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VOL. XI, No. 41

The Catholic Register.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1903

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Chronicles of an Old-Timer

Recollections of Some Prominent Old-Torontonians that have Passed Away, with Special Reference to the Hayes Family

763 West Madison street,
Chicago, Oct. 10, 1903.

Dear Register:

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Louis Martin Hayes, of Peterborough, with reference to some of the allusions made by me in my "lamentations" in a former letter, but more especially my allusion to the Hayes family. I was very glad to get this letter, because it encourages me. There were several Hayes families in Toronto fifty years ago, but this particular family was one of large interests and great influence. I think they came to Canada from the City of Cork and the father, Dr. J. J. Hayes, was well supplied with cash. In fact, he was a capitalist. I never knew him to practice his profession, but gave up his time mostly to the interest of the church and when Bishop Count De Charbonnel came to Toronto and took charge of the diocese, Dr. Hayes was his right-hand man and general adviser. There were five sons that I know of and all became useful and influential men in the community, well serving their country and their creed. They were respectively James, Martin, Thomas, Michael and Barry. James, who is a Jesuit priest, resides at St. Ignace College, here in Chicago, where his services are mostly used in advancing the cause of temperance. He is a pretty old man, but yet vigorous in body and zealous in mind. Martin, Thomas and Michael are dead. Martin and Thomas established a general wholesale and retail mercantile business in Toronto in the early fifties, with a double store, on the north side of King street, a little east of St. James' Cathedral. They cared well for a while, until they went into the ship building business. That ruined them, as there was no demand for tonnage at the time their vessels were ready. Michael was a student at St. Louis when I first met him. When he got through with his studies he came to Toronto and took up journalism, starting The Catholic Citizen, I think, in 1855. He was a bright man, a good writer and fine orator. I remember well, when in 1852, he was on a visit to his family how glad the young Sons of Erin Society (of which I was one) were to get him in their programme for their St. Patrick's Day celebration in the old Stanley Street Schoolhouse, for a speech. We were all boys, but I tell you we excited over that celebration, especially as it was the only one that year in Toronto. When Michael Hayes disposed of The Catholic Citizen to the McGee committee he studied law and resided at Stratford, where he held the position of County Crown Attorney for the County of Perth, which position he held until the time of his death. He became reconciled to D'Arcy McGee and before their respective deaths they were great friends. His wife was a Miss Donovan, a sister of Joseph Donovan, who was a Toronto barrister, and a man of talent. He used to write "thundering" articles in it day for The Catholic Citizen. I have not heard of this gentleman for many years and presume he is dead. His sister, Mrs. Michael Hayes, and mother of Mr. L. J. Hayes, of Peterborough, is yet, I am happy to say, in the land of the living. Mr. Barry Hayes, the younger of the brothers, married Miss Collins, a tall and beau-

tiful blonde. She was the sister of Mr. Frank Collins, and a native of Toronto. Frank Collins might have been considered one of Toronto's Catholic aristocracy, because he was a gentleman of property and leisure and had a name handed down to him by his father, who made history in his day as a Canadian journalist. It was he who published the first Canadian Freeman and suffered fine and imprisonment for espousing the cause of the people against the Family Compact in the troublous times of '37-'38 and after.

Well do I remember the time when The Globe changed its political policy and commenced abusing the Catholics in the middle fifties. William Lyon McKenzie had come back from exile, and on the death of David Thompson, Liberal member of Parliament for Haldimand County, announced himself as a candidate for the vacant seat. It was his first attempt to run for Parliament. He had been abusing the newly-formed Clear Grit party headed by Malcolm Cameron, Michael Hamilton Foley and William McDougall, to his heart's content when he suddenly veered around and joined them, on account of the coalition formed between Francis Hincks and John A. Macdonald. This was, I think, in 1854. Mr. Brown by his abuse of the Catholics in The Globe, had made himself thoroughly obnoxious to them and they determined to take sides against him. But at that time they had no acknowledged political leader and there was an opportunity open for some one.

The ones fell on Martin Hayes. The Mirror, a Catholic newspaper then in existence and published by Charles Donlevy, was filled up with effective campaign matter. There were a good many Catholic voters then residing along the Grand River, and they were strongly appealed to. The Mirror was largely circulated among them then by a Toronto man well acquainted in Haldimand sent especially on that errand and his exhortations were paid by Mr. Hayes, who thus won his first political triumph. Mr. Brown was defeated and McKenzie elected. There were many rejoicings on that occasion, but that of the Catholics was far from being the least.

Mr. Barry Hayes, the youngest of the brothers, I understand, is alive and well and resides at Ottawa, and may fill a responsible public office.

Mr. M. L. Hayes informs me that his wife is a daughter of the late Angus D. Macdonell and his wife, one of the De la Haye girls, both of whom were once people familiar to my vision in church circles. Mr. Angus Macdonell I referred to in my previous letter. He was one of the aristocracy, was related to Lady McNab of Hamilton, and trained politically, like his brother Allan, with the Conservatives. The Macdonells then were a people and were related to Bishop Alexander Macdonell, the first head of the Church in Upper Canada. The father of Mr. Macdonell's wife, Mr. J. P. De la Haye, was a conspicuous figure in Toronto for many years as Professor of French in Upper Canada College, and he, too, was one of the aristocracy of that day, but an approachable and pleasant old gentleman. Yet he had some of the hauteur of the old French nobility, to which he belonged by blood and lineage.

The Catholic Citizen had a bunch of strong and able writers attached to it at different times, one of whom was James McCarroll, I believe a native of Peterborough. I wonder if the memory of old Toronto has gone back on "Terry Finnegan," poet, musician and good fellow. This was McCarroll's nom de plume and it has gone into the American classics. McCarroll held a position as Surveyor of Customs in Toronto, but it is not on record that his diligence was such as to mark him up high. He was a frequent lyrical contributor to the old Leader newspaper, and was on terms of intimacy with Charles Lindsay, Daniel Morrison and Charles Belford. He was a votary of art, of literature, music and the drama. When distinguished artists came to town McCarroll was always with them for they needed congenial company. He was a great favorite of the celebrated Madam Anna Bishop, said by some to be the original of "Tribby," and of course wrote laudatory criticisms of her in the papers, and he knew how to do it in true classic and artistic style. He was the greatest flautist in Canada, and frequently gave concerts and humorous lectures. He was an editorial writer of great force and used to handle the Orange brethren in the column of The Citizen in terms that were forcible and expressive.

When D'Arcy McGee came to Toronto he took a great shine to him and loved to be constantly in his company. They were congenial souls and could quote poetry for one another by the hour. But you know, McGee had a peculiar disposition and he would tire after a while of the best friends he ever had and neglect them. He had the art of making friends, but not the capacity for keeping them. Sometimes he would treat them with neglect or indifference, and at last they would resent it. So it was with James McCarroll. From a warm friend he became a bitter, unrelenting enemy.

There was a satirical paper published in Toronto at one time called

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The Grumbler, started by Erastus Wiman and written for by some of the brightest minds that Toronto University had turned out. William Rattray, Christopher Tyner, William E. Foster, Robert Sullivan and others, including McCarroll. For a time it enjoyed a glorious career, but at last flattered and failed. Later it was revived by no less a person than Mr. J. Ross Robertson, the munificent proprietor of The Daily Telegram of the present day. "Terry Finnegan's" letters to D'Arcy McGee were a regular weekly feature of The Grumbler. They were dated Stanley street and written in the vernacular, if I may so call the style. They were satirical, personal and pungent and displayed the ire of a writer who had been scorned; but McGee never noticed them.

Stanley street was the name your present Lombard street then bore, and was inhabited by the poorest and most neglected class of Irish emigrants. It had a mayor of its own, named Dan Dewar, who was more comical, however, than grotesque. He was a wag and always wore a smile. It was the fault of poor city management that this short street, right in the heart of the city, was not a leading business mart instead of a sink of squalor, filth and iniquity. The city fathers several times endeavored to relieve its character by changing its name. When I first knew it it was March street. Some zealous Tory member of the City Council proposed to honor the name of the lord who was then leader of the British Government in Parliament by conferring Premier Stanley's name upon it, and it carried. At that time The Mirror newspaper was edited by Dr. Workman afterwards superintendent of the County Hospital. He was a humorist and his particular aversion was the City Council, that he used to love so well to lampoon. He gravely suggested to the City Fathers on this change of name that they should send Lord Stanley an address together with a sample of Stanley street mud nicely done up in tin foil to show the honor that had been conferred upon him! But what in the world did the Lombards do that the name should have been transferred to them?

To come back to my good, old friend, "Terry Finnegan," who used to date his diverting epistles from the non-classic artery of Stanley street. Well, he possessed too freely of the alcoholic habit and courted the muses too ardently and he dropped by the way-side. He drew up stakes one bright, moonlight night "lit out" and was "put off at Buffalo," where for a while he edited "Paddy O'Dea's United Irishman," but finally found his way to New York, where he mingled for a while with the Bohemians of literature. But he has long since gone to his counting. Once I had an opportunity of spending an evening in a domicile in Toronto where McCarroll, McGee and James Hallinan were guests, and it was a treat fit for the gods to hear those three scholars assail each other with their keen rapiers of wit and sarcasm and condone each other with weird story and pointed anecdote. James Hallinan was one of our first Catholic lawyers. He was a classical scholar, well up in the Latin poets and could quote them at random. But his end, too, poor fellow, was hastened by the alcoholic habit. Oh, that fatal alcoholic habit! It has done more injury to the Irish than all other evils on earth together. They are capable of conquering all else but that. It is an enemy that yet largely survives and the Gaelic

race will never reach its crowning glory until they conquer that insidious enemy. Rid of that they might exclaim "the world is ours" and the world would submit, because the world loves the successful, helpful, happy, witty brilliant Irishman. Look at Sir Thomas Lipton for a sample.

The French woman is domestically fascinating, the Irish woman intellectually so. Brilliant as the Irishman may be, the Irish woman is more so. Look how Lady Blessington, a Southerner, high in literary and artistic England at her feet for years! Here in Chicago women of Irish parentage are rapidly coming to the front in bold relief. They shine especially in the educational field. Just think of a couple of women teachers tackling the involved problem of city taxation, going to the Legislature and compelling the board of equalization by demonstration to change its figuring and compelling the corporations to pay half a million a year more money than they had been used to paying, that the schools might come in for their proper share! One of those women was a delegate to a pedagogic convention in Boston last summer, where she met presidents of universities in discussion and carried important points against them. This was our Miss Margaret Healy that we Chicago Irish pique ourselves upon.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Mass for Rev. Father Kiernan

(Communicated.)

On Thursday last fifteen priests were at Collingwood to assist at the Mass for the late beloved pastor. From early morning until 9 o'clock when the Solemn High Mass commenced, all the visiting clergy offered up Masses for the repose of the soul of their departed confrere.

Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie, was the celebrant. Rev. M. Cline, Vroomanston, Peckering, sub-deacon; Rev. Father Laboureaux, Penetanguishene, master of ceremonies. The others present were: Revs. J. Kitchin, H. J. Gibney, Frank Walsh, St. Michael's College, Toronto; P. Kiernan, M. J. Jeffcott, L. Barcelo, J. F. Baudoin, M. J. Gearn, M. Moyna, A. O'Malley and Rev. Arthur O'Leary, who has had charge of the parish since Father Kiernan's departure.

A large crowd filled the church, amongst whom were several non-Catholic friends of the late priest. Rev. Father Moyna, who could not suppress his intense grief, preached a short and touching discourse, during which the sobs and tears of all present could not but show how genuine was the sorrow that all experienced for the loss of one of the dearest and best priests this whole country possessed.

The modest and virtuous wife, the true sympathetic heart, the generosity and unselfishness of the amiable priest were all understood and felt by his fellow-priests and by his sorrowing flock. "Behold the great priest who in his day pleased God and was found just. His name will be in eternal benediction." Peace to his ashes.

C. M. B. A.

The last regular meeting of Branch 49 was the largest attended meeting this year. A special committee was appointed to arrange details for an open meeting to be held in St. Peter's parish. After the meeting was closed refreshments were served.

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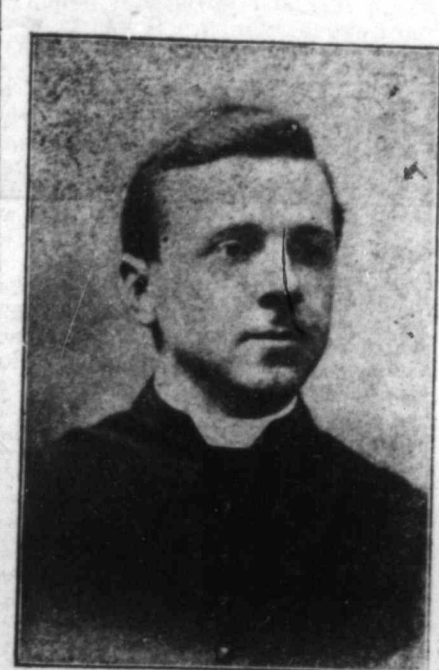
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A Tribute from a Loving People

Parishoners of St. Mary's, Montreal,
Honor Memory of Late Curate

On Tuesday morning the parishoners of St. Mary's Church honored the memory of the late Rev. Father Thos. Edward McDermott, who had labored for three years as a curate, and acting pastor, and had endeared himself to the members of the congregation by his assiduity, devotedness, and untiring labors in their behalf, by holding a solemn requiem service at St. Bridget's Church. The church was



LATE FATHER McDERMOTT.

heavily draped with black and gold, while in the centre of the church rested a magnificent catalogue covered with a black pall, and surrounded with innumerable tapers, on the top of which rested a brette and stole, emblematic of the dignity and office of the priest of the Catholic Church. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Robert E. Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Father James Killoran, St. Patrick's, as deacon, and Rev. Father Gerald McShane, S.S., Notre Dame, as sub-deacon.

The following clergymen were also present: Rev. Fathers Brady, P. P. St. Mary's; Peter Heffernan, St. Patrick's; Andrew Cullinan, St. Mary's. The choir, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Emblem, rendered the Gregorian Requiem Mass, by Perreault, very impressively. The soloists being Messrs. T. C. Emblem, J. J. Rowan, A. Hamilton, J. Connolly and R. J. Louis Cuddihy. After the singing of the Libera, and the pronouncing of the Absolution, by the celebrant, the choir sang, "Nearer, my God to Thee." Professor James Wilson presided at the organ.

The congregation was a very large one, including the pupils of the Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and of the Edward Murphy School. The brothers of the dead priest, Messrs. P. and M. S. McDermott, and other relatives occupied special seats near the altar.

Rev. Father P. Brady, the indefatigable pastor of the church, spared no pains in order to have all arrangements complete for the service, which was a worthy tribute from a loving congregation to a model and exemplary young priest of the ranks of the Irish clergy of the Archdiocese of Montreal.

"To sweeten life as we meet and part,
We need but remember this:
To carry always a tender art,
For the tiniest thing that is.

"The wider the circle of love we make,
The happier life we live,
And the more we give for another's sake,
The more we shall have to give.

"So let us widen it day by day
By loving a little more,
Till nothing living be shut away
From a share in the heavenly store.

"His love and kindness, alone can fill
Our hearts with the joy of living;
And we wait but do the will
Of the loving and the giving."
Montreal, Oct. 14, 1903. FELIX.

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The D'Youville Reading Circle

Ottawa, Friday, Oct. 9, 1903.
Editor of The Register:

The D'Youville Reading Circle held the first of its fortnightly meetings last Tuesday evening in the Rideau Street Convent. Some important announcements were made, among them that the celebration of the Feast of St. Theresa will be a little different from those years. The fifteenth falls on Thanksgiving Day, when present and former pupils will probably be scattered. Therefore the re-union of the Library Association and the formal opening of the Reading Circle will take place the following Sunday with His Grace Mgr. Duhamel presiding. Several valuable works of reference have been added to the library during the vacation, those deserving special mention are a splendid new edition of the Oxford edition of the University Society of Toronto, and a new international history in twenty-nine volumes. Subscriptions to the best periodicals and Catholic newspapers have also been renewed, and the membership fee has been reduced to one dollar a year.

The historical study will deal with the confusions of the 18th century, due to the deplorable extremes to which the different reformations were carried during the 16th and 17th, with the consoling reactions of the 19th. The wonderful religious renaissance—the Oxford movement—will come in for the largest share of attention. The nineteenth century study commences with the so-called Heroism of Europe by the Reconstruction of the Middle Ages, paying particular attention to the "Woman question." Woman as she was idealized then and as she is idealized now. The literary course will take in Tennyson, Browning, Coventry Patmore and some of the minor singers; their poems dealing with Knighthood and the Ages of Chivalry will be specially considered.

The review work of the evening was limited to two books, one, a poem, "The Musician," by Frank Waters, and the other, "The Sins of a Saint," an amateurish romance by one Aitken. "The Musician" is a remarkable poem both in thought and expression. Though very weird and tragic it is also very beautiful, because it reads well. The story, something like Faust, is based on a mediaeval legend and has to deal with a genius who makes a bargain with the devil for the gift of music. His violin charms the outside world, but at home it plays at the devil's will, making hideous conception of womanhood, whose prayers eventually save the hero. The author says in his preface it is his intention to show the value of prayers and the worse than uselessness of all art not derived from God. It is a poem above ordinary criticism and advertisement, not food for babes by any means. Some authorities have placed it for music and imagery on a level with the work of Milton. For the Amateurish Romance, Rev. Father Johnston's review of it was read from The Philadelphia Standard and Times. He himself regrets the time he had to spend over the book, but it is written in a way calculated to deceive the average student of history. The Saint in question is St. Dunstan, the famous abbot and statesman of the tenth century, who, according to Mr. Aitken, was no saint at all, but a criminal of the deepest dye, a liar, a sly diplomat, a prey to ambition, etc. "Father Johnston says that Mr. Aitken must be ignorant of history as it has been written, during the last fifty years. He either did not read the historians mentioned in his pretentious array of footnotes or has purposely misquoted them. In order to take an impartial stand Father Johnston has taken his arguments from Anglican authorities, the greater number of whom agree in pronouncing St. Dunstan worthy of all discussion as a new life of Mary Tudor, by J. W. Stone, and a remarkable theological poem written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Shapecote. It is called "Mary the Perfect Woman," and has a long and encouraging preface from the pen of Cardinal Vaughan. A new book on "Joan of Arc," by Mrs. Hope Scott, will also be reviewed. This return on the part of the talent of to-day to mediaeval subjects, was mentioned—as a hopeful sign of the times.

Education Running After Superstition
New York, Oct. 12.—Announcement was made yesterday that Dr. Saram R. Ellison has made Columbia University heir to his collection of books on magic arts. It is the largest and most complete collection of its kind in this country, and comprises about 1,300 volumes. Some idea of its value may be gained when it is learned that Dr. Ellison refused Kellar's offer of \$20,000 for it.

The English books are by famous magicians, and some of them are in manuscript. There are books on card tricks, gambling, spiritualism, the occult, illusions, natural magic, hypnotism and ventriloquism. It is a curious fact that the owner of the collection is in no sense a magician, but has contented himself with a thorough acquaintance with the theory of magic.

Death of Michael Walsh

One of Toronto's Leading Catholic Citizens Dead

On Thursday night last, at his residence, 115 Baldwin street, this city, Michael Walsh, the much respected Separate School Trustee for No. 4 Ward, passed away. Mr. Walsh was born in Limerick, Ireland, 68 years ago, and when an infant came to this country with his parents, who settled in Toronto. For the past 50 years he lived in the district now known as No. 4 Ward and has always been a devout attendant at St. Patrick's Church.

Mr. Walsh leaves a widow, who has been an invalid for the past few years, and it is needless to say she has the sympathy of the community in the loss of her estimable husband. The funeral took place on Monday morning last at St. Patrick Church, and from thence to St. Michael's Cemetery, the pall-bearers being Ald. Burns, Wm. Ray, John Hanrahan, John O'Leary, P. E. Costello and D. A. Carey. At St. Patrick's Church, which was filled with citizens out of respect to the long and useful career of Mr. Walsh, a Solemn Mass for the dead was offered up by the deceased's cousin, Rev. Frank Walsh, C. S. B., Professor of French, in St. Michael's College, Toronto, with Rev. Father Devlin, C. S. S. R., as deacon and Rev. Father Urban, C. S. S. R., sub-deacon, who were assisted by Rev. Fathers Brennan, Rohleder, Hand, La Marche, Walsh, Murray, Tracey, McEntee, Minehan, Barrett, C. S. S. R., and Stuhl, C. S. S. R.

The funeral was attended by a deputation of school children from the Separate Schools, and many of Toronto's leading citizens, among whom were: Ald. W. Burns, Ald. Rodgers, ex-Ald. Crance, Frank Slattery, A. W. Holmes, J. G. Hall, John Brennan, John Mogan, John O'Connor, E. Rusin, M. O'Connor, E. J. Hearn, P. J. Crotchie, J. McHenry, M. J. Hynes, John Regan, E. J. Bradley, W. Hurst, D'Arcy Hinds, John Aldred, J. J. O'Hearn, M. Costello, John Costello, Frank Walsh, Alfred Correll, J. W. Mallon, Andrew Cottam, John J. Ryan and very many others. The funeral cortege was under the direction of Mr. Rosar.

From the house to the church the boys of St. Patrick's School and their teachers and the Christian Brothers marched in the procession. At the church another large gathering was present, among whom were the girls of St. Patrick's School and their teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph.

A Romance of Life

Fifty-three years ago Catherine Brophy left her home in Kilkenny, Ireland, and came to Canada. Three years later her brother Michael joined the army, went to the Crimea and secured several medals. Thirty-three years ago he arrived here and established his home. In 1899 he secured a situation as gardener at Loretto Abbey, on Wellington place, and has since been constantly employed.

While he was talking with one of the Sisters a few days ago she remarked that one of the members of the community was named Brophy. Michael thought of his sister, whom he had not heard of for 53 years, and then, out of curiosity, consulted the community files. The record of Catherine Brophy, who entered Loretto Convent 48 years ago, and assumed the name of Sister Borgia, confirmed his impression that she was his sister. Sister Borgia was communicated with in Guelph and the reunion took place on Sunday. Sister Borgia is ill at present, and on her recovery will come here to visit Mrs. Brophy, who conducts a small grocery store at 430 Queen street east.

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