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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903

THE CONCLAVE.

Lurid are the stories cabled from Rome and other European capitals concerning the Conclave. There are stories of intrigue, strategy and faction that might fairly dismay the ordinary politician. The correspondents have given free rein to their fancy and their disclosures are all couched in language of the utmost assurance and positiveness. The more positive the language the more reckless the guess, no doubt. But at all events since the worthy gentlemen who write with ease have guessed all round the compass, some one of them may possibly have the opportunity later on of parading himself as a prophet. Well may they write with ease about the Conclave. They are safe from the remotest chance of contradiction. The work of the Conclave is too solemn to have any Cardinal allow himself the distraction of denying statements attributed to him, however ridiculous. Every intelligent person who has read a reputable account of the Conclave that elected the late Pope will understand at once that the daily journals are freely romancing now. An intelligent Protestant who had read such an account said to us a few days ago: "If instead of these sensational articles the press would write intelligently about the Conclave it could not fail to help the people at large to better ideals of secrecy and purity of political elections."

The Press seems to have no such mission. Its most absurd canards of to-day are forgotten to-morrow, if they happen to have lost their tang in twenty-four hours. It is idle guessing who the next Pope may be. When a Catholic writer like Marion Crawford pretends he knows anything more about it than any other sensation-monger, he only makes a fool of himself.

Ireland and America were not represented in the Conclave of 1878. Cardinal Cullen was ill and Cardinal McCloskey did not arrive in time. Cardinals Logue and Gibbons are now in Rome. Cardinal Moran is said to have sailed for Rome some time ago. Ordinarily the Cardinals in Rome wait ten days for those who are absent. But for just cause the Conclave may proceed without such interval. When the Cardinals have entered the Conclave, the election must take place before they leave. A Cardinal may leave the Conclave for just cause such as sickness, but he cannot return and takes no part in the election.

KING EDWARD IN IRELAND.

The tour of King Edward in Ireland resembles a triumphal progress. The reason is not hard to find. The King's own manliness and modern spirit dictated the manner of this visit. Dublin Castle and Scotland Yard were deeply desirous that the most severe official management should be the order of the occasion. Scotland Yard had a regiment of trained detectives in readiness of protect the sovereign. But the King said to Scotland Yard: "Keep your detectives in London; I am sure of receiving from the Irish people."

On the eve of his arrival in Dublin some Castle busybodies forced upon the Council of the corporation of the city a discussion of their proposal that the corporation should hitch itself to the official Castle programme. The Council refused and the refusal was instantly misrepresented in the English press. But the King was not deceived. His first speech was addressed to the Irish people. It was chivalrous and cordial as speech could devise, and the King's reception from the people was entirely worthy of their royal visitor, being hearty, spontaneous—in a word—Irish.

King Edward expressed the confident hope that the dawn of a new era is breaking. He was speaking of the Parli-

menting the Land Bill through its final stages, and Premier Balfour was telling the Commons that Home Rule had become a question which could now be considered without party passion, the interests and animosities of the land question having been removed. The Irish people, however, needed not these parliamentary reassurances that the word of the King was to be depended on. They had known and esteemed the reigning sovereign long before his coming to the throne. They knew him as the admirer of the late Mr. Gladstone, and they see to-day both in the Land Bill and the road which it is clearing for Home Rule the practical realization of Mr. Gladstone's policy that was so bitterly and passionately fought by the political followers of the King, by the very men who have bestowed the title of Edward the Peacemaker upon him.

In spite of their reputation the Irish people are not flatterers, nor is the Irish character so susceptible as many suppose to the influence of insincere flattery. Lord Mayor Harrington of Dublin declined to see the Corporation drawn into an official protestation of loyal platitudes at the end of a gaudy procession having Dublin Castle for its head; but as the first citizen of Dublin he cheered the King as he passed, and the King acknowledged the sincerity of that compliment with marked cordiality and pleasure.

King Edward understands and feels the new spirit that is moving the world. The leaders of the future must be men who speak to the people and espouse their cause. No one can live in the world of our day with open eyes and fail to discern the constantly accelerating pace at which power is passing over to the people. From the old Conservative aristocracy in Britain it passed to the capitalists. Now it is finding its only true foundation upon the people themselves. The King sees this and he has the strongest testimony of goodwill Ireland could give him in a popular welcome.

TURNING CHAMBERLAIN DOWN.

In the Barnard Castle bye-election in England last week, Mr. Chamberlain got the stiffest dose of medicine he has taken in his lifetime. The election was a three-cornered fight. The candidates were a straight Liberal with an open mind on the Colonial preference, or protection, question, a straight Unionist espousing Mr. Chamberlain's new political faith and a straight Free Trader, backed by the Labor vote. The result showed a considerable diminution of the Unionist vote polled by the same Unionist candidate in the previous election and a sweeping victory for the Free Trader. The constituency is Liberal in ordinary times. Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have said before the election that if his protection policy fails to recommend itself to the English people his political career is as good as ended. The Barnard Castle election would indicate that the plain people of England intend to rid themselves of Mr. Chamberlain.

A RIGHTEOUS PROTEST.

The protest of A Separate School Supporter resident in St. Peter's parish is published in another column. We ask our readers to peruse it carefully and then recall the impassioned plea which Rev. Dr. Teefe made to Catholic parents in St. Michael's College a few weeks ago. Dr. Teefe told us our boys were instructed up to the fourth book, were then Confirmed and turned out upon the world to compete against Protestant boys in all avocations of modern commercial and industrial life. He protested against it and he partly laid the blame upon Catholic parents. Now what is it that this Catholic father, who writes in our present issue, shows? Simply that the Separate School Board has laid a disability upon Catholic parents in the outlying parishes. They cannot except by sacrifices that in some instances may be prohibitive, and in all cases must be considerable, educate their boys beyond the stage at which Dr. Teefe declares it is next to a crime to send them out into the world. We are glad to see that the people are awake and determined to dispute their unquestioned rights with the School Board.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A certain Toronto paper justifies itself for attacking the Methodist body in connection with stock-gambling by saying that it is quite notorious for its abuse of Catholics. This, not

by any means original, style of gleaming, may be accepted as balm to the wounded feelings of our Methodist friends. However, it is their affair. The scribe also slaps himself on the shoulder and rejoices in his courage for getting after Ames when Ames was on the ground endeavoring to struggle to his feet again. But why does he not attack some of those prominent stock-gamblers whose names are as well known as Ames' but who were not run down and trampled in the bear raids on the stock exchange? Simply because the scribe has not the courage he takes credit to himself for. Some members of the New York Stock Exchange were driven to the wall last week, and when their names were read out in the stock exchange the mob of brokers cheered themselves into a state of frenzy, acting exactly as American mobs act when they are burning negroes at the stake. There is a suggestion of this same chivalry in the journalism that prods Ames after his fall and breathes not the names of the others who were tottering on the brink until the banks stood around and averted the financial panic which so many feared in Toronto a few weeks ago.

References to Pope Leo

In all the Catholic churches of Toronto on Sunday last, occasion was taken to dwell upon the great and holy life of the late Pope Leo. In St. Michael's Cathedral, Archbishop O'Connor was the preacher. From the text, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church." His Grace dwelt upon the Apostolic succession. He impressed again the duty of all Catholics to pray that a Pontiff be chosen who will follow in the steps of the departed Pope.

At the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes Father Cruise said that what would stand the late Pontiff in good stead was not his diplomacy nor his Latin verse writing, but his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

At Richmond Hill the Rev. J. S. Minehan in speaking of the late Pope said that the hallowed words which nearly two thousands years ago had announced the death of Lazarus might be fittingly applied to the sad event that had befallen the Catholic Church during the past week. He said that the Pope was loved in life, revered in death, and the united prayers of the Catholic world had appealed to the throne of heaven that Leo might be admitted to the sainted ranks of Peter and his successors, whose apostolate he so devotedly continued.

At St. Joseph's Father Canning spoke of the sympathy of the late Pope for humanity and the love which he won from all men in return.

In all the churches prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of the deceased Pontiff, and the people were enjoined to offer private prayers as well for the election of a worthy successor to the chair of Peter.

An Odd Coincidence

Civil List Pensions have just been conferred on the same day on Mr. Justin McCarthy and on the widow of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, whose suppression of the insurrection in that island in 1865 has thus been described by Mr. McCarthy: "Men were hanged, women were flogged, merely suspects of being suspects." The Report of the Royal Commission stated that 439 persons were put to death, that over 600, including many women, were flogged, some under circumstances of revolting cruelty. Cats made of piano wire were, in some instances, used for the better effect of flagellation. Some of the scourges were shown to the Commissioners, who observed that "it is painful to think that any man should have used such an instrument for the torturing of his fellow-creatures." Mr. McCarthy declares that Eyre in Jamaica, in 1865, "undertook the responsibility of defying the authority of experience, as well as that of constitutional and moral law."

The Silver Hammer Stroke

Cardinal Oreglia states that there is no such ceremony as the certification of the death of a Pope by striking the dead body on the forehead with a silver hammer. "The silver hammer will not be used by me," said the Cardinal, who fills the office of Camerlengo, "if only for the reason that it does not exist." The myth, as it now appears to be, is not confined to popular rumor. The silver hammer is mentioned in Cardinal Wiseman's "The Last Four Popes." Lucius Lector and Cesari, in their works on the Conclave, both state that this ceremony was gone through at the death of Pius IX., and one column gives a frontispiece illustrating the silver hammer procedure. As one present at the death of Pius IX., Cardinal Oreglia denied that there was any silver hammer on that occasion.

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions and words, and thoughts; daily forgiveness, unselfishness, kindnesses, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. Oh! it is these, like the blending colors in a picture, or the blending notes of music, which constitute the man.

Final Solemn Ceremony Over Leo XIII.'s Body

Requiem for Pope

Rome, July 25.—After obsequies consecrated by the usage of centuries, Leo XIII. was immured to-night in the niche of St. Peter's, which has been the temporary resting place of many Popes. Among the funerals of great men, including sovereigns and Presidents of several countries, which I have witnessed within two decades, this was unique and modern.

The pageantry of death is always imposing. This was both mediaeval and modern. It is a pity that it was not kept entirely mediaeval, according to the traditions of the Church, as was done in 1878, when Pius IX. was entombed, at midnight in the vast, empty cathedral, amid a gloom which was broken only by the torches borne by the mourning prelates.

To-night 4,000 spectators pressed around the bearers of Leo's bier, and great clusters of electric lights blazed over the scene. Few only could enter the choir channel, where the principal ceremonies were held.

It was a memorable spectacle, belonging to another age, whose impressiveness could not be destroyed even by modern irreverence.

Soon after 6 o'clock Cardinal Oreglia, the Camerlengo, attended by the Vatican prelates, met his brother Cardinals in the vestry of St. Peter's. They were followed by the chapter of the clergy of the cathedral to the choir chapel, in the centre of which there had been placed three coffins. The Cardinals took seats on the extreme right and left. They were clad in violet robes, with the customary red caps. The vicar of the chapter, in a black cope and white mitre, advanced to the smallest of the three coffins, of cypress wood, and solemnly blessed and sprinkled it with holy water.

Meantime three Cardinals, the chaplains of the Basilica and a portion of the choir, bearing torches, proceeded to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament on the opposite side of the Cathedral, where the body of the Holy Father still lay. There the Swiss Guards, in their magnificent uniforms, who had been on post for three days, stood in a solid phalanx before the gates. On the approach of the procession they fell back and the gates swung open. The bier was then lowered and the body was delivered to the clergy.

The short procession reformed and the bier was taken up by the Noble and Swiss Guards, the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament following with lighted tapers. As the procession started there rang out the solemn, overwhelming notes of the "Miserere," such as can be heard nowhere save in St. Peter's.

Dusk was falling as the slow march began and it was an impressive moment. Silence fell for an instant upon the assembled throng. There was no circuit of the cathedral according to the ancient custom, but the line passed slowly in front of the great altar of St. Peter and then direct to the choir chapel, where the members of the Sacred College awaited it. The bier was reverently placed beside the waiting coffin. The body was clad as since it was placed in the throne room on Wednesday. The ravages of death were only too evident.

The ceremony of preparing the body for the grave proceeded as quietly as possible. Members of the Noble Guard wrapped it in a winding sheet and placed it in the cypress coffin. Major-domo Cagiano placed a mantle of white silk over the face and hands and then put in the foot of the coffin a velvet bag containing gold, silver and bronze medals which had been struck annually during the pontificate of the late Pope.

Cardinal Vannutelli, as the senior Cardinal present who had been created by Pope Leo XIII., advanced to the coffin bearing a white metal tube containing a parchment on which were inscribed notes of the late Pontiff's principal encyclicals and a brief record of his pontificate. This was placed beside the body.

A second drapery or winding sheet of red silk was now spread over the body, the lid was placed over all and screwed down and the body was then technically delivered to the chapter of St. Peter, its chief giving a receipt to the Cardinal dean. The representatives of the chapter then lifted the coffin into another massive casket of lead, on which were inscribed the name and armorial bearings of the dead Pope, his age and the date of his death.

Artisans who were present then carefully soldered over the cover of this coffin until it had been hermetically closed. Then it was locked up by the Camerlengo and major-domo once more. The double coffin was lifted this time and placed in the third, which was of elm. This in turn was screwed down and sealed by the Camerlengo and Cardinal Rampolla as archpriest of St. Peter's, the major-domo and the dean of the chapter.

These formalities occupied more than an hour. While they were proceeding, prayers had been constantly recited and the choir sang the litany.

Night had fallen, but before the body went into the cathedral for interment the cathedral was brilliantly illuminated. The entombing took place in a niche fifteen feet high over a door just to the left of the entrance to the chapel where the foregoing ceremonies were enacted. The

full choir and many of the clergy, bearing torches and tapers, accompanied the body, but the Cardinals withdrew to the side entrance of the chapel.

The niche had been empty since the body of Pius IX. was removed therefrom in 1881. Before it stood an ordinary workman's derrick with a tackle and fall. The coffin, on which hung a pall of deep maroon silk, was placed below. Ropes were quickly tied around the coffin and a hook attached. The last prayers were solemnly said and the choir burst into a grand requiem. The sad notes rose and fell, now swelling in glorious harmony and now dying pathetically into silence.

Slowly, as the workmen pulled on the ropes, the receptacle of all that was mortal of the great Pope Leo rose above the heads of the spectators.

For Repose of Pope Leo's Soul

Rome, July 28.—The first of the three Requiem Masses, under the direction of the Sacred College, for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated this morning in the Sistine Chapel. All the Cardinals now in Rome, the diplomatic corps, the Roman nobility and many other distinguished persons were present. No such Mass had been seen in Rome since the death of Pius IX.

In the Sistine Chapel stood a huge catafalque thirty feet high and on it upon two scarlet cushions rested a triple crown of gold. The catafalque completely did the altar. About the catafalque were the members of the Sacred College, the conclavists or secretaries, and the heads of the religious orders. At the corners of the catafalque burned candles ten feet high. Beside those stood Noble Guards, with drawn swords. Other Noble Guards were posted at the chancel entrance, immediately beyond, in reserved places, were the diplomats. Two galleries had been erected. In one were a hundred ladies in deep black, and in the other were the special missions.

The Abbe Perosi, Italy's famous Oratoria composer, led the Sistine choir in the Gregorian chant. At the altar Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli was assisted by Cardinals Agliardi, Vincenzo, Satolli and Richiardi.

London, July 28.—A Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo was celebrated at the Oratory, Brompton, to-day in the presence of an enormous congregation. King Edward was represented by the Earl of Denbigh, and representatives of all the Embassies and legations and a majority of the Irish members of Parliament were present. The whole of the chapter of the diocese of Westminster participated in the impressive services.

Pope Leo's Will

Rome, July 26.—The will of the late Pope was read to-day after the meeting of the congregation of Cardinals. The will is written in the small, clear handwriting of the late Pontiff, presenting traces of uncertainty, and it might almost be taken for copper plate. That portion made public follows:

"In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, as the end of our mortal career is approaching, we put in this holograph will our last desires. Before all, we humbly supplicate the infinite bounty and charity of the blessed Lord to condone the faults of our life and receive benignantly our spirit in the beatific eternity which we specially hope through the merits of Jesus, the Redeemer, trusting to His Very Sacred Heart, an ardent furnace of charity, and fount of spiritual life and humanity. We also implore as mediators the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and our own beloved mother, and that legion of saints whom in our own life we venerated in a special way.

"Now, coming to dispose of the family patrimony, which is ours according to the deed of division drawn up by the notary, Curzio Franchi, December 17, 1882, we appoint as heir to this patrimony our nephew, Count Ludovico Pecci, son of Giovanni Battista, our deceased brother. From this property must be deducted that already donated to Count Ficcardo, another nephew, on the occasion of his marriage, according to a deed of February 13, 1886, by Notary Franchi. Equally from this property must be deducted all the estate in the Carpineto Romano belonging to the Holy See according to the declaration in our chirograph of February 8, 1900. In this our testamentary divisions we have not thought of other nephew Camillo and our nieces Anna and Maria, son and daughters of our brother, Giovanni Battista. For them we have in life properly provided decorous maintenance on the occasion of their marriages. We declare that no one of our family can claim any right in anything not contemplated in the present document, because all the other belongings of us as Pontiff, consequently are, and whatever nature which have come to in any case we wish, to be the property of the Holy See.

"We confide the exact execution of this, our disposition, to Cardinals Mariano Rampolla, our Secretary of State; Mario Mocenni, and Serafino Crettoni. This declaration is to be our last will.

"The Vatican, Rome, this eighth day of July, 1900.
"Giacchino Pecci,
"Leo P. P. XIII."

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Death of Mr. Daniel McAllister

(Cobourg Sentinel-Star, July 24.)

On Wednesday of last week our citizens were grieved to hear that one of our oldest and most respected citizens, Mr. Daniel McAllister, had the misfortune to have his horse run away on University avenue, and be thrown out heavily on his head and shoulder. From that time until Tuesday morning at six o'clock, he remained at the residence of his brother, Councillor McAllister, being cared for by his wife and family, and all that loving hands and medical skill could do were done to bring him back to his former health, but these efforts all failed, and early Tuesday morning, his spirit took its flight into the eternal world. During his illness he was at times conscious, but the hard fall must have injured the brain, and at his age it was impossible for him to rally.

The deceased was born in Ireland, 1832, and came when but an infant with his parents to Canada and settled in Cobourg, where he has lived all his life. He was a son of the late Andrew McAllister, who was well known to our older people. In 1848 he commenced his apprenticeship in the old Cobourg Star office, and for many years was an employee of that establishment. He afterwards established The Sentinel in 1860, which he conducted until 1878, when the latter office was united with The Star under the name of The Sentinel-Star. Mr. McAllister then entered the government service in the Customs at Cobourg. He filled all the offices faithfully until 1896, when on the Laurier Government coming into power he was superannuated. He was for several years a member of the Town Council, and took an intelligent and active part in town affairs. As proprietor and editor of The Sentinel he took an active part in politics, and was always a consistent Conservative. Believing in the principles of his party, he was always prepared by argument and pen to uphold them. For many years he had been looked up to as a reliable historian of the town of Cobourg and vicinity, and a residence of some seventy years gave him a rare chance to watch the advance of our town from a little hamlet to its present position as a prosperous and beautiful town. He was ever faithful to his friends, and while tolerant to those who differed from him, he could not bear deceit or double-dealing, and was not slow in denouncing such. He was faithful to his religion, a devoted and consistent member of the Catholic Church, and a regular attendant at St. Michael's. He was a kind and loving husband and father, a faithful friend, a consistent Christian, and an honest man. He is gone, and the coffin and the grave now entomb the earthly form, and another landmark of our town has been removed. But though laid in the silent tomb, and other scenes and other friends pass before our vision, his works and his memory will live for many years when the idle and vicious are forgotten. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon, and was very largely attended. Much sympathy is felt for his wife and children in their bereavement.

(The Register extends its deepest sympathy to the members of the bereaved family and adds its testimony to the sterling worth and Christian Catholic virtues of the deceased.—Ed. C. R.)

King Edward in Ireland

The New York Herald's cable says: The King's visit to Ireland could not have been more successful nor more timely.

The unbounded enthusiasm with which he was received in Dublin does not, of course, imply any abatement of the Nationalists' demands. As constitutional sovereign His Majesty would not desire it. He reigns over Nationalists as well as over Unionists, and he is placed above parties by the wisdom of the law.

His graceful, feeling reference to the death of the Pope shows it must have given him real pain to use the insulting language about the Roman Catholic faith prescribed by the Oath of Accession. There is a general belief in Ireland that His Majesty earnestly desires such a reconciliation between the two countries as Mr. Gladstone vainly endeavored to procure, and that that wish is shared with espe-

cial fervor by the Queen. It is no secret that the late sovereign of these realms detested the very name of Home Rule, and part at least of the cordiality now being shown by the inhabitants of Dublin is due to the impression that with her death that prejudice has disappeared.

King Edward in Ireland and Saturday Night

Editor Catholic Register:

The name McConnell seems suspiciously Irish, and if N. McConnell is Irish or of Irish origin, it is strange that he should, like a foul bird, so defile his own nest. If he belongs to some other nationality he is only perpetuating the system of misrepresentation which the Irish have had for centuries to submit to. In the cartoon on the front page, July 25th, King Edward appears the front figure, wielding a shillelagh and proclaiming "Oim one of yez."

King Edward is represented as a handsome gentleman, as he decidedly is, and that in more than one sense, for "handsome is as handsome does."

Are there any handsome, intelligent or distinguished-looking people in Ireland, and if so, why not represent one of them as coming to welcome King Edward? Are there no scholars in Ireland? Are there no people in Ireland who can speak better English and speak in more representative style than "Oim one of yez?" If so, why not produce some of these instead of the hideous specimens which have appeared?

Saturday Night has of late given itself over to a lawlessness of speech, and been practising its morbid rock-throwing on Catholics and Irish. It has condemned the Irish for their hostility to English methods. Now when they find English methods congenial, it ridicules them for that. In the name of common sense what can Catholics or Irish do to suit Saturday Night? There was a time when Saturday Night had a kind word to say for Catholics and Irish. Mais exchange tout cela. It is not perhaps that the editor of Saturday Night feels less kindly towards the Catholics and Irish whom he knows are struggling for their rights, but the class of readers he is catering to does not want that kind of literary papulism, and the editor feels convinced that his first duty is to procure subscribers and readers for his weekly.

Literature calculated to sow the seeds of national and religious discord is rare nowadays, and is here in Canada confined to Saturday Night and The Orange Sentinel. There is still an element that requires this kind, and so long as there is, there will be found some low enough to supply the demand. LEX.

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