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VOL. XII., No. 11

The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904

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Chronicles of An Old-Timer

Death of a Successful Chicago Irish-Canadian Business Man—Upper-Canada Election Disturbances in Old-Canada—Canal Men's Riots and Colored Troops—Priests as Pacifiers—Anecdotes of Bishops and Priests of the Forties and Fifties—The Late Dr. Murphy of Brockville and His Wife's Family, the Bolsters of Toronto—An Emmet Day Celebration in Chicago.

Dear Register:
William A. McGuire, a successful Irish-Canadian, whom I knew when he was a little boy, died in Chicago on Monday, Feb. 24. He had been residing here so long that the Chicago "Chronicle," which printed a double-column likeness of him, in its obituary notice, described him as "a pioneer resident of the North Side." The cause of his death is that disease which is most fatal here at this time of the year, pneumonia. Mr. McGuire was born in old Niagara-on-the-Lake, in the year 1840. His father kept a hotel there, at which Old-Timer was several times a guest. I am afraid no one in Toronto will remember him now, but he lived in your city in the early sixties and served as a grocer's clerk in a grocery somewhere in the vicinity of the old St. Patrick's market. He was there known as "Curly-headed Little Billy McGuire." He came with his family to Chicago in 1863, was engaged in different lines of business at different times and died a man of considerable consequence. Engaging at last in the iron manufacturing, he became the founder of the McGuire Manufacturing Company, which for twenty years has been identified with the foremost railway manufacturing concerns of the United States. He was the inventor of many railway appliances, especially for electric lines, and with which he realized a handsome fortune. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Royal Arcanum, Germania Club, Sheridan Club, Columbia Yacht Club and the Chicago Athletic Association. He was a member of St. Vincent's Church, from which he was buried on Friday last. He leaves a widow and three children. He leaves several brothers, one of whom, George, is commodore of the Columbia Yacht Club, and M. G. McGuire, another brother, is a Chicago lawyer. His wife, now widow, is a charming singer and one of the finest church choir vocalists in Chicago. So much for an old Niagara boy. There was associated with him in business one W. J. Cook, from Hamilton, a member of an at one time well-known family in the Ambitious City.

I have made very little reference in these letters of mine to other places in Ontario besides Toronto and Hamilton. I believe I ought to digress a little from this. Not long since I mentioned an election riot that took place at Belleville in 1842. My authority did not mention who the Reform and Conservative candidates were on that occasion, but I believe the Reform candidate was the Hon. Robert Baldwin, then president of the Reform Association of Upper Canada, and Mr. Stephen Murney, a well-known lawyer, was the Conservative candidate. Much depended on the result of the Hastings election for responsible government was weighing in the balance, and the contest was an exceedingly bitter one. I have seen both of those gentlemen in their day and remember their appearance. I have never seen it mentioned in print but I have been told that those gentlemen were related by marriage and the election created a family feud. A Belleville old-timer here in Chicago once told me the gentlemen mentioned were brothers-in-law. The story was cracked that heads were extensively cracked on that occasion and that the priest's kitchen was turned into an emergency hospital, and was full of Orangemen that the priest was taking care of as they had been injured by some of his own parishioners. It was also said that he rushed into the melee, shillelah in hand, to defend Orangemen that were getting the worst of it.

What the priest's name was not given. The farthest back I can go in that direction is with Father Brennan, and I am inclined to think he was the man. There were some fine men among those pioneer priests of those early days. Perhaps the most popular man in Montreal in his day was Father Phelan, pastor of St. Anne's Church, who, when he went on the street, was constantly touching his hat to the many that saluted him. He was afterwards Bishop of Kingston. Father McDonough of St. Catharines was another very popular priest with an arduous task in front of him. The Welland canal was built in his day and the canallers were nearly all Irish Catholics, wild from the mountains of Ireland and factious in the extreme, and only wanting an excuse at any time to engage in a fight. Of course they preferred Orangemen for their antagonists and when they could not be accommodated with the followers of King William, they would fight with shillelahs among themselves. Perhaps you are not aware there were colored troops in Canada before those that "fought nobly" in the United States in the war of the rebellion. They were enlisted at the time of the rebellion and were stationed in Hamilton and St. Catharines to keep the canallers quiet. But Father McDonough did far more in this direction than the colored soldiers. In fact the colored soldiers were a particular aversion as the canallers did not like the idea of "nayers" being put to do police duty over them. So that unless the colored soldiers kept well together they always stood a chance of a chase to the woods. Whisky was almost as cheap as water at that time and the inflaming stimulant was never wanting to stir the healthy Irish laborer to excitement and action, and many was the whoop and dance he indulged in. Father McDonough was the right man in the right place among such people and was worth a dozen policemen. He was a large, athletic man, and could very well handle an obstreperous individual himself. Another priest that had a strenuous position to fill was Father Gibney of Guelph. From the first the conflicts between Catholics and Orangemen in that young town were chronic. On both sides they were ignorant men of the farmer class and were always ready for a fight. Father Gibney, however, was successful as a chief pacifier. Rev. Eugene O'Reilly, of Dundas, was an amiable young priest who possessed a quiet parish, where there were no conflicting elements, such as disturbed districts that I have mentioned. I suppose that down until this day anecdotes are told of his uncle, the quaint, the droll "Father O'Reilly of the Gore." He was the real, old-fashioned "sogarth aroon," who was constantly saying and doing things to smile at. He was no preacher and found it very difficult to properly express himself in English. But he could in Irish. He visited Father Gordon at Niagara one Sunday and entered the pulpit at sermon time. The people were expecting a good sermon, as they had not had one in a long time. He put on his spectacles and looked long and carefully around him and then blessed himself. "Ye have a nice church here, ye have a good priest and ye are a fine congregation, God bless ye, but ye have a poor choir." That was all he said and solemnly retired as if he had preached a most eloquent discourse. Father O'Reilly was a "fixed" rector at the Gore and he enjoyed his residence there for many a long day.

While telling anecdotes of old-time priests I might as well right here tell one on Bishop De Charbonnell himself, which I have been nursing for many a long day. One of his strong characteristics was humility. When he came to the diocese he commenced to urge the virtues of poverty and humility on his priests. Father Carroll, the administrator, owned a farm over at Niagara and he asked him to sell it and give the proceeds to the church; another had a horse and buggy, that he considered a superfluity, and told the owner to sell them and give the money to the church. The poor priests became panic-stricken and terrified, and some of them soon got out of the diocese. As for himself he lived in the most simple and inexpensive manner. He kept neither horse nor carriage, and when he traveled he went by rail whenever he could. The Grand Trunk and Great Western and Northern Railroad of Canada then had third-class cars and the good Bishop, to set a good example and save his dimes, always rode third-class while making his visitations. One day some one of the leading Catholics of Toronto, perhaps Mr. S. G. Lynn, who was very familiar with him, remonstrated with him on

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this habit of his. "Your Lordship" said he, "why do I suffer a loss of your dignity as a Bishop, by riding third-class on the railroad trains; it does not become you!" "Ah, my good friend," said his lordship humping up his shoulders and putting his hands out pleadingly, "I ride third-class because there is no fourth-class!" That settled it.

Father John Carroll, the administrator of the diocese between the death of Bishop Power, in 1847 and the arrival of Bishop De Charbonnell in 1850, was himself a man of many peculiar traits. I believe he was of the same family connections as the Carrolls of Maryland. After the Bishop's arrival he retired to his farm, where he lived some years until he came to Chicago, where he died about twenty years ago, and was then considered the oldest priest in the United States, being close on to a hundred years. In 1862, when the "Irish Canadian" was started, he was still at Niagara and I had occasion to write him for some facts for a short biographical sketch of the closing days of Bishop Power, in a reply. The reply came, but I wished to understand the next time I wrote him for any information I would have to send him pen, ink and paper as well as postage stamps. This was intended for a reprimand for sending the stamps, as he did not wish to be considered so thrifty as that he would require such a contribution. He was quizzically droll and loved a good joke, and would not object to a practical one if it were not ill-natured. The late Senator O'Donohue and he were great friends and the Senator could take liberties with him without losing his friendship or giving offence. In his introduction to his information on the life of the lamented first Bishop of Toronto, he remarked that he was "born of the poor but honest parents" in Halifax, Nova Scotia. To compliment Father Carroll I used the same expression in my sketch of the Bishop. One of the readers of the "Irish-Canadian" who took offence at this was Alderman Fitzpatrick of Hamilton, who asked me if I were sure Bishop Power's parents were "poor but honest." Bishop Power possessed a good deal of humility and even surpassed Bishop De Charbonnell in some things in this way. For instance, when he went to Hamilton to make his first visit to that portion of his diocese, he walked from the wharf, accompanied only by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Hay, to the parochial residence, a distance of over half a mile, with mitre on head and crozier in hand. This has been disputed but I know it to be a fact, because I was a witness of the circumstance myself. But Bishop Power was not stingy nor begrudging. In fact he was generous to a fault where money was concerned, and always acknowledged that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

I did not know the late Dr. Murphy of Brockville, but had an interest in him because of his family relations. His wife was a daughter of one of my dearest and best old-time Toronto friends, the late Lawrence T. Bolster. But alas, I fear there are but too few now left who remember that good man and all his virtues. I have already made a brief allusion to him in these columns, but not enough to do anything like justice to his memory. The good man and his deeds are too soon forgotten in this age of selfishness and greed and those who are animated by the spirit of sentiment and friendship should uphold and remember those that were distinguished for their goodness of heart and kindness of disposition. The elder Bolster was a highly educated man, an Irishman and a Catholic and a convert at that. He was connected with some of the best families in Ireland. The late Sir Geo. B. Owens, M.D., of one time Lord Mayor of Dublin, was a cousin of his. At the time of his death in the early seventies, he was superintendent of the Toronto water works, then the property of a Mr. Furniss of Montreal. He was interested in every Irish and Catholic movement and was a very warm friend of the late Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, whose talents he greatly admired. His good helpmeet, his wife, has also

Death of Vicar-General Keough, Dundas.

Hamilton, March 9.—A venerable and widely known priest, Very Rev. John Keough, V.G., who for seven years past was pastor of St. Patrick's church, died this morning in the House of Providence, Dundas. Father Keough will be remembered best by the older Hamiltonians, as it was between the years of 1879 and 1886 that he was stationed in Hamilton. He was mainly responsible for the reduction of the St. Patrick's Church debt from \$30,000 to a small amount. To do so he ordered rigid economy in every thing pertaining to the affairs of the church.

Father Keough, who was 64 years of age, was born in Guelph and was educated in Ottawa college. He finished his education at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. He was ordained in 1871 by the late Bishop Farrell in St. Mary's Cathedral. Soon after he was appointed pastor of the Walkerton mission. Here he erected a new church, rectory and convent, which are monuments to his untiring zeal and energy. In 1879 he was transferred to St. Patrick's church here, and he labored successfully in that parish for seven years, when he was removed to Dundas upon the death of the late Dean O'Reilly. He remained as parish priest in Dundas until the coming to this diocese of Bishop Dowling in 1889, who transferred him to Paris, where he remained until a year ago. He was forced to retire from active participation in the work of the church on account of ill health. Father Keough was an ideal priest, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and was greatly esteemed by clergy and laity.

The remains of the late Very Rev. Father Keough, V.G., were brought in from Dundas on Friday morning to St. Mary's cathedral, where the Solemn Service for the dead was held.

The pall-bearers who attended the body from Dundas were: John Ronan, John Bucke, John O'Reagan and Thomas Fitzgerald. The office of the dead was recited by the assembled clergy, led by his lordship Bishop Dowling. The solemn funeral mass was then chanted by Right Rev. Mgr. Heenan, of Dundas, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Laussier, of Cayuga, as deacon, and Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, of Mount Forest, as sub-deacon. Father Donovan was master of ceremonies.

The following clergy assisted Bishop Dowling at the throne: Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., of Toronto, representing Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto; Very Rev. J. T. Aylwood, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, representing Bishop McEvoy; Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., rector of Ottawa University, where the late priest was educated; Rev. Fathers Cherrier and Burke, of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Fathers Kloefer and Aymans, of St. Jerome's College, Berlin; Rev. G. Kenny, S.J., Guelph; and Fathers Frank O'Reilly, of Oakville; Cosgrove, Elora; Kelly, Walkerton; Peorster, New Germany; Cummings, Brantford; Doyle, Freeport; Gehl, Cheltenham; Cleary, Dunnville; Crimmon, Paris; Craven, Galt; Halm, St. Clements. Besides these, all the city priests attended the mass.

Among the chief mourners were: Sister Clare, of Loretto Academy, this city, and another sister from Niagara Falls, N.Y.; William Keough, brother, and Frank, James and Peter, nephews of the dead priest. A delegation from Paris, where Father Keough had his last pastorate, was present to pay their last tribute to his memory. They were: Daniel O'Neil, Timothy O'Brien, John Allan and Frank Frye.

J. F. Morrissey had charge of the organ, and Messrs. Laliberte, Mat O'Brien, C. Staunton and H. J. Filigiano assisted the choir. The sanctuary was heavily draped and a large number were present at the impressive service. Flowers were conspicuously absent, in accordance with the Bishop's Lenten pastoral. At the close of the service his lordship Bishop Dowling announced that no sermon would be preached, in accordance with the deceased's wishes. The interment took place in the priests' plot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, and Bishop Dowling performed the last rites.

The pall-bearers were: Rev. Fathers Crimmon, Kelly, Gehl, Cleary, O'Hanley and Finigan.—R.I.P.

Word was received here this morning that a niece of the late Father Keough died in the Sacred Heart college at Montreal, yesterday afternoon.

OBITUARY

JOHN MCGOVERN.
John McGovern died Wednesday, March 9th, at his late residence, 14 Jaldwin street, from pneumonia. Mr. McGovern had been in bad health for a number of years and had not been able to attend business for about 13 years. Deceased, who was in his 63rd year, was a Canadian, being born at Adajala, Ont. He had lived in Toronto for the past 11 years. Previous to his ill-health, years ago, Mr. McGovern was in the agency business. In politics he was an enthusiastic Reformer. He was a member of St. Patrick's parish. He is survived by four sons, John J., Edward, packer, Thomas, clerk in the Julian Leather Goods Company, and Samuel, of the Robert Simpson Co. The funeral took place Friday morning to Mount Hope cemetery.

DEATH OF DR. M. T. BRENNAN.
Montreal, March 12.—Dr. M. T. Brennan, gynecologist of Notre Dame Hospital and a professor of Laval University, died early this morning of grippe and pneumonia. Dr. Brennan was a native of Montreal and a graduate of Laval, with which he was identified as a professor for 14 years. He was connected with Notre Dame Hospital for 22 years. He leaves a wife and five children. Three weeks ago two of his children died. Dr. Brennan was 42 years of age.

long since passed away. Some of their children, too, have departed this life, the late Mrs. Thomas Muivey having been a daughter of theirs, leaving five little children behind her. Who all the members of the family are now living, I do not know, but I understand that Miss M. Bolster is yet spared to her friends and relatives. On enquiry I learn, too, that one of his sons named Lancelot, who used to be assistant manager of the Bank of Commerce, is now manager of the Sovereign Bank, a position I hope he may long enjoy.

The anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett, the martyr to Irish liberty, is celebrated in Chicago regularly every year, as well as St. Patrick's Day, and the execution of the Manchester Martyrs. Having been favored with complimentary pasteborders, I attended the Emmett celebration here on the night of the 4th of March. It was not so numerously attended as I expected it would be, and it was late when the programme was begun. The numbers consisted of speeches and songs that excited the enthusiasm of the audience. The Hon. John F. Finerty, who keeps Irish sentiment alive among the busy people of Chicago, was on the platform and introduced the chairman, a Mr. James A. Hogan, a wealthy Irish-American business man, who made a speech of fealty and devotion; but the speech of the evening, the one that elevated Emmett to the first rank among patriots and that apostrophized all the great patriots of the world from Leonidas to Oom Paul, was a lawyer of American birth named Patrick H. O'Donnell. I heard Mr. O'Donnell once before on St. Patrick's Day occasion and I was prepared for high eloquence. Mr. O'Donnell has a place of his own in the field for oratory, and I know not his peer on occasions like this. His concluding sentence was this, and it capped the climax and brought down the house most completely:

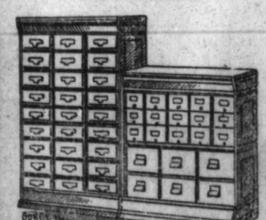
"Ireland, America, France and Russia will form the destiny of the world. When history unrolls itself and when mighty action is called for, and when America is called to take her place against countless hosts Ireland will be there under the Irish flag and will join the Lily of France and the Bear of Russia."

WILLIAM HALLEY.

A Voice From Erin

The memory of the dear old land
Will haunt my thoughts to-day,
With friends I'll wander hand in hand
The ill-forgotten way.
Her heathered hills and flowering dales
I trod in youthful glee,
Their hawthorn-blossom's scent exhale
Across the western sea.
I hear a voice in the hurrying wave
That speeds from the Irish shore
And ask: Is there any message, save
The ill-forgotten one of yore?
The sparkling gleams of the willow's crest
Rebly in chorus grand
That Erin's sons will never rest
"Neath the rule of an alien hand.
To-day are numbered among thy band
The best of thy ancient foe,
And England's bravest now steadfast stand
For rights thou wouldst ne'er forgo.
The better thought of the nations best
Enlightened by liberty
Will give a re-setting in the Empire's crest
To the Emerald gem of the sea.
Oh may the coming years bring peace
To that ever faithful Isle,
May nature's bountiful increase
Reward the hand of toil;
May faith and hope and love ne'er fail
To prove tradition true,
That satany wiles would not prevail
Where Patrick's shamrock grew.
—Brother Remigius, C.S.C.

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