

THE EVER PRESENT CRISIS.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some good cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the cracking fagots burn,
While the looting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old parties steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam our campfires; we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate sea,
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

How treacherous the ocean is. Yes, it is full of craft.

Billiards resemble matrimony, inasmuch as kisses and scratches are common to both.

Ballet Girl—Summer work is terrible. Her Rival—Padding makes you feel the heat so much, I presume.

I think that young man's conduct is simply shocking. That's all right; it's professional with him. He's an electrician.

He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit, if you will take that cigar out of your mouth.

As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.

Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist? she cried indignantly. I know few things better, he answered.

He—Carrie, will you make me the happiest of men? She—I should like to, Harry, but I think I prefer to remain the happiest of women.

Mike—Hello, Pat, how much did you pay for your new hat? Pat—Faith and I don't know; there was no one in the store when I bought it.

Miss Banknote, do you think that your father will object to my suit? Miss Banknote—I guess not, for he wears one just about as loud himself.

Guest—What new features have you this season? Boniface—The features of four pretty new chambermaids, sir. Guest—Give me the best room in the house.

There are two ways to be miserable on a hot day. One is to stay at home and mourn because you did not go on a big excursion; the other is to go on the excursion.

Atkins—Why, hello Schaff! What's got onto yer whiskers; where's dey all gone on one side? Schaff—Ah, bad luck. Dey wuz a goat in de stable where I slep' las' night.

Do you suppose, asked the Sunday school teacher, that the prodigal son greeted his father loudly and joyfully? I reckon not said the bright boy. His voice must a be'n kinkier husky.

Did you go on that trout fishing excursion? I did. Did you fish with flies? Fish with flies? Yes, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, slept with them—why, man, they almost ate us alive.

Mrs. Schley—Doesn't that lot across the way belong to you? Then why do you allow those billposters to stick up those horrid pictures of ballet dancers on it? I should like to know what you gain by it, anyhow? Deacon (meekly)—I get two tickets.

Had to Call Her Down on an Old-Fashioned Expression.

They were lingering in the deepening twilight of the front hall. It was hard for him to leave. Standing together there, with a soft glance directed into eyes that spoke back love divine, they presented a pretty picture.

And will you always love me?
Until death do us part! she cooed.

She rested her brown curls trustfully upon his shoulder.

No, Emeline. No.

She started as if an iron had been thrust into her heart. Pale with astonishment, trembling in every limb, she contemplated her lover.

Billy.

Her tone expressed a world of anguish. Do you doubt me, Billy?

No, my darling, but—
As he spoke the clouds parted and through the rift the moon sent its rays to bathe his brow in silver light.

You forget—
He gazed upon her with ineffable tenderness.

—that we live in a progressive age.

Slowly the color returned to her beautiful face, but there remained a look of perplexity and doubt.

Why, Billy.

He raised his hand deprecatingly.

Emeline, don't you know that it is not until death do us part, but—
Her lips moved as if to utter a reproach.

But, according to modern usage, until we are divorced.

With a glad cry she threw herself into his embrace.

Oh, Billy, how—
A kiss temporarily interrupted her discourse.

—how could I be so old-fashioned as to say until death do us part?

The moon was lost to sight and in the darkness he effected his departure.

Only Good Reading Wanted.

Managing Editor Sunday Daily—What have you got in the make up?

Assistant—Fourteen columns about prize fighters, eighteen about actors, nine about politicians, one page of Twice-told Scandals, four columns of Celebrated Murders Recalled, and half a column of Religious Reading.

M. E.—Leave out the Religious Reading and put in that special article on skirt dancing. We can't have Religious Reading crowding good stuff out of the paper.

It Was Not.

May I ask if that was your maiden effort? inquired the reporter at the woman's rights convention, edging his way around to the fair orator, who had just sat down amid loud applause.

It was not, sir, she replied emphatically; I'm a widow.

Willing to Ventilate.

I was detailed the other day, said the reporter, to look up a case in which a small boy had been struck by a cable railroad man. When I reached the widowed mother's house I was afraid that the case would prove fatal. The little sufferer was unconscious, the house was very quiet and the place was filled with an atmosphere of solemnity. I explained to the mother that the affair was outrageous and one which should certainly be ventilated.

Indeed, sir, replied the fond parent with a touch of humility, it's very kind of you to be so thoughtful, but this house was always close and stuffy. I will open the window, sir, and let more air in if you want me to.

GOMPERS PLAIN TALK.

Mr. Samuel Gompers in the Morning News of the 24th inst. does some very plain talking. He says:

I say with a full knowledge of the responsibility attaching to my words, that the struggles at Buffalo and Homestead are only at their beginning. Carnegie may think he has won a victory and Chauncey M. Depew, who was supposed to have gone to Europe for the purpose of bringing about peace between the workers who built up Homestead and the man who spends his time in luxury in Scotland, may think he has gained a victory, but the victory of the worker is yet to come. I have not said much for publication before with regard to Carnegie. I will now say he is at the head of a coldblooded corporation. Yes, he is the author of "Triumphant Democracy," but his acts and exhibitions are like malignant hypocrisy. The Federation of Labor will do its duty by the switchmen and the Homestead men. With regard to the first there has been no call for aid up to this time. We have had communications from the leaders there, but the details of those I cannot now reveal. As to the second the Cigarmakers' International Union, one organization of the Federation of Labor, is now considering a proposition to donate \$25,000 out of its treasury to the Homestead strike amalgamation.

"There is one point about the two strikes mentioned to which I should like to refer. For the first time in the latter day history

of the fight between capital and labor there seems to be a tacit understanding between the state and the capitalist that the latter shall have the support of military organizations. It is nothing more nor less than an attempt to overawe the workers; and I assert that it is an evil hour for democracy when the patriotism of the soldier is to find expression in crushing toil at the bidding of the greedy monopolist. I have seen those military bodies, and I call their members brutal dudes. That is the only name for them. They are mere boys, who, vested with a little authority, regard themselves as heroes of the day.

"Every man, of course, condemns acts of violence, but I believe the so-called acts of violence at Buffalo were not committed by the strikers. It is not a very new thing in the struggles of the people to have crimes committed which would have the semblance of being perpetrated by those on whose side the sympathy of the public is enlisted by reason of love of justice which is implanted in every individual's breast. Such, I fancy, has been the case in this instance. Some companies do things of that kind in order to divert public sympathy from the strikers to themselves.

"We are now," Mr. Gompers concluded, "passing through a phase of the development of the labor movement which all industrial countries have to experience. We are now approaching a period of solidarity among the wage-workers, a period when they will co-operate in maintaining their own and one another's rights, to whatever branch of toil they may belong.

"I trust this struggle may lead to an amalgamation of all the railroad organizations, and I am of the opinion it will. President Arthur, who is held in the highest esteem, has made a mistake in not having the amalgamation take place before."

If men like Carnegie, Frick, Cal Brice, Platt and Dewey will hold this warning from a man who is qualified to speak it may prevent a solution of the labor problem by "blood and iron."

A GREAT FROZEN LAKE.

Wonderful Sheet of Crystal in the Chinese Empire.

On the road from Irkutsk to Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Chinese empire, the journey is broken by Crossing Lake Baikal, a wonderful lake frozen for nine months in the year, which has 60 times the area of the Lake of Genoa, and has an average depth of no less than 5,404 feet, or more than a mile. The cold is so terrible that when a hurricane stirs the waters the waves often freeze as waves, remaining in hummocks above the surface; but when J. M. Price, author of "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," crossed, the cold had caught the lake asleep and the ice was perfectly smooth. He had 30 miles to drive on the solidified water. "For about a mile from the shore, the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, but we gradually left this dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice, when I saw around me the most wonderful and bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the marvelous transparency of the water, the ice presented the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness, was so colorless that it was like passing over space. It gave me, at first, an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath; this feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depths, with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travelers on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time, experience the same weird and fascinating influence. About half-way across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter as I found on getting out of the sledge, for the ice was so slippery that, in spite of my having felt snow-boots on, I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds resembling the discharge of big guns at some little distance away. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake there were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight. We reached Moufshkaya, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of over 30 miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up in the post-yard as when they started in the morning."

Well, said Mrs. Bruggins, after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, if that ain't the cutest thing I ever saw! What? inquired her niece. Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it and I admire his spunk.

CO-OPERATION.

For some time past the idea has been discussed in Carpenters' Union No. 483, of establishing a co-operative grocery in San Francisco, and through the efforts of C. F. Schadt and James Bell, two prominent wide-awake and progressive members, the idea has grown and now assumed definite shape. The San Francisco Equitable Co-operative Society was incorporated July 26th, with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 40,000 shares at \$2.50 each. The directors are: T. A. Eagan, president; C. F. Schadt, secretary; Jesse Hagell, treasurer; James Bell, John Nugent, J. H. Roxburgh and G. T. Ireland. Its objects are to manufacture, purchase and sell groceries and general merchandise in the State of California and all States and Territories west of the Rocky mountains, with principal place of business in San Francisco. The society proposes to deal directly with the factories and farmers, thus providing a higher profit for the producer and a lower price for the consumer. Such stores are now in operation in England and other countries, and it is a practicable scheme. The plan is indorsed by trades-unionists and has met great encouragement from the farmers. The stock is to be distributed among the unions and others believing in the idea, and a limit placed on the amount held by a stockholder, so that it can never be controlled by those hostile to it. The stock of the society is selling rapidly, and the trustees are hopeful of making an early start. It is to be hoped it will get the assistance it deserves at the hands of all working people.

We Never Forget.

Better advice than that given by Wendell Phillips has seldom been heard: "If you want power in this country, if you want to make yourself felt, if you do not want your children to wait long years before they have the bread on the table they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have, if you do not want to wait yourselves write on your banner, so that every political trimmer, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it: 'We never forget!' If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget; if there is a division in Congress and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees, and say, 'I am sorry I did the act,' and we will say it will avail you in heaven but on this side of the grave never." So that a man in taking up the labor question will know he is dealing with a hair trigger pistol, and will say: "I am to be true to justice and to man, otherwise I am a dead duck."—The Tailor.

Lawyers, Doctors and Ministers.

The three strongest trade unions in the world are the lawyers, doctors and ministers. A man cannot practice law unless he has successfully passed the examination prescribed by the lawyers' union, known as the Bar association; he cannot practice medicine unless he has received a diploma from a medical college under the jurisdiction of the physicians' union; he could not teach a religion that differed from the dogmas and doctrines of the ministers' union without being denounced as a scab. So we see that while the three professions named above would be surprised to be classed as trade unions, they are such nevertheless, although the public does not view them in that light. Whatever faults labor unions may have, they never call upon the arm of the civil power to build up and protect their organizations.—The Tailor.

Sweet-Tempered Wife—Don't you know, Jim, it looks very bad for you to come home so late every night? Jim—Looks bad? How? S. T. W.—The neighbors will think you are dissipated. Jim—Why, that's the very reason I come home so late. So they won't see me.

Bobby (to young Mr. Fatboy)—I heard my sister Clara say something lovely to me about you, Mr. Fatboy. Young Mr. Fatboy (anxiously)—No, did you, Bobby? What was it? Bobby—She said you would be lovely to sit on the family Bible and press autumn leaves.

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