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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## BISHOP SCOLLARD'S CONSECRATION

### THE CEREMONY AT PETERBOROUGH

**Bishop McEvay of London Preaches the Consecration Sermon—Presentation of Addresses and Replies**

Seldom have we the opportunity of witnessing the impressive ceremonies used on the occasion of taking one from amongst the ranks of the priesthood and investing him with all the grandeur and significance of apostolic power, placing him thereby as one of the hierarchy, and making him forever a prelate and prince of the Church. Seldom, too, has there gathered in Ontario so representative and distinguished an assemblage as that which appeared in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, on the Feast of St. Mathias, February 24th, 1905, to witness the consecration of the Right Rev. D. J. Scollard first bishop of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie. To officiate on the occasion came the Archbishop of Kingston, Quebec, the oldest diocese, and the capital of the Dominion, sent each its chief pastor; Montreal had there its Bishop-elect, and from all over Ontario came bishops and priests numbering nearly one hundred, to take part in, or bear witness on the occasion. The new diocese had hastened to greet its new head and amongst those whose presence spoke for the flock and territory which the new Bishop is called upon to govern, were several sons of Loyola, worthy followers of their early martyred predecessors.

Ennismore, a few miles from Peterborough, feeling its honor in being the birthplace of the new dignitary, came out in large numbers, and those who had known Bishop Scollard in childhood and in youth and had seen him laid aside for the service of God's altar, were also witnesses to his elevation to the purple and to the great dignity that had come to him direct from his Holiness, Pius X., Supreme Head of the Church. The time appointed for the beginning of the ceremony was 9.30 a.m. and long before that hour the sacred edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, every seat in the nave and galleries was occupied and even the stairs had their quota of expectant onlookers. The high altar with its appendages of gold lace and tasteful adornments of natural flowers, wax tapers, and glowing red lights, was a fitting centre for the ceremonies about to take place. At the appointed hour a triumphant note from the organ announced the coming of those who were about to take part in the solemn function, and out from the vestry, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, came a long line of ecclesiastics. Rank after rank came the priests in black soutane and white surplice with here and there a dark-bearded disciple of the great Saint Ignatius; here were young Levites who had but entered upon the work of the Master, others there were whose countenance and mien spoke of the ripeness of a complete apprenticeship, while still others bore the whitened locks which told of many years of service. Lastly came the Bishops in purple robes and biretta and each followed by his attendant priests. The ranks were closed by the Metropolitan of Kingston in rich and flowing robes of crimson and purple and as the procession slowly wended its way down the aisles of the church he raised his hand in benediction upon the kneeling congregation. The bishops and those who took direct part in the solemn ceremonies took up appointed places in the sanctuary, while the larger number filled into the pews reserved outside the altar railing.

At one of the side altars ready within the sanctuary the consecrator, Bishop Gauthier, vested the full pontificals, after which he took the seat prepared on the top step facing the congregation. The bishop-elect, vested as prescribed for the occasion, was then led to the consecrator by the assistant bishops, his Lordship Bishop O'Connor on the right and his Lordship Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, on the left, and presented as a candidate for consecration. The apostolic commission appointing the bishop-elect Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, was then read by the Venerable Archdeacon Casey, after which the ceremonies

were proceeded with in the order prescribed by the ritual. During the mass the Cathedral choir under the leadership of Miss N. Lewis with Miss M. Doherty at the organ, sang Loesch's Mass in honor of St. Michael. The music evinced much care and preparation and the excellent results added greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.

#### THE CEREMONIES AND THOSE WHO TOOK PART.

The officiating clergy were as follows:  
 Consecrator—His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, Kingston.  
 First Assistant—His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough.  
 Second Assistant—His Lordship Bishop Lorraine of Pembroke.  
 Chaplains to Assistants—Rev. Father McCall and Vicar-General Browne, of Peterborough; Rev. Fathers Latulip and Ryan of Pembroke.  
 Consecrandus—Rev. Father D. J. Scollard.  
 Chaplains—Rev. Father Primeau, S.J., Sudbury; Rev. Father Lussier, Montreal.  
 First Master of Ceremonies—Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Peterborough.  
 Second Master of Ceremonies—Rev. John O'Brien, Peterborough.  
 Chanters—Rev. Father Phelan, Young's Point; Rev. Father Cotey, Blezard Valley.  
 Deacon of Mass—Rev. Father Lamarche, Toronto.  
 Sub Deacon—Rev. Father Demers, Montreal.  
 Processional Cross Bearer—Rev. Father Scanlon, Grafton.  
 Archbishop's Cross Bearer—Rev. Father F. J. O'Sullivan, Lindsay.

#### AN AUGUST CEREMONY.

One of the most august ceremonies of the Catholic Church is the consecration of a bishop. The essential rite by which the power of the Episcopacy is communicated is the imposition of hands with prayer; but the preparatory examination—the delivery of the emblems of pastoral authority, and the various other ceremonies—form a whole which is at once splendid and impressive. At the time appointed for the professional consecrator is vested in full Pontificals, and the elect puts on the amict, alb, cincture or stole, crossed upon his breast as a priest, and then takes the cope. The two assistant bishops are in rochets, stoles, copes and mitres. In the church two chapels are prepared; a greater for the consecrator; a lesser for the elect; in the greater the altar is prepared in the usual manner, and all things required in the ceremony are placed on the credence table. In the smaller chapel, besides those things which are usual, there are the Pontifical vestments for the elect, also a cope, ewers and water, pith of bread, comb and cloth for cleansing him from oil, together with large candles, wine and bread ornamented with gold and silver for his offering. The mitre worn by the consecrator and his assistants corresponds to that which the Jewish High Priest wore and is intended to represent the helmet of salvation wherewith the Bishop, as leader of the Christian people, should be specially protected. "Take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God—Eph. vi. 17.

The Bishop-elect uncovers his head when answering the consecrator, to signify his respect. The consecrator sits wearing his mitre, because he exercises authority. The frequent taking off and putting on of his mitre arises from the variety of offices which he performs throughout the ceremony. When administering to the Bishop-elect the oath, and interrogating him as to his faith, he sits with the mitre, as his superior. When inviting the faithful to unite with him in prayer "that God would bestow the abundance of His grace upon the elect Bishop," he retains the mitre in token of his authority, but stands as one earnest in soliciting their prayers. He kneels with the mitre on his head during the recital of the Litanies, as humiliating himself, even in his official capacity, to God, and acknowledging that though consecrated a prince over his people, he is but a suppliant at the throne of divine mercy. His head is uncovered whenever he immediately addresses God in prayer.

The consecrator being vested, sits at the altar, and the elect, wearing his small cap, is led to him by the assistant Bishops; after saluting the consecrator they are seated, the senior assistant Bishop on the right and the junior on the left of the elect.

#### APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

The Senior Bishop assistant having presented the elect to the consecrator, the Apostolic Commission is called for and read, and the oath taken on bended knees. Then follows the examinations, and the mass is begun.

#### A Great School

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and continued to the last verse of the tract exclusively, no change being made in the Liturgy, save the addition of a prayer appropriate to the occasion.

The elect being again presented to the consecrator, all take their seats, and the consecrator states the duties and powers of the Episcopacy in these simple terms: "It behooves a Bishop to judge, interpret, consecrate, ordain, baptize and confirm." Then after the invitation to the faithful to pray, all kneel while the Litanies are sung.

The prostration of the Bishop-elect on the floor of the sanctuary is strikingly expressive of the interior humiliation of the soul in presence of the infinite majesty of God. The prayer and benediction which the consecrator, toward the end of the Litanies, pronounces thrice over the elect, who still remains prostrate, is one of those grand and touching rites whose effect cannot be easily described. Whilst all the congregation and clergy are kneeling, the consecrator rises up, and with his Crozier in his left hand turned toward them, prays aloud, "That God may vouchsafe to bless—to bless and sanctify—to bless and sanctify and consecrate this elect here present."

After the Litanies, the consecrator, with the aid of the assistant Bishops, places the book of the Gospel, open on the shoulders of the elect, where it is sustained by one of the chaplains until it is delivered into his hands, at the advanced part of the ceremony. It is placed inversely, the bottom of the page being turned toward the consecrator, which is the natural position, as he transfers the book to the shoulders of the elect.

#### AN ANCIENT RITE.

The instruction conveyed by this rite is easily perceived. The Gospel must not be for him a sealed book, for woe is to him unless he preach the Gospel. The duty of unfolding the truths which it contains especially presses upon him. "This rite is very ancient, being found in all the ancient Rituals, Latin, Greek and Syriac, though it seems not to have been in early times universal among the Latins. It is mentioned by Saint Chrysostom, and it is still a part of the Greek ceremonial. The imposition of hands immediately follows the placing of the Gospel on the head and neck of the elect. The consecrator, making the sign of the cross thrice over the head of the elect, and holding his hand on him, prays: "Sovereign Lord, our God, who hast ordained by Thy glorious Apostle Paul the various ranks and orders of ministering and serving in Thy venerable and undefiled mysteries in Thy holy place of sacrifice, first Apostles; second, Prophets; third, Doctors—Thou, Lord of all, strengthen by Thy descent and power and the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, even this one, chosen and deemed worthy to enter under the yoke of the Gospel, and to receive this dignity of High Priest by the hand of me a sinner, and of my fellow ministers and fellow Bishops here present; as Thou didst strengthen the holy Apostles and Prophets, as Thou didst anoint the High Priest and make his high priesthood above reproach, and adorned with everything venerable, make it holy, that he may be worthy to ask the things that appertain, to the salvation of the people, and that Thou mayest hear him. For Thy name is holy, and Thy kingdom glorious."

After some prayers for general blessings, terminating with the invocation of our "all, holy, stainless, more than blessed, glorious, Lady, the Mother of God," the consecrating prelate, holding his hand on the crown of the head of elect, prays thus:

"Oh Lord, our God, since because the nature of man cannot support the splendor of the divine essence, Thou hast established men like to ourselves as our teachers, approaching Thy throne, to present to Thee sacrifice and obligation for all Thy people, do Thou, O Lord, make even this man who is constituted a dispenser of the grace of the High Priesthood, become an imitator of Thee, the true Shepherd, laying down his life for his sheep; a guide of the blind, a light of them that are in darkness, an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of infants, a luminary in the world, that having reformed

the souls entrusted to him in the present life, he may stand at Thy tribunal without shame, and receive the great reward, which Thou hast prepared for the preaching of Thy Gospel. For it is thine, O God, to have mercy and to save. Amen."

After this he takes the Gospel and places it on the holy table. Then he puts on the new Bishop the ceremonial ornament (amphorion) saying: "He is worthy."

#### POWER OF EPISCOPACY.

The prayers which follow, and which are very ancient in the judgment of learned divines, determine the imposition of hands to signify and confer the grace and power of the Episcopacy.

By the imposition of hands Timothy and Titus were associated with the Apostles, and made partakers of their authority, to govern a portion of the Christian flock, and by the same sacred rite each Bishop is constituted by the Holy Ghost to feed and govern the Church of God.

The Sacred Cantic, after a short prayer, is sung by the consecrator. The typical signification of the vesture of the sacred Priesthood is beautifully set forth, and it is observed that the splendor of the soul must be the chief ornament of a Christian Pontiff.

The consecrator interrupts this Cantic, and on bended knees invokes the Holy Ghost with the usual hymn: "Veni, Creator Spiritus," etc. Before its commencement the head of the Bishop-elect is bound with a linen fillet, to prevent the oil, with which the crown of the head is anointed, from dripping to the ground.

At the end of the first verse, whilst the choir continues the hymn, he seats himself, and wearing his mitre, he makes the sign of the cross with holy chrism on the head of the elect Bishop, and anoints the whole Crown or Tonsure, saying at the same time: "May thy head be anointed and consecrated with a heavenly benediction in the Pontifical Order, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This unction is intended to signify the interior unction of the Holy Spirit.

The anointing of the hands then follows, with the recital of the cxxxii Psalm: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together." This unction, like the former, is intended to signify the power which are imparted to him. The cross is formed thrice by the consecrator over the hands thus anointed in memory of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who redeemed us from death and gained us a title to the kingdom of heaven. He prays that whatever the new Bishop "shall bless may be blessed, and whatever he shall sanctify, may be sanctified."

The hands are then joined and placed in a linen scarf suspended from the neck, through reverence for the oil with which they are anointed.

The blessing of the Crozier or Pastoral Staff is intended to signify that the power and grace of the Pastoral office must be derived from "God, the supporter of human weakness." The admonition that is given whilst this emblem of authority is delivered, admirably shows the true character of ecclesiastical power which tempers the exercise of justice with meekness. In delivering it the consecrator says: "Receive the staff, that thou mayest govern with pastoral authority the flock entrusted to thee, and let it be for the obedient a staff and support, and use it as a rod of restraint, a rod of correction for the disobedient and loose."

The ring, which is blessed and placed on the right hand of the new Bishop, is an emblem of the fidelity which he owes the Church.

#### KISS OF PEACE.

The Gospel is then taken from his shoulders, and placed in his hands, and he is commanded to go and preach to the people committed to his care. He then receives the kiss of peace from the consecrator and his assistants. These conduct him to the side Chapel, where the crown of his head is rubbed and dried, to take away the chrism. The hair is then adjusted.

The offering, which is subsequently made by the new Bishop, is a relic of ancient discipline. All the faithful were accustomed to present at Mass various offerings for the support of the Clergy, and other pur-

poses connected with religion. The new Bishop presents two lighted torches, two loaves and two ornamental small barrels of wine.

The mass proceeds as usual, with some additional prayers for the occasion, and the new Bishop communicates from the hand of his consecrator, out of the same chalice. After the solemn benediction given as usual by the consecrator, he proceeds to the blessing of the mitre. In putting it on he refers to its mystic significance, as a helmet.

The gloves are then blessed and put on the hands of the new Bishop, and their mystic signification is explained, with allusion to the covering of the hands of Jacob with the skins of kids, that he might obtain the blessing of the first-born, and a prayer that he who wears these gloves may obtain a blessing through Christ.

The ceremony of placing the new Bishop on the Episcopal chair being next performed, in token of his being made a judge and ruler; the Te Deum is sung, whilst he passes through the church giving his blessing. On his return to the sanctuary an anthem is sung, and a prayer recited previous to the solemn blessing, which he gives from the altar. Then, having wished long life to the consecrator, the ceremony terminates with the recital of the commencement of the Gospel of St. John.

Words cannot adequately describe the impressive ceremony of consecration, and any attempt at portrayal of the magnificent scene presented must, at best, fail to do the occasion justice or convey a proper idea of its full significance.

#### THOSE PRESENT.

The popularity of the new Bishop, a desire to do honor to the See of Peterborough and rejoicing at the establishment of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, were all evident in the exceptionally large number of prelates, priests and lay confreres of Bishop Scollard, present at the consecration ceremony; they represented almost every part of Ontario and parts of Quebec and the United States, these including three Archbishops and six Bishops, as follows:

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, Kingston.  
 His Grace Archbishop Begin, of Quebec.  
 His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa.  
 His Lordship Bishop McEvay, London.  
 His Lordship Bishop Gabriels, Ogdensburg.  
 His Lordship Bishop Lorraine, Pembroke.  
 His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, Alexandria.  
 His Lordship Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Que.  
 His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough.  
 His Lordship Bishop Racicot, Montreal.

Rev. Fathers R. E. M. Bradley, Hamilton; M. Cline (Brock), Vroomant; A. Carson, Meriville; P. T. Ryan, Renfrew; J. M. Joffe, Colgan; T. F. Scanlon, Grafton; J. J. Feevey, Acton; F. I. Murray, Cobourg; B. Cushing, C.S.B., Toronto, St. Michael's College; J. E. Crinion, Paris; J. L. Hand, Toronto; Fr. Kinney, S.J., Guelph; M. Kelly, C.S.B., Toronto; C. J. Phelan, Young's Point; M. J. Fitzpatrick, Ennismore; W. J. McCall, M. J. O'Brien, J. J. O'Brien, P. J. Galvin, D. O'Connell of Peterborough; A. O'Malley, Oshawa; J. T. Aylward, London; S. Cote, Blezard Valley; J. S. Quinn, Tweed; P. Conway, No wood; J. T. Kidd, D.D., Penetang; P. J. A. Thourangeau, Provincial of Oblates, Montreal; T. P. O'Connor, Kemptville; Jas. B. Dollard, Uptergrove; J. H. Cotey, Hamilton; Chas. Langlois, Sturgeon Falls; P. Lamarche, Toronto; M. J. McGuire, Wooler; E. LeCompte, S.J., Superior, Montreal; A. Bellemare, S.J., Ass't Superior, Montreal; A. F. Kelly, Trout Creek; T. F. Laboureaux, Penetanguishene; Fr. Frachon, C.S.B., Toronto; M. J. Whelan, Ottawa; C. T. Bretherton, Downeyville; P. J. Kelly, Trout Creek; T. J. Crowley, North Bay; J. A. Primeau, S.J., Sudbury; Ven. D. J. Casey, Lindsay; F. J. O'Sullivan, Lindsay; M. Moyna, Orillia; R. J. Cotter, D.D., Lake Placid, N. Y.; R. Chartier, S.J., Steeltown, S. P.; Fleming, Kearney; J. E. Emery, D. O.M.I., Rector University of Ottawa; J. M. Cruise, Toronto; John J. Waters, Surance Lake, N.Y.; M. J. Geatin, Phelpsston; L. A. Barcola, Midland; Thos. J. Spratt, Wolfe Island; Very Rev. J. Browne, V.G., Douro; E. Nayl, Warren; L. LeCuyer, Verner; J. J. O'Sullivan, Victoria Road; H. J. Canning, Toronto; A. P. Aster, Astorville; T. Lussier, Sault Ste. Marie; Father Twomey, Belleville; D. R. MacDonald, Crivler; Father Fischer, Berlin; L. Arpin, S. J., Fort William; J. A. LeCuyer, Verner; J. P. Holden, Hamilton; J. J. Aboulin, C.S.B., Toronto; H. Caron, S.J., Massey Station; J. Foley, Fallowfield; E. A. Latulipe, Pembroke; W. J. Keilty, Douro; Fr. Kehoe, of Kingston; W. P. Quinlan, West

Lorne; T. F. Collins, Bracebridge; P. J. McGuire, Hastings.

#### CONSECRATION SERMON.

The consecration sermon, which was forceful and brilliant, was delivered by His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London, and was one of those oratorical pronouncements for which his Lordship is noted. He spoke from St. John 14:16, "Ask the Father and He will give you the Holy Ghost, who will abide with you forever." The words, he said, were uttered by the Divine Saviour on the solemn Thursday night before His Passion. He had given His disciples to understand that he was soon about to depart from them and sorrow filled their hearts. But the gentle Master spake to them in words of wisdom, consolation and love, and called them His friends, His children. His chosen ones, and assured them that he would not leave them orphans, but send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who would grant them blessed peace. On that solemn occasion he also impressed them with the great antagonism that existed between them and what he called the world—not the world of literature, science, art, the progress of which the Church had always fostered—but the world opposed to the Church was the one referred to by St. John in which ruled the concupiscent, of the flesh, and of the eye, and the pride of the life. This was the world which would pass away, but "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." The Church had suffered persecution but it had gone on since the days when Christ walked the earth, and so it would continue until the end of time. The Kingdom of God was not of this world, but a spiritual kingdom, and all of the powers of hell could not prevail against it. The only power commissioned by God to reach the soul of man was the Church, through which the immortal soul was saved and sanctified. The Holy Ghost Who was sent from above became the soul of the Church, and the apostles were filled with the Holy Spirit. The Church was the imperishable kingdom of Christ.

#### NOT EMPTY CEREMONY.

His Lordship stated that the ceremony witnessed this morning was not an empty one. In merely investing the new bishop with the Episcopal robes and insignia of office, it was not sought only to make an impression on the heart and souls of the people teaching them respect for the dignity of the hierarchy. It was not for such reason that prelates had assembled. The purpose was a higher and holier one—supernatural and divine. Besides his legitimate appointment a bishop must also be endowed with power from God. Therefore the Archbishop and his assistants impose hands and the Holy Spirit descends upon the soul of the chosen one, and sanctifies still more a soul already sanctified. The speaker explained the significance of the chrism, the mitre, the ring and the crozier, and pointed to the commission which Christ gave to the Apostles.—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth to preach the gospel—go ye therefore teaching all nations in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. It was a wonderful and mighty commission, and no human power could ever fulfill it. The power of the Holy Ghost accompanied the commission, and the apostles were the witnesses unto the whole world.

The Church had ever been faithful in complying with the divine commission. Bishops had been consecrated and sent to all the nations, and it would be so to the end of time. She had come down to the present day as fair, and fresh and full of vigor and the spirit of God as in the early ages of Christianity. The speaker thanked God that in this fair and vigorous country of Canada, the Catholics were among the first nations in their devotion to the Holy See, the centre of all unity. Much heroic work had here been accomplished under the guidance and blessing of the Holy Church and the magnificent heritage which had been handed down was an everlasting credit to the priests and people and there was here a grand example of devotion to the See of Peter.

In the consecration of the new Bishop to the new diocese, there was presented an evidence and assurance of continued good work. The speaker referred to a pleasing coincidence. It was on the Feast of St. Mathias, 1871, that the late Bishop Apostolic to Canada and first his place of residence as Sault Ste. Marie. Many would remember how he became Bishop of Peterborough in

(Continued on page 8.)

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THE CHANGED TRUNK

A TRAVELER'S ADVENTURE.

(By S. Baring-Gould.)

I do not believe there exists a scene more distracting, and at the same time more farcical, than the inspection of the passengers' luggage at Charing Cross on the arrival of the 5.15 mail in the evening of every day except Sunday.

On the arrival of the train a barrier is erected—over which a policeman keeps guard—between a dense mass of passengers impatient to get at their personal belongings, and the counters arranged like an ancient Roman dining-table, on which a swarm of porters plant the portmanteaus, trunks, boxes and baskets.

When the policeman thinks fit he removes the barrier and the passengers boil about the counters, clamoring for their property, rattling their keys, and vowing that they have nothing to declare.

The confusion is heightened by the fact that some of the passengers have halted on their way at Brussels, or Amiens, or Lisle, or Boulogne, and their luggage has come on before them and is heaped up in the custom house—a sort of cabin in two compartments on the unoccupied side of the three-sided counter.

I was, on a certain occasion, in this situation. I had registered my portmanteau or trunk—it was a cross between them—at Cologne, and had tarried for a couple of days, en route at Brussels. When I arrived at Charing Cross I secured a young and active porter with a retaining fee of a shilling, and said to him, "Look here, my man, I have to catch a train at Waterloo. We are late, as usual, by half an hour. Unless I get out my trunk at once and on to a cab I shall miss my train. It is in the custom-house, as I sent it on from Cologne."

"All right, sir, you follow me." He led the way within the space round which the passengers were dancing and jostling one another, and were clamoring and holding out their keys, and together we entered the cabin designated "Custom House."

"Which is it, sir?" and he began to tumble the boxes and portmanteaus about unceremoniously. "There you are," I said, when I recognized mine, as I believed. "Out with it and on to a cab like a streak of lightning."

"Anything to declare?" asked a custom-house officer. "Nothing. I have a beastly two ounces of foreign tobacco in my pocket, to which you are welcome. Hang me if I smoke another pipeful of the filthy stuff!"

He let my baggage pass without trouble, and in three minutes I was spinning away to Waterloo. I just caught my train. In the evening I sat down in my snug little box in the country to such a dinner as I had not tasted in foreign hotels; a leg of Welsh mutton, not baked, but roasted before a fire. Mutton! They do not know what mutton is in France or Germany. Mutton! We do not know what it is in England if we persist in having it baked.

And then I had out a bottle of my old port. I never even venture to ask for such a thing over the water. Not even in Oporto do they know what a good old port is like. "I beg pardon, sir," said my servant, coming to me as I was engaged on my dessert, "I don't think, sir, that you have got your portmanteau."

"What? I brought it with me." "I am very sorry, sir, but I think not. Here you the key, sir?" "Yes, here it is. It is all right; only knocked out of shape. That confounded Calais-Dover boat is death or disfigurement to all luggage."

"The man took the key and I filled my glass again. As a rule I unpack my own portmanteau. A valet is all very well for coats and trousers and vests and linen, but when one returns from the continent there are a score of things that had best be handled by one's own fingers; little bits of china, antiques, lace—presents for friends."

However, on this occasion, I was weary, and willing to let my man take out and arrange the contents of my travelling trunk, though I knew that on the morrow I would not know where to look for what it had contained.

"I beg pardon, sir," said my valet, entering again, "but the portmanteau is not yours."

could find was a letter, without envelope, in one of the yellow paper-covered novels. It was headed "Rusby Park, Swampham, Essex." It began "My own dearest Freddy," and ended with "Ever, darling, yours, Mabel Hope-Rush."

It had been written ten days before I came upon it. I did not read the letter. It was doubtless from a wife to her husband who was from home, and such communications are sacred. After turning over in my mind what to do, I resolved on enclosing the letter in a note to Mrs. Hope-Rush, stating how I had come by it, and requesting to be furnished with the address of the gentleman who probably had got my trunk in exchange for his own.

Rusby Park sounded well—too well to be congruous with the shabby clothes, but I supposed that it was an old park that had been broken up into building lots and studded with semi-georgian villas.

Two days later I received a reply that astonished me. "Rusby Park, Swampham. "Sir,—I am obliged to you for sending me a letter written—not by me—to a most objectionable personage, a personage whom we do not desire to know, and with whom we absolutely refuse to hold communication. I remain, yours truly, "Mary Hope-Rush."

Here was a pretty predicament into which I had stumbled. I had addressed the letter to Mrs. M. Hope-Rush, and it had fallen into the hands of a Mary instead of a Mabel.

Then it was vastly aggravating, for it left me as ignorant as before concerning the name and whereabouts of the individual who had my portmanteau. I now regretted that I had not written to Mr. Hope-Rush, instead of to his wife. Men act on reason, and not on impulse.

I now wrote to Mr. Hope-Rush. "Sir,—I regret that I am compelled to trouble you with a letter, but I am still without my portmanteau and without any information as to who 'Freddy' is, who, I believe, has by mistake taken mine, while I have his. As mine contains articles of clothing and objects of value, I am naturally anxious to recover it. May I ask you, most kindly, to favor me with the address of 'Freddy,' and so greatly to oblige yours faithfully, "Ernest Maltravers."

To this note I received a curt reply: "Mr. Hope-Rush is quite unable to comply with Mr. Maltravers' request to furnish him with the address of Mr. Frederick Jones, and it is his desire to hear nothing on such a very unpleasant subject."

So much was gained—I had learned the surname of the man who presumably had my trunk. But the gain was not much. Jones is a common enough name. Wales teems with Joneses.

The situation was puzzling; but I fancied I saw daylight. It appeared to me probable that there was a daughter of the Hope-Rush family called Mabel, who had become attached to and engaged herself to this Fred Jones, and the parents strongly disapproved of her conduct. That they were justified in their disapproval, I was convinced; for in my trunk was my diary with my address in it, also a letter of credit which had accompanied a number of checks that I had cashed abroad, and my address was on the letter that contained the letter of introduction.

Now, if Mr. Fred Jones had been a gentleman he would at once have communicated with me and told me that he was in possession of my luggage. He had done no such thing, and I set him down as a "howling cad."

All the more necessary was it for me to get my property out of his hands. But how was I to do it? Very possibly Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Rush did not know the man's address and they were too proud and angry to ask their daughter for it, so as to oblige me.

The only way in which I could procure it would be by application to Miss Mabel herself, but I shrank from doing this by letter. I was driven to a course which was repugnant to my feelings; but the obstinacy or the pride of the parents obliged me to do it, and really I could not sacrifice my trunk and all its contents to humor them. After mature consideration resolved on paying a visit to the village of Rusbyford, by Swampham. It was probable that I might there gain what I desired, without having recourse to Miss Hope-Rush. If I failed, I must trust to the chapter of accidents and endeavor to meet her and extract from her the address of "Freddy."

Accordingly, I took the train to town, and thence to the nearest station to Rusby. There I hired a trap and drove to the village, and was deposited at the little inn, the Rush Arms.

I engaged a bed, ordered dinner at half-past seven, and asked the landlord to do me the honor of sharing my dinner with me. I found him a genial, consequential fellow.

"That was a fine park I passed, and a good house in it, as far as I could judge from the road," I said. "You may well say that," he remarked. "It belongs to the Hope-Rush family. They were Hopes—that is to say, a Mr. Hope married Miss Ruth, who was the heiress—and he pronounced Hope as 'Ope'—and now they call themselves Hope-Rush. He is a quiet, harmless sort of man who can't call his soul his own. She is the manager and wears the breeches."

"A large family?" "No, only a daughter, Miss Mabel." "Ah, to be sure," said I. "To be sure, Miss Mabel; I have heard of some entanglement there; it is the talk of the town."

"Well, sir," said the landlord, with a knowing look, "I'm not surprised at that. Miss Mabel is an heiress. But she's young and foolish, and there was a regular bust-up over it." "A Mr. Frederick Jones was mixed up in the matter," said I with a wink. "Yes, Mr. Freddy, the brother of the village schoolmistress as was. But, owing to the row, she has had to leave."

from the sister than from Miss Mabel. "No, I can't say that I do," answered the landlord. "She's gone away, and to take a class now and again. So I suppose she met Mr. Freddy there. He is a good-looking fellow, with a nice moustache and pleasant ways. But he has no work in him and sponges on his sister. I suppose that they met at the school and a liking came about that way. It went on for some months before it was suspected and then there was a fine kick-up. I can assure you, and Mr. Freddy had to walk his chalks. He gave out that he was going to Paris to be a tutor in a nobleman's family, and the sister, Miss Jones, had to give up the school. We were sorry to lose her, but she ought to have known better than to encourage these goings-on." I had learned sufficient.

It was clear that my only chance of obtaining the address of Mr. Fred Jones was through Miss Mabel, and I should encounter some difficulty in doing that. I made inquiries as to her habits, and learned that she was wont to go about a good deal on her bicycle.

I accordingly went to Swampham and hired one of these contrivances and spent some time in careering up and down the road before the park gates, but without result for three days. On the fourth, however, I was more successful. I saw her twirl out of the main entrance, where was the lodge, and spin along the highway in the direction of Swampham.

I put on pace sufficient to keep her in sight till a slight hill was reached and then I ran on and caught up with her. We proceeded almost side by side for a little way, and then I came up quite level with her, and turning my head, said, "I have a message for Miss Hope-Rush."

"From mamma?" she asked, thinking at the moment that I had been sent after her from the Hall. "No. It is a message for you to transmit to Mr. Frederick Jones."

The color mounted to her temples and further relaxing her speed she got off her cycle. "What do you mean?" she inquired. "It is as I say—a message to be conveyed to him, unless you wish to favor me with his address, in which case I will carry the communication to him myself personally."

"What is it?" she asked suspiciously. "It is a message from his portmanteau that has got into my hands and is clamoring to be restored to its rightful owner."

"Oh," she exclaimed and waxed angry, "you are the gentleman who thought it a proper thing to do to send my letter under cover to mamma."

"I did not read your letter. Seeing that it began and ended affectionately I somewhat carelessly concluded that it was a letter from a wife to her husband."

Miss Hope-Rush turned her head from me to conceal the crimson that suffused it. "I got into mamma's hands, and—she began, and stammered. I interrupted her. "I know. It led to very unpleasant scenes. But with them I have nothing to do. It is about Mr. Frederick's portmanteau or trunk—call it which you will—that I have come to speak. In fact, I act as the spokesman for this piece of luggage. It contains his garments, his razors, his toothbrush and comb and a little box of tooth powder, so that Mr. Jones must be in great distress for want of these necessary articles. In addition, there are his slippers in the trunk, so that the poor fellow has to wear his boots indoors as well as out. Conceive the discomfort to him!"

"Oh, dear! I am sorry," said Miss Hope-Rush. "What can I do?" "I want the address of Mr. Jones," said I, "so that I may restore to him his garments, slippers, toothbrush and sundry other articles forming the contents of the trunk."

"Did you write to mamma for the address?" "I did, and she did not send it to me."

"She does not know it. Freddy—I mean Mr. Jones—has been in Paris, but he is now in London. I—I think I have been very foolish, and now I wish that I had never met Freddy; but we became engaged, and I am tied—I cannot help myself; he can hold me to my promise. So I am in a cleft stick."

"Then you really regret this engagement?" "I—well, I think I was very indiscreet. If it were to come all over again I would act very differently."

"Give me his address, Miss Hope-Rush," said I, "and let me see what I can do with him."

She took out a pocket-book and wrote on a blank page the address that I required, and handed it to me. "Thank you," said I. "Now for the portmanteau, to send it flying to its true owner."

I had nothing further to detain me at Rusbyford and that same evening I paid my bill at the village inn and departed for town. The address with which I was furnished was a street in Shepherd's Bush.

Next afternoon I betook myself to it. I found the house in a shabby back street and I rang the bell and rapped on the door. In response appeared a slatternly landlady. "Is Mr. Frederick Jones at home?" I asked.

"He is in his lodging," replied she; "upstairs, first floor, door on the right."

She did not ask for my card or vouch for lead the way. I ascended and tapped with my knuckles at the door indicated, and heard a shout, "Entrez!"

Mr. Jones was so fresh from France apparently that he had forgotten that he was on English soil. I entered and found myself in a small parlor, with Japanese fans stuck about the walls and cheap showy glass brackets in the corners.

Mr. Jones was seated with his feet in stocking soles, one on each jamb of the fireplace, in which no fire burned. His boots were thrown, one here, one there, on the floor. On the table stood a pewter with stout in it. "Hallo!" was his salutation. "Who may you be?"

"My name," said I, "is Maltravers."

"Oh, blow it!" was his interjection. "I have come," I continued, "to reclaim my trunk, which, by an unfortunate accident, has got into your possession and yours has come into mine. If you will kindly allow me to remove mine I will send you yours directly I get back to my house in Hampshire. Here is my card."

Then I noticed, to my disgust, that Jones was habited in my garments. "Oh, the trunk! Hang it!—yes, the trunk is at your disposal."

"With its contents?" I think you have on my coat and waistcoat and continuations."

"Yes. You see, I was left badly provided for, as most of my garments were in the trunk you seem to have got hold of. No offense; none meant. Necessity knows no law."

"There were other articles with my luggage. Would you favor me by letting me have my portmanteau and its contents, only minus what you are now wearing?"

"Oh, certainly! Awfully sorry; but I fear you will not find all you want in it just at this moment."

"What is missing?" "Some things," replied Mr. Jones airily. "What articles are short, and how came they to be not in my trunk?"

"Well, several articles—guss. Confound it all! Who did you not apply earlier?"

"I could not; I had not your address. But allow me to observe that my name and address were in my trunk."

"Ah, I dare say; but—Jemini! I did not look very close. Where did you lose it?"

"At Charing Cross. I came over in the boat from Calais."

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the liturgical calendar for March 1905, including Quinquagesima Sunday, First Sunday of Lent, and Second Sunday of Lent.

Advertisement for BE A Draftsman, Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Toronto, CAN. Complete courses in Mechanical Drawing and Machine Design, Freehand Drawing, etc.

Advertisement for TOMLIN'S BREAD, "PEOPLE WHO USE" OTHER THAN TOMLIN'S BREAD. Certainly are missing one of the luxuries of life. No table is complete without it.

Advertisement for Household Helps, Rice Lewis & Son Limited, Toronto. Carpet Sweepers, Hot Water Dishes, etc.

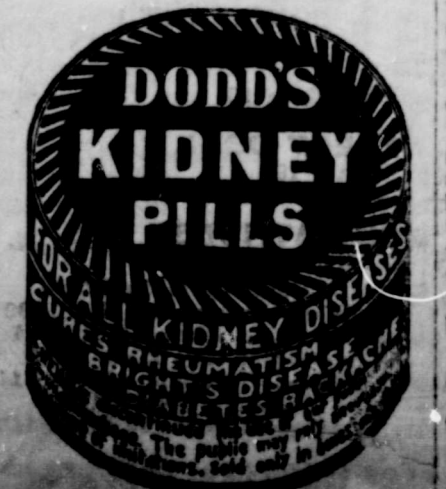
Advertisement for EMPRESS HOTEL, Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets, Toronto. TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY. Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.

lady. Then I took the train to my little place in Hampshire, and was pleased to think that I had done a good deed in relieving a nice girl from her embarrassments. I supposed that this chapter of my life was concluded, but I was mistaken.

A few days later I received a letter from Mrs. Hope-Rush, couched in very different terms from that I had previously received from her. She informed me that her daughter had shown her the letter from Mr. Jones, and had told her of the interview she had had with me, and that both were satisfied that they had to thank me for my intervention.

I could not refuse an invitation so graciously and so kindly meant, and a week later saw me a guest at the Hall. I found Miss Mabel greatly ashamed of herself, very pretty to her humiliation and feeling very much indebted to me—altogether remarkably agreeable, and I found myself, in time, installed in the place of "Freddy" and with a possibility in the future of having to burce myself with a triple surname: Maltravers-Hope-Rush—Chambers' Journal.

Prevent Disorder—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.





CHILDREN'S CORNER

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

Mother—What horrid expressions you do pick up, Charles! Son—But, ma, I only said "damn." Mother—But you meant "damn." Son—Oh, ma, how did you know? Did you learn when you was a girl?—Town and Country.

GOOD HUMOR.

I am a first-rate fairy, "Good Humor" is my name; I use my wand where'er I go, I make the rough ways plain; I make the ugly faces shine, The shrillest voices sweet — The coarsest are a golden mine, The poorest lives complete.

THOUGHT HE WAS OFF DUTY.

A messenger boy was going slowly down the street with his book and message in his pocket, his eyes fixed on a page of a blood-curdling novel. At the corner of the street another messenger, running wildly, bumped into him, and immediately started running again. The amazed of the first urchin was almost too great for words. "Hi! there, Bill!" he called, when he recovered his breath. "What cher runnin' for? Ain't cher workin' ter-day?"

GOOD EXCUSES FOR ABSENCE.

A correspondent of the Liverpool Post mentions these excuses for lateness and non-attendance at school: "Dear Sir—Will you be so kind as to excuse Johnny for being behind time this morning? He was unable to discover his sock, which afterwards proved to be in the ashpit, where they had no doubt been deposited by the family dog, which we intend to get rid of at our earliest convenience." "Dear Sir—Samuel cannot come to school this afternoon, as he has glued his head to the dresser, and we have not been able to separate him yet."

AS THE FATHER UNDERSTOOD THE TROUBLE.

In the schools of Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect. One night soon after the opening of the fall term, a little boy came home and gave his father the following note, duly signed by the principal: "Mr. ——— Dear Sir,—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay." The next day the father sent the following answer: "Dear Sir: Whip it out of him. Yours truly, ——— Baltimore Herald."

JACK FROST AND THE SUN.

Jack Frost went out one evening, With brush and paint in hand, To paint some pretty pictures On the windows thro' the land. The trees were tall and pointed, With ferns and grass below, And stars and swords and daggers, And all as white as snow. The sun came forth next morning, To end the long, cold night, And rode high in the heavens, And bathed the world in light.

HE PEEPED IN ALL THE WINDOWS.

That Jack had left so gay, Said he, "What pretty pictures!" Then wiped them all away. —Morning Star.

WHY ROBIN WENT CAMPING.

Uncle Rob looked down at his small namesake. He was wondering if he really was big enough to take. "Some boys of seven are babies yet, and, of course, to have that kind along would be no end of bother," he said. "I'll see." "I always walk to school with Gladys," Robin was saying, as he trotted along. "You see, there are some real rough boys on Peck street, and it's safe to have me with her." Uncle Rob nodded his head, but said nothing. Just then they came to the most fascinating display of candies. "Here, children, here's a nickel for each of you to spend," said Uncle Rob. Gladys ran straight into the candy store, but Robin thrust his into the depths of his pocket. "I'm saving my money to buy a bicycle," he said, with face aglow. "That evening they were out driving. 'Stand up, Robin, while I fix this seat for Gladys,' said Uncle Rob. Just at that instant a motor bicycle came around the corner with a chug, chug, chug that frightened Prince into a sudden start, and out went poor Rob. Gladys screamed, Uncle Rob, with a face as white as chalk, brought the terrified horse to a standstill and ran back to where Robin lay in a poor little heap—oh, so dreadfully quiet! To his great relief he saw the bright eyes open and heard the brave little voice gasping, "I'm not hurt much, Uncle Rob."

Not hurt much! It was hard to believe, for he was covered with blood from head to foot, but when Uncle Rob snatched him up and felt all his bones he found to his joy that none were broken. The child really was not hurt seriously, but he was bruised enough to make a much older boy cry out. "Why didn't you cry? Then I should have known you were alive," said Uncle Rob, half fiercely, in his relief from that awful fear, when the bleeding was finally stopped. "Men don't cry," said Robin. "I want to be a man." That night Uncle Robin asked little Robin to go camping with him in the real far-away woods and fish and hunt and cook outdoors and have a real Indian guide. "I want another man with me," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. —The Sunbeam.

THE DROPPED STITCH.

"I ought to sit down this very minute and go to work on my tray cloth," said Gertrude one bright Saturday morning. "Mamma wants to do it up this afternoon and send it in the three-o'clock mail, so that Cousin Grace will get it Monday. There's not very much more to do on it, I'm glad to say." But just as Gertrude took up her embroidery materials she happened to see Mabel Clarke passing by. "I must speak to her," Gertrude said; and hurriedly throwing a wrap about her, she rushed out. There was quite a conference at the gate, and then Gertrude went along with her friend, for Mabel had something at home which she "really must see." It was more than an hour before Gertrude came back to her embroidery. Then the moments seemed fairly to fly, and she began to grow nervous and cross. Faster and faster she worked, and did not notice that her work was not as smooth and even as it had been at first. At last the tray cloth was finished, and she gave it into her mother's charge to be pressed and made ready to send away. "Part of this embroidery isn't as nice as you usually do, Gertrude," her mother said, pointing to two or three flowers in which the work was rough and uneven. "And, Gertrude, see this," and she showed a place where the silk thread had not been drawn in tightly enough, so that it formed an unsightly loop. "I'm sorry, mamma," Gertrude said, rather impatiently; "but I had to hurry so to finish it. If I'd had another hour, it would have been all right." "There doesn't seem to be any way of fixing it," Mrs. Bennett said, regretfully; and Grandma Bennett, who had been watching and listening, added: "It's almost as bad as finishing a dropped stitch when you've finished your knitting. It makes a bad place, the best you can do. Dropped stitches make lots of trouble wherever you find them." "Why, you never find them anywhere except in knitting, crocheting or weaving, do you?" Gertrude asked wonderingly. Grandma smiled serenely. "You'll find them all through life, my dear," she said. "And if you don't mind my saying so, I think this embroidery which you finished up so hastily that you did not do it well shows a dropped stitch in your own life." "Why, how, grandma?" "When you acknowledged to yourself that you ought to sit right down and go to work at it, and then went over to Mabel's and spent an hour, you dropped a stitch of duty. And you know yourself, dear, that it has made a bad place, for the hurry that was necessary afterwards made you nervous and cross, and made it impossible to do the work as well as you would have liked." "I guess that's true, grandma," Gertrude answered, slowly. "A dropped stitch is more serious than I thought. I'll try not to drop any more."

A Medicine Chest in Itself.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

THE ODD ONE.

The girls, the pretty and rich and happy ones, were scattered about the school-room in merry chattering groups. The Odd One sat at her desk alone. The Odd One had patched elbows and ragged shoes, and a thin, pitiful, discontented face. She had a book open before her, and pretended to be studying; but she wasn't, she was envying with all her heart. She was always either envious or angry, poor child! The girls around her were all talking about the same thing—another girl who was coming to school in a day or two. Her name was Hilda Redmond, and her father was a millionaire. The girls told wonderful stories of Hilda's home and dresses and the things she had. The Odd One's face grew darker and harder. "It isn't fair!" she said to herself. "If I had money, how they'd run after me! But just because I'm poor they snub me and ignore me and treat me as if I were a beggar. Well, they shan't think that I care, anyhow!" and the Odd One sat up fiercely and turned a page of her history. She never remembered, this poor unhappy Odd One, that gentle little Maggie Murray, who was almost as poor as she, was a favorite with all the nicest girls. Hilda came to school the next day. She was a slender, quiet girl, but she knew without any words that she had lived always among cultured and fine-hearted people. The Odd One, watching the other girls about her, turned contemptuously away. "She can't have me among her followers," she said. "Miss Millionaire can't queen it over one girl in the room, anyhow." As she passed the others to go to the cloak room, the Odd One lifted her little sharp chin as high as possible and looked straight ahead. The other girls separated to let her pass, and their talk died away for a moment. The Odd One stopped in a dark corner of the cloak room to wipe away the tears that burned her eyes. "Now they'll begin to talk about me," she thought. "I just wish they were poor and had to wear old clothes and be looked down on!" For once the Odd One was right—the girls were talking about her, but it was only because Hilda had asked who she was. "Oh, she's queer!" they answered, quickly. "She'll not talk to us or have anything to do with us, and so we just let her alone now." Little Maggie Murray spoke up suddenly, coloring when she saw so many pairs of eyes turning toward her. "Do you know, girls, I think she thinks we leave her out because she's poor, and that's what makes her queer. You know when you're poor you can't do a good many things you'd like to do, and if you get to thinking about the things you can't do, you get blue, and—and—all twisted up inside. I know I do often." Across the bright heads that crowded between them Hilda Redmond flashed a smile to little Maggie. "No wonder she's unhappy if she thinks that," she said. "It must be so hard to be 'queer.'"

The other girls turned and looked at her in amazement. They began to wonder of Hilda herself wasn't queer, in her own way. But she was

so frank and sweet and friendly that she was nice in spite of it. The next day was rainy and the Odd One stood at the window with her back to the other girls, looking down into the wet, gray street, seeing some one come round her, see stood straighter and looked more intently down into the rain. But it was no use, a hand slipped past the obstinate elbow, and a sweet, friendly voice said gently: "I'm Hilda Redmond, and I want to know all my schoolmates. As the other girls are busy, we needn't get anybody to introduce us, need we?" The Odd One touched the tips of Hilda's fingers and kept on looking down into the street. At last she spoke. "My name's Ellice Henson," she replied briefly. "It's so nice to get back to school again," Hilda said. "I was sick last year and couldn't go. I think I'm going to like it here ever so much."

No answer from the girl looking out of the window. Hilda tried again. "I noticed you in the arithmetic class, and it didn't seem to bother you a bit. I don't see how you can do it so fast." The Odd One turned in spite of herself at that; she tried to speak scornfully. "I like to; it's as easy as dirt! Anybody ought to be able to do arithmetic." Hilda looked at her eagerly. "I can't!" she cried. "I'm so stupid in it! Will you help me? You don't know how puzzled I am. I asked Miss Ross this morning if I could get a little help till I caught up, and she said I could."

The Odd One was silent, a dozen different emotions fighting in her heart. Hilda waited with an eagerness she dared not show. At last Ellice spoke: "Yes; I suppose I can help you if you want me to," she said, deliberately. But a quick color had leaped into the thin face, and she cast a triumphant glance across at the other girls as she sat down at the desk with Hilda.

That was the beginning, but only the beginning. It was not an easy thing to help Ellice out of her darkening into the sunshine of love and selfishness. Many times Hilda would have been utterly discouraged but for little Maggie Murray, whose patience was unflinching. At last the time came when Hilda could give her party. All the girls had invitations, and they were all talking about it one morning before Hilda came in. Any Blanchard, standing near Ellice Henson's desk, was describing the new pink silk she was going to wear. Ellice's eyes darkened with bitterness. She wished she had never liked Hilda, she was saying passionately to herself; she wished she hated her. Much fun it would be to go to a party in an old dress and patched shoes! It was cruel—it was; Hilda was just like the others after all.

Hilda herself came in then. She gave a quick glance over the room, then she tapped laughingly on her desk for attention. "I have something to explain," she said, "about Friday night; it's to be a school party and every one is to come with exactly the dress and ribbons and all that you have on this minute. If anybody dresses up, she can't play, that's all."

A sudden hubbub arose all over the room and the girls crowded about Hilda, but before they shut her in she caught a glimpse of Ellice Henson looking at her across the room. All the bitterness had died out of her dark eyes. One might have fancied tears were shining there. It would take too long to tell of that evening, with the mock school and merry games; and finally, the delicious lunches put up in dainty baskets. The girls talked about it for weeks afterwards. That was only the beginning. The beautiful conspiracy widened, till not only Hilda and Maggie, but nearly all the other girls as well, were "counting in" Ellice Henson, and nobody thought of calling her the Odd One.

Three years later, at commencement a lady asked, "Who is that girl with Hilda Redmond? It is a pleasure to see such a happy face." When some one told Ellice, she turned to Hilda with a quick, grateful smile. There was no need of words between them. They both understood.—Mabel Nelson Thurston, in S. S. Visitor.

Colds Become Pneumonia AND BRING FATAL RESULTS IN A REMARKABLY SHORT TIME —THE SAFEGUARD IS Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Nearly everybody knows that pneumonia results from neglected colds and yet there is scarcely a newspaper you pick up these days but contains the report of some fatality from this deadly disease. Colds are so common that the danger they carry with them is overlooked. In Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine you have a positive cure for colds and a complete safeguard against such serious developments as pneumonia and consumption. The exceptional curative properties of turpentine and linseed are well known, and in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine they are combined with half a dozen other ingredients in such a way as to be pleasant to the taste, and wonderfully powerful in the cure of throat and lung diseases. Such ailments as croup, bronchitis and asthma are quickly relieved and entirely cured by this treatment. There is, we believe, no medicine so well suited for family use as a cure for coughs and colds, and as a safeguard against the deadly ailments which so frequently arise from them. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers; or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FATHER KING'S FREE BROTHERLY LOVE TONIC

Your Boy

A boy is usually amenable to reason. He does not like to be ordered to do a thing, he wishes to be given a reason for the command. He can obey with so much better grace, if he is told why it must be done, and it does not seem so hard to be obedient.

A father gets closer to his son through the boy's sports and games than in any other way. If he can forget his years, and recall his own boyhood and the good times he had, he can prove himself a very delightful companion for his son. Amusement is a necessary part of a boy's education. It may be so blended with the more serious duties of life that it will form a part in the moulding of a boy's moral character.

Amusement may be as intelligently directed as any other necessity of the boy's life. The sports and games of childhood are innocent, and are to be commended. They strengthen and exercise all of the muscles of the body, and deeply expand the lungs.

In early life, outdoor sports and exercise are of great importance for the proper development of the entire body. It is an exceptional case where a boy plays too long or too violently. He has the instinct of self-preservation and knows when to rest. If the father is a participant in any of these sports, he will find it necessary to retire much sooner than the boy does, unless he has kept them up later in life than do the majority of men.

If the father was anything of an athlete in his younger days, he certainly has not forgotten how he enjoyed outdoor sports, and if he takes a hand in the game of ball with the boy, he will find it a great advantage to him physically, and more than that, he will be a prime favorite with his son, and his playmate. This is not so insignificant a fact as it may seem, for not every one can win the friendship and admiration of a boy.

The father who associates with his boy on a friendly footing, will have more influence over him than if he held himself aloof, and as if upon a higher plane. It is easier to control a boy through loving association and understanding of him, than it is through a forced duty, and the father who never enters into a friendly conversation with his boy, will never fully understand him.

The exacting father who wishes to keep his boy always busy, claims that outdoor labor will give him all the exercise he needs. Labor is exercise, but its most strenuous advocate cannot claim that it is an amusement. A boy left to himself, may not be able to choose that form of amusement best calculated to develop him, but if the father is his adviser and friend, he is in a position to advise him. The boy who is allowed his freedom in outdoor sports, will be more capable when the stern duties of life press upon him.—Maudie Murray Miller, in The Pilgrim.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

A Neglected Shrine

You raise your eyes from the roses and see before you a little old house, almost hidden behind the screen of ivy and of roses on its walls. The tiny, diamond-paned windows of the second story you do not observe at first—not until a ray of that blinking sun filters between the dark green leaves and glints from them.

The path, in which you stand, leads to a door, so low you must stoop to pass within. To either side are long, narrow windows, set into the wall horizontally, also diamond-paned and opening outward on their hinges like the others. To the right of the house stands an ancient cider mill and all to the left is garden. Roses there in rank profusion grow and honeysuckle and great, staring Dutchman's panicles, with a row of overhanging hollyhocks behind, and again beyond a lattice, blue with morning glories.

The hedge of hawthorn breaks and runs around this fairy yard, and the house, leaning in its age, is so miniature as to seem, almost, the abiding place of pixies and of elves.

To the left of the hallway leading from the fairy door, is another opening into a room with lowering ceiling and a floor but ten feet square. Before you, close against the wall, is a couch, with a queer, old fashioned writing board fastened to the pillow at the end nearest the window. Across one corner of the room is a low bookcase and desk two hundred years old, with a quaint carved buffet on beyond.

It is to see this room you've tramped the long three miles, for here the novel "Middlemarch" was written. Discovered by her on a ramble through his "vic Surrey, one day, George Eliot entered this tiny room and fell upon this sofa tired of tramping. She begged the privilege of remaining just a week. That week lengthened into many and those who lived thereabouts came to know the sad-eyed woman who lay upon this couch and wrote and wrote, never leaving the task before her, save for one brief hour each day at sunset when she would go out into the road between the hawthorn hedges and there walk back and forth before the fairy house.—D. Austin, in The Pilgrim.

There is such a thing as a man having in this world spiritual possessions as well as material possessions, and being thus possessed he can look through the shadow and see the substance, he can reach out and touch vanished hands, see the faces of those whom he has loved and lost, can come into close fellowship with God and being pure in heart, can see God.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEBONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1905. John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy and could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1905. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolseley street, Ont.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.



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THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1905.

FIRST BISHOP OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

The elevation of the Right Rev. D. J. Scollard to the See of Sault Ste. Marie, and the forming of the northern part of the province into a distinct diocese, adds yet another length to the all embracing Apostolic cincture within which the Church everywhere guards and cares for her children, and while in viewing the matter of the appointing of a new bishop and the apportioning of a new diocese, the spiritual side is ever uppermost, there is yet matter for congratulation in the fact that not spiritual advancement alone may be looked for as a result, but that material progress is likewise sure to follow.

The Church and civilization ever go hand in hand. The Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie has already taken for his watchword "Colonize and Catholicize New Ontario." To build churches, to form centres around which the faithful will flock is to colonize, and to Catholicize is implied in the work of a Catholic shepherd of a Catholic flock. The predecessors of Bishop Scollard, bent all their energies towards the self-same end. The history of the land over which the new Bishop has now jurisdiction is the history of heroes and martyrs. The story of Sault Ste. Marie is the story of Brebeuf and Lalemant; it is likewise the story of the devoted vicars and bishops of our own times, who, though not called upon to suffer martyrdom, yet found cause for endurance equal to that of the pioneer heroes. And who shall say that this endurance has been in vain? Six thousand, or eighty-two per cent. of the Indian population are now Catholic as vouched for by the late indefatigable chief pastor, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor. But there yet remains much to be done. The eight hundred miles of territory holds great possibilities for expansion and development, and Bishop Scollard, strong in the strength of manhood's prime and in the first fervor of Apostolic zeal, may be expected to accomplish much. In pursuit of his work there will be little of the glitter of glory and the horizon will often times be grey, but that a magnificent aggregate of good will be accomplished may be confidently anticipated, and accompanying it will be a great incidental aid in the building up of New Ontario, a consummation looked forward to as one of the most material blessings that can come to our broad and fair Dominion.

MR. SIFTON AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The Globe publishes the statement that Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of Interior, has sent in his resignation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier through dissatisfaction with the provision made for minority schools in the new provinces.

TERRITORIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The amount of crass ignorance that is being printed daily in the newspapers of Toronto about the educational provisions of the Alberta and Saskatchewan Autonomy Bill suggests the probability of the people in this part of Canada knowing absolutely nothing about the cause of all the newspaper excitement. One tragic artist in a daily paper shows the giant West prone upon the prairie, spiked to the earth and fettered with a Quebec school system. This cartoon conveys a fair impression of popular lack of information. In the Territories there is no Quebec school system. The system in operation is a very much improved Ontario system, and the reason why it is better is that the administration of educational affairs has been entrusted to better educated and more intelligent men than Ontario has been producing in recent years. In the Northwest Territories the people understand the interests of a national system of schools, and they understand also the true meaning of religious freedom. The school system may be said to date from 1843,

though Catholic missionaries did the work for generations preceding. As our readers know the federal Act of 1875 put the seal and sanction of the Dominion upon minority schools at the admission of the Territories into the Union. The Autonomy Bill sanctions and approves the school provisions of 1875, which in actual operation have given so much satisfaction to all concerned that Premier Haultain says if he were dictator tomorrow he would make no change.

Within the last five years population has been coming into the Territories more rapidly. In that short period the number of public schools (so-called) have more than doubled, being now 1,022. The minority schools have not increased and number in all to-day only 16, ten for Catholics in Protestant districts, and 6 for Protestants in Catholic districts. The teachers in all the schools are certificated, the text books used are the same, the examinations passed by pupils are the same and all schools are subject to the same inspection. Between 3.30 and 4 p.m. religious instruction is given and in this regard alone is there any difference in the daily school work. Perhaps the best feature of the system appears in the Normal and High Schools. There is a uniform pedagogical course and religious teachers may be seen working side by side with lay teachers on common ground. We have never had anything approaching this in Ontario for the reason above stated. Nevertheless Ontario people are now meddling in the educational affairs of the Territories. If they were to be taken seriously Alberta and Saskatchewan might well say, "Hands off the West."

THE MID-LIFE PERIOD AND NATIONALITY.

Dr. William Osler, an ex-Torontonian, whose medical reputation has been acknowledged by the great universities of the United States and England, has succeeded in making himself famous by re-vamping the ancient theory of decay after middle life. The learned doctor has convinced himself that no great work can be done by any man who has passed the age of forty. He added, though now he explains it was only a joke, that men who have lived beyond sixty should be chloroformed.

A new theory is gaining ground in these days that the world is going mad by a gradual process. If there be anything in this the materialistic trend of modern thought is responsible for it, and the so-called scientists are the undisputed leaders of the dance of derangement. Suppose for a moment the case of a lunatic who had received his certificate of madness from a duly appointed medical officer of some state asylum. Imagine such a lunatic to have slipped from detention and disguised himself in the cap and gown of a university professor. When next we see him he is instructing a crowd of medical students in the doctrine of chloroforming all their patients at 60 years of age. Then, the lunatic being discovered, he explains with innocent impressiveness that he was only joking with the class. Where does the joke arise in the case of Dr. Osler that most people would fail to see in the instance of the certificated lunatic?

The serious side of Dr. Osler's joke, apart from its bad taste, is the fact that not a few medical eccentricities over in the United States have been advocating for years the use of chloroform in all cases where the physician considers that the game is not worth the candle, or in other words the patient's chance of life is not a fair equivalent for the pain he must suffer if pulled through. These medical humanitarians are the product of reputable medical schools; and it is indeed a question whether the laws of most lands have not allowed too much power and privilege to all close corporations doing business as medical schools.

But leaving Dr. Osler's unfortunate expression and the still more alarming suggestions it may give rise to, out of the question, his theory of the crisis at the age of forty is about as crazy as his joke. Races of men and individuals also, differ in regard to the period of decay, as the eagle and the sparrow, the oak and the maple. The oak is the longest lived and the best preserved among mankind to-day. The Angl. Saxon is worn out by luxury. The crisis in the case of the Irishman may be 60 or 70, whereas the other fellow may come up against it at forty. Look at old Senator Wark attending to the business of the country regularly at Ottawa regardless of the weather. He is in his 102nd year. Senator Scott has passed four score and writes a better hand than most young men who pass the civil service examination. Both are Irish, of course.

Dr. Osler says he has been years accumulating the matter of his essay upon the crisis at forty. When finished it will be worthless only as a special study of race decadence. Dr. Osler's field of study has been limited to the Anglo-Saxons of the United States.

Many of the misfits and failures both in the spiritual and the material life are due to doing the right thing just a little too soon, or a little too late.

## WHO ARE THE FAULT-FINDERS?

From Col. Sam Hughes' patriotic suggestion of an armed rebellion to Mr. Goldwin Smith's proposal that the Imperial Parliament be asked to amend the British North America Act, we have witnessed within the past week the old familiar performance up and down throughout Ontario, of beating the bushes to frighten the Catholics. This thing has been done so often that it no longer impresses anybody. The same corps of beaters are always employed or volunteer for the work. The newspapers make most of the noise and a sprinkling of notoriety-seeking preachers, taking their information from the press, supply the complement of useless ignorance for the campaign. None of these people take the trouble to read history or study the facts of the case. They have jumped to the conclusion straight that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would have made different provision for the new provinces of the West only for the "coercion" resorted to by the "hierarchy." It is the same "hue and cry" in all the repeated outbreaks of Ontario clamor against religious influence in the primary education of the Catholic children of Canada. It is always the "hierarchy."

In the present instance Sir Wilfrid and his government have simply left conditions in the Territories as they found them. In the new provinces the educational system will be the system now in operation in the Territories. The Ontario defenders of the public school system would have the Dominion Government change the older conditions arbitrarily. That is their notion of provincial rights. As a matter of fact there is no school system in the world where the people are in closer touch with the administration of the department of education than the Northwest Territories. It is a system that has nothing to learn even from Ontario. There is no school agitation, and all the evidence of actual experience goes to show that it is a system well suited to the requirements of the West. Why then should Sir Wilfrid Laurier change it, even though the constitution permitted such a course? Had he elected to destroy a school system that has proved itself as increasingly vital, progressive and satisfactory the longer it has been in operation, then indeed it might have been necessary for outsiders to say "hands off the West." The bush whacker journals of Ontario demand in reality that the government of Canada shall obliterate a system of primary schools with which the people of the Territories are well content. And this demand is raised in the much-abused name of provincial rights. As soon as this discussion shall have passed from the noisy field of uniformed newspaper bluster to the responsible and competent consideration of parliament, the facts of the case may receive the attention they deserve.

LIBERALISM, PROVINCIAL RIGHTS AND THE GLOBE.

The Globe seems to have convinced itself of the expediency of opposing the continuance of the school system that went into operation in the Northwest Territories under the Act of 1875, and which the Autonomy Bill introduced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier sanctions and approves. The reasons behind the course chosen by the Globe are not apparent. Its own commissioner has reported in detail that the system works satisfactorily and well. Not one contrary opinion has been quoted from the Territories. Premier Haultain says if he were dictator of the new provinces he would not change it. The Globe, so far as we are in a position to judge, has no other guidance than that furnished by The Montreal Gazette a month ago when it suggested that the Act of 1875 be ignored and the education question left to the provinces themselves. The Gazette was prompted by party interests. The Globe, without any such prompting, has reached the conclusion that Opposition party interests and provincial rights are linked in harmony. Where are the grounds for this ready-made conclusion? By setting aside the Act of 1875 the federal government would necessarily disturb the existing educational system, and in the absence of any warrant from the Territories would thereby also interfere in provincial rights. Do the people of the Territories know what is good for them, or must they be coached by The Globe and a few ex-P.P.A. Liberals in Toronto? The Conservative party in Manitoba likewise poses as a self-constituted guardian of provincial rights in the new provinces. The Manitoba conception of provincial rights for Alberta and Saskatchewan is to strip the infant states of portions of their swaddling clothes. Since the days when the veteran fathers of Liberalism in Ontario contended for and vindicated the principle of provincial rights in territory and constitutional powers against federal opposition, what a falling off there has been in the policy of The Globe and the class of degenerate Liberals for whom alone it is qualified to speak to-day! Provincial rights are always best understood in the provinces concerned. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consulted the best opinion of the Territories and of the Canadian people in the Autonomy Bill. Let us consult Liberal opinion

as we find it expressed with some authority in the Territories. The Alberta in a recent issue said: "The school conditions as they exist at the present time are so remarkably satisfactory to all concerned that no person can say that he is specially aggrieved." This doubtless refers to the fact that the minority schools are Protestant as well as Catholic. Neither side feels aggrieved and all are working in harmony. Is the Dominion government, then, to accept the inspiration of The Globe and the Orange lodges in the face of all this and say that despite all appearances the conditions are not right and that the basis of those conditions should be upset? It will be found, we believe, that the Autonomy Bill has preserved both the principle of provincial rights and the guarantees given to the Territories in 1875 by the fathers of Canadian Liberalism, The Globe gospel to the contrary notwithstanding.

## OBITUARY

THE LATE MISS BRIDGET C. SHEA.

At her residence, Todmorden, on Feb. 25th, 1905, the death occurred of Miss Bridget C. Shea, sister of Very Rev. Father Shea. The funeral took place from St. Paul's church, Power street, on Tuesday, the 28th inst., to St. Michael's Cemetery, R.I.P.

DEATH OF SISTER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Sister Emerentia of the Community of the Precious Blood, died suddenly on Sunday. The deceased was one of two sisters in the same Community, the other being Sister Victoria. Mrs. Judge of this city is also a sister. The mass of requiem was said in the chapel of the convent, St. Joseph street, and the interment at St. Michael's Cemetery, May she rest in peace.

MRS. MARGARET MOODY.

After an illness of over three years, borne with Christian resignation, the death took place at the residence of her sister, Miss Winifred Dunbar, of Mrs. Margaret Moody, widow of the late James Moody, and daughter of the late Samuel Dunbar. She is survived by one daughter, Miss Winifred Moody. Mr. Samuel and John Dunbar are brothers. Rev. Mother Margaret Mary of the Good Shepherd Convent, San Antonio, Texas, is a sister. The funeral took place from 122 Borden street at nine o'clock Friday morning, to St. Peter's church, where requiem high mass was celebrated by the pastor, the Rev. L. Minehan, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

MRS. M. B. HAFLEY, TORONTO.

On the 20th ult. the Angel of Death entered the home of Mr. P. Haffey, 119 Strachan Ave., and called away his loving wife after an illness of some weeks' duration from pneumonia, out of which was developed malaria fever.

Mrs. Haffey was the only daughter of Michael and Winifred Boylan of Caledon. She was married to Peter Haffey by Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie, twenty-seven years ago, since which time they have resided in St. Mary's parish, Toronto. The late Mrs. Haffey was much beloved by friends and neighbors alike, for her many estimable qualities of mind and heart. And although for many years she did not enjoy the best of health, yet she was never known to murmur, but had always a cheerful word and a ready smile for all with whom she came in contact. Her death leaves a sad vacancy in the home where the bereaved family mourn the loss of a fond wife and loving mother. During her last illness she was attended by Rev. Father Williams, and having received the rights and consolation of the Church which she loved and being surrounded by the family, she passed peacefully and happily away to the home of her Eternal Bliss. Her pall-bearers were her four nephews, Messrs. Thos. Bourke, John Gunning, Jas. Walsh and Maurice Walsh, also Mr. P. Conderan and Jos. Finn. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on the 23rd ult., from the family residence on Strachan avenue, to St. Mary's church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. Rev. Father Williams celebrated mass and officiated at the grave.

The many floral and spiritual offerings testify to the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, two daughters, Winifred and Maude, and three sons, James, John and Peter, all at home, also one brother, John Boylan of Toronto Junction, to all of whom we extend the hand of sympathy in this their sad hour of bereavement. Will the kind readers of the Catholic Register please join with us in breathing a fervent prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to have mercy on her soul. R.I.P.

Customs Department Appointment

The many friends of Mr. Jno. Haffery, a well-known resident of East Toronto, No. 260 Broadview avenue, will be pleased to learn of his recent appointment to a position in the customs department of this city.

Mr. Haffery is a prominent member of St. Paul's church, and also figures conspicuously in the East End Reform Association, of which for some time he has held the office of Vice-President. His numerous acquaintances in this organization as well as some others with which he is socially connected, will doubtless wish him success in his new avocation.

Sympathy Offered

Mr. and Mrs. Charters of 35 Bright street, residents of St. Paul's parish, have the sympathy of many in the loss of their infant child, William John Charters, born Feb. 1st, died Feb. 27th. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning. The bereaved parents had already sustained the loss of two other children, and their former loss increased their grief at losing their only remaining child.

## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE

London, Feb. 9.—The attendance of the Irish Party for the first two days of the Session has not been as strong as the circumstances demand. I understand that yesterday, at the direction of the Chairman, telegraphic summonses of the most urgent kind were addressed to all absent members and it is sincerely to be hoped that an exhaustive response will be made. Any member who is absent, except under circumstances of the most absolute compulsion, should be immediately brought to book by his constituents. Meetings in Ireland cannot be held to be any excuse for non-attendance in the House at this juncture. It is of vital importance that from the very outset of the Session every possible vote should be cast into the scale against this Government, which has so cynically violated its pledges of Irish reforms. If the Government get a good division on Mr. Asquith's amendment owing to the absence of Irish members the responsibility of those members will be a heavy one. It may mean all the difference between disorganizing the Government and giving them a fresh start on their career towards the disenfranchisement of Irish Nationalist constituencies.

Lord Dunraven has now given notice of the terms of his motion about Sir Edward Carson's attack on Sir Anthony MacDonnell. The motion runs, "To call attention to certain references to Ireland contained in the speech of the Solicitor-General reported in the Times of the 8th inst." He has fixed Friday to bring the matter forward. The appearance of this notice in the Lords' paper has, I understand, come as somewhat of a disagreeable surprise upon the Ulster Unionists. They had hoped to put Sir Anthony MacDonnell upon the defensive, instead of which they find Lord Dunraven taking the offensive and carrying the war into their camp. From a constitutional point of view, Sir Edward Carson has placed himself in an impossible position. The only answer to Lord Dunraven can be an apology in some form or the other. With the precedent of Capt. Lee's silent expiation of his recent offence before him, Sir Edward Carson need have no fear of any more serious consequences.

But it must be quite apparent to any observer that there is a good deal in this business that needs clearing up. On the face of it, Mr. Wyndham would appear to have displayed the peculiar kind of courage in the matter for which he has justly earned a reputation in Ireland. There is no possible explanation of his silence after his colleagues' attack on his immediate subordinate than that he is afraid of the Ulster dead-ends. The inference they quite justifiably draw from this chivalrous silence on the part of the Chief Secretary is that he desires to shuffle off responsibility for Irish administration on to the shoulders of the Under Secretary. A permanent official with such a chief is to be condoled with. Perhaps Lord Lansdowne may not show himself so devoid of common courage if Lord Dunraven challenges him in the Lords.

Mr. Craig has given notice to ask the Chief Secretary to-day the following question: "What part Sir Anthony MacDonnell took in suggesting or preparing the proposals now known as the Dunraven Devolution Scheme? Was the date on which Sir Anthony MacDonnell first communicated his ideas on the subject to Lord Dunraven prior to the second reading of the Land Act of 1903? When did the Chief Secretary first hear of these communications, and what steps did he or the Government take in consequence thereof, and whether Sir Anthony MacDonnell's appointment in Ireland is regarded by the Government as a temporary one, and if so, when it is intended to terminate?"

The Globe, which is inspired by the Ulster Unionists, gave prominence to a remarkable paragraph on this subject last evening. It stated that Sir Anthony MacDonnell's retirement was decided upon at a recent meeting of the Cabinet, but that the result was a threat by Lord Lansdowne that he would resign if this determination were persisted in. It was further stated that, though Sir Anthony would continue to discharge his duties for the present, the state of his health would in any case force him to resign before long. For this latter statement I understand there is no foundation whatever.

Convert Priests Make Other Converts

In England the non-Catholic mission work has been undertaken in good earnest by a band of convert missionaries. Prominent among these converts are Fathers Filmer, Chase, Evans, Sharpe and Grimes. Some of these fathers have had some years of experience in the priesthood. They have associated themselves together under the title of Our Lady of Compassion and Archbishop Bourne has assigned to them a portion of the Westminster Parish, and out from his home they go to various parts of London and elsewhere and give missions to non-Catholics. It is a part of their policy to avoid all controversy and to content themselves with simply explaining Catholic doctrine to the crowds who come to listen to them. They are securing some very remarkable results. They have a large class of converts under instruction all the time.

Linen Shower for Miss M. E. Woods

A pleasant surprise greeted Miss M. E. Woods, bride-elect of St. Helen's Parish, when on Thursday evening a number of her friends called and presented her with a fine array of linen for her new home. Among those present were Mrs. P. A. Woods, Mrs. Dan Woods, Mrs. Walter Blakeslee, Miss Ada Murphy, Miss Dolly Bates, Miss Maude Wedgewood, Miss Eva Marsdon, Miss Allie McCue, Miss Woods and Miss Irene Woods. A few hours were pleasantly spent in music; supper was served and the health of the bride-elect drunk, her friends in departing wishing her every success and happiness.

Excursion to Europe

The handsomely illustrated pamphlet of summer excursion to Europe with week in Rome, of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, will be sent free to any address on application to him.

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The twenty-first annual meeting of the Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust was held at St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street. His Grace the Archbishop presided, with Thomas Flynn, Hugh T. Kelly and M. O'Connor, other members of the board, in attendance. It was determined to set aside from the earnings of the year the sum of \$750, to be distributed among the charities, and the treasurer, M. O'Connor, was directed to apportion it as follows: St. Nicholas Institute for Boys, \$150; Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, \$150; House of Providence, \$100; Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, \$100; St. Mary's Industrial School for Girls, \$100; House of Industry, \$100; St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, \$50.

Will of Miss Anna Maria Moran

The will of Miss Anna Maria Moran, whose estate is valued at \$5,184, leaves the following bequests: House of Providence, \$1,000; St. Michael's Hospital, \$1,000; Sunnyside Orphanage, \$500; offerings for masses at Convent of Precious Blood, \$100; Rev. Dr. Tracey, parish priest of Dixie, offerings for masses, \$500; Miss Irene McKeown, daughter of Mrs. McKeown of Chicago, \$400.

St. Helen's Parish

The monthly distribution of testimonials to the boys of St. Helen's School took place Tuesday morning, February 28th, in the presence of the rector, Rev. Father Walsh.

The following boys secured for "excellent" 85 per cent. of notes obtainable, and 85 per cent. for second grade marked "good":

Senior Fourth—Excellent—F. Boland, W. Artin, R. Clarkson, T. Dault, J. Foley, W. Markle, Good—F. Brennan, E. Creary, F. Hartnett, F. Riordan.

Junior Fourth—Excellent—A. Fayle, F. Wilson, C. O'Connor, B. Kearns, V. Kirby, H. Goodwin, T. Colgan, C. O'Leary, Good—F. Reddin, V. Pegg, J. Keanev.

Senior Third—Excellent—A. Gallagher, F. Eillard, J. Power, H. Pegg, G. Norman, A. Maloney, W. Kerr.

Junior Third—Excellent—E. Torpey, P. Hynes.

At the close the Rev. Pastor complimented the boys on the success achieved by them in securing "testimonials of honor" and urged on them to persevere, aiming always higher, and to bear in mind that only to them who continue in well-doing is the crown given.

The Hearthstone

When the logs are burning free,  
Then the fire is full of glee;  
When each heart gives out its best,  
Then the talk is full of zest,  
Light your fire and never fear,  
Life was made for love and cheer.  
—Henry Van Dyke in Harper's Magazine.

DIED

HAFLEY—At 119 Strachan avenue, Toronto, on Jan. 20th, Mary Bridget, the beloved wife of P. Haffey, aged 53 years. May she rest in peace.

That which is too little for luxury is abundantly enough for nature.

The English and Welsh Bishops of the Church of England have been asked by a correspondent if it is true, as his doctor asserts it is, that not one of them believes in the miraculous in religion. Their replies are in the negative.

There are authors who are as point-less as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed!

E. A. ENGLISH

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

History Repeating Itself—Irishmen Prominent in Canadian Affairs—When Six Corkonians Ruled the Country—Many Governors of Irish Extraction—The Predominance of the Irish Element in the Present Conservative Cabinet of Ontario—The Irish Literary Movement—The Study of Irish Language, History and Ancient Institutions—The Celtic Language in France—Ernest Renan a Breton and a Great Celtic Scholar.

History seems to repeat itself in Ontario. The period between 1852 and 1867 was a troublesome one here. The Catholics were fighting for a principle. They were fighting for separate schools—for the right to educate their children in the manner they thought best, without it costing them too much. They were not assailing any other body's rights and were contending only for their own. They asked that their school taxes should be set aside for the maintenance of Catholic separate schools. They did not propose to destroy or injure the public schools then established. There were good and substantial reasons why they should demand this right. They believed that religion and morality should go hand in hand with the other branches of education. There are many Protestants who believe it now and would have the Bible read in the schools if they had their way. I hear a good deal now about the advantage of having the children of Catholics and Protestants educated together. I heard it then. It is a blessed thing to have the various elements of the population brought up together in love and friendship, to aid one another in all the pursuits and enterprises of life. It is a Catholic doctrine to love our neighbor as ourselves, even those who differ from us in religion. This can be done without sacrificing a principle, without abandoning that which is most essential in life, without ignoring religion and morality in education. There have been many experiments tried to accomplish this, but the most practical method yet devised in Canada. It efficiently preserves the right of the minority without encroaching on the rights of the majority. The cry out against it is simply the utterance of intolerance, the rage of defeated bigotry. One of the great problems of government is how to grant minorities their rights without violating great principles. That we have in Canada accomplished this with regard to education ought to be a cause for rejoicing instead of contention, is the writer's thought, and as good Canadians all ought to rejoice that we have solved a difficult problem. The happiness and satisfaction of the whole people should be the aim of the statesman and the enlightened legislator; and the Toronto Press does itself no credit by railing at the proposals of enlightened thought.

Irishmen and men of Irish descent have always been prominent in Canadian affairs. Sir Guy Carleton, Sir William Johnston, Lord Dufferin, Sir Dominic Daly were Irishmen born. Many others of great prominence were Irishmen too. But the climax was reached when six Corkonians ruled the country. This was when the Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration was in power. The Corkonians, to be sure, were not "the whole thing," but they were a good deal of it. Hon. Robert Baldwin, the Premier, was the son of a Corkonian; Sir Francis Hincks, the receiver-general, was Cork born; Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan was provincial secretary; Jas. H. Killaly was commissioner of public works; Louis H. Drummond was solicitor-general for Lower Canada; and there was another whose name I do not now remember, all Corkonians; or the sons of Corkonians. And never were there so many reforms enacted in Canada as during the administration of these Corkonians—the seigniorial tenure, the clergy reserves, the municipal laws, the rebellion losses, the educational system and many others of

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prime importance. Those men were all members of the Reform party. And with them, as Governor, was Lord Elgin. The latter, of course, was not a Corkonian nor an Irishman, but he was not what is in this generation so much vaunted, an Anglo-Saxon. It looks as if the Irish in Canada were coming by their own again. Within the last twenty years I have noticed that at one time nearly all the governors of the provinces and territories were Irish, and as I have read nothing against their integrity or ability I presume they were good governors. How many of the present governors are Irish or the sons of Irishmen is something I will have to look into.

Although I have seen nothing about it in the daily papers, I understand that many of the present Ontario Administrators are the sons of Irish citizens. The men of fifty years ago were members and leaders of the Reform party; the present men are Conservatives. It may thus be seen that the Irish furnish the ability in both the Canadian parties. I do not claim that Mr. Whitney, the Conservative leader, is Irish or the son of Irish parents, or like President Roosevelt, half Irish; but he certainly must have a just appreciation of Irish ability. To what nationality his forbears belong I do not know, but his name does not indicate that he has Irish blood in his veins; yet we give him credit for his discrimination. Those, I am told, whose parents came from the green isle, are Hon. J. J. Foy, Minister of Crown Lands, and the only one of the lot with whom I have any acquaintance. His father, Patrick Foy, was a wholesale grocer when I came first to Toronto, and I was his near neighbor on the opposite side of King street, for several years, and knew his distinguished son when he was a small boy. I am delighted that the latter has reached a position so distinguished as minister of the crown, and a leading member of the first Conservative Cabinet of Ontario. It is not unbecoming of him to fill a place in the Conservative leadership because his father was a Conservative before him. I congratulate Mr. Foy and his friends for the exalted position to which he has arisen, as he is a credit to his father's fellow-countrymen and coreligionists, and because he is a Conservative is no reason why we should not extend to him a hearty and well-deserved support, that he may advance in popularity and influence.

The other Irish members of the Cabinet are the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary; Hon. N. Monieith, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. R. A. Pyne, Minister of Education. I am not competent to discuss the merits of the gentlemen, but I am willing to give them a fair trial. I only am desirous that they will do their party credit and confer honor on themselves. As Mr. Whitney, the Premier, has selected the speaker as well as his Cabinet, he has conferred that honor on the son of an Irishman too—the Hon. J. W. St. John, the member for West York. There are only five other members of the Cabinet, so that the Irish have one-half. Hon. A. J. Matheson of South Lanark, is Provincial Treasurer. He is of Scotch parentage. So is Hon. J. S. Hendrie of Hamilton, who is a minister without portfolio. Hon. Dr. Willoughby of East Northumberland, is also a minister without portfolio. I hope he is of English blood, because I would not like to see British colony without a man of English blood in her cabinet, especially a Conservative cabinet. The other member is Hon. J. O. Reame of North Essex, who fills the position of Minister of Public Works. Dr. Reame is a French-Canadian, and was born at Anderson, Ont., and was educated at Assumption College, Sandwich. His fellow countrymen are thankful for the favor conferred on them by having one of their nationality in an Ontario Cabinet, which is only a policy of recent years. The example, however, was set by the Liberals, who gave the speakership first, and a cabinet position afterwards, to the Hon. Mr. Ewart. I nearly forgot to notice that the German element also has representation in this new Conservative cabinet. The Hon. Adam Beck of London being made a member without portfolio. There do not seem to be portfolio enough to go around and some new ones will have to be made, because Gamey has yet to be provided for. Probably that of Mines is awaiting him. Liberal Conservatism seems to have progressed considerably of late. Conservatism in the early days was non-progressive and exclusive. Now it is hard to tell it from advanced Liberalism and there appears to be nothing in the name, only to conserve what is good and refrain from what is bad in our institutions. There does not seem to be a vestige of family compactism left in its composition.

One of the men of distinction in the new Irish literary movement is Mr. George Russell, who has been described as "the most whole-hearted visionary of all the Celtic visionaries." His personality is little known, and is an enigma to all outside of a cherished circle of friends. Of the central figures he has himself written: "The spirit of men is not a product of nature, but antedates nature, and is about it, as sovereign, being of the very essence of that spirit which breathed on the face of the waters, and whose song, flowing from the silence as an incantation, summoned the stars into being out of chaos. To regain that spiritual consciousness with its untrammelled ecstasy, is the hope of every mystic." Mr. Russell has written verses which are published in three slender volumes, "Homeward Songs, by the Way," "The Earth Breath," and the

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"Divine Vision." He is about to issue a book of short tales, which long ago crept like living creatures into his mind and the recording of them was his first effort to write. Ireland at the present time has been described as "a nest of singing birds."

The study of Irish language, Irish history and ancient Irish institutions is now making great progress. But the liquid sounds of the Irish tongue are not so much heard in Canada today as they were sixty years ago. There was then in Hamilton, or somewhere in its vicinity, a colored man who spoke the language, having learned it from his employer, who was an Irish blacksmith.

There are 910,000 Bretons in France who speak the Breton dialect of the Celtic. In Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the Isle of Man Gaelic is spoken. In Wales they speak the Cymric, which is a Celtic language. One of the greatest scholars of the last century was a French Celt, whose name was Ernest Renan, but a native of Brittany, residing in Paris. He used to preside at an annual Celtic dinner there.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

WHEN ALL ELSE HAD FAILED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Bladder Troubles

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Campbellford, Ont., Feb. 27.—(Special.)—That Lumbago and Bladder trouble are both in the case of Mr. James Atwell of this place. Mr. Atwell says:

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Nell is a little girl who is allowed to join the diners at her house when there are guests on the stipulation that she shall keep very quiet.

On several occasions the little girl was refused dessert, on the ground that "it was not good for her."

Recently, when there were not a few guests at dinner at the house in question, the youngster, having obtained permission to speak, naively asked:

"Mother will the dessert hurt me, or isn't there enough to go round?"—Collier's.

The lower world must be traversed as shipwrecked mariners traverse the sea, with head above the billows, eye and arms toward the shore.

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# Record of Proceedings of the Annual General Meeting OF The TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation (being the twenty-third of The Toronto General Trusts Company) was held in the board room of the Corporation, on the corner of Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto, Wednesday, 22nd February, 1905.

There were present: W. D. Matthews, W. H. Peatty, J. L. Blaikie, B. E. Bull, Alfred Hoskin, K.C., J. W. Langmuir, Hon. J. J. Foy, E. E. Argles, Robert Jaffray, A. D. Langmuir, Hon. Colin Campbell, John Y. Reid, J. G. Scott, K.C., John Paton, S. Nordheimer, E. T. Malone, K.C., B. E. Walker, W. G. Watson, Alex. Smith, John T. Small, James Davey, B. Osler, E. Galley, Thos. Long, Aemilius Irving, K.C., Hon. S. C. Wood, J. J. Kenny, D. R. Wilkie, Hon. Richard Harcourt, A. L. Malone.

Owing to the absence of Dr. Hoskin, the President, the Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-President, took the chair, and Mr. A. D. Langmuir, the Assistant Manager, was appointed to act as Secretary.

The various financial statements showing the operations of the Corporation for the year ended 31st December, 1904, were submitted by the Managing Director, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, and commented upon by him.

The Report of the Directors to the Shareholders was then read, as follows: Sixth Annual Report of the Directors of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, for the year ended 31st December, 1904.

To the Shareholders: The Toronto General Trusts Corporation beg to submit their Sixth Annual Report (being the twenty-third of The Toronto General Trusts Company), which, together with the accompanying financial statements, shows the operations of the Corporation and the financial results of the same for the year ended 31st December, 1904.

The new business taken over by the Corporation for the year amounts to \$2,122,296.26, as shown by the following summary:

Executorships	\$331,129.19
Administrations	357,282.42
Trusteeships	503,818.00
Investment Agencies	363,225.25
Estate Agencies	299,417.39
Guaranteed Mortgage Investment Agencies	137,372.61
Committeeships	6,715.79
Guardianships	68,177.38
Lunatic Estate Agencies	51,828.23

Total \$2,122,296.26

In addition to the foregoing, the Corporation has during the year acted as Trustee for the issue of bonds and debentures for a large amount, and has also been appointed Registrar, Transfer Agent, and in other capacities not included in the above summary.

The Profit and Loss Statement herewith submitted shows the sources from which the revenues of the Corporation were derived, and the charges against the same. The net profits for the year, after making provision for every ascertained or estimated loss, amount to \$100,797.72. Out of these net profits your Directors have declared two semi-annual dividends at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$75,000; have written off from the buildings and vaults at the Head Office and Ottawa \$11,276.52; and have carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss \$11,521.20.

Your directors have to record with deep regret the death of three of their colleagues during the past year, namely, Messrs. T. Sutherland Stayer, A. B. Lee and John Foy. The two former were on the Directorate since the organization of the Corporation, in 1882, and Mr. Foy was appointed in the place of Sir Frank Smith, in 1901.

All of which is respectfully submitted.  
J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.  
JOHN HOSKIN, President.  
Toronto, February 20th, 1905.

## Assets and Liabilities as at December 31st, 1904.

ASSETS	
CAPITAL ACCOUNT.	
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$908,185.79
Debentures	76,478.61
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	12,312.48
Real Estate—	
Corporation's Office Buildings, and Safe	310,964.54
Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	33,086.04
Sundry Assets	68,735.09
Cash on Hand and in Banks	68,735.09
	\$1,439,762.55
TRUST ESTATE, AGENCY AND GUARANTEED INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS.	
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$9,251,651.97
Debentures	2,899,914.28
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	695,797.71
Cash on Hand and in Banks	361,529.68
	13,151,806.64
TRUST ESTATES AND AGENCIES.	
Unrealized original Assets, including Real Estate, Mortgages, Debentures, Stocks, and Bonds, etc.	8,155,460.59
	\$22,747,029.78
LIABILITIES	
CAPITAL ACCOUNT.	
Capital Stock, fully paid	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	300,000.00
Dividend No. 12	37,500.00
Profit and Loss	11,521.20
Outstanding Mortgage on Corporation's Building at Ottawa, assumed on purchase of premises (maturing in year 1906)	71,267.46
Sundry Liabilities	16,173.89
	\$1,139,762.55
TRUST ESTATE AGENCY, AND GUARANTEED INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS.	
Funds for investment or distribution	13,151,806.64
	\$11,591,569.19
TRUST ESTATES AND AGENCIES.	
Inventoried value of unrealized Assets of Estates and Agencies under administration by the Corporation	8,155,460.59
	\$22,747,029.78

## Profit and Loss Statement for Year Ended 31st December, 1904

To Salaries, Rents, Provincial Tax, and all office expenses at Toronto, Ottawa and Winnipeg	\$8,510.44
To Fees paid President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Advisory Boards, Inspection Committees.	11,075.00
To Commission on Capital Loans, inspection of loans, and expenses for superintendence of properties and collection of rents	15,617.35
To Interest on outstanding mortgage on Corporation's building at Ottawa	2,800.00
To balance carried down	100,797.72
	\$218,830.51
To Dividends Nos. 11 and 12	\$75,000.00
To Written Off the Corporation's Safe Deposit Vaults	2,000.00
To Amount expended in enlarging office and increasing vault accommodation in Corporation's building at Ottawa, written off	6,191.10
To Amount expended in re-modelling and increasing office accommodation on fourth floor of Corporation's building at Toronto, written off	2,785.42
To balance carried forward	14,521.20
	\$100,797.72
By balance brought forward from Dec 31st, 1903	\$8,168.09
Less amount voted by Shareholders to Auditors for year ending Dec. 31st, 1903	3,200.00
	\$ 4,968.09
By Commission earned for management of estates, collection of revenue, etc.	94,779.40
By interest earned (including arrears of interest recovered)	104,234.22
By net rents from Corporation's office buildings at Toronto and Ottawa	9,670.25
By net rents from Safe Deposit Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	5,178.55
	\$218,830.51
By balance brought down	\$100,797.72

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made a full examination of the books, accounts and vouchers of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation to the 31st December, 1904, and find same to be correct and properly set forth in the above statement of Profit and Loss. We have examined and find in order all the mortgages, debentures, bonds, and scrip of the Corporation, as well as those negotiated for the Supreme Court of Ontario, and trusts, estates, and agencies in the Corpora-

tion's hands, and have checked same with the Mortgage and Debenture Ledgers and Registers.

The bankers' balances, after deducting outstanding checks, agreed with the books of the Corporation. We have also examined the reports of the Auditors of the Winnipeg and Ottawa Branches, and find that they agree with the Head Office books.

(Signed) R. F. SPENCE,  
F.C.A., "Can."  
GEO. MACBETH,  
Auditors.

Toronto, 15th February, 1905.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENTS' ADDRESSES.

Vice-President the Hon. S. C. Wood, in moving the adoption of the report, said: In the absence of President Hoskin, I have the pleasure of moving the adoption of the report which has just been read. Upon the whole, it should be accepted as satisfactory. You will notice that during the year over \$2,000,000 worth of new estates and trusts have been placed under the care of the Corporation. The net profits, after payment of all expenses at the Head Office, and at the branches in Winnipeg and Ottawa, and after providing for every ascertained loss, amounted to a little over \$100,000. Out of this there has been paid the usual dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$75,000; \$11,276.52 has been written off our office buildings and vaults, and \$14,521.20 has been carried forward to credit of profit and loss.

For the enormous amount of business transacted the profits have been very moderate, and will be considered by bankers, managers of loan companies, and other corporations, as decidedly small, and not by any means a fair equivalent for the responsibility assumed and work done; it may as well be frankly stated that, for the kind of business the Corporation is carrying on, large profits can never be looked for. Our business is simply that of skilled managers of estates and trusts, involving continued oversight, and the greatest possible care in every branch of management. The revenues of the Corporation and the sources from which they are derived, are plainly set forth in the profit and loss statement which has just been submitted to you, and from which it is quite evident that we are strictly conducting a trust and agency business, and nothing else.

Our Board religiously adheres to the policy that was adopted when the Corporation was organized in 1882, and from which it has never deviated, viz., that it shall not transact any business of a speculative character, such as promotions, underwriting, or the purchase of securities of a more or less fluctuating value. Doubtless, with the expansion that has taken place in Canada in recent years, this practice may have resulted in pecuniary loss to the Corporation in the investment of its capital, but your Directors consider that the capital of the Corporation should be kept intact and free from risk, as security for the proper performance of its duties as executor, trustee, etc. The strict adherence to this policy, along with the moderate fees allowed to and charged by the Corporation will in the future, as in the past, result in only moderate profits.

The successful management of estates and trusts aggregating over \$22,000,000, requires not only that the General and Assistant Managers shall be men of acknowledged financial ability, and peculiarly adapted for this particular work, but also that the whole staff should be carefully selected and trained, with the view of handling of estates and trusts in strict accordance with the law, the provisions of each trust, and in the best interests of the various legatees or parties interested, and also the proper investment of the funds of the Corporation.

As an evidence of our success in this direction, I may state that in establishing the important branches at Ottawa and Winnipeg, two of our superior officers were placed in charge, and their places filled by competent and trained members of the staff, without in any way interfering with the efficiency of the work at the Head Office.

Mr. W. H. Peatty, Vice-President, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:

In seconding the adoption of the report, I would like to say a few words, but rather in my capacity of Chairman of the Inspection Committee than as Vice-President of the Corporation. I have occupied that position for the past fifteen years, and along with my colleagues on the committee have performed the duties devolving upon us under the inspection-by-law. The scope and variety of work that has to be performed by the Committee is very clearly set out in the by-laws of the Corporation, copies of which you will find on the table. When I tell you that our inspection for the past year necessitated the reading of over 600 pages of minutes of the Executive, you will have some idea of the volume of work devolving upon us.

The Inspection Committee has not only to assure itself that the directions of the Executive, as recorded in the minutes, have been carried out, but they have to examine and initial every mortgage, debenture, and security that has been taken as an investment by the Corporation during the quarter. The securities examined and initialed during the past year, apart from Call Loan Scrip, amount to two millions and a quarter dollars. The Committee have further to see, under the certificates of the Auditors, that the securities so examined are earmarked in the books of the Corporation to the respective trusts to which they belong. Under this system the securities held by the Corporation pass under the review, first, of the Inspection Committee at the end of the quarter, and then again, at the end of each year, of the Auditors of the Corporation.

I am sure you will agree with me that the inspection of the affairs of this Corporation is as thorough and searching as it is possible to devise.

The securities taken for trusts all come within the provisions of the Trustee Investment Act, unless the instrument under which the Corporation acts authorizes the taking of other classes of securities—and I may say, as one having had a pretty long and extensive experience in investing, that the mortgages taken by the Corporation are of a distinctly high grade. Another word or two, and I have done. Occasionally I hear it said that the compensation of the Corporation is greater than is allowed or paid to private executors or trustees. On this point I can also speak from the standpoint of long experience, and I have no hesitation whatever in corroborating the statements made by President Hoskin, at previous meetings of the shareholders, that the charges of the Corporation, instead of being greater, are very considerably less than is allowed to private individuals. This statement is also amply corroborated by the exceedingly moderate profits that the Corporation makes (as is shown in the profit and loss statement, which has just been submitted to you) out of a business aggregating nearly twenty-five million dollars.

## THE MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, being asked to make a few remarks, said: Before the report is submitted for adoption, there are two or three matters which I would like to say a few words about, and the first is to call attention to the changed conditions that the Corporation has now to face in the transaction of its business, as compared with what existed at the time of its organization in 1882. Then, and up till about 1890, we were the only Trust Company in Canada. Now, we have seven trust companies in Ontario, three in Manitoba (with another seeking incorporation there), two in Quebec, with agencies all over Canada, and two in the Lower Provinces—in all fourteen companies. Some of these trust companies were established by chartered banks, and are practically being carried on by them, inasmuch as the directors of such banks are also on the board of the trust companies, thus throwing the whole weight of their influence, which is very great, in favor of the trust companies so affiliated. Moreover, a loan company in Western Ontario has also established a trust company with the same directorate on both boards.

Many of these new companies undertake every variety of financial work, promoting industrial organizations, underwriting bond issues, and in many instances competing with the banks, inasmuch as they receive deposits and accept cheques drawn against them in the same manner as chartered banks, with the exception that they pay a higher rate of interest. Not only this but guarantee companies have practically entered the field, and their bonds are accepted by Surrogate Courts, which enables estates to be wound up, either directly or indirectly, under their supervision.

I do not wish it to be understood that I am finding fault with this greatly enlarged scope of trust companies in Canada. In this respect the Governments of the Dominion and the Provinces, in granting such wide charters, are simply copying the methods in existence in the United States, under which trust companies in that country practically are banks with the control of enormous accumulations of capital, out of which they earn enormous profits. Such companies in the United States do not care to be troubled with estate management, with its great responsibilities and comparatively small earnings, when ten times the profit can be made from the custodianship of the immense hoards of capital deposited with them.

Notwithstanding all these changes, and the greatly increased scope and variety in the work of trust companies in Canada, this Corporation has steadfastly adhered to the principle adopted at its organization, that it would strictly confine itself to the management of estates, trusts, administrations, and work of a kindred character, firmly believing that the Corporation, having in charge estate and trust funds approximating closely to twenty-five millions of dollars, should not engage in transactions of a speculative character, through which its capital and trust estates might be endangered, but should confine itself exclusively to the management of the estates and trusts committed to its care.

The second point that I wish to refer to is our compensation for the management of estates, trusts, etc. The idea prevails in some quarters that the Corporation's charges are greater than is allowed to individual executors and trustees. This conclusion is based very often on statements made by parties who are entirely opposed to trust company administration and, although we are generally treated very fairly by the legal profession, I regret to say that now and again interested solicitors, who desire to keep the estates in their hands, and under their own management, inform their clients that the charges of the Corporation are excessive. If parties intending to make wills and trusts, instead of accepting such interested advice, would only communicate with the Corporation, or instruct their solicitors to do so, they would ascertain beyond all doubt that, so far from the Corporation's charges for the management of estates being excessive, they are, as Vice-President Peatty has already stated, considerably less than is allowed to or exacted by individual executors and trustees. This statement has been made over and over again by President Hoskin, and is now corroborated by Vice-President Peatty, than whom no men have had greater or wider experience upon the subject than these two gentlemen, and I know that I can appeal to all the Directors on the Board of the Corporation who have made inquiries and have looked into the subject, in order to corroborate this statement to the fullest extent.

Having regard to the increased competition now existing, and the other conditions which I have referred to, and which to a greater or less extent operate against the Corporation in its endeavors to transact a purely trust and agency business on an extensive scale (and I may as well admit that its business has to be on a most extensive scale, with the charges made, in order to pay a reasonable profit), I have to ask the co-operation of every shareholder, and more particularly every director, in using their good offices and influence in bringing business to the Corporation.

Men of means have sons, relatives, or friends whom they consider perfectly capable to act as executors and trustees, but apart from the fact that such individuals may not live to execute the trusts, there are very few instances, given in such cases, where it would not be in the best inter-

# J. E. SEAGRAM

DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC.

Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

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PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.

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White Label Ale

TORONTO ONTARIO

est of a widow or daughter to create, under provisions in wills or otherwise, a trust fund, which would, under the care of the Trusts Corporation, be free from all the vicissitudes of business operations, and be absolutely safe for all time to come for the purposes for which it was designed. Our friends can safely point out three cardinal points in the system of management adopted by the Corporation, which cannot fail to commend themselves to all parties who contemplate making their wills or creating trusts:

(1) That by strictly confining ourselves to the business of executor, trustee, or agent, and eliminating from our transactions everything of a speculative character, the funds entrusted to us will be absolutely safe.

(2) That the charges of the Corporation are not only reasonable, but considerably less than would be given to individual trustees under similar circumstances. Anyone can determine this for himself without taking the word of interested parties, who are opposed to trust companies, by simply applying to the Corporation.

(3) That all business committed to the care of the Corporation, whether an estate of a few hundred dollars or a million dollars, will receive not only careful but the most prompt attention. In this connection it has come to my knowledge that some solicitors, for reasons of their own, when consulted with a view to the appointment of the Corporation, have informed their clients that the Corporation has so much business to attend to that it cannot give prompt attention to what they desire to place with it. This statement, I need not say, is entirely without foundation.

Before sitting down I desire to say that the entire staff of the Head Office and Branches have performed their duties in the most satisfactory manner.

The Report of the Directors was adopted, as well as the Report of the Inspection Committee, as presented by Mr. W. H. Peatty. Certain by-laws and amendments were confirmed.

## ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

The following shareholders were elected Directors: JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., LL.D., Director of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the Canada Life Assurance Company, etc., etc. HON. S. C. WOOD, Vice-President of the Imperial Life Assurance Company, and Director of The Western Assurance Company. W. H. BEATTY, Vice-President of the Bank of Toronto, President of The Confederation Life Association, etc. JOHN BELL, K.C., formerly Chief Counsel for the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. JOHN L. BLAIE, President of The North American Life Assurance Company, and President of The Canada Landed & National Investment Company. W. R. BROCK, President of the Canadian General Electric Company, Director of the Dominion Bank. J. W. DIGBY, M.D., President of the Royal Loan and Savings Company, Brantford. HON. J. J. FOY, K.C., M.P.P., Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario; Director of Dominion Bank, and President of the Niagara Navigation Company. HON. G. T. FULFORD, Senator Dominion of Canada. GEORGE GOODERHAM, President Bank of Toronto, and President Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation. WILLIAM HENDRIE, Director Imperial Bank of Canada. AEMILIUS IRVING, K.C., Treasurer of the Law Society of Upper Canada. ROBERT JAFFRAY, President of The Globe Printing Company; Director of the Imperial Bank of Canada. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director of the Western Assurance Company. J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation; Chairman Niagara Falls Park Commission. THOMAS LONG, Director of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, and the British America Assurance Company. W. D. MATTHEWS, Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the Dominion Bank, etc. HON. PETER McLAREN, Senator Dominion of Canada. E. B. OSLER, M.P., President of the Dominion Bank, and Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. J. G. SCOTT, K.C., Master of Titles for Ontario. BYRON E. WALKER, General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Director of the Canada Life Assurance Company. D. R. WILKIE, Vice-President and General Manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, and Director of the North American Life Assurance Company. Together with the following members of the Advisory Boards of Winnipeg and Ottawa: WINNIPEG—Hon. Sir D. H. McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Chairman; D. W. Dole, M.P., President and Managing Director of the Pole Drug Company; A. M. Nanton, of Messrs. Osler, Hammond & Nanton, and H. H. Smith, formerly Dominion Land Commissioner for Manitoba and the North-west Territories. OTTAWA—Hon. W. C. Edwards, Senator, Chairman; George P. Brophy, President Ottawa River Works, and Director Ottawa Electric Company; George Burn, General Manager Bank of Ottawa; C. A. Douglas, Financial Broker; J. B. Fraser, Director Bank of Ottawa; James Gillespie, Lumber Merchant; W. D. Hogg, K.C., President Capital Real Estate Company; Capt. J. L. Murphy, Capitalist; Hiram Robinson, President Hawkesbury Lumber Company; Peter Whelan, Manager Shepherd & Morse Lumber Company, President Ottawa Investment Company, and Director Ottawa Electric Railway Company. At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Dr. Hoskin was re-elected President, and Hon. S. C. Wood and Mr. W. H. Peatty Vice-Presidents. The Executive Committee was re-elected, and Mr. W. H. Peatty, Chairman, and Messrs. Aemilius Irving, K.C., and John L. Blaikie were appointed on the Inspection Committee.



THE CITY OF IT

In Scotland, forty years ago, the old faith made a tie as close as blood; and when my father died I was handed over to the Beatouns, of Pittfarg, my mother's distant kinsfolk, as a matter of course.

"Make yourself at home," the laird said, when he met me at the door; and his cousin and housekeeper, Miss Christina Robertson, repeated the words as she led me up the winding stairs to the turret-room that was to be my own.

"Make yourself at home, bairn; it's all the laird asks for." And I did. To this day I think there is no place in the world like Pittfarg, and I never think of Cousin John nor Miss Christina without a warm glow coming into my breast, and there is no warmth like the warmth of gratitude and—of love.

Miss Christina was mad about pedigree. Old Menzies, the Edinburgh writer to the Signet, was the family adviser, and who came to stay with us now and then, used to speak of her in his caustic way, behind her back, as a "fatherless wren." And the title was no unhappy one, for Miss Christina counted no kin save on the mother's (the Beatoun) side. If you ventured to ask about the Robertsons, you were shut up with the reply that the Robertsons, she supposed, were just like other folk; she did not trouble her head about them.

Miss Christina was a prosaic little woman (a Robertson she was fain herself to confess; but she had the dramatic instinct, and was an incomparable story-teller. Indeed, listening to Miss Christina solved one of the mysteries of my youth, and I no longer wondered at the infatuation of the Caliph of the "Arabian Nights" for his Scherezada. The very butler would pause, in his solemn round of the dinner table, when the crisis, so to say, came in one of her tales. But even if I could reproduce her happiness of diction, of the picturesque of her old-world Scotch, how picture the play of feature, the gesture of the withered old hand, the head that gave its shaken or nodded emphasis?

The evening she told me the story I am going to try and retell here the laird was away, and we were sitting in what was called the gallery, a long narrow room, hung round with portraits of ancestors of the race.

The beauty of the Beatouns is proverbial. "As bonnie as a Beatoun" has passed into a country saw; and, looking from one portrait to another it was curious to see how generation after generation had repeated the type, the straight features, the chestnut hair, the red-brown eyes that make this type remarkable.

"Did I never tell you about Roger?" Miss Christina asked on the evening I am writing about. She had seen me looking at the portrait of a handsome boy in fancy dress that—painted by Raeburn—had the place of honor above the mantle piece.

"Did I never tell you about Roger?" To my mind he's the handsomest of them all; but that didn't bring him better luck or happiness, as you shall hear. But it's a pitiful story, my dear, a pitiful story." She shook her old head.

"You are going to tell me, Miss Christina?" I asked. But her knitting had gone down on her knee, and I did not doubt the answer.

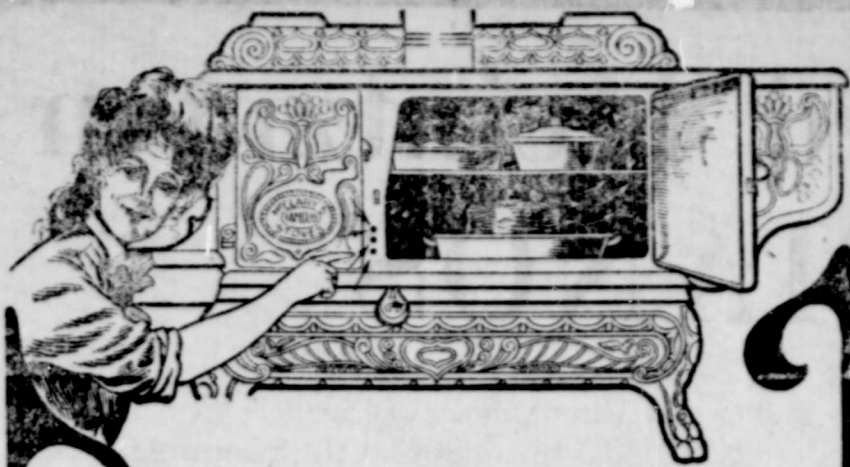
She nodded as she looked up again at the picture, and repeated, "Ay, to my mind, he's the bonniest of them all," and the painter himself said that, for color, he had never painted the like. You have been at the Corra?" she asked. "Well, Roger and his brother engaged themselves to two of the young ladies there. They were their own masters. Roger, he was laird, and John—that was the younger—had his mother's gear (money), and was near about as big a catch as his brother. Not that there was any talk of catching. They were love matches both, and suitable in every way, and the priest's blessing ready for them, as the old saying is, for the Erskines, in those days, like the Beatouns, had the faith.

"Well, the marriages—I'm telling you near about, word for word, as MacCredie (that was the factor) (land agent) told me—were to have been the same day; but the lassies took it into their heads they would like the fun of two, s. Roger being the laird, and the eldest, it was settled his should come off first.

"Well, my dear, as was the fashion of the time, the night before the wedding he gave a supper to his friends—a bachelor party," as folks say nowadays. Men drank hard then and maybe thought no shame of it. It was who could hold the most on these occasions, and most of them, you may be sure, had pretty near their fill. But not Roger. Maybe his head was strong, or he had promised the bride or Father Erskine had put in his word. Anyway, MacCredie said he might be a bit flushed with the excitement, but that was all, poor lad. Ay, poor lad! though he was the handsomest in all the country-side, and MacCredie said he was proud of him sitting there at the head of his tableboard, a gentleman every inch of him and one that had led a clean life, with a long and happy one before him, you would have said, as he stood up, glass in hand, to thank the company for toasting the bride.

"They were full of their daffing and their jokes, and the punch going round and round, and young Corra, the bride's brother, the maddest of the lot. 'Let's see how a lady will look at the head of the table,' the young fool cried, and nothing would serve the daft laddie but to call the housekeeper in, and MacCredie said it was a sight for sair een (eyes) to see her when they had dragged her in to the arm-chair that faced the laird—a woman, maybe, of forty, and as bold as brass, sitting up in her black silk gown and emptying her glass.

"An insult to Miss Erskine my dear? No—a bit of it. It was young Corra himself, mind you, that got up the ploy, and he'll be lads, and the woman old enough to be their mother, and 'no harm meant,' as the saying is.



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A Ventilating Oven that Ventilates.

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Fresh air is drawn from the outside through small vents into the oven, while the odors and cooking fumes are forced by the fresh air out through small vents into the smoke flues, and up the chimney.

Puddings, cakes, bread, etc., cooked and baked in a "Pandora" oven are always light, fresh and entirely free from mixed odors and foreign flavors.

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McClary's

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was some pettifogging lawyer's daughter, that had come down in the world, and that Roger had taken, as it were, out of charity) got up, with a simper on her face, and dropped her courtesy.

"Well, they carried on the ploy (game, fun) till even MacCredie—and the drop was in him—thought they were going too far, and whispered to Sir John Dewar, who was the big man there, and sitting, as was fit, at Roger's right hand, that the night was wearing on. And Sir John passed the word to Roger, who was leaning back in his chair, thinking, poor laddie, of the morrow and his sweetheart, and he spoke out, 'Wylie, you may go,' and, 'Wylie, we have no more need of you,' he spoke out again, for the woman had not moved. And then Sir John and he fell a-talking of the arrangements for next day.

"Roger, you'll not dismiss your wife." Of a sudden the woman spoke from the head of the table.

"Roger did not hear her, but MacCredie did, and he knew what she was and he knew—the law, and the drop was out of him in a minute, many a time he told me.

"Roger, you'll not dismiss your wife." The Jezebel! (forgive me, my dear, woman's too good a name for her). And the gentlemen, thinking she was keeping up the ploy, began to laugh and cheer her again; but MacCredie could not doubt that mischief was up, and he dipped his handkerchief in cold water and wrapped it round his head, to get all the sense he could, and he up to her and said, "You had better come to the next room, madam." And she, seeing Roger was not listening to her, but talking to Sir John, got up, sullen enough, and followed him into the dining-room, the lads shouting after them to come back and not spoil the fun.

"Now, madam, what's all this about?" MacCredie asked, when he had shut the door.

"You know as well as me," she says, but not looking at him.

"It's all dashed nonsense, you know," MacCredie said, and she just smiled to herself.

"Be off to your kitchen," MacCredie cried, and pointed to the door.

"Be off to your kitchen," he repeated the second time, when he saw she did not move a step.

"Are you or me mistress here?" she asks at last, and sets herself down on the great, yellow, satin-covered settee.

"MacCredie, by this time, was so mad he caught her by the arm, and, 'Get out of this, you jade!' he cried, and swung her off the couch.

"Roger, Roger! the brazen hussy called out loud, 'will you let your factor insult your wife?'"

"By this time MacCredie said the wretch was running down his back like water. He knew his law, and he knew what she was up to well enough.

think a marriage like that would hold good in any court of law?"

"I know it would," she said. 'I call you both to witness Roger Beatoun called me his wife. And—gentlemen don't bear false witness,' she said, as cool as ice.

"Well, Sir John used some hard words, and who'd blame him for it? 'Be off to your pantry,' he said, 'and sleep the punch off; that's what you have got to do.' He pretended to make light of it, but all the time MacCredie knew he was anxious-like, like himself, and his face had gone white.

"We'll see what the courts in Edinburgh'll say," the jade went on. 'I've seen that'll take my part, and not see me wronged.' She spoke out bold enough, but MacCredie guessed that Sir John, being so positive, had shaken her a bit.

"Well, Sir John got MacCredie into a corner. 'I'm feared the hizzie is in the right of it,' he said—I'm found she is in the right of it, and he sat himself down and groaned. Well, they talked it over a bit, and then Sir John went back to the woman.

"If it's money your wanting, madam," he said (and little doubt it is, God forgive me, he whispered to himself, for he was a magistrate)—"if it's money you're wanting, madam, for the sake of a hundred or two—" He stopped.

"My husband will give me more than a couple of hundred or so," says she, as bold as brass. She had got all her impudence back; and stared Sir John in the face.

"By this time MacCredie said there was a feeling in the air that some thing was wrong. Some of the gentlemen had gathered into the room, and the servants were grouped outside the door. But from the dining-room there came shout after shout, as the lads that were left still pledged the bride and drank and redrank Roger's health. "Such a Cabel!" MacCredie said. And all the time the woman sitting there, the only one among them, you may say, with her wits about her. And then, under the window, across the courtyard, came the tramp of horses' feet.

"Late as it was, the bride had sent a box of favors for next day, and the laird, when they were brought to him, where he sat at the table, pinned the biggest on his coat, and MacCredie said that, many a time afterward, he pictured the handsome young fellow to himself as he pushed open the folding doors and came, box in hand, into the drawing-room.

"Wylie," he said, catching sight of the woman on the sofa, "see the coachmen and men get these for themselves and the horses to-morrow. What are you doing here? He went on, surprised that she did not get up when he spoke.

"Roger," she said (and MacCredie said, though she spoke so coolly, he could see her lips were dry), "I am glad you have come to protect your wife."

"Roger—I have told you that, though, maybe, he was a bit excited, he had not taken a drop—looked at her. 'Why, Wylie,' he said, good-naturedly, 'it's the first time I have seen you with the drop. Be off to your bed and sleep it out.'"

"And then Sir John put in his word. 'Yes, be off with you,' he said, with a wave of the hand toward the door.

"Roger, will you let that man insult your wife? And the brazen creature got up and held to the lapel of his coat.

"Well, the murder was out, and where is the good of going on? She had more law at her fingers' ends than the whole lot of them together, including MacCredie himself. And, midnight though it was, they sent off an express to the town for a lawyer—the best of them there, a long-headed fellow called Black. But my lady was even with them, and she must have bribed the groom, for her old father was at Pittfarg as soon as he.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Administers the estates of deceased persons WHO HAVE LEFT NO WILL at such rate of commission as the Court allows, or as may be agreed upon with the interested parties.

No Bonds required as in the case of private administration. No unnecessary expense. Family solicitor retained. All inquiries promptly replied to.

J. M. LANGMUIR, Managing Director

Offices: TORONTO, WINNIPEG, OTTAWA,

Mary Erskine came down herself, the bonnie flower; but MacCredie said she didn't take it in. And small wonder at it, the innocent bit lamb, who had never known wickedness in her life.

"Well, the young things confronted each other. A week or two's delay—what was that when they would have years of happiness together later? Roger rode home quite in spirits again. And by the time he got back they had got the woman away. She had had the carriage out, and the men were too feared of her to say her nay. Maybe, too, they wanted to make sure their bread was buttered on both sides. Anyway, she drove away with the grays, and she pinned the favors in with her own hands, old Wylie sitting grinning by her side.

"There was a fine talk, you can guess that, and fine work when the matter was taken to the Edinburgh courts. It was argued here and argued there, and Roger appealed and Wylie appealed, and there was word of taking it up to Parliament, but little need to say how it ended. She was Roger's wife, my dear. The very gentlemen that were all for Roger had to stand up in court and swear that he had called her that. There was no getting out of it, as the Scotch law then stood, and the Wylies got their cause.

"Then Wylie sued for alimony for his daughter, and she got it—fifteen hundred a year, my dear. Think of it! And she went to the county town to live, to her mind like a great lady, with lickspittles (toadies) about her of her own kind.

"My dear" (I can hear Miss Christina lowering her voice at this point of her story), "I once saw her coming out of the chapel, a red-faced, black-eyed old woman, all ribbons and flowers, and a silk gown on that rustled as she moved. She stared hard enough at us—my mother and me—maybe guessing we had to do with Pittfarg, for my mother was a 'bonnie' and as brown as any Beatoun of them all."

"What was the end? Roger went to France. Like most of the Scotch gentlefolk that were for the old line (the Stuarths), he had kinsfolk there. At rest times, as time went on, he'd come home for a day or two, and sometimes he would be at the Corra. They were faithful, the pair of them, Mary Erskine and her—faithful till the end—for Mary Erskine walked as chief mourner when they brought him home to lay him with his own folks in the Pittfarg churchyard. And you may be sure that that made a talk, for you seldom, in our parts, see a woman at a funeral. There had been a hint of some one else coming, and so they had hurried it on. And all the better, for the next day brought Wylie and her brother to 'see to their rights.' If she'd had her rights, my dear, to my mind, it would have been a share of the gallows tree. But she got what the law allowed her, and they drove off again that night.

"The Beatouns thought, maybe, never to hear more of her, but they were wrong. On her deathbed she sent for Roger's brother (the then laird) and told him, before the priest, she repented of the ill she had done, and asked him his forgiveness. It must have choked him to say the words, but he said them. He forgave her, he said, and was for going away, but the priest stopped him.

"Mrs. Wylie," he said, "you had better finish. And the woman turned from where she had hidden her face against the wall, and drew herself up on the pillows. 'It's not the worst,' she said. 'I was no widow when I claimed Roger Beatoun. My husband was alive.' (We heard afterward that the husband, that was said to be dead, had only deserted her. 'Can you forgive me that?' Her fingers were tearing at the sheets.

"I can forgive you," John Beatoun said, but I'll not answer that God Almighty will."

"They were ill words to say, and Father John Erskine (he was one of the Corras) caught him by the sleeve. 'As you hope to be forgiven,' he said. But before he could say another word Mary Erskine herself came from behind the curtain, at the head of the bed, and took the poor creature's hand before them all and kissed her on the cheek, and then she smiled up in John Beatoun's face.

"It was more than heart of man could stand. 'Wylie, I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven,' John Beatoun cried, and those that saw him go down the street said he passed them ereeting (weeping) like a bairn.

"Well, the poor thing made a good end, Father John by her side, and Mary Erskine with her to the last. There never was a better, nor a better-loved woman than Mary Erskine, and that the old folk will tell you to this day. There's a picture of her at the Corra (ask for it next time you go), but MacCredie said it didn't do her justice at all. She lived to see her eightieth year, loved, as I've said, by young and old; and then they laid her by Roger's side, as was fit. But, take my word for it, my dear Miss Christina, to emphasize her words, sat up in her chair, there have been more unhappy people than Roger and Mary Erskine. They never looked at each other; they were faithful till

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In and Around Toronto

HOLY FAMILY PARISH.

At the Church of the Holy Family on Sunday afternoon a branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was formed. Its organization was under the direction of Rev. Father Coyle, parish priest, and Mr. Seitz, President of the Particular Council was present and explained the objects and workings of the Association. Mr. J. J. Murphy, who has done so much for the work and for those who possess it is intended, was also present and addressed the meeting. The attendance of the men of the parish was good and the new conference promises to be one of the best in the city. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, T. J. Ford; Vice-President, M. P. Dougherty; Treasurer, P. Temple; Secretary, J. W. McCabe.

DEATH OF SISTER M. FELICITAS.

At St. Joseph's Convent on Feb. 25th, at 4.30 p.m., the death occurred of Sister Mary Felicitas, and the funeral took place on Monday morning from the convent chapel to the plot of the community in St. Michael's Cemetery. Sister Felicitas, whose name in the world was Coogan, and whose relatives resided in New York, was in the 67th year of her age and the 50th of life in the community. During this long term in religion she had been stationed at many of the outside missions, but for a number of years in the latter part of her life had been infirmarian at the Academy. In this office she had much opportunity for employing the patience and sweet charity which always characterized her, and which, together with an extraordinary zeal in the service of our Divine Lord, and a particular solicitude for those placed in her charge, made her an object of love to those with whom she came in contact. To her example and solicitude many owe the gift of faith, and that her reward is now great may be readily expected. At the funeral mass of requiem Rev. A. Demouchel, C.S.B., was the celebrant, Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., deacon, and Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, sub-deacon. Others in the sanctuary were Very Rev. Marillon, C.S.B., Very Rev. Barrett, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Fathers Williams, Stuble, Frachon, Burke and Kelly. May she rest in peace.

CONCERT AT HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

A very delightful concert was given by Miss Jessie Macnab and her pupils at the House of Providence on Saturday afternoon. Miss A. Jones occupied the chair. Miss Macnab's vocal solo, "The Little Shamrock," was beautifully rendered and received a hearty encore. Miss Macnab was assisted by Miss Annie McKay, accompanist; Miss Ronald and Little Miss Apte, whose Scotch and Irish dances were most gracefully executed. The nurses of the Nursing-at-Home Mission, Hayter street, rendered a chorus.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONCERT.

The concert of the Hibernians to be held in Massey Music Hall on St. Patrick's night promises to afford some hours of unalloyed enjoyment. The programme is now published and the names of the entertainers speak for the high character of the entertainment. The artists are as follows: Miss Angela Tone Breen, Miss Agnes Curran, Miss Nellie Corbett, Mrs. Annie Hargreaves, Mr. F. V. McGuire, Mr. Arthur J. Leithenue, Mr. E. A. Cartan, Mr. Bert Harvey and Master John E. Glynn. Hon. Judge O'Neill, Rev. St. Louis, is the speaker and it is expected that the Hall will be packed in honor of the day and of the distinguished visitor from across the line. The tickets, which are at one price throughout the hall, may be exchanged for reserved seat coupons at Massey Hall box office on and after 14th March.

BANQUET TO HON. JUDGE O'NEILL RYAN.

The Hibernians of Toronto will tender a banquet to Hon. Judge O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis, Mo., on Friday evening, March 17th. Tickets for same may be procured from any member of the Order in the city. The Hon. Judge, who is to be the speaker at the annual entertainment held on St. Patrick's Day by the Hibernians, is one of the most noted orators on the continent, and the Irishmen of Toronto will avail themselves of the opportunity which a banquet affords to express their appreciation of his talents and of his services in the Irish cause.

J. MACKLE MAKES THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

There is at present on exhibition at 538 Yonge street, a magnificent piece of work, executed by Mr. J. Mackle, who has just opened up business at the above address. It is the Speaker's chair for the chamber of the Legislative Assembly at the parliament buildings and will be used by the new speaker, Mr. St. John, on the occasion of the opening of the House. The order for the work was given by the old government to Rogers Furnishing Co., but this firm going out of the retail business, the order was handed over for completion to Mr. Mackle. The frame is of hand-carved mahogany, rising at the back in a triangular form with lions at the corners and a shield with the maple leaf finely carved as the centre-piece. The upholstery, beautifully executed, is in green Morocco leather, finished with brass nails, a foot-stool in keeping, makes the set complete. Mr. Mackle was for twenty-five years with the Rogers Co., during ten of which he did the finest work in the upholstering department. He has finished some of the finest dwell-

Bishop Scollard's Consecration

(Continued from page 1.)

1881, and would recall with gratitude, pleasure and pride, the great man's zeal, energy, self-sacrifice and devotion to God. In 1887 his Lordship Bishop Dowling took charge and continued the work for two years. His successor, his Lordship Bishop O'Connor, had long borne the burden and heat of the day, in season and out of season, laboring to keep pace with the rapid development of that country forming the new See, as well as building up churches and stations forming the diocese. The new Bishop succeeded worthy prelates in the Church of God. It was a high honor to be called to the position of Bishop, becoming an ambassador of Christ, a pontiff chosen from among men to perform things which pertained to God. But while a Bishop received many honors his position was, as St. Augustine said, very laborious and also dangerous. It was necessary for him as a protector of the lambs of the fold to know well the great eternal truths, and the speaker emphasized the necessity for highest realization of the fact that education without religion could not properly be called such, and it was his duty to oppose all influences which tended to separate the one from the other thus robbing the little ones of their rights.

CITIZENSHIP.

His Lordship stated that a Bishop did not cease to become a citizen. If the history of Canada proves anything, it proves clearly that among the best and most loyal citizens of the country, were the bishops of the Catholic Church. He necessarily becomes an object of hatred to the prince of darkness, yet he knew not the spirit of fear, but ever continued zealous in the promotion of all good work.

THE NEW BISHOP.

Referring to the new Bishop, the speaker said that he was no stranger here but had been born and brought up in the neighboring parish of Ennismore, and three years of his priestly life was spent in Peterborough. He was then sent to the parish of North Bay, where he had labored with great zeal and success up to the present time, and now he had been given a wider and more difficult field as a Bishop of God's church. With devotion to the ministry, his knowledge of the needs of the people, his entire reliance upon the Providence of God, he would accomplish great things in the future as he had in the past. While the office of Bishop was necessarily a difficult one, all would admit that it became doubly difficult when beginning in a new See. It was not easy to lay broad and deep the foundation and to build up institutions with slender resources. Yet it was God's work and He would make the burden light and would help the new Bishop when the storms of difficulty beat across his path.

RECEPTION OF FRIENDS AND ADDRESSES.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock Bishop Scollard held an informal reception of his friends in the vestry. Amongst those present were his father and mother, two brothers and two sisters. The parents of the new Bishop, though of course delighted at the honor that had come to their son, bore themselves without any exterior marks of elevation. The father, a respected farmer of the neighborhood, has the simple and direct manner which is always admirable and the mother despite the fact that she has a son, old enough to be a bishop, still retains the dark auburn hair and medium figure of a woman in early life. After the kissing of the ring and a few words amongst the old friends, the scene was transferred to the church, where the addresses were received and replies given. The following beautiful address from the priests of Peterborough Diocese was most impressively and beautifully read by Rev. Father Kelly of Douro, in whose church Bishop Scollard had received his first lessons in catechism:

To the Right Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.:

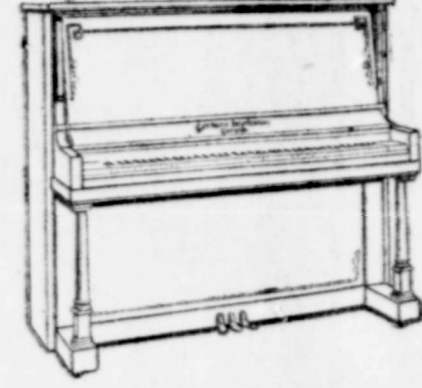
May it please your Lordship,—We, the priests of the Diocese of Peterborough, your former associates, and co-laborers in the great work of saving souls, deem it an honor, alike to ourselves, to our diocese and to our beloved Bishop, that one of our own number should be chosen by Almighty God for the exalted and responsible position of Chief Pastor of so large, so important, and so promising a portion of the Lord's Vineyard.

Gladly, therefore, do we avail ourselves of this opportunity, to testify to your Lordship, our deep appreciation of the many priestly virtues, which have won for you such high distinction, and at the same time to offer you our sincere congratulations on your elevation to the Episcopacy. Amongst the priests of the Diocese, all of them are proud to be with you to-day, some bear upon their faces the marks of time and labor, others, like your Lordship, have reached the prime of life, with scarcely a visible trace of their years of active service, while others again, have merely entered upon the sacred functions of the Holy Priesthood. But My Lord, whether hoary with years, or in the full vigor of useful manhood, or novices in the work of the ministry, there is but one heart among us all, and that heart is filled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God, for the inestimable graces and blessings He has been pleased to bestow upon you to-day. For the past fourteen years you

maker of the mayor's chair at the city hall. He is one of the six sons of the well-known Mackle family, some of whom are entertainers in the musical line; he was a member of the old St. Athanasius Club and of the Mary's parish, though now of St. Francis. Mr. Mackle will be glad to see his friends at his new place of business and have them inspect his latest work, the Speaker's chair.

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But, My Lord, while we are willing to concede to your own personal endeavors, a large meed of praise for the great work you have been able to accomplish, and especially for the recent honors, which have been bestowed upon you, still we cannot help feeling that at least a portion of that praise and honor is due to your aged parents and venerable old pastor, whose good example, careful instruction and sterling advice laid deep and broad that foundation of piety, whose pious prayers have so often interceded for you before the Throne of Grace, and whose hearts to-day are filled to overflowing with thanksgiving and gratitude to the giver of all good gifts.

To them, as to Your Lordship, we tender our most sincere and heartfelt congratulations, praying at the same time, that Almighty God may continue to bless and assist you in the sublime work of the Episcopacy. As a token of the many priestly virtues, and as a tribute to our respect for the exalted dignity to which you have attained, and set you to accept this Chalice and Set of Crucets, trusting they may serve to remind you at the Holy Sacrifice of the many faithful friends and admirers in the Parish of Ennismore, who are proud to call you their own.

Signed on behalf of the priests,

- J. BROWN, V.G. W. J. CASEY, Archdeacon. W. J. McCOLL, Rector. W. J. KELLY, P.P. E. H. MURRAY, P.P. P. CONWAY, P.P. M. F. FITZPATRICK, P.P. M. J. O'BRIEN.

After the reading of the address from the priests of the diocese of Peterborough, an address was read in French by Rev. Father Langlois, S.J., representing the new diocese.

In replying to the priests of Peterborough his Lordship Bishop Scollard spoke in highly appreciative terms of the beauty of the address and of the generous present by which it was accompanied. In presenting them they had felt sure, separated the man from the dignity and offered to the former that which was only due to the latter. He had no idea that he held so warm a place in the hearts of the priests of Peterborough, a diocese with which it cost him a good deal to sever his connection. At the close the Bishop was visibly affected.

Replying to the new diocese Bishop Scollard spoke both in French and English, thanking them for the sentiments expressed and for the magnificent Crozier by which they were accompanied. We had, he said, of late heard much about building up New Ontario, but our watchword will be "colonize and Catholicize New Ontario." This does not mean that we are to go out and make converts from other religions, though we may do some of this too, but let us send there Catholic settlers from the south and from the United States, and if necessary do as they did in the old diocese of Quebec, stretch out even across the broad Atlantic and bring hither settlers to gather round and build up the Catholic centres of New Ontario.

An address was then read from admirers representing the Knights of Columbus in Ottawa, Toronto and elsewhere. The following signatures were appended and most of their owners took part in the presentation: Hon. C. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Chas. McCool, M.P., Nipissing, M. J. Gorman, K.C., M.P., Davis, Ottawa; Chas. Murray, Ottawa; Chev. John Heany, Ottawa; J. E. McCall, M. J. Haney, Toronto; W. Power, M.P., and Thos. Murphy, ex-M.P. This address was accompanied by a handsome nectoral cross and chain of gold studded with jewels. In replying to this address His Lordship seemed almost overwhelmed, and said as before that in their desire to do honor to the dignity that had come to him, they had invested his humble person, with the virtues and gifts which rightly belonged to the office.

FIRST BISHOP OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

The "Examiner" of Peterborough gives the following sketch of the new Bishop:

Rt. Rev. David Joseph Scollard, D. D., Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, is the son of Mr. John Scollard, and Catherine O'Connor, his wife, of Ennismore, and was born in that township on November 4th, 1862. He is 42 years old, a more than usually early age to be elevated to the dignity of a prelate and prince of the Church. The fact of his having been taken from the ranks of the simple priesthood, without having received the intermediate ecclesiastical dignities, is a striking practical tribute to his worth and work. He received his secular education in the public school of his native township, and at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and his religious education and training in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was in all respects a good student. During his six years at St. Michael's College he took the gold medal for philosophy. He went to the Grand Seminary in September, 1887, and in his second year he took the degree of B.D., in his third year became Licentiate in Theology, and is now ex-officio D.D. by virtue of his elevation to the episcopal chair. He was ordained priest by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, at St. Martin's church, Ennismore, on Dec. 21st, 1890. After serving six years, or till February, 1896, at St. Peter's Cathedral, he was appointed, eight years ago, parish priest to the important parish of North Bay, where he has since labored with great zeal and corresponding success. Last summer he completed at North Bay a large eight room school, and has a splendid new church costing \$50,000, now well on the way to completion. It is built of Longford stone, and is an imposing church structure. Rev. Father Scollard is highly esteemed by his brother clergy for his piety and zeal. He is an indefatigable worker and has always been held in affectionate reverence by the people amongst whom he has labored. He has excellent qualifications for his high office. His parish and his diocese have a mixed population, and he is able to preach in both the French and English languages. He has, to a marked degree, other qualifications fitting him admirably for his high office. He is endowed with the somewhat prosaic, but at the same time, rare gift, of good common sense, excellent administrative and business ability and great tact. Altogether he is a man of well balanced mind, and with his piety, physical energy and indomitable zeal, is admirably qualified to discharge the exacting duties of the high and holy trust to which he has been advanced. The Examiner would join his host of friends and admirers in Peterborough in congratulations to himself, his family, this community and the Church, upon the fact that a man and a priest, so abundantly worthy from a human point of view, has been selected from amongst the native citizenship of this country, as first Bishop of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie.

NOTES FROM THE PASTORAL LETTER.

The following paragraphs from the pastoral letter of His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, when announcing the elevation of Bishop Scollard, are of interest in connection with the consecration. Our Holy Father Pius X. has been graciously pleased to grant our request, and has erected the new Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, which comprises the western part of Nipissing District, the Districts of Algoma and Thunder Bay, including Manitoulin and St. Joseph Islands. This new Diocese extends from North Bay west about 800 miles to the eastern limit of the Rainy River District, whilst the Diocese of Peterborough will comprise the Counties of Northumberland, Durham, Peterborough and Victoria, and the Districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. The population of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie is about 27,000, with 35 priests and 64 churches, whilst the Catholic population of what will henceforth constitute the Diocese of Peterborough is about 24,000, with 29 priests and 45 churches. Thus the new Diocese will contain a larger extent of territory and also a greater number of priests to attend to the spiritual welfare of the people. Our Holy Father Pius X. has selected as Bishop of this new diocese the Right Rev. David Joseph Scollard, pastor of the flourishing parish of North Bay. For several years he was our secretary and chancellor, and discharged the duties of these offices with marked ability and fidelity. During the past years he has proved himself a most zealous and energetic pastor, whose labors have been blessed with much fruit and great success. The faithful of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie will find in their new Bishop a kind and loving father, who will be ever ready to encourage them in their undertakings and sympathize with them in their trials. We part with one of our devoted and gifted priests, a true friend who has ever been loyal to his Church and obedient to his Bishop. The severing of the happy and intimate ties that bound us to the faithful of the new Diocese causes a pang of regret, and our heart is deeply moved at the thought of bidding farewell to this part of our beloved flock. However, as the separation is for the greater advancement of God's Church, and the promotion of religion, we willingly make the sacrifice of our personal feelings.

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NOTES ON PETERBOROUGH.

The visitors were entertained at dinner by His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough. A large hall had been prepared in the convent opposite the church, and here four long tables were laid for the hundred or so guests. The walls had been hung with bunting and flags of many nations, by Turner, decorator of the town, and the tables looked exceedingly inviting under the artistic superintending of Cater Long. The bishops' table at the head of the apartment was decorated profusely with roses, while potted plants and foliage were mingled with the substantial viands and dainties with which the other tables, running lengthwise of the hall, were laden. Owing to the length of the morning ceremonies no speeches were made with the exception of a few words from the host, Bishop O'Connor.

The people of the town showed every hospitality to those from outside. Carriages awaited the priests on the arrival of the trains and took them off to the different homes of the parishioners, who had willingly opened their doors to give them welcome and to entertain them during their stay. The representative of the Catholic Register also received every courtesy and kindness. The many old friends of Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough will be glad to learn that His Lordship is looking well and that time in passing rests upon him but lightly. His cheeks are still as ruddy and his hair as free from the hoary touch as when in the years gone by he was regarded so lovingly and proudly as "Our Dean." The simplicity and natural dignity which were his long before the purple came to embellish them, still surround him, and the smile of welcome for an old friend comes as readily to his lips as in the olden days. "Ad multos annos" is the wish of all for Peterborough's grand bishop.

A pleasing feature in connection with the late consecration was the hearty and spontaneous will with which the brother priests entered into the work of doing honor to their confere. Rev. Doctor O'Brien, Secretary to the Bishop of Peterborough, must have done herculean work in the preparation and on the day of the event he was at the call and beck of everyone, and yet throughout he preserved his equanimity, and was urbane and attentive to every corner. Rev. Father McColl, the parish priest, was here and there and everywhere, his eye lighting always on the thing to be done. Like a loving elder brother to the new Bishop as the Bishop of Peterborough during the ceremonies, for under the occasion an observer might easily note the anxiety to assist from a human point of view, and to help and relieve Bishop Scollard in every way possible on the trying though joyful day of his consecration. A somewhat curious thing to witness was the sudden and complete transition of him, who was the chief subject of the day's proceedings. Before the ceremonies a simple priest, at the end invested with ring and crozier, he made the tour of the church in all confidence as an accredited prelate, while his late companions knelt readily almost spontaneously to receive his benediction.

St. Peter's Cathedral is of grey stone and seems capable of seating between eight and nine hundred. It makes a good appearance and the interior has a good deal of the work in the form of large medallions of the Evangelists and Saints Peter and Patrick painted on the ceiling. It also contains many statues and a fine stained glass window erected by Rev. Fr. Phelan of Young's Point, in memory of his father and mother. The altars are attended by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The illumination of the private houses by electric lights is a striking feature of the town. In addition to the brilliant light within a great many houses have an outside light, which tends to give the streets a bright and most cheerful appearance.

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Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 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 in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a 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. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the 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 Clauses (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.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889. 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 officers 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.

W. W. CORY, 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 Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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