

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

The St. Louis 'longshoremen's strike is spreading.

P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is worth \$800,000.

Eighty-one trades unions of San Francisco have concluded to act with the people's party.

Cleveland street car strike settled. Union not recognized, but men get the wages demanded.

Boston boilermakers' strike ended—a compromise—sixty hours' pay for fifty-eight hours' work.

Trainmen at Cambria iron works, Johnstown, Pa., discharged for cause. Had the audacity and impudence to request more wages.

The Central Labor Union of New York and the New York Federation have consolidated. The Central Labor Federation still remains outside.

Girls are employed in Pittsburgh bolt factories, as also are children from 6 to 12 years of age. The older girls, doing a man's work, receive from 50 cents to \$1 a day.

The big cigarmakers' strike at T. J. Dunn & Co.'s factory in Philadelphia, on since February 23 last, is off, and the union is on top, every demand having been acceded to by the firm and the scabs all discharged. The cigarmakers ran a small regiment of pickets in New York, Baltimore and surrounding towns. The battle was magnificently conducted and directed from the international headquarters.

A recent despatch from Boise, Idaho, says: The condition of affairs in the mining region is decidedly serious. The striking miners have blown up the railway bridges and destroyed the track in order to prevent the advance of the Federal and state troops. Governor Wiley has proclaimed Shoshone county under martial law. Three companies of Federal troops have arrived at Mullane, but Adjutant-General Curtis says that the Union men drove 132 non-unionists out yesterday, firing on them and killing two. It is also reported that several non-union men have been blown up. The union men assert that the moment the troops appear on the scene they will blow up the Bunker Hill, and Sullivan, Sierra Nevada and Gem mines. It is reported that the union men have taken Van de Lashnutt, of Portland; William Sweeney and other mine owners, and will hold them as hostages until the trouble is settled.

EUROPEAN.

The sweating curse is being investigated in England.

The Socialists of Austria have formed themselves into a central social political party.

Wages of miners and colliers in South Wales and Monmouthshire reduced three per cent.

Leaders of the gas makers and general laborers' unions of Plymouth, Eng., were arrested for attempting to hold a Sunday open air meeting.

The Hon. Wm. H. Courtney, M. P., of England, says the problem of labor is the question of the hour. Political parties will be rent, severed and fissured by social economic faults and uplifts.

The charge that the miner Havelka was a self-confessed anarchist and had fired the mines at Pizebiem, Bohemia, in carrying out an anarchist plot, turns out to be a fake manufactured by the detectives.

The cutters and trimmers employed by the wholesale clothiers, D. A. Sahlem & Co., of Broadway, New York, went on strike last week in response to an order from the United Garment Workers of America, A. F. L., because the firm refused to sign an agreement with the above organization increasing their wages \$4 per week and to employ only union cutters and tailors.

During the recent cabinetmakers' strike in New York for eight hours the employees of Herter Bros., engaged on the Hotel Savoy quit work. Judge Dugro got some carpenters to finish the dining room. In a few days they struck through sympathy. The matter was presented to the board of walking delegates, when it was agreed that carpenters should be allowed to finish the dining room. Some of the varnishing was scraped off and done over by union men, Judge Dugro standing the expense. Thirty mantels furnished by J. S. Conover & Co., and obtained from a non-union firm Judge Dugro had taken down and put up again by union men.

CANADIAN.

Twenty-five men employed by Mr. J. R. Booth at St. Louis dam, Quebec, in shoveling sand ceased work Saturday morning. They have been loading cars with sand at the wage of \$7 a week, and asked for an increase to \$1.25 per day or \$7.50 per week.

They were refused and so they laid their shovels down.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Union Printer declares that: "There have crawled into the labor organizations too many moral cowards, and the sooner we get clear of them the better. A man who trembles in his boots when the boss looks up, should be made to walk the plank."

The California Road observes: "In no civilized country on the face of God's earth was there ever organized among men a combination so destructive to legitimate journalism, so prejudicial to a transmission of legitimate information, so capable of molding public sentiment in the wrong direction and imposing incalculable misfortune upon the masses, as that combination known on this continent as the associated press."

Odd Kinds of Courage.

"Courage," said the story teller to a New York Tribune man, "is something which I have always found it difficult to define. I have known women who were the most cowardly creatures under the sun, to do amazingly brave and daring acts under certain conditions. I have seen men, too, who knew that they were not brave, rise in emergencies and prove themselves heroic. But the most interesting thing about this subject is that phase of a man's character which makes him absolutely fearless in the face of many dangers and yet makes him a great coward in one or two special cases. I have a friend whom I call a brave man. He has done two acts in his life which prove his courage. He was once in a gathering of women when a dog, showing marked signs of rabies, came running at them. A bull terrier was with the people and the strange dog snapped indiscriminately at the terrier and the women. Its actions were quick as lightning and so terrifying to the women that several of them were on the point of fainting and the others shrieked wildly. If you have never seen a mad dog you can have no idea of its terrible aspect and of the dread which it inspires. But almost as soon as this enraged animal had leaped into the group, and before the terrier, which would fight anything, had jumped it, this man had caught the mad dog around the neck, jammed its head down to the ground and placed his foot on the animal's throat, holding it there firmly and coolly until some one brought him a revolver. He shot the dog as he held it pinned to the ground and his hand did not shake the slightest."

"This same man was once crossing a crowded street in New York when he saw a child fall directly in front of the feet of two car horses. His actions seemed quicker than thought. With one hand upraised he caught the bit of a horse and with the other he brushed the boy ahead and then aside from the track. He was dragged several feet but was not hurt in any way. When he extricated himself from between the horses he dived into the crowd which had gathered and hurried away to avoid the cheers which were given him. I saw this man at a summer resort one year. He was lying on the grass smoking, as calm and contented a man as ever was seen. Some one cried to him that an ant had run up his arm, under his sleeve. He jumped to his feet, as white as chalk, looked around him helplessly and fainted."

"I once saw a woman in a carriage faint when her coachman was driving past a steam drill and the horses wheeled swiftly as if they would overturn the carriage. That woman was on a yacht, when a squall struck it and when every man on board thought his last hour had come, did not even cry out, because her husband had said in her ear: 'Don't be afraid; there is no danger.'"

"Once when I was in San Francisco, I heard the rattle and rush of a fire engine coming bounding down a hill. When it struck a corner where it turned the driver, with the reins still in his hands, was hurled like a shot far ahead, falling between the horses' necks. He caught at the tongue as he went swiftly down, got it, drew himself up, crawled like a monkey, with the horses at a full run, back to his seat, and I saw him a second later drive furiously up Market street. I followed that engine to the fire and found the reckless and daring driver unconcernedly attending his duties."

"There is the coolest and nerviest man I ever saw," I said to a fireman, and I told him what I had seen.

"Yes," he said, "he's the best driver in the department, and he's a henpecked husband."

No Retreat Like Home.

There is no retreat, no haven of rest, no place of peaceful security, no combination of elements that the soul starves for in all this universe outside of heaven, that is equal to the home. When I speak of home, I do not mean simply four walls within which the family gathers, eats and sleeps. I mean the home of which the immortal Payne sang so sweetly because he had no home. I do not mean the home like that which prompted the man to exclaim as he read, 'There is no place like home,' 'Thank God for that!'

There are places which are called homes, and some of them are intellectually magnificent and splendidly adorned, which are unequalled in wretchedness by any place on earth or elsewhere. But it is the home of love, of confidence, of virtue, of sweet repose, the fire on which the embers burn brightly and sweetly, the walls that are ever aglow with a fancied warmth and mysterious brilliancy, the spot on which the souls gathered in the family circle have but a single thought, and where the hearts beat as one, it is such a home of which I speak. Said a busy man to the writer once: "I mangle day after day with men who regard me only as a possible source of profit to them; I meet treachery, dishonesty and falsehood, but when night comes and I sit down in my home with my wife and children around me, I know that I am among friends who love me for myself and are anxious for my happiness." That is the home which I have described—a place where the storms never come and the clouds never shadow the heart's joy. What if the world without is a little cold and selfish and unjust, if we have a home like that, into which we can escape and dry, perhaps, the tear that may have started from the eye as we have thought of the world's treatment of us. There is sunshine enough in a devoted wife's love, in a child's laugh, in a baby's cooing, to warm us into such vigor as that we may defy the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune; and even if there may be vacant chairs, and cradles and little shoes, over which the tears sometimes flow in boiling floods, there is sunshine streaming from the love of our hearts.

CARNEGIE'S PLAN.

It is probably true, as reported, that President Harrison, in the interest of the Republican party and "Protection," has addressed a personal request to Carnegie, urging upon him the advisability of a compromise with his workmen. It is certainly true, at any rate, that the Democratic party views with a delight that may be called indecent the conflict at Carnegie's works, upon the issue of which depends to a large extent the coming rate of wages in all the iron mills of the country. But what is true of all is that neither party cares a fig for anything but the votes of the poor men upon whom this conflict is forced by capitalism; that is, by the system which both parties are bound to maintain at all hazards.

We believe that Carnegie will prove obdurate. But, should his "gratitude" to the Republican party—or rather, perhaps, the fear that his property in America might not at this time, for political reasons, receive the full protection that this foreigner claims from our government against its outraged citizens—induce him to make a compromise with his men, we have no doubt that he would break it, if ever so binding, immediately after election. Then, woe to rebellious labor, whether Harrison or Cleveland be in the White House.

The time is past when Carnegie needed tariff protection. His wage slaves are now making iron for him at a less cost than that at which it is produced in Great Britain or anywhere in the whole world. They are still receiving nominally, in money, a slightly higher rate of wages than is paid in England; but their labor is more efficient and the purchasing power of money is less here than abroad. What Carnegie wants is to make the rate of wages no higher and if possible lower than anywhere else. Then he will have an absolute command of the iron industry and can dictate the terms of a great international iron trust.

This is unquestionably what Carnegie is after, and—mark our word—sooner or later he will accomplish it.—The People.

What Happiness Is,

If we observe the manifestations of life and character, we are met by an almost infinite intermixture of whims, caprices, desires, impulses, prejudices and passions—complicated with clashing and apparently diverse interests—more or less swaying human conduct. Shall we plunge into this seething vortex of conflicting human forces, and select one motive as the constant and responsible spring of all that men think and feel and do? This would be to confound all the distinctions by which we discern what should be sought and what should be shunned. It would put out the light which aids us in our way through the tangled mazes of existence. There would be no glory and no shame; no honor or dishonor; no selfishness or benevolence; no aspirations after nobler purpose. Then there would be no removal of old abuses; no opposition to pernicious traditions; no overthrow of mental slavery—in a word, no reform and no progress.

For, if all purpose and all action—all which destroys as well as all which saves—spring from one motive, and all men are naturally compelled to act from that motive and from no other, they are innocent of wrong, and there would be nothing to approve and nothing to condemn.

We do not change the facts of life by

changing the meaning of words. Selfishness, in common usage, is exclusive devotion to one's own interest. If we could succeed in giving it a new significance, and making it stand for an equal regard for the welfare of others, as well as for our own, the consequence would be that another term must be put in its place, expressing its present meaning. For, unhappily, the tribe is not yet extinct who would blight human lives and crush human hearts in their rage for self-gratification.

The facts do not show that the desire for happiness is the motive of all human action. Is the word spoken in anger, or the blow inflicted in revenge, the outcome of such a desire? Is it that impels the gambler to stake his last dollar, and, if he loses, blow out his brains? Is a man seeking happiness when, in a frenzy of rage, he slays another? Are not such excesses committed, rather, in a blind desperation, or, in a fury of passion, which stifles reason, and defy consequence. These are the maddened impulses which will welcome misery sooner than forbear—the passions that drive men to hell.

When, on the other hand, a man gives himself to a life of personal sacrifice in obedience to a beneficent idea, he is doing for a noble purpose what he would not do simply for the sake of his own happiness. He may live to find relief in the accomplishment of his work, or he may carry his burden to the grave; but he is sustained while he bears it by something better than a selfish personal desire.

The time will doubtless come—as it should—when all men will be reasonably happy, and none will be called to martyrdom for the sake of humanity. But, till existing conditions are changed, to the glory of human nature be it said, men will rise who will resolutely encounter pain, misery and death in the endeavor to prepare a happier heritage for those who may come after him. While such men live, and toil, and suffer, it cannot be shown that a selfish hunger for happiness is the only instinct of the best energies of human beings.

Worth \$20,000 to Him.

I. N. Locke, of Wayne county, Ind., was formerly an active trader. In May, 1872, he was in Chicago and bought a lot for a small sum. He put the deed in an envelope and placed it in his pocket with other papers. A few days afterward he lost the envelope and all its contents. He advertised for it, but really cared only for the notes, thinking the lot of little value. John Ritchey, a victim of softening of the brain, was wandering aimlessly on the street the day Locke lost his papers. He found them and laid them away, and even after his death no notice was taken of the supposed worthless papers. A short time ago John Ritchey found the package and gave it to Mr. Locke, and through his attorney his claim has been established. Had the deed remained concealed a few days longer the twenty years would have expired and no claim allowable. It is a lot in the boulevard addition, and the parties occupying it have given Mr. Locke \$20,000 for a quit claim.—Chicago Letter.

What does cleave mean, papa? It means to stick together. Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it? Hem! it means to separate. Well, then, papa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her? Don't ask foolish questions, child!

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