

ESTABLISHED 1862

THE TORONTO General Trust Corporation

PAID-UP CAPITAL - \$1,000,000
RESERVE FUND - \$400,000

ACTS AS
Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Receiver, Liquidator, etc.
Accepts Trusteeships under Marriage Settlements, or Deeds of Trust, thereby providing
RESPONSIBLE SERVICE
at reasonable rates for all who desire to make permanent provision for wife or daughter, or indeed for any friend or institution.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

PRESIDENT

JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., LL.D.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. S. C. WOOD

W. H. BEATTY

JOHN L. BLAIKIE
W. R. BROCK
HAMILTON CASSELLS, K.C.
HON. W. C. EDWARDS
HON. J. J. FOY, K.C., M.P.P.
A. E. GOODERHAM
HON. J. M. GIBSON, K.C.
A. C. HARDY

SIR EMILIUS IRVING, K.C.
HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY
J. W. LANGMUIR
THOMAS LONG
W. D. MATTHEWS
HON. PETER McLAREN
J. BRUCE MACDONALD

HON. SIR DANIEL McMILLAN, K.C.M.G.
SAMUEL NORDHEIMER
E. B. OSLER, M.P.
J. G. SCOTT, K.C.
B. E. WALKER
D. R. WILKIE
FREDERICK WYLD

OFFICERS

TORONTO

J. W. LANGMUIR
A. D. LANGMUIR
WM. G. WATSON
JOHN PATON

Managing Director
Assistant Manager
Secretary
Superintendent of Real Estate

Ottawa Branch: JAMES DAVEY, Manager. Winnipeg Branch: A. L. CROSSIN, Manager

Dr. Drummond and the Habitant

Everyone who reads Dr. Drummond's latest volume will find that "The Great Fight" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), can ill be spared from any Canadian library. It contains indispensable additions which complete the portrait of the man who loved Canada so well, and worked so effectively for Canadian nationality. Mrs. Drummond in her short biographical sketch claims for her husband that he made a "whole-hearted fight for national unity." To estimate how widely successful that fight was is as yet almost impossible. But the poet of the habitant, the man who wrote "Johnny Courteau," "Leetle Bateese" and scores of other true delineations of the people who make up half Canada is a builder of a nation. Anyone who builds with love, with humor, and with art, builds well. It is not much to say that one of the little shining words in the history of letters in Canada will be what Drummond said when he saw for the first time the spot on the side of Mount Royal which was to be his own resting place. "What a place for a man who loved Canada to lie!"

In the biographical sketch will be found such interesting material as the fact that it was Lord Palmerston who taught Dr. Drummond how to fish when he was a boy. But this is more than matched by the picture of the poet's mother teaching her four sons to fear God and to work hard, to be self-reliant and to keep together. In the heart of such a mother there is always a passion that her children should never be separated in love or by distance and the history of the Drummond family shows what such teaching can accomplish. When William Henry Drummond was a lad he realized at an age when most boys are thinking only of games and school that his mother needed his help. He insisted on studying telegraphy and became one of the best expert telegraphers of the time. It would be hard to think of any circumstance which would make Canadians prouder of their habitant poet. The fact that he had it in him to be such a delineator of human nature as he was, with power to touch the heart, and at the same time could make himself one of the first in a skillful trade for love of his home, such a combination embraces most of the ideals of the every-day Canadian. One of his first posts was at Ford-a-Flouffe, on the Riviere des Prairies, at the back of Montreal. It was then a centre of the lumbering trade and here Drummond came in contact with habitants and voyageurs. These were the days when he gathered imperishable gold as poets do without knowing it. In a letter to a friend long afterwards, Dr. Drummond wrote: "There was a little wild strawberry plant that grew in July, 1869, on the right-hand side of the road leading to the river, and whenever I had a message to deliver to a raft foreman I usually found a fresh young berry waiting for me. This happened on several occasions during the month I speak of, and isn't it strange that I never forgot the incident?" But it is of such

happenings that the longest memories are made.

Of the poems in "The Great Fight," Mrs. Drummond writes in the preface that they are the last from the author of the Habitant. "Some of them have not received his finishing touches, and he perhaps, always modest, always underrating his own work, might have held some back but they all ring true and clean and healthy and in them, whether humorous, or sad, there are simplicity and a direct appeal to the heart." It would be difficult to characterize the volume more justly. The strongest work, the work which flies straight to the mark that the author intended, in this volume is to be found in the humorous poems. There is no one poem which can be added to some of his single portraits, like the Cure of Calumette. There is no such poem as "Leetle Lac Grenier." But there is that fine bit of humor, "Marriage." There is as well "The Boy from Calabogie." It would be difficult to find a truer or more touching story of the way life happens sometimes in Canada.

He was twenty-one in April—forty inches round the chest,
A scooper or a better lad we'll never see again—
And the way we cheered the lad when he started for the West!
The town was like a holiday, the time he took the train
At Calabogie.

"Are you ever comin' back with the fortune, little Dan,
From the place they say the money's like the leaves upon the trees?"
"If the mining boss will let me, as sure as I'm a man,
The mother's Christmas turkey won't have to wait for me
At Calabogie."

And the letters he was writin' to his mother from the West,
Sure ev'rybody read them, and who could see the harm!
Tellin' how he'd keep the promise to come home and have a rest;
And the money that was in them was enough to buy a farm
At Calabogie.

What is it that makes the fever leave the weak and kill the strong,
And who'd have thought our Dannie would ever come to this?
When the Sister had to raise him and say "It won't be long
Till it's home, my lad, you're going to receive a mother's kiss
At Calabogie."

So we met our little Dannie, Christmas morning at the train,
And we lifted up the long-box without a word to say;
Och! such a boy as Dannie we'll never see again,
God forgive us 'twasn't much of a Merry Christmas Day
At Calabogie!

There are also two cheerful poems of the prospector and the farmer. "Chibougamou," and "The First Robin." But for rollicking fun combined with Canadian politics let Dr. Drummond's readers turn to "The Montmorency Election" and "Philorum Abroad." If "De Leetle Cow of Ste. Flore" is not worthy to be re-

membered beside most of Hosea Bigelow, then one reader is far astray. It is pleasant to know that this line humor irradiated the whole of Drummond's life and that the smile in his eyes was never darkened too long by the tender pity in his heart. When a rich picture and a poor one sent for him the same night, the biographer notes that he said, "The rich can get any number of doctors, but poor Pat has only one." And he could write the humorous history of the little Canadian cow who finds herself up against the cattle embargo. "De Leetle Cow of Ste. Flore" is too long for complete reproduction, but every line will go in for which there is space.

Oh! it's sailin' away on the sea we go,
Dat song de engine is sing below—
Bringin' us nearer to Angletterre,
We're every wan's waitin' to eat us dere.

'T was only leetle small place Ste. Flore,
But the grass is green by the reever shore,
An' de clover was grown on the medder groun'
Is the sweetest' clover for miles aroun'.

If dey geev me a chance, an' leave me untied,
Quickly you see me jump over the side,
But they watch me and feed me and water me too,
So w'at can de leetle Ste. Flore cow do?

Not'ing at all only night an' day
T'ink of de ole place far away—
De reever, de medder, I'll see no more,
Oh! me heart is breakin'! Good-bye Ste Flore!
—Mariory Macmurchy in Toronto News.

A Tribute to the Retiring Lord Ripon

The story of the London Times, also among the prophets when Lord Ripon's adhesion to the Catholic Church was announced, has often been told. But it comes to mind with a new force to-day, when The Times itself pays its tribute to the retiring statesman whose public career, a whole generation ago, is summarily and finally closed. Lord Ripon had gone to Rome, and that meant that he had left Whitehall for ever. He had become a Catholic; and that was the end of him as an Englishman.

If prophecy is, as George Eliot says, the most gratuitous form of human error, still, in this case there seemed much to justify this forecast of Lord Ripon's future. Of the readers of The Times, on that morning of almost panic, few, we imagine, were found to dissent from the formal edict of banishment. Mr. Gladstone, we are certain, gave his grim assent to every letter and every comma of that sentence, which was a sentence of political death.

Yet it was Mr. Gladstone who, within a measurable distance of time, was to offer Lord Ripon the vice-royalty of India—only Exeter Hall protesting. The miracle had

been wrought by Lord Ripon. He who was seen at Mass on Sundays (and week days too), had from the Mohammedan and the Hindu a homage which no other viceroy ever yet won; and from Gordon, the Evangelical mystic, the half-inspired declaration that the rule of Lord Ripon in India was even as the rule of God. Here, at home, the man who had been the official head of the nation's education department, could be seen the voluntary worker on the Catholic school committee; and the inclusion of a son of St. Vincent de Paul in a cabinet might well give hope to men who hold in view an era of well-devised social reform. It is not for any one man, not even for the prime minister himself, to rule his cabinet as an autocrat. Each man may be no more than a leaven; and even at critical moments of the recent proposed educational legislation, nobody who had the least acquaintance with Lord Ripon's career, doubted the absolute selfishness and sincerity with which he maintained associations not always harmonious with his own wishes and aims.—London Tablet.

The Gift of a Convert

The estate of Forestspringfarm, situated near Libertyville, Ill., and estimated to be worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000, has been presented to the Christian Brothers, by the owner, C. C. Copeland.

The property, which consists of 250 acres of finely wooded land, lying on both sides of the Des Plaines River, will be used by the Christian Brothers as a living place during the summer months.

Mr. Copeland, who is seventy years old, has for many years used the property as a summer residence. He will still go there for part of the summer, having retained the use of a suite of rooms in the large house which stands on the grounds. Otherwise the gift to the Brothers is absolute.

The property is situated in Lake county and lies about thirty miles northward from Chicago. It contains a stretch of magnificent old forest trees, a natural park along the river, an avenue, flanked by elm and ash trees, cultivated fields and a wide expanse of meadow land.

The house, which stands on the edge of a primeval forest, is to be enlarged so that it will furnish quarters for about 300 of the Brothers at once.

This is not the first gift of property made to a Catholic Order by Mr. Copeland. About eight years ago he presented to the Sisters of Mercy twenty acres of the original Forestspringfarm estate. On this ground there was erected a convent school for girls, which now accommodates about fifty boarders and many day pupils. Its capacity is soon to be doubled.

It was over forty years ago that Mr. Copeland bought Forestspringfarm and established his summer home there. This was shortly after he had retired, as a young man of twenty-eight, from his active practice as a lawyer, declaring that he "had made money enough." He was remarkably successful in law, making

a fortune by the time he had reached the age mentioned, although starting with nothing but brain and energy. Descended from Puritan stock, Mr. Copeland was born in Antwerp, N. Y. Naturally of an independent, investigating and roving disposition, he soon sought new scenes and finished his education in Wilberham, Mass., at the age of sixteen. He began active life as a book peddler; made speeches in Ohio for Buchanan in his eighteenth year; taught school for two years in Kentucky; traveled through the South studying the condition of the slaves and dreaming of the future. When John Brown made his famous raid, Mr. Copeland was teaching school in Texas. He studied at the Albany Law School and began the practice of his profession at Chicago, where he achieved unusual success.

Then, at twenty-eight, with the promise of a most brilliant future before him, he announced that he wanted no more money, and suddenly abandoned a law practice worth \$20,000 a year. Since then he has taken the position that his fortune was a kind of trust, held by him for his fellow men. He has devoted a large part of his income to religious and charitable uses.

At the age of twenty-five Mr. Copeland, after much study, became a Catholic, and has since ardently devoted himself to that faith. Since the days of slavery he has felt a deep concern to improve their condition and prospects. His first attempt at missionary work was in aid of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Chicago in 1866, for whom he managed to secure a block of ground and erect thereon three convent buildings. He calls himself "A Catholic Missionary Corporation. Sole, that never begs nor runs short of money," and believes that God has prospered him that he may be able to help His cause.

The Christian Brothers, who thus get this valuable addition to their property, as a result of Mr. Copeland's generosity, are part of the order which is governed from Belgium, where the superior-general resides. The order has made great strides in the United States. Fifty years ago there were only four Brothers in this country. Now there are more than 1,200, with 35,000 pupils. The chief object of the order is to give education of a practical as well as of a religious nature to poor boys who would otherwise lack teaching.

The United States is divided by the order into four provinces: New York, Baltimore, St. Louis and San Francisco. About 200 schools are maintained in this country and four large colleges, located at New York, Rock Hill, Md.; St. Louis, Memphis, and Oakland, Cal.

A California Saint

The first California Franciscan missionary whose life and deeds will be studied for the purpose of placing his name in the catalogue of saints is Padre Magin Catala. An ecclesiastical court has been formed at Santa Clara College, with Father Gleeson, president of the Jesuit institution, as chairman, and a thorough investiga-

tion will be made of the life of the saintly priest, especially of the many miracles attributed to him. The results will be sent to Rome, where further inquiry will be made.

The particular instance, according to testimony of eyewitnesses, when Padre Catala was at two different places at the same time occurred in 1815, when he was seen by persons praying in the mission at Santa Clara and was also giving the last Sacraments ten miles away to a dying Indian near what is now Mountain View. Documentary evidence will be introduced to prove that he performed many other wonders of a similar nature.

Padre Catala was assigned to Santa Clara mission in July, 1794, and for thirty years carried on the work begun by Junipero Serra. Born in Mont Blanc, Catalonia, Spain, 1761, he entered the Franciscan monastery at Barcelona in 1777, and after a few years was ordered to the Indian missions. He died at the Santa Clara mission November 22, 1830.

Catholic "Tag Day" Brought \$8,400

Under the auspices of the Ladies of Charity of Hartford, Conn., "Tag Day" brought between \$8,300 to \$8,400 to St. Francis' Hospital. From sixteen different starting places or sections the workers went forth to the number of nearly 300 young girls. Each wore on her arm a band of red on which was the white cross, and she carried a bag with a place to drop the money in. From one end of the city to the other the girls swarmed. No one who was already tagged was solicited, but this did not prevent a great many people who had the interest of the hospital at heart from taking a tag from a number of the young ladies and it was no uncommon sight to see a man with as many as eight or ten tags upon his coat lapel.

Besides the tags, 200 pennants were ready for automobiles and by some happy intuition it was decided at the last moment to order 250 more, though it was feared that there would not be a large demand for them. By noon everyone of these 450 was gone and as hardly a person gave less than \$1 for one of them, the amount realized from this source was considerable. Hardly a machine was seen that did not have at least one flying, and many flew from four to six.

Happiness, content, and right satisfaction, all doubts answered, all dark places lighted up, heaven begins here—this is the reward of loving God. In this world, tribulation; yes, but good cheer in spite of that.

Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show. And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word "friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term, which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

ST. CHARLES

HOTEL, RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOMS

66, 68 & 70 YONGE STREET

Caterers to Toronto's Elite.



A COSY CORNER IN DUTCH GRILL

Game,
Oysters,
Lobsters.

Choice
Meats,
Fish, Fruit.

BOTH EATABLES AND DRINKABLES THE CHOICEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Open From 7 a.m.
Until Midnight.

Oysters and Clams Direct
From Our Own Beds.

Unexcelled Facilities For Handling Large or Small Dinners.

Reservations Made by Phoning

JAS. J. O'NEIL & CO., Props.