

OVERSEERS OF SOCIAL ORDER WORDS THAT STING.

(Written for THE ECHO by Cyrille Horsiot.)

We all know how excruciatingly painful it is to "good society" to hear of the least violation of that "order" which it holds so dear. Let there be a socialist meeting in which the debate is not carried on according to the strictest etiquette; let there be a strike among workmen, which even threatens in an innocent way to be a little stormy, and behold good society is immediately thrown into convulsions. Clubbing bobbies, armed Pinkerton thugs, phalanxes of militia and troopers are precipitated here and there on these "criminals" who thus "outraged order." Then do we hear from the big wigs of the press, the pulpit, the bar, the rostrum and college shrieks of denunciation on "the violators of public tranquility." This worship of "order" is peculiarly touching and impressive. Look around on the crowded libraries of Christendom, on its establishments of learning, on its galleries of art, its wonderful models of mechanical genius, its colossal wealth, its sacred temples of prayer. What is the end and aim of all these? Order. What were learning, art, knowledge, wealth, prayer, if order, their grand ultimate, be absent?

Lately, in the twilight hour, I had been gazing into the boundless blue of the skies and apostrophizing order,—"O, radiant and benignant spirit! thy breath is the perfume and the poetry of the universe"—when I interrupted my reverie with a few newspapers. I had been thinking of "society" (that gorgeous cote de having a prescriptive right to rule and to guide human affairs) as an angel of sweetness and light, uttering the eight beatitudes, bearing in her white hands heaven's first law, surrounded by the gentle sisterhood, Peace, Serenity, Comfort, and wearing above all on her calm forehead a diadem, from which blazed a wondrous gem—Treasure. It was rather depressing to find by glancing at one of the newspapers that my entrancing seraph had suddenly vanished, leaving a hag in place of a benign beauty; yes, a hag of the neither world, foul of visage, grim of front, red eyed, haggard, wild and tangled of hair, hoarse of voice, stained and torn of garment. In her hand she carried a dripping blade, and around her brazen brow she bore a circlet of spherical objects, from which issued a cloud of flame. It is quite needless to remark that "society" would refuse to recognize this unpleasantly suggestive female as the counterpart of its own sweet self. But proof of the accuracy of the likeness (furnished by a Paris newspaper in an article on "War in Modern Times") would have convinced the most stubborn unbeliever. It seems, according to this article, that in the four or five countries that manage the affairs of this world, the worshippers of "order," the loud-mouthed adorers of "public tranquility," have indulged in the pastime of tearing the hairs out of each other's head to the tune of sixty wars during the present century, and fewer than ten were begun by issuing a formal declaration. These, too, were all cases arising among nations that recognize the obligations of what is called civilized warfare. In plain English, these "civilized" natives sprang at each other like enraged tigers, having first crouched along in their several jungles, watching the most favorable moment for a jump. Nowadays, says this remarkable article, the courteous warning and chivalric attitude of former times would be considered absurd. What a precious thing is evolution! The interesting statistics relating to these sixty wars of the guardians of social order have been published by a British officer, and it appears, according to his work, that "hostilities with savage tribes have been excluded from the reckoning." The other tribes, look

you, were la creme de la creme. The British book compiler thought that the attacks on the "savage tribes" were of no consequence. He is only interested in the tribes that were not savage. Perhaps this military book writer is a humorist. However, "the suddenness of the hostilities were to take the enemy unawares."

Costing aside this newspaper, I turned to another in the hope of finding a brighter picture. My eyes fell upon this cable despatch: The German expedition found the water in East Africa bad in quality and insufficient in quantity, and after setting fire to the village, returned to the camp from which it had set out in the morning. And farther I read: "We burned their town, and the commandant of our frigate as he sailed down the river threw a number of blazing shells into a city just to let its barbarian inhabitants know that he was passing."

These be thy gods, Oh, Israel!

Thou dynamiter! with the single little bomb, skulking along to dislodge a few bricks and a little mortar, and wounding or killing a hireling of thy extortioner here or there, cease thy pigmy operations, cover thy head with ashes or contempt, and retire forever before these bold fronted, befeathered and bespangled killers and their sixty wars and hecatombs of slain. Thou disorderly wretch, you can never hope to wade so deep in blood as the saviors of society, the worshippers of public tranquility, the trustees of social order. Thou idiot, to throw a few pebbles in the face of their brass-buttoned mercenaries who with great glee smash thy head with clubs, hack thy limbs with bayonets or fill thy half-starving belly with lead, and yet art howling always like an hungry jackal. Cease thy grumbling, or for thy punishment thou wilt be sent among our indefatigable legislators or city fathers who never tire to work night and day in bettering thy condition, but to no purpose.

But a truce with these jokes. Can it be possible that there is no way and no men serious enough to set a platform or political instrument at the present time by which the wrongs of the suffering and spoiled toiler could be righted? There is no "scientific grasp" of the situation any more than there is a "royal" road to learning. Reforms can be brought about only by exposing and holding up to view, unflinchingly and steadfastly, the present wrongs. The voters must be made to realize their right to live a decent livelihood, acquired by hard and honest labor, that will bring happiness in his modest home. When fifty per cent. of the wage workers can be made to comprehend their own combined power and become sufficiently intelligent to throw aside race prejudices and differences of so-called religious bias, then there may be some use of the man with the "scientific grasp." In the meantime the gentlemen in the primary classes will please stand up. I am for, by and with you all. Let us commune together, get rid of those demagogues in our deliberative assemblies as they are worse than thorns in our path of progress; but, above all, don't poison your minds with the satanic press or you will always suffer the same fate of the confirmed drunkard who won't give up his poisonous liquid of which he is the miserable slave. What a blessing it would be for all intelligent and honest producers the day they can boast themselves of a true daily labor paper as their own, for it will be the gospel and real deliverer of the white slaves.

Cut In Grand Trunk Salaries.

Orders have been received from the G. T. R. directorate in England to reduce the salaries of all employees of the road. Those earning \$750 and downwards will be cut to the extent of 5 per cent., and all above that amount 10 per cent. The reduction is to take effect from Monday next, and is said to be necessitated by the continuous decrease in the earnings of the road.

"SCRAPS" FOR CIGARMAKERS

Sam, of the Phillies, who violated the local By-law of the Union and paid one dollar fine, is still mourning for his dollar, to the tune of "once was too much for him."

I am informed that the winner of the mile walk which took place last August at the Cigar Makers Union No. 58 picnic, has up to the present time failed to receive his prize. If this be true the matter ought to be investigated and if unable to secure the prize promised by the Hon. gentleman, the Union ought to in some way compensate him for his victory.

The trade had quite a representative on the lacrosse field, on Monday in the person of Alexander Lavery. If merit is entitled to promotion, he should figure as one of the twelve competing for the championship.

Teddy De. seems to have lost all interest in union matters. Brace up Ted, and with a little of your old time energy you will out do all your opponents.

Those famous talks on how unions should act on matters in general by a class of people who fail to attend the meetings of their union's, and by those who are to niggardly to contribute their small pittance to support their union, though willing to receive any benefits that might be accorded, by the efforts of their fellow men in being organized, is beneath contempt, and should receive the condemnation of all persons interested in the cause of labor.

STATISTICS.

There were 139 licenses issued to cigar manufacturers in the Dominion for the year ending June 30, 1890, as follows:

Province of Ontario heads the list with	87
Province Quebec	35
" New Brunswick	2
" Manitoba	1
" British Columbia	14

Total..... 139

Though Ontario has the largest number of licences it is behind in the production of cigars when compared with the Province of Quebec.

Total number of cigars manufactured in Canada for the year ending June 1890, is 100,260,970, as follows:

Province of Ontario	32,324,222
" Quebec	59,682,410
" New Brunswick	2,156,200
" Manitoba	863,150
" British Columbia	2,392,975

Total..... 100,260,970

An increase of 8,239,795 over the year ending June 1889.

Cigarmakers' Union No. 97 of Boston intend taking part in the eight hour meeting on the 4th July in Franklin park. The union will found a New England conference of cigarmakers where all local unions will be represented by delegates. I hope it will meet with more success than the one founded by the cigarmakers of Canada a few years ago, which met in Toronto and elected their officers, of which Mr. G. S. Warren was president. I was lead to believe that this cigarmakers conference was to be a permanent institution to look after the interests of trade throughout Canada. Each union being represented by their delegates, it would certainly have been a powerful medium for bringing questions of importance to the trade before Parliament. Such a conference, being the combined wisdom of the trade, would have had more weight with our legislative body than isolated deputations from one or two towns. One thing to be agitated for is the reduction of licenses, and another an amendment to the law so that raw leaf could be bought in much smaller quantity than at present, and that small manufacturers could retail cigars on the premises where manufactured. Just now, as things are, a workingman has no chance to better his condition. If he is anxious to start in a small way for himself a prohibitive license stares him in the face, and even if he manages to surmount this difficulty he is broken down by another obstacle, that is, he cannot buy, according to the law, but in a quantity altogether outside the limit of his capital. This is manifestly unjust to the workman with a small capital. Why should not a man be able to buy raw leaf by the pound in small quantities according to his means, and manufacture and retail it in the same premises under a moderate license? If the unions could gain this much it would greatly benefit the trade and be the means of placing many in a position to earn a better livelihood than at present.

SCRAPS.

BERLIN, May 29.—The National Press says: Owing to the boast of Mr. Parnell that in the event of the death of Mr. McCarthy (whom he declares to be dying), he Mr. Parnell, will have control of the Paris fund to divide among his followers, the McCarthyites have taken the best French legal advice on the subject and find that, unless the consent of the late Joseph Biggar's son is obtained, Parnell can only control a third portion of the fund, and that only after a long litigation, which the McCarthyites will take into every court in France. The league treasurer, Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, M. P., endeavored to gain Mr. Biggar's son's consent but was repulsed. The late Joseph G. Biggar was one of the trustees of the Paris fund. Mr. McCarthy, the National Express says, is only suffering from a slight attack of influenza.

Punishment for Stealing in Tangier.

A New Yorker who has spent some years at Tangier, the quaint old seaport of Morocco, and who returned to find the newspapers more than ordinarily full of the misdoings of bank and trust company officials, thinks it is fortunate for the offenders that they did not operate in that African town. "They don't mince matters over there," he says, "for a man who loses sight of the distinction between his own property and some one else's. When a thief is caught in the most trivial offence he is told to hold up both hands. Then they ask him which hand he would like to keep. When he has made his choice they cut off the other. This naturally creates a prejudice against kleptomania in its various forms. I don't quite know what they would do with a bank officer who got his clutch on a million, but I guess they would save the hand with its contents and throw the rest of him to the sharks."—New York Times.

A Woman with Forty-three Husbands.

A young English woman named Eveline Leal, who is said to be exceedingly handsome, has for a second time fallen into the hands of the French police for practicing what may be called the marriage trick. When in 1887 she was first arrested she was at her thirteenth marriage, but to-day she is in the possession of no fewer than forty-three husbands. Her method of procedure was as simple as it was ingenious.

She put advertisements into the journals stating that a widow possessing a fortune of 1,200,000 francs wished to marry a gentleman in good circumstances belonging to the nobility or to the high commercial class. Replies were to be sent to a post office. Her accomplice, who occupied the position of companion, seems to have had the important duty of choosing the victims from among the applicants.—London Tit Bits.

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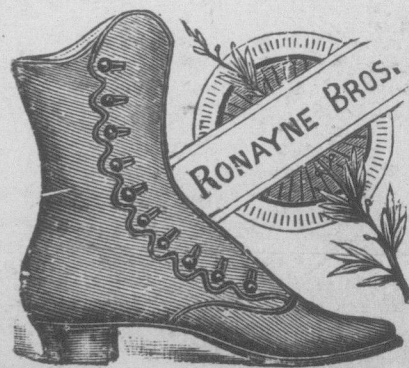
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YOUNG MEN'S BLACK COATS AND VESTS, \$7.75.

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