show the deep interest which the "old men" take in matters generally, and in all that concerns the Catholic press in particular, than that furnished by them in the thousands of letters which they send to the "True Witness" during the course of a year.

BLOOD TROUBLES.

MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN MANY DISAGREEABLE WAYS.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema, Boils and Pimples—The Blood Should Be Purified During the Spring Months.

The Spring season is the time for blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many—and dangerous—and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways, such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large proportion of all diseases, various in their nature, but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath, and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with new, rich, red blood. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B.C., says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result, pimples, which were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

How much the possession of happiness depends upon the point of view we choose to take in seeing things! He who determines to look on the bright side of affairs will generally find that some brightness is visible; he who wants to point out to himself and others that discouragements abound, can, as a rule, succeed to his own satisfaction in the gloomy pursuit. There is such a thing as curbing one's natural tendency to depression and in wholesome fashion casting lamentable melancholy out of doors, and one means to this end is mentally and spiritually to outgrow the necessity of being happy.

The less one thinks of the deprivations and lack of those conditions which are commonly supposed to be requisites of happiness, and the less one cultivates a spirit of restless pursuit of happiness—a spirit which by its very lightness and delicacy eludes a harsh grasp—the more likely is happiness to come all unthought, particularly if one is more anxious about securing conditions of happiness for others than for one's self.

With the Scientists.

A CURIOUS RAINFALL.—On Jan. 22 of this year rain fell at Periers in France for several hours. The rainwater collected looked like lye, or like water containing clay. It was odorless, of earthy taste and slightly saline. After twenty-four hours it precipitated an abundant deposit that was almost entirely silicious. Linen clothes and the leaves of plants were covered with a considerable silicious matter. As previous rains had thoroughly wetted the ground this phenomenon is not to be explained by supposing that a large amount of silicious dust had been carried into the air by winds and subsequently precipitated by rain. The most probable explanation is that the water of the preceding rains lay in very shallow pools on the surface of silicious ground and that by high winds (which were observed) the water was raised into the air and subsequently descended as rain.

BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES.—A correspondent of "Nature" gives the following instances of birds attacking butterflies: "On a dull, sunless day, I pointed out to Professor Gotch a fine fresh male specimen of the Holly Blue (*Lycena argiolus*) at rest on the leaf of a shrub behind the Oxford University Museum. Touching it with my finger, the butterfly rose and fluttered feebly along the curved walk in the park. At that moment a swallow (or a martin) came down the walk from the opposite direction at full speed. It must have seen the butterfly fluttering towards it from a considerable distance; for with the most perfect ease and control it diverted its course and took the insect in its sweep. I felt, as I saw it, that only by good fortune was it possible thus to obtain the most direct evidence of events which are probably continually occurring. There are, however, other means by which evidence can be obtained. One is the examination of the crops of dead birds. Although we should be sorry for British birds to be killed with this object (except in special circumstances), it is much to be hoped that the observations will be made when birds are killed, whether accidentally or otherwise. Mr. R. Newstead of the Chester Museum, has done excellent work in this way; but there can be no doubt that, taking the country as a whole, only an insignificant proportion of the obtainable evidence is utilized. Another line of evidence is afforded by specimens of butterflies which have their wings injured in a manner which is inconsistent with any interpretation except the snip of a bird's beak. Thus it is common to find fresh and unworn specimens with a notch or tear on the right side which exactly fits a corresponding injury on the left side, indicating that the wings had been torn when they were in contact. In one extreme instance, presented to the Hope Department by Dr. F. A. Dixey, a deep little notch had been cut out of all four wings of a 'Red Admiral' (*Vanessa atalanta*), the four injuries exactly coinciding in the true position of rest adopted by this insect.

Mr. W. Holland of the Hope Department tells me that about the middle of June, 1901, he saw a swallow swoop down from a great distance and catch a white butterfly (almost certainly *Pieris rapae*) flying in front of the museum. The bird took the insect in a single sweep and then dexterously avoided a collision, which seemed almost inevitable, with the roof of the 'Glasbury Kitchen.' Directly after the seizure of the butterfly Mr. Holland saw the wings fluttering to the ground, evidently cut through at their bases by the beak. Probably the kestrel preys extensively on the emperor moth, whose wings I have seen lying at the base of the small hummocks formed by the 'Juncus squarrosus' on the Orkney moorlands. These tufts were much used as rearing places by kestrels and hen harriers, but as neither hawk is capable of catching a bird on the wing, the moths were presumably captured while at rest. The black-headed gull feeds on the common ghost moth. Regularly every season, during many years, I saw some half-dozen or more of these gulls flying backwards and forwards, over the grass in front of my house, hawking after the white oscillating ghost moths in the long summer twilight of a calm Orcadian evening."

We are saved man by man, not in masses and corporately, as it were. It is not sufficient to profess our faith; it is not enough to be a Catholic; we must live our creed; and to live a creed that makes such demands as ours, means daily effort of the most difficult kind.

BUSINESS TALKS.

MR. T. D. BARRY, the head and originator of a boot and shoe establishments, famous for a special class of shoe which it manufactures, and known by the name "Allright," is the subject of the following notice in Donahoe's Magazine. We reproduce it for the business lessons it contains.

Mr. Barry commenced to earn his own living at the age of ten years, and in the eighties was the proprietor of a shoe store in Randolph, and at the same time worked in a shoe factory as foreman. In 1889, he started the manufacture of slippers in Brockton in a small way and from this humble beginning, he has advanced as a shoe manufacturer until to-day his firm is doing a business of \$2,000,000 a year, which requires two factories.

The Barry Company turns out 3,500 pairs of shoes daily, and the demand is constantly expanding.

The firm consists of Mr. T. D. Barry, W. A. Hogan and Mr. Charles Barry, the latter, the son of the founder of the business. Mr. T. D. Barry is something of a European traveller, and on May 24 of last year was present in Rome at the canonization of two saints. He is exceedingly prominent in Catholic circles and socially one of the most companionable of men. As a business man he is the embodiment of hustling energy. Only such energy and ability as he has displayed could have won such a successful fruitage as his present vast business shows. Another feature of Mr. Barry's business methods is the fact that he invariably pays good wages, demands good service in return, and his employees work nine hours a day.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.

A PARLIAMENTARIAN AT NINETY-NINE.

An Ottawa correspondent of the "Daily Witness" contributes the following pen sketch of a centenarian Parliamentarian from which we take the following extracts:—He says: "The oldest member of any Parliament in the British Empire, and probably the oldest representative in any of the national assemblies of earth, is the Hon. David Wark, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who entered during the week beginning Feb. 22, upon the ninety-ninth year of his career. Fifty-seven years ago he was chosen member for the County of Kent in the New Brunswick Legislature. After playing an active part in that body, he was raised on the confederation of the colonies of British North America to the Canadian Senate, which he has attended without interruption since 1867.

A marvellous monument to the results of regular habits and temperate living is the life of this man. At this age he is as clear of mind and as vigorous of frame as most men twenty years his junior. There is nothing that would offend him sooner than an offer of support. Sturdy independence has been a leading characteristic of his whole life. The very messenger who stepped forward to help him on with his coat would be waved back. The fire of the born reformer still shines in his eye. His last address in the Senate was a complaint that there was not given that branch of the legislature more to do.

Three-quarters of a century on American soil has not clouded his love for Ireland, the land of his birth. Mr. Wark's longevity comes of no fad practice. He has taken regular exercise and refrained from too vigorous indulgence in table delicacies. For years he has eaten but two meals a day—breakfast and tea—but in this, as well as all else, he has adhered to regularity.

In a letter written by his own hand the other day Senator Wark announces that he will probably be up to Ottawa for a portion of the session.

DEMAND OF THE TIMES.

The world staves its prophets and crucifies its saviours, and then succeeding ages build monuments to their memory. The demand of the times is for cross bearers, for men who will "scorn delights and live laborious days," who will bear their backs to the lash of the victors and then go forth bearing their crosses.

Business Cards.

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Queer Ideas

(By a)

ABOUT THE PRIESTHOOD readers of the "True Witness" are familiar with the full and gem-like poems of Father Tabb. Like Father Tabb, "Poet-Priest of the South," Tabb has won a distinctive himself in the domain of literature. It is not an exaggeration to say that he possesses more living writer of verse, the power of condensation. We have seen Father Tabb's poems before; but we have "Pearson's," for March, which is a long extract from William Younger's volume entitled "The Younger Generation." We do not pretend to contrast Mr. Tabb's sketch of Father Tabb, true account of the poet's cause, as already remarked, not all the data regarding before us, still we cannot most flagrant evidence of knowledge regarding the Church to go uncorrected. Mr. Archer, under the heading, "Mr. John B. Tabb," "The Forest," Amelia Couglin, March 22, 1845. civil war he served as a clerk in the Confederate army, "Robert E. Lee," two years, was captured and sent for eight months to Lookout Prison, whence, my Lanier, he was exchanged before the war ended. This information goes, it is not exact, we have not supposed otherwise, and Mr. Archer is here writing about a great many other writers. His first blunder that touches the Catholic is any subject, or question, not connected with the continuing, in regard to Tabb, he says:—"He became a Catholic and was ordained a priest later. Since then, as for before, he has occupied St. Charles College, Elliptical, Maryland, teaching English."

No Catholic requires to thing about the life of Father Tabb to see that this must be in 1872 Father Tabb was three years of age. He was only twenty-five when priest, after two years in vicar of Holy Church. Mr. Archer very hazily ideas regarding requirements of the priesthood can take place, possibly have had in his Methodist, or Baptist, or in which a man can get preach after a few months. It might be possible the age of twenty-five, two years converted, Father Tabb entered a seminary to priesthood. Even then, that he could not have complete course of study the civil war, in which gaged, it would be but to surmise that he put of philosophy before his theological studies. altogether probable, the aged four, or even five, ology—the course in his rally being more extended best would make the date of his ordination nine years after conversion, or in 1881. Then, occupying a chair of pro Charles College, "some his conversion," it is probable—unless he had drawing, or engineer thing entirely foreign gious matters of study was evidently not a when engaged in militia.

We repeat that we have details of Father Tabb we know positively that not have been professor Charles for some years conversion; that he could be ordained priest before at least thirty years of he was a Protestant three; that Mr. Archer absolutely nothing Church and her rules a nor about the requirement to become a priest plays a deal of prejudice delicacy in calling Father name by which he is literature), "Mr. John and that this small pen from out a thousand, proves conclusive not competent to either Catholic sentiment or Catholic poetry, much Historically with mean Catholic priesthood.

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Queer Ideas of Secular Writers.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

ABOUT THE PRIESTHOOD.—The readers of the "True Witness," generally, are familiar with the beautiful and gem-like poems of Rev. Father Tabb. Like Father Ryan, the "Poet-Priest of the South," Father Tabb has won a distinct place for himself in the domain of literature. It is not an exaggeration to say that he possesses more than any living writer of verse, the unique power of condensation. We have not Father Tabb's poems before us, nor have we an authentic sketch of his life; but we have "Pearson's Magazine," for March, which contains a long extract from William Archer's bulky volume entitled "Poets of the Younger Generation." While we do not pretend to contrast Mr. Archer's sketch of Father Tabb, with the sketch of Father Tabb, with the true account of the poet's life, because, as already remarked, we have not all the data regarding his career before us, still we cannot allow a most flagrant evidence of lack of knowledge regarding the Catholic Church to go uncorrected.

Mr. Archer, under the very secular heading, "Mr. John B. Tabb," says: "Mr. John B. Tabb was born at 'The Forest,' Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845. During the civil war he served as a captain's clerk in the Confederate blockade runner, 'Robert E. Lee,' for about two years, was captured and confined for about eight months in Point Lookout Prison, whence, with Sidney Lanier, he was exchanged just before the war ended." As far as this information goes, it may possibly be exact; we have no reason to suppose otherwise, and, besides, Mr. Archer is here writing about something that he understands. But, like a great many other writers, he commits his first blunder the moment he touches the Catholic Church, or any subject, or question even remotely connected with the Church. Continuing, in regard to Father Tabb, he says:—

"He became a Catholic in 1872, and was ordained a priest two years later. Since then, as for some years before, he has occupied a chair in St. Charles College, Ellicott city, Maryland, teaching English grammar." No Catholic requires to know anything about the life of Father Tabb to see that this must be very wrong. In 1872 Father Tabb was twenty-three years of age. He would then be only twenty-five when ordained a priest, after two years in the Catholic Church. Mr. Archer must have very hazy ideas regarding the requirements of the Church and the qualifications of the priest before ordination can take place. He may possibly have had in his mind some Methodist, or Baptist, or other sect, in which a man can get a license to preach after a few months of probation. It might be possible that at the age of twenty-five, after being two years converted, Father Tabb entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. Even then, considering that he could not have made a very complete course of studies during the civil war, in which he was engaged, it would be but reasonable to surmise that he put in two years of philosophy before entering upon his theological studies. Then, it is altogether probable, that he occupied four, or even five years in theology—the course in his case, naturally being more extended. This, at best would make the date of his ordination nine years after his conversion, or in 1881. Then, as to his occupying a chair of professor at St. Charles College, "some years before his conversion," it is not at all probable—unless he had been teaching drawing, or engineering, or something entirely foreign to all religious matters of study. Again he was evidently not a class-teacher when engaged in military life.

We repeat that we have not the details of Father Tabb's life; but we know positively that he could not have been professor at St. Charles for some years before his conversion; that he could not have been ordained priest before he was at least thirty years of age, seeing he was a Protestant until twenty-three; that Mr. Archer must know absolutely nothing about the Church and her rules and discipline, nor about the requirements in the one to become a priest; that he displays a deal of prejudice and of delicacy in calling Father Tabb (the name by which he is best known in literature), "Mr. John B. Tabb;" and that this small paragraph, taken from out a thousand in his volume, proves conclusively, that he is not competent to either appreciate Catholic sentiment or to criticize Catholic poetry, much less to deal historically with members of the Catholic priesthood.

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.—One of your contributors, in a recent number, quoted from an article, or rather a lecture, by the novelist Wells, and gave some extracts to show that the well-known author merely considers man from a material standpoint. In the closing of that same lecture we find a paragraph that is very important, especially in view of the fact that it is the expression of an idea, or a theory that has a very general acceptance to-day—that is to say, general amongst men who disregard the teachings and principles of Christianity. The lecturer said:—"The conditions under which men live are changing with an ever-increasing rapidity, and so far as our knowledge goes, no sort of creature has ever lived under changing conditions without undergoing the profoundest changes themselves. In the past century there was more change in the conditions of human life than there had been in the previous thousand years. A hundred years ago inventors and investigators were rare, scattered men, and now invention and inquiry is the work of an organized army. This century will see changes that will dwarf those of the nineteenth century, as those of the nineteenth dwarf those of the eighteenth. One can see no sign anywhere that this rush of change will be over presently, that the positivist dream of a social reconstruction and of a new static culture phase will ever be realized. Human society never has been quite static, and it will presently cease to attempt to be static. Everything seems pointing to the belief that we are entering upon a progress that will go on, with an ever-widening and ever more confident stride, for ever. The reorganization of society that is going on now beneath the traditional appearance of things is a kinetic reorganization. We are getting into marching order. We have struck our camp for ever and we are out upon the roads."

This may be all very true in as far as concerns modern invention and the scientific progress of the age; it may equally be exact in regard to social organisms, for society is decidedly changing with the changing conditions of affairs. But whether for the better or for the worse is a problem that we are not now called upon to solve. It must, however, be remarked that this is simply a study, by Mr. Wells, of the material conditions under which man exists. We take the one word "Kinetic," defined it means, according to "Clifton-Grimaux," "that part of mechanics which treats of movement, without any regard for the forces that produce it," which simply means that Mr. Wells deals with man, his development, and onward, or upward movements, "without any regard for the force" or the Power that sustains and that enables man to accomplish such changes. In fact, it is a study of humanity irrespective and regardless of God; therefore, without any consideration of man's origin, his final end, the aim of his existence, the original cause of his being, or the ultimate end for which that supreme Power brought him into existence. In other words it is an illustration of reasoning in a vicious circle.

Humor of the Celt.

Celtic Witticisms on the witness stand are without number. Here are a few gleaned from a scrap pile on my desk, says R. C. Gleaner, in the "Catholic Columbian."

The lawyer was trying to confuse the witness and so discredit his testimony. "What did you say your name was?" asked the attorney. "Michael Doherty, sir."

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now, Michael be careful and answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"I think so. I was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you? Now tell me whom you married?"

"Why, sir, I married a woman."

"Now, now, don't you know better than to trifle with this court? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of anybody marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir, my sister married a man."

ered oak" meant. His reply was: "Well, sir, it means nowadays that it's three-quarters pine."

Another witness was asked if the officer struck the prisoner with impunity. His reply was, "Not while I was there; he struck him with his club."

During a trial, quite recently, in an Eastern court in a murder case, a witness was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs, the scene of the murder. "Explain to the jury," said the attorney, who had tried without success to confuse the Irishman, "explain to the jury and be very careful what you say, for remember you are on your oath, exactly how the stair steps run."

"Sure, sir," was the quick-witted answer, "if ye stand at the bottom they run up, and if ye stand at the top they run down."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense. "What are ye here for but to find out?" was the quick rejoinder.

An Irishman in an Ohio city was witness to some difficulty between a friend of his and an officious policeman. Called into court to testify, he evaded all pointed questions in order not to give any testimony that might be against his friend's side of the case. He did this so effectively that the attorney was nettled and cried out: "Look here, sir; you swear you were present during this trouble and yet you can give no account of what took place. How is this? What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "I was there all the time, but I was in a kind of a daze."

Catholic Women In Education.

The Old Testament loves to dwell upon the names of women prominent in the instruction of the people. Anna, the mother of Samuel, and Miriam, the sister of Moses; Judith at Bethulia, Esther at the Court of Assuerus; Ruth in the fields, and the mother of the Maccabees are a few of the great characters which influenced the Jewish people. The deeds of three of them were of sufficient glory to merit a record in special books of the Testament.

In the Christian dispensation Anna taught Mary the law, and Mary unfolded to the youthful Saviour the lessons of religion. Anna, the prophetess, foretold His greatness, and Elizabeth prepared the Baptist for His work. St. Paul constantly refers to the women associated with him in apostolic work. He reminds us that Timothy, his disciple, learned the Scriptures from his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. Priscilla, with her husband, Aquila, accompanied St. Paul to Ephesus, and "there found Apollo, an eloquent and fervent man, and expounded to him the way of the Lord most diligently. St. John wrote his second epistle to Electa, a lady eminent for piety and charity.

The first centuries of the Church are full of examples of noble women recognized as a force in instruction. St. Methodius, in his Banquet of the Ten Virgins, records an old tradition that the famous St. Thecla, a disciple of St. Paul, was skilled in secular philosophy and polite literature. One of the famous paintings in the Munich gallery commemorates the preaching of the faith in Alexandria by St. Apollonia.

A woman, St. Catherine of Alexandria, has long been revered as the patroness of Christian philosophers, and many significant legends have grown up about her name. Another ancient legend says that St. Barbara was instructed by Origen. As a matter of fact two of the most illustrious Greek fathers, St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nyssa, were instructed by their sister, St. Maxima. In the legends of the Christian physicians, Cosmos and Demian are said to have been educated by a woman, Theodora. St. Fulgentius, an African father, tells us that he was educated by his mother, who made him learn Homer and Menander by heart before he studied his Latin rudiments. St. Paula inspired St. Jerome to write his most important works. She was as well acquainted, he said, with Hebrew as with Latin and Greek. In letters written by him on the education of St. Paula's daughter, we may see the estimate placed by St. Jerome on the higher theological education of women. "When old enough let her read the works of St. Cyprian, and the epistles of St. Athanasius and the writings of St. Hilary." One can readily imagine what study this demanded. He said he would be more

honored by teaching the spouse of Christ than the philosopher Aristotle in being perceptor to the Macedonian king. St. Marcella, whom St. Jerome calls the greatest glory of the city of Rome, was often consulted by bishop and priests on biblical questions after St. Jerome, who had taught her, had left Rome. Paula, Laeta, Fabiola, Marcella, all Roman ladies, were students of Scripture in St. Jerome's school. St. Melania was of great assistance to St. Augustine in his struggles with the Pelagians and Nestorians, entering often into open controversy with them.

St. Eustachium, according to St. Jerome, wrote and spoke Hebrew without any adulteration of Latin. Much might be said of the women who were in constant correspondence with St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and St. Fulgentius, both with regard to the programme of studies, as also to the system of studies. Valeria, Proba, Eudoxia and Paula are names of Christian women associated with the establishment of educational systems for the training of young women. These are a few of the many facts which have come down to us from the Graeco-Roman period of Christianity.

Volumes have been written upon the work of female monasteries in the history of medieval education. The monasteries and convents which sprung up throughout Europe following the development of Christianity were usually nurseries of learning. Intellectual activity was often the test of a convent. St. Brigid, at Kildare, in Ireland; Hildegard, at Whitby, in England; Ebba, at Coldingham; Lioba, with Boniface, in Germany; Gertrude, at Nivelles, in Brabant, were the originators of great centres of knowledge which aided in keeping alive portions of the ancient learning and culture which otherwise would have surely perished. Mabillon recognizes that one of the glories of the Benedictine Order was the learning of its nuns and he recalls the names of learned religious women in the monasteries, which then took on, in a way, the functions of normal schools. He adds that there was often emulation for study between the monks and the nuns. St. Hildegard of Bingen, known as the Sybil of the Rhine, wrote curious, miscellaneous treatises, anticipating, it is said, some truths of modern science.

St. Gertrude in the time of Dagobert learned the Holy Scriptures by heart and translated them from the Greek. She sent to Ireland for masters to teach music, poetry and Greek to the cloistered nuns at Nivelles. Montalembert tells us that literally studies were cultivated in the monasteries for women in England during the seventh and eighth centuries, perhaps with more enthusiasm than in the communities of men. The Fathers of the Church, Latin, Greek, poetry and grammar were in the schedule of studies, while many were devoted to the study of the Pentateuch, the Prophets and the New Testament.

The Catholic nun as an educational force is not a result of modern civilization; nor of modern educational demands; she is rather one of the forces which have made modern civilization possible, as she is also one of the sources of strength and grace working for the salvation of modern society. She has what Fenelon calls "that divinest characteristic of love, the forgetfulness of self, which spends itself without measure, and gives itself without reserve."

If we cast a glance at the history of universities, we will find Catholic women associated with them not merely as students but as teachers. The Chronicles of Richard of Poitiers, speaking of Managoldus, remarks that his wife and daughters were highly educated and taught Sacred Scripture at the school of Lelano.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have some remarkable illustrations of position held by women in university life in Bologna, Padua and Pavia, world-famed universities of the Church. Among the teachers of Bologna we find the names of Prospera de Rossi, who taught Scripture; Marietta Tintoretto, daughter of the first Tintoretto, who taught painting; Novello d'Andrea, who took her father's place in class and taught canon law for ten years; Anna Manzolina was professor of anatomy; a woman succeeded Mezzoranti at Bologna, as teacher of Greek. Statues are erected to two women who taught botany in Bologna and Genoa. Maria Aronetti taught at Pavia. One of the famous teachers of the University of Padua was Helen Cornelia Bisopria, who proved herself worthy of the title of doctor of philosophy, which she received publicly in the Cathedral of Padua in 1678.

Maria Agnesi of Milan, who has given her name to the mathematical curve known as the witch of Agnesi, was elected to the Bologna Academy of Sciences; Pope Benedict XIV. de-

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clared that she was without question among the very first professors of analytics. The Pope in 1750, named her professor of mathematics at the University of Bologna, and when she demurred he assured her that Bologna had often heard, in its chairs, persons of her sex.

Mlle. Legardiere wrote a work which Guizot says is the most instructive now extant in ancient French law. Plantilla Brizio, a woman architect, built the chapel of St. Benedict in Rome. In the eighteenth century women took degrees in jurisprudence and philosophy in the Papal universities. Laura Bossi received the doctors degree at Bologna and was appointed professor in the Philosophical College, where for twenty-eight years she delivered public lectures on experimental philosophy, until her death in 1778. Vittoria Dolphina, Christina Roccati, Veronica Cambera and Tarquinia Molza are a few of the many women honored by university degrees.

These are but a few names selected at random from the long list of noted women whose learning was equalled by their sanctity of life and whose inspiration was in their Catholic faith. The story is interesting when we reconsider some of the deeds of women in the encouragement given to education by their interest and generosity. St. Elizabeth of Portugal induced her husband to found a university at Coimbra. The first regular professorship at Cambridge, the chair of divinity, was founded in 1502 by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, and of the Tudor line. She founded St. John's College and also Christ College. Pembroke College was endowed in the fourteenth century by the widow of the Earl of Pembroke. Clare College was endowed and named by

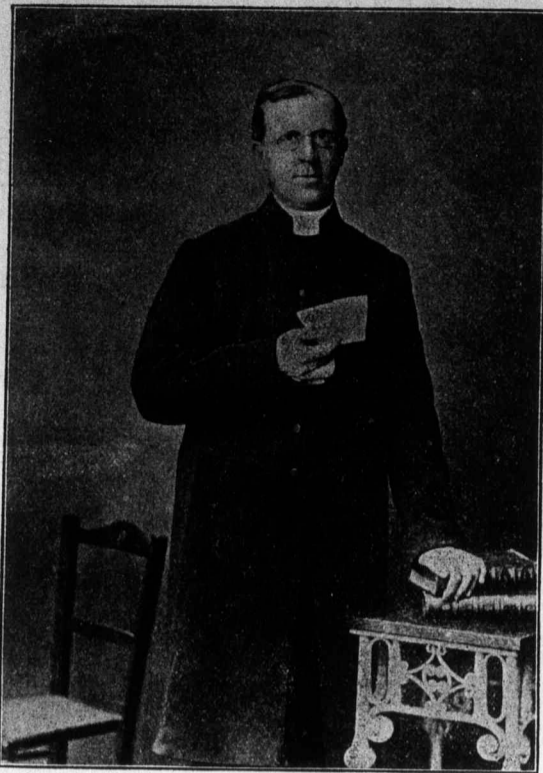
the Countess of Clare in 1338. Queens College was founded in 1448 by Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., who had founded King's College in 1441. Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., and a friend of Margaret, completed her work.

Under the patronage and inspiration of the German Princess Matilda, daughter of Crown Prince Palatine Louis III., the University of Freiburg, in Breslau, was founded by her husband, Albert of Austria, and that of Tubingen by her son, Eberhard von Wurtemberg.

Appropos of those deeds of generosity, it may not be amiss to recall that the first founder of the Catholic University of America and the donor of Caldwell Hall was Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose magnificent gift made the University possible.

Trinity College is a monument to the generous deeds of the noble-hearted Catholic women of America. Fifteen centuries, therefore, find a glorious record of Catholic women in education. It is true that most of it has gone unrecorded. The world will never know how beneficent has been the simple, self-forgetful service of consecrated lives to God and the salvation of souls. Yet their works speak louder than words. We must not forget, moreover, the social and economic conditions which often precluded the possibility of a more general education of women in the last few centuries. When the times demanded a more widespread education of the people, the Catholic Church gave inspiration and encouragement to Catholic women to aid in its revival and general diffusion.—Rt. Rev. T. J. Conerty, in the Catholic Mirror.

Honored By His Holiness.



The Holy Father has been pleased to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile, author of "The Triumph of Failure," "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege." His Holiness has also sent to Dr. Sheehan, through the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, a medal in recognition of the services rendered to religion by his writings.

Rev. Dr. Sheehan books, "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege" are known to many readers of the "True Witness" no doubt. In "Luke Delmege" the following graphic pen picture of an eviction is furnished:—

"It was heartrending to witness it—this cold, callous precision of the law. The quiet disruption of the little household; the removal, bit by bit, of the furniture; the indifference with which the bailiffs flung out objects consecrated by the memories of generations, and broke them and mutilated them, made this sensitive and impressionable people wild with anger. In every Irish farmer's house, the appointments are as exactly identical as if all had been ordered, in some far-off time, from the same emporium, and under one invoice. And when the people saw the rough deal chairs, the settle, the ware, the little pious pictures, the beds with their hangings, flung out in the field each felt that his own turn had come, and that he suffered a personal and immediate injury. And Father Cussen had the greatest difficulty in restraining their angry passions from flaming up into riot, that would bring them into immediate and deadly conflict with the forces of the Crown. As yet, however, the inmates had not appeared. There was an interval of great suspense; and then Will McNamara, a splendid, stalwart young farmer, came forth, the cradle of the youngest child in his arms. He was bleeding from the forehead; and the people, divining what had taken place, raised a shout of anger and defiance, and rushed toward the house. The police moved up hastily, and Father Cussen beat back the people. But they surged to and from on the outer line of the cordons; and the young English officer threw away his cigarette, and drew in the long, thin line of the soldiers. In a few moments Lizzie came forth, holding one child in her arms, and a younger at her breast. Following her was her husband again, still bleeding from the forehead, and with two frightened children clinging to him. Lastly, Luke Delmege appeared. The sight of the old man, so loved and respected in the parish, as he came forth from the dark framework of the cottage door, his white hair tossed wildly down on his face, and streaming on his neck, and his once stalwart frame bent and broken with sorrow, roused the people to absolute fury. They cursed between their teeth, the women weeping hysterically; and a deep, low moan echoed far down the thick, dark masses that stretched along the road and filled the ditches on either hand. For over two hundred years the Delmege had owned Lismalee—a grand race, with grand traditions of an unstained escutcheon and an unspotted name. And now, as the last member of the hon-

ored family came forth, an outcast from his father's home, and stood on the threshold he should never cross again, it seemed as if the dread Angel of Ireland, the Fate, that is ever pursuing her children, stood by him; and, in his person, drove out his kindred and his race. The old man stood for a moment hesitating. He then lifted his hands to God; and kneeling down he kissed reverentially the sacred threshold, over which generations of his dead had been taken, over which he had passed to his baptism, over which he had led his young, trembling bride, over which he had followed her hallowed remains. It was worn and polished with the friction of the centuries; but so bitter a tear had never fallen on it before. Then raising himself up to his full height, he kissed the lintel of the door, and then the two doorposts. He lingered still; he seemed loath to leave. And the bailiffs, growing impatient, pushed him rudely forward. Weak and exhausted, the old man stumbled and fell. An angry scream broke from the people, and a few stones were flung. And Luke, who had been watching the whole melancholy drama with a bursting heart, broke away from Father Martin, and forcing his way beyond the cordon of soldiers, he rushed toward the house, crying in a voice broken with sobs and emotion, 'Father! Father!'

"As a river bursts through its dam, sweeping all before it, the crowd surged after him, breaking through every obstacle. The police, taken by surprise, fell away; but a young sub-inspector rode swiftly after Luke, and getting in front, he wheeled around, and rudely striking the young priest across the breast with the broad flat of his naked sword, he shouted:—

"Get back, sir! get back! We must maintain law and order here!"

"For a moment Luke hesitated, his habitual self-restraint calculating all the consequences. Then, a whirlwind of Celtic rage, all the greater for having been pent up so long, swept away every consideration of prudence; and with his strong hand tearing the weapon from the hands of the young officer, he smashed it into fragments across his knees, and flung them, blood-stained from his own fingers, into the officer's face. At the same moment a young girlish form burst from the crowd, and leaping lightly on the horse, she tore the young officer to the ground. It was Mona, the fisherman's sunny-haired child, now grown a young Amazon, from her practice with the oar and helm, and the strong, kind buffeting from wind and waves. The horse reared and pranced wildly. This saved the young officer's life. For the infuriated crowd were kept back for a moment. Then the soldiers and police charged up; and with baton and bayonet drove back the people to the shelter of the ditch. Here, safely entrenched, the latter sent a volley of stones flying over their assailants' heads, that drove them back to safe shelter. In the pause in the conflict, the resident magistrate rode up and read the Riot Act.

"Now," he said, folding the paper coolly, and placing it in his pocket, "the first stone that is thrown I shall order my men to fire!"

"It is quite impossible, however, that the people would have disregarded the threat, so infuriated were they; but their attention was just then diverted by a tiny spurt of smoke, that broke from the thatch of Lismalee Cottage. For a moment they thought it was an accident; but the smell of burning petroleum and the swift way in which the flames caught the whole roof and enveloped it in a sheet of fire undeceived them. It was the irrevocable decree of the landlord. It was the sowing with salt; the flat that never again should bread be broken or eyelid closed on that hallowed spot. The solemnity of the tragedy hushed people, police, and soldiers into silence. Silently they watched the greedy flame eat up thatch and timber, and cast its refuse into a black, thick volume of smoke, that rolled across the sea, which darkened and shuddered beneath it. Then, there was a mighty crash as the heavy rafters fell in a burst of smoke, and flame, and sparks; and the three gables, smoke-blackened, flame-scorched, stood gaping to the sky."

ONE DAY IN A PRIEST'S LIFE!

On the train stepped the Rev. Thomas Sullivan, rosy, plump, smiling, as it rushed up to the little suburban station. Entering the crowded car and seeing only one vacant seat, with a courteous "By your leave" he sank into it with a sigh of content.

Then, as he turned to deposit his bag at his feet, a look of recognition overspread his jolly, rubicund face, and he extended his soft, white hand to the other occupant of the seat.

That other—a grave, austere gentleman—took the hand and shook it limply.

"Now, how fortunate I am," began Father Sullivan, "to meet you again. I have a good hour in which to renew our controversy of yesterday and prove to you that you are wrong and I am right."

The Rev. Jonas Clarke, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the pretty New Jersey town the two clerics were quitting, smiled faintly as he replied: "Indeed, Father Sullivan, I would that we had two hours in which I could demonstrate to you your errors."

Father Sullivan threw back his head and laughed—a good, round, hearty laugh—the laugh that does good to the man who laughs and to him who hears. Then he wiped the tears from his twinkling eyes and said, with just a suspicion of brogue in his rich, unctuous voice: "Now, my good brother"—the Rev. Jonas Clarke slightly winced—"suppose we leave all theological discussions. Let us forget that we are Presbyterian and Catholic. Let us be just two good fellows and have a nice visit between here and New York. After all, religious friends, as I trust we are."

To this truce the Rev. Mr. Clarke agreed, and thereafter the two clergymen chatted amiably on various topics and reached Jersey City without having their good-nature ruffled.

The two stood on the deck of the ferry-boat crossing the river. It was a glorious winter morning. The sun gilded every spire and tower of the phantom-like city lying before them. Soft clouds, fleecy, rose flushed, hung over it. The sky was dazzlingly blue. It was an exquisite and captivating picture.

"I am thankful to be alive," said the Rev. Jonas; "my heart is singing hymns of joy."

"And so is mine," said "Father Tom," as he was familiarly called by his parishioners. Then turning, he looked at his companion quizzically. "Ah, my friend," he said, "though we may differ on theological tenets, when it comes to praise and thanksgiving, when it comes to prayer, we are very close together."

The boat touched the wharf, creaked and groaned like a soul in pain. The clergyman followed the crowd across the plank, up through the ferry house and to the bustling, noisy street, where the two separated with kindly farewells.

"Remember what I tell you," said "Father Tom," lifting a chubby forefinger, "when we come to pray, or, my brother, we are not very far apart."

The tall, stern-faced clergyman

looked down into the eyes of the priest with deep scrutiny. "It may be," he said, with something of an effort, "it may be that you are right, Father Sullivan; God knows."

"Think it over," said "Father Tom," patting his arm encouragingly, "and let me know if you come to agree with me. Good-bye."

"Father Tom" was glad to get back to the comfortable rectory. In his absence over Sunday to fill a vacant pulpit in New Jersey he had occasion to miss his cozy study, with its cheerful, open fire, its books and pictures. His thoughtful housekeeper had the tiny round table drawn up to the snapping blaze and the hot coffee and his mail awaiting him.

As the priest sipped the fragrant cup his eye caught a letter bearing a foreign stamp and addressed in a scrawling, illiterate hand. He picked it up and studied the postmark. It was from his own little native town on the banks of the Shannon. He tore it open.

The writer begged him to forgive her for bothering his reverence, but her youngest child, her little Eileen, was "after starting for America." Would Father Sullivan meet the incoming steamer and look after the child until she was safe in the hands of her aunt, Mary Ellen Duffy, who would be "after giving her a home" and help her to a situation? And might all the blessed saints reward him!

It was signed by a name "Father Tom" quickly recalled, the name of an old neighbor and friend of his mother. Memories thronged thick and fast about the priest. He saw again the quaint little village in the Emerald Isle, he heard the soft wharf whereon he played when a boy, and he smelled again the roses that climbed around his mother's humble cottage.

He started from his retrospection with a sigh and again took up the letter. He saw by its date it had been delayed, and then, looking down for the date on which the girl was to arrive in New York, was startled to find that it was this very day.

He hastily swallowed his coffee and got into his hat and overcoat. Going to the nearest telephone station, he called up the Barge Office and discovered that the steamer was even then coming up the bay.

Fortunately Father Sullivan's parish was not too distant from the emigrants' landing place, and in another hour the priest stood at the foot of the gangplank anxiously scanning every fresh, sweet young face that appeared.

There came presently a mere slip of a girl, with the color of wild roses, with eyes like stars, hair of the warm golden brown over which artists rave and lips of which poets dream.

"Are you Eileen O'Brien?" Father Sullivan asked for the fiftieth time.

"Yes, father," with a voice like a murmuring water and a timid little courtesy.

The good man, rejoiced at his find, led her aside and showed her her dear old mother's letter. The tears were brimming now in the glorious blue-gray eyes and almost running over.

"Come now, no homesickness," said the cheery little priest; "wait until I find Father Henry here in this crowd and ye shall go with him to the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, where ye'll be taken good care of till Mary Ellen Duffy shows up."

His words reached the ears of a painted, flashily-dressed woman nearby, who, in company with a man of dissipated appearance, was eagerly scrutinizing each girl as she passed.

She turned, looked at Eileen, whispered a word to her companion, then rushed over to the pretty immigrant and, throwing her arms about her, cried rapturously: "Oh, my dear little cousin, I've been worrying so about you. You remember me—Rose—your cousin—why, Mary Ellen Duffy's girl. Come right with me to my home."

"Hold on," said Father Tom, quietly. "This child does not go with any one but Mary Ellen Duffy."

"That's my mother," returned the woman, glibly. "She couldn't come, so sent me."

"Oho! She couldn't come?" said the priest, significantly. His eyes, usually so kindly and laughing, blazed now with righteous wrath as he stared coldly at the woman. "Come, Eileen," he said, and took her hand to lead her away.

The woman caught the girl by the arm. "You're to come with me," she said, imperiously. "Pay no attention to him."

"Take your hands off that child," said "Father Tom," in a dangerous tone. The woman looked at him for an instant, then, muttering some-

thing, fell back. Her companion started forward, but one look from the priest was enough. The two slunk away, and "Father Tom," seeing at a distance the gentle face of the director of the mission, took his charge to him and explained the situation.

Father Henry at once assumed care of the frightened girl, but Father Sullivan did not leave her until he saw her safe within the walls of the noble rescue mission, to await the advent of Mary Ellen Duffy.

It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon when "Father Tom" left the mission and started to walk up Broadway. The fat, rosy little priest swung along with so kindly a smile on his benevolent face that his passing was like a benediction. So absorbed was he as he mused upon the scenes he had witnessed at the dock that he did not remark the crowd that was hurriedly massing a few blocks ahead of him.

But as he came on he presently saw a man running toward him and frantically beckoning him: "Quick, father," he gasped, as he came with hailing distance, "quick! Poor Dick Egan has fallen from a scaffolding, and he's dying, father," his voice broke in a sob.

The crowd made way respectfully for the priest, whose rosy face had gone quite white. Something huddled and mangled lay upon the stones of the street. A fellow-workman held a head upon his knees. Two or three stalwart policemen stood keeping the crowd back.

The good father fell upon his knees and took the nerveless hand. He inclined his ear to the husky whisper of that passing soul. From his pocket he brought the carved crucifix and lifted it before the man. "Look on this, Richard, look on this," he murmured.

It was one of the sublime and wonderful scenes which are enacted almost daily in a vast city. Policemen, workmen and other onlookers suddenly uncovered at the sight.

Among those who, overwhelmed and impressed, knelt and prayed earnestly for the soul that was starting on its strange, lone journey was a tall, loosely-jointed, austere man clad in solemn black. He joined his great hands, reddened with the cold, and, closing his eyes, prayed humbly that God would receive that poor soul, called so unexpectedly into the presence of its Maker.

When "Father Tom" rose from his knees and turned to go his eyes, brimming with tears, rested on this gaunt, awkward man, who was still kneeling and silently praying. The priest waited a moment.

The Rev. Jonas rose from his knees and wiped the tears from his thin cheeks. "Father Tom" crossed to him and, touching him gently on the arm, said:

"When it comes to prayer, my brother, we are very close together."

The Rev. Jonas could not speak, but he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the other and gripped it hard. And then, arm in arm, linked like brothers, the tall, austere clergyman and the little kindly-faced priest hastily passed, with faces on which lingered a nameless transfiguring light, through the hushed and saddened throng.—Edith Sessions Tupper, in New York Herald.

Church and State in Italy.

(From the New Century.)

In an interview accorded by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, to the "Giornale d'Italia," His Eminence referred to the relations between Church and State in Italy with considerable candor. His attitude towards this all-important question is fully in accord with his recent public utterances. He went on to claim for the Holy Father and the Church the same immunity from insults that is accorded to the head of the State. That the Italian Government is notoriously indifferent to written and spoken insults upon the Holy Father is well known to all who are acquainted with the Radical organs in the Peninsula. But it is when the Archbishop discusses the possibility of compromise between Vatican and Quirinal that his remarks are most weighty. The problem might, he thinks, be solved by keeping entirely separate the high central organization of the Church—the Holy See—and the purely local organization that only concerns the people of Italy themselves. He would have guaranteed to the former absolute autonomy and independence, whilst to the Church in Italy he would give the "greatest possible protection and consideration, as far as is compatible with the fundamental liberties which form the basis of our civil institutions. In short, firm and fair defense of the

rights of the State, aiming only at the improvement of civil society, but without any shadow of provocation and without questions of debit and credit. Time, which solves, bends and conciliates everything, will do the rest." These practical suggestions, coming from so responsible an ecclesiastic as Cardinal Ferrari, if only on the ground that they bear witness to the existence of a real desire on the part of a section of the Italian Episcopate to bring to an end a situation which occasions so much inconvenience to all parties concerned, are noteworthy.

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NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its present session by the Lake Champlain & St. Lawrence Ship Canal Company for an act declaring the corporate powers of the Company to be in full force and extending the time for the completion of the construction of the Canal and amending the Company's Act in such respects as may be necessary for its purposes.

LAJOIE & LACOSTE,
 Attorneys for the Company.
 Montreal, Feb. 8th, 1902.

NOTICE.

The Montreal & Southern Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its present session, for an act extending the delay for the construction of its Railway, enabling the Company to use any motive power; to make connections with other railways on the Island of Montreal and elsewhere; to make agreements with other companies; to construct, maintain and operate vessels, vehicles, elevators, warehouses, docks, wharves and other buildings, and to dispose of the same, and amending the Company's Act in such respects as may be necessary for its purposes.

LAJOIE & LACOSTE,
 Attorneys for the Company.
 Montreal, Feb. 8th, 1902.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 855.—Dame Emma Savage, of the parish of St. Martin, District of Montreal, has this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, J. Pierre Marchildon, of the same place.

PIOHE & CORDEAU,
 Attorneys of Plaintiff.
 Montreal, 17th Feb., 1902.

SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS.

Users of BROSIE'S "XXX" Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in fine gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BROSIE & HARVEY, 10 & 12 Bleury St., Montreal.

BURNED TO DEATH.

The fifteen year old son of Mrs. Dunn, a widow living three miles northwest of Westboro, Mo., was burned to death, the other day. Lightning had set fire to the barn, and in trying to remove the live stock therefrom the lad was caught beneath the debris of the burning structure and, despite the efforts of the neighbors to rescue him lost his life.

ATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902

IRISH

Long years have passed since a child, I heard it, The Irish tongue, so full of memory oft, like sweetest music, Recalls my mother's fond machree."

When pain or grief oppresses how caressing, Her soft "Alanna," as my hair; What other tongue hath fond endearment, That can with these in compare?

Acushla! sure the hurt was healing, That was not soothed by fond term was heard; Asthore! the pulses of my coding, Would thrill responsive to ing word.

OUR BO

WHEN GRANDMOTHERS LITTLE GIRLS

"When Grandmothers girls O, how they used to see We see their patient sit In many a weary row; The sampler and the tag The long and patient When Grandmothers girls We do not envy them!

"O, was there ever time Or ever time to play? Or time for living out The whole bright summer O, was there time for To row or skate a mile These stitches must have A long and weary while

When Grandmothers girls, No doubt their industry Brought them much patience, whose Good fruits we still find No doubt the skill with day, You serve your tennis Is owing to your Grand Not having played at

WHAT BOYS SHOW First: Be true, be generous is worth anything not include this; a man not learn a letter of the and be true to intention rather than being learned the sciences and in all ages; to be at the same in heart and counterfeited

Second: Be self-reliant; even from early be industrious always supporting at the early age. All honest work and an idle useless life once on others is disgraced

When a boy has things, however young however poor, however learned some of the things to know when he becomes

BRAVERY REWARDED

12th instant, there came fax, the following very piece of news:—

"A young boy saved express, which was due last night, from a terrible fire. As he was walking along the north of the Grand Trunk, he noticed that at a curve one of the rails was broken and the track was bound side by a lake. The boy knew what to do, but thought himself of a had in his pocket, and the track to meet the late it was late, and it came he set the new and waved it at the engine fortunately saw signal and stopped in were 150 passengers and if the boy had not did, they might possibly killed."

The name of the boy borne, and it is with glee of pleasure that who has read of this will learn that the Railway authorities present the lad with for a good sum of money and a life pass. A good, a noble, a s always sure to have This action on the part

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

IRISH LOVE-WORDS!

(By Catherine Higgins.)

Long years have passed since, when a child, I heard it, The Irish tongue, so full of melody; Yet memory oft, like strains of sweetest music, Recalls my mother's fond "Agra machree."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHEN GRANDMOTHERS WERE LITTLE GIRLS.

"When Grandmothers were little girls O, how they used to sew! We see their patient stitches still In many a weary row; The sampler and the tapestry, The long and patient hem— When Grandmothers were little girls We do not envy them!

"O, was there ever time to nod? Or ever time to play? Or time for living out of doors The whole bright summer day? O, was there time for tennis, To row or skate a mile? These stitches must have taken such A long and weary while!"

When Grandmothers were little girls, No doubt their industry Brought them much strength and patience, whose Good fruits we still may see; No doubt the skill with which to-day, You serve your tennis ball, Is owing to your Grandmothers Not having played at all!

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.—First: Be true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this; a man had better not learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true to intention and action rather than being learned in all the sciences and in all the languages; to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life.

Second: Be self-reliant and self-helpful; even from early childhood; be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. All honest work is honorable, and an idle useless life of independence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, however young he may be, however poor, however rich, he has learned some of the things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

BRAVERY REWARDED.—On the 12th instant, there came from Halifax, the following very interesting piece of news:—

"A young boy saved the St. John express, which was due here at 7.15 last night, from a terrible accident. As he was walking about a mile north of the Grand Lake station he noticed that at a curve of the track one of the rails was broken. At this point the track is bounded on each side by a lake. The boy did not know what to do, but finally he thought himself of a newspaper he had in his pocket, and went along the track to meet the train. Fortunately it was late, and when he heard it come he set the newspaper on fire and waved it at the train. The engineer fortunately saw the burning signal and stopped in time. There were 150 passengers on the train, and if the boy had not acted as he did, they might possibly have been killed."

The name of the boy is Gerald Osborne; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that every person, who has read of this heroic action, will learn that the Intercolonial Railway authorities have decided to present the lad with a cheque for a good sum of money and to accord him a life pass over the road. A good, a noble, a generous deed is always sure to have its reward. This action on the part of the

SNAP SHOTS AT THE BUSY WORLD!

CANADIAN FISH.—The Canadian fisheries department has recently sent a consignment of salmon to be placed in some of the Tasmanian streams. It is hoped that the same signal success will follow this experiment as was experienced with the eggs of Canadian trout which have been sent to Tasmania, and from which fish scaling over ten pounds have frequently been caught.

RAILWAY TRAVEL.—Some street railway experts have drawn up an interesting table setting forth the number of passengers using per year some of the most important termini in the world. Here it is: Grand Central, New York, 14,000,000; South Union, Boston, 23,100,000; North Union, Boston, 23,108,000; Broad street, London, 27,000,000; Park street, subway, Boston, 27,400,000; Waterloo, London, 28,695,000; St. Lazare, Paris, 42,062,000; Liverpool street, Liverpool, 44,377,000.

NEGRO LAND OWNERS.—Seven thousand negroes in the Creek Nation own 1,120,000 acres of land. Under any form of government which would permit of improvements being made this land would sell in the open market for an average of \$20 an acre. The wealth of these 7,000 negroes can, therefore, be safely estimated at \$22,000,000.

HITTING BACK.—Germany's new tariff on sewing machines, which varies from \$6 to \$9, will reduce the value of American exports of machines to that country about \$1,000,000 a year.

THE ARTIFICIAL SILE.—Thirty millions of artificial teeth are used each year.

OUR COFFEE.—Havre, France, is the world's largest coffee market. The amount of that commodity in its warehouses seldom falls below 2,000,000 bags.

CANADA HUSTLING.—Canada has offered 38 square miles of land to the Welsh colony in Patagonia, which has been unable to eke out existence there.

TO HELP THE POOR.—Glasgow has decided to seek Parliamentary powers to borrow \$3,750,000 to build houses for the poor. This sum will build 400 tenements of three stories, accommodating 3,600 families.

COCOA NOW.—Owing to the tax on cocoa being but a penny a pound while that on tea is six pence, the former beverage is rapidly gaining in popularity in England. A further tax on cocoa is now suggested.

INSOLENT BURGLARS.—Burglars at Indianapolis, before leaving a store they had broken into, called the police by telephone and reported the break. Then they escaped.

CONSOLING TO SULTANS.—Of the 38 Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, 34 have died violent deaths.

SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC.—A patient statistician estimates that the smallpox epidemic has cost London \$5,000,000. Not one word about the cost in human life.

A LESSON.—Out of every 100 pounds of paper manufactured in the world only six pounds are made into books.

SOME OF THE BOOKS.—Berlin's black book, the criminal record kept by the police, now consists of 37 volumes containing 21,000 photographs of criminals of all classes.

TELLING TIME.—The natives of Liberia, in Africa, have no clocks. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time.

Household Notes.

SEASONING OF FOOD.—In the dining room of a down-town hotel on a recent evening, two men sat at table with their wives. They have sat for months every evening at that same table and gossiped while they ate. On this evening the men, rebelling, had forbidden gossip, and conversation lagged. At last, in despair, one of the women exclaimed: "Well, if you can't talk anything else, talk shop!"

"With pleasure, my dear!" replied her husband, and added to the other man: "Doctor, why do we put salt in our meat? Is it merely a matter of taste?"

The physician's reply, which was voted better than gossip even by the women, developed into something of a lecture or an answer-to-queries talk, reports the "Chicago Tribune." This is some of it:

"Why do we take salt with meat, and more with mutton than with beef, with pheasant than with partridge, with rabbit than with hare, with whiting than with mackerel?"

"Well, there are two chief salts in our flesh and blood and the supply has to be kept up. These are potassium salts and sodium salts. There is sufficient of the former in food we eat, but not of the latter. We therefore have to add the sodium salts in the form of common salt, which is sodium chloride.

"Another reason why we eat common salt is that a certain quantity of hydrochloric acid is needed by the stomach for the purposes of digestion, and also to kill the microbes we swallow. This acid is manufactured in the stomach from hydrogen and the chlorine of the salt. We take more salt with some kinds of meat than with others because some naturally contain less than others."

"Why do we take vinegar with salad and sometimes with cabbage?"

"Raw vegetables are easily enough digested by cows and horses, but with great difficulty by the human stomach, because they contain the hard, fibrous substances—cellulose. Cabbage contains such a quantity of this stuff that, even when boiled, it is almost quite indigestible. You will probably never meet a cabbage eater who does not complain of dyspepsia. But acids dissolve cellulose, and vinegar is an acid. That is why we take it with salad and cabbage; and doubtless that is why it tastes so well, for the palate is an excellent judge of what is good for the stomach. Oil or cream is added for the good reason that it protects the stomach from the biting acid.

"Some people take butter with porridge, some take sugar, some take milk, and some take butter-milk. The two latter classes alone are gastronomically wise.

"Our bodies need a certain quantity of nitrogenous and a certain quantity of carbonaceous foods. The porridge does not contain sufficient of the former, and the deficiency is admirably supplied by skimmed milk or buttermilk. Sugar and butter are useless for the purpose. But the butter is wanted, too, to a small extent, for neither the porridge nor the skimmed milk has enough fat. The best of all ways to take porridge, and by far the nicest when you get used to it, is to boil the oatmeal in buttermilk and eat it with cream."

"Why do we take pepper, mustard, and other spices?"

"They tickle the glands of the stomach and make them work. Consequently they produce an abundant supply of digestive juices. They also stir up the liver—a necessary function in the case of people who live sedentary lives. The less craving you have for spices the stronger are your digestive organs. But as you advance in years you will do well to call in the aid of the spices whether you desire them or not.

CARE OF THE FEET.—If women would bestow half the care upon their feet that they do upon their faces and hands, there would be little work for the chiropodists and a great deal of comfort for the women. Because their feet are out of sight a great many women think their care can be neglected, and then wonder why a walk of a mile tires and exhausts them. Of course, the feet are not always to blame, but they are very often. Many complaints that women suffer from for years are due to tight shoes and high heels. Proper circulation of the blood is prevented, while headaches, dizziness, shortness of breath and lameness are often caused through neglecting to care for the feet. Few things cause more torture than the wearing of shoes that are too small. A shoe that will allow every toe to have a place without lying on the top of the next one is the first es-

sential to comfort and the proper care of the feet. Then, at least three times a week, or oftener, when possible, the feet should be bathed and rubbed. About once a week the nails should be looked to, and every night before retiring the toes should be stretched out and the feet rubbed for about five minutes. Especially is this to be advocated if the feet are at all cold. When the feet are tired, a salt water foot-bath is excellent for resting them. For feet that perspire unpleasantly, water containing a little borax will be found excellent, and after a thorough drying and an alcohol rub the feet should be well powdered with boracic acid talcum powder. A little of this powder should also be sprinkled about the soles of both shoes and stockings. Corns are, fortunately, infirmities which can be removed. If the corn is a new formation, pumice-stone rubbed on it, or on any other callous flesh, will remove it. If, however, it is of long standing and tender, make a poultice of soft bread and vinegar (let the bread soak in the vinegar for about an hour) and apply it at night to the corn; in the morning soak the foot in warm water for about ten minutes, and the corn will be easy to remove. Change the stockings daily, and, when possible, the shoes as well. Both stockings and shoes will last longer by this change and the feet will be incessantly benefited.

Notes From Scotland.

A GOOD SPIRIT.—From the London "Universe" we take the following items:—A great deal of independent research is being carried on here now-a-days by our Protestant brethren into the condition of the people in Catholic times, and when they go about their task in no narrow sectarian spirit the Catholic Church is placed in a light which can be nothing but pleasing to her sons. At a meeting of the Archaeological Society held on Thursday last, Mr. John Edwards, F.S.A., Scotland, read a paper on the Greyfriars and their first house in Scotland. The paper dealt with the arrival of the Franciscans in 1224, and described the means and method of the missionaries of the middle ages, and their success in bringing religion to the doors of the poor in towns. They made their first settlement in Scotland in 1231 under John de Kethene, and monasteries were founded in Berwick-on-Tweed (then a Scottish town), Dumfries, Roxboro, Dundee, Lanark, Inverleithen, and Kirkcudbright. The paper was very interesting, and the learned body gave Mr. Edwards a vote of thanks at its conclusion.

ARCHBISHOP EYRE, whose recovery we chronicled some weeks ago, has had a serious relapse — so serious indeed that his medical attendant advised the administration of the Last Sacraments. Happily, however, the latest advices are that His Grace has somewhat recovered, though those in attendance still regard his condition as somewhat critical. Meanwhile silent prayers are going up throughout the diocese that His Grace will make a happy recovery.

ILLNESS AMONGST CLERGY.—Father Muller, of Langloan, who has been working rather hard of late, with the result that he has run down, and has been ordered to Shandon Hydropathic, to recuperate. We are also very sorry to hear that Father Clay's strength has also given way, and that he is seriously indisposed. This is the more to be regretted as Father Houlihan, the respected pastor of Lambhill, whose illness was recorded in this column some short time ago, is not as yet completely convalescent.

Widespread sorrow was created in Coatbridge on Monday last, when it became known that the Very Rev. Canon McCay, M.R., of St. Patrick's, had a relapse in Rothesay the previous day. Later news is none too bright, and the congregation are in a state of sorrowful expectancy.

If you do not send the light of good deeds before you in life, you will find yourselves in darkness at death.

Let prayer never leave your hearts, and the grace and mercy of God will never leave your souls.

ABOUT FRUIT.—Germany has imported as much as \$10,000,000 worth of apples in one year and \$2,500,000 worth of pears.

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SEE PAGE ONE FOR RATES

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE Times of Queen Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon.

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.

On arriving at our lodging in the Strand, to our surprise we found a boy fast asleep on the doorstep. It was Johnny, the son of an old waterman named Bill Bell; who kept our boat for us. The lad informed me that he had been waiting there some hours for me; his sister was worse, and his father had sent him to beg good Mr. Windsor to go round that same evening. I had of late been attending some of the poor about St. Catherine's docks, in the neighborhood of the Tower, and the boatman, as well as the dock laborers and porters, mostly a rough lot of people, thought a great deal of me, more because I gave my advise gratis, sometimes supplementing it with an alms, than because of any great skill I had manifested as a physician. The girl in question was dying of consumption, and the whole college of physicians, could not have stopped the progress of the disease; yet as the doctor's visit is always a consolation to the poor, I willingly accompanied the boy to his home on this errand of mercy. But first I bade him wait a moment, while I got some physic for his sister going indoors I fetched a bottle of good wine, wrapped a warm cloak around me, bade Tichbourne good-night, and sallied forth again into the darkness.

I was glad to find that the boy had moored his boat at our garden steps, which ran down to the river, for I had no fancy for the narrow, dirty lanes of the city, that swarmed at night with all manner of disreputable people. The current of the river soon carried us to a landing place close to a dilapidated house, whose walls, supported on wooden posts, bulged out over the water. There my youthful ferryman made the boat fast to an iron ring, while I, glanced upwards to the narrow window of the chamber where the sick girl lay, whence a feeble light proceeded. Little did I think how precious that wretched low roofed garret would be to me before three months had come and gone!

"Maud expects us," Johnny said, pointing up to the window, then laying hold of a rope that hung from the lower room, he tugged at it violently, calling out: "He has come, father!"

Immediately a trap-door just above our heads was opened, and a rope ladder was let down, which Johnny attached firmly to a post, and down it clambered Bill Bell himself, an unappetizing figure, who might have been the ferry man of Cocytus described by Virgil: "Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento, Canities inculta iuncta."

Foul and unsightly, on whose chin the grey hair thick and unkempt. But unlike the boatman of Hades, the old man looked goodnature itself; wiping away with the back of his hand a tear which hung on his eyelashes, he expressed his pleasure and gratitude for my visit.

"By my troth," he said, "I am truly thankful to you, sir, and still more my poor child yonder, who is fast passing away. God reward you, Doctor, and if ever you need a service that old Bell can render you, he will rather let himself be torn in pieces than fail you. So all I carry you to shore, sir, or will you climb the ladder?"

I naturally chose the latter means of reaching my destination, and was soon in the room where the remainder of the family were consuming supper of salt fish.

"We must take our meals when we can," the old man remarked, as he kindled a lamp, to light me up the somewhat shaky stairs to the chamber above. There I found the poor girl in a high fever, struggling for breath, on a straw pallet by the window.

"Oh you have come, Mr. Windsor," she exclaimed "I thought the angel of whom you told me had come to call me away."

"I should have come long ago," I explained, "but I had gone into the country and I have only just returned. Take a little of this good physic I have brought you. Do you like it? Mind, only one spoonful every hour."

"It is delicious," the sufferer answered, sipping the wine I had pour-

ed out for her. "But it was not so much for the sake of your medicine that I wanted you to come, but that you might repeat to me that beautiful prayer about the angel guardian, and the Blessed Mother of God, and the five wounds of the Saviour. Because one of the young preachers from St. Paul's was here, and first he scolded father for making him scramble up what he called a break-neck ladder, then he read a lot of prayers to me out of a book, that I could not understand and that did me no good. Now the prayers you said made me sorry for what I have done wrong, and quite resigned to the will of God."

Accordingly, I said a few prayers by the child's bedside, the old man kneeling meanwhile by the door, the tears trickling down his weather beaten face. I promised to come again on the following evening, and he rowed me back, pulling vigorously against the ebbing tide.

"After all," he said as he bade me good night, "there is nothing like the old religion to comfort the dying."

CHAPTER IX.—The next morning, when I went down into the little garden that lay between the house and the river's bank, I found Tichbourne in a very different mood to that of the preceding evening. The fair spring morning and the bright sunshine had had the effect of raising his spirits. We sat down to our breakfast, which consisted of mullled ale and a dish of ham and eggs; before we had finished, Babington made his appearance attired in his finest toggery. He wore a skyblue velvet doublet slashed with white, and over it a crimson velvet cloak edged with silverlace; a small lace ruff and a gold chain adorned his neck; in a word, from the feather upon his new hat to the red leather shoes upon his feet, his toilette was perfect. I must acknowledge that never was a smarter young nobleman in the streets of London, for his pleasant face and bright eyes were right comely to look upon.

We began to tease him, asking whether he was going to Court, to cut out Sir Walter Raleigh, who at that time was the acknowledged favorite of the Queen. Babington said he did not covet the honor of being the last recipient of her fickle favor. He had only dressed himself properly that Walsingham might see that all the Catholic gentry were not obliged to go about in rags. He told me I must put on my best clothes for the same reason.

I could not consent to dress as gaily as Babington. I put on a black velvet doublet and a dark blue cloak, as more becoming to a member of the medical profession; I also let myself be persuaded to wear a pleated ruff of Tichbourne's round my neck, and his gold-handled rapier at my side. Thus accoutred, we set forth, Tichbourne wishing us God speed on our errand.

We soon reached Walsingham's residence, an unpicturesque dwelling in comparison to Burghley House, the Lord Treasurer's mansion, near to which it was situated, but sufficiently imposing in contrast to the generality of London houses. Thanks to our fine clothes and Babington's assumption of authority, the sentries, who stood leaning on their halberds, let us pass without a word. The porter asked our names and called a young man, one Robert Pooley by name, a man of good birth and pleasing address, who was giving his services to Walsingham as unsalaried secretary, whilst waiting for a post under government. I knew the young fellow by sight quite well, having often met him at various places of amusement. Babington seemed to be intimately acquainted with him; they greeted one another in the friendliest manner. I was introduced, and Pooley expressed himself as greatly delighted. He asked in what way he could be of service to us; when he heard that we desired an interview with the Secretary of State, he said: "There are about a dozen petitioners already waiting in the ante-chamber, and some of them are influential persons. Besides, there is a meeting of the Privy Council at Lord Burghley's at 11 o'clock. But we must manage it somehow. I will take you into the private ante-room and

announce your names to the Lord Secretary of State; one must let one's friends see that one is willing to be of use to them, and that one has got a little influence at headquarters."

Thereupon he conducted us through an office, in which a dozen clerks were busy writing, into a small cabinet, drew two arm-chairs up to a table on which lay writing materials, and requested us to write on a sheet of paper our petition for an audience, together, with both our names. This he carried in to Walsingham before the ink was dry, and speedily returned with the tidings that the minister would be most happy to receive us in a few minutes' time.

We were, in fact, scarcely kept waiting at all, before we were ushered into Walsingham's presence. I was quite taken by surprise at the friendly manner in which he received us. He wore a simple black robe, without any other ornament than a gold chain with a likeness of the Queen. As he stood by the door bowing politely, he slightly raised the black velvet cap from his head, which was quite grey and nearly bald at the top, taking our measure meanwhile with a rapid searching glance. Then he came forward smiling, and shook our hands heartily in both of his.

"It gives me great pleasure to make your acquaintance, noble sirs," he said. Then addressing me, he continued: "So you are the famous Babington, whose skill in all knightly sports is the talk of London, so that his renown has even reached the Queen's ears. Only the other day she asked me, how it was that the young gentleman had never made his appearance at Court?"

I of course excused myself, and presented my companion, as the Babington of whom he had heard. "How foolish of me," he exclaimed, "I might have known it, from the elegance and costliness of his attire! I beg pardon a thousand times! I find myself getting more stupid every day, and I really must beg Her Majesty to transfer the burden and responsibility of my office to younger and more able shoulders. Here we have a typical young courtier before us! You have traveled sir, if I mistake not, you have been in Paris? Ah, I thought as much. There is nothing like the Court of Catharine of Medicis to give a man style and polish. Our nobles here are good enough in their way, capital officers, bold sea-captains, but at Court as uncouth and awkward as can be.—And this then is Mr. Windsor, who studied at Padua with such brilliant success, and whose poetic talent has already won for him a wreath of laurels. Do not blush, sir, I only repeat what I have heard. God knows, I never have time to take a book of poetry in my hand much less to realize the aspirations of my youth, when, as Horace says:

"Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inares, Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!" (But if you count me among the lyric poets,

With my lofty head I shall smite the stars.)

Ha, ha, one has to knock one's pate against something very different to the stars when one gets older. Please to step into my poor study, gentlemen."

Thus saying, Walsingham led us into his private room, and it were readily be understood that we were highly delighted at meeting with a reception so utterly unlike what we had expected. The compliments were paid to my companion greatly increased his sense of importance, and I will not deny that the incense offered at my shrine made me see everything through a rose-colored haze. Not until some months later did I perceive that his intention was to throw dust in our eyes, so as to draw us simpletons more easily into his net.

Walsingham begged us to sit down in his room, and seated himself at a table which was covered with documents and papers of all kinds. He continued for several minutes to speak of the pleasure our visit gave him. It came out that Babington's father and he had been fellow students at King's College, Cambridge; they had known each other very well, he said, but Babington had been far the better scholar of the two. It was a pity, he con-

tinued, that he had never been able to reconcile himself to the new political situation. "And that seems to be the case with you two young gentlemen, is it not so? You still cannot make up your minds to attend divine worship as established by Her Majesty? What a pity! I am really very sorry for it. You are shutting yourselves off from every position of influence. It appears to me most impolitic and unnecessary."

"It does involve the greatest sacrifices on our part," I remarked, "sacrifices which we certainly should not make, were they not imposed on us by our conscience."

"Alas, my young friend, that is your mistake. If Her Majesty required us to do anything unchristian, I should not wonder at your opposition; but this is only a question of degree, of different forms of one common Christianity, a matter upon which every ruler has the right to decide, as is now generally acknowledged. Look at Germany, there the maxim has long been accepted: "Cuius regio, ejus at religio." Who rules the state, must its creed dictate. You know the old saying: When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do. Well, then, when you are in England, do as the English do. We are Englishmen, not Romans, therefore our Christianity should be that of England, not of Rome. It would be delightful, if we were all of one faith. But for that to be the case you Catholics would have to give in on the one hand, and the Puritans and Independents on the other, and meet in the "via media" laid down by Her Majesty. "Medium tenere beat!" Here I am wasting your time with my chatter; not that I want any disputation, but only to let you see how matters appear from my point of view as an English statesman. And now, my good sirs, what can I do for you?"

Babington then told him, not without a little embarrassment, at first, how we six fellow-students had formed a kind of club for manly sports, and had taken a room at St. Giles for our symposia, and how on the evening before, old Clayton had made out a long story, giving us no rest until we promised to see the Secretary of State himself on the subject, for as much as in these troublous times, any misapprehensions might lead to serious consequences.

Whilst Babington was speaking, Walsingham stroked his white beard, rubbed his long, aquiline nose, and smiled to himself. Then he laughed outright and said: "Old Clayton's advice was not particularly wise, if we are to believe the French proverb, "qui s'excuse, s'accuse." And, really, I should feel inclined to take the matter up in earnest, if I did not know with whom I have to deal. Whatever should make you take up the idea that I should fancy you were conspirators? Is that what you were afraid of? Ha, ha, ha! They are rather different looking to you! Sinister countenance, sneaking manner, silent as the grave; that is what conspirators are. Not high-spirited young fellows like you, overflowing with mirth and gaiety. I sent the agent who brought me the information about his business. What has become of the paper? Here it is, in the waste-paper basket, with the Latin lines that he considered as particularly incriminating: "Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula jungunt."

Of course that only refers to dangers encountered in boating, riding, and so on. And in gambling too? No? Well, I am heartily glad that you are no dice-players. You must not be angry with the informant, because he misunderstood the lines—the offspring of your poetic talent, Mr. Windsor. He is new at his work, and we know that a young hound often mistakes the track of the deer for that of the wolf."

It must be confessed that these words were a great relief to both of us, as Babington showed very plainly. We both thanked Walsingham for the good opinion he had of us, and assured him that Her Majesty had no more loyal subjects than ourselves. I then added, the great kindness he showed us gave me courage to venture to lay another matter before him. In a few brief but forcible sentences, I told him what had occurred at Woxindon, concluding with these words: "I leave it to your judgment to decide whether such behaviour on Topcliffe's part, especially the arrest of a young lady not yet of age, and a boy ten years old, in the very room where their father lay dead, is calculated to make Her Majesty's government more beloved. May I therefore request that you will give orders that both the children should be immediately set at liberty."

My story seemed to make an impression on Walsingham. He shook me by the hand, and thanked me for the good service I had done to the government. Then he rang and in-

quired whether Topcliffe was in the ante-chamber, and on hearing that he was, desired him to be shown in directly.

Topcliffe on entering, looked not a little astonished to see Babington and me there. Walsingham spoke to him instantly, and pretty sharply too. "I must say you have done us great credit, by taking into custody a young lady and an innocent child! Who ever bade you do that? Show me the warrant I gave you, and let us see whether there is a syllable in it about either of your prisoners."

Topcliffe stammered out in excuse, that he had taken them into custody because it was evident that they both knew the hiding place of the Jesuit, and he thought that a night spent in Newgate would unloose their tongues.

"And then you imagined you would go and seize the priest," Walsingham answered in a scornful tone. "Really, Mr. Topcliffe, such stupidity is inconceivable! Do you think that the man would wait at Woxindon for you? He is long ago over the hills and far away. Instead of patiently laying in wait for him on the spot, you come in triumph to London with two children, proclaiming your own folly, enraging me and bringing Her Majesty's government into contempt! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The best post for you will soon be one of the torturers in the Tower."

Topcliffe's countenance fell, while he listened to this tirade on the Secretary's part. Then he said: "I beg your worship not to be hard on me, and to remember how many mass-priests I have brought to the gallows. And I should have succeeded this time, for I had laid my snares devilish well, if I had not been tricked so basely. I believe these two gentlemen here, more particularly Mr. Windsor, who pretends to be a physician, had no small share in deceiving me, and therefore I humbly beg that they may be arrested forthwith."

"You incorrigible blockhead!" exclaimed Walsingham. "Begone and bring the two Bellamys here to me at once. I will myself release them from custody, and do my utmost to compensate them for the fright they have received."

Topcliffe immediately retired, while Walsingham, turning to us, said in his excuse that the fellow had his good points, and was a useful servant of Her Majesty in the prosecution of the Jesuits and secular priests sent by the Pope into our country, and who were the cause of all the severity which the Queen, who was the most merciful of rulers, had of late years exercised towards Catholics. (I bethought myself of the hundreds who were put to death, and of the terrible penalties inflicted by law, long before Persons and Campion, who were the first Jesuits who came over, landed on our shores. But of course I kept these thoughts to myself.) "It would be greatly to the interest of you Catholics," continued Walsingham, "not to assist and harbor as you do these emissaries of the Pope, whom our gracious Queen cannot but regard as her deadly enemy, since the publication of the Bill of deposition, that most foolish act on the part of the usually wise Curia. The coming of these men is naturally a cause of great irritation to Her Majesty, the more so because of the extreme indulgence which she has shown for some years past, by commuting the sentence of death, passed on some hundred Jesuits and seminary priests, into that of perpetual exile."

Much might have been said in answer to these assertions of Walsingham's, which he uttered in a grave, sententious manner. Moving his head slowly from side to side, he shook his finger at me, and said: "Yes, my good Windsor, there may be some truth in what that villain Topcliffe declared, that you had a hand in helping the Jesuit Edmund, of whom we are in search, to escape. Believe me, it is with the best intentions that I warn you to abstain from meddling in such matters for the future, or else you may meet with rougher handling than you will find agreeable. For the nonce, however, we will wink at your doings, in order not to spoil the pleasure of our first interview."

I thanked him for this proof of his good will, and rose to go, saying we had already trespassed too much on his valuable time. But he begged us to stay a few minutes longer, as he could not consider his time otherwise than well spent in the endeavor to disabuse the minds of two young men of talent and rank of their prejudices, especially those that related to Her Majesty's proceedings. "To prove my sincerity," he continued, "my dear Mr. Windsor, I may perhaps be able to help you to a rise in your profession. We have recently received information from Chartley—mind I speak to you in the strictest confidence—that the health of the unfortunate Queen

of Scots is anything but satisfactory. Her rheumatic pains are worse, she cannot sleep at night, and suffers from irritability and depression. Poor woman! This is not to be wondered at, after eighteen years of confinement, and the bad tidings she has about her royal son at Edinburgh. Of course liberty would be the only real cure for her ailments, and it is not my fault that she is deprived of this boon. In fact, I addressed a memorial to the Queen, setting forth in full the reasons why she ought to release her Sister of Scotland. There it is"—and as he spoke he drew a somewhat bulky document from under some papers on his table—"there it is, if you care to see it for yourselves, but please remember that this is a state secret. Unfortunately, I must acknowledge that the arguments of my respected colleague, Lord Burghley, had more weight than mine, and the Privy Council is still of opinion, that it is necessary for the public welfare to keep Mary Stuart as a prisoner of state. So nothing more can be done. However, I shall see that she is treated with all possible humanity. I proposed to send a skilled physician to her, but she declines my offer, because the man was not a Catholic, and she was afraid his drugs might be too strong for her. A person in her position naturally becomes somewhat suspicious. Now it has just occurred to me that the post of physician to the Queen of Scots would be very suitable for our young friend here, Mr. Windsor, not only on account of his lineage and learning, but because he is unfortunately (begging his pardon) a stubborn Catholic. What do you say to this proposal, Doctor?"

It will readily be imagined how my heart leapt at this offer, so attractive and so unexpected! Babington nudged me with his elbow, to urge me to accept at once, as it was evident that my presence at Chartley would be most advantageous for our project. The movement did not escape Walsingham's notice, and a slight smile passed over his countenance. I suppressed the hasty acquiescence, which rose to my lips, made a formal speech of thanks to my benefactor, and begged him to allow me a couple of days to consider the matter, lest my inexperienced shoulders were fit to bear the burden of so great an honor and responsibility. Walsingham commended me for my modesty, and bade me return within a week's time to let him know my decision.

As he finished speaking, the clock struck half-past ten. He rose and bade us farewell, shaking hands with us in the most cordial manner. As we were leaving the room, he added playfully: "Upon second thoughts, Mr. Babington, I think my suggestion that you should go to Court was rather ill-advised. It might occasion jealousies and intrigues, or even bloody duels, if a new star arose to outshine Sir Walter Raleigh, who won Her Majesty's favor at the cost of his cloak, not half so grand a one, by the bye, as that which you are wearing. So you had better beware how you launch your gallant bark on to such stormy seas. "Au revoir," dear sirs, and think of old Walsingham, who is not as bad as he is painted, as one of your best friends. What was I going to say? Oh, the two little Bellamys had better be sent to you, Mr. Windsor; you will be so good as to see that they reach Woxindon in safety. I believe you live in this neighborhood?"

"Close by—next door to the Anchor on the Strand."

"That is all right. Pooley can take the children to you, or perhaps my nephew St. Barbe had better go. Once more good day to you!" So saying, with a polite bow, which we returned, he went back into his cabinet.

CHAPTER X.—In the entrance hall we found Robert Pooley waiting for us. Babington, who was almost beside himself for joy, literally fell upon his neck, exclaiming: "Hurrah for the Lord Secretary of State! Never amongst non-Catholics have I found a man of such good sense and good feeling, never did I think that I should find one. In fact he was so boisterous in his rejoicing, that some of the clerks came out of the office, to see what the noise was about. I put my arm through his, and tried to get him away, but he would not be checked, and invited all present to join us at the Anchor, and drink Walsingham's health in a bottle of canary.

(To be continued.)

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.



Vol. LI, No. 3

FUNERAL OF FATHER QUINLIVAN IN PARIS. TRIBUTES OF SOCIETIES AND PRESS

One of the Sulpician Fathers, Father de Foville— writes Paris, France, on the day of the obsequies of Father Quinlivan, voicing the deep-seated sympathy which prevails in the midst of the clergy and St. Sulpice for the priest-father of St. Patrick's Seminary, who died, says:—Needless to say, means known to medical science to restore the good pastor of St. Patrick's health to his flock, but in the power of man to end.

I will not dilate further on sorrow which has come upon us, but I wish only on my return to our dear friend a few details, such as you have so kindly claimed from me. It was the Brothers of St. John of the Archdiocese of Paris, who were the last illness of Father Quinlivan had days of his last illness, he died. But as Sulpician the right to have his funeral in the Seminary, and we did exercise it. It was necessary to bring him to our cemetery of Montmartre, since our own of Lorette had been interdicted. It is there that our dear curate has been placed. Father Hogan, S.S., who was chronicled in the "Chronicle" in October last, was the one who was in charge of the Seminary choir was composed of members of the English, nearly all of the Irish, and solution was given, and blessed by the Rev. Superior of the Seminary, and we did exercise it. It was necessary to bring him to our cemetery of Montmartre, since our own of Lorette had been interdicted. 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