

WHY THE POLES COME TO AMERICA.

Edgar L. Wakeman, having made a tour through Austrian Poland (Galicia) writes of what he saw there in a tone very different from that of the ordinary pleasure tourists. Every sentence is afire with honest indignation. Here is a part of his remarks on the city of Cracow: "Soldiers are everywhere. Gay in their rich trappings, they spurn their fellow-civilians as though they were beasts. Were I one of these human animals beneath them I would surely answer their insults with dynamite or melinite; and one has only to move about these streets an hour to understand and condone the awful revenges the goaded humans of some of these old world hives are taking upon their oppressors. No Jewish maiden is safe in her own doorway from these uniformed jackals. I have witnessed outrages by the Austrian military without number too unspeakably horrible to be put in print. They are so common, their victims so helpless, the slavishness of their powerlessness is so hopeless for change, or attention or justice, that their tormentors even have ceased to smile at their own devilish ingenuity of outrage. Some of these things cannot be repeated. Here are a few instances of simple brutality out of scores I have myself witnessed in Cracow: A landlord offended by the awkwardness of a Polish servant struck him in the face with a carving steel, breaking all his front teeth. The guests laughed aloud, and the victim was directed to wash the blood from his mouth and continue serving the table. At one of the gateways a nobleman was being driven into the city. The kneeling crowd praying before the shrine not moving rapidly enough to suit him, the driver was ordered to ride over them, which he did, bruising many youths and women."

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES FOR STEAM ROADS.

There are signs that one of the most startling revolutions of the century is approaching. Steps are being taken in the Northwest toward the laying of an experimental track on which many points bearing on the substitution of electric locomotives for steam locomotives on trunk lines will be determined, and electrical engineers throughout the country are on the qui vive for the next developments. The three 80-ton electric locomotives to be used in the belt line tunnel, Baltimore will push a freight train of 1,200 tons, including locomotive, through the tunnel, up an 8-10 of 1 per cent grade, for a distance of 6,000 feet at the rate of 15 miles an hour, or a 500 ton passenger train, including locomotive, at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH?

There is a terrible significance in the question we sometimes ask upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understood the real significance of the questions. "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the angels might reply: "Worth? He wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something. His body is worth something, as a source of fertility to the soil. But he wasn't worth anything." So we vary the question: "Yes, but how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave," it might be answered: "Yes, I will tell you. He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandise, farm. And he left—Great God! he left them all. He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute came he into the world, and as naked and destitute did he go the way whence he came. He carried nothing, neither land, nor money, nor yet did he carry with him the blessings of the poor, the grateful tears of an orphan, the benediction of the poor. He left all—he carried nothing away with him. But

his neighbor has died; a man who was not known on 'change nor in the tax list. "And what has he left?" we may perhaps, curiously ask. "Left?" "He has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with blessings and the gratitude of the poor, of the helpless, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless; of those whom he, by his counsels and his acts and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and whose souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hands." Happy he, whatever he may leave, or may not leave on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.

A POLITICAL STUDY.

The mass of political parties are made up of men who pass as honest in their respective communities, and yet in their conventions we find that the prominent actors, the heroes of the fight, the central figures, are from the ranks of known spoil hunters, lobbyists and fellows notoriously addicted to crooked election methods. It is their interviews and opinions that find place in the leading papers; it is to their parlors that the delegates flock. In the convention it is their mock heroic chin music that sways the mass, and their righteous denunciation of the corruption of the other side calls for laughter and cheers. As a matter of public notoriety, the most of them should be doing time in some penitentiary, and yet the self-sensible and law-abiding citizen finds himself throwing up his hat and shouting himself hoarse when the iron-jawed politicians are mouthing sentiments of virtue and patriotism, ever in cooler moments interpreted in their Pickwickian sense. Between campaigns, ever thought of as a scoundrel reaching for political "sugar," in convention the man of the hour.—Labor Herald,

A CURIOUS TRADE.

"Leave orders for oxygen under the door" is the old legend that greets the eye in the second floor hall of an upper Broadway building. The door in question leads to the living apartments, to use a complimentary plural, of the dealer in oxygen. His office is the front hall room on the same floor, sufficiently cramped quarters for one whose stock in trade is of so expansive a nature. He is one of a great many persons whose business it is to purvey wind, sweetened and otherwise, to the inhabitants of this town.

The sale of invisible and almost intangible and imponderable merchandise is one of the most curious of the many strange business developments of this great community. You may buy bottled gases as you buy bottled beer, and have them delivered at your house as newspapers, or soda, or fresh vegetables are delivered. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbolic acid are sold daily as boots and shoes are sold. One factory sells 80,000 feet of oxygen per month, and keeps on hand nearly that quantity in storage tanks. That volume of gas weighs more than a ton and a quarter. Several other concerns sell nearly as much more, and a large quantity of hydrogen is sold to go with it for use in producing the lime light at theatres, lectures and clinics. Besides this, oxygen and hydrogen are sold in mixtures of various proportions, and a great volume of nitrous oxide or laughing gas is sold to dentists, surgeons and hospitals.

Not only are gases sold in large quantities to local consumers, but they are sent by express all over the country. Laughing gas, in particular, has an enormous sale in various parts of the United States, and is also shipped to the most remote parts of civilized South

America. The express companies handle this peculiar freight without special charge, and the makers say accidents never occur.—N. Y. Sun.

OUR AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

MELBOURNE, May 12, 1892.

At last the long looked for elections have taken place in Victoria, with a partial victory for labor. I think in my last month's letter I prophesied the labor party would get in ten members; my expectations have been exceeded by one. There are many causes which kept us from getting in more, among them and principally, is the terrible apathy of the working classes, and an utterly disorganized force and badly administered at that. The night of the elections was pregnant with intense excitement. Thousands of people flocked on Collins street, near Swanston street, in front of the Age and Argus office, each of which newspaper offices had erected in front of their buildings a huge canvas space on which was pasted the returns as they came in. Great, loud and long was the howl of derision that went up from the throats of the assembled multitudes when it was known that J. B. Patterson, that arch enemy of all labor reform, was again returned for Castlemaine. But the reverse was the case when the crowd found out that John Hancock, who ran in labor's interests for democratic Collingwood, was defeated. Mr. Hancock has been opposed by all the papers of Melbourne, who misrepresented nearly everything he publicly uttered. The cry during the election campaigns was that if Hancock was elected the British money lender won't lend us any more gold, and Mr. Hancock in thanking the electors who supported him said that now he had been elected to a rest for a while the colony would be able to borrow as many millions as they wanted.

Dr. Maloney, a Knight of Labor—"the kind-hearted doctor," as he is commonly called—was again returned with an overwhelming majority. His success was assured almost before he went to the poll.

Mr. Joseph Winter, president of the federated labor bodies and chief executive officer of the Progressive Political League, was returned by a small majority, principally owing to the fact that a pretty strong man was put up against him.

Mr. "Dave" Wylie, who was returned for North Melbourne at the top of the poll had a hard fight of it. I think we can all look forward to Mr. Wylie doing some good work as he is one of the most honest and straight forward of all the labor members returned.

Mr. W. A. Grenwith is the best orator in labor's ranks in Victoria and he has been once more returned for Richmond. He it was who was selected to debate with Mr. Henry George, when he was out here, on Protection vs. Free Trade.

The labor party have decided to give a conditional support to the government that is in power, and if that government only passes all the progressive legislation it has pledged itself to do this part of Australia will in reality be the "Paradise of the workingman." On the whole we can look forward to this coming parliament to make the conditions at least a little more equal under which we live.

The Railway Commissioners, Messrs. Speight, Ford and Green (these three gentlemen had the administration of our railways) have been suspended for gross mismanagement, and three others have been appointed to their places. For some time past our railways have but worked at an annual loss to the state, and the Minister of Railways, Mr. Wheeler, one of the best administrators in the present ministry, is going in for retrenchment. They are going to increase the freight rates and raise the passenger fares which I think is a step in the wrong direction. I believe if they would reduce the fares and freights that the traffic would increase and the revenue as well, but it remains to be seen.

Things are very dull yet, hundreds out of work and charity being largely distributed, but we all look forward to better times.

With kind regards to all, I am,
Wm. W. LYGER.

An experiment to test the possibility of shipping grapes to England has been made by an Australian gentleman. It is found that if the stalks are dipped in sealing wax and the bunch is then put in a paper bag and packed in sawdust, the fruit will stand a long voyage even in the tropics.

The walls of old Exeter Castle are crumbling. An inspection revealed the fact that millions of microbes are gradually powdering away the stone.

Barmaids have been legally abolished for some years in the colony of Victoria, and now the New South Wales Legislature is about to be asked to follow the example. The public cans regard the latter prospect gloomily, fearing that the abolition of barmaids will lead to the abolition of bars.

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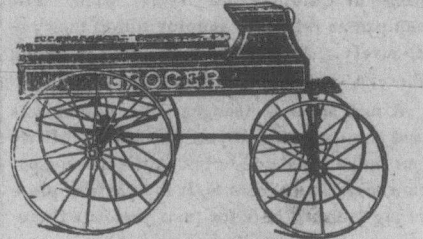
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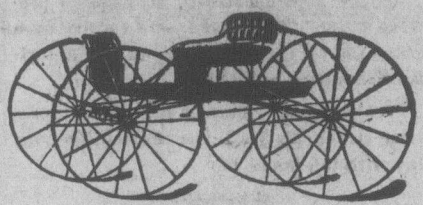
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