

DRUNKENNESS AMONG PRINTERS.

The subject of drunkenness among printers has of late become the theme of much comment in trade journals; not that drunkenness has just been discovered, I suppose, but evidently because of a lack of something to write about. I can see no other reason, as drunkenness is on the wane among printers. It is very doubtful if at any time intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks was more prevalent among printers than in other trades where an equal percentage of the workers were young men. True, it seemed more manifest; but that was due to the fact that those printers who did drink were night workers and got drunk during the day, while the day workers in the other trades got drunk during the evening and night, and were able to present a sober appearance the following day, so printerdom was compelled to suffer the stigma. I know the public say that printers, as a rule, are a thrifless, drunken set; but then public opinion is not always just. Step into any large printing concern to day and ask how many of the workers are drunkards, and you will be satisfied that I am correct when I say that ninety per cent will be found to be sober, industrious fellows, who work harder with brain and sinews for their earnings than the followers in any other trade. Now, there are some drunken printers, but how far would I have to travel before I could find some drunken machinists, plumbers, carpenters, etc.? Not very far, I suppose. And I imagine I could find just as many of the others as I could printers; yes, I believe I could find more. Night work among printers is the cause, almost absolutely, of drunkenness among them. Not that there is any ground for drunkenness as a result of night work. It is a delusion and a snare. Rest is the panacea for the system that requires stimulating, and if night workers would only take their proper rest during the day they would not require any stimulant for work at night. How many night workers stop at the saloon on their way home in the morning after the night's work is done instead of going direct home for rest and recuperation. Stimulation is a false notion among the boys, and the sooner they realize it the better. Degradation and damnation are in partnership with stimulation, which many a poor boy has found to his sorrow.

I have been working as hard as any one for the past ten years, day and night, and have yet to take my first drink of rum. I remember one night, about three years ago, one of my fellow-workers in leaving the office said he was going to take something stimulating, and insisted that I should accompany him. I replied that all the stimulation I wanted was sleep, and I went home. The next morning I found the stimulant drinker lying on a pile of waste paper covered with dirt, and his face bloody. He had fallen down an open cellar hole while under the influence of his stimulant. No money in his pocket, his hat gone and a nice suit of clothes spoiled.

No, boys, it don't do. You can never become a success at your trade, and drink too. Printers require a well-balanced brain, and particularly such a one that cannot be found in the intoxicating cup—Rest both mind and body, leave alcohol alone, and thus better your condition in life, and remove from your chosen profession that stigma and odium, that in the mind of the public, drunkenness has placed upon it.

CARRIER PIGEONS AS REPORTERS.

The correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* at Niantic, in a letter to his paper, writes: "Corporal Burpee, of Company A, Second, which company is commanded by his brother, Lucien F., is the city editor of the *Waterbury American*, and for 17 years had experienced difficulty in getting prompt telegraph and mail service for the delivery of his news letters from camp to the paper he represents. This year he hit upon a happy expedient in substituting delivery by carrier pigeons. The experiment is a success, and every morning at 9.30 the corporal starts two birds, each with a dispatch, closely written on thin tissue paper, attached to the birds' legs. Monday a telegram announcing the hour of departure of the carriers was sent to Waterbury one-half hour in advance, and the birds arrived one hour ahead of the telegram, thus beating electricity in speed. The distance is seventy-five miles, which was covered by the birds in one hour and six minutes. It is an interesting sight to witness the flight of the birds as they ascend, and, after getting their bearings, start in a direct line for home. The idea is a pretty one, the service unique and the results satisfactory. The birds display almost human intelligence."

NOT BEEN HEARD OF.

Anne McEvoy, aged 35, wife of Peter McLaughlan, of No. 70 Eleanor street, an inmate of the Longue Pointe Asylum, has been missing since the fire. She was reported to have been among those placed in St. Isidore convent, but when her husband visited the convent she could not be found, and has not since been heard from. Can nothing be done to allay the anxiety of those whose dear one, be they natives or friends, that misfortune has consigned them to confinement. It is worse than owing to the grave. While we are a sure that those noble women have and are doing for the best, their efforts should be assisted in every way, both by municipal, provincial and federal authorities.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

At the inspection of the fire brigade, the Chief was in undress. The Chief of Police was in full uniform. Why reverse thusly.

A large crowd gathered together—the cause: a poor little goat harnessed to a miniature cart laden with two good sized boys; a strong whip. The consequence: the goat balked, ran under a passing cab, causing a very near approach to a fatal accident. The society for the P. C. A. should look after St. Denis and near side streets. It is a common sight in that locality to witness different goat teens led by one boy and belabored by two.

The Bank of Montreal has held their annual meeting and the results are very satisfactory both to directors and shareholders, but would it not be more gratifying to the depositors were the interest increased. The president and directors as honest and conscientious men deserve their salary without question, but the money saved by the bank should benefit the depositors more than it does. They should take the lead, not wait for some possessing less capital to do so.

COAL HEAVERS' STRIKE.

The coal heavers on the wharf, who some few weeks ago expressed their intention to go on strike, carried out their intention yesterday. The men number some 400. Much sympathy is expressed for them, especially by those whose business takes them to the wharf daily.

VARIETIES.

It costs the United States \$250,000 a year to print the Congressional Record.

Pittsburg compositors want the same pay for machine work as they get by hand—37½ and 42½ cents.

Columbia Union had 1,290 members in good standing at the close of the first quarter in the year.

Of the \$60,000,000,000 representing the wealth of this country, about \$36,250,000,000 are owned by 31,100 individuals.

Don't go fooling about newspaper machines, unless you want to be an angel and wear no other clothing than wings.

A man never feels the full "power of the press" until he gets his fingers between the cogwheels and leaves the ends sticking in.

The Rochester Democratic *Chronicle* has decided to discontinue publication on Sunday after July 6th next, in deference to public sentiment.

The only female writer connected with journalism in South America is said to be a Wisconsin woman, who is on the staff of the *Cidade do Rio*.

"What do the Echo Press people mix with their inks to get such specially fine printing?" said he to the manager. "Brains, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Damn the printers; why can't they leave such items out?" exclaimed an undertaker when he read a newspaper article warning little boys not to eat green apples.

Two men started out on a wager to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—" whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out, "O papa, there goes 'editor'!" "Hush! hush!" said the father; "don't make sport of the poor man: God only knows what you may come to yet!"

A man in an adjoining county died recently who had taken his paper for twelve years without paying for it. Upon the day of his burial the kind-hearted, forgiving editor called to see him for the last time, and stuffed a linen duster and a couple of palm-leaf hats into the coffin. He was prepared for a warmer climate.

"Did you call the defendant a liar?" sternly demanded the magistrate. "Well, I told him I thought he was an advertisement canvasser," replied the plaintiff. "Hum, hum!" said the magistrate; "much about the same thing."

ST. LAMBERT WINE HOUSE.

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This centrally situated restaurant is now open after being closed for about 18 months, and is the admiration of all who have given a call to the corner of St. Lambert's Hill and Craig street.

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