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VOL. XIII., No. 21

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905

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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**Conversion of a Scion of a Canadian Orange Family to the Catholic Faith—One of the Bulls of Hamilton Gone Over to Rome—Some Irish Protestant Printers of the Last Century in Canada—The Fortunes of the Bulls, the Bregas, the Lovells and the Gowans.**

I have noticed in some Canadian Catholic paper recently an account of the conversion of a Mr. Bull to the Catholic faith. I took but a hasty glance at it before setting down the paper. I refer to it again, as I was interested, knowing, as I did, this Mr. Bull, and his grandfather. I remember the statement was one made by himself, and in which he confessed that he was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and that his family was of the Protestant, but of Orange antecedents, and that he often joined in crying down the pope and honoring King William. The circumstances that led to his change of religion as narrated I do not remember.

As I know something about the Bull family and in the light of this gentleman's conversion, I think it will interest your readers to have me say something about it. The Bull family is Irish, and I think came to this country from Dublin. When they came I do not exactly know, but I think it was in the early thirties. There was an emigration of a number of Irish printers to Canada about this time, and they were mostly if not all, Protestants. Besides the Bull family there were the Bregas, the Lovells, the Gowans, etc. The Brega family too, came from Dublin, the Lovells came from Cork, and the Gowans from Wexford. The head of the Bull family was named George Perkins. He was a short, stout man, who wore glasses, and a printer by trade. He came to Toronto and set up a job printing office on King street east, but how long he remained there before removing to Hamilton I do not know. He was in the latter city, however, in the late thirties and I think all the forties, and published the first Conservative paper in the "Ambitious City." I remember the office well. It was on the east side of the Court House square and had a verandah in front of it. The name of the paper, which was issued weekly, was "The Gazette." The front room was used for a public reading room, but I do not think was much patronized. We had then no Canadian daily papers, no telegraphic news, no special correspondents, and the news was not then dealt out so attractively as it is now. "Bell's Life in London," a sporting paper; the London Times, the New York Herald and London Punch, were the chief attractions to the few readers that visited our reading rooms in those days. Mr. Bull put in a claim for the grandmastership of the Orange institution for British North America. This claim, however, was disputed by Ogle R. Gowan, and a most acrimonious controversy sprang up between the two leaders on the matter, in which Mr. Gowan received the worst of it, but he kept the grandmastership with a terribly battered reputation.

Mr. Bull was also a prominent Mason and always had a place in the Masonic processions, which were annual in those days. He carried an open Bible with him, supported by a leather strap fastened around his neck. At the time of which I write, Mr. Bull had three grown sons, two of whom aided him in getting out the paper. They were Richard, the eldest, Harcourt P. and George. Richard subsequently went into the insurance business, Harcourt into farming on the mountain, and George became a divinity student. At the time that members of the Legislative Council in the sixties were made elective, Harcourt P. was elected to the Upper House for the County of Wentworth. When the old gentleman died I do not know, nor do I know that any of his sons but George, the youngest, is now alive. The latter is now, I believe, rector of some Episcopal church in

Hamilton. It must go hard with him to know that his nephew has become a Roman Catholic and has made a declaration to that effect. I have not a word to say against the Bull family. I always found them courteous and agreeable. I had a brother that for a time worked in the printing office and he always spoke well of them.

I remember that in the early forties there was a repeal association organized in the house of one John Curran, on the north side of the same square, and Mr. Bull, as in duty bound as a Tory journalist, condemned it in his Gazette as disloyal, etc. The association had an orator named John Quinlan, who at its next meeting resented the imputation cast upon it and said, "It is not in the pork of Bull's horn to do us an injury." After Harcourt Bull was elected to the Legislative Council I met James Lovell, who came out the same time as the Bulls, and who was superintending the government printing in Toronto, and he said to me: "I met Harcourt Bull of Hamilton the other day, and said he: 'Jim, when we were coming out from that emigrant vessel together from Ireland, did you think I would ever be a Canadian lord?'" Mr. Lovell would be surprised now were he alive, to learn that one of the Bull family had become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and condemned Orangism and all that pertains to it. That there are Bulls yet in Ireland I learned the other day from an Irish paper, where a gentleman of that name was mentioned as acting as sheriff in some Leinster locality.

The other Dublin printer was Solomon Brega. He was a much more portly man than Mr. Bull, and while the latter was a Tory in politics, Mr. Brega was a reformer. He, too, published a paper in Hamilton, and it was named the "Journal and Express," and he was a friend of Mr. Hincks. He was a handsome old gentleman and had a large and handsome family of sons and daughters, and they, too, were grown at the time I knew them. His eldest son, named Washington, started a paper of his own in Hamilton named the "Journal of Commerce," but not succeeding he chose another field and became a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. He was brilliant, but not exemplary, I am told. A younger son, Charles, was more fortunate. He was clerk for a while in the Hamilton post office, but many years ago found his way to Chicago and made a large fortune on the Board of Trade, and I presume he is yet enjoying life there or traveling the world over, like my old friend, John Ross Robertson, of the Telegram to-day. The Chicago Bregas have been great travellers, visiting Lady Curzon in India, being guests in castles on the Rhine, and otherwise enjoying high society in various parts of this earth of ours. The last time I saw old Solomon Brega was about thirty-five years ago, sitting in front of the Queen's Hotel on Front street. I believe he was then Registrar of Peel. Brega sounds like a Spanish name, but I have looked it up and found it is ancient Irish and Celtic, but the owner of it never showed any particular devotion to his country's cause.

It is a little singular that at the end of the forties of the last century, every newspaper owner in Hamilton was Irish. Besides those I have mentioned there were Smiley of The Spectator and Dr. Webster of The Christian Advocate—but all Protestants.

The Lovell family is the best known of any family of Canadian printers, and John Lovell of Montreal is a very commendable gentleman. He was up to all kinds of publishing enterprises, though I don't remember that he published any newspapers on his own account, but I think he printed and published for others. He was the first man to enter his printing office every morning and the last to leave it every night. He was always devising or planning some publishing enterprise, like the Dominion Directory. He often complained to me of the lukewarmness and indifference of the Canadian public to enterprises that he instituted for the benefit of the country. His brother, James Lovell, spent his last years in Toronto. Until Dominion days they had a great deal of the parliamentary and departmental work both here and in Montreal. I know nothing of the present generation of Lovells, but I do know it had worthy sires; men that went to make Canada.

I will not have much to remark about the last of my subjects—Ogle R. Gowan. He was from the County of Wexford and was a son of Hunter Gowan of unsavory notoriety in the troubles of '98. His career I have not read up, although I know a good deal of him through newspaper and political controversy. From the day he came to Canada he was an Orange leader by profession, and was head of that branch of the Conservative party. I believe he pub-

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### THE HEROIC SONS OF ERIN

The boast made in a well-known song that "There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows," found inspiring proof on the streets of Dublin last week. A fitter named John Fleming, in the employment of the contractors for the Dublin Main Drainage, had gone down a manhole 28 feet deep to fix a broken pipe. He was observed by a newsboy watching him go down to fall off the ladder before the bottom of the manhole was reached. The boy gave an alarm, and John Coleman immediately entered the manhole, but before he got to the bottom he also fell. Thomas Roche, then, knowing there was sewer gas in the manhole and hoping that prompt rescue would save the two men at the bottom, went down. He likewise fell. The newsboy called Police Constable Sheehan, a young man six feet four inches in height and a giant in strength. The policeman threw off belt, tunic and helmet, while the firemen were being summoned, and went down. He too was overcome. Life lines had by this time been procured and one by one the bystanders volunteered and were overcome by the gas. The firemen, having arrived with smoke helmets, went down, and though many were overcome, the work of rescue went on and all at the bottom of the manhole were brought back into the pure air. John Fleming died, brave Constable Sheehan died, and a long list suffering from asphyxiation. It was found that Sheehan had actually got the life line around the body of Fleming when he himself died. But the end was not yet. As the covering of the manhole was being replaced, some fancied sound at the bottom gave the impression that the rescue was not complete. As many more volunteers stood ready. The same thing went on again, the firemen with helmets being overcome in several cases. The last man to come out of the hole was fireman Christopher Kelly, who stayed below fifteen minutes and went into the sewer a distance of 72 feet from which he brought forth the unconscious body of a comrade.

Speaking of so magnificent a display of heroism, where none indeed showed a cowardly spirit, The Freeman's Journal says: "Helping others to the last, forgetful of himself, Constable Sheehan fell and died. No man could wish for a death more glorious. How poor does the courage of the battlefield appear in comparison, when men are excited by the wild-beast eagerness to kill. Assuredly it is nobler to save than slay. It is men like Sheehan who redeem humanity from the cynical reproach of sordid selfishness. He was in the prime of vigorous youth and strength; his life stretched long and fair before him. All it held or promised he freely gave, passing out of the light into the darkness to save a fellow-man. He gave himself to death that a stranger might live. He was but a plain and humble man, one of the people. No stately monument will recall the memory of his courage and sacrifice. But the doctrine which ranks Charity as the first of the virtues, and declares 'Greater love than this no man hath than to give up his life for a friend,' brings the assurance that in the brighter world out beyond the grave a glorious reward awaits such heroic self-devotion."

Nothing So Precious

There is nothing in this world so precious as the Catholic faith, and it is not in the power of man to make a present equal to that bestowed through the instrumentality of one who brings about another's conversion.—London Catholic Times.

A. O. H. NOTES

Division No. 5 met May 14th last in the hall, corner Queen and Dundas streets, President McCauley in the chair. The excursion committee met in Cameron Hall Wednesday, May 17th. Mr. Vincent McCarthy chairman, and decided to run the excursion to Buffalo on August 15th via Niagara River Line and New York Central.

A Tall Man

We clip the following item from The Telegram. On account of the height of the individual there should be no trouble in finding him.

"The photograph and height measurements of the dead Lancaster robber have been sent to the detective department here and Detective Alf Cuddy will try to find some one to identify him. Apparently he was a man of about thirty-five feet eight and three-quarter inches in height and weighed 151 pounds."

Don't be good only for the selfish ambition to wear a starry crown; be good to do good, for this is the Divine purpose.

Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

WILLIAM HALLEY

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### MGR. SBARRETTI AND THE HIERARCHY

At the time of the consecration of Mgr. Racicot, at which His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate assisted Mgr. Bruchesi, in an address of a very high character, protested in the name of the Canadian Hierarchy against the insults addressed to the representative of the Holy See. We reproduce this address, together with the text of the answer given by His Excellency thereto. It is an historical document.

My Auxiliary has assured you of our veneration and attachment to your person. In the expression of these sentiments he has sounded the right note, and rendered, in eloquent terms what we feel in the depths of our souls.

By a very natural discretion, which procures all the better the delicacy of his defence, he has still wished to leave to my personal initiative the care of sounding the higher note.

This I do not hesitate to do, amidst this assembly of bishops and priests, with all the frankness and energy of which I am capable, because it appears to me fully justified, commanded even by a painful incident which we have all deplored and from which we have all suffered with Your Excellency.

Doubtless your mission in our country, our dear Canada, which has so much need of civil and religious peace, in order to attain her ends, is one of concord and harmony. If, on the other hand, the union of hearts and minds has lately been menaced, you would certainly not wish to do anything to excite either passions or prejudices. We, ourselves, would assuredly never consent to the performance of act or the utterance of a single word of a nature to chill respectable convictions. This our religion and patriotism would always forbid us to do.

But, when your most legitimate and best authorized steps in favor of justice are systematically denationalized and denounced with the most absolute violence, we should then protest.

Yes, Your Excellency, whilst you were accomplishing your duty so worthily and serving a grand cause, you were betrayed, you were answered by injury and calumny. Well, it is not useless for us to know those who have calumniated you have injured, and calumniated us at the same time, we bishops of Canada, we priests and thousands of Catholics scattered over the entire country; we have felt those insults and injuries most sorrowfully. We may forget them, but we should protest against the treachery which has dictated them.

This protest I offer to Your Excellency as a testimony of esteem and respectful confidence; as a consolation in the sufferings which you must have endured, in seeing your part so misunderstood and your intentions so unjustly appreciated. I offer you this protest in my own name, in the name of all the bishops who surround me, and in the name of all the priests and all Catholics. I would be happy to have this document placed by you at the feet of the Holy See, so that the Supreme Pastor might rejoice to learn that in his flock, between the Apostolic Delegate, the bishops, priests and the faithful of Canada, there reigns incessantly and in spite of all assaults that may be brought against it, a perfect union of sentiments, of union et anima una.

I close by those words of our Divine Master, Beati qui persecutionem patienter propter justitiam.

Mgr. Sbarretti arose, his soul filled with emotion. The grand declaration of Mgr. Bruchesi was warmly applauded by all those in attendance, had touched him deeply. He answered in a manner which served to emphasize the nobility of his character.

I am indeed entrusted with a mission of peace, he said, and I wish to fulfil it to the end. But, being convinced that social peace can only repose upon justice, I must defend its rights whatever it may cost me.

I have done nothing else in using a natural and sacred privilege which no authority can justly contest. To refrain, under these circumstances, from working for the triumph of justice, would be to be wanting in the accomplishment of a strict duty. My conscience would not permit me to act thus. I have, therefore, nothing to regret. I regret nothing. I am ready to commence over again. How could it be otherwise since I have the intimate conviction, still more, the certainty of having served the interests of the country, of Canada, which I love with such a lively and deep-rooted affection! I

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The Spring Term began on April 3rd, and students may now enter any day, and continue work to end of any course selected.

There are no vacations. A very handsome catalogue is sent by the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, on receipt of a postal request.

### D'Youville Reading Circle

This season's last regular meeting of D'Youville circle was held on the evening of Tuesday, May 16th. There will be a general meeting on May 30th, which will be called a spring festival, from the literary and musical numbers, all bearing on the spring- tide, and at which the plan of next year's work will be considered.

The evening's work was chiefly reviewing and formulating conclusions from the studies of the term, since October. Among the new books, the "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," was mentioned as making very pleasant summer reading of the same happy spirit as "The German Garden" and "The Solitary Summer." Andrew Lang in "Adventures Among Books," and Miss Tooley's "Life of Florence Nightingale," were briefly reviewed.

In these fifty years since the Crimean War, such great strides have been made in the professions of surgery and nursing that even the bravest women, led by the lady with the lamp, have scientifically, certainly been surpassed, but the charm of their heroism, like that of the Sister of Charity, remains unalterable.

The paper signed "B.S." in the New York May Messenger, was pronounced most welcome because of the compact study of this very important question as it now stands before the country. In the May Dolphin, the charming note on Cardinal Newman, drawn from the memoirs of the late Father William Neville, simply goes to confirm what is so easy to believe about the great Oxford leader, the prince of the Church and the modest devout Oratorian.

"Through the kind gift of Mr. M. J. Heney, of Seattle, two sets of books have been added to the library—John Morley's "Men of Letters" and Christine Faber's "Stories."

In summing up of Current Events, some of the remarks made by Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya, in his delightful lecture given at the Convent a week ago, were repeated. The distinguished visitor was very eloquent in his plea for peace and for the spread of western civilization in Asia.

As it was the closing meeting, the Oxford notes were summed up from the preceding studies and Mathew Arnold was quoted from his essay on "Culture and Anarchy" as to the beauty and unchanging charm of this "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties"; also, as to the Oxford movement: having spring from a desire for more sweetness and beauty in the externals of religion. Newman's "Idea of a University" was estimated, and the special chapter, devoted to the ancient university of Dublin proved very timely reading, now that the Irish University question is so uppermost in everyone's mind.

In the second part of the evening the oriental poem "Light of Asia," which has been the subject of study through the whole year, was brought to a conclusion, and the last chapter of Rev. Dr. Aikin's book on Gotama was read to show how futile is the argument in favor of Buddhism, and how hopeless is the effort to convince an honest soul that Christianity does not respond to all our needs.

ANNA DALTON.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and shan't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

There was a brief silence. The surgeon and nurse waited breathlessly. Then a tiny finger stole up to a wounded throat and the ghost of a baby boy's voice said:

"Please, doctor, bring me a lickie gun!"

would even dare say that I love it in a certain sense more than my own country, since the guardianship of the religious interests of this immense Catholic population has been entrusted to me by the Holy See.

I too, sincerely wish for its prosperity and development in justice and harmony, without which all true progress is impossible, to shrink in the face of either insult or injury.

I hope, therefore, that the political passions which have been let loose will soon die out, and that the Canadian nation will renew its calm and powerful incentive towards that glorious destiny reserved for it by Providence.

Therefore, the only ambition for us all, Apostolic Delegate, bishops and priests, history proclaims it, is to spend ourselves with courageous generosity to the realization of the radiant hope of peaceful progress.

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