

# W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

## Fancy Mission Furniture.

We have imported a special line of fancy mission furniture for holiday selling only. We sold so many pieces last Christmas, and everyone was so pleased with the values we gave, that this season we have imported a larger range, as we know they will be quickly picked up by people who want acceptable and useful gifts. All these pieces would be very useful for Library, Den, Living Room or in fact any part of the house. They have been purchased from a well-known firm that manufacture high grade furniture, of course we would not handle it otherwise, and it carries our guarantee with every piece.

- Writing Desks from 12.00 up to 28.00
- Chairs to match from 4.50 to 8.50
- Card Tables from 4.00 to 11.00
- Smokers' Stands from 2.50 to 11.00
- Tabourets from 2.00 to 5.00

## Women's Well-Tailored Fashionable Fur-Lined Coats

\$45.00. \$60.00. \$75.00.

By making your selection now you have the advantage of choosing from a liberal assortment of styles, as well as the advantage of being able to choose from a full range of the new colorings in all the sizes.

Our fur-lined garments are conspicuous for style exclusiveness, as well as correct making and proper proportions. We invite your inspection, and we especially direct your attention to the generous manner in which our fur-lined coats are made. Three very special styles are selling at \$45.00, \$60.00 and \$75.00. These are value for a third more.

## Some of the Very Newest Books.

There is no excuse now for not having anything to do in the evenings, as there are plenty of new books just issued that are all very interesting and entertaining. The following are the twelve best sellers, to judge by the publishers' advance notices, all well-known authors:

- |  |      |  |      |
|--|------|--|------|
| The Testing of Diana Mallory, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward..... | 1.20 | The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, by John Fox, Jr..... | 1.10 |
| Holy Orders, by Marie Corelli.....                       | 1.10 | Cy Whittaker's Place, by Joseph Lincoln.....         | 1.10 |
| The Great Fight, the new Drummond book.....              | 1.10 | The Wheel of Fortune, by Louis Tracy.....            | 1.10 |
| The Man from Brodneys, by Geo. Barr McCutcheon.....      | 1.10 | The Riverman, by Stewart Edward White.....           | 1.10 |
|  |      | The Firing Line, by Robert W. Chambers.....          | 1.10 |
|  |      | Lewis Rand, by Mary Johnston.....                    | 1.20 |

## Men's Stylish Winter Overcoats.

We are now showing a large line of Men's Fall and Winter Overcoats, in the very latest styles. We can suit every man, both in quality, style and price.

Single breasted, with velvet collar, in plain and rich looking striped patterns. Double breasted, ulster style, with the new Prussian collar, in heavy grey freizes and neat pattern greys; brown and olive tweeds; all very smart and stylish. Prices from \$15.00 to \$25.00.

# W.A. Murray & Co. Limited Toronto

## Reminiscences of the Late Patrick A. Collins

(The Republic.)

The first time that the present writer ever saw the late Patrick A. Collins was on a Memorial Day in the early '80's. He was clinging to the rear platform of a crowded street car crossing the bridge between Boston and Cambridge on the way to Mt. Auburn cemetery, where certain patriotic exercises were to be held at the grave of the lamented Fanny Parnell in the Tudor family lot. John Boyle O'Reilly, in whose company the writer was, spied his friend, and got the driver to hale him off the platform and into the carriage.

It was a rare delight for the young stranger, a visitor to Boston then, without the slightest expectation of the permanent residence which later befell, to see these two great men together in the unrestrained intercourse of intimate friendship. Neither had yet attained his fortieth year, and both enjoyed the few hours' respite from the day's work with the zest of school-boys. In personal appearance they were in great contrast. Mr. Collins was tall, thin to angularity, sharp featured and rather light complexioned. Mr. O'Reilly was of little more than medium stature, though his soldierly bearing made him seem taller. He was compact and well-covered, though without superfluous flesh, and as swarthy as a Spaniard. But their conversation; the one always with an undercurrent of gravity; the other, giving off his character sketch, or comment on the serious issue of the year or the light affair of the moment with the short, sharp precision of a rifle-shot, and a lambent flash of humor.

After the exercises at the grave of her of whom Boyle O'Reilly had written

"The Singer who lived is always alive; we hearken and always hear,"

the party visited Harvard Memorial. We remember Mr. Collins' quick report to a Catholic who, for the moment, over-impressed by the patriotism of the place, spoke of the delight of resting in this noble company: "But you must rest in consecrated ground."

Mr. Collins, like Boyle O'Reilly, also had that instinct of Catholic orthodoxy, which seems partly racial in Catholics of Irish blood, and no one could get off a religious flippancy, much less an attack on the Church, in his presence, without being summarily called to order.

As a stranger, the writer knew not then of his work for religious freedom for the Catholic inmates of State institutions in the Massachusetts Senate; and his great career in Congress was only well begun. His connection with the Irish National Land League of America, of which he was the first president, had, however, made him a familiar figure to Catholics of Irish lineage throughout the country.

At the time of which we write, the country was approaching a grave crisis in its political history. The Democrats had been out of power for

twenty-four years. It is useless to dwell on the election of the Democratic Presidential candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, in 1876. Republicans concede it now. Then they fought it by methods which, perhaps, it is better to forget; and Tilden was too great a patriot to embroil his country in another war for the vindication of his right. The Republican candidate of 1884 was of direct Irish descent and should have been a Catholic, this being the Church of his mother and his brothers and sisters, and the Church of his own baptism. It seems absurd with men's long experience of like cases that this argument of Blaine's Irish descent and "had been" Catholic faith, with dark hints that Cleveland was a bigot, should have been seriously urged upon voters of Irish lineage and actual Catholic practice to draw them from the Democratic party to the former's support. But so it happened, and the shallow device seemed likely to have some effect. But Boyle O'Reilly in the field of journalism and Patrick A. Collins in the wider chances of distinctly political work, stopped the stampede of "Blaine Democrats." Ex-Governor Long was right the other day when he said if any one man could claim to have elected Grover Cleveland, that man was Patrick Collins. It may be said, however, with some reason, that in the case of Cleveland's first election Mr. Burchard might dispute the honors.

Mr. Collins' famous speech at Albany in the campaign of 1884 routed many of the foolish notions as to what Blaine was "going to" do for a class of citizens heretofore accustomed to un-American discrimination by showing what Cleveland actually had done for the rightful citizen and personal merit recognition of the same class.

The writer sat in one of the wings of the stage at Tremont Temple to witness the mass meeting of citizens that welcomed Mr. Collins home from Ireland in the late summer of 1887. How few of those who were prominent in that gathering, except Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick and William Ludwig, the famous baritone, are still among the living! It was the writer's sad privilege also to hear Mr. Collins at the Boyle O'Reilly Memorial meeting in the same place in the September of 1890, where he was the last speaker, and gave a brief but perfect piece of oratory, so tender, poetic and true that the greatest master of English might have been proud to claim it. It was so completely out of Mr. Collins' style at the bar and in the political rally that a sincere and enthusiastic admirer exclaimed of it: "It was as if an oak tree had suddenly budded into roses." "And that compliment," he said graciously, "is better than the address."

We heard Mr. Collins again at the Catholic celebration in honor of the fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America by Columbus, October 12, 1892. A few weeks later, President Cleveland was elected for a second time, largely as a result of Mr. Collins' efforts, and the following friend the President appointed his friend to be Consul General of the United States at London, the leading place in the consular service. Here he and Mrs. Collins remained for four years; and here and on the continent his son and his daughter completed

their education.

There was some criticism of President Cleveland for sending an "ex-Fenian" to London. It was not "factual." But sometimes manifold independence and courage are vastly more important qualities than tact. President Cleveland and Mr. Collins were of one spirit on this subject. Mr. Collins acquitted himself well of his consular duties, and returning to Boston in 1897, resumed the practice of law. His friends, however, noted with pain that the London climate had not agreed with him. He never entirely recovered his old strength. The story of the seven years following is too recent and too fresh in the minds of most Bostonians for repetition, his three campaigns for the mayoralty in the last two of which he was successful, and the sad story of his death afar from home while still under the burden of office.

Mr. Collins was a man's man. We don't mean that he meretriciously avoided the lighter side of life. He was a charming host, as any one ever entertained under his hospitable roof will bear witness; but the heavier problems of life pre-occupied him, and he naturally found his readiest appreciation and help among men. A woman-friend, however, was extremely anxious to secure his appearance at her favorite society, in which women were likely to preponderate as is the way in literary gatherings in Boston. He demurred at first. "Oh go and ask— He can talk nice and so." But the petitioner, after the manner of woman, persisted, and finally won him for chairman of a great gathering in honor of Archbishop Keane of Dubuque in which there was no dearth of men. It would have been better perhaps if there had been, for Mr. Collins in the kindness of his heart declared that he could not refuse a favor to this especial petitioner. . . . Ah, me, the impossible cases in which she was asked to be an intercessor as soon as he became Mayor!

Mr. Collins had a wide acquaintance with the best representatives of statesmanship and social life on both sides of the Atlantic. The writer remembers the visit of Lady Aberdeen to Boston in the early '90's, in the interest of her work for the Cottage Industries in Ireland. She had among her introductions one to Mr. Collins. With the consideration of a true gentlewoman for a busy man, she called at the rooms of his law firm, and, at the end of a long row of clients, awaited his emergence from his private office.

He recognized her at once, and knowing of her services to the poor and struggling of his birthland, exclaimed, "Lady Aberdeen, why did you not send your letters to me and allow me the pleasure of calling on you at your hotel?" "Because your time is much more precious than mine," she answered pleasantly, "and I am asking a service at your hands which it will inconvenience you to render, however great your sympathy."

A few days later the writer was one of a large gathering of guests invited to the Collins home, then at Mount Ida, Dorchester, to meet Lord and Lady Aberdeen; and learned then and later how heartily Mr. Collins had served the good works of this noble woman.

For all of his professional and poli-

tical cares, Mr. Collins had found time to make himself one of the best-read men in the English classics. He was a master of style, and if he had chosen to give himself to it, might have done notable things in literature. "He is the most original man who sits at this table," said a fellow member of a small club, which met weekly for many years. And the speaker was a man of uncongential temperament; so that his testimony is the more valuable.

Mr. Collins had no superior in repartee. It was impossible to take him off his guard. He has left as many witty sayings to our current speech as Grover Cleveland. One of the best of these is "inverted Know-nothingism." Again, he said of immigration from Ireland: "If you don't stop it, there won't be any one to be Home-ruled." We all remember his characterization of President Roosevelt in the campaign of 1904: "No man in the world I would rather go fishing with, but I wouldn't let him steer the boat." We refrain from remembering certain other characterizations, severe and right. Mr. Collins was a hard hitter, but always fair.

Sometimes when weary or pressed for time, he would decline a serious discussion with a grotesquerie like this: "Ah, you wouldn't know a tariff if it came up and bit you."

The statues to him and to Boyle O'Reilly which neighbor each other in the Back Bay Fens, speak eloquently of the kind of men whom our people delight to honor. Of course we get no end of monitions as to whom we should memorialize, but it is to him who never got out of touch with the plain people that we raise the statue and cut the name in granite. Collins, who delighted to tell of his first sight of a law office as the boyish employee of a colored lawyer, who suffered as a child for his faith and lineage in a "Know-nothing" scrimmage, rises to statesman's influence with a heart as warm for the oppressed and as great a scorn of bigotry as when he personally felt oppression and discrimination. Men of every race and faith, including Protestant church dignitaries, served on the committee for his Memorial, and the subscriptions, mainly from Boston men in business and politics, all came within about three months after his death. With the surplus through the accumulation of interest, over and above the cost of the Kitsons' beautiful work, the Collins Fook Fund has been established for patients in the City Hospital.

Boyle O'Reilly was almost worshipped in the choicest literary and social circles of the city of his adoption, but the forwarding of the fortunes of his poorer fellow-creatures, without distinction of race, color or religion, was a grand passion with him. The composition of the fund which built his Memorial eloquently proclaimed that nothing human was foreign to his effective sympathy. One-fourth of all the money donated was the gift of Catholic priests; another fourth, the gift of his Jewish friends; the rest, outside the contribution of relatives, ranged from the \$100 of the rich man in Boston or New York, to the dollar of the working girl in New Orleans or on the Pacific Coast.

## A Shrewd Lawyer

Jeremiah Mason, a celebrated American lawyer, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for finding the weak point.

He was once cross examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mason's client make a certain statement, and so important was this statement that the adversary's case was based on it alone.

Several questions were asked by Mason, all of which the witness answered with more or less hesitation. Then he was asked to repeat once more the statement he had heard made. Without hesitating he gave it word for word as he had given it in the direct examination. A third time Mason led the witness round to this statement, and again it was repeated verbatim.

Then, without warning, he walked to the witness stand and, pointing straight at the witness, said in a perfectly unimpassioned voice, "Let's see that paper you have in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated and handed it to the lawyer.

There was profound silence in the courtroom as the lawyer slowly read in a cold, calm voice the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of counsel on the other side. He then gathered up his papers with great deliberation, remarked that there seemed to be no further need for his services and departed from the courtroom.

Mason was asked how he knew that the paper was in the witness' pocket.

"Well, explained Mason, "it seemed to me that he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd learned it than as if he had heard it. Then, too, I noticed that at each repetition of his testimony he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and then let it fall again when he got through."

## Dawn on the Coast of Ireland

Th' anam an Dhiat but there it is,  
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!  
God's angels lifting the night's black veil

From the fair, sweet face of my  
sireland!  
Oh Ireland, isn't it grand you look,  
Like a bride in rich adorning,  
And with all the pent-up love of my  
heart,

I bid you the top of the morning.

This one short hour pays lavishly  
back

For many a year of mourning;  
I'd almost venture another flight,  
There's so much joy in returning—  
Watching out for the hallowed shore,  
All other attractions scorning.

Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?  
I bid you the top of the morning.

Ho, ho! upon Cliona's shelving strand  
The surges are grandly beating,  
And Kerry is pushing her headlands  
out

To give us a kindly greeting;  
Into the shore the sea-birds fly  
On wings that know no drooping,

And out from the cliffs with welcome  
charged,  
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous, Irish land,  
So leal and fair and loving,  
No wonder the wandering Celt should  
think

And dream of you in his roving;  
The alien home may have gems and  
gold—  
The shadows may ne'er have gloom-  
ed it,

But the heart will sigh for the absent  
land,  
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming  
there,  
Watching the wild waves' motion,  
Leaning her back against the hills,  
And the tips of her toes in the  
ocean?

I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells,  
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,  
For it's many a year since I began  
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, asthore machree,  
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,  
Ne'er met my vision, save when they  
rose

O'er Memory's dim horizon,  
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they  
seemed

In the landscape spread before me;  
But dreams are dreams and my eyes  
would ope!

To see Texas skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texas plains  
When the day and the chase were  
over,

My thoughts would fly o'er the weary  
wave,  
And around this coast-line hover;

And the prayer would rise that some  
future day  
All danger and doubting scorning,  
I'd help to win my native land  
The light of young Liberty's morn-  
ing.

Now fuller and truer the shore line  
shows—

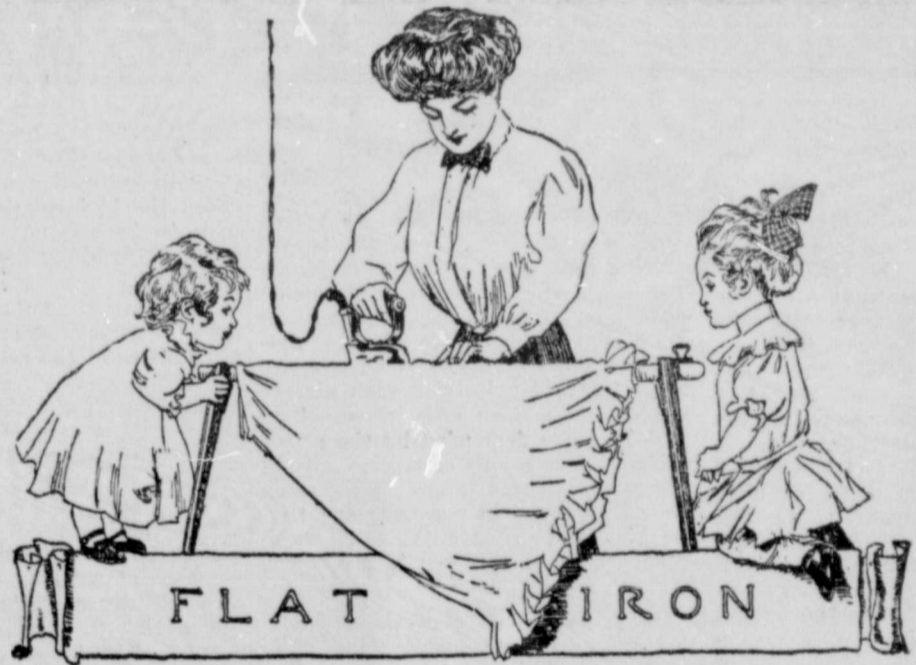
Was ever a scene so splendid?  
I feel the breath of a Munster breeze,  
Thank God my exile's ended,  
Old scenes, old songs, old friends  
again—

The vale and cot I was born in!  
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of  
hearts,  
I bid you the top of the morning.

—Locke.

The largest boulder in the world is  
in Victoria, Australia. The name of  
"The Leviathan Rock" has been given  
to it. Its estimated bulk approaches,  
if it does not really exceed, three  
hundred thousand tons. This great  
rock may be likened to an immense  
egg lying on its side, the part resting  
on mother earth being not more than  
thirty yards square. Hundreds of  
persons could find shelter under it  
from a passing storm of the sun.

There is the honor of pure living  
and pure thinking. These bring with  
them a badge which far outshines any  
to be had of mundane sources. For  
there is nothing more to be desired  
than a good face—not a handsome  
one, but a good one—wherein may be  
seen the reflection of high motives  
and right ideals.



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WHY spend several hours every ironing day in a hot disagreeable kitchen, when, by investing in one of our Electric Flat Irons you will be enabled to do your work in half the time.

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