

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**How I Became Prominent in the Labor Movement in Chicago—Made Master Workman in the Knights of Labor—How I Got Acquainted with August Spies, the Anarchist Leader, who was Hanged with Four Others, and was the First American Anarchist—The Haymarket Riot in which Many Irish Policemen were Injured by the Explosion of a Bomb in 1886.**

In my contributions to the Register I have been giving my readers a good deal of historical and biographical matter of interest to the Irish race, and for variety sake I now propose to give them some anecdotes relating to myself and mention of adventures in which I have been personally mixed up. The first of these has reference to the labor movement in Chicago and the second to the Haymarket riots in that city in the year 1886, and the part played in it by the Irish police, which I wish placed to the credit of the "Irish in America," in addition to Mr. Herbert N. Casson's article in the "Munsey" Magazine for April, 1906. The story which I here publish is copied from the Chicago "Chronicle" of Dec. 29, 1901, and I hope will be relished by the Register's readers. There are two branches of the public service in the United States in which the Irish have proved invaluable, and in which they have shown themselves heroes. Those are the police and fire departments in which the Irish and Irish-Americans prove themselves most prominent and useful. When the lives of the Heroes of America come to be written they will include many a "Kelly, Burke and Shea," who are not of the fighting class. More especially in Chicago, where great fires are so numerous and disastrous, the heroism of members of the fire department are of almost daily occurrence. Men of no other nationality have won such renown in fighting fires and destruction.

Here follows article from the Chicago Chronicle:  
 It has been permitted to the present writer to see many things and know many men, and among the latter the first American anarchist.  
 Circumstances and strong human sympathies caused me to drift into the labor movement in Chicago some twenty years ago. One night two men called at my flat on Clark street, then also occupied by Mr. Kohlsaat and Mrs. Helen Williams, and in a mysterious and stealthy sort of way whispered to me that they had something of an important character to communicate to me and I listened with awe and wonder to their revelations.  
 One of the men I knew, the other I did not.  
 "Brother," said the man I knew, "we are a deputation to ask you to take a part in the labor movement that is now going to assume vast proportions; in fact, you are desired to lead it."  
 "What claim have I," I asked, "to any such distinction? I am not a Knight of Labor."  
 "That is where you are mistaken," said my visitor, "you are."  
 "It is very strange that I should not know it," said I. "Please explain."  
 "Don't you remember one night about four years ago being initiated a member of the Franklin Literary Society at Tammany Hall on the northwest side?"  
 "Well, hardly; who was there?"  
 "Harley Rixon was there; Ben Halliday was there, and many others that you knew."  
 "I have an indistinct recollection of being over there one night, but I have forgotten the name of the organization or association that gave it."

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"It was the Franklin Literary Association and that night you were made a Knight of Labor and you are one now!"  
 "Mysterious are the ways of Providence," said I.

**BECOMES A LABOR LEADER.**  
 My visitor proceeded to explain: "The order was then working under the strictly secret system, on account of fear of persecution, but that is all changed now; it is an open organization and there is nothing to conflict with anybody's conscientious scruples in joining it or being known as a member."  
 "I must confess," said I, "that the system of secrecy heretofore maintained was most perfect when I did not know that I belonged to the order myself. Show me your constitution and by laws and any other documents you have that would enlighten me on the matter and I will consider the proposition. If it appeals to my judgment I will join you."

The documents were immediately produced and I was satisfied.  
 "You are the man," both men said, "that we want to lead this new movement and you will possess power greater than anyone in Chicago."  
 "Hope told a flattering tale," and I was always hopeful, but I had no overweening thirst for power. That did not influence me. At any rate, I was invited to a meeting of delegates, where the reorganization proceeded and I was chosen D.M.W.K. of L. I was not the only newspaper man of good standing in membership present there that night, and one or two of them stand at the top of the profession in Chicago to-day.

My labors proved arduous, strenuous, unremitting. Day and night and Sundays the good work went on. To describe some of the scenes I then went through would be entertaining enough—our conflicts with the trade-unionists, our contests with the socialists, our persuasions with the politicians. But we rushed the thing and carried them all for a while off their infirm feet.

### MEETS THE FIRST ANARCHIST.

One Sunday afternoon I was called upon to address a meeting of laboring men in a hall or loft on Washington street, who desired to be organized into some protective body of workers. I believe most of them were foreigners and when I looked at them I was almost hopeless that they would be competent to fill the high requirements of knighthood.

"An injury to one was the concern of all," I told them, was one of our axioms. "Labor," I said, "was noble and holy." "Strikes were to be avoided and arbitration instituted in their stead"; "the Knights of Labor were growing so fast that they would soon absorb all other labor organizations." "The new order," I claimed, "was the only salvation for the poor, downtrodden workingman." I do not think one-half of the poor fellows knew what I was saying to them and they were as stolid as a stone wall.

There was a pause. Then a young man arose from the farthest back row of seats and attacked the Knights of Labor viciously. I never saw him before. He said the Knights of Labor were the friends of the capitalists; that they were powerful enough to influence legislation in favor of labor if they wanted to, and that the socialistic labor party was the only true one for workingmen to unite with. His assertions were very wild and far away from the mark. He imputed several improbable statements to one of our speakers who was not then present, but was expected. He repeated his assertions and presently the speaker that he alluded to made his appearance.

### ATTACK RAISES A STORM.

"This man is lying," said the new arrival. "I don't know who he is, but I know what he is; he is an irresponsible red-rag socialist." He continued: "But there are socialists in the Knights of Labor and I know them and they believe in our order and are worthy of it, not like this man here, who is irresponsible and irreconcilable."

"I will bet you \$20 you can't prove that," shouted the socialist.  
 "Show up your money," said the other.  
 Instantly two \$20 gold pieces were placed in my hand.  
 "Now for your proofs," shouted the challenger.  
 "Do you know Bergman of San Francisco?" asked the champion of the knights.  
 "I do," quickly responded the other man.  
 "You know he is a socialist, don't you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "That's enough." My man then called out the names of two well-known labor leaders who had entered

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### NEW CHURCH AT UPTERGROVE

The new church of St. Columbkille, Uptergrove, was opened and blessed by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, on Sunday, May 27th. The ceremony, which was very impressive, commenced at 10.30 a.m., and the large church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The following priests were present with His Grace, and assisted in the ceremony. Rev. Father Roach, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. Fr. Urban, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Rev. James Hayes, Toronto; Rev. James Walsh, Toronto; Rev. M. Moyna, Orillia; Rev. K. J. McRae, Brechin; Rev. M. Cline, Vroomarton.  
 A large concourse of people assembled and testified their good will by a very handsome collection.  
 The sermon of the occasion was preached by His Grace the Archbishop.  
 In the afternoon the ceremony of the erection and blessing of the new Stations of the Cross took place, and the spacious church was again filled. It was indeed a red-letter day in the history of the Parish of Uptergrove, and the people have reason to congratulate themselves on the good finish to their year's work.

The new church, which seats about 500, is 106 feet by 40, having transepts 58 feet wide. It has a large vestry 15 by 30 and a tower and spire 95 feet high. The stained-glass windows, twenty in number, were designed and made by H. E. St. George of London, Ont. The church is newly equipped with seats and a fine altar, made at the Rosenblat Art Works of St. Clement. The total cost is about fifteen thousand dollars.

### DECLARES HIS NEW PRINCIPLES.

"I will not tell you," he answered, "what I am not, but I will tell you what I am. I belong to a new party and I am the first and only member of it in yet in America—I am an anarchist."  
 I jibed him a little about being lonesome and he said that he would not be long so. Herr Most was no doubt his mentor, but that propagandist of evil doctrines had not yet visited America.  
 I never saw Spies again after that, but I saw his funeral on its way to Waldheim. He had been hanged for his abhorrent convictions and the terrible consequences they led to, but if there be any credit anywhere due to his memory for being the first American anarchist, the distinction is his.

**WILLIAM HALLEY.**  
**King Alfonso's Wedding Gifts**  
 King Alfonso's wedding gifts to Princess Ena comprise a golden crown studded with diamonds, a diadem, a diamond necklace, a pearl necklace, a gold bracelet studded with diamonds, brooches and earrings, the whole valued at about half a million dollars.  
 Because the bull fighters consider wadded saddle clothes dangerous, they will not be used at the corrida to be held in honor of the royal marriage.  
 King Frederick of Saxony, who is a Catholic, is seeking an ecclesiastical annulment of his marriage to the Countess Montignoso in order to be able to marry again. This will be possible if the countess is willing to declare under oath that her parents forced her to marry him while he was in a somnolent condition, which she affirmed after her flight from Dresden. It is said the case has been submitted to the Pope. In 1902 she eloped with Professor Giron and has since been living in Italy.

### RAMBLES IN FOREIGN LANDS

**Rome's Seven Hills—The Old and New in the Eternal City—A Glorious Sun's Farewell to Centre of Christendom.**  
 (Elizabeth Angela Henry in Buffalo Union and Times.)

Rome, May 15.—Not until one has threaded his way here and there, up gently rising slopes and down through streets winding in and out along the Tiber's bed, does he get a definite sense of the location of the seven hills of Rome. Meanwhile, quite unconsciously, he is disappointed that the St. Peter's of his dreams does not crown one of these far-famed hills, forgetting in his enthusiasm that the title the Eternal City was given to Rome when Mars and Venus reigned above the hills enclosed by the Aurelian wall—Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Viminal, Caelian and Esquiline.  
 It is such a small city, geographically, the circuit could be easily covered on foot in a day. But with this measurement its concreteness ends. Within its area is enclosed a wealth of ancient, mediaeval glory which staggers the best-prepared visitor. We reach out to find openings, right and left, unexpected avenues of such historic interest that we grow helpless, realizing our inability to quench a thirst created at sight of the thousands and streams pouring down from classic times into the lap of the twentieth century. Beyond the pagans' wall, across the yellow Tiber, is St. Peter's, that look where we may, pause in admiring wonder where we will, the eye ever seeks, and, finding, rests satisfied, as does a child when seeing its mother's face in the midst of a brilliant throng.

The brow of the Palatine is now in its springtime dress, flowers blooming and the grove of oaks in full leaf. To reach this spot one passes among the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars and houses of the Patricians of the imperial period. So broad and deep are the huge sections of houses and walls left standing it would seem that their owners had built for eternity. Time has been kind to the frescoes in the house where the mother of Tiberius lived. In this, as in the other houses, the windows are built quite close to the roof. From a bend of the hill is a view of the ground where stretched the Circus of Maximus.  
 But the most interesting view from the Palatine overlooks the Roman Forum, the public square of ancient Rome. Graceful white pillars show where stood here a temple to Vesta, there one to Castor and Pollux and the other gods who delightfully people the pages of antiquity. Close to the Temple of Concord some kind hand had let fall a few flower seeds and a bed of purple lilies is blooming among the broken marble, and at a little distance a blood-red poppy flashes in the bright sunlight. Besides ruins of temples and fountains are deep stone-cased caverns which were shops of divers kinds, and bringing all under a focus one cannot but wonder at the small extent of ground this important center of ancient Rome covered. At one end stand the three great arches of the Basilica of Constantine with the Arch of Titus a few steps away.  
 From the Forum the Romans went up to the Capitoline to settle matters of state. It was on this hill, the smallest but most important of the seven, where Romulus built his asylum. The tradition of the past is preserved in the Palace of the Senators, where is centered the municipal government of Rome. It is pleasant to ascend a staircase designed by Michael Angelo. This stair leads up to the capitol's handsome piazza where stands a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The statue was once gilded, and there is a tradition which says: "When the gilding upon the horse of Marcus Aurelius recovers it, Rome will fall and with Rome the world."  
 Crossing the sunlit piazza of the Palace of the Senators, we are at the Church of the Altar of Heaven, erected upon the site of a temple of Juno. Augustus built the Christian church because of a vision, so the legend runs, he had of the Queen of Heaven and the Divine Child. The Franciscan monks were later placed in charge and the fortified monastery

### Death of a Former Quebec Lady

The announcement of the death on Sunday, 15th inst., of Mrs. Thomas Malone, of Three Rivers, has been received with a deep feeling of regret in Quebec, where the deceased lady, like her bereaved husband, was born and reared and where she had a large circle of friends and well-wishers. She was the only daughter of our former fellow-citizen, Mr. M. F. Walsh, who for many years filled the positions of our City Accountant and of Secretary of the old Committee of Management of St. Patrick's Church and who was subsequently Private Secretary to Hon. John Costigan as Minister of Inland Revenue and later as Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. She graduated from the Ursulines in this city in June, 1879, and was not only highly educated, but a lady of fine character in every way, unusually bright and intelligent, a loving wife and a tender mother, a fervent votary of the holy faith in which she had been brought up and an Irishwoman to her heart's core. She had not been in robust health for some time past and had been confined to her bed since very shortly after Christmas. She leaves to mourn her premature loss her afflicted husband and three sons, besides her father, who survives her, and two brothers, now resident in the United States. To these bereaved relatives, the "Daily Telegraph" begs to tender the expression of its most respectful sympathy. The funeral and interment will take place here tomorrow afternoon. After a solemn requiem mass in the Three Rivers Cathedral to-morrow morning, the remains will be transferred to Quebec by the C.P.R. train which arrives here at 2.30 p.m. and will be laid to rest in the family lot in St. Patrick's Cemetery.—Quebec Daily Telegraph, 15th inst.

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was often a meeting place for the civic government when the popes ruled from Avignon, and the ancient city was rent with strife from within and without. The church now stands alone on the Capitoline, the monastery being demolished to make room for a monument to Victor Emmanuel II. At the foot of the hill and edging the Roman Forum rises church after church, their cross-tipped towers replacing the proud temples of pagan Rome.  
 It had rained the morning I visited the Aventine, and the gardens and vineyard which cover it, sent forth a fragrance of growing things that made the air, permeated as it was with clear Roman sunshine, a delight to move amidst. Romulus built the Palatine, which afterwards became the seat of the emperors and patricians, while his twin brother founded the Aventine, the center of the plebeians, the Latin chieftains. It is such a quiet spot. The churches attached to monasteries are enclosed and you may walk all over the hill, and unless some hospitable door opens, your vista is bounded by two high walls. Three churches top the hill. The site of one, St. Sabina, was that of the Temple of Juno. Its doors of cypress wood, decorated with sculptural scenes, the work of the fifth century, are among the most precious things in Rome. To the side of the monastery is a garden where grows an orange tree planted by St. Dominic. Only a few oranges have ripened this year, and love nor money could lure one from the custody of the white-robed porter.  
 On the way to the Esquiline we pass over the crests of the Quirinal, where stands the palace of the Italian king, formerly the residence of the popes, and the Viminal. From the Quirinal we look down into busy modern Rome, and walking along the ridge reach the most picturesque spot in the centre of the city—the stairs leading into the Piazza di Spagna. These marble stairs, descend in double flights, which curve beautifully and are broken with three broad platforms. At the foot is a flower market which continues from morning until night, the vendors keeping their lovely blossoms sprayed from the fountain that plays at the entrance to the stairs. Pretty flower girls in Neapolitan dress and picturesque artists' models congregate at this part, adding still more to the attractiveness of the stairs, which are topped by a great double-towered church.  
 On the Viminal hill, on the site now occupied by the railway station, stood the baths of Diocletian, and the traveler, as he hurries through the station and is driven to his hotel down one of the many broad, fine streets leading from it, does not realize the ground he is crossing. But when he gets his "hearings" he sees in the large circular Church of St. Mary of the Angels one of the halls of the Emperor's baths which Michael Angelo at command of his Pope converted into a house of God. The baths were built by soldiers of Diocletian whom he had dismissed from the army because they were Christians, compelling them to work as slaves in the erection of the Thermae, and when the buildings were completed ordered the builders put to a cruel death.  
 The Esquiline, on the slope of which Nero built his golden house and Titus his baths, is now the hill of the Church of St. Mary Major. The smallest child running the streets can direct you to "Santa Maria Maggiore," of the great, cream-colored basilica crowning the hill were not so prominent from every point as to need no guide. It is so beautiful with its mosaics, its splendid nave with thirty-six white marble columns taken from the temple of a heathen god, that we shrink from the memory of that cruel incident when a Pope was torn from his midnight Christmas mass and carried captive by men who acknowledged Christ as their Creator. But before these storms of mediaeval times the first church on the hill was built, in the middle of the fourth century, at the behest of the Blessed Virgin, who signified her choice of location by coveting the site with snow in Maytime. In one of the chapels rest three boards from the humble wooden cradle in which Mary rocked the Divine Infant to sleep in the house of Nazareth. Though one of the main arteries of the city crosses the broad square in front of the principal entrance, the basilica occupies a block, its wide, high marble steps remove it from the din and

(Continued on page 5.)