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VOL. XII., No. 5

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904

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## Chronicles of An Old-Timer

The Memory of McGee Maintained—  
Irish Blood in Lower Canada—J. P.  
Downey, the "Young Irish Member"  
for Central Wellington—Officers of  
the "Crown" Bank of Canada—  
"Gerald de Courcy O'Grady" a  
Great Name—Death of Charles Ed-  
ward Romaine, who was a Promi-  
nent Torontonian Fifty Years Ago  
and well-known by Old-Timer.

Chicago Dec. 30, 1904.

Dear Register:

I notice that the memory of McGee is not forgotten in Canada, and why should it, for is he not one of the fathers of confederation? Judge W. B. Wallace has been lecturing on him in Halifax and holding him up as an example of sterling patriotism. A short time since ex-Detective Cullen of Montreal gave the press his views of why he was assassinated and put the blame on the government informers instead of the Fenians, as heretofore. And my old friend Morgan, the veteran Canadian biographer of Ottawa, during the course of last year, made an appeal to the Canadian people to erect a monument to his memory. There are many old friends of McGee's yet to be found in this city, some of them Canadians and some of them people that never knew Canada, like the Hon. W. J. O'Rourke, and the Hon. P. T. Barré, foremost leaders of Catholic and Irish opinion in Chicago. There is a perverted idea prevailing among many Irishmen in the United States that because McGee used his talents to persuade his countrymen against their hostile invasion of Canada from the United States he was not true to his antecedents as a lover of his native land. This is a very erroneous idea because Canada was not to blame for the wrongs inflicted on Ireland by England, and an armed invasion of Canada by Irishmen from the United States was not only tactically but morally wrong. I have in my own way endeavored to show such of my fellow countrymen as are misled by a wrong idea of the falsity of their view. And I know that some of the best Irishmen that ever lived, such as the late A. M. Sullivan, shared my views, because I had a long talk with him about McGee in the Dublin "Nation" office in the latter part of 1869, and no one mourned McGee's loss more than that gifted son of the Emerald Isle. Another thing. Although justly radically minded with regard to the government of Ireland by England, McGee was conservative when good and honest government prevailed. While he admired the constitution of the United States he did not like its practical politics, because there was so much corruption and demagogism in actual practice, and he considered, as I know personally, our methods somewhat degrading. McGee, as he once told me himself, made Edmund Burke his model, and he did not think there was any exalted statesmanship in Great Britain since that great man's day. When he went to Canada he gave his thoughts altogether to building up of a great, free commonwealth, and showed that he was an Irishman who possessed great constructive ability, like that other Canadian Celt, Sir John A. Macdonald.

Francis Foley Lemieux, the new mayor of Sudbury, Quebec, shows by his name that he is of mixed nationality—French-Canadian and Irish. It is not generally recognized that there is a considerable percentage of Irish blood intermingled with that of the principal stock in Lower Canada, enough, perhaps, to pervade one-fourth of the population. At the time of the conquest there were several regiments of Irish soldiers in the French army in Canada. Those were disbanded and scattered through the parishes. They were all unmarried men and soon found French wives. Another large infusion of Irish blood took place at the time of the immigrant fever in 1847, when so many children were left parentless at Gross Isle on account of the death of their fathers and mothers and were adopted into French-Canadian families. Many parents, too, recovered, but never

found their children again. Among those that I knew personally was the late Thomas Barry, for many years a practicing attorney at Toronto, who was separated in sickness from his wife and children, but never recovered one of them. "Here is the theme," said S. B. McCoy, to me once, when editor of the Toronto "Mirror," for the great Irish-Canadian novel," or poem, and I often wondered that Mrs. Sadlier never took it up. We have had several Canadian public men made up of this composite, the present Solicitor-General for instance, being one. It is but little known that Louis Riel, the Fort Garry rebel leader of a third of a century ago, was of mixed Irish and French blood, his grandfather having been an Irishman, according to his own declaration to Patrick Ford, editor of the "Irish World" of New York. There is, therefore, a blood reason as well as a religious reason for the French Catholics and the Irish Catholics of Canada to pull together.

Some of your Toronto editors write of Mr. J. P. Downey as "the young Irishman who represents South Wellington." Mr. Downey should no more be spoken of as an Irishman than Mr. Ross as a Scotchman. He is "to the manor born," but at the same time you have no reason to disown him, because so far as I am able to learn, he is a credit to the race. I am interested in him personally, for several reasons. I knew his father in the forties and have never forgotten him. He was well acquainted with my people, first in Hamilton and afterwards in the county of Wellington. He was a school teacher by occupation and a bright, intelligent man, who always knew how to uphold his native land and explain her wrongs. He was a good neighbor and a good friend, and grew into the good graces of his neighbors whether Scotch, English, German or Irish. So, you see, the South Wellington legislator comes of good stock and will be no hindrance to the influence of his race. There is another reason why "Old Timer" has an interest in the Guelph editor. He saw the beginning of the influential daily journal he edits and publishes, the story of which runs this way: When the writer was a "printer's devil" in the early forties in what is now the "Ambitious City," one day the proprietor of the printing office was absent and the "devil" was in full charge. A tall, spare gentleman with straps to his trousers, and said he wanted the prospectus of a new newspaper for Guelph printed. Your correspondent set up, "worked off," and delivered the job, the customer calling for it the same day. It was the prospectus of the "Guelph Herald" and the late James Austin, the Toronto banker, was the customer. There have been a number of intermediate publishers of the paper between Mr. Austin and Mr. Downey, and sometimes its fortunes have been at a pretty low ebb, but I am glad to learn that in its present proprietor's hands its condition is prosperous.

James Austin, the founder of the Guelph "Herald," did not long continue to be its publisher, but went into the wholesale grocery business in Toronto with the Hon. J. Foy's father, Mr. Patrick Foy, and both became rich. In conversation with Mr. Austin one day, perhaps forty years ago, while talking about newspaper publishing, he revealed to me that he was a newspaper man himself, and then it came to me that he was the man for whom I had printed the prospectus. I have another old Toronto friend, perhaps the oldest newspaper man now in Ontario, who was at one time connected with the same paper, and that is Mr. A. H. St. Germain, who lives a short distance north of Toronto. Mr. St. Germain was born of French-Canadian parents at Kingston, and his first wife was an Irish woman. This gentleman has been fortunate in land speculations and is well off. Mr. Austin, I learn, before his death, became one of the masters of Toronto. Mr. Downey's brilliant career and wish him all kinds of success both as a journalist and a legislator and one who will uphold the credit of his race on the Conservative side of the Ontario house.

I have noticed an advertisement of the Crown Bank of Canada in Toronto to which interests me on account of some of the names that are given as officers of that institution. Edward Gurney of the Gurney Foundry Co., is given as president. I know Mr. Gurney slightly, and I know his father and uncle well. They were successful foundrymen that found their opportunity in Hamilton. I remember the day they began to "pound sand" in their red shirts in the old vacated Journal and Express office in John street, when their only employ was a young Irishman named John Kenny, who used to break the pig iron with a sledge hammer and do their chores. The Gurneys—Edward and T. C.—were brought from York State by one Alexander Carpenter of Hamilton, a tinsmith, who went into stove manufacture and hired them to run the foundry. The brothers were exceedingly thrifty and soon got the business of the little foundry themselves. In the sixties they made a great deal of money manufacturing and selling "The Little Wanzel" sewing machine, having agents all through Europe. I don't know who Charles McGee, the Vice-President, is, but there was a John McGee, a well-known iron founder, in Toronto, one of our own kind, in the fifties and sixties, who was a successful business man. He died and the foundry remained idle for a time until it was bought by the Gurneys, and Mr. Edward Gurney, then quite a young man, was sent down from Hamilton to take charge of the management. I am glad to notice that he had thriven although I hear that he does not deal exactly fair with his men. The name of John L. Coffee as one of the directors is a surprise to me. I was not aware that Lawrence Coffee left a son as one of his successors in business. I knew both father and

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mother before they were married and I am delighted at this surprise. Lawrence Coffee, this man's father, was one of our stand-bys in the good old days and one of the first produce dealers and wheat buyers of your city. Mr. Thomas Flynn, his partner, who is still "on deck," was one of my intimates, and I always admired his prudence and discretion if not his zeal.

But it is the name of Gerald de Courcy O'Grady, the General Manager, that takes my particular fancy. That's a great Irish name, a combination of Norman and Milesian, great in war, great in peace, and great in rank. I would like to know whence its owner comes to take the management of Canadian money? De Courcy was the name of an Irish Earl who once ruled Ulster and was permitted to wear his hat before the King! The true heirs of the earldom have for many years been planted in Maryland, while a spurious earl wears all the honors.

So "Charlie" Romaine is dead. He was a prominent character in Toronto fifty years ago. He was in the city council when "Old Timer" was city editor of the Daily Colonist, and latter had a good opportunity of knowing him pretty well. He was not one of the old aristocracy, but he belonged to their den when he opposed the Hon. George W. Allan for Legislative Councillor for the York district in 1858. The members of the Upper House were then one-half elected by the people instead of all being appointed by the administration as at the present time. Mr. Romaine had no strong political proclivities, but at that election he was taken up by the Reformers and received the support of the Hon. George Brown and the "Globe," while Mr. McKenney and his "Message" were against him. Mr. Romaine had made no political reputation, and was never known as a party man before the election. He was considered more as a "sport" than a party man. Mr. Romaine, I believe, had made a good deal of money as a Grand Trunk contractor and was then spending it. Hon. Geo. W. Allan had been mayor of the city a few years before and had made a reputation for himself as a public-spirited and faithful public servant as well as being a gentleman in behavior and feeling, and he deservedly won the election. But Mr. Romaine made the money fly. He erected shortly after this splendid block of buildings on King street west known as the Romaine buildings, which in architectural structure excelled anything in Toronto up to that date. My memory, too, goes back to the time when the Misses Romaine, his daughters, "cut a dash" on the King street promenade and were the envy of the aristocratic ladies of Toronto, both for personal charms and distinctive style. They were of the pale order of beauty and were greatly admired. I had no idea that Mr. C. E. Romaine lived so long a life and was so recently in the land of the living. Much less was I aware that he was of Italian blood and born in Lower Canada.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

## Compliments for the "Old-Timer"

Dear Register,—Your paper is double value since "Old Timer" began to contribute. It does my heart good to read his chronicles, they are so full of love for Ireland and Catholicity. It is a pity there are not more like him. May the Lord spare him many happy years in the wish of a LOYAL IRISH WOMAN.

## Election of Officers

The following officers were duly elected for Sacred Heart No. 201, for ensuing year: J. Lefebvre, Chief Ranger; Jas. E. Dopp, Vice-Chief Ranger; John J. Ryan, Treasurer; Wm. D. Vogel, Recording Secretary; J. E. O. Blaydon, Financial Secretary; Trustees, Martin J. Healy, Chas. C. Costance, John Dods; Drs. Wallace and McMahon, Medical Examiners. WM. D. VOGEL, Rec.-Sec.

Dec. 15th, 1903.

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## Knights of St. John

### And Their Annual At-Home

On Feb. 15th the Knights of St. John will hold their Annual At Home in Assembly Hall, Temple Building. This affair bids well to be the greatest social event among Catholic fraternal societies which will have been held in this city for a long time.

The affair is in the hands of a strong and efficient committee, who are sparing no efforts looking to the comfort and welfare of the guests of the evening. This noble Order is indeed worthy of the consideration and encouragement of all honorable men and women, being the oldest Catholic fraternal organization, its name comes down to us covered with glorious deeds done for God, for Church, and suffering humanity.

The Knights of St. John must indeed read with a thrill of pride of the noble deeds done by the knights of old, who, while ever ready to draw the sword against oppression, and in defence of the weak and protection of innocence, were just as ready to bestow mercy and charity upon the sick and poor, and to alleviate the wants of suffering humanity.

That this same spirit is alive with them to-day is evident from the fact that they are banded together for the purpose of inculcating the noblest of Christian principles, and the practice of the highest civic virtues, and as stated by the Supreme President in a recent address to the Order, "It seeks to instruct men in charity, kindness of heart and the disposition to help those who need help. It protects the home; it likewise protects its members in their inability to pay dues when incapacitated by sickness or other misfortune. As an educator, it teaches morality and a higher type of citizenship. It is in this grand association that we receive some of the noblest impulses to virtuous actions and generous deeds that make us better men, better fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, and better citizens." Besides sick and death benefits, which we believe they have one or the best insurance features among fraternal orders.

## C.O.F. Condolence

At a regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court No. 201, Catholic Order of Foresters, the following resolution was unanimously passed: That whereof it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the beloved uncle of our esteemed Bro. Chas. McGillivray. Resolved, that we extend to Bro. McGillivray and family our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement. Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and also sent to Bro. McGillivray and to the Catholic press for publication.

## William Kinsman

The death of William Kinsman, aged 74, a resident of Toronto for 54 years, who died on Saturday, removes an aged and respected member of the Catholic community. He was a successful business man. He was born in Cornwall, England, in 1830. He leaves a widow, two daughters—Mrs. John Bonner and Mrs. J. J. McConvey—and two sons—Joseph L. and William J., of Washington, D.C.—and a brother—Daniel Kinsman of this city. Deceased had only been ill one week.

## Death of Hugh Finn

Hugh Finn, for 20 years a liquor merchant on Dundas street, died last Tuesday after a few weeks' illness, from pneumonia. Deceased was 44 years of age, and resided all his life in the West End. He leaves two small children, a sister and brother, Joseph Finn. He was well known in Muskoka, where he had a summer residence. The funeral took place Thursday morning at 8:45 to St. Mary's R. C. Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery.

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## Death of Rev. William Bergin

With sincere regret The Register records the death of Rev. William Bergin, one of the well-known priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto. A little more than a week before the sad intelligence was received that he had succumbed to an attack of pneumonia we had a visit from him and congratulated him upon the improvement then noticeable in his health, which had not been satisfactory for some years and had necessitated a rest from the strain of parochial cares and labors. The severe weather of January and the danger always attendant upon the duties of a priest in a scattered parish, no doubt exposed the deceased pastor of Dixie to the attack which terminated his life in the exercise of his ministry. By a wide circle of friends and especially by those of his brother priests, who had known him for nearly a quarter of a century, his death will be mourned as a loss. As a friend he had a warm, generous heart and as a minister of the Church his memory will be respected in many parts of the archdiocese where he labored earnestly and fruitfully.

Rev. William Bergin was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, where his family has remained. His preparatory education was received in his native county and his ecclesiastical education was taken in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was a notable student of Church history and canon law and through his life had a strong inclination to literature. Several series of historical papers from his pen appeared in The Register from time to time, but lately he had ceased to write.

The deceased priest was ordained in London, Ontario, by the late Archbishop (then Bishop) Walsh, for the Archdiocese of Toronto, the Archbishop of Toronto being absent at the time—July 9, 1870—in Rome. Much of his priestly life was spent in Toronto; he had been parish priest of St. Joseph's, Leslieville, and curate of St. Mary's, Bathurst street, and was also located at St. Michael's Cathedral for a time, where he served as Chancellor of the Diocese. He was also secretary-treasurer of the Separate School Board, in the Cathedral he was succeeded by Rev. Father Rohleder. Among the out-of-town posts he held was that of Dean of Barrie, and parish priest at Newmarket. When St. Cecilia's Church was opened at Toronto Junction about ten years ago, he took charge of the parish, but his health gave way, and he acted for an interval as chaplain of the House of Providence. A year or two ago he became assistant priest at St. James, South Adala, and was later appointed parish priest of Dixie. Though he had partly regained his health, he had been a delicate man for years.—R.I.P.

## THE FUNERAL

The funeral of the late Father Bergin, P.P., of Dixie, took place on Monday last at St. Patrick's Church, Dixie. A large congregation was present to testify to their sympathy for their dead pastor. The Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, P.P., of St. Mary's, was the celebrant. Rev. Fr. Trayling, P.P., of Port Colborne, was deacon and Rev. Fr. Coyle, P.P., of Holy Family Church, Toronto, was sub-deacon. Rev. Father Treacy was master of ceremonies.

Amongst the priests present were Rev. Dean Morris, P.P., of St. Catharines, Rev. Fr. Hand, P.P., St. Paul's, Rev. Fr. Kilcullen, P.P., St. James, Adjala, Fr. McEntee, Fr. Minehan, Fr. Urban, C.S.S.R., Rev. Jas. Walsh, Rev. P. Kiernan, Rev. Fr. Walsh, C.S.B., Rev. Fr. Rohleder, chancellor, Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Rev. Fr. Canning, Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., Rev. Fr. O'Donnell, Rev. Geo. Williams, Rev. John McGrand, Rev. James Gibbons of Dixie.

After Mass Rev. Fr. Treacy preached from the text, "Eternal rest grant to his soul, O Lord." He inculcated the necessity of prayers for the repose of the souls of the departed. It was also necessary to pray for their dead priests who had such awful responsibilities on their shoulders. In view of the justice of God, needed the prayers of the faithful people. After the sermon Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann pronounced the absolution and the remains of the dead priest were taken to the Catholic cemetery at Port Credit followed by a large funeral.

Rev. Fr. Rohleder presided at the organ and the choir was composed of Rev. Fr. Murray, Frs. O'Donnell, Fr. McGrand and others. At the grave Rev. Fr. Trayling, Fr. Gibbons, Fr. Rohleder. Rev. Fr. Williams read the prayers over the remains of the dead priest.

## PERSONAL

Mr. Thomas C. McCarthy, son of the late Alex. McCarthy, P.O. Inspector, has returned to Toronto from Chicago, where he has resided for some years past.

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## Death of Bishop Gravel

The Church in the Province of Quebec has lost a champion in the person of Bishop Gravel of Nicolet.

The Right Reverend Elphege Gravel, late Bishop of Nicolet, was born at St. Antoine, River Champlain, October 12, 1828. He was educated at the colleges of St. Hyacinthe and Montreal and at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. He studied theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and after being a professor for two years at the College of St. Marie du Monnoir went through the military school and also studied law at Laval University. After finishing this course of study he again returned to St. Marie du Monnoir, where he occupied a professional chair for five years.

Mr. Gravel was ordained to the priesthood in 1870, and during the following year and until 1873 he was vicar at Sorel and the succeeding year at St. Hyacinthe. For six years he was cure at Bedford and in 1880 he again returned to St. Hyacinthe, where he remained till 1885, in the first year of his stay being made Canon of the Cathedral in the city. In 1885 he was appointed Bishop of the new Diocese of Nicolet, which was then newly created. Bishop Gravel was consecrated at Rome on August 2, of that year. During his Episcopal term in this diocese he has been active in educational and charitable matters and has founded a commercial academy and a hospital to minister to the educational and medical needs of the people over whom he exercised his authority. The scholastic attainments of the Bishop have been recognized by Laval University, which, in the year of his appointment, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Bishop Gravel, in 1895, addressed a letter to Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome, in connection with the Manitoba School question, the publication of which brought him into some prominence. Bishop Gravel's residence, since 1885, has been at Nicolet, where the Episcopal Palace for the diocese is situated.

The diocese of Nicolet comprises 82,234 Catholics and 118 priests. The co-adjutor is Mgr. Joseph Simon H. Bruneau, and the Vicar-General, Rev. M. L. Victor Thibaudier. The diocesan Council is composed of Mr. S. H. Bruneau, Mgr. J. A. Fr. Douville, Superior of the Seminary; M. M. Marchand, cure of Gentilly; L. V. Thibaudier, secretary; and Rev. P. Bellemare, cure of Ste. Monique.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from the Nicolet Cathedral. His Grace Archbishop Bruchési officiated. The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the priests and Seminars, and was most impressive. After the different absolutions by the Bishops present, the remains were borne to their last resting place, amid the tears of a grateful and loving multitude of priests and people.

Nicolet, Feb. 2.—The funeral of the late Bishop Gravel took place here this morning in the presence of an immense gathering of Bishops and priests from all over the country. Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, chanted the service, and was assisted by Vicar-General Thibaudier and Rev. Abbes Lecoq, Superior of St. Sulpice, and M. G. Froulx, Procurator of the Seminary of Nicolet, Abbe F. A. St. Germain, the late Bishop's secretary, was master of ceremonies, and Rev. Abbes N. Pepin and H. Belcourt also took part.

In the sanctuary were Monsignor Dubamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Bruchési, Archbishop of Montreal; Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston; Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers; Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke; Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; Brunault, Bishop of Tribuna; Marcoux, Vicar-General of Quebec; L. S. Richard of Three Rivers; L. Z. Racicot, Vicar-General of Montreal, and Paquet.

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↑ 1904 ↓

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTIMENTS	S. VESPER HYMN
1	M.	r.	S. Ignatius.
2	T.	w.	Purification of the B. V. Mary.
3	W.	r.	S. Dionysius.
4	T.	w.	S. Andrew Corsini.
5	F.	r.	S. Agatha.
6	S.	w.	S. Hyacintha of Mariscotti.
<b>Sexagesima Sunday</b>			
7	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."
8	M.	w.	S. John of Matha.
9	T.	r.	Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord.
10	W.	w.	S. Scholastica.
11	T.	w.	Our Lady of Lourdes.
12	F.	r.	S. Telesphore.
13	S.	w.	S. Gregory II. Pope.
<b>Quinquagesima Sunday</b>			
14	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Martinae Celebri."
15	M.	r.	S. Martina.
16	T.	w.	B. Gregory X. Pope.
17	W.	r.	Ash Wednesday.
18	T.	w.	S. Raymond of Fennafort.
19	F.	r.	Crown of Thorns of Our Lord.
20	S.	w.	S. Cyril of Alexandria.
<b>First Sunday of Lent</b>			
21	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Quodcumque in orbe."
22	M.	w.	S. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
23	T.	r.	S. Peter Damian.
24	W.	r.	Ember Day. The Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.
25	T.	r.	S. Mathias Apostle.
26	F.	r.	Ember Day. The Lance and Nails, which pierced our Lord.
27	S.	w.	Ember Day (Abstinence as well as Fast). S. Margaret of Cortona.
<b>Second Sunday of Lent</b>			
28	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Audi benigne Conditor."
29	M.	w.	Of the Feria.

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## Children's Corner

WHAT ARE DREAMS.  
(S. S. Times.)

Dreams are of all sorts,—some so pleasant that we like to think about them; some so unpleasant that we try to forget them; others are so mixed up that we cannot make out the head or tail of them. They will always be wonders to us until we understand why we dream, and what dreams really are. Then we will be much more comfortable in knowing that they are brain weeds, that they do not mean or amount to anything, and that they should have no effect whatever upon our lives.

Because dreams are such odd things, many persons believe they are signs of good or evil, and tell wonderful stories about them, which do not grow smaller as they are told. If the readers of The Sunday School Times will carefully keep an account of the number of times all sorts of signs do not come true, as well as of the number of times they do, they will soon learn that signs are humbugs which give lots of worry and trouble to those who believe in them, and they will learn, too, how foolish it is to rely upon them. It would be strange, indeed, were so many things as daily happening in our lives, if certain things did not happen when something or other has given the right sign for them. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the thing does not happen for which we think we have the sign. Such senseless things as knives and forks looking-glasses, clocks, cannot look ahead; they cannot point out one second of our future lives or the lives or movements of anybody. We might, as well expect the pump or the gate-post to tell us what we shall have for dinner to-morrow.

To understand what dreams are we must understand something about thought. The most trifling thought we have when we are awake has more effect upon our actions than we think of. A fly lighting on a nose, a mad whack at it, may change the course of life. Everything we do grows from a will to do it. We are not always able to recall the will that gives us a thought, or the thought that causes us to do something. If our toes are cramped on our nerves carry a message to the brain. In the brain we will pull the toe away and make the tongue say "Ouch!" maybe more. The time it takes to think to do these things has been measured. It takes but a very small part of the tick of a watch. We often jump out of bed in the mornings, or get up from a nap, and are not able to remember what will gave the thought of rising, or what thought made us rise. Yet we had the will to get up and the thought to do it.

No one knows exactly what sleep is, or what causes it. If every part of our bodies was perfectly or sound asleep, we could not be awakened. We know, no matter how much asleep we are, that we breathe, that our hearts beat, that our hair grows, and that many other parts of our bodies are awake and at work. Our nerves, the watchmen of our bodies, are always on guard. A noise startles the nerves in our ears, and wakens us; a smoke irritates the nerves of our nose and lungs, and they tell us of danger; a very sound sleep may be disturbed by the tickling of a feather.

If we try hard to watch ourselves going to sleep, we shall find that first comes drowsiness, then a helter-skelter running about of our thoughts; then, puzzle as we may, we cannot remember any more about it. Of one thing we are sure—as we go to sleep, our will lets go of our thoughts; they do as they please. The same thing happens just as we waken, excepting that, as we waken, our thoughts are still loose, and it takes our will a little time to get hold of them and hold them in order. Now it is when we are passing to sleep, or are not sound asleep, or are passing out of

sleep, that we dream. We never dream during sound sleep. It is easy knowing this, to understand that dreams occur when thoughts are running loose without any will to guide them, or, in other words, that dreams are all sorts of thoughts over which we have no control. Sometimes they are very plain and connected, and we are sufficiently awake to remember them; sometimes they are odd, mixed, and what we call crazy. Often we dream just as we waken, and, think hard as we may, we cannot remember what we have dreamed. If we do not remember a dream when we waken, if we do not fix in on our mind, we cannot recall it after we have again slept.

The time it takes to dream what seems to be a long dream is really very short,—not over from half a minute to two minutes and a half. Many trials have been made of this, and the time noted. Persons have been kept from sleeping for a long while, then allowed to sleep for half a minute, a minute, two minutes, and wakened to tell what they dreamed. One man, on a railroad train, dreamed that he had planned a murder, committed it, was caught, imprisoned, tried, and hung—all while he was passing through a tunnel which took the train he was on one minute. We never dream that we are any other than ourselves. We seldom dream of that which has very much occupied our thoughts during the day, but we do dream of what has kept our bodies busy. Boys who have been fishing will remember that they are apt to dream of fishing. If we will make it a point to carefully work out the cause of our dreams, we shall not often fail to remember that we have either done something, or heard something, or said something, before we went to sleep, to which we can trace the dream.

Dreams are romps of thought, without guide and without meaning. Never let a dream have any effect upon you, especially an unpleasant one. Every moment spent in worry over what we cannot help is lost time. Take a good hold on the present, remedy mistakes, and go ahead with a will. These are the true signs of success ahead.

### NEW BOOKS

In Benziger's Magazine for February we have the opening of a new serial, "The Way that Led Beyond," by the author of "Kind Hearts and Coronets," J. Harrison. It promises to make a very interesting and exciting serial. "The Rosemond," by Julian Sermet, is the tragic romance of a bell; "Not Mentioned in Despatches" by Theo. Gift, a true story of the Boer War, dramatically told; "My Friend Eugene," by Tom Jarman, is a humorous tale, and "A Chance Idyl," by Antonio Fogazzaro, a well-told love-story. The special articles have been carefully selected, and are of more than passing interest. "A Religious Painter of To-day" is the critique, comparison, and appreciation of one of the great European artists. It is handsomely illustrated with reproductions from some of the artist's famous paintings. "A Glimpse into 'Ole Kane's Luck'" gives us, as much as can be contained in an article, little about the Blue Grass State and its people. It has four illustrations. The Storlettes are bright and clever, comprising "Both Sides of the Question," "Guadaloupe," and "A Legend of the Crypts of St. Peter's." "Dolls and Doll-Houses" is an interesting study of the history of a plaything as ancient as the history of fashion. It is well illustrated. "The Making of Music in Many Lands" is an unusual subject, and in addition to the instructive text has eight pictures that pertinently illustrate the information given. The full-page pictures, "Making Holiday" and "Along a Country Road," with a splendid double-page showing "Napoleon's Return from Elba," "Current Events," "Father Finn's Corner," "Games and Amusements for the Young Folks," "Woman's Realm," "Book Reviews," "Monthly Competitions"—these are the standing departments that, each month, seem to grow brighter and better. Humorous little stories and interesting items are always to be found in each number. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year.

## THE LEGEND OF THE "GUERNSEY LILY"

At first sight and first thought it seems almost absurd to imagine that anyone, in our very advanced commencement de siècle, could take an interest in such long-forgotten, fading, eighteenth century childishness as folk-lore and fairy legend. We, who pride ourselves upon our solid foundation of science and reason, our agnostic scorn of all things supernatural, sweep away with ruthless hand the lovely cobwebs of the past, and bare all hidden corners to our microscopic view. How much we lose of glamour and romance, how little we add to the sordid common, place of every-day existence, by this flagrant inartistry, only the elect among us realize; the chosen few whose delight is to wander in the spirit world, gathering its flowers, drinking from its pure streams, dreaming through its leafy mazes.

The inhabitants of the island of Guernsey may be scouted among these chosen few; and small wonder, for are they not themselves descendants of the fairy folk? In times long past, too long for counting, a great forest of Vazon now opens its arms to the sea, and grand breakers, fresh from the Atlantic, sweep over the once mossy path, and their spray to embrace the shore. Their feathery spray now tosses where the green trees waved, and white horses come galloping in where blue bells and primroses held revelry. This forest was the home of the fairy folk, little men in green, whose bows and arrows shot death at many a foreign intruder, and "who snatched wives from the island, filling it with fairy children." 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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CROMIN, Business Manager and Editor.

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MONTREAL AGENCY 18 Richmond Square R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY, MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1904.

DOMINION CABINET CHANGES.

Hon. H. G. Carroll has resigned the Solicitor-Generalship in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government to accept the Superior Court senior judgeship for Gaspe.

On every hand the retirement of Mr. Carroll from active politics is regretted. In personality he may seem unlike the parliamentarian; but in debate in the House, to which by the way he too seldom contributed, he was a model.

Very true scandal is given by the individual, but that should not license the public critic. A play that had its first presentation in Canada was heralded by press notices sufficiently strong to keep Catholics away from the theatre in which it was presented.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who will speak in Toronto at an early date, is, we all hope, destined to make an enduring mark upon contemporary Canadian statesmanship.

HON. MR. LATCHFORD AND THE OTTAWA MAYORALTY. The Register published in its issue of January 7th last, an article on the subject of the late Ottawa Mayorality Election and Mr. D'Arcy Scott's candidature, in which it was stated that the Hon. Mr. Latchford, in conjunction with others, had raised the cry of disloyalty against Mr. Scott during the municipal campaign.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The new members of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet, Hon. L. P. Broderick and Hon. H. R. Emeryson, have been re-elected by acclamation.

Hon. Edward Blake has given his cheque for 100 guineas to the Irish Parliamentary Fund, and has returned to London to prepare for his parliamentary duties.

A SENSATIONAL STORY. Many of our readers, no doubt, have noticed in the Toronto and other papers sensational despatches dealing with an alleged assault upon a pupil by Brother Simon of the Christian Brothers' School, Richmond street, Montreal.

Simon was in no manner to blame and was entirely exonerated from reproach in regard to the affair. Brutality or ill-treatment, corporal or otherwise, happily are hard to charge against the management of Catholic schools, and whenever charged, as in Montreal last week, it is well to have the reputation spread broadcast.

Our Montreal Budget. During the year 1903, 7,905 burials took place in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The following table shows the relative number of adults and children buried from the different parishes of Montreal and the suburbs, as well as from public institutions.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT. It was the irony of fate that subjected the son of Mr. Chamberlain to the rods prepared for Mr. Balfour at the opening of the Imperial Parliament on Tuesday.

CATHOLICS AND THE THEATRE. A reader, who sends us a newspaper clipping, asks what we have to say, when prominent Catholics are publicly announced as patrons of a play that is censured by the press and by the Church.

Death of Mr. John O'Leary. Sincere sorrow was felt among the people of St. Patrick's Parish last week for the death of Mr. John O'Leary, of William street, an old and widely respected resident of Toronto, and a man long and prominently identified with the interests of Irish Catholics in this city.

Solid as the Continent. The strong and unexcelled financial position attained by the North American Life is well shown by the annual statement presented at the general meeting of the directors and policy-holders held on the 28th inst.

was Gateshead. This week it is the Ayr Burghs in North Britain. The Irish electors pledged their united support to the Liberal candidate and turned the seat over to the opposition.

The Rome correspondent of the London Tablet tells how Pope Pius received in private audience the Rev. Mother Michael, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, of Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, who has just returned from Australia.

Mr. Michael Davitt makes one of his characteristically vigorous attacks upon a speaker in Limerick who has been saying some uncharitable and unjust things of the Jews.

It has been the unique glory of our country that its original conquest to the cause of Christianity was effected without bloodshed, while the sons of St. Patrick have truly upheld that reputation from then till now.

At the Franciscan Church at the last meeting of the Third Order of St. Francis, Rev. Father Ambrose, O.M.I., preached on "The Christian Home."

A large number of postulants were received into the Hochelaga Convent on Tuesday, Feb. 2nd, while several also made their profession in the Order. The chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion and was filled with friends and parents of the different candidates.

The 28th annual meeting of the Catholic Teachers' Association of the Province of Quebec took place on Friday last at the Jacques Cartier Normal School and was largely attended.

At the opening of the afternoon session the chairman, Mr. J. N. Perreault, president of the Association, announced that the Association showed a surplus of \$4,800.

Competitive Examinations—Senior Fourth—H. Belsie, F. Tracy, Junior Fourth—F. Riordan.

Will of the Late Alexander Macdonnell. The will of the late Alexander Macdonnell of Osgoode Hall, disposing of an estate valued at \$9,209, has been entered for probate, Messrs. J. J. Murphy of the Crown Lands Department and H. T. Kelly, barrister, being executors.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. Interest allowed from date of deposit on all sums of \$1.00 and upwards at highest current rates.

BRANCHES IN TORONTO. 7 and 9 King St. E. (HEAD OFFICE). Cor. College and Bathurst sts. Dundas and Arthur sts. Queen and McCaul sts.

House of Providence Collections. The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, gratefully acknowledge the following receipts from the different churches on Sunday, January 24th, 1904:

My Valet. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074. DRESS SUITS TO RENT. Pressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing.

Our Montreal Budget

(From Our Own Correspondent.) During the year 1903, 7,905 burials took place in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The following table shows the relative number of adults and children buried from the different parishes of Montreal and the suburbs, as well as from public institutions.

Table with columns: Parish, Children, Adults. Total 2916 children, 4989 adults.

A mission is to be opened at St. Anthony's Church during Lent by the Jesuit Fathers of Loyola College.

Rev. Father M. L. Shea preached an excellent sermon on Sunday last at St. Anthony's Church during High Mass, on the evil effects of bad books and novels.

Rev. Father J. C. Sianett, formerly curate of St. Anthony's Church, Chaplain to the Western Contingent at the South African War, and afterwards parish priest of Sheenboro, Diocese of Pembroke, has been appointed Vicar-General to Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., Saskatchewan.

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THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854. "THE HOME BANK OF CANADA." Assets, \$3,000,000.00. Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents 3 1/2% Upwards.

The D'Youville Reading Circle. Ottawa, Friday Jan. 29, 1904. Editor of the Register: Rev. Dr. McGinnis president of the International Catholic Truth Society lectured under the auspices of the reading circle to an unusually large and appreciative audience last Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. LaBerge has submitted his report on vaccination for 1903. It shows that during the year 3,336 persons were vaccinated. Of these 2,258 were for the first time, 85.67 per cent. of the total.

SCHOOLS. ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys who received testimonials of merit for excellent deportment and application to study during the month of January, 1904.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL. Senior Fourth—Excellent—G. Fayle, F. Tracy, H. Belsie, W. Mulhall, G. Kirby, P. McAleer, Good—E. Mottram.

DEATHS. LYNCH—At the residence of her son, E. P. Butler, 511 Carleton street, Saturday morning, January 30th, Mrs. Mary A. Lynch, daughter of the late Patrick Conlin.

FINN—At his late residence, 606 Queen street west, on Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1904, Hugh Finn, aged 44 years.

The METROPOLITAN BANK. Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund \$1,000,000. SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

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Table with columns: Church Name, Amount. Total \$1,605.30.

My Valet. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074. DRESS SUITS TO RENT. Pressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing.



E. MURPHY

OUR COAL BURNS TO THE ASH, NO CLINKERS, SURE CURE FOR A COLD HOUSE.

The Imperial Coal Co.

1184 Yonge St. Phone North 2046 767 Yonge St. Phone North 1901 295 College St. Phone Main 2993

GREGG SHORTHAND BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTING PENMANSHIP ETC.

ARE THOROUGHLY TAUGHT AT THE



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING TORONTO - ONTARIO

New term commenced with large attendance. Can seat a few more. Get particulars. W. BROOKS Principal

The Church in Newfoundland

ARTICLE II.

(For The Register.)

A few days ago I was reading in a St. John's paper, where the people of the city were engaged in hauling stone for the purpose of building new steps for the Cathedral, and also a new arch at the entrance of the grounds, with a statue of St. John the Baptist at the top. The labor given by the men in the hauling of the stone is free labor, by which many of the outport churches are built. Great excitement prevails hauling the stone through the principal streets of the city headed by Professor John Bennett's brass band, John being the son of Terra Nova's "Father of Music," the late Prof. D. Bennett.

To the left of the Cathedral is the palace, a magnificent stone structure. It was here that many a noble pioneer missionary of Newfoundland rested his weary limbs, bore patiently his last sickness, and died an edifying death. Need I mention the names of Dr. Conroy, Apostolic Delegate, Bishops Mullock and Power, Fathers Vereker, Delaney and Forrestal, men whose names are still cherished by a loyal and devoted people. Joining the building is a place known as the Bishop's Library. This building is the rendezvous of all the Catholic societies of the city, in order to present their compliments to the Bishop and clergy on the occasion of their annual parade. In this building a choice selection of books are kept, including works in many languages. It was here that the present Bishop, when he was a priest, carved a beautiful altar, having a frontispiece representing the first nuns arriving at St. John's.

Joining this building, is that great structure, which has done phenomenal work in the educational line, St. Bonaventure's College, the Alma Mater of His Lordship, Bishop Howley, and of a large number of the clergy of Newfoundland, as well as the leading professional and commercial men of the island. The record of this institution, in competition with Protestant colleges of St. John's, is one that the Catholics, not only of the city, but the whole island, may and do justly feel proud of. I do not intend to enter into full details of the working of the institution, but to add a few words about the building itself. It is four stories high, and is of cut stone. Since the Irish Christian Brothers have taken charge of it, it has undergone many useful and needed repairs. The class-rooms are a little on the small side, and at present well filled. In the near future a lavatory, a hall, and a gymnasium are to be added to the building, and then it will be complete in every respect. The grounds around this building are the finest in the city. The beautiful walks, cricket fields and the spacious hand-ball court, are things which make life pleasant and joyful during the dear old school days.

A little to the northwest stands the monastery of St. Francis, the abode of the Brothers who teach in the two outside schools, St. Patrick's and Holy Cross. This building was erected over twenty years ago at a cost of \$24,000. This sum was afterwards raised in two weeks at a bazaar, held at St. John's, at which both Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in doing honor to the noble Christian Brothers. To the right of the Cathedral and joining it, there is the finest convent in Newfoundland, that of the Presentation Nuns. This building is a gem of architectural beauty, and its large and spacious corridors, beautiful chapel and magnificent reception rooms, make this convent a model in every respect. Attached to the main building, is a large and spacious two-story one, used as a school. The class-rooms are models of neatness in every way, and the religious and secular education imparted by the devoted daughters of the saintly founder, N. A. Nagle, speak volumes for the zeal and self-sacrificing labors of those good Sisters.

To the south of the Presentation Convent, there is another famed seat of learning, the Convent of Mercy. This building is in keeping with the rest of the group. This convent possesses a beautiful chapel, built only a short time ago, and is known as "Our Lady of Good Counsel." The Convent of Mercy is the leading female Catholic establishment of the island, with the exception of the Training School at Littledale. The daughters of the venerable Catherine McAuley, have a record in the educational line which is hard to surpass.

D. P. SHEERIN

WHOLESALE

Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof and Cravenette Rain-proof Garments

28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

N. MURPHY

Some of the leading ladies of St. John's are graduates of this convent, and hold sacred the cherished names of their devoted teachers.

The last of the famous group is St. Patrick's Hall, situated at the base of a hill, and keeping sentinel, as it were, in front of the Cathedral. St. Patrick's Hall was the only one of the group that was destroyed in the terrible conflagration of 1892. The Benevolent Irish Society immediately set to work to rebuild on a larger scale, and to-day their efforts have been blessed with a building that would do credit to a much larger city than that of St. John's. The building is divided into three parts; the top part being used as a hall for concerts, dramas, public lectures, etc. It is pronounced by leading vocalists and actors to be perfect in every respect. The second part consists of several class-rooms, the best equipped in North America, and under the skilful guidance of the noble and zealous Irish Christian Brothers, the youth of Terra Nova receive a sound religious and secular education. The other part of this building consists of billiard, music and debating rooms. The building cost \$75,000, and stands a noble monument to the Irish Catholics of St. John's.

Here we see the city of St. John's with a Catholic population of 20,000, having monuments of religion that would cost nearly \$1,500,000. I have omitted several other Catholic institutions throughout the city, viz: The Belvedere Orphanage, St. Patrick's Church, Holy Cross School, St. Patrick's Convent, Littledale Academy, Total Abstinence Hall, Mechanics' Hall, Star of the Sea Hall and Holy Cross Hall.

Let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to Newfoundland as a missionary country and see what an outpost priest has to go through in visiting the different missions.

Extracts from letters written by His Lordship, Bishop McNeill, both whilst waiting for confirmation of the sad news which told of the loss at sea of Rev. Dr. O'Regan, and afterwards, speak volumes for the worth and works of the deceased clergyman. All Newfoundland joins in sympathy with the Bishop and friends of the departed priest, and amongst those who knew him—his schoolmates, his brother priests, and especially his beloved parishioners, the people of Codroy—the sympathy is deeper and stronger. Whether we regard the deceased as a man, a scholar, or a pastor, we find him to have those qualities best calculated to excite the admiration of his fellows. He was of an exceedingly frank and engaging disposition; his piety was genuine, he was the soul of candor and honor, whilst his refined and unassuming manners gracefully consorted with the noble talents, real scholarship and sterling qualities, which all knew him to possess.

His early education was received from the Christian Brothers and at St. Bonaventure College. At these institutions he acquired the first principles of that real education which afterwards so distinguished him as a missionary priest. In these schools he was taught that science and faith are inseparable elements in a youth's training, and that the best man is he who best learns both. And impressed upon his mind were these lessons: "Upward and Onward" was his motto. His pastoral visitations, parish retreats and universal vigilance, realized those high ideals of which we read in the lives of the saints. His presbytery was almost monastic in its daily routine; from morning till night his time was consumed in works of piety and charity, interrupted only for sacred study, and to express it all in one word, his life was literally a prayer.

The last sad event which terminated a life so full of promise and performance, was proof of that zeal for souls which consumed him. It was truly zeal even unto death. In the carrying out of his sublime mission, in bringing the sacraments of the Church to members of his flock like the faithful sentinel on the watch towers; like the dauntless soldier on the battle field, he went down at the post of duty. Like many a Catholic missionary in every age from the first century to the twentieth, and in every country from China to Peru, Dr. O'Regan died a martyr to his high vocation. The principle for which he died was the same as that for which the servants of the church have ever been ready to risk all. Be it the zealous Fathers who penetrated heathen lands, or the saintly archbishop who held the crucifix aloft from the ramparts of Paris and met death by the bullets of the Communists; or the Catholic chaplain who takes his station in the front line of the army, the motive in all cases is the same, zeal for souls and obedience to the Church. Such, too, was the keynote to Dr. O'Regan's life, and especially was it shown in his death. Heroic devotion such as this appeals to all for it is attested by the highest of all tests, the sacrifice of self.

For all time it enrolls him who possesses it in the Legion of Honor in our local church. Yes, with Father Whalen who died at sea, one hundred years ago; with Fathers John Verreker and John Forrestal of later times, with Father Morris of Villa Nuova, Father Walsh of St. Lawrence, Father P. Delaney of St. John's, and many another hero priest who proved themselves ready to "do and die," in our "rough island story," there groups itself now the inspiring name of Dr. O'Regan. As we review his life and labors, his loyal goodfellowship, his devotion to his Bishop and his sublime sacrifice of self for his neighbor, it is little wonder that the news of his loss should come as a shock. If we look merely at the material surroundings of the sad event, the boat tossed by the tempest, the rising billows, and the blinding snow-storm thickening over land and water, we are apt to feel how depressing the memory of such a calamity must be, especially to many dear friends. But there is more than a silver lining to the cloud, and the reflection that there is One who will help to buoy up the spirit of those now bowed down by weight of grief.

The above was written by one of Newfoundland's able priests and is a fitting tribute to the brave soldier of the Cross, who lost his life at duty's call, swallowed up in the waters of Rose Blanche. Though young he fulfilled a long course.

"The Land beyond the Sea, When will life's task be o'er? When shall we reach that soft blue shore, O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar? When shall we come to thee, Calm Land beyond the Sea?"

Before leaving Rome Dr. O'Regan had the privilege of audience with the Holy Father, and so, with the words of the Pontiff in his memory, and the highest ideals before him, he commenced pastoral work on the Newfoundland mission. It needs no words to tell how thoroughly he was equipped for his new duties. His course in Propaganda, made under professors of world-wide fame, gave him an opportunity of storing his mind with that philosophical and theological knowledge which he possessed in so high a degree. His memory seemed to retain all he read, and he brought to bear on any question proposed the matured wisdom of a scholar. It was sufficient to hear Dr. O'Regan deliver a short Sunday instruction, or indeed to hear him in casual conversation, to know that he was one who had a strong grasp of the great branch of knowledge proper to his profession. His eloquence was grounded in thorough knowledge of his subject, and intense earnestness in imparting the same to his hearers. It was the eloquence of profound conviction and Apostolic zeal, and had in it that compelling force which is near akin to oratory, or which is oratory in its very highest form.

Night or day, winter or summer, stormy or fine, when the sick call came he was prompt to go right through with his mission. And not content with the literal performance of the work of the ministry, he utilized his visitation of the sick for the purpose of imparting spiritual instruction to the people, old and young. With the memory of such zealous devotion to his flock in Fortune Bay should feel almost as much grieved to hear of his death as do those amongst whom he was recently living. He entered with like spirit on his duties in his new parish of Codroy. The splendid roads of that place, the beautiful new church and presbytery, and many other local improvements, will long remain as monuments of his public spirit. He fully appreciated the fact that in such progress is associated with material advancement, and so, whilst providing for the religious well-being of the locality, he did not omit to further those public works and development to which the missionary can never be indifferent. And this is especially true of Newfoundland, where the people live in widely removed places, and where it is of vital consequence that suitable means of communication should be established.

Towards the material building up of Codroy he contributed in a few short years a good quarter of a century's work. He pioneered the way and broadened the road for still greater results in the future. As spiritual director to the people, his organizing power was simply marvelous. As we have seen, no difficulties could turn aside from the forward march of duty. "Upward and Onward" was his motto. His pastoral visitations, parish retreats and universal vigilance, realized those high ideals of which we read in the lives of the saints. His presbytery was almost monastic in its daily routine; from morning till night his time was consumed in works of piety and charity, interrupted only for sacred study, and to express it all in one word, his life was literally a prayer.

The last sad event which terminated a life so full of promise and performance, was proof of that zeal for souls which consumed him. It was truly zeal even unto death. In the carrying out of his sublime mission, in bringing the sacraments of the Church to members of his flock like the faithful sentinel on the watch towers; like the dauntless soldier on the battle field, he went down at the post of duty. Like many a Catholic missionary in every age from the first century to the twentieth, and in every country from China to Peru, Dr. O'Regan died a martyr to his high vocation. The principle for which he died was the same as that for which the servants of the church have ever been ready to risk all. Be it the zealous Fathers who penetrated heathen lands, or the saintly archbishop who held the crucifix aloft from the ramparts of Paris and met death by the bullets of the Communists; or the Catholic chaplain who takes his station in the front line of the army, the motive in all cases is the same, zeal for souls and obedience to the Church. Such, too, was the keynote to Dr. O'Regan's life, and especially was it shown in his death. Heroic devotion such as this appeals to all for it is attested by the highest of all tests, the sacrifice of self.

For all time it enrolls him who possesses it in the Legion of Honor in our local church. Yes, with Father Whalen who died at sea, one hundred years ago; with Fathers John Verreker and John Forrestal of later times, with Father Morris of Villa Nuova, Father Walsh of St. Lawrence, Father P. Delaney of St. John's, and many another hero priest who proved themselves ready to "do and die," in our "rough island story," there groups itself now the inspiring name of Dr. O'Regan. As we review his life and labors, his loyal goodfellowship, his devotion to his Bishop and his sublime sacrifice of self for his neighbor, it is little wonder that the news of his loss should come as a shock. If we look merely at the material surroundings of the sad event, the boat tossed by the tempest, the rising billows, and the blinding snow-storm thickening over land and water, we are apt to feel how depressing the memory of such a calamity must be, especially to many dear friends. But there is more than a silver lining to the cloud, and the reflection that there is One who will help to buoy up the spirit of those now bowed down by weight of grief.

The above was written by one of Newfoundland's able priests and is a fitting tribute to the brave soldier of the Cross, who lost his life at duty's call, swallowed up in the waters of Rose Blanche. Though young he fulfilled a long course.

"The Land beyond the Sea, When will life's task be o'er? When shall we reach that soft blue shore, O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar? When shall we come to thee, Calm Land beyond the Sea?"

"The Land beyond the Sea, Sweet is thine endless rest, But sweeter far the Father's Breast, Upon the shore eternally possessed; For Jesus reigns o'er thee, Calm Land beyond the Sea." FELIX. Montreal, Feb. 2nd, 1904.

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The Dominion Bank PROCEEDINGS OF The Thirty-third Annual General Meeting OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

The Thirty-third Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 27th, 1904. Among those present were noticed: Messrs. William Ince, Wm. Spry, E. B. Osler, M.P., W. D. Matthews, Thos. Walsley, W. G. Cassels, David Smith, G. W. Lewis, A. R. Boswell, P. Leaday, G. N. Reynolds, A. Foulds, J. J. Foy, K.C., Jno. T. Small, Anson Jones, H. Gordon MacKenzie, J. Gordon Jones, W. Crocker, J. F. Kavanagh, Ira Standish, B. W. Langley, Lieut.-Col. Pellatt, Wm. Hendrie, J. G. Ramsay, W. C. Lee, W. C. Crowther, F. J. Phillips, Richard Brown, G. B. Sweetnam, J. A. Proctor, H. B. Hodgins, H. Johnson, T. G. Brough, Miss H. W. Robinson and others.

It was moved by Mr. Wm. Ince, seconded by Mr. Anson Jones, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. T. G. Brough do act as Secretary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed Scrutineers. The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

Table with financial data: Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1903: \$353,355 48. Premium received on new Capital Stock: 16,135 00. Profit for the EIGHT MONTHS ending 31st December, 1903, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts: 321,073 86. Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 1st August, 1903: \$74,710 50. Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 2nd November, 1903: 74,853 05. Dividend 1 2/3 per cent., payable 2nd January, 1904 (2 months): 49,963 16. Transferred to Reserve Fund: 199,528 71. Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward: \$474,902 63.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the past eight months in Fort William and St. Thomas, Ont. All Branches of the Bank have been inspected during the past year. E. B. OSLER, President. Toronto, 27th January, 1904. The Report was adopted and the thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services and to the General Manager and other officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

GENERAL STATEMENT Liabilities: Notes in Circulation: \$2,721,874 00. Deposits not bearing interest: \$3,083,422 68. Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date): 23,293,718 57. Total Liabilities to the Public: 29,099,015 25. Capital Stock Paid up: 3,000,000 00. Reserve Fund: 3,000,000 00. Balance of Profits carried forward: 474,902 63. Dividend No. 85, payable 2nd January (2 months): 49,963 16. Reserved for Exchange, etc.: 21,064 61. Rebate on Bills Discounted: 99,623 95. Total: \$35,745,198 35.

Assets: Specie: \$1,059,462 14. Dominion Government Demand Notes: 1,806,243 00. Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation: 140,000 00. Notes and Cheques of other Banks: 1,209,602 80. Balances due from other Banks in Canada: 548,570 29. Balance due by London Agents: 182,337 54. Balances due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom: 678,909 02. Provincial Government Securities: 94,296 37. Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian: 671,028 79. Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks: 3,332,217 51. Loans on Call secured by Stocks and Debentures: 4,121,069 18. Bills Discounted and Advances Current: \$21,409,271 20. Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for): 9,995 26. Real Estate, other than Bank Premises: 43,106 55. Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank: 6,000 00. Bank Premises: 425,000 00. Other Assets not included under foregoing heads: 8,028 70. Total: \$35,745,198 35.

T. G. BROUGH, General Manager. Toronto, 31st December, 1903.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.—Only the tent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, 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 po-

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APR. 30-DEC. 1, 1904. Philippine exhibit, cost \$1,000,000, 40 acres. Special exhibits by Hawaii, Guam and Porto Rico. CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, FLORIDA, One Way and Round Trip Tourist Tickets are on Sale Daily. Choice of Routes and Stop over Privileges at Principal Points. Grand Trunk Trains make direct connection at Chicago with all Railways for the Famous Winter Resorts. For Tickets, Pullman Reservations and all information apply to Agents Grand Trunk Railway System, J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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REMOVAL NOTICE Mr. T. Harry Trimble the optician has removed his offices from cor. of Yonge and Shuter Sts. to the Dineen Bldg. Take the Elevator.

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# THE SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

## Considered and Criticized by John Morley—War Past and War Threatened

London, Jan. 18.—Mr. Morley, M.P., visited the Montrose Burghs, visited his constituency to-day and addressed two meetings in Arbroath. In the afternoon within the public hall he was presented by the Corporation with the freedom of the burgh in recognition of his eminent literary and public services, and to mark the warm appreciation by the community of the honor done to them in his having inscribed to them his "Life of Gladstone."

Mr. Morley, having been presented with the burgess ticket, enclosed in a silver casket, and having added his name to the burgess roll of the ancient and Royal burgh, said nothing could give him more satisfaction than to know that he had been able to present a picture of Mr. Gladstone showing that he was a whole man from the beginning to the end of his career, that one set of principles animated him from first to last, and that one set of objects prompted actions which were the least favourably understood by many of the people of this country. Cardinal Manning once said to him (Mr. Morley) that Lord Salisbury had said to him Mr. Gladstone was an ardent Italian in the custody of the Scotsman. He thought it was an improvement on that to describe him as having been a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander. Whether he had too much of the Highlander and too little of the Lowlander was a delicate question; but the fact remained that he was a pure Scot, with, however, the benefits and advantages of English education and English associations, and the habits of English public life.

In the evening Mr. Morley addressed a meeting of his constituents. Provost Grant presided.

Mr. Morley, who was received with loud cheers, said: We see to-day a Government which, instead of having a commander and officers and a crew on a great battleship—we see the Admiral with a set of scratch officers on a raft (laughter). To anybody who follows affairs in the Far East and who knows and can trace out all the possibilities of a vast and dangerous conflagration to the nations of the earth, how they may take fire from a conflagration springing from places far nearer home than Japan or China—I say that no man who feels all the anxieties which such a prospect must inspire could be glad to find that the affairs of his country are in charge of men on a raft (laughter). I am a little dismayed when I find a great organ of opinion in this country, I won't say encouraging, but certainly

### NOT DISCOURAGING, JAPAN

from entering into what must be not only for her, not only for Russia, but for other countries, including ourselves, most serious action. I trust the admirable language of the Czar of Russia, when he said the other day, "I am for peace"—the language of the autocrat—will find an echo in the language of the oldest and greatest democracy in Europe, namely, our own (cheers). I cannot find myself standing here without remembering

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

(hear, hear), because as many of you may recollect, it was standing here in September, 1899, I uttered a voice of warning. Time will show, I believe, that already there is a movement of opinion in the direction which I and you took in this hall 4½ years ago. But, having been parties at all events to the destruction of the old fabric of government in South Africa, having been parties to making that land the scene of havoc and confusion and waste and misery and suffering, we cannot turn our eyes from the results of our action. We are bound to look now at what is going on in South Africa (cheers). I do not believe that any of our Conservative friends will deny that the result in South Africa is to say the least of it, extremely disappointing in two particulars. You were promised that there would be a fusion and a harmony and settling down between the Dutch and the British races in South Africa. But is it so? That was one thing. Is it so? It is not so, because what do you read? There is an election going on, or just coming off, in Cape Colony, and the prominent of the "Times" said of this election that instead of Dutch and British settling down, "The Dutch are well aware that the present electoral struggle is one for life and death. They have realized that if they lose now they will have to give up their ambition of an independent South Africa, and so the struggle really resolves itself into a fight for British or Dutch supremacy in South Africa." Therefore—and the "Times" itself, in an article upon that letter, admits it—the struggle which was to have been completely ended by the wiping out of the Transvaal and the South African Republic, which was the focus of resistance to British supremacy—the struggle is not ended. That is one disappointment. Now, another. You all remember that one of the lives which worked very strongly with honest minds in relation to that war was that there would be

### A GREAT OPENING FOR BRITISH LABOR

In the newly acquired colonies (cheers). Yes, I am glad you all recognize that that was so. How about British labour to-day? Why, this is the second disappointment. It is a complete delusion, and it is not only a sort of rainbow, spectral illusion, but there is a very solid and substantial ogre now in view, and that is Chinese labour (hear, hear). Now, I am, above all things keen for recognizing the rights of our colonies to manage their own affairs (cheers). I am keen for that. I suppose, by the way, if a British Colony were to take it into its head to introduce Mormonism, I suppose we should say something (laughter). Now, the proposal is that there are to be indentured laborers from China to do that work which Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen were to be invited to do, and which it was supposed they would flock over to do; but now, just listen to what is to be the case of this indentured Chinaman, that is to be his position. He is to be imported over there to work

the gold mines. He is not to settle the country. He can't stop there more than three or five years. He is not to compete with skilled labor of any kind. He is to work at unskilled work and nothing else. He is not to mix with the population. He must not reside in the premises where he is employed, and he must never leave them without a permit, and that permit could not be for more than 48 hours, and if he is found by a policeman without a passport and without a permit outside of his own little area the policeman can then and there lock him up. What happens to him after he is locked up I do not know (laughter); but even those who advocate

### CHINESE LABOR

admit that the lot of the Chinese laborer does not promise to be a very gay or a very happy one (laughter). I wonder if it won't occur to you what a piece of irony this situation has brought about by the action in which British colonists took a fighting part—British colonists who in their own countries—in Australia or any other colonies—won't allow a Chinaman to set his foot. Does not that strike you as rather ironical, that the result of all their efforts has been to set up a situation in South Africa that they would not tolerate for one single moment in their own countries (cheers)? We are told that that war was justified by the necessity of opposing—what?

### THE RETROGRADE CIVILIZATION OF THE BOERS

—that we were going to introduce a civilized policy against their retrograde civilization. Is Chinese labor civilized or is it retrograde? Well, then, do not let us say that that war was justified because we were going to erect a great civilization against retrograde civilization. A great argument during the time of the war was that you would have a united South Africa. I cannot but think that where you find in South Africa two civilizations standing side by side, one with Chinese labor which our Colonists will not have in their own land, and the other Cape Colony particularly resisting the idea of Chinese labor, you will then have two types of society, and instead of unification you will have opposition. Why is it? They say there are millions and millions of British capital invested in these gold mines, and those who put in their money want dividends (laughter). They can wait (laughter).

### NOW FOR FISCAL

(laughter). I observe the other day a gentleman of some authority writing, said an American banker had said to him, "Why you are beginning to show the white flag at the very moment when relief was coming in sight to you," meaning by that that in the United States there is a policy of those of us who observed American affairs are well aware, there is a very strong reaction, a very strong suspicion as to whether on the whole, whatever the past has been, whether the Protectionist policy has not been carried too far. We always wish there was a more assured trade and a more abundant trade. We all wish that the adverse tariffs should gradually fall. But do not let us, because we suffer inconvenience and mischief—do not let us, because we see all the results from these tariffs, do not let us give a plunge into an imitation policy of these very tariffs without thinking carefully by chapter and verse exactly what we are going to do and what good what we are going to do will have on the mischiefs complained of (cheers). I had

### A VERY HOMEY ILLUSTRATION

given to me the other day by a friend of mine, a member of Parliament, who had been walking about a week, I think, in Leeds, who came across a confectioner with a great store of sweets. The confectioner said to him, "We used to sell 6 cwt. a week when we were able to sell them at threepence a pound." Then came the sugar duty, which enabled them, or compelled them—I don't know how it was—to raise the price 1d. per lb., and the effect of that rise from 3d. to 4d. was to send down the sale from 6 cwt. to 3 cwt., and even when they lowered their price afterwards the sale did not come back to anything like it was before. That is a very homey and trivial illustration of a well-known law that a very small alteration in price makes an instant proportionate difference in the demand of goods that is not easily covered. I am told by another friend, who is in a large trade, that the mere change from a shilling to thirteen pence makes all the difference in the market. Don't forget this and must mean, and cannot mean, the root of the matter, that the whole of this new policy does mean, anything else but a rise in the price of goods, and that this rise is the keystone of the whole arch of the new policy of restriction (cheers).

### I DO NOT BELIEVE RETALIATION

is a practical policy. What a monstrous thing it is to say that the American merchant should be able to come and dump down their iron in Yorkshire. I know it may be disagreeable, but how is the Government of Great Britain to go to the President of the United States and say to him—"A certain firm at Pittsburgh is sending goods to England, which we think is unfair." What does the President of the United States say? How can he prevent Smith buying from Brown, and say "you being an American, we can't allow you to send your goods over to Great Britain?" That is only one illustration of the difficulty, the impracticability, of what they call retaliation. Of course the subject wants and may receive further examination, but depend upon it you cannot practically retaliate on such a scale as to meet any of the mischiefs from which you profess to be suffering (cheers).

### THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT

does not seem to recognize the gravity of the issue that has been raised, and does not seem to recognize the responsibility and duty that is upon him and upon his shoulders for lead-

ing the country (cheers). The man I don't understand is the statesman who neither will remain quiet on the land on which this country has prospered, who won't adventure forth into the uncharted ocean with the daring of the navigator, but who invites his party and the country, which is more important, on to neither land nor sea, but on to quaking bog (loud cheers). When the time of trial does really commence it won't be the first time that the head of a Government has been deceived by the voice of organizations. I have only too good reason to remember that (laughter). In the year 1886 the organization went with us in favor of

### THE GREAT IRISH QUESTION

but the country two of three months after showed they were not for the organizations and were not with us, but that they were dead against us, and so I suspect the country will show now (cheers). There was an election the other day (cheers) in the Cathedral city of Norwich, and I am sure you all turned with expectancy to the surprising result of that election (cheers). Now, to these electors, both the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain had sent what were called watchwords (laughter). Balfour said, "Your watchwords are union reform." Chamberlain said, "More employment for the masses and closer union with the Empire." Well, but

### THESE NORWICH ELECTORS

were rude enough by a majority of 4,000 to vote both against union reform and more employment for the masses, although I suppose a proportion of these voters were what are called masses. That was all rejected. They were told Liberal prodromance—which they know is coming (laughter)—is the death-blow to the Empire. By a majority of four thousand they dealt that death-blow to the Empire without a man (laughter), and they feel apparently that the Empire would be just as safe in the hands—shall I say of Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and those whom these two distinguished and faithful men (cheers) have gathered round them—quite as safe as in the hands of the heroes of the War Commission Report (great laughter). I say

### TO RAISE THE PRICE OF FOOD

is dangerous, impolitic and inhuman (cheers). I do not believe, moreover, in this country, our position being what it is, so complex, you can touch either preferential charges or retaliation or protection without raising the price of food, and without raising the cost of living. They say wages will go up. Well, I doubt very much whether they will. Supposing wages do go up, and the cost of living has been increased, how will the rise in wages make up for the increased cost of living to clerks, to ministers of religion, to shopkeepers, to doctors, to people living on small investments? They will suffer without compensation. This policy will fetter enterprise; it will loosen the foundation of the majestic and mighty structure of British credit; and much worse—worst of all—it is setting a bad example, a pernicious example to countries that have already gone on the wrong track and were showing some signs of reverting to the right track, and that we of old people in the world, who have taught foreign countries our representative system, who have taught foreign countries to imitate even the very rules of our great National Assembly who have taught the blessings of religious freedom, and who have shown by our example and our position at this moment the advantage and the blessings of commercial freedom—that we should set this example of a fierce-eyed Eagle, with my eye's sweep. And tell all other nations how far off they must keep; For I'm the Bird that fulminates the doctrine of Monroe. While all about the world on wretched piracies I go. My catch-word I call "Duty," which I shout with pious ire. But I only have that species that matches with Desire; So when the rape of Poland I ventured to eclipse, I swiped in fierce Hawaii, and wiped my robber lips. Then thinking of Monroe, of course, I made a change of scenes, I saw my sacred "Duty," and I stole the Philippines; What cared I for our Fathers, and their boasted Rights of Man? Should they not take who have the power, and keep whoever can? At any rate, it's awkward for some patriot to inquire; He ought to know my "Duty" always tallies with Desire; So long as Naboth's vineyard looms before my eager sight, My virtuous phylacteries must be measured by my Might. I know too much to do these tricks to any but the weak, And so I say "to Christianize" the feeble states I seek; A few ill-balanced ministers give thanks for what I do, And my pure chief at Washington talks of pure morals, too! But lately, still on "Duty" bent, Colombia I besought, And found the finest thing she had was not so easy bought; And when I'd parleyed briefly, I snuffed the air, "Ha! Ha!" I'll snatch from her her jeweled state, the longed-for Panama. I can now sing "Hail Columbia," for I've haled her for my weal, The deed serves just my purpose, though a monumental steal; Of course, the nations grin at me. From some loud curses flow. But still I'm soundly orthodox, and blather of Monroe. Not Washington, but Walker, the blue-eyed buccaner, Is now my type of Hero. To-day he should be here, To see me posed as Pecksniff and with sanctimonious ire, Doing my sacred "Duty" when it betresses Desire. —Joel Benton.

# Emigration of Catholic Children to Canada

His Lordship Dr. Hiley, Bishop of Birmingham, has received a report from Father Hudson, of Colchester, who has just returned to Birmingham after enquiring into the emigration of Catholic children to Canada, together with a supplementary report on the Catholic children emigrated by Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P.

In the course of the report Fr. Hudson states: During the three weeks I was in Canada I was able to visit, in their own homes, a large number of Catholic emigrated children, scattered over the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, and was thus able to gain a very fair insight into the life and prospects of the children. I was also able to obtain interviews with several of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of the different provinces, and with many of the parish priests, and found them all most sympathetic; also with several prominent officials connected with the Government Immigration Department.

As a result of my visit I am quite convinced of the great advantages to our children of emigration to Canada. They go to a country that is mostly Catholic, where the standard of morals and temperance is much higher than in England; they are withdrawn from the temptations of city life; they live an open-air life and grow up strong and healthy men and women; they lose all trace of the slums and take their place side by side with Canadian children; they are treated by their employers with kindness, often with a real devotion; they can always find good work and receive good wages; and when they reach the age of 18, with one or two hundred dollars in hand, they can take up

### A FREE GRANT OF 160 ACRES.

of land in Manitoba, the richest and most fertile province of the Dominion.

The children themselves are happy and contented; they look healthy and well fed; they are well clothed, and their comfort is amply considered; they like their work, and speak with affection of their employers; they have no desire to return to England.

The great majority of the children are doing well. This is the statement of most of the clergy, of the Government officials, of the visitors of the children, and of the employers. It is borne out by my own experience. Out of the hundred or so children I was able to visit I only found one who was unsatisfactory—a girl who is now in a Good Shepherd Convent. In many instances the success of the children has induced their friends to follow them out; while

### THE DEMAND FOR CHILDREN

still increases—an eloquent proof of the satisfaction which the children already sent out have given. But it is not every child who will succeed in Canada, nor will all succeed as they should unless their progress is fostered by the Emigration Society that sends them out. There are three conditions of success: 1. Careful selection. 2. Careful placing. 3. Regular visiting. During this year, the first of its existence, one Catholic Emigration Society has sent out 215 children. This is not too many for one agent to visit. But as the number grows a second or even a third visitor will become necessary. I would suggest that the country be divided into districts, and that each year the visitors change their districts; this would add variety to the work, encourage a spirit of healthy emulation among the visitors, and check on the work, and give to the visitors the opportunity of comparing each year their reports on the children.

There remains the question of organization. There are two Catholic Emigration Societies in England—the Canadian Catholic Emigration Society and the Catholic Emigrating Association. Each society sends out about 200 children yearly. The Canadian Catholic Emigration Society has a receiving Home at Ottawa; the Catholic Emigrating Association one at Montreal. Both work for the same object and on similar lines, but have necessarily different staffs. It is earnestly to be hoped in the interests of the children, that the

### TWO SOCIETIES WILL UNITE

so as to form one Catholic Emigration Society for the whole of England. Negotiations are being conducted at present with this object; we sincerely pray that they may be successful, and that in the strength and efficiency that spring from unity, the work of Catholic child emigration may leave nothing to be desired.

### SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

Father Hudson says: In the year 1898 nine Catholic children were sent out; they were all handed over to his Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, who undertook to provide for them. During the years 1899 to 1903 twelve Catholic children were sent out; these were placed out in situations by Mr. Middlemore.

In visiting these children I was accompanied by Mr. Cecil Arden, hon. agent of

### THE CATHOLIC EMIGRATING ASSOCIATION.

whose advice and experience I found invaluable. We were able to visit all the children placed out by Mr. Middlemore, and most of the children entrusted to the care of the Archbishop of Halifax. In nearly every case we were also able to interview the employer of the child and the parish priest. We also obtained interviews with the Archbishop of Halifax, and the Bishops of St. John and Antigonish; also with Mr. Middlemore's agents, who were most kind in helping us to see the children.

The nine children entrusted to the care of the Archbishop of Halifax were placed by him in St. Patrick's Orphanage, Hal-



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Consecration does not mean narrowness. Men are too apt to forget that sin against God is sin against man. The people who help us most are those who make light of our achievements and have faith in our possibilities.

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Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely-noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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**Painkiller**

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller—"PERRY DAVIS"



A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

CHAPTER I.

The Milbury stage lumbered creakily up the hill, and drew up beneath the big maples in front of the post-office at Merwin's Four Corners.

"Amos thinks o' goin' down t' Milbury with y' t'-day, I b'lieve. He'll be right along now in a minnit, I guess. He's a-sayin' good-by to his mother."

The stage driver, startled out of his ordinary indifference, stared inquisitively at the Squire.

"Is Amos a-goin' t' quit farmin'?" he asked, in surprise. "How'll y' ever git on without him hayin' season, Squire?"

The Squire rubbed his bearded chin thoughtfully. "I guess I'll git along 'bout s' well alone," he said at last.

"What's Amos calculatin' t' do down the Milbury?" asked the driver, with poignant interest.

"He's a-goin' t' learn printin'," answered the Squire, shamefacedly. "None o' t' Merwins vuz ever printers ez I've heard tell of, but Amos he's considerable set on it."

"At this point a tall, thin lad appeared at the front door of the farmhouse. The Squire hurried up the path to assist him to bring down the small, shabby hair-trunk which held all of Amos' worldly possessions."

"I reckon t' Althought'll be along this afternoon," he remarked, in a matter-of-fact way. "Hope he will. We need him bad."

"The Squire had predicted, the Althought turned up that very day, and proved himself directly a valuable acquisition on the farm."

"At the end of two years Amos returned to the Corners, and found that important changes had occurred during his absence. The old cider mill had been abandoned, and a new one built further down the stream."

"Amos scarcely recognized the place as he walked slowly up the gravelled path leading to the house. The doorway was as trimly kept as the fine lawns at Milbury; beds of flaming geranium blazed here and there in the smooth, green grass."

"The Afterthought, having decided that his cousin would interfere less with the work of the farm if he were established in the old cider mill, moved Amos' printing effects down there with characteristic celerity."

"Amos himself, with his accustomed indefiniteness, offered no objections to the plan, and moved in calmly into the rickety, weather-stained old building whose interior the spiders had tapestried with delicate lace-work."

dusty sunlight, while the round, brown little weaver sat patiently waiting for unwary flies in the centre of his own magnificence. The similarity of his own destiny rushed across Amos as he watched the wonderful wheel the spider had spun in this forgotten corner of the abandoned cider mill."

"The Afterthought cast a rapid glance upon him as he passed by the open door on his way to the orchard, and went on in contemptuous silence. Being a man of action himself, he was wont to measure the rest of the world by deeds accomplished, and for a grown man who wasted a whole morning staring dreamily at a dusty, cobwebbed window, he had only fathomless pity. Therefore, he felt no surprise when Amos announced the final settlement of the establishment of the 'Weekly Mercury'."

"But the editor himself counted the world well lost, and was at peace with all mankind. Outside his dusky windows he heard the soothing murmur of the little brook rippling over the stones, intermittedly broken by the drone of bees. It formed a soft, rhythmic undertone to the sharp clicking of type in the stick, and eased the drudgery of his work."

"Day after day he stood patiently before his case setting type, and walking the treadmill of the foot-press, but from its foundation until his death the editor never failed to issue the 'Weekly Mercury' promptly every Thursday noon."

"At first the subscription list had been a meagre one, the neighboring farmers regarding the enterprise with natural suspicion, but later, through the efforts of the Afterthought, who with affable condescension contributed a 'Farmers' Column' now and then, the journal began to thrive."

"Amos scrupulously restrained his own longings, and moulded the sheet in the interest of the subscribers. Love for the craft of the printer was in his blood, and he delighted even in setting up dull items relating to poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his desk was filled with stories, poems, and essays of his own composition, which at rare intervals he risked anonymously upon his somewhat phlegmatic public."

"He had written a poem in the moonlight on that evening when he had wandered into the woods filled with their indescribable, fragrant coolness, and as he sat upon a fallen tree-trunk intoxicated by the clear, serene beauty of the night, a dark object suddenly moved slowly across his path, and he became aware that the Afterthought and one of the summer boarders had paused directly before him in the bright moonlight."

"Amos shrank horrified into the shadows as he saw the girl's head resting affectionately upon the Afterthought's shoulder, an expression on her moonlit features that he had never seen on any one's face before. It made her so glorious as she stood there in the brilliant, white light that he caught his breath in sheer amazement."

"The Afterthought bent his head and kissed her laughing lips, and together they moved away slowly. Amos remained silently on his log until long after midnight."

"The next morning Amos startled his mother, who often brought her work and knitted silently beside him as he stood at his case, by reading an original poem to her, and asking her opinion of it timidly. She beamed benignantly at him over her spectacles."

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progressed he had risked more and more of his own poetry into the columns of the 'Weekly Mercury,' with the result that he and his journal were hopelessly exiled in the very heart of his native town. The Squire had made strenuous efforts to secure a position for his cousin on one of the prosperous daily newspapers of Merwinville, but Amos was regarded as too eccentric a character to be desirable in a modern business office, and the Squire's efforts proved fruitless."

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he had actually set up the date for the next issue of the paper! His mind must have been extraordinarily clear to do that. "When do you think he died?" asked the Squire.

"Probably about five o'clock," answered the doctor, reflectively. "You see, they couldn't find him for some time. The nurse being a stranger, knew nothing of his habits. I believe one of the servants at the hotel suggested looking for him at the old cider mill."

"Poor old Amos!" said the Squire, pityingly. "He must have died just at the time they brought me the telegram announcing my nomination for Governor."

"Who is that white-faced old man Outside, at the window-pane, That muttered and sighed, as away he ran Into the sleep and rain, Crying to some one behind; Calling to some one before; One whom he cannot find, One who will come no more?"

That old man has sisters three: One he has never seen; On a throne of roses afar sits she, And the whole world owns her a queen; But out of her riches and power Nothing has she to spare— Not so much as a flower— For the lonesome wanderer there.

One sister beside him delayed, And tries his thin fingers to hold; But the storm her garments shrouded and frayed, And she sank benumbed with the cold. And ever he prays and cries, And ever her silence grieves; Behind him, alas! she lies Buried in golden leaves.

One happy young face before Looks back, between cloud and drift, With a sudden smile, and is seen no more; And the pilgrim follows, swift As a flash of the noonday light; With wail and reproach and shout He follows through day and night, Till again the face peeps out.

This fairest sister of all Will laugh in the old man's face, Will challenge him onward with merry call, To measure with her a race. Till weary and lame, he falls, Amid rosebuds and springing fern; She flies with the wind; he calls; But never will she return.

For the pale-faced pilgrim without Is Winter, the lonesome king, Calling back to Autumn with weary shout. And hurrying on toward Spring, As Summer rules over the flowers, Over ice and snow reigns he; Lo! there at the pane he glowers, And shakes his white sceptre—see! —Lucy Larcom.

Midwinter "Who is that white-faced old man Outside, at the window-pane, That muttered and sighed, as away he ran Into the sleep and rain, Crying to some one behind; Calling to some one before; One whom he cannot find, One who will come no more?"

That old man has sisters three: One he has never seen; On a throne of roses afar sits she, And the whole world owns her a queen; But out of her riches and power Nothing has she to spare— Not so much as a flower— For the lonesome wanderer there.

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How to Love a Girl "All girls like to be loved, but they are not all alike, and care should be taken to discriminate among the many varieties. In making love to an old maid, the preliminaries only are necessary. Give her a fair start, and she will do the rest. Remember that she is making up for lost time, and hold on tight, and shut your eyes. As long as she has taken the cue, don't fear the result. You needn't do a thing. When she is young and innocent, and with no experience, get up early every morning and watch her doorstep. There are others on the trail, and if you wish to be an active member of the club, you must do your share of the work. If she accepts flowers and fruit readily, don't get too gay. This is only your privilege. And when you feel that you cannot stand it any longer, tell her so, and leave the rest to her. She will be your teacher. You needn't do a thing. With a widow, be calm and unmoved in the face of danger. You are in for it, and don't get rattled. Sit around where you can be reached, and submit to everything. But remember that, so far as you are concerned, there is nothing doing. It won't be necessary. If she is a tall, straight blonde, with lustrous eyes and a large, open smile, don't allow your feelings to overcome you. Do the right thing and wait. She will see that you are well taken care of. Or if she is any other kind of a girl it doesn't matter. Don't do a thing yourself. She will do the rest. No matter how slow you may be, have no fear of the ultimate result. But be sure of one thing. Before beginning, get a million or so.—Tom Masson, in February Smart Set.

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstance the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

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What shrunk your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Successful Mission in Perth

Perth, Jan. 25th, 1904.

One of the most successful missions ever held in the Parish of St. John the Baptist, Perth, and given by the Paulist Fathers, represented by Rev. Fathers Kennedy and McCorry, closed on Sunday, the 24th inst., after having continued for two weeks. It was what is known as a divided mission, that is one week was devoted to the women and one week to the men of the parish. The announcement had been made in due time by the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Davis, and as a consequence all were well prepared for what was to follow. This mission opened on Sunday, the 10th inst., with High Mass and needless to say was well attended. Far and near the people availed themselves of the graces and blessings promised them by a faithful attendance at the sermons morning and evening. To say that the exercises were well attended would be but to give a very faint idea of the number that crowded the church even at the early hour of five o'clock. Every available spot was utilized; the greatest hospitality was shown to all, gallery, vestries, sanctuaries were all thrown open to any wishing to avail themselves of them. The conduct of the mission by the reverend fathers was entirely different from any held here before. Under their instructions a large cross had been constructed, as also a platform; these were placed in the sanctuary immediately inside of the communion railing and from this platform, surmounted as it was with the cross, the reverend fathers gave their instructions and preached. The cross was also draped with linen thrown loosely over it. The effect of the priest on the platform and in the shadow of the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the cross, was in itself sublime, while the immediate surroundings certainly lent a feeling of impressiveness to the words of the reverend fathers. To hear the first sermon would create a desire to hear all if possible. Masses were celebrated each day at five and eight o'clock in the morning and a short instruction was given after each. In the evening at half past seven o'clock a short instruction of explanation of some Catholic doctrine was first given, followed by the recitation of the Rosary. Afterwards a sermon was preached and the devotions were always concluded by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. This order was observed throughout the mission with the exception that on the first five days of the second week after the eight o'clock Mass a short instruction was given to the children and also during the second week instead of the short instruction preceding the recitation of the Rosary in the evening that interval was devoted to the "Question Box" and from the number and variety of the questions placed therein it was manifest that the interest in Catholic Doctrine, by those outside the fold, was on the increase even in the town of Perth. Confessions were held beginning on Wednesday of each week, and when it is stated that nearly fourteen hundred were heard, some idea of the zeal and devotion of the people of the parish can be had, particularly so as there are in all about fourteen hundred communicants in the Parish. The earnestness and unflinching attention with which the reverend fathers performed their work was sufficient incentive, had any been needed, to arouse enthusiasm and ardour in those for whom they worked. Though possessing in common zeal and endurance of the missionary yet each differs from the other in manner and oratorical style and thus each by contrast intensifies the work of the other. The opening discourse on "Faith" was followed among others by sermons on "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" "I am the good Shepherd, etc.," "Mortal Sin," "Confession," "Death and Judgment," "Hell," "Purity" and "Temperance."

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that was the only way to avoid the inevitable destruction of soul and body, which must necessarily follow the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

Father McCorry speaks with the clear enunciation, perfect modulation, eloquence of language and ease of gesture which characterizes the finished speaker. No simile, no metaphor is too bold for his imagination and by a judicious use thereof great effect is given to his utterances. Father Kennedy is an orator who, endowed by nature with a good voice, a commanding appearance and fine physique, avails himself of any external object to illustrate his words. His address on Sunday evening was at the close of the mission when he admonished the faithful to continue and persevere in the good works which they had so nobly and diligently practised throughout the mission was such as to create a profound impression on the minds of his hearers and in the grand tableau he presented on the renewal of the congregation of their baptismal promises when he besought our Lord to look down and bless the good people of the Parish of St. John the Baptist, Perth, his actions being accompanied by the most fervid and touching words, the effect was such as to form a sublime climax to what was throughout a masterpiece. Particularly touching were his words after the sermon, when he bade goodbye to the congregation and asked them to pray for the missionary Fathers. He thanked the reverend and zealous pastor, Father Davis, for the kindness he had shown the missionaries, first in taking them to give a mission in his parish and seconded during their stay in the parish. He also thanked the organist and choir for the valuable services throughout the mission, particularly so in view of the fact that they were present every morning at five o'clock. During the mission the ladies of the Altar Society had religious articles, books, etc., for sale, and these were blessed on stated occasions throughout the services. An exceedingly large number of books, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," "Clearing the Way," and "The Question Box" were sold.

As a fitting finale to the men's mission the Catholic societies attended High Mass on Sunday, the 24th inst., the centre aisle being reserved for their accommodation. The procession started out from the Young Men's Catholic Club rooms and was made up as follows: 1. The Juvenile Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters; (2) the Young Men's Catholic Club; (3) the Ancient Order of Hibernians; (4) the Catholic Order of Foresters; (5) the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. In all over 300 men and boys were in line and the sign presented was such as to testify to the fact that Catholics and Catholicity is certainly on the increase in Perth.

Perhaps the most pleasing picture of all was lent to the occasion by the presence of His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, who arrived on Saturday, the 23rd inst., to be present at the closing exercises of the mission. Words could not express the pleasure and gratitude of the congregation by His Grace's act, as his coming was only at a very great inconvenience to himself personally, but also on account of the inclemency of the weather. The Pappal Benediction was given by His Grace, but before doing so he addressed the large congregation. He said that no words of his could express the feelings of gratitude and pride which he left regarding the good people of the Parish of Perth. When he had been assured by the missionary fathers that notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the almost impassible condition of the roads and the many inconveniences which had to be endured by the congregation that the exercises even at the very early hour of five o'clock, again at eight o'clock, and also in the evening were well attended, even beyond the fondest expectations, his heart swelled within him with pride for their devotedness to the Church of Christ. This was only what he had expected to find in the good old parish, because he had been assured by former devoted pastors as well as by their present zealous pastor, that no more devout, God-fearing and sacrificing Catholics could be found than are to be found in the Parish of Perth and from his personal knowledge of the parish his views on those lines were only confirmed by what he saw and heard. He said that it was always his delight to be present at a mission, not only in his own diocese, but also in any other where it was at all possible. Continuing, he said that a mission to him had more than a passing significance because it was at a mission given by the Paulist Fathers when he was yet a mere boy scarce fifteen years old that he made the resolve, after praying for grace, and guidance, to become with God's help one of his Apostles by serving Him in his sacred priesthood. His father who had so faithfully performed their work in connection with the mission. He further said that the grandest sight he had ever witnessed in the parish was presented by the action of the Catholic Societies attending High Mass in a body. This in itself was the grandest manifestation of faith that could possibly take place in a parish and it was a great consolation to himself as well as to their devoted pastor to know that the hands of faith were strengthened by such a solid phalanx of God-fearing, devoted and true Catholic men. He closed what was throughout a grand and instructive discourse by imparting the Pappal Benediction.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, followed by the blessing of religious articles and the singing of a Te Deum, brought to a close one of the grandest and most successful missions ever held in St. John's Church, Perth.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelec's Vegetable Pills because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

PERSONAL.

Owing to an oversight on the part of our foreman the advertisement of Mr. T. Harry Trimble, the optician, did not appear in our last issue. Mr. Trimble has lately removed his office to the Dineen Building. See his ad. in another column.

BALD KNOB SNOWSLIDE

"Of course I am going to be brave about it!" Honor said, holding fast to the lapels of her father's overcoat. "Did you think I would fret and cry as if we weren't partners in business? If there isn't money enough to carry out the plans of the firm, then the firm must make retrenchments. Here's your lantern. Be careful on the step there, dear. Will you want some coffee when you come back?"

Her father turned at the foot of the steps to look back at her bright face, framed in the light in the doorway. "Not to-night," he said. "I'll be back before ten. Don't wait if you're tired."

Honor shut the door, and mended the fire, and hung up the tea-towel carefully before she dropped into a chair by the table, hiding her face in her arms. It was necessary to be brave in the presence of her father, who had had more than enough of sorrow and disappointment in his life. But when a girl is safely alone she may surely be allowed to cry over the downfall of her dearest plans.

Honor had kept up a home for her father, in this two-roomed log cabin at the edge of a Montana mining camp for the three years since her mother's death. She still had memories of the city life which her people had left when she was a girl of ten. The rough life of the mountains, drifting from camp to camp as he found employment in assaying, had agreed very well with her father, building up his feeble health. But the mother had pined away beneath the hardships and homesickness.

After she was left alone, Honor began to dream the dream which had brightened these last three years. She would go to a normal school and fit herself for teaching, and in due time she would find a situation where she might make a home for herself and her father, taking him from the rough, strange world of the mining camp into that other world of culture and beauty for which her soul was hungry. She had studied faithfully, and the little fund set aside for her expenses had been growing steadily, until the realization of her dream seemed very near. But to-night her father had told her, very sadly, of a reduction in salary and an increase in other expenses, which must postpone her schooling for another year at least.

"Never mind!" she said to herself at last, lifting her head from her arms. "It will come some day, and meanwhile I'm going to make the cabin a bit of real home for father. That means, at present, to finish my ironing. I want to have my sash curtains up by sunrise to-morrow. We're the only family in camp that have white curtains, and we'll have to maintain our reputation."

She went back and forth at her work, singing to herself resolutely, through more than once she dashed a suspicious moisture from her lashes. Once she paused by the tiny window, peering out anxiously into the darkness.

"I wish father hadn't been obliged to go to work to-night," she thought. "Mr. Weston might wait a few hours more for that report! I heard some of the men to-day talking about snowslides. But we haven't had any this winter, and I don't believe they will come now. I wish we didn't live where there were snowslides and mine accidents and smelter accidents and no doctors to speak of!"

At nine o'clock she folded the last piece of ironing, and set the flat-irons carefully on the ledge to cool. As she came back to the table a dull noise struck her ear faint at first, but horribly familiar. She sank on her knees, clutching at the ledge of the window for support, while the cabin rocked beneath the sudden roar, and sweep of the avalanche thundering past, not fifteen feet to the right. The branches of a tall pine, carried down on the extreme edge of the slide, crashed through the window beside which Honor knelt, grazing her shoulder, but she felt no pain.

Before the roar of the slide had died away as it dashed itself against the opposite wall of the canyon, Honor had sprung to her feet, and was tearing madly at the fastenings of the door, which, twisted in the jarring of the cabin, refused to open at first. A sudden gleam of light seemed to stream across her mind, lighting up hidden motives and half-concealed wishes, revealing in terrible clearness a depth of selfishness where she had thought herself most unselfish.

"Father! father!" she sobbed, straining her fingers at the key. "How could I ever think of leaving you here? How could I dare to be sorry when you said I must stay?"

The door gave way at last, and she let herself down the steps, creeping through the branches of the fallen pine, and making her way into the open road across the snow. She looked out over the clearing toward the group of company buildings, a few hundred feet down the slope. The office was standing, and the dark bulk of the great boarding-house, from

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which groups of men were pouring with flickering lanterns and hoarse shouts which came to her across the snow. But the smaller building, which contained her father's office and workroom, had stood directly in the track of the slide. It was blotted out completely—whether crushed beneath the mass of rock and snow or carried on with it, she could not see.

"Father! father!" she cried again, trying to gather strength to hurry toward the boarding-house. But her feet failed her, and she sank on the snow. "Here, Honor!" rank out a voice from the darkness, and her father's arms were around her, lifting her tenderly. "Thank God, you're safe, and the cabin, too! I had just left the office and stepped into the boarding-house when the slide came. No, not a soul hurt this time, for a miracle. It just swept down between the main office and the boarding-house—carried off the kitchen, but Sing Lee was in the dining-room. He's sputtering down there now, because he won't

have any stove to get breakfast on to-morrow. No more will I have any chance of assaying for a week, at least!"

Honor clung to his arm, laughing and crying, while they went up to the cabin together. She tried to tell him of the regret and self-reproach that had overwhelmed her, but he would not listen.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It's no wonder you wanted to get out of this country. But you must rest to-night, and keep quiet, and we'll have a good time together while this vacation of mine lasts."

They did have a good time, and the vacation made necessary by the repair of the assay office lasted more than a week. The spring came on while they were waiting, and the sweet, early mountain flowers began to bloom, pushing up the side of snowdrifts. Honor sat with a handful of these in her lap one day, arranging them in a little glass of water. She was thinking that there were compensations, after all, in this mountain world.

"Honor," her father said, coming in. "I've something to tell you."

She looked up at him almost in fear, for his voice shook. "I didn't want to tell you until it was all settled, but I've just signed the papers. It was the slide that did it—in two ways. It came around the edge of Bald Knob, and tore away a bit of ground, and uncovered the prettiest lead of ore that was ever seen in this part of the country, and it smashed my office, and left me free to go browsing about among the hills and find my claim and stake it out. No, don't look so worried! I'm not going to stay here and develop it in opposition to the company. They have been too good to me for that, and, besides, I've been thinking about you. I've sold out to the company and it's enough to take care of us. You can go to school whenever you like. Honor put her arms around his neck.

"What a beautiful snowslide it was to make you rich, dear!" she said. "But it did more than that for me, father. It showed me how rich I was before!"

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE North American Life Assurance Company HOME OFFICE 112-118 King Street West, - - TORONTO

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1903

Dec. 31, 1903.—To Net Ledger Assets, \$4,773,785 35

RECEIPTS

Dec. 31, 1903.—To cash for Premiums, \$1,132,616 91  
—To cash on Investments, 248,746 78  
\$1,381,363 69

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 31, 1903.—By payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc., \$423,217 86  
—By all other payments, 355,720 43  
\$778,938 29

ASSETS

Dec. 31, 1903.—By Mortgages, etc., \$1,003,604 06  
By Stocks, Bonds and Debentures (market value \$3,170,947.47), 3,148,345 88  
By Real Estate, including company's building, 374,396 63  
By Loans on Policies, etc., 363,869 63  
By Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call), 443,310 34  
By Cash in Banks and on hand, 42,584 22  
\$5,376,210 75

By Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection), 208,937 14  
By Interest and Reats due and accrued, 40,652 89  
\$5,625,800 78

LIABILITIES

Dec. 31, 1903.—To Guarantee Fund, \$60,000 00  
To Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund, 4,974,197 00  
To Death Losses Awaiting Proofs, Contingent Expenses, etc., 41,367 02  
\$5,075,564 02

NET SURPLUS \$550,236 76  
Audited and found correct—John N. Lake, Auditor, Wm. T. Standen, Consulting Actuary.  
New insurance issued during 1903, \$5,884,890  
Being the best year in the history of the company.  
Insurance in force at end of 1903 (net), \$32,452,977  
No monthly or Provident policies were issued—this branch having been discontinued.

PRESIDENTS

JOHN L. BLAIKIE.  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
JAMES THORBURN, M.D., HON. SIR W. R. MEREDITH, K.C.  
Medical Director.

DIRECTORS

HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., G.M.G., E. GURNEY, ESQ., L. W. SMITH, ESQ., K.C., D.C.L., J. K. OSBORNE, ESQ., D. McCRAE, ESQ., GUELPH.

MANAGING DIRECTOR,

L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.

SECRETARY,

W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B. SUPERINTENDENT OF AGENCIES T. G. McCONKEY.

The report, containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on Jan. 28th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the company, will be sent to policy-holders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Home Office or any of the Company's Agencies.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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, request 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 has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by 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.

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.

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

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ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

Monday, the 25th day of January, next, will be the last day for receiving petitions for private bills.  
Monday, the first day of February, next, will be the last day for introducing private bills.

Friday, the twelfth day of February, next, will be the last day for receiving reports of committees on private bills.

CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 30th Dec., 1903.