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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Chronicles of An Old-Timer

How Correspondent, "Reader," Refreshed an Old-Timer's Memory—The "Toronto Mirror" Newspaper and Some of Its Editors—The Struggle for Catholic Separate Schools—Some Reference to Orange Outrages—The Catholic Institute—Irish Catholic Professional Men—Liberal Irish Protestants—How the Writer Discovered James Fahy.

Chicago, Jan. 15, 1904.

Dear Register,—Your correspondent "Reader," in your last issue, brought me to a pleasant surprise in his kind commendation of my chronicles as printed in your paper. I am, however, left in the dark as to who your correspondent is, but I surmise he is a much younger man than myself and possessed of a keener recollection. I am indebted to him for refreshing my memory on several matters I had almost forgotten, and I hope he will keep up his contributions, as I am sure they would be a source of gratification to hundreds of others as well as myself.

In this letter I will take the liberty of enlarging on some of his remarks, as we cannot know too much of what interests us as a race in a new country and where we were confronted by more than one hostile camp of citizens. I am well aware that I have made some errors because the knowledge of them has come to myself after I have had time for reflection, and I am thankful to my friend "Reader," for letting me off so easy. In one letter of mine, for instance, I spoke of Dr. Workman as superintendent of the county hospital instead of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto.

Dr. Workman was one of Toronto's leading physicians in his day, and was a prime favorite with the Irish population. He was an Irish Protestant, a Liberal and a strong supporter of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Reform administration of the late forties and early fifties. For several years he was the editorial writer for the Toronto Mirror, a weekly Irish-Catholic newspaper which Old-Timer was himself for a time connected with as foreman of the printing office. Dr. Workman was a spicy writer and his principal delight was in lacerating the Orange city councils of his day, through the columns of the Mirror.

Charles Clarke, your present notable Clerk of the Ontario Parliament, was a political contributor to the Journal and Express of Hamilton, owned by Solomon Brega, to the marriage of whose granddaughter here in Chicago, I made a lengthy reference in your last issue. Mr. Clarke is not an Irishman nor a Catholic, but he is a true Liberal, and braved the prejudices of a Protestant constituency when he married an Irish-Catholic wife.

Another man of influence who used to be a contributor to the Mirror in the early fifties was Mr. Mathew Ryan, a gentleman who was attached to the office of Sir Francis Hincks when he held the office of Inspector-General in the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration. I remember he used to steal in and out of the Mirror office like a ghost, as if he was afraid to be seen there. He was a ripe scholar, however, and was well up on all provincial, Irish and Catholic questions. He had a remarkable resemblance to Horace Greeley and was frequently mistaken for that distinguished American. He lived for a time in Newfoundland and the Lower Provinces and came to Toronto from Montreal. He resided in Manitoba, too, for a time, after that province was opened up, but I think his mistakes were returned to Montreal and ended his life there. He was the man whose name used to adorn the Canadian greenbacks when they first came out, or, as they were more properly designated, "Provincial Notes," issued from the office of the Finance Minister, Hon. Mr. Hincks, filling that position as Inspector-General.

Another editor of the Mirror was one Samuel B. McCoy, a young Irishman, who came up from Quebec after the parliament people. He received his education in Nicolet Seminary, Province of Quebec, where he studied for the priesthood, but not finding that his vocation he took to the press. He did his first Toronto newspaper work on the Daily Express, the first daily newspaper started in Toronto in 1852 by four practical printers, of whom Old-Timer was one. McCoy was a prominent member of the Catholic Institute in the early fifties and proved himself one of the most distinguished members and a genuine orator. Some of the members of the Institute used to endeavor to limit the discussions that took place there, but McCoy always advocated the utmost freedom. Dr. Hayes was a prominent member of the Institute, and as he was Bishop Court De Charbonnel's principal adviser, always came loaded with ecclesiastical authority. I remember on one occasion he claimed the Bishop would be opposed to a certain course that was in contemplation and that McCoy was in favor of "I wish," said McCoy, "Dr. Hayes would speak for himself and come over certifying back from behind the Bishop's back. The members of this Institute are not children and know they are not transgressing any law of the Church or of the state." When Robert Baldwin, in 1854, resigned his position as premier in the Reform Cabinet, McCoy published in the Mirror one of the most feeling articles I ever read. It was so affecting and unusual in style that I took it to Mathew Ryan to look at before I would put it into type. "It is all right," said that gentleman, dropping a tear. That article made a sensation and was largely copied by the Reform press of Canada. McCoy was a man of very logical mind and could out-reason any man he ever faced in debate. I was very much attached to him and he died in my arms in the house of Mrs. Patrick Lee on Frederick street, where we were both then boarding. Unfortunately, the poor fellow was added to alcoholism. He was a native of Adair, County Limerick, Ireland, and was full of the spirit of Gerald Griffin, the poet, who was a native of the same place.

My friend, your correspondent, "Reader," remarks that he has watched in vain for some reference to "Old-Timer" to our early struggles for Separate Schools. That subject is an important one and quite an event in the struggles of the Catholics of Upper Canada for their rights. I am not done yet and that will keep "Old-Timer" remembers it all. General Bruyere's pamphlet included, but it was Bishop Court De Charbonnel that started the agitation and kept it up from beginning to end. It was one of the most acrimonious discussions that ever agitated the province and was kept hot for full ten years. There were only two Catholic members of the Canadian parliament from Canada West at that time and those were Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, representing Cornwall, and the Hon. R. W. Scott, the present Secretary of State, representing the Ottawa constituency. I think Sandfield Macdonald was not in favor of Separate Schools, but Mr. Scott was and fathered a bill in his favor in parliament. It was while the Separate School question was occupying the floor that McGee appeared upon the scene and put a new face on the matter. But it was not until the fall of the dead-lock came in 1867 and was made one of the compromises of Confederation in 1877. Of the struggle for Separate Schools by the Catholics of Upper Canada I shall have more to say in a future letter.

The description of Orange outrages on the Catholics of Toronto in former years is by no means overdrawn by your correspondent "Reader." I remember on one occasion when my own residence was assailed with stones and the windows broken. On a certain occasion, I think it was on a St. Patrick's Day, when a street assault on Col. D. K. Feehan of Volunteer Rifle Company No. 3, which was composed wholly of Catholics came near resulting in a bloody riot. The company was assembled at Col. Feehan's place of business on Colborne street, at the time, ready for participating in the annual parade, with their guns and bayonets, but fortunately the news of the assault was kept from them and peace was preserved. Then there was the murder of Matthew Sheehy in Lennon's lane by an Orangeman, on St. Patrick's Day; the attack on D'Arcy McGee while attending a banquet the night of the same day, and dozens of other outrages. Sheehy's funeral, the following Sunday, was the occasion I think, of the strongest physical demonstration ever made by the Catholics of Toronto. The men marched ten wide, and if I am not

mistaken, all were armed. The men gathered at St. Paul's Church and marched up King street to the Cathedral and thence to the cemetery on Yonge street. Fortunately no interruption took place. In the case of the banquet referred to, it was held in a hotel in Colborne street, the windows of which were all broken with hurled bricks. Some of the viands were permitted to get cold while the banqueters lined up against the walls for protection. Although there were many close shave; I do not think any one was injured, and McGee managed to get away in a cab unscathed.

This reminds me of a circumstance that occurred during or about 1855, when there was a general parliamentary election, and Ogilvie R. Gowen's "lamb" was wont to exercise their rowdy propensities. At that election the Reformers of Toronto nominated Terence J. O'Neill and F. C. Capreol as their candidates for Toronto. Mr. O'Neill was a well-known auctioneer and could execute a "knock-down" more ways than one. He was driving in a sleigh on Queen street, towards old St. Patrick's Market polling-place, when he was stopped and attacked by a mob of Orangemen from St. John's Ward. Mr. O'Neill seized the driver's whip which had a good thick handle, and standing up in the sleigh, laid about him among the brethren in a style sufficiently vigorous to drive them off and send some of them away howling with pain from their punishment. Mr. O'Neill was a tall, athletic man, with sufficient courage to face even a hostile Orange crowd. He also had a good deal of nerve, and could execute an ordinary array of hostilities with his vigor and readiness. Needless to say, however, that neither O'Neill nor Capreol were elected.

I might go back still further and allude to some of the "scrimmages" that Senator O'Donohue and others told me of as occurring in earlier days, showing that the Catholics of Toronto were always needing to be ready to resist attacks from the followers of King William. Yet, after all, sometimes, when no particular provocation excited them, some of those misled men were good neighbors of Catholics of which statement I had proof in my own person.

I am glad "Reader" has made mention of the name of Dr. Lennon, in connection with his brother George, who was foreman of an engine company. He was one of the bright young Irish Catholics that were brought up in Toronto, and obtained some eminence in his profession. I was well acquainted with him and frequently met him socially. He was, too, one of the active members of the Catholic Institute in his day. There were but few professionals among the Catholics of Toronto when I first knew it. I can now call to mind a long list of names, and among them are Dr. Cotter, who was somewhere in the country and made himself well-known by being called out of church nearly every Sunday. Dr. Lennox learned the trade of a cabinetmaker at Jacques & Hay's factory, but took up the study of medicine at Dr. Ralph's School up in Yorkville, which he became one of the most prominent students and a zealous advocate when the two medical schools were at war. He was a very strict, earnest man, but unfortunately was not destined for a long career, having died young.

Speaking of James Hallinan, the attorney, I will bear further evidence of his ability and worth. As well as being an attorney, he was a gentleman of rare literary attainments and could quote the classics. He was also ingenious, a mechanical way and could construct almost anything he had a pattern for, and make a fiddle that would produce sounds to accord with his own taste and of course was a musician, although he seldom exercised the art. His legal acumen was such that he could detect flaws in almost any document and among lawyers got the name of "The By-law Breaker." I had occasion to go to his office one day on some business and instead of himself found a strange young man installed therein as clerk. I waited a while for Mr. Hallinan and entered into conversation with this new clerk, and formed a friendship which lasted while I remained in Toronto. He was afterwards well-known as a corporation attorney, but has long been numbered among the silent majority. It was John Blevins. He was a Protestant, but an enthusiastic Irishman. And Toronto had among its most prominent citizens a band of liberal Irish Protestants who were free from the yellow taint, like Mayor John Bowes, Dr. John McCaul, president of the University, Frank and Walter Shanley, the eminent civil engineers, the Hodgins Bros., lawyers and educators, Dr. Skelington Connor, the eminent attorney; Henry Eccles, also eminent in the law, and many others.

Going back to James Fahy, so highly lauded by my friend "Reader," I want to say I was the man who "discovered" him and got him his opportunity. I was well acquainted with James Somerville of Dundas, who published the "Banner" newspaper and I believe was in after years a member of the Dominion Parliament. "Say," he began to me one day in my place of business, "I have a young Irish Catholic, a printer in my office, who can make a good speech and write a good article. Would you try and get him some prominence, as he is really talented and deserving." I kept him in mind until an opportunity came and that was the Catholic convention of 1868, over which the late Sir Frank Smith presided, and where he was given one of the resolutions to speak to. That was his starting point and he made a good impression.

PERSONAL.
Mr. T. Harry Trimble, the optician, has removed his offices from Yonge street, near Shuter, to the Dineen Building, where he will be pleased to see his patients. Mr. Trimble's business is growing rapidly.
Charles March of Toronto, has been elected one of the directors of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America.
Mr. James O'Brien, of Loughboro, Frontenac County, is dead, aged 88. He was the father of Mayor O'Brien, of Revelstoke, B.C.

DEATHS.
HYDE—At 22 Selby street, on Friday, Jan. 15th, 1904, Rebecca Frances, relict of the late Charles James Hyde, and daughter of the late Captain Charles McVittie.

"Old-Timer" Passes Away
London, Ont., Jan. 18.—Patrick Kenny, who was probably the oldest man in London, died on Saturday at his late residence, 188 Richmond St., aged 100 years.

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The Late Dr. Kilroy

Funeral Sermon Preached by Rev. J. V. Tobin

Stratford, Ont., Jan. 18.—Rev. J. V. Tobin of St. Joseph's Church preached on Sunday last upon the death of our late beloved parish priest, the Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, for 30 years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, this city. Dean Kilroy was well known in Toronto and throughout Canada. The sermon was as follows:

Text—Weep but a little, for the dead for he is at rest, Ecc. cxxii. 11.
The thought that has been uppermost in your minds for the past few days is, I am sure, still uppermost, namely, the sad separation which death has caused between you and him who for thirty years had been your counselor and true friend—Dr. Kilroy. Yes, you all mourn for him to-day and the sombre drapings of this church are but a symbol of the grief and sadness that still fill your hearts and will continue to fill them for many a day. And no wonder, for you have suffered an irreparable loss. A great calamity has befallen you, and not only you, but the whole city as well. Nay, more, the death of Dr. Kilroy is, in my opinion, cause of sorrow to the whole Catholic Diocese of London, and even to the whole Catholic Church of which he was such a distinguished member, such a valiant defender and faithful priest.

I grieve with you to-day, my dear brethren, as I have grieved with you during his illness. He had a special claim on my affection during life, and now that he is dead he has a special claim upon my grief. My consolation with him goes back to the days of my infancy, when he was parish priest of Sarum, many years ago. I was born within the confines of his parish, and it was he who poured upon my head the regenerating waters of baptism. He was therefore my spiritual father and because he was he always had a special esteem for me. He was glad when I came here to help him to administer the affairs of this parish in his old age, and he has shown me nothing but kindness since I first entered his house. If he did reprove me for anything he could not go to his bed at night without coming to my room to soften the reproaches which I had heaped upon my Master. "Let not the sun go down upon thy anger." The only thing, my dear people, which has helped to assuage our grief and apply a soothing unction to our souls during these dark days is the love, the affection and respect which have been paid him in the funeral service in his own children, but by the whole city of which he was such an honored citizen. In fact the citizens have given to him the highest honors it was in their power to bestow. They have come in an almost continuous procession to view his remains, they have attended the funeral service in vast numbers and a great many went to see the remains deposited in the mother earth. Many a tear has been shed around his bier, and especially his devoted sister, and in my own name, I wish to thank you all for the respect and the love which you have shown him. I wish to thank in particular our Catholic societies for their fidelity in watching by his bier night and day, and for the beautiful funeral service in which they did him the honor of attending the funeral in a body. I wish to thank the trustees of the Separate School, who did the same. I wish also to thank the ministers of other denominations, the members of the judiciary and all who helped to make his funeral one of the most solemn and imposing that has ever been held from this church over his long years.

But there is, my dear brethren, a sense of gloom about this sacred edifice to-day, a sense of gloom that does not come entirely from the mourning drapery that hangs upon the pillars and its walls. That gloom is caused more because of the absence of him who has gone from you forever. He has been absent before, yet there always seemed a hope of his return. But now we

know that he has gone forever, that voice which has so often been heard instructing and exhorting you is stilled forever more, that hand which has so often been raised over you in absolution or in blessing is now rigid and cold in death, those eyes that have so often looked into yours with looks of love are now sightless and closed forever, never to be opened again until the day of resurrection, that imposing figure which has so often stood before the altar of the living God offering for you the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is now withdrawn from your sight forever more. No wonder that our hearts are as gloomy to-day as the drapings of death that hang around and above us. But we should be consoled by the thought that the life of our departed father and friend was a pure and noble one. It was a life consecrated to the service of the Divine Master. It was a life full of good works and noble deeds. It was a life of virtue and high purpose. It was a life of labor and self-sacrifice. It was a life of zeal for the glory of God and the beauty of His house. But let these words of praise suffice, for as you know, he expressed the desire that no funeral oration should be delivered over his remains, and none was needed, because he has left behind him monuments that prove his worth better than any words that I could speak, monuments that will endure for years, aye perhaps for centuries to come. In conclusion, my dear brethren, I would remind you again of your duty—of praying for the repose of his soul, for though his life was holy, still, like all men, he was subject to human frailties, and you know that nothing defiled can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, and that we must satisfy for all our failings either in this life or in the life to come. Pray, then, fervently in union with the Holy Mother Church that his noble soul may rest in peace this day and be admitted to the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision of his God for which end he and all men have been created.

Death of Dr. J. B. Murphy
Superintendent of the Brockville Asylum Dies Returning from Mass.
Brockville, Jan. 17.—Shortly after noon to-day death came suddenly to Dr. J. B. Murphy, medical superintendent of the asylum here. He had attended church and, returning, decided to walk. He had nearly reached home when he grew weary, and rode the balance of the way. On entering the house he sank down on the couch apparently in a faint. Dr. Clare, one of the medical assistants at the asylum, was telephoned for, and rushed to his side, but life was extinct.

He leaves a widow and four sons and two daughters.
John Bernard Murphy was born in Asphodel, Peterboro county, March 31st, 1850, and was a son of the late Timothy Murphy, a native of Cork, Ireland, and his wife, Catharine McCarthy. He was educated at Northwood Grammar School and at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and pursued his medical course at Queen's, graduating in 1876. In 1881 he was appointed physician to the deaf and dumb institute and medical superintendent at the insane asylum, Milton, Ont., in 1890. On the opening of the Brockville Asylum in 1894 he became medical superintendent, and has since resided here. In July, 1885, he married Anna, third daughter of the late L. G. Bolster of Toronto, at one time literary conferee of the late J. D. McGee, and the present manager of the Toronto Waterworks. Dr. Murphy was a member of St. Francis Xavier Church.

A Notable Book
To the Very Rev. Alexander Macdonald, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Antigonish, the public stand indebted for the most notable contribution given to the current of modern religious discussion from the Catholic side during the past year, in America at least. The work is issued in book form, under the title "The Symbol of the Apostles," is intended to vindicate the apostolic authority of the creed on the lines of Catholic tradition. The call for a lucid review of ancient authorities upon the primitive evidences of our faith has come to the Catholic writers of this day with unmistakable force and clearness. At the hands of a mob of non-Catholic authors, so-called, the early Christians have certainly been receiving some deplorable bad treatment. Old heresies may have appeared new or interesting to the novelists and popular essayists of our generation; and great as is the evil of the multiplication of sects among living Christians, even heavier is the pall of confusion and ignorance cast over the general body of the people of all denominations, by writers who undertake without warrant or qualification to loosen the bonds of orthodox religion upon human society. Dr. Macdonald is a deep student of Christian life and discipline in the early centuries. He has a literary style that is at once wise and satisfying. Within a small compass he has gathered the fruits of all competent and scholarly research concerning the system by which the persecuted army of Christ preserved the deposit of faith. Dr. Macdonald's book is one either for laymen or priests, and cannot fail to win the warmest approval of every Catholic reader.

Death of Miss Mary Kelly, Lockton, Ont.

Readers of The Register are this week requested to pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Kelly, who died at her home at Lockton, Ont., on Jan. 4th, 1904, at the comparatively early age of 26 years and 3 months. In October last deceased, who had previously enjoyed an exceptionally good health, contracted a slight cold which developed into typhoid pneumonia, and this was followed by consumption, the direct cost of death. From the commencement of her illness deceased had the attendance of the very best medical men, both local and from Toronto, as well as the case of Dr. Macdonald, supplemented by all that family affection could do, but all efforts to stay the hand of death were futile because our Divine Lord had called her, let us hope, to enter into life everlasting. Her whole life was a preparation for death and when told of her approaching end she smiled sweetly and replied: "God's will be done." And thus it was that her illness was borne with patience and resignation.

Deceased was a young lady of rare accomplishments, of noble character and kind and loving disposition. She endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Indeed to know her was to love her, and many mourn to-day the loss of a dear friend.
She was a former pupil of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, and had charge of a school here for two years, where she was deservedly popular with both parents and pupils, but retired to devote her attention to the care of her mother, who was in declining health. Every work of charity received her active support and as instructor of Catechism and President of the League of the Sacred Heart, as well as by her exemplary life, much good was accomplished by her and her early death will be mourned by all. But it is in her own home that hearts are heaviest and sorrow left in its most bitter form for she was there the shining light that made that home happy beyond a degree and as her usefulness was never in greater demand than the close of her young life is particularly sad.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning, Jan. 7th, to the Church of St. John the Evangelist and interment made in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The funeral cortege bore ample testimony to the popularity of deceased and hundreds who loved her in life and mourned her in death, assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory. At the church Grand High Mass of Requiem was chanted by Rev. Father Kelly, brother of deceased, assisted by Rev. Fr. Kearnan, assistant pastor and Rev. Fr. Whalen as sub-deacon. At the offertory Mr. J. S. Sullivan sang the sweet hymn, "Saving Host," and at the communion the hymn "Not Lost, But Gone Before" was beautifully sung by Miss Mary Sullivan. The following six young friends of deceased acted as pallbearers: Messrs. J. T. and D. Sullivan, C. J. and W. Wallace, J. and P. Horan. Besides hundreds of loving friends she leaves her mother and three brothers to mourn her demise. The brothers are Rev. W. T. J. Kelly, O.M.I., of Ottawa, Mr. J. J. Kelly who resides at home, and Mr. M. D. Kelly, Ottawa, and the sympathy of the entire community is with them in this hour of affliction. May the soul of their loved one rest in peace.

Brilliant Son of a Brilliant Father
Mr. Arthur Fitzpatrick, son of the Minister of Justice, after passing a brilliant examination, has begun the study of law at Laval University.

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