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No. 37

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some Correspondence About Buffalo Friends—Life of Right Rev. John Timon, First Bishop of Buffalo—"The Catholic" Newspaper of Hamilton and its Editor, Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., Who Baptised the Late Queen Victoria of England—"The Liberal" Newspaper, which Contained Reports of the Irish State Trial of 1844—Sir Charles Metcalfe's Charity—"Ten Days' Later News From Europe" via Steamer "Hibernia."

I have to acknowledge the receipt of several kind communications from Buffalo and elsewhere regarding some of my recent items, which I have pleasure in acknowledging. Mr. John McManus, in a postscript, writes: "There are a few pardonable inaccuracies in your otherwise charming and exceedingly interesting story. The 'Sister of Charity' whom you quote, was indeed a 'young girl,' but is now a venerable matron and the mother of 'our' thirteen children." Mr. John W. Lewis says: "Do you know Mr. Severance, secretary of our Historical Society? You would be of great value to him in some of his work, writing up interesting events of years ago." He informs me that Mr. and Mrs. Dormer (whom I mentioned) are now in France. Dr. Park Lewis and family met them at the Parliament House in London. The latter sailed from Liverpool on the 7th of September, and are now, in all probability, at home in Buffalo.

In my recent remarks about the late Bishop Timon, the first bishop of Buffalo, I said I was not aware of that ecclesiastic's nationality, and Mr. James Pierce of Dublin, Ontario, kindly writes to enlighten me with full particulars of his nationality and life, which I gladly present here, as follows: "Dear Sir,—In reading over Old-Timer's reminiscences in a late number of the Catholic Register (which, by the way, we take great pleasure in reading), I notice you are remiss in your remarks about the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo, N.Y., especially his career as a missionary in the Western States, Texas and Mexico; his birth, nationality, etc. Allow me to give you some information regarding him taken from 'The Life and Times of Right Reverend John Timon of the Diocese of Buffalo, N.Y.," by Charles G. Deuther, his friend and college companion.

"Bishop John Timon was born at Conevaga, Adams Co., Penn. His parents were James Timon and Margaret Leddy, who were born in Belurbet, County of Cavan, Ireland. John was born on the 12th February, 1797, soon after his parents had landed in America. His sponsors were John Kuhn and Christina Wolf. A few years later the family removed to St. Louis, Mo., and the father entered into the dry goods business there. As John grew up his father took him in as assistant, but his mind led him to the church. In April, 1823, he joined the Community of the Lazarists. He entered to deaconship by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosetti. Soon after he joined the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. On Sept. 5th, 1847, he was appointed Visitor of Congregation; was next sent to Texas as envoy of Rome; next he was offered and refused the Episcopal See of St. Louis. He was offered and accepted the appointment of Bishop of Buffalo, N.Y., the same year. Between the years 1842 and 1847 the Bishops of Cincinnati, Louisville, Philadelphia and New York, urged him to take charge of their respec-

tive seminaries. As to his labors for the Church in Buffalo, there are lasting memorials, such as the erection of St. Joseph's Cathedral, for which he was impelled to travel as a missionary through Mexico in order to collect funds for its completion, and brought home \$26,000. Here let me relate what encomiums he bestowed on the Mexicans: "These people," he said, "are represented by writers and travellers as a vile and despised race, but I would sooner lay down my lot among them than any other class of people I ever visited. The carillon of bells (43 in number) in the city of Mexico, is the second best in the world." The writer of this letter is a Timon by descent, as my mother was a first cousin to the bishop. My father spent twenty-two years in the English army. He was a color-sergeant and received as trophies two medals; one for honor and one as a gratuity for long service and good conduct in the 29th regiment of foot. As I am now in my 80th year, you will please excuse my poor calligraphy.

When I next visit Buffalo I will surely see Mr. Severance, Secretary of the Historical Society, and ask him to secure a copy of this life of Bishop Timon for the library of the Association. I was not aware of the existence before of such a valuable book, which should also find a place in the public library, and in all Catholic libraries.

During the visit of the children, parents and trustees of the Separate schools of Hamilton, and priests of several parishes, on an excursion to Centre Island, Toronto, a few weeks ago, Mrs. C. J. Bird, wife of the secretary of the School Board, presented "Old Timer," who was a guest, with a loan of a copy of "The Catholic" newspaper, dated "Hamilton, Gore District, May 17, 1843." The Catholic was the first Catholic newspaper published in Upper Canada. It was printed and published every Wednesday morning, at 21 John street, or the north-east corner of John and King William streets, which was then occupied by a two-story frame building. The editor and proprietor was the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., who was the first Vicar-General of Hamilton, and I believe the first regular parish priest. He was then a very old man and was familiarly known as "the old Vicar." The Catholic was first published in Kingston, where Father Macdonald resided before his appointment to Hamilton; but 1843 was its last year. The editor had grown too old and feeble and was unassisted in the arduous work of publication. John Robertson, the printer, was not a Catholic. He changed the name of the paper to that of "The Liberal," and continued the publication of that paper for a few months of the year 1844, at his office, which was removed to the south-east corner of King and Hough streets, over Oliver's auction rooms. Father Macdonald, in a short time was called to Toronto by Bishop Power, to reside at the Palace, and died there in the year 1847, the same year that Bishop Power died, having exposed himself and caught the terrible enflaming fever, of which thousands died in Canada the same eventful and disastrous year, greatly mourned and sorrowed, Vicar-General Gordon of Niagara was Vicar-General Macdonald's successor in Hamilton.

A good many anecdotes have been told of "the old Vicar," as he was often affectionately called. Bishop Macdonald, the first bishop of Upper Canada, brought him to this country to take charge of his seminary at Alexandria, Glengarry County, for the education of priests. He was a Highlander and had been a chaplain to a Highland regiment in the British army, and I believe the Duke of Kent was his general. The Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, was a Catholic, and Father Macdonald was a frequent visitor at her palace. On the occasion of one of those visits the Duchess asked him to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to one of her young children, and this he did. The child that was thus baptized was afterwards Queen Victoria, the gracious mother of our present beloved sovereign, King Edward. This anecdote was discussed at the late meeting of the event was vouched for by Mrs. Bird, who said the Vicar was a frequent visitor at the house of her father, the late Mr. John Brick, where he told the story himself in her presence. But there is another version of it that was communicated to me by Mr. Wardell of Dundas, at whose house the Vicar was also a frequent visitor.

(Continued on page 8.)

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DEFINE SOCIALISM

Dr. Barry, the English Writer, Calls for more Precise Information from those who call themselves Socialists—They Don't Agree.

Dr. William Barry, the English writer, takes to task through the columns of the Liverpool Catholic Times "A Catholic and a Socialist," one, James Murphy, who had invited the attack by an article in a previous issue. Father Barry's article is of interest to readers in America as well as England for here also we occasionally encounter the "Catholic and Socialist," though the combination usually results in a hazy sort of creature that cannot well be defined as either the one or the other. Father Barry writes:

Like Mr. James Murphy of Liverpool, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. It happens also that I am a priest, and by Roman diploma may term myself a theologian. All these words in common use are clearly defined. But what is socialism? What, again, is democracy? These, the shibboleths of a "new dispensation," bear many meanings. To Mr. Murphy, one article which they cover is, I conclude, that "private" property was never intended to exist. But in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" every citizen has a large private income which he can spend as he chooses. Yet "Looking Backward" expressed the convictions of many socialists and democrats. Moreover, the scheme which is technically described as "collectivism" does not propose to do away with individual possessions. It would abolish private capital, not private property. Under it I may hold movable goods to any extent, so long as I do not use them as my stock-in-trade. Will Mr. Murphy draw up a series of propositions on which all who march under the flag of socialism are agreed? Until that is done, we cannot from the name itself get any light on its relation to Catholic doctrine. For we know that there are Christian socialists in England, who quote Holy Scriptures as he does. And there are anti-Christian socialists here and abroad, to whom the Catholic Church is an abomination, the Bible a parcel of legends, the supernatural a myth, and religion a disease. Which of all the kinds now going about are we to welcome as Catholics and Irishmen?

I will put a few more questions to Mr. Murphy. How does he propose to secure freedom of conscience in a state which owns everything? Under officials who control the resources of wealth, every foot of land, every brick and stone and tree, every machine, every book, and the service of every human being that is able to work? These bureaucrats, elected by ballot, if you please, will be masters of the food, clothing, shelter due to citizens. They will lay down laws for education, labor, marriage, divorce—possibly Malthusian limits to the birth-rate quite conceivably no limits to "free love." Where is the guarantee of the citizens' freedom? He will own nothing whatever, least of all himself. Let Mr. Murphy answer this one note of interrogation. How am I to be free, in a country where I possess neither house nor land nor money, where I must submit to the government mould in the school, the field, the mine, the workshop, the playground, the camp, and even the church? For the church belongs to the state and can be shut up any moment as being public property. Where, I ask, will freedom be when it has no weapons of assault or defense against an all-pervading, all-embracing tyranny such as this? Now we groan under many masters; then we should be throttled by one master, the so-

cialist Nero of Caligula, omnipotent over mind and body.

"A concerted union of the peoples of Europe endowed with universal intelligence," says Mr. Murphy, would prevent what he calls "democratic failures," i.e., more Jacobin French revolutions. Are we really to guide ourselves by dreams? It would appear that we may expect "upheavals" of a disastrous kind until Europe is concerted on a popular basis and "universal intelligence" prevail. But a universal proletariat (which is the basis of collectivism), however intelligent it might be, would be helpless at the feet of bureaucracy, armed with power to which the sole bound was exhaustion of the public resource. How could resistance begin? Any partial strike would be suppressed, as the other day in France by M. Clemenceau, precisely after the fashion of old times, "with instruments of human slaughter." And a strike all round would starve the strikers. No, socialism spells despotism. It means absolute government by officials. It would be a tyranny established and endowed as no church, no state ever was since the world began. Bad enough in one country, what measure of justice would it deal out to an individual who should object to violence done him, were Europe confederated? Does Mr. Murphy assure us that the Catholic religion would be permitted to breathe in a system constructed on these lines? If he does, he stands alone. The Church knows better. So do the "leaders" who tell us that clericalism is the enemy.

Socialists, yes, we have heard of them before. But how about anarchists? The considerations on which I have been touching are so patent that revolutionaries as determined as Prince Kropotkin and his predecessor Bakounin have set up their cry—just the state which Mr. Murphy seems to contemplate with satisfaction. They declare it to be the least endurable of tyrannies. I have spoken with philosophic adherents of this "new dispensation." To the ablest among them—for example, Mr. G. B. Shaw—it would appear that all these collective schemes are so many stages of transition, ending in some Utopia where the state has ceased to govern. I do not feel by any means clear that Mr. Murphy is not in the long run, a supersocialist. If he is, let him say so. But, then, what becomes of the logic and his labels? Whenever, in conversation, I have raised these difficulties which the notion of an absolute state brings with it, my socialist friends have encouraged me with an assurance that it would not be so absolute, after all. This, being interpreted, can but mean that a certain degree of independence, founded on possession, would be left to the individual and to groups.

I strongly advise our Irish brethren to stand by liberty and the Catholic Church. We do not require to be taught the meaning of brotherly love by strangers to our faith, our ideals, and our creed. The Church rises far above socialism, far above anarchism. She denies no rights, she inculcates all duties. She did not create the social misery which drives men mad to see it. She condemns all sweating, usurious bargains, sacrifices to Mammon of the mother and the child. She declares that covetousness is the root of all evil. But she believes in the life to come. Therefore she cannot agree with revolutionaries who bound their horizon by the grave. She fears nothing; she hopes all good things. And she knows the heart of man, as they do not who flatter him with pericious dreams. I commend to Mr. Murphy these words written by the great American, Lowell: "We have begun obscurely to recognize that popular government is not in itself a panacea—is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so."

HALIFAX ARCHDIOCESE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS

Consecration of Most Reverend Dr. McCarthy on Sunday Last

Halifax, Sept. 9.—Ideal September sunshine lent added glory to the grandeur and solemnity of the consecration ceremony of Archbishop McCarthy at St. Mary's Cathedral to-day. The vast cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity. The scene was one of the grandest of its kind ever witnessed in this city. The gathering of prominent Catholic clergy was notable, American dignitaries being among the number. The interior of the Cathedral had been renovated and decorated, and while marked by no lavish display, all the adornments were in keeping with the chastened surroundings. The sanctuary and main and side altars were a profusion of snow white flowers. The sanctuary was filled with long rows of surpliced priests and acolytes, and Archbishops and Bishops with their robes of purple and their mitres. Monsignor Sbarretti was the consecrator, and among the other prelates present were Bishop Casey of St. John, Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Rev. Dr. Shahan, Rev. Father Pace, Catholic University, Washington, and Dr. McGoldrick, Brooklyn, who presented the Archbishop with the episcopal ring.

After the ceremony Archbishop McCarthy made an eloquent and touching speech in reply to an address and a purse of three thousand dollars presented to him by the laity of the diocese.

The Halifax Recorder gives this sketch of Archbishop McCarthy:

Dr. McCarthy, as a boy, gave promise early of a brilliant career. In his college days he was conspicuous as an athlete and scholar, and as manhood developed, he took up the more serious side of life. Among his school mates were the present Rev. Gregory O'Brien, S.J., of Montreal, Father Underwood, Father Grace, Father Manning, Father Scott, Father Driscoll, J. C. O'Mullin, James J. Hopewell and many others who have earned a reputation in Church, state and the community in which we live, and among his teachers was the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Daly, V.G., administrator of the diocese. He was ordained at St. Mary's Cathedral by the late Archbishop Connolly.

Dr. McCarthy celebrated his first Mass at Mount St. Vincent, and it was served by the present Sir M. B. Daly. Shortly afterward he was sent to Kentville, the parish of the late Rev. Father Holden, and it was here that the latter became so warm a friend of Dr. McCarthy. He spent three years with Father Holden, and upon the occasion of his transfer to Chester, Dr. McCarthy was presented with an address and a horse and wagon. The parishioners at Kentville and surrounding districts reluctantly parted with him, and it was upon this occasion that Father Holden, whose veteran service in the priesthood won for him the esteem of the whole province, predicted a brilliant career for Dr. McCarthy.

Before parting from him Father Holden said: "Keep on, young man, and one day, though I may not live to see it, you will be Archbishop of this diocese." In after years Father Holden repeated this expression, and the words of the old priest have been justified.

At Chester Dr. McCarthy spent about six years, in charge of a parish that was almost a diocese, covering, as it did, New Ross, Dalhousie, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, New Dublin and Chelsea. For his splendid work in this parish he was selected for the more important charge of Yarmouth, where he spent some years. Here he continued his brilliant career, and besides winning the hearts of his people, built the present beautiful church, as fine as there is in the province, and one which will stand as a monument to his energy and work for years to come.

Upon the death of Monsignor Carmody he was transferred to Halifax and made rector of St. Patrick's Church. Before leaving Yarmouth he was presented with an address, a gold headed cane and purse of money. These came not only from the parishioners but from the Catholic societies of that place, among them being the A.O.H., for whom he has always had the kindest regard. Coming to Halifax, he soon won the admiration of St. Patrick's parish, and organized

Rome, Sept. 8.—Francis Xavier Wernz, a German, was to-day elected General of the Society by the Congregation of the Company of Jesus, in succession to the late Father Martin, who died last May. Following the election a messenger was immediately dispatched to the Vatican to inform the Pope of the choice, which, to become effective, requires the Papal sanction.

"He is just the man fitted for the position," said the Pope. He charged Father Maertens to take to General Wernz the apostolic benediction and also an affectionate letter of greeting which he wrote to the General.

Father Francis Xavier Wernz was born at Rothwell, Wurtemberg, on December 2, 1842, and at the age of fifteen years entered the society of which to-day he was chosen head. In 1883 he received an appointment as professor in the Gregorian University and has been rector of the university since 1904. He is a consulting member of the Congregations Ecclesiastica, Extraordinary Affairs and Index Council, and is recognized as a progressive man of present-day ideas and extremely energetic.

The meeting to-day of the Society of Jesus was opened after a short prayer, with a speech in Latin by Father Wernz, the newly elected general of the society, who summarized the programme of the order in its complex fields of religious, moral and educational work. Father Wernz ended his address by conveying to all present the apostolic benediction, as he had been charged to do by the Pope.

Guelph Church

For the purpose of decorating the interior and securing new stations of the Cross, marble altars and stained glass windows, the congregation of the church at Guelph are now collecting \$10,000. The church now enjoys the reputation of being one of the grandest in Canada and with the additional decoration it will be taking another step to the first and grandest.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Brooklyn, N.Y., celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their advent into the Diocese on Saturday, August 25th.

one of the finest and most successful fairs held by that parish, realizing some \$7,000, with which he purchased the magnificent organ now in St. Patrick's Church.

After spending six years at the latter place, he was transferred to St. Mary's upon the death of the esteemed rector, Rev. E. F. Murphy, D.D. In the Cathedral parish he has continued his splendid work, and by his earnestness and scholarly traits, his great devotion to the people—especially the poor—he has won the hearts of his parishioners, and the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

Dr. McCarthy is a scholar and orator of the superior class. His sermons at the Cathedral rank him among the most able ever heard there, and he has the reputation of never preparing a discourse. He speaks from inspiration, and having history at his finger tips, is able to quote from the important events of any age in a manner that at once proclaims him well-read. His language, too, is always strikingly good, and there is soundness and conviction in his pulpit discourses. As a lecturer he is one of the most successful in our midst, and taking a sample, "Monumental Rome," which he delivered before the Art School and before the A.O.H. in this city, he must be classed with the most finished and interesting ever heard in Halifax.

He is also a splendid Greek scholar, an astronomer of repute, and one of the best mathematicians in this province, and combined with these qualities are tolerance and diplomacy, which have made him so popular, not only with his own, but with people of all denominations. He is an earnest and approachable pastor to the poorest in his flock, and a clever business man with great executive resources.



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