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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Hamilton Reminiscences Continued—Irish Families whose names have passed Away—Denis Moore and others who Lost the Faith—John Patterson still Survives—George and William Lynd—"The Learned Pig"—"Isle of Beauty"—John Alden, wood turner—Edward McGovern—"Dick" Feeny—"Bill" Branigan—Tassey and Ray's Grammar School—Mr. Ireland, Hardware Merchant—Niel Campbell—The Sweetman Family—John Christian—Tom Flynn and the First Hamilton Directory—Stephen Oliver, Auctioneer—Cheevers an Irishman—Teacher Fenton—The First Telegraph Operator—Teachers Casey and Downey.

My readers do not seem to tire of my Hamilton reminiscences so far as I can learn. Of the Irish names of the by-gone days still extant, that of Denis Moore seems the most conspicuous. The Stinsons have disappeared, the Magills have vanished, the Irwins have heard of no more, the Murphys have left but a trace, but the name of "D. Moore" still lives as a business legend, though himself long deceased. What descendants he has left, if any, I have not learned. I used to think Denis Moore was American born because of his association with American people, such as the Jacksons, but that was not the case, he was Canadian born. Notwithstanding his broad Irish Catholic name, he was a Protestant, a Methodist, I believe. I suppose he was a waif, caught up by the prevailing wind, when he had neither father nor mother to care for his education or bringing up, like so many others of his kind filling Protestant pulpits throughout the broad expanse of English-speaking North America. If I am credibly informed, and I believe I am, there were several other owners of Irish Catholic patronymics in Hamilton who abandoned the faith of their fathers and embraced Protestantism through motives of worldly prudence and became conspicuous members of society.

Among the early Irish citizens of Hamilton of whom I have not yet made mention was Mr. John Patterson, adopted son of Mr. John Bradley. Mr. Bradley was a wealthy hotel-keeper with no children of his own, and I understand willed his whole estate to Mr. Patterson. Mr. Patterson is a man who has seen the events of nearly the whole life of Hamilton and is yet hale and hearty in the enjoyment of his 81 years of life. "When 'Old-Timer' was a boy, knew him, he was one of the live and gay young men of the city. He was tall, muscular and handsome, with a good deal to say. In the forties he used to drive the British Coffee House omnibus to "the Lake" to meet the steamboats and take visitors to the hotel. The hotel buses were a feature of Hamilton life in those days, and Mr. Patterson was the most spectacular driver of all the drivers that mounted boxes. I remember an illuminated coat he used to wear as driver, covered all over with bounding wild animals, such as leopards and tigers; and the great, long whip he used to flourish, while his horses were the sleekest and his bus among the very best. I remember how the drivers of the different buses used to "chin" each other while at the landing, waiting for the steamboats to come in, and how Mr. Patterson used to discomfit the other fellows by the verbal shots he used to fire at them, pointed with wit and sarcasm. Mr. Patterson, I understand, since those jolly days in the good old times, has filled many positions of responsibility and value to the city, while now in his retirement he enjoys every comfort free from the pangs of physical pain or suffering.

George and William Lynd were two brothers who in the forties kept hotel in Hamilton. They were from the

North of ... and were pretty intelligent men. Both were red-headed. Their hotel was on the north-east corner of John and King William streets. It was named the North-American Hotel. They succeeded an American named Van Every, a tall, dark, lean and lank personage. I think that it was Van Every, who kept the house when the "Learned Pig" was exhibited in its parlor. I witnessed that performance. The pig was a little fellow. Who trained him I do not know, but the man who exhibited him was Dan Rice, afterwards famous as an American circus clown. The pig among other accomplishments, played cards. Hamilton's best known gambler was brought in to contest at cards with the grunter. His name was "Bill" Moran, who once kept a hotel on James street, on the opposite side of the street from the market-house and a little north of it. Of course, Moran was vanquished. I do not remember now what game it was they played, but Rice always pointed out to the pig what card to take in its mouth and lay down. George Lynd used to take a hand in local politics and seemed to co-operate with "Terry" Branigan. I remember seeing the two in 1849, when I was in Hamilton, leading a mob in the old city hall, but the merits of that meeting eludes me. William Lynd was the younger of the two brothers. He was of a literary turn of mind and belonged to the Hamilton Amateur Theatrical Society, corner of Rebecca and Catherine streets, afterwards burned down. He was somewhat sentimental. The printing office in which I then worked was in an opposite corner of the same street, and one day he brought me in a sweet little poem called "Isle of Beauty Fare Thee Well," to set up and print a hundred copies of it for him. A copy of that poem came into my hands a short time ago and it touched me very much. The "Isle of Beauty" was Ireland and the author was Samuel Lover. I have it some where now and will ask the editor to republish it. Where the Lynds went to I do not know.

John Alden was an Irishman who kept a turner's shop on John street next to Kinmouth the tailor, on the east side of the street, and used to do work for "Hickory" Clark, the cabinet-maker, whose shop was at the south end of the same block. I think there were two brothers of the Aldens and they were Kerry men and ardent repealers, and members of the Catholic congregation of St. Mary's Parish of that day. They moved away but where to I cannot tell.

Edward McGovern, an Irishman, was prominent in those days. Where his shop was puzzles me a little now, but he was a saddler and harness-maker. I think he was a brother of the McGovern who was an important man in St. Catharines and was subsequently a member of parliament. Indeed I don't know but what he filled a similar public position himself in Hamilton subsequently.

"Dick" Feeny was a tall athletic Irishman who was feared for his prowess and hasty temper. On a certain occasion when the lower part of the city was all "common" the two Martins, Richard and John, were firing with a gun at a target placed on a rise in the ground west of McNab street, and did not suppose there was any one near. Presently a man came rushing up from the hollow with fire in his eye and fury in his motions as if coming to kill some one. He fancied that he was taken for a target and was recklessly fired at. The young gentlemen after standing a great deal of abuse, finally pacified him and he returned to his work of digging a drain or something of that kind, without annihilating any one.

"Bill" Branigan was a son of John Branigan and a nephew of "Terry" Branigan, the baker. He kept a sa-

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loon or drinking place down James street, where gambling with cards was also carried on. The location was nearly opposite Christ's Church where the Cathedral stands now. The "Lilliputian Argus" frequently found occasion to allude to the existence of this place and the doings that were carried on there. "In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine," "Bill" be-look himself to California to seek his fortune. But he was unfortunate in getting blinded by the high winds and blowing sands of San Francisco. After a lapse of two years, however, he recovered his sight, having been cured by Dr. Pardee, an oculist and father of the present Governor of California. After twenty years he returned and married "the girl he left behind him" and went back to the "Land of Gold" and big pears.

Many of Hamilton's boys were pupils of Tassey and Ray's Grammar School. Tassey was a very scholarly man and a native of Dublin. He taught school in Hamilton for many years and afterwards removed to Galt, where his school was well known. I don't know but what Mr. Beasley, the city clerk, is one of his scholars. I am not aware of what nationality Mr. Ray was, but he was known as "Dr." Ray. I have known many "Dr." Rays; but he was once editor of the Chicago "Tribune." At any rate he disappeared from school and from Hamilton one day and never returned. It was said he went exploring in the Arctic regions and endeavored to find the North Pole or Sir John Franklin. I remember his appearance very well, and it was distinguished.

A Mr. Ireland was a hardware merchant located in Stinson's block in the forties. He was a handsome man, a great sportsman, horseman and gallant. He was an Irishman and very popular.

There was an old County Donegal Irishman named Neil Campbell, who had a blacksmith shop on the Mountain, that I used often to see. I always took him for a Highland Scotchman, but in this I was mistaken. He was an ardent Catholic and loved Vicar-General Macdonell. He was a fine old gentleman and was much respected.

Mrs. Mary Sweetman, the mother of the Sweetman family, was a widow who bound shoes for a living at her home on Tyburn street, now Jackson, I believe. She was a sister of Mr. Gilbert, the hotel-keeper and was a very intelligent, gentle and amiable person. She had several sons and daughters, the eldest of them being "Mick" Sweetman, a rather dissolute printer, who was a good singer and had a good voice. Another brother was William Sweetman, a young man of good character, who followed the boot and shoe business. One of the sisters was Ann, who married "Teddy" Power, an Irish printer of not much consequence, who followed Robert Smiley from Kingston and was employed on the "Spectator." He was from Waterford City in Ireland, but was no great credit to the "Urbs in Tacta." Another sister was married to a Mr. Stewart, a brother of

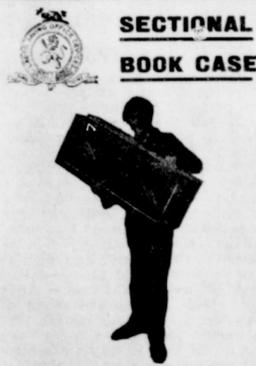
Donald Stewart, who lost his life in the Desjardins Canal railroad catastrophe in 1857; and the young handsome, went to Ireland to take possession of a fortune that was bequeathed her by a rich relative of her father. Some of the Sweetman's used to sing in the St. Mary's church choir and they had good voices.

Another Irish printer was John Christian from Dublin, who came to Hamilton in the year 1845, and found employment in the "Gazette" office. He was one of the "giants of those days" but not much of a printer. He lived a long time in Hamilton and died there.

A family named Flynn came to Hamilton from Dublin in the early forties, and the father, Thomas Flynn, started a dairy and sold milk. He was a pretty energetic fellow and wanted to be Hamilton's first directory publisher. But he could not raise the cash to undertake the enterprise. I heard him say once he would "get out a directory if it took every coin he had," but he never got a directory out. The achievement of publishing the first Hamilton Directory was acquired by Richard B. Donnelly, a Hamilton boy, who subsequently, in Chicago, became one of the world's greatest directory publishers, and became famous in that line of enterprise before his death. His son, Reuben R. Donnelly, now publishes the Chicago Directory. A son of Thomas Flynn and of the same name, learned the printing trade in the "Gazette" office.

Stephen Oliver, an Irishman, was Hamilton's foremost auctioneer in the forties. He was a gentlemanly and reliable man and did a thriving business. His store or auction room was a two-story frame building, at the southeast corner of King and Hughson streets. "S. Oliver, auctioneer," was at the bottom of many a sale bill in those days. In writing of Cheevers, the first town constable of Hamilton, I set him down as probably an American. This was wrong, as Mr. John Patterson, during my recent visit, assured me he was an Irishman. But Cheevers is a strange name for an Irishman, notwithstanding.

Among the Irish school teachers that I remember in those early days was a Mr. Fenton, who taught a private school. A son of his was the first telegraph operator of Hamilton, and if I err not a Mr. Partridge was manager of the first telegraph office, in 1846. Other school-teachers I remember was a Mr. Casey, who taught a Catholic school either on Tyburn or Peel street. Another teacher that I have a pleasant recollection of was Mr. Downey, father of the present Ontario representative for South Wellington, and publisher of the Guelph Daily Herald, God bless him!

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THE SERPENT'S TRAIL

Across the English Reformation—Remarkable Article From a Protestant Paper.

The following article is taken from "The Lamp," a Protestant Episcopal weekly paper devoted to the so-called "Catholic" movement in the Anglican Church and its kindred organization in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church. The article will serve many useful purposes among members of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. The article is as follows:

Since the outset of the Oxford Movement in nothing have Anglo-Catholics been more backward than in the efforts they have made to re-estate the Immaculate Mother of God in the place of honor which she held in the English Church prior to the Erastian Captivity.

The trial of the Serpent across the English Reformation is indicated most clearly by three chief marks of the devil's handiwork, viz.: the abolition of objective worship offered to Jesus Christ present in Mass; devotion to the Mother of God thrust beside her Son in Heaven, an obedience to Christ's Vicar thrown in the Chair of Peter on earth.

There is no lie forged in hell more in conflict with the will of God expressed in Scripture and Catholic tradition than the Protestant conceit that they honor Christ best who most ignore the existence of His Mother. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and there is no divorce more horrible as a flagrant violation of the fiat of Almighty God than the divorce made by the Protestant reformer between Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The fruit of such violence to revealed truth must of necessity be all sorts and kinds of heresy and goes far to explain the skepticism and unbelief which today-daycomb the Church of England and Rome.

Once again we repeat, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

How it is possible to keep alive within us any vital sense of the incarnation, "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," if we deliberately shut out of our minds and hearts all thought and devotion to Mary, the mother who conceived "the Word made flesh" in her womb, nursed Him as a babe at her breast, lived with Him as His constant companion for thirty years at Nazareth, stood by Him while He was crucified, received into her arms His body taken down from the Cross and after her glorious Assumption was seen by St. John enthroned in heaven, the consort of Christ?

The fault with Anglo-Catholics is not so much in their theology with regard to the Blessed Virgin as in their failure to put it into practice. Certain of our Anglican divines beginning with John Keble have said and written many beautiful and orthodox things about the Deipara, some of which will live as long as Christian literature lives, but when it comes to saying the Hail Mary and employing the Rosary as a means of a personal address to the Holy Mother of God, the Anglo-Catholic who does this is a rare avis among his fellows: "The Communion of Saints" as a matter of actual, every-day intercourse between the members of the Church on earth and the saints who reign with Christ in heaven, is a sealed book to nineteenth of those Anglicans who love to call themselves Catholics. It makes us bow our heads in shame and blush for our co-religionists when we make this confession, but it is good to own our faults and shortcomings and bewail our ignorances, for in doing so we are taking the first steps towards reform.

What English and American church-

men need to realize in order to become the same zealous lovers of Mary that our forefathers were, is that in Mary we have a Mother, who like her Divine Son, "can be foretold with the feeling of our infirmities," and by the side of our great High Priest ever stands "to make intercession for us." We need to know that her knowledge is great enough, her love boundless enough and her power vast enough to embrace us every one, so that whosever among us cries to her so reverberating the heart strings of a maternal love that has at its command the inexhaustible resources of heaven.

As to the ability of the Blessed Virgin to hear and answer prayers the testimony to be derived from the actual experience of the faithful from time immemorial is limitless. What more creditable witnesses could be brought into court than the men and women who in their several generations attained to a pre-eminence over all others for sanctity? And if one takes the trouble to study the lives of the greatest Catholic saints they will find them teeming with testimony to the lively interest taken by the Mother of God in the affairs of men. Many of the saints were the recipients of personal visits from the Blessed Virgin, as they themselves have attested. When St. Paul on shipboard assures his fellow-passengers that there stood by him in the night the angel of the Lord and said: "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Caesar, and God hath given thee all them that sail with thee," he shows his own faith in the reality of the angel's visit by saying: "Therefore sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me," and what subsequently happened to the ship and its crew proved that his faith was well grounded. So in regard to the apparitions of Our Lady to the saints. They believed and acted on their belief, and when the Catholic Church saw the fulfillment of the alleged vision in after events the Church herself believed.

As a modern instance, take the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the peasant girl at Lourdes. The hundreds upon hundreds of well authenticated miracles of healing which have taken place at Lourdes and are still of constant occurrence have been enough to confirm the faith of Catholics the world over in the reality of what the peasant girl reported; and it is no proof of our superior order as rational beings if we "essing and calling ourselves Anglo-Catholics, refuse to accept such evidence as is thus afforded.

The great Jesuit Society, which for the mentality and scholarship of its members probably had no equal in the world, had for a founder a hard-headed, strong-minded soldier, whom it would be absurd to style a rattle-brained visionary, and yet whosever is at all familiar with the history of Ignatius Loyola must know how firmly he believed that he was visited by the Mother of God and that he was immensely helped by her in all he undertook ad majorem Dei Gloriam. Just within the gates of St. Andrew's Novitiate at Poughkeepsie, where hundreds of Jesuits receive their magnificent training, is a beautiful stone chapel which is dedicated to Our Lady of the Way-side, and stands there a monument in stone to the unquestioning faith of every Jesuit in a certain appearance of the Mother of God to St. Ignatius as he knelt at a wayside shrine erected to the Holy Virgin's honor. Were all the proofs which the archives of the Church contain of the active part which the Mother of Jesus has since her Assumption into heaven taken in the affairs of Catholic believers on earth a volume would have to be compiled much larger than the Bible.

To reject all this testimony and hold oneself superior to the combined wisdom and experience of the Catholic faithful since primitive times, is not to give evidence of a finer intelligence than a Bonaventura or a Thomas Aquinas possessed, but rather of an irrational unbelief. There may be hundreds of legends extant in Catholic literature unworthy of credence, but to reject because of these the whole mass of testimony concerning Our Lady's ability to hear and answer prayers, is to cast discredit on all testimony in every age and by every author to the miraculous and supernatural. And this surely no one who is Catholic enough to believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is itself the most stupendous of miracles would wish to do.

If we accept the witness of the Catholic Church in regard to other matters of faith there can be no valid reason for rejecting what she bids us believe about the efficacy of prayer addressed to Our Lady and Mother in Heaven. There is no better way to realize the truth of the Catholic religious all the way through than to practice it, and if our Anglican brethren would know for themselves the reality of Mary's love for them personally and her readiness to help and intercede with God on their behalf, let them test by calling upon her devoutly in every hour of need, and just take it for granted that the Catholic Church knows what she is talking about when she affirms and reiterates so continually that Christ in addressing St. John on the Cross in reality addressed us all, saying "Behold thy Mother," and that having constituted her the universal Mother of all the redeemed, Almighty God has qualified her for her office by assuming her into heaven, enthroning her at the right hand of Jesus Christ, her Son, and giving her command over a great retinue of ministering spirits, to do her bidding in ministering to every one who look up to her from every part of our far-off world and who never cease to cry: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

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