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VOL. XIV., No. 5 TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906 PRICE FIVE CENT

### TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Continuation of Prominent Catholics in Toronto in 1850—John Molloy of Osgoode Hall—His Services to the British Government in Quebec in 1837—His Sons and Daughters and the men the latter married—Connor Tracy and his Brother James—Charles Donlevy, the Publisher of the Mirror Newspaper—Martin J. O'Beirne and the O'Deas.

Mr. John Molloy was one of the Irish Catholics I knew here in 1850. He occupied the position of caretaker of Osgoode Hall. He had raised a large family, all of whom were then full grown. He had performed a political part in Quebec before coming here. During the troubles of 1837 he was chosen by the loyalists to make speeches against the French-Canadians, as it was apprehended that the Irish in Quebec, who were more numerous perhaps in proportion to population than now, would join the rebels. There was not as much cordiality between the Irish and French as might be expected, and Molloy was used to widen the breach. The times were critical. It would be a serious thing if the two races joined hands to sever British connection. It is said that John Molloy, who belonged to humble life, had an influence akin to that of a leader among his countrymen. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, and came to Canada in the year 1822. His character was not unobserved, and when there appeared to be danger that Papineau's rebel ranks would be reinforced by a large portion of the Irish Catholics, who had no cause to be enamored of British rule, Sir James Stuart sent for Molloy and said he must make speeches to his countrymen and urge them to join the volunteers. He said to Molloy: "You address your countrymen and urge them to be loyal and with us." Molloy said: "Sir James, this is no time for joking. You would not ask a man like me to take a prominent part at such a time." Sir James replied to Molloy: "You are the man we want." So Molloy put aside his scruples and attended a meeting of his countrymen which was called for that evening, and when he came forward to address them he was nervous. The audience, however, cheered and the speaker recovered his self-possession, and it is reported, spoke as follows: "My fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens, you must not expect refined language from me. Neither must you expect much dignity. But what we want is reality. It is indeed an unexpected thing that a man such as I am should be called on to address such an assembly as this at a time when it is of the most vital importance I should counsel what is right. But I have been called upon and I have obeyed that call, and may the Providence who has found for us Irishmen a happy home on this side of the Atlantic, give me fit speech. When I arrived in Canada more than thirty years ago, a total stranger, before I was three days in Quebec, my ears became familiar with expressions which were insults to you. But notwithstanding such expressions of the French-Canadians from English and Scotch, I met with the greatest kindness. By George! One day I dined with an Englishman and we had the roast beef of old England and French Pudding; and the next day I dined with a Scotchman, and we had equally good fare." He compared the constitutional government of Great Britain with that of other European countries to the advantage of Great Britain. Copies of the speech were printed and circulated in thousands over the lower province and it is said had great effect. Molloy had some

military experience, soon joined the volunteers as sergeant. He was then sent on a mission to London, where he had interviews with the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Derby and other leading men. Shortly after his Quebec experience Molloy came to Toronto and was given charge of Osgoode Hall, I suppose as a reward for his loyalty. I often met him. A favorite resort of his in my day was Patrick Doyle's store in the St. Lawrence Arcade, where much gossip took place, and the two had much always to consider. Mr. Molloy, as far as I understood him, was much of a critic and cynic. His countrymen in Toronto, anyhow, did not warm much to him. Two of his sons that I knew were printers. William Molloy learned the trade with Thomas Dalton in the "Patriot" office. His son Joseph, who was much younger, I met the first day I came to Toronto in a printing office, seeking employment like myself, and it was he who brought me to a place to stay that night. This member of the family now resides in Chicago. Three female members of the family married old friends of mine, viz.: Matthew O'Connor, one of our oldest Catholic citizens; Connor Tracy, formerly a shoe merchant of Hamilton; and Ald. Kenny Fitzpatrick of Hamilton.

And this reminds me of Connor Tracy, who was one of Toronto's old Catholic citizens. And so also was his father before him. I knew the old gentleman when he kept a shoe shop on the north side of King street east, and he was a true son of the Emerald Isle, full of wit and humor. I was one night in his place getting some work done, when a disappointed customer came in and threatened to withdraw his patronage. Looking to a lad who was learning the trade and with a mournful face he said: "Johnny, we'll have to put up the shutters!" Connor Tracy was a member of the Cathedral choir here before he went to Hamilton and sang bass, but how few there are who will remember him now. He was an intelligent, worthy and sincere man. His widow, if I am not mistaken, is yet alive and residing in Toronto with Mr. Matthew O'Connor, on Maitland street.

James Tracy, Mr. O'Connor Tracy's younger brother, was a young man of irreproachable character and I believe without a blemish. If men are to be known by their company it is to my advantage, because James Tracy was one of my intimate friends and companions. He was an example for all the young men of his time and I have always missed him. He was intellectual, pious, patriotic. He was a true Celt, but moderate in temperament. He was stockily built, had jet black hair, black eyes, and although swarthy of complexion, had a pleasant smile. He always enjoyed a joke. He had not married within my recollection. I am not aware of the date of his death or the circumstances attending it.

Charles Donlevy, the publisher of the Mirror newspaper, was, I think, a Galway man. He was a printer by trade and a careful person. Where he was employed before starting the Mirror I never learned. Mr. Matthew Teely of Richmond Hill knew him well and probably could tell. When I first knew of him he was associated with a man named McTavay, an Irishman, who previously had published a paper called "The Constitution," which was a successor to W. L. McKenzie's "Colonial Advocate." The "Mirror" was a small weekly newspaper of limited circulation. Donlevy was a very timid man, whose financial resources were very limited. He was married, but had no children. He was sober and industrious and a regular attendant at his religious duties. I only once knew him to take any part in politics and that was at a great Baldwin meeting which was held here and at which he was one of the officers. That was in 1842 or 1843. It was at that meeting that the late Hon. George Brown made his first political speech in Canada. The late Senator John O'Donohoe was present at that same meeting and he once told me that Mr. Brown spoke so broadly and guttural and spluttered so much that it was hard to understand him, although the matter of his speech was excellent. One of the

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first newspaper articles in favor of responsible government was published in the "Mirror." The editor of the paper at that time, I have seen it stated, was a Mr. Covey, of whom I know nothing; but I think the statement is a mistake. There are two men now living, who perhaps could tell more about such things than myself, and they are Mr. Matthew Teely of Richmond Hill and Mr. Chas. Lindsay of Toronto. Mr. Donlevy's remains have a place in a vault in St. Michael's Cathedral.

Martin J. O'Beirne was here in 1850 and he owned a clothing store on King street east in the block that stretched on the south side from Church street to St. Lawrence Market. He was a representative man, well educated, and had been appointed by the Baldwin Administration to positions of honor if not of emoluments. He took a chief interest in Irish and Catholic matters. In those days the Catholic Irish of Toronto were not deficient in capable and intelligent men. Mr. O'Beirne was one of the officers of the great responsible government meeting to which I have already referred, and was considered influential. He removed to Hamilton where he set up business in the same line in the early fifties. He was the Hamilton representative to the Buffalo Convention of 1855, that of which the late Hon. Thos. D. McGee was the promoter before he came to this country, and I remember hearing him tell how that meeting was conducted, the tact shown by McGee in reconciling the differences between the Canadian and American delegates and the happy results that were likely to follow. I think a sister of Mr. O'Beirne was the wife of Mr. O'Dea, who also had a clothing store in the same block as Mr. O'Beirne; and another sister was the wife of Mr. O'Higgins, who was in the same line of business here before he removed to Hamilton and started "The Cheapest spot in Canada."

Mr. O'Beirne was the uncle of Dr. James O'Dea, who was a promising young physician here in the sixties. He was an exceedingly handsome young man who had secured a university education and was very popular among all classes. His office was on the south-west corner of Church and Queen streets. It was a great loss to Toronto when he removed to New York. He was a great friend and admirer of Mr. McGee. He was born in Toronto and had many friends and relatives here. It was his sister, Miss Mary Ann O'Dea, who became the wife of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the business partner of the late Sir Frank Smith, and who was a very beautiful woman. Dr. O'Dea had a bright young brother named Frank, who was also a model of manly beauty. He was a good scholar and had he lived would certainly have made a mark. Alas! What beauty, what talent, what chivalry doth those good old days call to mind now, when all, or nearly all, have faded away, leaving nothing but memory to gratify the mind, and perhaps, some sad reflections too. Doctor O'Dea had a brother Martin, who studied for the priesthood and for a while wore the soutane, but he finally took to medicine too. He spent a good deal of his time in Hamilton.

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### AN AUDIENCE WITH POPE PIUS X

(By James Gibbons Huneker.)  
An audience with the Pope reveals a new world to pilgrims from America. A visit to the Vatican is an experience never to be forgotten. Perhaps Rome at a superficial glance still affects the American as it did Taine nearly a half-century ago—as a provincial city, sprawled to unnecessary lengths over its seven hills, and, despite the smartness of its new quarters, far from suggesting a well-to-do, as does, for example, bustling, shining Berlin or the mundane suavity of Paris. But not for her, in her superb and imperial indifference, are the seductive spells of operatic Venice or the romantic glamour of Florence. She can proudly say "La Ville c'est moi!" She is not a city, but the city of cities, and it needs but twenty-four hours' submergence in her atmosphere to make one a slave at her eternal chariot wheels. The New York cockney, devoted to his cult of the modern—hotels, baths, cafes and luxurious theatres—soon wears out of Rome. He prefers Paris or Naples. Hasn't some one said, "See Naples and die—of its smells?" As an experienced traveller I know of no city on the globe where you formulate an expression of like or dislike so quickly. You are Rome's foe or friend within five minutes after you leave its dingy railway station. And it is hardly necessary to add that its newer quarters, pretentious, cold, hard and showy, are quite negligible. One does not go to Rome to seek the glazes of comforts of Harlem or Brooklyn.

As a theatregoer I could not resist the blandishments of the Costanzi, especially as a new tragedy by D'Annunzio was announced. "La Fioccola sotto il Moggio" is its name, which may be paraphrased in English by "The Light Under the Bushel," a singularly inappropriate motto, by the way, for its modest author! Therefore I listened to his new and bloody tragedy at the Costanzi with more than passing attention. Though interpreted by that robust and gifted young actor, Fumagalli, I did not care for the play, for reasons not to be given just now. Eut Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was the afterpiece, and this pleasing entertainment for babes in arms held me in my uncomfortable stall until the final curtain drop. New York will probably see it first, with the seven league boots of Richard Strauss' music, for the tragedy demands acting of a high order and a gorgeous setting. Played by amateurs on bare boards it is no longer Wilde, who is luxurious or nothing in his art. It is a skillful adaptation of Gustave Flaubert's "Herodias," and, horribly morbid as it is in its comminglement of blood and lust (these characters have no real life outside the psychopathic ward), it lacks the genuine fire of tragedy.

But what has Wilde of D'Annunzio to do with Rome, with the Pope? Only that Rome, of all cities in the world, furnishes the most surprises. The palimpsests of its various civilizations are not its chief charms. It can be as new as to-morrow while basking in the neighborhood of antiquity. Besides, I did not go to Rome to see the Pope. It was the marbles of the Vatican that haled me off my projected course. The usual manner of approaching the holy father is to go around to the American Embassy and hurry the good-tempered secretary into a promise of a ticket; that is, if you are not acquainted in clerical circles. I was not long in Rome before I discovered that both Mgr. Kennedy and Mgr.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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Merry del Val were at Frascati enjoying a hard-earned vacation. So I dismissed the ghost of one idea and pursued my pagan worship at the Museo Vaticano. Then the heavy hoofs of 300 pilgrims invaded the peace of the quiet Hotel Fischer up in the Via Sallus Tiana. They had come from Cologne and the vicinity of the upper Rhine, bearing Peter's pence, wearing queer clothes and good-natured smiles. They tramped the streets and churches of Rome, did these commonplace, pious folk. They burrowed in the catacombs and they ate their meals, men and women alike, with such a hearty gnashing of teeth, such a rude appetite, that one envied their vitality, their faith, their wholesale air of having accomplished the conquest of Rome.

Their schedule, evidently prepared with great forethought and one that went absolutely to pieces when put to the test of practical operation, was wrangled over at each meal where the Teutonic clans foregathered in full force. The third day I heard of a projected audience at the Vatican. These people had come to Rome to see the Pope. Big-boned and giant-like Mgr. Pick visited the hotel daily, and once after I saw him in conference with Signor Fischer I asked him if it were possible—

"Of course," responded the wily Fischer, "anything is possible in Rome." Wear evening dress? Nonsense! That was in the more exacting days of Leo XIII. The present Pope is a democrat. He hates vain show. Perhaps he has absorbed some of the American antipathy to seeing evening dress on a male during daylight. But the ladies wear veils. All the morning of Oct. 5 the hotel was full of eager Italians selling veils to the German ladies. Carriages blocked the streets and almost stretched four square around the Palazzo Margherita. There was noise. There were explosive sounds when bargains were driven. Then, after the vendors of saints' pictures, crosses, rosary beads—chiefly gentlemen of orient persuasion, comical as it may seem—we drove off in high feather nearly four hundred strong. I had secured from Mgr. Pick, through the offices of my amiable host, a partitioned badge with a cross and the motto, "Coeln—Rom., 1905," which, interpreted, meant "Cologne—Rome." I felt like singing "Nach Rom," after the fashion of the Wagnerians in act II. of "Tannhauser," but contented myself with abusing my coachman for his slow driving. It was all as exciting as a first night at the opera.

The rendezvous was the Campo Santo del Tedeschi, which, with its adjoining church of Santa Maria della Pietà, was donated to the Germans by Pius VI. as a burying ground. There I met my companions of the dining-room, and after a stern-looking German priest with the bearing of an officer interrogated me I was permitted to join the pilgrims. What at first had been a thing of no value was now become a matter of life and death. The mesmeric influence of the large and enthusiastic body of pilgrims was beginning its work. I knew it, for had I not night after night, year after year, sat out excitable plays in the theatres of New York, plays whose sentiments I loathed, whose sentiments, nevertheless, brought tears to my uncritical eyes, and all because no man is strong enough to quite withstand the electric currents circulating through a gathering of his fellow men? Mob mania it has been called by Le Bon in his "Psychology of the Crowd."

After standing about the dust and buried bones of illustrious and forgotten Germans, we went into the church and were cooled by an address in German of a worthy cleric whose name I cannot recall. I remember that he told us that we were to meet the vicar of Christ, a man like ourselves. He emphasized strangely, so it appeared to me, the humanity of the great prelate before whom we were bidden that gloomy autumn afternoon. And then, after intoning a Te Deum, we filed out in pairs, first the women, then the men, along the naked stones until we reached the end of the Via delle Fondamenta. The pilgrims wore their everyday clothes. One even saw the short cloak and the

green jagerhut. We left our umbrellas at a garderobe; its business that day was a thriving one. We entered the Sala Regia, our destination—I had hoped for the more noble and spacious Sala Ducale.

Three o'clock was the hour set for the audience, but His Holiness was closeted with a French ecclesiastical eminence and there was a delay of nearly an hour. We spent it in staring at the sacred and profane frescos of DAMELE DA VOITERRA, VASARI, SALVIATI and ZUCCURI staring at each other.

"His Holiness comes!" was announced, and this time it was not a false alarm. From a gallery facing the Sistine chapel entered the inevitable Swiss Guards; followed the officers of the papal household, grave and reverend seignors; a knot of ecclesiastics all wearing purple; Monsignor Pick, the papal protonotary and a man of might in business affairs; then a few stragglers—anonymous persons, stout, bald, officious—and, finally, Pope Pius X.

He was attired in pure white, even to the sash that compassed his plump little figure. A cross depended from his neck. He immediately and in the most matter of fact fashion held out his hand to be kissed. I noticed the whiteness of the nervous hand tendered me, bearing the ring of Peter, a large, square emerald surrounded by diamonds. Though 70, the Pope looks ten years younger. He is slightly under medium height. His hair is white, his complexion dark, red-veined, and not very healthy. He seems to need fresh air and exercise; the great gardens of the Vatican are no compensation for the man of sorrows, homesick for the sultry lagoons and stretches of gleaming waters in his old diocese of Venice. If the human in him could call out it would voice, "Venice," not the Vatican. The flesh of his face is what the painters call "ecclesiastical flesh," large ingrain. His nose broad, unaristocratic; his brows strong and harmonious. His eyes may be brown, but they seemed black and brilliant and piercing. He moved with silent alertness. An active, well-preserved man, though he has achieved the biblical three-score and ten last June. I noted, too, with satisfaction, the shapely ears, artistic ears, musical ears, their lobes freely detached. A certain resemblance to Pius IX there is, but Pius X. is not a man of mediocre intelligence. He is not so amiable as was that good-tempered Pope, who was nicknamed by his intimate friend, the Abbe Liszt, "Pia Nina," because of his musical proclivities. Altogether, I found another than the Pope I had expected. This, then, was the exile—an exile, yet in his native land; a prisoner in sight of the city of which he is the spiritual ruler, a prince over all principalities and dominions, yet withal a feeble old man, whose life might be imperilled if he ventured into the streets of Rome.

The Pope had now finished the circle of pilgrims and stood at the other end of the sala. With him stood his chamberlains and ecclesiastics. Suddenly a voice from the balcony, which I saw for the first time, bade us come nearer. I was thunderstruck! This was back to the prose of life with a vengeance! We obeyed instructions. A narrow aisle was made, with the Pope in the middle perspective. Then the voice, which I discovered by this time issued from the mouth of a bearded person behind a glittering camera, cried out in peremptory and true photographer's style!

"One, two, three! Thank Your Holiness!"  
And so we were photographed. In the Vatican and photographed! Old Rome has her surprises for the patronizing visitors from the New World! It was too business-like for me, and I would have gone away but I couldn't, as the audience had only begun. The Pope went to his throne and received the heads of the pilgrims.  
The Pope spoke a few words in a ringing baritone voice. He said that he loved Germany, loved its emperor; that every morning his second prayer was for Germany—his first, was it for (Continued on page 5.)

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