

THE COMING STORM.

At even, at midnight, or at the cock crowing or in the morning.

It may come in the gentle even at the setting of the sun,
When the earth is a golden glory and the day is nearly done,
When the drowsy cow-bells tinkle across the grassy lea
And the stars begin to twinkle over the summer sea,
When the sound of the ringing anvil no more is heard around,
When the forge in the shop is silent and the hammer's clanging sound,
When marshalled on the nightly plain the constellations form
In the silence of the evening; then may come the coming storm.

At midnight's hold hour, when the quiet moon looks down,
When the stars draw back in wonder and the clouds begin to frown,
When the busy city slumbers and the watchman cries "all's well,"
When a thousand herds lies sleeping in valley, hill and dell,
When the weary cease from labor and the troubled heart finds rest,
And the gentle babe lies sleeping upon its mother's breast;
Then may come in wild confusion from mountain, hill and glen
A hollow reckless murmur and the tramp of marching men.

When the cock's shrill voice is echoed across the sleeping land,
And the first faint flush of daylight falls across the shining sand,
When the gates of heaven are opened, and the lordly God of day
Drives up his shining chariot across the milky way,
When the birds wake up in the tree tops and the dew fades from the flowers,
When the mighty clock in the steeple chimes out the passing hours;
Then may come the torch of the vandal borne by Labor's mighty form,
Then may burst in sudden fury the all-destroying storm.

Or in the morning it may come, when all around is life;
Then will be heard the clash of arms and sounds of deadly strife,
When men are fighting for their homes, their daily bread, their all,
When thousands urged by hunger's cries beside each other fall.
"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."
Upon our neck the iron heel of despots we have borne.
The dusky brow of labor is long-suffering and kind,
But on its arms the shackles they must not presume to bind.

Talk not to me of patience, of country and of laws,
Quote not your wise man's sayings, your scripture and your saws.
"The poor you have always with you," did the Savior truly say,
But did He say you must starve them and beat and bind them, pray?
Already the fires are lighted, already the muskets gleam,
And the desperate eyes of hunger peer through the smoke and steam;
The hammer that rang on the anvil is turned to a battle mace,
The serried ranks are forming and the storm ye must surely face.

—Arthur M. Johnson.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A bald spot—the front row.
A heated term—You're another.
A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.
Jackson—Waffo' yo' keep de stove chained to de car, Rastus? Rastus—Yo' ignorant nigger, dad to keep de fire from goin' out.
Servant (in a flurry)—Madam, your husband has eloped with the cook. Wife—Good! Now I can have my maid to myself once in a while.
Mistress—What would you do, Bridget? if you could play the piano as I can? Bridget—Sure, I go on learnin' until I could play it decently.
Sharks won't bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting you'll be all right.
Can I—dare I ask that little hand for my own? pleaded the smitten young man. It is only—ah—second-hand, replied the young widow, deprecatingly.
I thought I was a wealthy young man, said Simpson, until I threw my fortune at the feet of a Chicago girl. Then I discovered my pile appeared quite small.
Mits Thin—Do you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so. Fanny—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes pole look quite graceful.
Men are so peculiar that as a rule a man tells his wife the most when she asks him the least questions. A turtle will keep its head in if it is poked and bothered, and a man is a great deal like a turtle.
Deacon Jones—Before your husband embarks upon this new enterprise I trust he will ask for divine guidance. Mrs. Smith—It is evident you didn't know John. He wouldn't be dictated to by anybody.
Lady (to gentleman who has just fallen down stairs)—Good heavens, how it frightened me! I thought it was my husband who fell down. Gentleman—I wish to goodness

it had been. I am as much disappointed as you are.

Daughter (to her mother, who has just arrived)—Johnny has been asking me how long you were going to stay. Mother—Tell him, my dear that this is a Kathleen Mavourneen visit—it may be for years and it may be forever.

Gus de Smith—The young ladies of the present day are no good. They can't be relied on. Tom—What makes you think so? Gus—I'm engaged to no less than three young ladies and I'm blowed if they don't all flirt with other men.

Smith—I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you had failed in business. Brown—Yes, I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble.

Harry Took the Hint.

Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring.

Want to make me a present, Harry? exclaimed Lucy, in well-counterfeited astonishment. Why, Harry, you forget yourself!

Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.

Not Realistic Enough for Her.

She (at the end of the fourth act)—I don't like that play. It's too gushing. There is altogether too much kissing in it.

He—It isn't real kissing. They don't do that in plays. It's only an imitation—it's only stage kissing.

She (later in the evening)—Don't you think, George, that a stage kiss must be—don't, George!—awfully—do you hear me, George?—unsatisfying?

Johnny Knew Where Charity Began

Johnny, did you put that money I gave you in the foreign mission box for the benefit of the poor heathen? asked an East End matron of her young hopeful.

No'm, I kept it. I heard you tell me the other day that charity begins at home, and you called me a little heathen yesterday, so I thought the best thing to do was to keep it.

Where Their Pastor Was.

Flowery young clergyman (conducting a children's service while occupying the pulpit for a brother clergyman, lately en route for Europe)—Well, children, I am very glad to address you to-day. But instead of talking to you I want to talk with you; so when I ask any questions you may answer promptly. Now, children, what have we to be thankful for to-day?

Children—Flowers, birds, sunlight, church, school, homes.

Young clergyman—All very well, children, very well. But whom do we miss to-day?

Children (viva voce)—Dr. Bridgman.
Young clergyman—Quite right, children, quite right. We all miss Dr. Bridgman. Who can tell where he is to-day?

Children—On the ocean.
Young clergyman (poetically)—Yes, children, on the ocean, and half seas over.

The Ruling Passion.

An old woman, having an extraordinary liking for liquor, was once found in a helpless state of inebriation by some colliers in one of the highways near Soranton. Knowing her they agreed on affecting a cure upon her by fright, if possible. Taking her down the mine with them they left her on an improvised bed.

Awaking in about a couple of hours she gazed rather wildly around her, and, seeing a man, called out:

Where am I?
In the dominions of Satan.
And who are you?
One of the devil's imps, shouted the collier.

The old woman, fumbling in her pocket, pulled out a dime and coaxingly said:
Fetch me ten cents worth o' whiskey; you know the country better than me.

Where She Drew the Line.

At a recent trial in Scotland a certain lady got into the witness box to be examined, when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel:

Counsel—How old are you?
Miss Jane—Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question.

The Judge—Oh, yes, answer the gentleman how old you are.
Miss Jane—Weel-a-wee, I am about sixty.

Counsel—Are you not more?
Miss Jane—Weel, I may be sixtenty.

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:

Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee; I hinna lost hope yet, scornfully answered, but I winna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already.

HER PITY.

This is the room to which she came that day—
Came, when the dusk was falling cold and gray—
Came with soft step, in delicate array.

And sat beside me in the firelight there;
And, like a rose of perfume rich and rare,
Thrilled with her sweetness the enviroing air.

We heard the grind of traffic in the street—
The clamorous calls—the sound of passing feet—
The wall of bells that in the twilight beat.

Then I knelt down, and dared to touch her hand—
Those slender fingers, and the shining band
Of happy gold wherewith her wrist was spanned:

Oh, thought, by which despair is half consoled!
That slender hand lay once within my hold,
And round my own I felt her fingers fold.

Her radiant beauty made my heart rejoice;
And then she spoke, and her low, pitying voice
Was like the soft, pathetic, tender noise

Of winds that come before a summer train;
Once leaped the blood in every clamorous vein—
Once leaped my heart, then dumb stood still again.

—Philip Bourke Marston, in Independent.

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

There are 8,000 barbers in Chicago.
The great iron strike of 1882 cost \$12,000,000.

Fully 50,000 wage earners are idle in Pittsburg and suburbs.

The bakers on the Pacific coast are now feeding on a defence fund.

Stonemasons' unions paid \$11,000 in death benefits during the past year.

Railway carmen last week organized at Garrett, Ind., and New Decatur, Ala.

In one Kansas town 44 families have their food prepared on the co-operative plan.

Cooper bosses of San Francisco ordered a reduction of from 10 to 20 per cent in wages.

The eight hour law is a thing of existence in Wyoming, Kansas, Idaho and Nebraska.

Ex-President Strasser, International Cigarmakers' union, is making an organizing tour.

A Chattanooga court has decided a case against an unfair dealer who was using a bogus cigar label.

Governor Toole, of Montana, forbids the invasion of that State by outside militia and other armed bands.

It is claimed that during his stay at Homestead Governor Pattison was the guest of the Carnegie Company.

Every day the troops were stationed at Homestead it cost the State \$22,000 to "keep these workmen quiet."

The building trades strike, which has brought building almost to a standstill in New York for weeks, ended Monday. Many men went to work, and the walking delegates called the strike off in the afternoon.

Rockefeller, with a big eye on his wealth and the little one on the kingdom of heaven, has donated \$50,000 to another church. St. Peter will soon have to open a new ledger for the benefit of Rockefeller and Carnegie. But where's the devil all this time?

Champion iron mines, near Ishpeming, Mich., closed down and 600 men thrown out of employment. Cause, have to give too much ore for a dollar. The idle miners will continue to vote more ore into the dollar, forcing their wages to a lower plane—that is, if they ever get work again.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Monday by the Chicago Musical union to secure the arrest of the members of the famous 13th Battalion Band of Hamilton, Ont., as it passed through the city en route to Denver, on the allegation that it had come into this country in violation of the Alien Labor law, being under contract to play for St. Bernard Commandery of this city.

On behalf of the band it was stated that it was under no contract to play for any commandery in this country, and was merely in attendance on the Hamilton commandery. United States Commissioner Haynes declined to issue the warrants on this ground, and for the further reason that musicians are "artists" and exempt from the operations of the law.

The strikers at Duquesne went to work Monday morning, and the Carnegie Steel Company has scored one victory. On Saturday night Superintendent Morrison posted a notice that all men wanting their old jobs should report at the mill at 7 o'clock Monday morning, as the mill would resume at that hour. Long before the time set for work men with dinner pails quietly stole up unfrequented streets and along the railroad tracks, and entered the mill unnoticed by their fellow strikers. As the hour for starting work approached, the number of men who entered the mill yard through this

means reached 400. About sixty men who were leaders in the sympathy strike movement gathered on the road near the gate and watched in moody silence the men going to work. Finally the mill whistle blew for 7 o'clock. At that a large Irishman exclaimed in a loud voice: "Well, men, the jig is up; we had better scuttle for our old places."

This was a signal for a move and the entire crowd started toward the gate with a rush. A freight train was backed in front of the gate. The men did not wait for it to be moved, but scrambled over and under it in their frantic haste to get inside the mill before the whistle stopped blowing. It was a complete stampede. By their surrender these men are expelled from the Amalgamated Association and the Carnegie Company has two non-union mills. The effect of the break at Duquesne cannot be proved harmful to the men at Homestead, although the leaders will not admit it.

CANADIAN.

The moulders' strike or lockout, which began last spring, still continues, but there are now only 36 men receiving strike pay from the International Union. About 100 union moulders are working in the Williams stove works, the Laidlaw manufacturing works and other moulding shops in the city, and about 60 have gone to other places to work.

The following gentlemen were elected to represent Typographical Union No. 91, Toronto, at the Dominion Trades Council: Messrs. Matt. Meehan, 41 votes; R. Stewart, 30; John Armstrong, 25. Notwithstanding the opposition of a few members No. 91 will be headed by a band and banner on Labor Day. Bro. H. Parr presented No. 91 with a beautiful engraving of the Printers' Home.

Star Time and Sun Time.

The time for sending out the noon signal from Washington is the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian, writes Clifford Howard in an instructive article on "How Time is Regulated" in the August Ladies' Home Journal. This, however, is not the sun which gives us light and heat, but an invisible, imaginary one; because, for certain reasons, the true sun does not cross the meridian at the same moment every day, but during one part of the year he gets over it a little more ahead of time each day, and during the other part he is correspondingly behind time; and so this fictitious sun is used, because its apparent path around the earth brings it exactly over the same line at the same moment every day. Now at just what instant this sun crosses the meridian is determined by means of the stars; for time at the observatory is not reckoned by the sun, but by the stars.

Every clear night an astronomer at the observatory looks through a large telescope for certain stars which he knows must cross a certain line at certain times, and by the use of an electrical machine he makes a record of the time each star passes, as shown by a clock which keeps sidereal or star time. He then consults a printed table, which shows him at just what time each star must have passed, and by so much as this time differs from that recorded by the clock the latter is wrong, and in that way the sidereal clock is regulated. The star time is then reduced to sun time, which requires some calculation, as there is a difference between the two of about four minutes each day.

These two clocks—the one keeping star time, and the other sun time—are of very fine quality, and are as near perfection as possible. Although they cannot help being affected by changes of temperature and different conditions of the atmosphere, they very rarely are more than a fractional part of a second out of the way. No attempt is ever made to correct such errors, but they are carefully noted and allowed for in making calculations.

For the purpose of distributing time a third clock, known as a transmitter, is used. This is set to keep time by the seventy-fifth meridian, and is regulated by the standard clock before mentioned. It is, in all respects, similar to the other clocks, except that it has attached to it an ingenious device by which an electric circuit may be alternately opened and closed with each beat of the pendulum.

JUBILEE DRUG HALL
1341 ST. CATHERINE ST.
Branch: Corner Palliser and St. Catherine streets.
ROD. CARRIERE,
TELEPHONES—6041, 6207.

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards; also money advanced on goods, Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.
JOHN LEVEILLE, Agt.,
St. James st.

A. L. BRAULT
MERCHANT TAILOR,
53 — BLEURY STREET — 53
MONTREAL.

R. SEALE & SON,
Funeral Directors,
41 & 43
St. Antoine St., Montreal.
Bell Telephone 1022.
Fed. Telephone 1691.

Every Workingman
SHOULD READ
THE ECHO
A BRIGHT, NEWSY,
ENERTAINING WEEKLY
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.
Job * Printing!
— FOR —
SOCIETIES,
LODGES,
ASSEMBLIES.
— AT —
REASONABLE PRICES.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY
AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE
BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892:
7th and 20th JANUARY. 3rd and 17th FEBRUARY. 2nd and 16th MARCH.
6th and 20th APRIL. 4th and 18th MAY.
1st and 15th JUNE. 6th and 20th JULY. 3rd and 17th AUGUST.
7th and 21st SEPTEMBER. 5th and 19th OCTOBER.
2nd and 16th NOVEMBER. 7th and 21st DECEMBER.
3184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740
CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.
Tickets, - - - \$1.00 Do. 25c.
S. E' LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James st., Montreal, Canada.
Ask for Circulars.