

OUR LETTER BASKET.

MUSICAL.—The key-note to good breeding is B natural.

FRED (Valois).—You are quite right. The net which has caught many a man is brunette.

T. J. (Montreal).—Too true, my boy. Charity covers a lot of sins and keeps them nice and warm too.

SAM.—The question you ask is far too deep for us. We confess we are not adepts in this branch of science. Try the Christian at Work or the Police News.

MIKE.—You don't require a poker to complete the Home Rule fad. A broom, with your wife at one end, is quite sufficient. Try the broom and you will be quite astonished how hard it is when properly wielded by the wife of your bosom.

DANNY.—What you want instead of wanting to be a swell is an ordinary amount of brains. Your case suggests that you will go through this weary world a brainless and chattering idiot unless you do something to fill up the vacuum in your cranium.

Mrs. M. (Lachine) says she has a large family of daughters to support on a limited income and asks us how best to husband her resources and to point out suitable occupations for them. The first step necessary, we think, is to husband the daughters.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

A RUSSIAN PATRIOT'S LETTER.

We have received a copy of the first number of Free Russia, published in London, and the organ of the English friends of Russian freedom. It gives the plan of the Russian party, and amongst other interesting reading, it gives an account of the execution of Bernstein, one of the incidents of the Yakutsk horrors, and of which George Kennan wrote so graphically in the Century. It publishes Bernstein's last letter as follows:

"My dear, my good friends and comrades—I do not know whether I shall be allowed to wish you good-by. I can hardly hope to do so. But in my thoughts I have said good-by to you one and all, and I have been deeply impressed during all this time by the friendship you bore me. Let us, then, say good-by mentally, dear comrades and friends, and let our last farewell be illuminated by the hope of a better future for our poor country, which we love so well.

"Not an atom of force is lost in this world. Therefore the life of a man cannot be lost. We must never regret such a life. Let the dead bury the dead. You are united by a moral link of the highest order with your unfortunate country. Do not say that your life is spent in vain because it is spent in the midst of suffering, in exile and in prison. To suffer the suffering of one's country, to constitute, to present a living reproach to the progenitors of evil and of darkness, surely this is a great cause, a noble work. If this should prove your last mission, you need not complain. You have brought your might to the altar of the struggle for the freedom of our people. And, who knows, perhaps you will enjoy better days. Perhaps you will live to see the happy moment when the country, enfranchised, shall open her arms to her faithful children, who loves her and whom she loves, so as to celebrate with them the feast of freedom. Then, friends, you will remember us, and this will be our great reward for all our trials. Never let this hope leave you any more than it will abandon me, even at the foot of the gallows.

"I embrace you warmly, with all my heart and all my soul. Yours ever,

BERNSTEIN.

With patriotism such as runs through every line of this letter, and it is no exception to the rule of spirit exhibited by these men and women of Russia, there is no such word as fail. They are bound to succeed in spite of the tyranny of the Czar. This man was carried to the gallows in a bed, and after the noose was placed around his neck, the bed was pulled from under him, and all for political offences.

Smoke the Union Cigar Pic-nic 5c.

A WIDOW'S COURTING.

Widower Smith rode up one morning to Widow Jones' door, and gave the usual country signal that he wanted to see somebody in the house by dropping the reins and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. "Good morning" was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said. "Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing any way, do you?" "Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me, doesn't know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to part with one if we can come to terms." So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan, then at the widow; at Brindle, then at the widow again, and so through the whole lot. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday, and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever. "That ere Alderney cow is a pretty fair creature," but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow. "That ere shorthorn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—" another look at the widow. "The Alderney cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment. "Old Roan is an old milch, and so is Brindle, but I have known better." A long stare followed this speech and the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out, "Lo, Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so." The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day in church for the first time; and as soon as they were published three times, they were married.

Smoke the Union Cigar Schmer 10c

Pants to order! Did you say to Order?

Yes, Pants to Order, \$2.50

For one week from Monday, September 1st. On that date we shall display 500 Pieces of the Finest and Newest Lines of Tweeds and Worsteds ever offered the Montreal Public. Remember! English, Scotch, French and Canadian Goods, bought in the best markets, and will be sold at prices which must bring a rush.

SCHOOL SUITS! School Suits for Boys from 5 to 15 years. We can give you these for \$1.50 and upward.

FALL OVERCOATS! In no other house can you find any to compete with our selection this season. We offer you Nice, Stylish, Well fitting Overcoats for \$7.50 and upward.

J. M. CONROY,

Nordheimer's Building, 209 & 211 St. James Street.

L'ELECTEUR.

* THE * ORGAN * OF * THE * MERCIER * GOVERNMENT. *

The most complete, the most interesting and the best conducted of the French journals of the Province of Quebec.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Table with 2 columns: Edition type and Price. DAILY EDITION: One Year \$3.00, Six Months 1.50, Three Months 0.75. WEEKLY EDITION: One Year 0.75.

OFFICES:

MONTREAL: 71 St. James Street. QUEBEC: 111 Mountain Hill.

Jos. Robert. J. C. Robert. Aug. Robert.

JOS. ROBERT & SON, WOOD & LUMBER MERCHANTS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF Doors, Windows, Blinds, Mouldings, Frames, &c. CUTTING, TURNING, &c. Specialty: AN IMMENSE DRYING HOUSE.

MANUFACTORY: 93 to 109 PAPINEAU AVENUE. BELL TELEPHONE, 6258. YARD: 1077 NOTRE DAME STREET EAST. FEDERAL TELEPHONE, 1347.

\$10.00 for \$4.00

WE ARE SELLING

\$10 PANTS \$4

Made to Order for During this Month

Just to introduce a new American system of pants cutting.

C. A. WORKMAN, The Popular East End Clothier,

1492 St. Catherine Street, East.

J. CORCORAN * DEALER IN BOOTS

- AND - SHOES,

2076 NOTRE DAME ST.

(1st Door West of Colborne St.) MONTREAL.

Smoke the Union Cigar Schmer 10c

F. SHIP, Merchant & Tailor

AND CLOTHIER,

112 St. Lawrence Street.

New Store, 5th Door below LaGauchiere Street,

MONTREAL. Always on hand an assortment of CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Our New Address

Ronayne Bros

Boots and Shoes!

17 Chaboillez Square, Next the Fire Station.

WHY BOYS CANNOT LEARN TRADES.

In a recent issue of the Philadelphia Union, a contributor makes some very sensible remarks on the apprentice question, which are full of truth and sound logic. He answers the men who cry over the good old times that were, but who alone are responsible for the bad times that are, and who have a stock complaint against trades unions. This is that the trades unions have killed the apprentice system; that it is no longer possible for a boy to learn a trade, except, in the trade schools. The supply of skilled workmen has been kept up by the importation of foreigners, they say, and when this resource fails the country will be without skilled workmen unless the trade schools supply the deficiency. The fault of all this, it is argued, lies at the door of the trades unions; the trades unions do not hesitate to admit foreigners into their ranks, and the foreigners are the foes of the apprentice system.

This is about the gist of the complaint. Is it founded on fact? No. Emphatically no. There is no foundation whatever for such a complaint. If the apprentice system be dead the employers killed it. Apprentices ceased to exist the moment they ceased to be profitable to the master. There it is in a nutshell.

Employers do not want apprentices. They hire boys simply to work—not to learn a trade. They teach boys to do a certain little thing and the boys never learn more as long as they remain in the shop. The apprenticeship system entailed responsibilities upon the master as well as the apprentice. The employers in these days of labor-saving machinery have no need for such apprentices and cannot be induced to shoulder the responsibilities the old system created.

No, the trades unions do not oppose the taking of apprentices. It is the employment of boys as cheap labor and not as apprentices that they refuse to countenance. It is with them simply a matter of self-protection against employers' greed. Enforce the old law of indenture, and the opposition to trades unions would vanish. Trades unionists are not acting blindly in the matter. They see the situation clearly. They have boys of their own whom they would have learn trades, but where are the masters to take these boys as apprentices? A machinist, for instance, is not foolish enough to send his son to a shop where he will learn to make a certain nut or bolt and nothing at all about the art of machine construction.

The state of affairs so much deplored is simply a stage in industrial evolution. No man can change it. It is useless to complain against it. Trades unions do the best they can for themselves as the world moves. The future does not much trouble the man who is doing his best in the present.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

Silk is now manufactured from paper pulp. Ireland loses 60,000 people yearly. Uncle Sam has 9,000 female doctors. Massachusetts has 160,000 Canadians. Servants and cooks at Tacoma make from \$20 to \$40 a month. The Critic says not fifty authors in the world make \$5,000 a year.

A \$2,000,000 eighteen-story Masonic temple will be erected at Chicago.

Twenty bales of human hair from China recently arrived at Marseilles.

Printing on Sunday is prohibited in Austria, and they have no Monday papers.

The Boynton Furnace Company, New York, lost the contract for twenty-four first-class new buildings last week for refusing to employ union men.

The delegates of the striking cigarmakers of Binghamton have been guaranteed an assistance fund of \$10,000 by the Cigarmakers' and other unions of New York and vicinity, as they also secured the aid of the Central Labor Union and Central Labor Federation. They are jubilant and declare that success cannot fail to crown their movement for higher wages.

Smoke the Union Cigar Pic-nic 5c.

A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT TYPE.

A newspaper written by hand is published at Prince Albert, a small hamlet in the centre of the Northwest Territories, and is called the Prince Albert Critic. Its size is four pages, four columns to the page. The paper has a circulation of several hundred copies, and is a specimen of what can be done by an enterprising journalist without a font of type. The matter, instead of being set in type, is written in ink with an electric pen on prepared paper, the rest of the issue being imprints of the original sheet. The paper is newsy, for its size, contains quite a number of advertisements, and is the official paper of the hamlet.

Smoke the Union Cigar Schmer 10c

Our Poet has been turning his thoughts in the direction of epitaph writing. Here's a couplet.

Little Johnny peeped for fun Into the barrel of a gun— No more he yearns for things material, But roams amid the realms ethereal.

Happy James no more will know Anguish, pain or sorrow; He kissed our girl—we saw him—so His funeral's to-morrow.

"Merciful goodness!" shrieked a fond mother to her only masher son, "what in the name of wonder are you doing with my new summer bonnet in your button-hole?" "Aw, a thousand pardons, ma," lisped her hopeful. "I weally fancied it was a button-hole bouquet."

"Do you realize, young man," said the parson to an unconverted sinner, "when you retire to rest at night that you may be called before dawn?" "Why, of course I do," responded the sinner. "I'm the father of a three-week old baby."

First Printer—What are you saving your money for, Bill? Second Printer—I'm going to get my wife a new hat.

"What! you ain't reformin', are you, Bill?" "No; but I'm bound to give my wife a display head for once in her life.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.