

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"The clergy will find that they are mistaken if they imagine that the people will flock to church if they succeed in closing every candy and peanut stand and every place of public entertainment in and around this city on Sundays," said Brown. "I don't at all believe that it's wise, and it is certainly not just to allow them to monopolize the Sabbath. Sunday is the only day a workingman has to enjoy himself, and he should be free to go to church or Sohmer Park or any other place of amusement that he thinks fit, and no sanctimonious psalm-singing hypocrite should be allowed to prevent him."

"The trouble is that we haven't half enough of places to spend our Sundays," said Phil. "There should be at least one place of amusement and recreation in every ward, where a man could go on Sunday and hear some good music and singing and have a hearty laugh. There is no reason why we should not have music in every park of the city every Sunday afternoon and evening, so that the laborer and his wife and children could enjoy themselves, unless it be that a few holy Joe's who do nothing six days of the week want all hands and the cook to come and see them work on Sunday. Now I protest that they have no right to dictate to me how or where I am to spend my Sunday."

"They claim that Sohmer Park and places of amusement like that are demoralizing," said Stevens, "but are they any more so on Sunday than any other day when these self-same journeymen soul-savers are to be found there? And if they are not, why are they allowed to exist at all? Or, if they are not demoralizing during the six days, when a workingman can not attend, why should they be condemned on the only day the poor man has in which to go there? No, the argument that these latest monopolists advance is far too thin. Because, forsooth, workingmen will not go to church, they wish to make it impossible for them to go anywhere else. If these men had their way they would close the Mountain and Island Parks and every avenue and street except that which leads to their church, in order to force people to come and listen to their misrepresentation of the Gospel. They begin to realize that the game is about up, and are frantically striving to gain lost ground, but it won't do; they can't bamboozle the great mass of the people any longer."

"They claim that unless they uphold the so-called sanctity of the Sunday," said Brown, "capital would soon compel men to work on Sunday. Now, where is the difference in a man attending church three times on Sunday and listening, perhaps, to some sycophantic tiresome discoursing upon the duties of servants to their master and of going and doing a day's work? Or if they are so much opposed to Sunday work, how is it that they expect their organists and choir, their deacons and ushers to be busy all day; how do they reconcile their own conduct with their professions? for Sunday is about the only day they do work."

"I don't object to giving one day to God," said Sinnett, "but I demand one day for humanity. This one day of rest, of recreation, or amusement is absolutely necessary to those who work, and every possible means should be afforded to spend it in the most pleasant and recuperative manner. Humanity must be allowed to gratify its desire of amusement and play; it must be allowed to seek legitimate amusement and healthy recreation where and when it chooses. If these people insist on robbing us of this opportunity on Sundays then it is in order for us to agitate for one 'labor day' in every week in the year. By all means, let those who wish to go to church and ask pardon

of an offended God for stealing this time and the people's money—but let them beware how they interfere with our right of employing our time according to our wishes. If they are so anxious to elevate the moral tone of our citizens, why don't they first instruct our Chief of Police to close all the gambling dens and brothels, of which both he and they are cognizant, and above all things, why don't the clergy themselves practice what they preach before striving to compel us to do as they dictate?"

"With custom house officers to choose our reading matter," said Phil, "and the clergy dictating how we are to employ our leisure hours, it is time for the workers of this country to cry a halt and relegate both the Government and the church to where they belong. Let them be made to understand that wage-slaves though we are, we still have some political and civil rights left with which they had better not interfere."

"There is another thing to be considered in connection with this ill-advised attempt to enact stringent Sunday laws," said Brown, "and that is this: If Montreal succeeds in closing all places of amusement and all refreshment stalls on Sunday, outlying municipalities will soon have summer gardens and places of public entertainment which will be largely patronized by city people, and which, perhaps, will not be so well conducted as those which are now complained of. As none of them have a sufficiently large police force to maintain order and to control large audiences, the evil, if there be any, will be larger than before. We work six days in the week and we insist on our right to spend the seventh when and where we please."

BILL BLADES.

## MONTREAL NEWS.

At a meeting of the Organization Committee of the Trades and Labor Council held on Thursday evening a sub-committee of three were appointed to interview Mr. S. C. Stevenson in reference to securing the Exhibition Grounds for the Labor Day picnic. It was also resolved that nothing stronger than lager beer be allowed to be sold on the grounds that day.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. McClanaghan, of the Stanley hotel, has been partly solved by the finding of his body in the Lachine canal near Henderson's mills. There was a deep cut on the back of deceased's head, and finger marks are said to have been discovered on the throat, which lead many to the belief that the gentleman had first been strangled and then thrown into the water. Drs. Guerin, Johnson and Bouchard made a post mortem examination of the body, but their opinion as to the cause of death will not be known until to-day, when the adjourned inquest is to be held.

The proprietor of the Gaiety theatre on St. Lawrence street has announced his intention of opening his place of amusement on Sundays, afternoon and evening, playing only sacred music and exhibiting the curiosities. It is very likely that the intention will not be carried into effect, as Chief of Police Hughes says the place will not be allowed to open.

Sir Donald Smith has written to the Mayor saying that the Government will be unable to receive the harbor works delegation before the middle of next week.

While the evening services were going on in the mission house in the old Joe Beef's canteen on Thursday evening the rooms of the manager were broken into and the contents of the cash box \$13 stolen. The matter was reported to the police and Detective Barrett was placed on the case.

An accident, by which a man lost his life, occurred on Wednesday morning. While some men in the Canada Pipe foundry were raising a barrel the fastenings in some manner came loose and the barrel dropped, striking one of the men Michael Griffin on the head. The General hospital ambulance was summoned and the man taken to that institution, but after being for an hour unconscious he suddenly expired. The deceased was married and lived on Sanguinet street. He had only been working in the foundry a few days. The Coroner held an inquest and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, imputing blame to no one.

The Rev. Mr. (Father) Huntington, of New York, widely known as the friend of the workingman, is at present on a visit to this city in connection with the festival celebration of St. John's Church. The

reverend gentleman is a guest of the Rev. Edmund Wood. Mr. Huntington's efforts to advance the welfare of the working class population have been untiring, and he is greatly loved and revered by them. He is a strong opponent of monopolies and combines and a warm supporter of the claim of workmen to a larger share in the profits arising out of the produce of their hands. Mr. Huntington also holds advanced opinions on the land question, being an advocate of the single tax system, and last year delivered a series of lectures in Toronto on that question. As will be seen from an advertisement in another column Mr. Huntington is to address the Knights of Labor in their hall, Chaboillez street, on Sunday at 2.30 p.m. on matters affecting the well being of the order. We have no doubt there will be a large attendance to greet him. By his self-denying devotion to the cause of labor and his outspoken comments thereon, he has of course made enemies for himself amongst the "upper" classes, but the loss of such friends as these is amply compensated for by the respect and esteem in which he is held by workingmen.

## The Land Question and Its Solution.

The Belfast (Ireland) Star has come out for the Single Tax, as will be seen from the following, taken from a late editorial:

Irish tenant farmers are apt to fancy that the Land Question is: How are they most conveniently to become owners of the land they till? But suppose that this little question were once practically settled to their satisfaction—that their landlords were somehow got rid of—that every farmer were made proprietor of his farm—how long would such a settlement be allowed to last in peace?

The agricultural laborers would soon find out, as indeed some of them have found out already, that they too have a Land Question. They would ask, with sound reason on their side: "Was it then just for farmers that the Almighty made this green island? Are we to have no part or lot in it, save to work for subsistence wages on others' land?" There would then arise a Labor League, and a new Land War would rage.

Suppose next that the laborers got their little Land Question settled somewhat to their satisfaction—that the farmers were compelled to divide their land with them or take them into partnership—that thus every agricultural laborer had at least his "three acres and a cow." Not that there is any likelihood of things taking such a turn; but still suppose it for the sake of argument. What would happen then? There would still be a Land Question, for farmers and farm laborers are not the whole people.

Our townspeople, shopkeepers, tradesmen, factory and millworkers, etc., would ask in their turn, with equal reason: "Are we then to have no property or interest whatever in the soil of our native country? What right have farmers and agricultural laborers more than we have to share the earth that God made, who is no respecter of persons?"

So long as there remains a single citizen who cannot say: "I too, am a joint owner of the land of this country, I have a right and interest in the land equal to the right and interest of any fellow-citizen," there will be still a burning Land Question, for there will be still an injustice underlying our social organization.

The real land question, therefore is: How is every citizen—no matter what his particular department of service is—to obtain an equal interest with every other citizen in the land of his country? The answer to this vital question—the only answer suitable to the complicated conditions of our century—is: The nationalization or municipalization of the land. Let everyone pay a fair rent to the Community. Let all rent for land—apart from improvements, which, of course, are justly the property of those who make them—all rent for land alike in town, in mining districts, and rural districts—form a public revenue. Let this revenue be spent for public purposes, relieving the people from all other taxation, imperial, and local, and providing benefits equally free to all. Such a plan, if it were wisely carried out, would have beneficial consequences beyond the grandest dreams of our patriots and poets."

## The Biter Badly Bitten.

A German cobbler, who was reputed to be one of the laziest and most worthless men in Leadville, dug a hole in his yard and salted it with ore, and showing the pit to the representatives of a company he was able to sell out for \$2,500. During the carouse which followed he boasted publicly of the way in which he had fooled the capitalists, but before the purchasers of his property heard of these remarks they had sunk the shaft four feet deeper and had struck one of the richest veins of carbonate in Leadville. The cobbler, on learning what had happened, danced about the edge of the pit and swore that he had been swindled. The mine yielded about \$1,000,000.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## The Fatal Full Hand.

I was watching a game of poker once at Helena, Mont. The players were a gambler (whom I knew slightly who bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill") and two miners.

Suddenly, after the hands were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as the shadow of a change in the expression of his face, laid his cards on the table, took a notebook from his pocket, and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me.

"Look at that when you get home to-night."

His voice was steady and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket and gave the matter hardly a second thought.

The play progressed. Lucky Bill's face was unyielding as a stone and entirely inexpressive. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slightest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence his sobriquet.

At last there was an altercation between two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interfered at this point, and in the scuffle that followed I

heard the sharp whistle and ping of a bullet. Lucky Bill (his good luck in the descent) fell to the floor and expired. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners.

I was horrified at the occurrence, and that evening after I reached home I thought of the line the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read as follows: "I have drawn a pair of sevens. I now hold jacks full on red sevens. It is a fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have \$6,000 in the First National Bank of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs. —, of Franklin, Ky."—Detroit Free Press.

The season for the junior lacrosse clubs will open to-day, when several matches will be played. Two of these are for the District Championship and will be between Orientals and Junior Shamrocks on the Shamrock grounds, and Crescents and Cote St. Paul clubs on the grounds of the latter. In the Junior League the Hawthornes and Orientals play on the Orient grounds and the second twelve of the Junior Shamrocks play the Athletics on the grounds of the former. In the Independent Junior League the Beavers and Cote St. Antoine play on the grounds of the former.

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