

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Old-Timer Pays Another Visit to Hamilton—Incidents of the Trip—Now and Sixty Years Ago, when I first saw the Ambitious City—The Power Towers at the Beach—When Hamilton's Harbor was New—Some Local Conditions in the Long Ago—The Queer Characters that Lived There Then—Local Conditions in Church and State—"Sir Allan" and "Terry" Branagan.

Old-Timer took advantage of a fine day and low steamboat fare to pay a visit to Hamilton and his friends in that beautiful city last week. The steamer was the Macassa, with Capt. Cooney in command. This beautiful steamer is now the only one making the trips, her sister, the Mojaska, having been taken off. The Turbina, the opposition steamer, has been laid up in Toronto two or three weeks for the winter. The fare on these boats has been very low, as low as ten cents the trip, and on this occasion the writer paid only 25 cents for the privilege of making the round trip between Toronto and Hamilton. There were a good many passengers, but not enough to pay expenses; but there was a large amount of freight carried, and it's the freight that pays. That day the water was remarkably smooth and Lake Ontario looked like a vast mirror. The time of the trip was nearly three hours. The steamer is scheduled to leave Toronto at 4.30 and to arrive at the wharf in Hamilton at 7.15 p.m. The excess of freight loading perhaps delayed the boat a little in starting.

It is more than sixty-four years since I made my first trip to Hamilton in the old black tub named the "Admiral." I do not now remember who the captain of this steamer was. I do not now remember any of the names of the port of Toronto except Captains Richardson and Carr, but I do not think it was either of those that sailed the "Admiral."

There were no railroads in those days and the steamers called at all the way-ports—Bronte, Oakville and Wellington Square—while now there are no such calls to be made. Wood, too, was the fuel employed to make steam and at every stopping place quite a delay was made to get on board the necessary supply of cord-wood. Since then a change has been made in the name of one of those places and what used to be Wellington Square is now Burlington. "The Beach" is there still, however, and is not to be avoided, for at the Beach is the short canal, that connects Lake Ontario with Burlington Bay, on the south side of which the thirty city of Hamilton rears its proud front, and the "mountain" or bluff above it frowns protection.

There is now something new to be remarked about the canal at the

Beach, for there is being erected several high towers of iron construction for the purpose of conveying the new electric power from Niagara to Toronto and intermediate localities. The company, which is known as the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, has been served with a writ for an injunction at the instance of Mrs. Catherine Burns, on whose property some of the towers are being erected, to prevent the company from erecting such towers. The company, I learned, has already settled with a number of residents for such privilege, paying them about \$10,000 altogether. When I first passed through that canal little was known of the value of electrical power or electricity at all beyond what Franklin had discovered; but see what that element of nature is doing for mankind now, when its qualities and uses are but partially known to us.

With a clear sky and a calm atmosphere I had a good view of Burlington Bay and its surroundings. Many large houses were to be seen covering the hills on all sides. I do not know the dimensions of this beautiful bay of Lake Ontario, but it is nine or ten miles long counting to the westerly end of it, and taking in some of the larger inlets on the south side, it would be about the same wide; but this is mere guess work. There were no factories in Hamilton when I first saw it; but now there are many large and important works of various kinds, principally located on the south side inlets, including the Harvester works belonging to the McCormick and Deering combine, which works are a branch of a large Chicago institution. What did the harbor of Hamilton look like when I first saw it? There were a number of wharfs then, the same as now, but the locality where the Grand Trunk station is located was barren of any improvement and was improvised as a bathing place, backed by low hills and broken ground generally. Further east, between McNab and Catherine streets, the edge of the bay was lined by high bluffs, which have been cut away. Those bluffs were perforated with holes like a canister where birds made their habitation, and on the east side of the foot of John street, was a large four-story brick building which was used as a soldiers' barracks, for there were "regulars" in Hamilton in those days, both black and white. On James street were quite a number of taverns, some of which I yet remember, especially the "Ship Inn," owned by "Jimmy" Mullin. I believe a ship carpenter by trade. I was greatly impressed by this swinging sign, hanging over the sidewalk—a ship in full sail—which looked magnificent in my eyes. There is a tradition that that sign had been previously used for a tavern at the Beach, when the canal was constructed. I remember another tavern kept by a man named Fish, but that is all I can now particularize. I remember, however, that nearly all the intervening ground between the bay and the business part of the city, was then nearly all commons, on which the cows of the cow-keepers were permitted to graze. "Christ" church, what the English Church was named, was located near the edge of population on James street, and I believe it was built so far north to accommodate the soldiers at the garrison at the foot of the street. It was then a handsome new edifice of frame, with considerable ornamentation, and of which Parson Geddis was the rector. It was the church of the aristocracy of those days. The Catholic church of St. Mary's, a small rough-cast edifice, was located a little further south and west, on the ground now occupied by the Cathedral of St. Mary's, and of which Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., was the pastor. There was an orchard of apple trees on the "commons" in front of it. It had then been erected but a couple of years. There was, besides, neither school nor convent in Hamilton, and the principal part of the congregation was located in the south-eastern corner of the city, well known as "Corktown." A company of Catholic soldiers, under command of Captain Trench, used to be marched there every Sunday, and used to undergo certain evolutions before entering the church and when "falling in" to march back to the barracks. The aristocracy of the little church in those days were Lady McNab, her sister and two daughters. They occupied a large pew at the east side of the humble altar. The Macdonnell gentlemen, Allan, who was then sheriff of the County of Wentworth, and Angus Macdonell, his brother, who held some civic office in Hamilton in those days, often accompanied the McNab ladies and took seats in the same pew. Those Macdonells were, I understand, father and uncle of the present Toronto M.P., Mr. Claude Macdonell. There was then neither choir gallery nor choir in the little church, but there were singers and some good ones, including the Fleming girls, Thomas Clohesy and Thomas Murry. There were several carpenters in the choir and they afterwards built a choir gallery over the entrance. The heating apparatus consisted of two large cast iron box stoves made in Scotland, and the fuel, of course, was cord-wood, which was only sawed each stick in two. There were church wardens or trustees in those days, and if I remember rightly, the two

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trustees were Samuel McCurdy and Terence Brabigan, better known as "Terry the Baker." The church had pews and the pew rent was the pastor's principal means of support. The congregation grew rapidly, but the priest had only occasional assistance, as priests were scarce. I remember a Father Mackintosh that was at one time a curate with the "Old Vicar," who, however, was a little unsteady in his habits. One of the most remarkable things that I remember about the saintly old Scotch vicar of St. Mary's, was his second consecration, which ceremony took place in the old edifice. Bishop Power of Toronto, accompanied by his secretary, Rev. Father Hay, performed the ceremony. I remember the Bishop stating it was the custom, when a priest was over fifty years in the ministry, to reconsecrate him, and this the vicar was then. The Catholics then had no cemetery in Hamilton, but the dead were interred in the church yard, and there in the year 1845, my own father, who died young, was buried.

The population of Hamilton in 1842 was between three and four thousand souls. The town was governed by a police board and one constable maintained the peace of the place although there were a good many hotels and taverns. Whiskey was very cheap and the town possessed its share of lawlessness. The local lock-up was in the old engine house on King William street. The old building was then minus the tower than now frowns above it. The name of the head constable was Cheevers and Mr. John Patterson has informed me that Cheevers was Irish. For some reason that I am not now acquainted with, Cheevers was superseded by a man named Ryckman, an American, and he in turn by a man named Bishop. "Oh, it was such fun to see a Bishop with his gun going out on a shooting" (dogs). Those words were taken from a piece of doggerel rhyme written by a local poet named Norton, who was a son of the celebrated Mrs. Norton, one of the Sheridan family, who was enduring his exile here. The police board consisted of one member for each ward of the town—St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's and St. David's. They met for the transaction of business in an upper room of the engine house. Besides the engine, which possessed hand brakes, some hose and an array of leather buckets. Citizens would form a line at a fire and hand buckets of water from one to the other and thus supply the engine—the water being pumped from some convenient well.

"On the brakes of the old machine They worked from day to day, Putting out the raging fire, Although they got no pay." I do not remember who was head of the fire department or foreman of the company, if there was a company. Fires, however, were not frequent and I do not remember ever seeing a big one.

Miles O'Reilly was the county judge, and litigation was extensive. Among the lawyers that I remember were Sir Allan Napier McNab George S. Tiffany, John Sheridan Hogan, John Ogilvie Hatt, Samuel B. Freeman, Richard Beasley, James Cahill, Robert Law, Andrew Stuart, Mr. Leggo and some others—quite a plenty no doubt. There used to be a magistrate's court held on John street near Main, by Major Bowen and another whose name I cannot now call to mind. Those two men held court in one room and were always busy. They encouraged litigation in place of making peace and the town was in a scandalous state from this cause. The government was at last petitioned to remove those men and it was done, when a Major Armstrong, a retired military man, was appointed in their place, and something like peace was restored to the community.

(Continued on page 8.)

GOVERNMENT'S DEFEAT

House of Lords Votes for Compulsory Religious Instruction

London, Oct. 30.—The first vote in committee of the House of Lords on the education bill was taken last night and resulted in the defeat of the government by a majority of 200. The vote came on an amendment to the first clause in the bill. The amendment, which was offered by Lord Henage, Liberal, makes religious instruction compulsory during a part of the daily school hours in all public elementary schools. Earl Crewe, speaking for the government, refused to accept the amendment, but after a most businesslike debate, the amendment was carried by 256 to 56. The majority included the entire opposition in the House of Lords with the exception of Lord Amthill, who voted with the minority. Among the majority were the Archbishop of Canterbury, twenty bishops, the Duke of Devonshire, all the peers who are members of the government, and Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Durham, Earl Russell, the Marquis of Northampton, Lord Brassey, Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Wearde, Lord Haversham and Lord Reay.

A Noteworthy Admission

The London Catholic Times (daily) recently published a contribution from M. de Lanessan, the late French Minister of Marine under M. Waldeck-Rousseau. It appeared originally in the "Siccle," which has now become a sort of French edition of the "Times." Among other remarks, it contained one of great interest at the present moment. The object of the article is to explain the reasons for the apparent indifference to religion and religious questions in France. After having shown in his own way that the influence of the clergy has been adverse to the Republic, he adds what is a highly important statement just now: "The young people who have received their education in our secular schools during the last twenty-five years, have completely given up religion."

This is an admission the force of which ought not to be neglected by members of Christian denominations during the present crisis. Here we have an avowal from a French Minister that one of the results of secular education is the destruction of the faith of the rising generation. This time M. Lavino, the implacable enemy of the Catholic Church, who represents the "Times" in Paris, deserves the thanks of the Christian churches. He has rendered the good cause a useful service, and so has M. de Lanessan, who, by the way, is the gentleman that at London kicked a crucifix out of the door of the hospital, the chapel of which he had converted into a music hall.

Death of Patrick J. Hurley of Lindsay

Lindsay, Nov. 5.—The town of Lindsay loses one of its most prominent citizens in the death of Mr. Patrick J. Hurley, which took place on Tuesday morning at his residence, Melbourne street. Mr. Hurley was born in the County of Haldimand 54 years ago. Leaving there in 1876, he came to Lindsay and at once became identified with the growing interests of the town, carrying on a large grocery, grain and boot and shoe business. Mr. Hurley was President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus and C.M.B.A., and ex-Councillor of the town. Flags are at half-mast on the public buildings as a mark of respect for the deceased. R. I. P.

VICTORY FOR IRELAND

Bryce Says Landlords will be Compelled to Reinstated Evicted Tenants if Necessary

London, Oct. 29.—John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, moved the adjournment of the House of Commons today in order to call attention to the lack of progress in the matter of reinstating evicted tenants in Ireland, owing, as the speaker alleged, to the landlords' hindering the operations of the Land Act by refusing to sell untenanted lands. The land commissioners consequently were unable to provide farms for evicted tenants. Mr. Redmond said it was obvious that the government must resort to some system of compulsion. The patience of the Irish people was becoming exhausted and although the Irish party desired to give opportunity for the greatest degree of fair-play pending a declaration of the government's intention regarding Irish self-government, it thought that the chief secretary for Ireland ought to grapple with the matter at once. Replying to Mr. Redmond, Mr. Bryce, after some debate, said the government had done its best to cope with the grave obstacles before it and had won a certain measure of success. If the remedy is compulsion the chief secretary said the government might have to come to that. Walter Hume Long, Conservative, then declared that Mr. Bryce's statement involved a complete triumph for the Nationalists, and the subject was dropped.

Sir Wilfrid and Home Rule

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)
Editor Citizen.—In its criticism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the O'Connor meeting in Ottawa as reproduced in your issue of the 22nd inst., the Saturday Review only puts in other words the language used by Earl Kimberley, the then colonial minister in Mr. Gladstone's first administration in 1882, acknowledging the joint address of the senate and house of commons to the Queen in favor of Home Rule for Ireland and the release of over one thousand "suspects" then in the jails in Ireland, as originally introduced by Hon. Jno. Costigan in the Commons. But later Mr. Gladstone became a convert to the cause of the Irish people and sought the co-operation of the "parliaments beyond the seas." The Review says: "The domestic politics of Great Britain (Ireland is carefully omitted) is no business of the Dominion government."

Going back again to 1882, I remember a conversation I had with the late Sir Hector Langevin, then minister of public works, on the subject of Lord Kimberley's letter which it was expected would be referred to in the approaching session of the Canadian parliament. I asked Sir Hector what he thought of such a possible occurrence. "Well," said he, "my answer would be that we Canadians are directly and indirectly interested in the settlement of the Irish question. The late Fenian raids into Canada were altogether owing to our connection with England, otherwise we should not have been obliged to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars, besides the sacrifice of lives in resisting the invasion. The Fenians," he added, "had no cause to quarrel with us as Canadians, they misguidedly thought they were injuring England."

Don't you think Sir Hector Langevin voiced the general opinion of Canadians? And the Saturday Review and all others interested in the welfare of the United Empire should not lose sight of the fact that even at this very hour the Irish question is a stumbling block in the way of the much-coveted Anglo-American alliance.

The address to the Queen in 1882 passed in both the Commons and the Senate without a dissenting voice, and on another occasion only six were found to oppose a series of resolutions favoring Home Rule in the Senate, while twice subsequently the House of Commons repeated their former recommendations. This, it appears to me, would demolish the Review's view of the possible action of "The Scottish and Irish Protestants of the Dominion." True "the Scotch are a powerful factor in Canada," but it is also true that both the "Irish Protestants" and the "Scotch" were found voting side by side with their Catholic fellow members on the different occasions on which the question of Home Rule for Ireland has been before the parliament of Canada.

As to the insinuation against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sincerity in his profession of Home Rule for Ireland, in justice to that gentleman I feel bound to say that about twenty years ago, when I was engaged in collecting the opinions of leading Canadians of all creeds and nationalities on Irish affairs for Mr. E. Dwyer-Gray of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, who was engaged in a like undertaking for the United States as well as in the other British possessions, Sir Wilfrid's reply to me, which will be found in the book subsequently published, was, "I have already declared myself in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and still hold that opinion." Asking insertion of the foregoing.—M.F.W.

LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF SAINT

Immense Crowds Assemble to Witness Extraordinary Scene on St. Januarius Day

We have heard and read many accounts of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, says a writer in "The Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia," but we had only a very faint idea of the awe with which one is inspired on standing by while a miracle is being wrought, or the enthusiasm of the Neapolitans and Catholics from other parts at its accomplishment.

There are two days in the year on which this miracle takes place. The first occasion happens early in May, the second on September 19. We had the privilege of being present yesterday in the Duomo while the miracle was wrought, and we believe few things would be more welcome to our readers than an account of it. Januarius, protector of Naples, suffered martyrdom under Diocletian about the year 305, in company with Festus, his deacon, and Desiderius, his lector. As Bishop of Benevento, he attracted the attention of Draconius, the governor, and, on refusing to sacrifice to the gods, was by his orders decapitated at Pozzuoli, two miles from Naples. Immediately after the execution a pious woman collected some of the dead Bishop's blood, which she brought to Naples in two phials. This is the blood which, after sixteen centuries, we behold yesterday—fresh living blood, as if it had come from the veins but a few hours before.

These few remarks are sufficient previous to giving a detailed account of the liquefaction. The great event may take place at any moment between seven and twelve, and therefore it was no wonder to find a crowd in the church at an early hour. By 9 o'clock the Duomo was filled, while in the chapel of the cathedral treasury there were about 1,500 persons laboring under intense excitement. On the steps of the high altar of this chapel an aged canon stood, holding the phial half-full of dry, hard blood. Priests, laymen, soldiers and gentlemen stood around. Outside the rails young and old, rich and poor, stood jammed together, praying, singing, crying out to the protector of Naples that the miracle might take place. The tension was great, for Neapolitans believe if the blood does not liquefy they shall suffer either pestilence or scarcity of crops. They regard St. Januarius as a father from whom they expect almost everything. Their confidence in him is strong, but they know that on more than one occasion the blood did not liquefy and a plague followed. His protection saved the city of which they are so proud from being destroyed by Vesuvius two or three times, especially in December, 1631, but they must admit that they have not always deserved it. It was not a thing to be surprised at, therefore, that those vivacious people were rather hysterical.

THE MIRACLE.

From the moment the canon held up the phial to the light of a candle before the coffer until the liquefaction occurred forty minutes passed by. Litanies, hymns and various prayers succeeded each other, yet no sign of any change in the hard mass was apparent. At length it began to grow soft. Pieces of the dark lump commenced to fall off. Then, the next moment the whole phial was almost filled with blood—and the miracle had taken place.

A cry went up from the crowd, and a wild scene followed. "Ecco! il miracolo e fatto!"—"Look, the miracle has taken place!"—came from every side. Words of thanks, repeated in a hundred forms, were given to "San Gennaro," only to be drowned by the strains of the "Te Deum" in which all joined.

From the heights of the citadel cannon boomed out the glad tidings over the city, and on every tongue were the same words—"Ecco! il miracolo e fatto." And Neapolitans, always merry and happy, were more so than ever. The coming year was to pass without mishap, for "San Gennaro" would still protect the city.

And that day in restaurants, in the streets, in hotels, at railway stations the miracle was the dominant theme. Men wrangled over the precise moment the liquefaction had taken place; shrill-voiced women argued about how long "San Gennaro" had delayed them, but all were happy and agreed on one point—their protector has not forsaken his beloved city.

In Memoriam

In loving remembrance of Francis Nolan, who departed this life Oct. 21, 1906.

"A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

"God in His wisdom has recalled
The boon His love had given,
And though the body slumbers here,
The soul is safe in heaven."
—A Friend.



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