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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

About More Hamilton Worthies Who Have Come to the Writers' Memory—The Duggans of Hamilton and Toronto—The Galbraiths, Old Settlers—Frank Smith's Early Days in Hamilton—More about the Branigans—Some Hamilton Bakers, including Harris Brothers—The McDonoughs—The Nortons—Alick Borland's Printer Son—Owen Duffy—"Paddy" Bourke, the Auctioneer—Perkins, the Strong Man.

Of the early Hamilton lawyers, Mr. R. O. Duggan was the most brilliant as a pleader. At any rate he was one that most captivated my fancy. My impression is that he was a brother of Dr. Duggan, whose residence was on the north-west corner of King William and Hughson streets. I used often to sit up in the gallery of the old court house to hear him talk. I don't know positively, but I believe the Hamilton and the Toronto Duggans were members of the same family. There were in Toronto, Coroner Duggan, the father, and Judge Duggan, a son, who was a prominent member of the bar. I remember once serving as juror for Coroner Duggan, and as foreman of the grand jury for Judge Duggan, his son. The Duggans were Irish and were very prominent people in their day, especially the father, in the perilous period of the rebellion. R. O. Duggan of Hamilton built and occupied one of the first houses erected on the mountain side. Those Duggans were not Catholics like other Hamilton Duggans.

There was in the forties in Hamilton a business firm named Galbraith, John and David. Their store was in the block where the Waldorf Hotel is now. I think they were natives of the soil, and were among the very earliest people to do business there. Galbraith is a Scotch name, and a Gaelic one. David Galbraith is yet alive and well and perhaps the oldest resident. He must be nearly ninety years of age. I was happy to meet him at the Waldorf Hotel a few days ago and discuss old times with him. He was looking well and was active for one of his great age, while his memory was good enough to remember me as a boy.

John Campbell was a shoemaker in Corktown. I believe on Walnut street. He was a good citizen, an Irish Catholic and a brother of Neil Campbell, the blacksmith on the mountain.

Frank Smith, who died in Toronto, distinguished as Hon. Sir Frank Smith, came to Hamilton in the forties and kept a grocery store on the north side of King street. I believe in Stinson's block east of Hughson street. He had previously been in the service of Frank Logan, an Irish Catholic, who kept a number of stores distributed through the villages within a radius of some miles of Toronto, and I think at one time had one in Hamilton. Mr. Smith, although not a man of much education, was a very good business man. He boarded with Mrs. Beatty, whose hotel was on the south-east corner of Main and John streets. She was a very popular hostess. While Mr. Smith was in Hamilton a clothier named John O'Higgins came upon the scene and set up a place of business near unto Mr. Smith's. I remember a sign he had attracting customers. It was, "The Cheapest Spot in Canada." Mrs. O'Higgins was a daughter of Martin J. O'Beirne of Toronto, and a very stylish lady. They had a very beautiful daughter, who played the organ in St. Mary's Church, to whom Mr. Smith soon began to pay his addresses, and it was no uncommon thing to see him escorting her to St. Mary's on Sunday mornings. Mr. Smith afterwards removed to London, Ont., where he had a very successful business career and was elected mayor of that city, and at the same time Miss O'Higgins

Higgins, as Mrs. Smith, was entitled to the honors of Lady Mayarress. Mr. Smith took unto himself a business partner, a Hamilton boy named Thomas Wilson, a son of Mrs. Beatty, who kept the hotel as above described, and a good business man he was. Mrs. Beatty was married twice, her first husband being named Wilson, and Thomas Wilson and James Wilson, and Miss Catherine Wilson, were her children by her first husband. She had several nice children by her second marriage, but their history I am unacquainted with.

At any rate Mr. Smith prospered so well in London that he determined to establish a wholesale house in Toronto, and in this also he was successful. Here the writer of this became intimate with him and participated with him in some political enterprises, but especially the Catholic League, of which Mr. Smith was President and the writer, Secretary. Mr. Smith here formed political aspirations and ambition to be a member of the Canadian Senate. In this he was successful too, but I believe mostly through the exertions of his business partner, Mr. Thomas Wilson. Both Smith and Wilson were great admirers of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, and they linked their political fortunes to his. Tom Wilson married a Toronto young lady, Miss Mary Ann O'Dea, who was very beautiful and a relative of Mrs. Smith. Very poor Wilson died young and very much regretted. He was a good-hearted man and many Toronto people were under obligations to him of one kind or another, including the writer. Smith grew into importance as he grew older and became a Cabinet Minister and a Knight of the British Empire. There was a time in his career when the whole country was under obligation to him financially as well as politically. He was a man of excellent judgment and notwithstanding his limited education, of broad views. He was largely instrumental in the coming of D'Arcy McGee to Canada. No Canadian's death was more regretted than his, which took place in Toronto some years ago.

The father of William Branigan, who has been mentioned in these recollections, was also William Branigan, who kept a tavern on James street north, and an old soldier. I remember him by the sign he had swinging over the sidewalk—a dragon on horseback. He was late of the Royal Artillery. Terry Branigan was his relative. Some of the Branigans were Catholics and some Protestants. Terry was one of the Catholic leaders of Hamilton, but this Branigan was a Protestant. There were several Irish families in Hamilton in those days whose religion was mixed like this.

The proportion of Catholics to Protestants in Dundas in those days was larger than in Hamilton, and many removed hither. John P. Larkin, the dry goods merchant, came to Hamilton from Dundas; so did Tom Beatty, who married the widow Wilson, and a couple of shoemakers named Duggan, that I remember.

Peter Cronin was the name of one of the early Irish settlers in Hamilton. He had a large family of boys and lived in the north-east end of the town. His occupation was that of well sinker. John Cronin, one of his sons, served mass for Vicar-General Macdonell and drove a bread wagon for McKeever, the baker. Peter Cronin removed to a farm in Flamboro.

There were several Irish-Catholic bakers in Hamilton in the forties. There was Terry Branigan, John O'Grady, and Thomas McKeever. Branigan was the more noted because he had a taste for local politics and was one of those who "ran" the town. His bakery was in my recollection on King William street. John O'Grady's bakery was on the corner

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of Walnut and Peel streets, or there about. McKeever was the last to come and had his place of business on James and Cannon streets. I rather think McKeever also kept a public house. He was a very respectable-looking man and his wife a superior woman. I know they kept boarders and among these was Captain Boylan, captain of the schooner "Princess." Captain Boylan married Miss McKeever, who was a red-headed beauty, who after Boylan's death, married a Mr. Highland, and removed to Kingston.

"Tim" Duggan was an Irishman who lived in Corktown and had a son named Cornelius, who was a servant of Vicar-General Macdonell. "Con" used to have sore eyes that were very distressing. Nora Duggan, his sister, a beauty, used to work for Mrs. Warmoll, who kept a milliner's shop on King street west, just beyond James street. The Warmolls were English Catholics. They had a son Charles, a lawyer, who was at one time a partner of Senator O'Donoghue, in Toronto.

John O'Heir was a saddle and harness-maker, a large man of fine presence. I am not certain, but I think his shop was on John street south, in the Courthouse Square, about where Joly's is now. I learn that Mr. O'Heir of the law firm of Staunton & O'Heir, is a son of this Mr. John O'Heir. If so, he comes of good stock.

Owen Nolan, liverman, came to Hamilton from Toronto in the late forties. He was a hustling sort of an Irishman, who soon went into the hotel business. He leased Lynd's old place on James street, a white frame house with a verandah in front of it. He afterwards kept a livery stable and hotel on Hughson street. I rather think he acquired some wealth before his death, which took place many years ago.

There was a family of McDonoughs that was rather prominent in the forties. One of them was Rev. Father John McDonough, who for a time was pastor of St. Paul's church, Toronto, and afterwards pastor of the Catholic church in St. Catharines. Andrew McDonough lived in Hamilton at the same time. Andrew was a tall, good-looking man, who was a little "off" and used to peddle tea among the Hamiltonians. "Old Hyson" and "Young Hyson" and "Bohea," were the popular brands in those days. Andrew had an attraction for Irish people, and for those who bought of his stock he would recite "Emmit's Dying Speech" and in this way kept their custom. Another brother was a farmer residing in one of the townships near Toronto.

Charles Norton was one of Hamilton's early hotel-keepers. He used to be clerk at Devereaux's Royal Exchange, and was a very obliging and popular man. He married the leading woman in that hotel, who was much esteemed. When the City Hotel was built on James street he became its first lessee. The Nortons were Catholics. They afterwards removed to St. Catharines, where they kept the Welland House.

Maurice White, a shoemaker, was a stylish young man in Hamilton in those days. He dressed well and behaved well and attended to his religious duties. He went away to the States and deserved a good fate.

Alick Borland, who kept the "Rising Sun" Hotel on King street west, was married to a sister of John Hand, the famous Hamilton printer, and the fastest known typesetter in America, had a son who was also a printer and rapid compositor. When John Hand was foreman of McGinnis' "True Delta" office in New Orleans, before the war of the rebellion, young Borland worked there. It was the fashion then for Canadian printers to fit to New Orleans in the winter. Pat Boyle of Toronto used to do so. William Cliff, the oldest printer in Hamilton, now in retirement, used to do it. He worked in the "True Delta" office too, and he tells me that young Borland was almost as remarkable as a fast compositor in New Orleans as his uncle was in Hamilton. John Hand was one of

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the founders of the Hamilton "Banner," and I am not sure but what he had a share in the Times too, in its earlier days.

There was a young Irishman named Jackson, a nephew of Steven Oliver, the auctioneer, who came to Hamilton about 1815. He worked for Mr. Oliver for a while and often used to tell me wonderful stories about his family, which he claimed to be related to General Andrew Jackson, a former president of the United States. He may have drawn the long bow, but I formed a great admiration for him, he was so great a talker, and he lately out from Ireland too. I don't know what became of him.

The Harris Brothers, bakers, on the market square, are one of the oldest business firms in Hamilton. I have known three generations of that family. The present members of the firm I believe were born in Hamilton on the spot where their bakery is now. Their grandfather came to Canada from Baltimore in the United States and settled in Guelph. His father came to Hamilton from Guelph in 1818. Their father was E. J. Harris, and their mother Irish. The family has the reputation of being very good Catholics. John Harris of Guelph was, I believe, once mayor of that city and a very estimable gentleman.

While writing about bakers—Branigan, O'Grady, McKeever and Harris Bros.—I want to tell about Owen Duffy, another baker. Owen was a bright young Hamilton boy. His father was Henry Duffy, a constable or bailiff, residing in Corktown. When I organized the Young Irishmen's Society in Hamilton in 1849, prior to my going down to Toronto, Owen Duffy was chosen its president and the late Alderman Fitzpatrick its vice-president. Owen had a bakery of his own and drove his own bread-wagon. Something went wrong with his business and he drove to the market one day, hitched up his horse to a post and disappeared, and was never seen in Hamilton again. He went down to Quebec, where he edited a weekly literary paper called "Our Journal." I once saw a copy of it, but I never saw Duffy again, nor do I know what became of him.

"Paddy" Bourke was a character in Hamilton in the forties and later. He was a book auctioneer. He did not confine his visits to Hamilton, but took in most of the Canadian towns, east and west. He was a rough diamond. When in Hamilton he used to put up at Beatty's Hotel. It used to be said he could not read, yet he would describe a book, praise its merits and all that, when offering one for sale and seldom made a mistake. Many a time I heard him say, "how much a wollum." It was he who taught Barnes, a Hamilton bookseller of a later date, and James Wilson, his partner, the book business; also Bernard Cosgrave in Toronto, who flourished here in the fifties.

A man named Perkins flourished in Hamilton in the forties. He was a hotel-keeper on James street, north of the market. He was the first man to start a school for teaching "the noble art of self-defence" or boxing.

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GRAND RE-OPENING OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Magnificent Edifice Rises on the Ashes of the Old—People of Belleville Witness Imposing Ceremonies—Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Father Callaghan of Montreal.

Belleville, Oct. 16.—Probably the happiest man in Belleville yesterday was that urbane scholar and gentleman, Rev. Father Twomey, parish priest of St. Michael's. But softly, we must not leave that "white-haired" and venerable Monsignor Farrelly out of the reckoning. It is fair to assume that he, too, was happy yesterday, for was not the apple of his eye, stately St. Michael's, once more opened to public worship, and had not the congregation, over which he had ministered so many years, once more the pride and joy of worshipping in their own church home? Which of the two was the happier? Well, I believe it was a toss up. And the good people of St. Michael's, too, were happy yesterday. Bless you, you could see it in their smiling faces and sprightly air. Ah! it was a different scene from that of last December, when the writer wended his way up there one morning and saw the blackened ruins, and the long faced men, and the ladies, young and old, wiping the teardrops away because their handsome church, home, which they loved so well and delighted to embellish, had been destroyed by the withering breath of the Fire Fiend! 'Twas a doleful morning, that, and there was not a man, woman or child in Belleville, no matter what their creed, but felt a deep sorrow because stately St. Michael's had been burned down. But, thanks to the untiring energy of Rev. Father Twomey and the devoted spirit of the people, the goodly church has, like a phoenix, arisen from its ashes, with every promise of, before long, being even more beautiful and stately than before, and yesterday, amid happy, thankful people, the splendid edifice was blessed and dedicated by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier. It was a memorable day for the people of St. Michael's, surely, in the words of Cervantes, "a day to be marked with a white stone." And now, before noting what took place yesterday, suppose we say a word about the early history of the church.

DATES FROM 1827.
 The first altar in a Catholic church in this city was set up in 1827, in a small wooden building, about 20 x 50, which stood on the southeast corner of the same lot on which the present church stands.

Rev. Michael Brennan was the first priest, and under his loving and fostering care the parish of St. Michael's flourished like a green bay tree. A typical Irish-Canadian priest was worthy Father Brennan who was respected and loved by Catholics and Protestants alike. Many are the stories told of the kindly gentleman, which show that the desire of his heart was to see all men dwell together in unity. Forty-two years the Rev. gentleman ministered to the spiritual wants of his people. He died on October 31st, 1869.

In 1837 the second church, a stone edifice, was built, and in it the congregation of St. Michael's worshipped for 50 years, but it was at last found to be too small, besides falling

I don't know what nationality Perkins belonged to, but his wife was a sister of "Paddy" Reed, an Irish bailiff. "Paddy" Reed had a contract for cutting down the clay cliff at the harbor which was full of sand-swallow holes. The bank all along the bay front was full of those swallow holes, and it looked like a huge pepper box. Perkins, I think, sold out to Bill Moran, who was reported to be Hamilton's foremost gambler. Perkins was a very strong man and looked it.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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ing into bad repair. The grand church burned last December was commenced in 1826, the corner stone being laid on August 22, and it was opened on October 7, 1828. It was burned, as our readers know, on December 17, 1904. Mention of the old church calls up memories of the old pastor, and the following pen picture of Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, published in The Intelligencer in 1903, may not be out of place at the present time:

As he beheld him walking down Front street yesterday afternoon, the writer could not help thinking that, like the "Friar of Orders Grey," Rev. Monsignor Farrelly exemplifies the fact that "He who leads a good life is sure to live well." With his strongly marked, rosy face, his benignant expression, his silvery locks surmounted by a shining silk hat, his erect form, his cheery nod and smile for all who knew him, the Rev. gentleman is a notable figure—a typical "priest of the parish." If ever one of the immortal characters created by Charles Lever was incarnated in this world, he appears now in the person of Rev. Father James Farrelly. As he passes down the street Protestants and Catholics alike look after him with kindly interest, which in many cases deepens to affection. Where was he born? Well, if you ever spoke to him you'd never ask that question. Sure, can't you see the map of Ireland on that face? County Cavan, Ireland, has the honor of being the Rev. gentleman's birth-place, and he first saw the light of day in this weary world some 76 years ago. Early in life he came to Canada, and in this Dominion he received his education in the City of Kingston. Among the few things that Limestone City has to be proud of is the fact that within its gates was educated and ordained one who, for some 32 years now, has been guide, philosopher and friend to hundreds—nay, thousands—of Belleville people, many of whom differed from him in certain points of religion. On May 22, 1851, young James Farrelly was ordained a priest of the Church of Rome. His first charge was in Lindsay, and from there, 32 years and some months ago, he was sent to take charge of St. Michael's parish in this city.

THE NEW CHURCH.
 The interior of St. Michael's is not yet completed. The grand organ, which Rev. Father Twomey says will cost \$5,000, may not be installed for a year or so yet, and only a temporary altar was in use yesterday. But no one could help noticing the fact that the present church is much brighter and handsomer than the old edifice used to be. The twelve marble pillars, which were used to present such a striking and beautiful appearance in the old church, have been duplicated in the new. They came from Aberdeen, Scotland. The cost of nine of the twelve has already been donated, and the other three will be accounted for shortly. The nine donors are:

- Rev. Father Twomey.
- Rev. Father Holden, Chancellor of the Diocese of Hamilton, an old Belleville boy.
- Mr. W. Williamson.
- Mr. A. Robertson of Montreal.
- Mrs. O'Haly.
- Mr. T. Doly.
- Mr. Walter Cahill.
- Mr. Frank Dolan.
- Mr. J. McGurn.

The altar of the present church, as already stated, is only a temporary one, but it presented an extremely handsome appearance yesterday. It was made by Mr. R. McPherson of this city, as were also the two confessionals lately installed. Rev. Father Twomey is enthusiastic over the skill in carving displayed by Mr. McPherson.

The new church presents several improvements over the old. First, in heating, there being twice as much radiation as before. Second, in lighting, the arrangements of the electric lights at present being very tasteful, indeed, the design being by Rev. Father Twomey himself; it must be seen to be appreciated. Third, the altar has been placed back closer to the rear wall of the church, thus giving more space to the sanctuary. Fourth, the choir gallery has been enlarged and made easier of access, being now supported by iron girders instead of pillars. Fifth, a vault has been built in the vestry for the reception of the important documents of the church. The seats of the present church.

(Continued on page 4.)

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