

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Despite his advanced age of 82 years, Most Rev. Eulogia Gregori Gillow, the Archbishop of Oaxaca, Mexico, has heroically withstood all the troubles brought upon him by the revolution (says an American exchange). His father was a descendant of the Gillows of Lancashire, England. His mother was a Mexican.

Mr. Verner Z. Reed, multi-millionaire philanthropist, who as a non-Catholic proved one of the most generous friends the Catholic Church has ever known in America, was received into the Church at Coronado Beach, California, U.S.A., before his death on Sunday evening, April 20. He was buried from the Cathedral in Denver, Colorado, on Friday morning, April 25, with Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem celebrated by the Right Rev. J. Henry Tihen, D.D., Bishop of Denver, assisted by a number of priests of the city. The largest funeral any Catholic layman has ever had in Denver was seen on the occasion. The famous business man, art patron, and writer had long shown a decided tendency towards Catholicity. His closest personal friend was a Catholic priest, the Rev. David T. O'Dwyer, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Denver. Two of Mr. Reed's children are converts.

The diocese of Lismore, N.S.W., lost one of its foremost priests in the death recently of Ven. Archpriest J. G. Walsh, who for so many years controlled the Maclean parish. Born in Enniskean, Co. Cork, on April 24, 1868, educated first from 1874 to 1883, at Mt. Melleray School, Waterford, commencing his ecclesiastical studies at All Hallows College, Dublin, at the age of 18, lasting from 1883 to 1891, and ordained on June 21, 1891. Father Walsh arrived in Australia at the end of that year, being first appointed to Lismore, curate under his Lordship Dr. Doyle. At Lismore (those were days when priests were few and parishes were big: Lismore included the Tweed Heads) Father Walsh labored for seven strenuous years. He was Dr. Doyle's right-hand man in connection with the commencing of the new cathedral, and he saw the division of the vast church area and the making of the Tweed, Ballina, Bangalow, and Mullumbimby parishes. From Lismore Father Walsh went to Maclean, following Dean Kiely (his cousin). This was on March 1, 1901. His work there is too well known to need recapitulation. He worked that big area single-handed, wiped off the debt of £4000 that he found, built the presbytery commenced in July, 1901, and the new convent and school, and leaves his parish financially in a most enviable state. He never spared himself. During the whole of that 20 years' ministration he was absent from his parish only once for any extended time; that was when he visited New Zealand 14 years ago, on the death of a lifelong friend. He arranged to go home to that old Ireland he loved, but he never went; his work forbade.

The devoted band of the Franciscan Fathers of the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney (N.S.W.), lost one of its most earnest members by the death of the Rev. Father G. P. Birch, which took place in the Hospice for the Dying, Darlinghurst, recently. The deceased priest was born in Dublin on June 4, 1860, and was educated at St. Isidore's, Rome. He was ordained on the 27th anniversary of his birth—June 4, 1887—in St. John Lateran's, Rome. After his ordination the young priest came out to New South Wales, and has since labored zealously in the three Franciscan parishes

—Woollahra, Waverley, and Paddington. About four years ago Father Birch took a trip to his native land for the benefit of his health, and on his return was enthusiastically welcomed by his parishioners in St. Francis's Hall, Paddington, and presented with a purse of sovereigns. His father was a Protestant of the severe school, and in consequence the lad found it advisable to conceal from him the fact that he was, like his mother, a devout Catholic. No doubt from his parent Father Birch inherited the strength of character for which he was noted. He was a strong hater of all kinds of sham and deception, and never failed in pulpit or on platform to voice his condemnation of injustice and all forms of hypocrisy. His passionate sermons on the evils of social conditions attracted widespread attention. A great lover of his native and his adopted lands, Father Birch was never slow to advocate their advancement. The arduous labors of 31 years in the Eastern Suburbs told upon his constitution, and for some time past he had been compelled to relinquish parochial work.

IRELAND AN ARMED CAMP.

Among the arrivals of the past week on the transports from France (says the *Boston Pilot* of April 12) was Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, Divisional Chaplain of the 26th Division, former chaplain of the old Ninth Regiment. To a reporter of the daily press Father O'Connor said in reply to questions:—

"I did not kill any Germans and I only did my duty as a priest. They are a great bunch of men (referring to his regiment). Their like I shall never look on again. I got back to the division on St. Patrick's Day after a short visit to my old Irish home. I am surely glad to get back to good old Boston."

"What were conditions in Ireland?" he was asked. He smiled and said:

"That's a long story. I'd like to tell you. Briefly, I can say that conditions there are somewhat disturbed. Ireland is an armed camp. It seemed to me that there were as many soldiers there as there are in France. Everywhere one goes one sees soldiers. The country is under martial law. It is honeycombed with Sinn Féinism. The young men and the young women are breathing a more intensely patriotic spirit than I have ever seen before. There is no bragging. It is a passive resistance to British rule. There are very few disturbances except those fostered and engineered by the British soldiers and officials. I heard of several cases of disorder egged on by the military and Castle authorities. There is an attempt on the part of Englishmen to misrepresent things in Ireland. I was crossing with an English captain to Ireland, and he began to fill me up about what the Irish were doing in Ireland. When I corrected him in a few of his flagrant misstatements, he stopped and said he guessed that I knew something about Irish affairs. When I told him that I was born there he quit me, saying curtly: 'Good day, sir.'"

The songs my mother taught to me
I learned while perched upon her knee;
And though they be but simple rhymes,
I croon them fondly still at times.
'Tis then I realise and know
The debt of love to her I owe;
And how well justified and sure
Her faith in Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



"ROSCO" OUTFITS

A LITTLE SMARTER THAN THE REST, A LITTLE
BETTER VALUE

For every member of the Family

The G. M. Ross Co. Ltd.,
Palmerston's Fashion Centre

DRAPERY : FOOTWEAR & FURNISHINGS.