

"I am afraid," said he, "Santoro, that this coat was taken from one of those poor shepherds whom we met as we came through the wood."

"It was bought, signor, at a just price," answered the other with some haughtiness. "It is not brigand custom to rob the poor. There are few shepherds who are not willing to sell their capotes for thirty ducats."

"Thirty ducats!" exclaimed Walter, thinking five pounds for a sheepskin rather dear. "Do you mean to say you gave all that money?"

"Certainly; that is, upon your account, signor. It is merely an item added to the ransom you will have to pay. The captain will settle that little matter with you. The bread and cream cost only a ducat."

"It seems to me that your hotel bills on the mountain are a little extravagant," remarked Walter.

"That is true, signor, as to the provisions," answered the other naively; "but then consider you pay nothing for your sleeping accommodation. Here is a dry place out of the wind."

Walter lay down, and the two brigands followed his example, lying so close to him that he could not move a limb without their observing it. At first this was far from displeasing to him, since their proximity helped to warm him; but presently he became aware that brigands do not use water. The four sentinels, two at each end of the little avenue of trees that fringed the hill top, who kept watchful guard over all, seemed to have had their orders to admit no ventilation.

Corralli, with two or three of the band, had withdrawn elsewhere, but a perfect discipline was maintained in his absence. Every two hours these sentries were relieved by others, who, in addition to their guns, were furnished with field glasses, with which they swept the distant roads and fields. Not a movement of theirs was lost on Walter, who in vain endeavored to sleep. Those about him seemed to sink into slumber as soon as their limbs touched the ground. The watchful sentinel became an inanimate lump before the man who had succeeded to his post had paced three times his narrow beat. Conscience might make cowards of these men, but it certainly did not interfere with their repose. The strange and unexpected circumstances of Walter's position rendered his mind a tumultuous sea of thought. Now he was with Jack Pelter, speculating upon the fate of a new picture; now with Lotty, an unwilling witness to her husband's tyranny and coldness; now at Mr. Brown's table, listening to his early struggles after fourpenny pieces; now watching the yacht as it yawed and drifted without its helmsman; now praying the brigand chief to release Lilian, and now clutching him in fierce revenge because she was dying on his hands. Nothing was clear to him but the tree tops against the moonlit sky and the slow-pacing forms of the brigand sentinels. The astounding change that had befallen him—the sense that his very life was at the mercy of a reckless robber—confused his judgment. Above all, since nothing was within his own control, he could make no plans to succour either himself or others; he was not even a waif upon the sea, which at least has tides, and the winds, whose direction can to some extent be calculated. He could not make even a guess at the thoughts that lay beneath the broad hat of Captain Corralli, who had obtained the sole dominion over him, and by whose gracious forbearance he was, for the present, permitted to draw breath. And so he lay unrestful till the stilly dawn began to glow upon the mountain's peaks, and birds and beasts and creeping things began to awake to the liberty that was denied to him.

(To be Continued.)

**A Metto for Workingmen—"We Never Forget."**

My advice to workingmen is this:—If you want power in this country; if you want to make yourself felt; if you do not want your children to wait long years before they have bread on the table they ought to have, the leisure in their lives they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have; if you don't want to wait yourselves, write on your banner so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it: "We never forget. If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget! If there is a division in Congress and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget! You may go down on your knees and say: 'I am sorry I did the act.' And we will say: 'It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave—never!' So that a man in taking up the labor question will know he is dealing with a hair-trigger pistol and will say: "I am to be true to justice and to man, otherwise I am a dead duck."—Wendell Phillips.

A man who spurns you when you're low, And doth a secret kick bestow, When you once more can raise and stand Will be the first to grab your hand.

**A WOMAN OR A LADY?**

Is it more noble to be a lady or a woman? The distinction between these terms in present days is wide, and different from their original meaning. The word woman is the genus term and lady the specific one. But the whirligig of time and the progress of human events, the development of institutions and the evolution of the race has put another aspect upon them. A lady at one time was an aristocrat for whom shivalric knights strove and fought; then it meant to indicate, although not rightly, that she to whom it was applied possessed the virtues that mark the ideal woman. For a while this application had been lost, but now the distinction is more nearly akin to its earlier features. Though a woman possesses most admirable qualities, excellent disposition and virtuous demeanor she is not entitled to the application according to the decrees and practices of portions of modern society. A lady may be anything but honest and lovable while a woman may be everything desirable, yet there is often too much honor paid to the proclaimed lady and too much disregard to the slighted woman. Blood does not tell in these days; in its stead we have money. Wealth is the criterion by which women are judged, and as they possess or lack it their application is determined either as lady or woman. The writer remembers at one time of holding converse with several young women. They were situated neither at the topmost rung of wealth's ladder nor at its lowest round. The ladies, as is usual to most ladies, happened to strike a vein of gossip relative to the suitability of certain costumes and ornaments. Diamonds were touched upon. The views indicated that diamonds were not always becoming and that in many cases their use was vulgar. One of the angelic creatures observed that one day upon the streets she had noticed a remarkably ordinary and perhaps not very pretty woman, who displayed an astonishing cluster of real diamonds; otherwise her dress was plain. "No one," said she, "would for a moment think she was a lady." The remark astonished me, but it indicated clearly a depraved public sentiment. How the possession of diamonds, indicative of wealth, should stamp their owner with a title, even though it be a lady, never could diffuse itself through the gray matter of my brain. And when it is considered that most women support themselves and are ground down to starvation wages, while the ladies live in luxury and even in what is considered vice upon the proceeds, the seat of honor should belong to woman. A woman who does her own housework or earns her own bread and butter under an employer is far more fit to be respected than lazy creatures who have nothing but good looks and perfume to brag about. It may take a good while to educate the people to understand to whom honor should be due. The most difficult part in the work of such education is in overcoming the prejudices of the women themselves who are only too anxious to be termed ladies.

**STUDENTS BEWARE!**

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

There are many, however, who, by a too constant application to mental knowledge are shortening life and losing all its joys. There are hundreds of law, medical, divinity and arts students, who, through ignorance or carelessness, are daily allowing disease or troublesome maladies to gain a mastery over them physically, while they are constantly applying themselves to an acquisition of a thorough education in the professions. Many of these hard working students, before they graduate, become almost physical wrecks from an over-worked brain, unstrung nerves, insomnia, dyspepsia or indigestion. All these troubles can be easily cured, if, when the first symptoms show themselves, Paine's Celery Compound be used. This Compound is the most perfect brain and nerve food ever given to suffering humanity, and is a strengthener and restorer of the entire system, giving a strength, a vitality and a vim that is absolutely necessary for the student who wishes to excel in mental studies. A well known professor and educationalist has said:—"Let us keep the mental and nervous system of the ordinary student in a healthy condition, and no proper course of studies will be too arduous for him."

**In the Sleigh.**

This robe is a bearskin, isn't it, George? The fair one asked, as they sped along the hard, smooth road.

Yes, darling; why? Oh, I had reason for thinking so. A great, strong light shone on George, and afterward he drove with one hand.

The man who patronizes a second-hand clothing store is never troubled with fits.

**WHAT LOVE DID.**

Once I knew a workingman, a potter by trade, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day.

He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of broken glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unselfish Scotchman, but never went home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing that he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in.

I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy; still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real, but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides, before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time.

One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another brought some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about.

They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the month drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some ungovernable ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day, now, somebody did a piece of work for him, and put it upon the sand place to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier.

So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right round the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave the small burden of a child which not one of them had ever seen with hicown eyes.

**The Revolution.**

There is a peaceful revolution going on in this country which equals in importance any revolution that the world has ever seen. The United States is a great, splendid farming country. Fifty per cent. of our voters are on our farms, and agriculture is the most important industry in the nation. Destroy our farms and the nation itself will crumble. But for years the farm has not been paying as it should. It has been shamefully oppressed by even government itself; and as one result of this unjust condition of affairs people have been leaving the farms and flocking to the cities and towns. At last, however, the farmer has awakened to a realization that he must do something for his protection. He has concluded that this country does not belong to Wall street, to Jay Gould, the railroads, or to corporations; and he has commenced to move forward for the protection of his rights. It need not be guessed when he will stop. He is an American with the spirit of freedom alive in his breast, and he is simply repealing American history. The American people are notoriously patient and long suffering, but the time invariably comes when patience ceases to be a virtue with them, and they pull off their coats and enter the fray; and they stay in it until they get things to suit them. The farmer has pulled off his coat, and he will not put it on again until his rights are recognized and are secure. All he asks is equal rights and privileges with other classes, and he will have them. It is a peaceful revolution in which he is engaged.—Western Rural.

**The Value of Arbitration**

It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the laboring classes if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settling of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method, for, while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of argument.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Forth bridge cost £3,300,000. A man whose height is 5 feet 5 inches should weigh 10 stone. The income of the Prince of Wales exceeds £140,000 a year. Doctors state that after the age of fifty the brain loses weight.

**Immense Bargains. Great Reductions.**

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

**Cheap OVERCOATS, AWAY DOWN.**

— AT THE —

**ST. JAMES CLOTHING HALL, 404 ST. JAMES STREET.**

SUITS and PANTS and BOYS' OVERCOATS must go at any price to make room for Spring Stock.

SANDY PATTERSON.

PETE A. LEDUC.

**BEDDING**

Patented for its Purity.

Sleep! Silence, child! Sweet Father of soft rest, Prince whose approach peace to mortals bring. Vouchsafed to all of Townshend's bed possessed, The guests alike of peasant, squire or king. This bedding is far famed for purity. If health you wish, then henceforth use no other. But rest and sleep with the assured security An infant feels when nestling to its mother.

Established over 20 Years.

Feather Beds dressed and purified. Mattresses purified and re-made equal to new at the shortest notice. A large stock of IRON BEDSTEADS to be sold below cost to make way for Spring goods. Special prices to Hotels and Boarding Houses.

TEN PER CENT. allowed off all purchases FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

BELL TELEPHONE 1906.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2224.

**FIRE INSURANCE.**

**EASTERN ASSURANCE CO.,** CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. OF CANADA. **AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF WATERTOWN.** ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000. CITY AGENTS: THOS. McLELLIGOTT, J. D. LAWLOR, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDOUGALA. **C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent.** 42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

**J. P. COUTLEE & CO.,**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

(Sign of the Large Scissors and Triangle)

NOTRE DAME STREET,

(SECOND DOOR FROM CLAUDE STREET), MONTREAL.

**GRAND SACRIFICE NOW GOING ON.** OVERCOATS, PANTS, &c., Ready-made and Custom made to order, selling below Wholesale Prices.

Having determined to sell only for Cash in future, I intend selling goods on their merits at ROCK BOTTOM CASH PRICES ONLY. NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

**P. GALLEPY,**

(LATE OF GALLERY BROS.)

PLAIN AND FANCY BREAD BAKER,

252 RICHMOND STREET, MONTREAL.

Having built a new and improved Bakery is now prepared to serve the public with the Best Plain and Fancy Bread at the LOWEST PRICES. Orders sent to above address will be promptly filled.

**NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ECHO.**

Dollar a Year. 329 St. James Street.

**R. SEALE & SON,**  
Funeral Directors,  
41½ & 43  
St. Antoine St., Montreal.  
Bell Telephone 1022.  
Fed. Telephone 1691.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)  
Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000  
Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000  
Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.  
Canadian Branch Office:

**COMPANY'S BUILDING,**  
107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL  
E. D. LACY,  
Resident Manager for Canada.

**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, Agent,  
156 St. James st.

**DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!**

**MILLAR'S**

Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale  
Cream Soda, Cider, &c.  
To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.,

**McRae & Poulin,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes,  
Ladies' Mantles  
A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut  
in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.