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St. Patrick's Day in Montreal

(For The Register.)
Ireland's patron saint was duly honored in the Metropolis of Canada. Montreal has been famous for its celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and the one of 1904 was one of the finest. The morning broke clear, though slightly cold, which towards noon had disappeared under the rays of old Sol. The streets, muddy and sloppy, did not dampen the ardor and zeal of the hundreds in the parade.

At early morning the green sprig of shamrock was in evidence everywhere. From the tiny tot to the venerable grey-haired old man—all wore.
"The chosen leaf,
Of hard and chief,
Old Erin's national shamrock."
Flags, banners, and bunting flew to the breeze in honor of the event. St. Ann's Parish resembled "A little Irish town," and upheld its record of the past by being true to the traditions of its forefathers.

It was a day of joy, thanksgiving, hope and prosperity. Joy because it awakened a glowing sentiment of nationality, for after the love of God comes love of native land. Thankfulness, because all blessings come from on High, and God in His tender mercy raised up St. Patrick to carry His name to the ends of the earth, and to spread far and near, the glories of Christianity. Hope, because the day star of old Ireland's cause for justice and righteousness is about to shine, and the dark clouds of oppression and misrule are to be changed into happiness and prosperity. The dark night of evil is about to give way to the inevitable day of joy and gladness.

Let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the scene at St. Patrick's Church, both inside and outside of the parent Irish-Catholic church in Montreal. In and around the vicinity of the church crowds had assembled. Scores of youngsters mounted on horseback and dressed in green velvet and silk, kept driving up and down, being admired by their many friends.
At 9.30 the service commenced at St. Patrick's, but by 8 o'clock every available space was taken. The interior of the fine temple was at its best. The sanctuary was gorgeous, with its banners, flags, banners, flowers, candelabra, colored electric and other lights, but above all the dazzling vestments of the Archbishop and his assistants, the beautiful cardinal cassocks of the sanctuary boys made the scene a pretty one. And the music, the old veteran, Prof. J. A. Fowler, the well-known organist, played the sweet and soul-inspiring music of "The Isle That's Crowned with Shamrocks."

His Grace the Archbishop, officiated and was assisted by Rev. Father Caron, rector of St. Ann's, who was assistant priest; by Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Father Perron, St. Leo, Westmount, who acted as deacon and sub-deacon of honor respectively.
The deacons of the Mass were Rev. Father Casey, of Montreal College, and Rev. Father Polan, St. Patrick's. Rev. Father Demers was master of ceremonies for His Grace. Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan had charge of the arrangements of the Sanctuary and was ably assisted by Brothers Anselm and Jerome. The officers of the Mass were Thomas Kelly, master of ceremonies, Gerald Leitch, server, Michael Brown and George Brown, acolytes, Harry Larkin, maître-beatier; B. Hyland, candle-bearer; Arthur Richardson, book-bearer; P. Robine, gem; J. Power, crozier-bearer; R. Dube, train-bearer; assistant acolytes, A. Kilkerry and John McEnroe.

Among the members of the clergy occupying seats in the Sanctuary were noticed: Rev. Father Leoc, Superior of the Seminary; Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers J. Killoan, P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Holland, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Father Flynn, St. Ann's; Rev. P. McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. M. L. Shea, Rev. Thomas E. Heffernan, Rev. Father Brady, Rev. Father Cullinan, Rev. Father Callaghan, St. Mary's, Rev. Father Kieran, St. Michael's, Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. James Lonnergan; Rev. Father Beaubien; Rev. Father Rossin; Rev. Father McInerney, Maynooth, Ont.; Rev. Father Chisholm, Antigonish; Rev. Father Robillard, St. Eusebe; Rev. Father Lessard, Lachine; Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M.; Rev. Father Lepailleur, Rev. Father Delor, Rev. Father Segar, and others.

The choir under the direction of Mr. George Carpenter, rendered Fowler's Mass No. 4. The soloists were: Messrs. A. Lamoureux, D. McAndrew, F. Cahill, G. A. Carpenter, W. J. Walsh, J. J. Walsh and J. M. Quinn.
At the offertory Mr. Bernard Sullivan of New York, who has been in the city for the past few weeks, sang with much feeling and precision "Ave Verum." Mr. Sullivan possesses a voice of much power and sweetness and was at his best on St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick's Cadets, in their natty costumes of gray and green, occupied places inside the sanctuary. Immediately outside the altar railings the Hibernia Knights, in their rich uniform, occupied places of honor. During the elevation of the mass these two societies gave the military salute with drawn swords, which rendered the scene solemn and imposing.

Immediately after the singing of the gospel the preacher, Rev. Father Joseph Murphy, P.P. of Holywood, Newfoundland, and Secretary of His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Ronald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, marched from the Sacristy preceded

by a body guard of St. Patrick's Cadets, with drawn swords. Entering the pulpit he found it decorated with shamrock in his honor. The discourse, was one of eloquence and pathos, deep in thought and sentiment, and rich in food for meditation and practice, and a glowing tribute to the Apostle of Ireland. It was the first time that one of Terra Nova's priests had been so honored to be the preacher in Montreal for St. Patrick's Day. Rev. Father Murphy took for his text, "Arise, O North wind, and come Q South wind, blow through my garden, and let the aromatic spices thereof flow."—Canticles.
Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Beloved Brethren:

THIS IS ST. PATRICK'S DAY

To us of the Irish race it is, as it should be, a day of thanksgiving. We review the events of St. Patrick's life and rejoice. We recall his heroic virtues practised in an heroic degree and we are filled with admiration. It is not wrong to thus rejoice. It is not wrong to admire what is good and great, but the dominant note, be it remembered, in to-day's celebration is one of thankfulness. For this reason we come this morning—ones and all—the reverend and loved Archbishop as well as the humblest of his subjects—to the foot of the Altar that in prayer and praise, in sacrifice and solemn ceremonial, we may join in one grand act of thanksgiving to God for the spiritual favors. He conferred on the exiles of Ireland and their descendants through the ministry of their first great Apostle.
The North wind has arisen, the South wind has come to blow through the garden of our ancient faith, and allow its aromatic spices to flow in prosperity and adversity. By the North wind of adversity and persecution, not less than by the South wind of peace and National greatness did God realize his designs on the spiritual children of St. Patrick. The vicissitudes of this missionary nation so clearly foreshadowed in my text, were as legendary tradition hath it, in a vision made known to the Saint.

At the end of his great-missionary labors, and shortly before he closed his eyes in death, the Saint had a vision which filled him with alternate fear and joy, of despair and hope. It was prophetic of the country's future. He saw the whole face of Ireland, from one end to the other, covered with innumerable bright glowing fires. Light enveloped the land, and not a shadow of darkness remained. The Saint continued in prayer, and a voice was heard saying:
"The fires are symbols of the faith that now burns in the hearts of the Irish people, the light the symbol of the virtues of the nation."
At this the Saint poured forth fervent utterances of thanksgiving and shed copious tears of joy. But the scene suddenly changed. Fires which a moment before shone so brightly, quickly became dim and glowed no longer. Nothing but smouldering embers remained. Then a deep shadow of darkness like the very pall of death hovered over the land. The Saint, now in doubt and sorrow, became more than ever earnest in his prayer when a voice in measured accent spoke:
"Even thus shall it be with Ireland in later days."

The Saint, overwhelmed with grief, asked God in His mercy to avert from his spiritual children so dire a destiny. His prayers were heard. The embers of the first fires, which were all but extinguished, were now seen to glow again, and to spread as of old their warmth and heat over the extent of Ireland.
Never did a nation before hear the word of God more submissively, or received it with more cheerful alacrity. The conversion of Ireland is unique in the history of the Church. It was brought about peacefully without the sacrifice of one human life, without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Among the many places which owe the Faith to the Irish may be mentioned Newfoundland, where I first saw the light which owes its faith to the exile emigrants from ever faithful Catholic Ireland. There in 1674 Louis XIV, Le Grand Monarque of France—the greatest potentate of his time—used the means and wealth at his disposal to establish a Catholic colony. It lived a short and precarious existence. A few tombstones and a small unused Church alone record the enterprise. Forty years previous Lord Baltimore, with ample resources at his command, established a Cavalon colony on the peninsula of Avalon. Of this colony now not a vestige—hardly a memory remains. Later on still there came to the shores of Terra Nova poor exiles—fishermen from Kerry and Walford—farmers from Tipperary and Kilkenny, followed by others from other parts of Ireland. These had but little of the world's goods. Simple in their manners, and, in many instances, illiterate. To all worldly seeming they were ill fitted to win success where the French King and the English notman had failed. But behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened. These poor humble fishermen had with them the faith of Saint Patrick, and became the pioneers of the Catholic Church, which is now so flourishing in Terra Nova, and I might add without the least feeling of boastfulness that nowhere else the Catholic Church lives a more vigorous and promising life.

STRIKING LESSONS.

These, my brethren, are the divine favors for which we offer our thanks giving to God on this day. We offer our thanks to God because the South wind came and blew on the garden of Irish faith and made it fair and fresh and beautiful. We are grateful because the North wind of persecution rose and drove to this as well as to other countries the Apostles of the Irish faith. We are thankful that that faith has taken deep root in new lands, that the aromatic spices thereof flow. But how may we best express our gratitude for these divine gifts? Need I tell you, my brethren, that it is by imitating the holy example of our Irish forefathers—by reproducing in our own lives the special virtues of the Irish race—marching allegiance to the Holy See, the centre of all Catholic unity, great spirit of self-denial, love for the poor, which are practised—and above all great devotion to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, the divine model on which Irish womanhood, whether in the cloister or in the world, formed the chastity which has ever been the admiration of the world.

"They were good as they were fair, None—none on earth above them, Pure in thought as angels are, To see them was to love them."

Happy indeed is the country in which this beautiful trait of Irish womanhood obtains.
May these and the other virtues of the Irish race ever flourish in this great Dominion of Canada and make it happy and prosperous as Ireland was in its palmist days. Then indeed would we say with the poet:

"Our native land with fond regard we view,
Its clustered hamlets and its mountains blue,
A virtuous populace—a nobler boast Than the riches of both India's coasts."

Loving as we do our own country, here, be it that of our birth or of our adoption, our hearts go forth affectionately to-day to dear old Ireland—the fairest Isle of the ocean. We thank God for His bounties to that country. Whether in prosperity or adversity its children were the people of God. We love it because it was the cradle of our faith. We love it because it was the home of Saints and scholars, and we love it none the less because of its dark days of trial and persecution—none the less because its soil was made sacred by the blood of our martyred forefathers. May God ever bless dear Ireland.
After Mass the procession formed, the order being:

- Band—Flag.
- 1—The Ancient Order of Hibernians.
- 2—Congregation of St. Michael's.
- 3—Congregation of St. Gabriel. (Not members of any society.)
- 4—St. Gabriel '98 Literary and Debating Society.
- 5—St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- 6—Congregation of St. Anthony.
- 7—Congregation of St. Mary. (Not members of any society.)
- Band—Banner.
- 8—Holy Name Society of St. Mary. Band—Banner.
- 9—St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
- 10—Congregation of St. Ann. (Not members of any society.)
- 11—St. Ann's Cadets in uniform.
- Band—Flag.
- 12—St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Band—Banner.
- 13—St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- Band—Banner.
- 14—Boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers Schools.
- (Not members of any society.)
- 15—St. Patrick's Cadets, Company No. 17, in uniform.
- 16—Young Irishmen's Literary and No. 2, in uniform.
- Band—Flag.
- 17—Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.
- Band—Father Matthew Banner.
- 18—St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- Band—Banner.
- 19—St. Patrick's Society.
- The Mayor and invited guests.
- The clergy.

Leaving Radegonde street, the procession proceeded by way of Craig, Little Craig, St. James, Inspector streets, Chaboillez Square, Notre Dame, Seigneur, St. Patrick, Laprairie, Centre Wellington, McCord, Ottawa, Colborne, Notre Dame, McGill, Alexander streets to St. Patrick's Hall.
The procession was the best conducted for years. The uniformed Knights of the Hibernians excelled themselves with their magnificent suits, their manly bearing, and their fancy drills. Passing St. Ann's Church, McCord street, they formed a cross with drawn swords, the effect being beautiful and greatly pleasing to the thousands who viewed the parade.
St. Patrick's Cadets marched in full military style and won rounds of applause on the line of march. St. Ann's Cadets with their fine file and drum band and the Young Men's Society and also St. Ann's Temperance Society turned out in large numbers and showed that good old St. Ann's was Irish to the core.

The Young Irishmen's Society never turned out stronger for years while St. Mary's Young Men's Society did honor to themselves. St. Patrick's and St. Gabriel's Temperance bodies honored the occasion, and were well represented.
Thousands viewed the parade, the young and the old, many who first saw the light in dear old Ireland, but with the North wind of adversity, were forced to make their homes in a strange land, they waited patiently for the South wind of prosperity to blow over the dear old home land, and soon will the day of triumph be at hand.

In the evening the St. Patrick's banquet, and all the Irish entertainments were well attended, and the Irishmen of Montreal did honor to the Faith of their fathers, to the trophy, the emblem of the Blessed Trinity.
"In Loaghair's reign, that great Ard Righ,
There came to Erin's shore
A holy man whose world wide fame
Is famous evermore,
And though the time is distant now,
Some fourteen hundred years,
His men'try is as fresh with us
As dewy morning's tears.

In Irish songs, where'er we find
The Irish note dwell,
In foreign land, or prairie wild,
Though silent chapel bell,
That grand old name, the children
hear
It sung in glorious lays;
What wonder, then, that Irishmen
Revere it in those days.
Aye, Patrick is a noble name,
That Harry Bess, of that foul monk
With lust upon his brow,
And shame be on the Irish youth,
Who join the scoffing smile
With scorners of our creed and race
And of our Holy Isle.

Turn not aside your brow in shame
If slaves your nation scorn,
Or flout you for that ancient faith
In which your race was born.
The day will come, 'tis near at hand,
When noon and joy and rest,
Will vanish with that tyrant power,
That has our land oppress'd."

"What is that which is often found
where it is sought?" Answer:
"Faith."

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St. Patrick's Day in Paris

The entertainment in the Opera House on the evening of March 17th, was a great success. The lecture by Mr. Downey, M.P.P., Editor of the Guelph Herald, on "Ireland and the Irish," was eloquent, interesting, instructive, and an intellectual treat, sparkling with wit and humor. At the outset Mr. Downey described in glowing language some of the scenes that rose before the imagination of the exiled children of Erin, celebrating their National anniversary. Proceeding, he dwelt at considerable length on the golden epoch of Irish history, which followed its conversion by St. Patrick. In those days Ireland was the sanctuary and the one uncontaminated fountain of civilization, when all Europe was plunged in the darkness of idolatry. The heroic struggle against the invasions of the Norsemen, and the glorious, though tragic ending of the battle of Clontarf, which, though it drove the invaders forever from the shores of Ireland, left the country desolated, were also touched upon. What Ireland did for civilization throughout Europe in those days could not be measured. She established institutions of learning in Germany, and the land of the Franks, and manned their Colleges with her students.

Ireland's services to the British Empire in later days was the subject of an eloquent tribute from the speaker. From the days of the Peninsular war, down to the struggle in South Africa, where defeat was turned into victory by the tact and skill of Irish generals, the Sons of Erin have rendered distinguished services to British arms.

The Irish in Canada, the speaker said, had been true to the best traditions of their race, and had given to the service of the country some of her best men.
In closing, the speaker described the gratifying change in the condition of affairs in the old land. Reformed Poor Laws, agrarian crimes unknown, marked improvement in the agricultural and industrial development of the country, and more than all, the land being restored to its original owners. The door was at last open, the speaker believed, to amity and peace in a house that for centuries had been torn by discord and dissension. Many appropriate anecdotes, told in Mr. Downey's inimitable style, enlivened the address, and the audience considered the lecture too short, though he spoke over an hour.

With the exception of Miss Myrtle German, of St. George, who sang very sweetly "Fleeting Days," and "Angel's Serenade," the vocal and instrumental parts of the program were given by local performers, who acquitted themselves very creditably. Those taking part from town were: Piano Duets—Misses Skelly and Vera Walton.
Solos—Mr. R. K. McCammon.
Solos—Mr. Matt McCabe.
Accompanist—Miss Skelly.
Mavor Stroud acted as chairman, and Rev. Father Crinion thanked him. Mr. Downey, the singers, and audience for the success of the evening.

After the entertainment Mine Host Thos. Flahiff, invited the lecturer and performers to the Canadian Hotel, where a recherche banquet was served and a pleasant social hour spent.

St. Patrick's Day in the Morning

How it was Celebrated in the Afternoon at Ottawa

A correspondent writing from Ottawa, in addition to giving a description of the Irish National celebration at the Dominion capital, a report of which has already appeared in the columns of The Register, gives a most flattering eulogy of a new departure initiated by Mr. W. J. McCaffrey. After acknowledging the weighty obligations, under which this gentleman has placed the Irishmen and Irishwomen of Ottawa, in his efforts to make entertainments, interspersed with music, either vocal or instrumental, a success, he has added a fresh claim to gratitude, by inaugurating an afternoon matinee, which, on each recurring 17th of March promises to be an event of the day. The last entertainment of this character was a decided success, and a doubt does not linger regarding the results attending any future efforts which Mr. McCaffrey may make on similar lines. Mr. McCaffrey is of a clever family raised in Montreal who have done their share in an effort to foster Irish national sentiment, and their himself pursues the same course during the few years that he has been a resident of Ottawa, through the natural, more than through the artificial flow of the stream of Irish patriotism, needs no proof.

"Where is happiness always to be found?" Answer: "In the dictionary."

Death of Sister M. Aimee

After a brief illness, Rev. Sister Mary Aimee, of the Order of Sisters of Charity, passed away at St. Vincent's Convent, St. John, N.B., on Tuesday morning. Sister Aimee was known in the world as Miss Josephine Cormier, of Buctouche. She had been a member of the community for five years, and was on the teaching staff of St. Vincent's School. The deceased sister attended to her school work as late as Friday of last week, but was suffering from a severe cold, which, developing into pneumonia, caused her death. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Convent chapel by Rev. H. D. Cormier on Thursday morning at eight o'clock, after which the body was conveyed to the new Catholic cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Arthur Owens, H. O. McInerney, Geo. P. Allen, Perley Lunney, Charles O'Neil and Thos. Coughlan.

Choir Reform in Toronto

Practical steps are being taken in many of the city parishes to bring the church music, especially, and the singing at the masses, into conformity as much as possible with the instructions laid down in the recent letter of Pius X.

Happiness depends on what we are, on our individuality, for only that which a man has himself, which he carries with him into solitude, which none can give or take away, is intrinsically his.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting a and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry, under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
- (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (4) If a settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Classes (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.
Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the office in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporation and private firms in Western Canada.

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