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VOL. XII, No. 2

The Catholic Register.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1904

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Chronicles of An Old-Timer

The Late Municipal Elections in Toronto and Ottawa, and the Failure of Catholics to win Success—How it Used to be in Days gone by and what Organization Accomplished—How Mayor Bowes Always Won the Irish-Catholic Vote—Death of General Longstreet, a Distinguished American Catholic—Fresh Disasters in Chicago—Why is the Pallium not Conferred—Recollection of the Quebec Theatre Fire of 1846.

Chicago, Jan. 9, 1904.

I notice that the municipal elections in Ontario have in no way been favorable to the Catholics, who instead of increasing their representative influence, are losing ground. Even such a veteran in municipal affairs in Toronto as Mr. William Burns, was defeated for the Board of Control, and the bold and aspiring young politician, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, was defeated for mayor in the Catholic city of Ottawa. I do not recognize the name of one Catholic citizen except that of Ald. J. J. Ward, elected for any office in Toronto. This is sad and disheartening. It seems to me we used to do better in the old times.

I remember several famous municipal election contests in which Catholics sought to secure some share of representation in the local affairs. In Toronto it was my lot to take part in many such contests thirty-five to forty years ago, with varying results, but not without many victories. The oldest municipal contest that I remember in which a Catholic was concerned was in Hamilton in 1844. This was some years before Hamilton was a city, and only trustees were chosen, one for each of the four wards of the town—St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's. There had been no Catholic on the town board up to this time, and the one ward in which the Catholics had any considerable strength was St. Patrick's, better known as "Corktown." The prominent Catholics at this time were Samuel McKelvey, a fashionable tailor; Terena Brangan, a baker, and rather noisy sort of a small politician; John Brick, a contracting plasterer. There were several men of prominence with Irish Catholic names in the town, but they were not with us, among whom was one Denis Kelly, a man of considerable importance as a carriage builder. Kelly undertook to represent St. Patrick's ward in the town board and as he was abnoxious to all good Irish Catholics, they determined to oppose him, and John Brick's elder brother, Timothy, who was his partner in business, was set up against him. It was a decidedly warm contest, in which great interest was taken, and it was looked upon as a trial of strength between Protestants and Catholics. In those early years Hamilton had a large "Yankee" element of population and Kelly being a "Yankee," was strongly supported by that element. His factory, too, was in the ward and gave employment to a good many men, and possessing enterprise and intelligence, he had a strong support, many Irish Catholics, too, backing him. It was a truly hot contest, and no stone was left unturned on either side to win. Mr. Brick being a plasterer by occupation and his name being Brick, he shouted his side, "Yankee" for brick and mortar. On Kelly's side it was "Yankee" for the Yankee Irishman. Anthony Brick won by a small majority, and the Irish Catholics rejoiced over the event, as the first victory they had ever won for themselves at the polls in the "Am-

bitious Town." John Brick, his brother, and the sparter of the two, for a couple of years, carried around a big book among the property owners, making assessments. Among the residents of St. Patrick's ward at that time were Judge Miles O'Reilly and his brother, Hamilton O'Reilly. They were Episcopalians in religion, but never meddled in politics. The judge, however, was a very amiable gentleman, was well liked by the Irish, to the poor people which nationality he was ever kind. It has often been a wonder to me how so many people of such prominent Irish Catholic antecedents like the O'Reillys could be Protestants, but I suppose the penal days and threats of confiscation accounts for the odd circumstance.

There was a family of the Fitzpatricks in Hamilton in those early days that had considerable respect. Two of them, Kenny and Martin, were prominent members of the Mechanics' Institute, and were looked upon as reliable, intelligent citizens. They resided in St. Mary's Ward. After Hamilton was incorporated as a city it had aldermen. Kenny Fitzpatrick was nominated for alderman for that ward and was elected, and so popular did he prove that for nineteen years, year after year, he was elected without opposition. After taking his seat for the nineteenth time he was seized with heart failure on that night and died in his chair, to the regret of the people of the city, as no man that ever sat in the city council had more respect and confidence reposed in him. His wife was a Toronto lady, a daughter of the late Mr. Molloy of Osgoode Hall, and a sister of the late Mrs. Mathew O'Connor of Toronto. A son of the late Hamilton alderman now fills a responsible position as cashier of the probate court of Cork County, Chicago, and is a much respected bachelor gentleman. There are other members of the family here too, filling responsible positions. Thomas Gray, who came to Hamilton from Dundas, was a popular Irish Catholic who was at one time alderman for St. George's Ward. He was the founder of the Hamilton Times newspaper. He died in Toronto a good many years ago, where he was a contractor for the Grand Trunk Railroad.

In the old days I believe the Catholics had more sway in Dundas than any town in Upper Canada and always had representatives on the town board. The Collins family is an instance of their influence in public matters, one of the brothers being mayor and another sheriff at the same time.

In London from the earliest days, the Catholics had due representation in public affairs, as instance the election of the late Sir Frank Smith of Toronto as mayor of that city in 1867, the year before he left there to establish his business in Toronto.

I have scanned the returns of your city election and I do not recognize the name of more than one Catholic elected to any position in Toronto. This is an anomalous condition of affairs, and speaks badly for the influence, the power and the organizing force of the present generation of Catholics in Toronto. We did better in the old days when Orangemen and anti-Catholics were rampant, and there was hardly a ward in the city that did not have a Catholic councillor or alderman at one time or another. But we had method and organization in those days. We had leadership, too, that was effective. The late Senator John O'Donohoe was a great municipal organizer in his day. There was one year in the sixties, I forget which, that with our compact and intelligent organization, we carried nearly every ward in the city council. In those days, too, such able and representative men as John George Bowes, a whole-souled liberal Irish Protestant Conservative, who was twice mayor; Senator John O'Donohoe, who represented St. David's Ward; the late Judge Adam Wilson; Hon. Oliver Mowat, the late Lieut-Gov.; Hon. Geo. W. Allan, who served two terms as mayor of the city; John McMurrugh, the wholesale merchant, afterwards a member of the Dominion Senate; James Vance, a great debater, and many other men of prominence in the fifties and sixties.

The first Irish Catholic that I remember to have broken into the Orange city council was William Murphy, for St. Lawrence Ward. Under the Catholic-Grit alliance James Stock, an English Catholic, represented the same ward afterwards. St. David's Ward, in which St. Paul's Church was situated, was represented at different times by Senator O'Donohoe, Patrick Hayes, and James Mallon. St. Patrick's Ward, in the west, was represented by Geo. Evans, and St. Andrew's Ward by John Mulvey. I do not think, however, there was ever more than three Catholics in the city council at one time.

We performed a great coup, however, one year, when we turned eleven Orangemen out of the city council and put eighteen English Liberals in their places. I forget what year of the sixties that was now, but I would like to know. I think it was the year we made the late Chief Justice Wilson mayor, and he was our friend ever afterwards.

We did not always ally ourselves to the Liberals, but we won our greatest

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victories with them. We always supported John George Bowes for any position he sought—alderman, mayor or member of parliament. Mr. Bowes was an Irish Protestant who sometimes united orange and green. The Scotch not only hated but persecuted him, and we stuck by him. He was a resourceful politician and one of those public men who never tired of doing favors for constituents. Mathew Crooks Cameron, who was a Liberal Conservative who carried Catholic favor, was one occasion Mr. Bowes' opponent for the mayoralty. We called our members together for a consultation as to which of those men should be our choice for our support. Your correspondent had something to say, in such matters in those days. His argument was, "There are two friends before us seeking our support, and we have to choose between them. One is an old and tried friend, the other is a new and valued friend; see no reason why we should abandon an old and tried friend for a new and valued one; therefore, I submit that Mr. Bowes should continue to receive our support as heretofore." The Hon. Capt. John Emsley immediately arose and said: "The last speaker has expressed my views exactly, and I propose that Mr. Bowes shall receive our support for mayor at the pending election. Mr. Bowes received our unanimous support and was elected."

What are you Catholics of to-day about? Have you no organization, no tactics, no alliances and successes as we used to have in the olden times when prejudices were stronger and difficulties greater? When I look at the result of the late election it looks that way to me.

Several distinguished American Catholics have died of late, among them General James Longstreet, the last of the great Confederate generals of the war of the rebellion, whose funeral was held at Gainesville, Georgia, a few days ago. Bishop Kelvey of Savannah officiated at the religious services.

In my last letter I dilated on the discomforts and dangers of life in Chicago. I am impressed with it more and more every day. The principal cause of this is the congestion of the down-town district beyond all reason. The effort is to cram every thing of importance into the first ward, between the lake and the river, which is only about half a mile wide. There is one office building in this district that houses five thousand people every day. A movement has been started to remove the city hall to the west of the river. You have no idea how the elevated trains and surface cars are packed every morning and evening going to and from this congested district. Unless this congestion is relieved there will be constant panics and catastrophes. The very evening of the day on which I wrote those remarks there was another hotel fire horror in which three lives were lost, one of them being that of Mr. P. F. Ryan, an Irish merchant, who conducted a large dry goods store on West Madison street for twenty-five years.

Thursday the coroner commenced his inquest on the Iroquois Theatre fire. The evening of that day the Iroquois Club House immediately opposite the theatre, was destroyed by fire, and the framework of some of the windows of the Unity Building adjoining where I do some of my writing, were scorched. The loss of life and the injuries to limbs since the great catastrophe would fill a column of

your paper. This is saying nothing of the discomforts of local transportation, of which Toronto people have no idea, but which are here a matter of course.

It is a matter of surprise to many Catholics why the pallium is not conferred on the Archbishop in Quigley. The pallium has been in Chicago for several months.

The Chicago fire horror reminds me of the first disastrous conflagration of the kind of which I have any recollection. It occurred in Quebec June 12, 1846, and is said to have been the most fatal fire of the kind that ever occurred in Canada. As I knew the parties through whose instrumentality it took place, it made a very vivid impression upon me.

At that time there resided in Hamilton three brothers named Harrison—John, Mark and Thomas. I think they were an English family. John was a portrait painter, Mark was a landscape painter, and Thomas a grocer's clerk. The artists were talented men and highly respectable. John was manager of the amateur theatrical company that then gave regular performances in the old chair factory on Catherine street, and was a great society favorite. He used to take the leading lady characters himself in the performances and was a most excellent manager. Thomas, the youngest brother, used to take part in the performances too, but I do not think that Mark ever did, his taste not being that way, preferring to devote his whole time to his art. He had been working on what was then known as a series of dioramas with the view of exhibiting them in the various cities of the country. I cannot now call to mind what all his subjects were, but they were scriptural. They were exhibited in several cities of Canada before they were shown in Quebec. In this enterprise Thomas Harrison joined his brother Mark as manager and was with him at Quebec, and there lost his life. The exhibitions given were in the old riding school at Durham Terrace, which had been converted into a theatre. The "illuminated diorama" on exhibition on the night of the fatal fire June 12, 1846, was descriptive of Belschazzar's Feast. At the close of the exhibition, when the audience were leaving the house, a large lamp suspended from the ceiling fell and ignited the curtain in front of the stage. The house was at once in a blaze. There was only one place of egress, and the doors opened inwards. The greater portion of the audience, which was large, had got away in time, but nearly fifty were caught in the trap and perished, among them being the manager of the entertainment, Mr. Thomas Harrison, who was doing what he could to save the lives of others. The conflagration was confined to the building in which it originated.

It was about this time the electric telegraph was set up in Hamilton, but I am not sure whether the news of the disaster came by wire or by steamboat, but I think by steamboat, because the crowds that gathered on the corners of the streets formed after the steamboat came in from Toronto, discussing the calamity, with John Harrison in the midst of them, weeping as he told the terrible tale.

The occurrence made a very profound impression and I think Mr. John D'Arcy then abandoned the management of the "Theatre Royal," as it was called. "Tom" Harrison's funeral was very largely attended and sympathy for the family was deep and general.

It was after this occurrence that an act of the Legislature was passed requiring that all doors of public places should open outward instead of inward, as was then the custom, strange as it may appear. If I recollect aright the principal cause of so many lives being lost in the Quebec fire here described was that the doors opened inward.

John Harrison became a very serious and changed man and soon after became a convert to the Catholic faith. I think he retired to live on a farm across the bay, but at any rate he seemed desirous of shunning all notoriety. He was before this sad occurrence Hamilton's favorite son, and could get almost anything he asked for.

Mark Harrison, the landscape and picture painter, was a genuine artist and of great talent. He was a small, dark-haired and dark featured man. He did not, I think, remain long in Hamilton after his unfortunate experience in Quebec. For many years I wondered what had become of him. About eight years ago, however, I read in the Chicago "Chronicle" an account of a great scenic painter who resided at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and views of some of his great pictures were attempted in the same paper. I was delighted to learn the artist referred to was Mark Harrison, because I knew him. If he is yet alive he is a pretty old man.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

His Last Call to Duty (For The Register.)
The world admires, honors and praises the actions of the brave and heroic. The noble warrior of the battle-field, the brave captain who stands by his vessel in time of danger, the heroic fireman who risks his life at duty's call—all these are termed brave. Year after year many names are engraved on the Records of Fame for such deeds. The year just beginning will have to record the name of one of Montreal's gallant firemen in the person of Frank Hutt who lost his life at duty's call in the fire of Tuesday, January 5th, which destroyed the Mount Royal Club building situated on Sherbrooke street. At ten minutes to seven in the morning the alarm rang, and No. 1 hose wagon on which the unfortunate fireman was reached the scene of the disaster. Hutt, with two of his companions, carrying a hose, entered the burning building. The chief of the Brigade, Benoit, gave orders for Hutt to change his position. As he was leaving to obey his general's command a large stone weighing about 300 lbs. fell on his head and he was felled to the ground. Willing hands and willing hearts helped the dying young fireman to a house nearby, but in three or four minutes he was "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking"—he was dead. He had answered his last duty's call as regards this world, and his first and last call to the world beyond.

"No sound, no stair, no whispered breath,
No faintest sign of life—
And then his spirit, sunk in death,
Had given o'er the strife."
The deceased fireman was supposed to be a Protestant, but the real facts are that he was baptized a Catholic, but his relatives with whom he lived were members of the Church of England.

On Thursday afternoon the streets of the city were lined with citizens all eager to see the last of the young fireman who sacrificed his life on duty's altar. But, hush! a sound of music is heard in the distance, the evening shades are falling fast 'o'er the city, the music becomes plainer, the strains of the "Dead March in D" are heard, followed by the band, then came the hearse bearing the cross on high, heavily draped, resting underneath the crown. As the hearse was passing all heads were reverently bared, and the crowds stood in silent reverence. At the Bonaventure station the beautiful polished oak casket was put in a case of the same material and then covered with wreaths of flowers.

One wreath given by the firemen being marked, "His Last Call." How appropriate! Yes, his last call, life's battle closed its career with brave and noble Frank Hutt, at the age of 22 years. What a noble fight and a

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courageous one did the poor aged father make to appear brave at the funeral of his only son, the chief support of his old age. The remains were then lifted into the baggage car, the door closed and the scene was over. In a few hours the funeral cortege reached Morrisburg, Ontario, the former home of the deceased, where interment took place.

The body was accompanied by the following members of the Fire Department: Foreman Arthur Mann, of No. 10 Station; Foreman George Reynolds, of No. 3; Daniel Mackay, of No. 4, and Joseph Barner, a member of hose wagon brigade at No. 1, a comrade of the deceased fireman. The detachment was headed by Capt. Gordon, of No. 1 Station, who represented the chief.

The body was met at the station by the Chief and members of the Morrisburg Fire Department. The Chief, Thos. Howson, was in command of 30 men and was assisted by Captains Coir, Beckstead, Beiney and Casselman. A large body of citizens, headed by the reeve-elect, Geo. L. Brown, and the council, followed the remains to the residence of a relative of the deceased. The funeral services took place at the Catholic Church, in charge of the Rev. Father MacCarthy. The remains were taken to the vault, accompanied by the Montreal and Morrisburg firemen and citizens. Great regret is expressed on all sides at the unexpected ending of the young fireman's life, and the sympathy of the community has been tendered to the family of the deceased. Mr. Chas. C. Pickering, of Montreal, accompanied the remains with Fireman Hutt's own family.

It would be a wise move if a Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman were to accompany the fire brigade at big fires, and also with ambulance calls, as in many cases the injured ones die, without the last consolations of religion.

"Let the radiant finger of hope now guide
The contrite prodigal's hand,
Till he stands redeemed and purified
In the happy Promised Land."

Farewell, brave soldier, peace be with thy ashes.—R.I.P.
Montreal, Jan. 12, 1904.

FELIX.

OBITUARY

MRS. MATTHEW YOUNG, SPARROW LAKE, ONTARIO.
It is with deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of an old and highly respected woman in the person of Mrs. Matthew Young, who, fortified by the last rites of the Catholic Church, passed to that land from whence no traveller returns, on Sunday, January the third, at the ripe age of eighty years. By her very kind and loving manner, she won for herself many friends, who now sympathize with the bereaved husband and family in this, their great loss.

The funeral, which took place on Tuesday, January the 5th, was well attended, showing the high esteem in which deceased was held.

She leaves to mourn her loss, two sons and two daughters, viz.: Mrs. O'Connor, North Bay; Mrs. Robert Gregg on the homestead, and James and William also at home. To these we extend the sympathy of the community in their sad affliction. May her soul rest in peace.

MR. JONES, GRAVENHURST.
We regret to announce the death of Mr. Jones of this settlement, which occurred on Saturday morning, January the ninth. The deceased had been ailing some time, but no one considered his case at all serious, and everyone looked anxiously forward for his speedy recovery.

The funeral which took place on Tuesday, January 12th, was a large one. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, three daughters and two sons, viz.: Mrs. George Haskett; Gravenhurst; Misses Lettie and Mary; and Messrs. Chas. and Leo.

To the afflicted widow and family we extend our sincere sympathy. Requiescat in peace.

DEATH OF LAWRENCE DOYLE.
On Sunday last Mr. Lawrence Doyle died, at his residence, 199 Niagara street, this city. Mr. Doyle had not been in the best of health for some time owing to the effects of la grippe which he suffered from quite a while ago. He was a son of the late John Doyle, pattern-maker for the old St. Lawrence foundry, and a nephew of the well-known Patrick Doyle who kept the Catholic Book Store in the old St. Lawrence market. He was educated in old St. Paul's School. The deceased followed his father's occupation to a few years ago, and at the time of his death was a member of the pattern makers union of Toronto. He also took an active interest in the Knights of St. John, which Order had charge of the funeral cortege. The funeral took place to St. Mary's Church yesterday morning and from thence to St. Michael's cemetery, the citizens showing by their large attendance the esteem in which the deceased was held in the community. Mr. Doyle leaves a mother, three brothers, John, Daniel and Denis, and four sisters, Mrs. Dancy, Brookfield street; Mrs. Marshman, Defoe street, and Annie and Nellie living at the old family home in St. Mary's parish.

Rev. Dr. Kilroy's Death

Stratford, Jan. 12.—Rev. Dean Kilroy, for thirty years rector of St. Joseph's Church of this city, passed away here at 5 o'clock this evening. He had been ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected. He was one of the best-known and oldest priests in Canada, and withal one of the kindest, having been beloved by his parishioners and respected by all classes and creeds alike. Having received an excellent education and possessing a commanding appearance, he was both an eloquent and a convincing speaker.

Edmund Burke Kilroy was born in Clonmacnois, King's county, Ireland, and when six years of age came to Canada with his parents, settling in Essex county. Removing to Lockport, N.Y., he received his preliminary education there, having been confirmed by Archbishop Hughes, then the only Roman Catholic Bishop in New York. In 1852 he graduated from Notre Dame University, Indiana, and was at his death the oldest graduate. He was ordained a priest in 1854, and in 1856 was made President of St. Mary's College, Chicago, and later conducted a mission at Lafayette, Indiana. In 1864 he acted as chaplain in the civil war, having been appointed by Governor Morton to look after the dead of Indiana, and having pastoral charge of the armies of Cumberland, Mississippi and the Potomac. He was wounded in a battle, however, and forced to give up his charge. In 1864 he was made parish priest of Sarnia, having charge of the district east to Watford, including Petrolia, Wyoming and Forest. At Sarnia he established the Sisters of the Holy Name. In 1869 he came to St. Mary's as priest, and in 1873 was made rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London. In 1874, when Rev. Dr. Cronin was made Bishop of Hamilton he was appointed parish priest at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, a position he held till his death, a period of thirty years. While in Rome in 1876 he was elected a D.D. by the College of the Propaganda, and in 1878 was created a Dean by Right Rev. Bishop McEvay of London, in which year he also celebrated his silver jubilee as priest at St. Joseph's. Dean Kilroy was a great patron of education, having in 1878 established Loreto Convent here, and at various periods since then donated liberal sums for educational purposes. He was chairman of the Separate School Board at the time of his death. He travelled extensively, and at his death had almost completed his fiftieth year as a priest. His death will be mourned not only by his parishioners, but by the city at large, of which he was a most progressive citizen. The funeral will be held on Friday morning here. Two sisters, M. Kilroy and Mrs. Marion St. Louis of Detroit, and one brother, J. A. Kilroy, Phoenix, Ariz., survive.

Chinese in the Rand

Ottawa, Jan. 12.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier a short time since received from the Premier of New Zealand a cabled proposition to co-operate in a protest against the importation of Chinamen to work in the Rand mines in South Africa. The Prime Minister immediately replied in courteous but emphatic terms to Mr. Seddon that he did not consider the matter to be one in which Canada was called upon to interere.

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