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MEETINGS.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street.

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Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to P. A. DUFFEY R.S., No. 10 Brunswick street.

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Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
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The Treatment of Dog Bite.

Mr. H. Cameron Gillies, M. B., C. M., Glasgow, has the following article in the "Hospital" for the current month: The occurrence recently of cases of hydrophobia has led me to think that I should do well to make known a very simple method of dealing with dog bites, which I have followed for some time back. I am not aware that it has ever been proposed before. I have always been dissatisfied with the use of acids and caustics. They not only destroy the diseased or injured tissues, but the healthy tissues also, to the extent of their application; and it is difficult to see how they serve any good at all. They make nasty wounds and leave permanent ugly eyes, which are an abiding cause of evil, for the imagination admittedly plays an important part in these accidents and in the evils that sometimes follow.

What we should aim at in any treatment of the bite is (1) to remove the injured tissues and only these, and (2) to withdraw, if we can, the poison which we assume to be planted in these tissues and which may have made way into neighboring healthy tissues also. To effect this purpose I have for some time applied a strong fly blister over and around the wound. I prefer the fluid forms of blister—though I must say that I have found the B. P. fluid very unreliable. It often fails, and even when it succeeds it is slow in its action. What is wanted is to turn the blood current outwards at the point of injury and assumed infection. The sooner and the more vigorously this is done the better. To this end the wound should be thoroughly bathed with as hot water as can be tolerated, from the very moment of being bitten, if possible; and this should be continued till the blister is procured. It will be well also to hold the part tightly in order to slow or to prevent circulation. When the blister comes to hand the part should be quickly and well dried, and it should be applied at once. It should be applied freely over and outside the bite for perhaps two inches. Of course this must be regulated by the position and extent of the injury. It will be likely to take effect immediately—in a healthy young person. But if it does not rise well a hot poultice, or, if need be, several successive poultices, applied over the blister, will hasten and assist the effect desired. Whenever the blister is well risen it should be punctured at the lowest point and drained. If a warm poultice is then put over it, it will fill two or three times, and the result will be by so much better. The points I wish to indicate in commendation of this method are:

1. By the quick obstruction and local reversion of the blood current the assumed poison is prevented from getting into the general circulation.
2. The poison is presumably withdrawn from the tissues in the fluid of the blister.
3. The tissues that are destroyed by the bite, and in which the poison would more certainly lie, are immediately and entirely thrown off.
4. No healthy tissue is destroyed, and there is no scar—that is, from the blister.
5. It is readily within the reach of all, and, as a matter of urgency, it needs no special skill.

This, I venture to say, is no small commendation. It seems reasonable, and, so far as I know, that is more than can justly be said of any of our present methods.

Strikes and Unions.

Frances A. Walker says: Trade unions are associations for facilitating strikes, which must come, because evils have grown intolerable and to destroy is better than to conserve. We may recognize the office of violence in breaking up an utterly outworn order and clearing the ground for a reorganization of society and industry, yet fail to recognize an advantage in making systematic provisions in advance for the easy resort to violence. * * * But trade unions are not maintained only for the purpose of initiating and conducting strikes for increase of wages or reduction in the hours of labor, they perform three other offices: First, as friendly societies; secondly, as sequestering trades and limiting their membership; thirdly, in legislating upon the methods of industry. Selfish and proscriptive as the modern trade union has been, it has curbed the authority of the employing class which sought to domineer, not in their own proper strength, but through a cruel advantage given them by class legislation, by sanitary maladministration and by law

debarring the people in effect from access to the soil. No benefit can be expected to the average wage-workers, as a whole, from restricting access to professions and trades in any country where education is general, where trade is free, where there is a popular tenure of the soil, and where full civil rights are accorded to workmen.

A Pneumatic Piano.

The latest novelty in pianos is a pneumatic attachment whereby the instrument may be played by an unmusical person. A handle, placed at the right hand side of the keyboard, works a small bellows which, in conjunction with a large perforated sheet similar to that employed in organettes, works the hammers in exactly the same manner as the fingers. The machinery, it may be stated, is remarkably simple, and, as a consequence, there is no danger of anything getting out of order. One of the most wonderful features about the invention is the manner in which the machinery works the pedals, and the crescendos and diminuendos are most marked, and at the same time so gentle as not to suggest any mechanical aid. Unlike all previous attempts at mechanical piano-playing, this arrangement does not subject the wires to any hard usage, nor deface and destroy the look of the front of an instrument.

What a Queen Cannot Do.

Queen Victoria, says the Household Monthly, isn't allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, or a magazine, or a letter from any person except her own family, and no member of the royal family or household is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication. All the information the Queen is permitted to have must first be strained through the intellect of a man whose business it is to cut from the papers each day what he thinks she would like to know. These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet, with a gold fringe all about it, and presents it to her unfortunately majestic. The silken sheet with gold fringe is imperative for all communications to the Queen.

Any one who wishes to send the Queen a personal poem or a communication of any kind (except a personal letter, which the poor lady isn't allowed to have at all) must have it printed in gilt letters on one of those silk sheets with a gold fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all about it. These gold trimmings will be returned to him in time, as they are expensive, and the Queen is kindly and thrifty; but for the Queen's presence they are imperative.

Chinese Weddings.

The chief incident in a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride in her bridal clothes before the house of her chosen one. This is a de facto fulfilment of the contract. The wedding day is determined by the parents of the groom. The imperial calendar names the lucky days, and on such days the so-called 'red celebrations' take place, both in the city and country. The same bridal clothes may be used several times. That the chief part of a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride at the house of the groom is illustrated by the fact that the sons are often married without being present at their own weddings. It is not believed to be fortunate to change the wedding day when once decided. If the future husband, therefore, happens to be called away on the wedding day the marriage takes place by sending the bride to his house.—Exchange.

An Unhealthy Trade.

The latest British statistics go far to prove that the potter has almost the worst of trades for unhealthfulness. After the age of thirty-five their mortality is exceeded only by costermongers, miners and hotel servants. This high death rate indeed in this specialty has led the Register General in England to seriously consider what, if anything, may be considered a remedy. It is claimed for America that in this respect the potters are much better off, working, as they do, in factories that are larger, better lighted and ventilated and where the use of anthracite coal so universally prevents the smoky atmosphere which surrounds the English pottery. The main trouble, however, the extremely fine dust, is common in both countries.

Mr. Olphert, the landlord noted for evictions on his property, is dead.

Safer Passenger Cars.

One of the most interesting new enterprises of the year is the organization of a strong company which proposes to build cylindrical or "whaleback" steel cars for railway use. The works will be established at West Superior, Wis., where the "whaleback" vessels, now familiar on the lakes, are built, and the success of the "McDougall pigs" in the water has doubtless had much to do with the trial of a similar pattern on land. In so far as the new style of cars may be used for freight purposes the public will have comparatively little at stake, and the success or failure of the venture will mainly concern the men who furnish the money invested. It will be a matter of the liveliest interest, however, to all persons who travel by railroad if the steel cars which are to be built for experimental use in passenger traffic shall prove all that the backers of the enterprise hope and expect. It has been apparent for many years to all who have studied the conditions under which great loss of life has taken place in railroad wrecks that stronger and less inflammable cars would go far toward preventing such wholesale slaughter as now and then shocks the country.

In collisions the passengers on sleeping cars have time and again escaped serious injury, when ordinary day cars, being much more lightly constructed, have been ground to pieces and their inmates horribly mangled. The deadly work of fire in wrecks is too familiar to need comment, and it must be considered certain that if all passenger cars could be framed and walled with steel, or made entirely with aluminum, the danger of those frightful accidents in which helpless men and women are imprisoned under the timbers of burning cars and slowly consumed by the flames would be very greatly lessened. We have urged many times within the last few years that railroad passenger cars should be much more strongly constructed as a precaution against needless loss of life, and we are glad to see that an experiment is to be made, on a large scale, in the building of comparatively fire-proof and indestructible cars for the use of travellers as well as for freight.

Fertility of Siberia.

Siberia has a popular reputation much like that part of America west of the Missouri had fifty years ago, and that of the extreme cold in addition. The reason is much the same—its immense size. But the central and southern valleys are level plains, and said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the west in the variety of its resources—in minerals, timbers and in agricultural facilities. It is a marvelous treasure trove of stored up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines a vast country is added to the world of civilization. The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will, as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in southern Siberia even this obstacle does not exist.

The great trans-Siberian railway from Vladivostok to the Ural mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking development. China is also to have railroads soon, and those on the north will connect with the Russian system.

The Newsboy's Kindness.

The words of Shakespeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," were never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the paralyzed newsboy who sits in a wheel chair on the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. He first made his appearance there about two years ago, and his wan, pinched face plainly indicated that he had long been an invalid.

The newsboys all sympathize with him. They help him fold and arrange his papers. On warm days they take turns fanning him, carry his little folding table and assist him in various ways.

One day during the late hot spell a ragged urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm, barefooted and dirt begrimed and carrying a tin pail in his hand, walked up to the cashier's window in a store not far from where the cripple sits. Rapping on the

window he attracted the attention of the cashier, and as he stood on his tiptoes he handed in his pail, while a smile as bewitching as any society belle is capable of encircled his dirty face, displaying a set of teeth pearly white and as beautiful as nature could form them. His large, lustrous, sparkling black eyes caught those of the cashier, and he said, "Say, mister, der lame bloke what sells papers in de wagon on der corner wants a drink of ice water."

As the man who handles the cash passed out the pail of water, the juvenile remarked, "T'anks, mister, you know der kid's awful lame and can't walk."

The New York newsboy is a rough, slangy, harum scarum, devil may-care and often mischievous individual, but generally his heart is in the right place.—New York Herald.

Resting the Eyes During Work.

Speaking of the daily occupations which are hurtful to the eye, Dr. L. Webster Fox condemns reading in street cars and on railroads.

The paper is usually held closer to the eye than on other occasions, because of the motion of the cars, and when this strain is followed up by a day's hard work the effect is soon seen in congested eyeballs and eyelids. Short intervals of rest will save eyes engaged in exacting work. Dr. Fox suggests that persons working over books have a green disk placed in range of their vision, so that their eyes can rest upon it when they raise their heads after running up long columns of figures.

For the same purpose he advises that the walls of schoolrooms should be hung with maps and pictures to relieve the eyes of children. This plan has been followed in the Francis M. Drexel public school with beneficial results.

A Phenomenal Electric Boat.

The former chief constructor at the great Portsmouth dockyard, England, and now of the admiralty, is the authority for the statement that an electrical apparatus has been designed and experimented with for enabling a boat without any person in it to be sent from a safe distance into an enemy's mine-field to explode and thus render harmless mines laid there. By the apparatus he states that the boat could be steered, the engines stopped or started, and the counter mines dropped where desired and exploded. In this way an otherwise exceedingly risky operation can be performed without danger to life, and the worst casualty that could happen is the loss of the boat.

Simple Method of Rekindling Life's Fleeting Spark.

Dr. Laborde, who presides over the physiological laboratory of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, has discovered a new method of artificial respiration in cases of suspended animation. Its value is enhanced by the extreme simplicity and facility of application. It consists in drawing the tongue well out of the previously opened mouth, and then imparting to that organ energetic and rhythmic backward and forward movements. This manoeuvre has the effect of stimulating the respiratory reflex through the traction on the tongue and the excitation of its base. The idea of applying this method to the human being was suggested to Dr. Laborde by its success in the laboratory in cases of animals.

Dr. Laborde cites the cases of two individuals whose lives he saved by this method. The manner of carrying out the movements is extremely simple. A spoon, the handle of a knife, or any such instrument is utilized for the double purpose of keeping the jaws apart and pressing on the base of the tongue. The tongue is then seized between the finger and thumb, which, to avoid slipping, are enveloped in a handkerchief, and pulled forcibly forwards out of the mouth. The organ is then subjected to the to and fro movements, 18 to the minute, until success crowns the operator's efforts. Whilst advising recourse to the methods usually employed, Dr. Laborde believes that his own proceeding is the most effectual, and that it will often succeed when all hope is apparently fled.

Charles Bonner, the missing cashier of the Bank of British Columbia, who was short in his accounts of \$15,000, has been arrested. He was found at the Cedar District half starved and paralyzed with fear.

THE LAST SCENE OF THE PLAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

She did not answer, the words seemed so out of place, so foreign to all things possible; they fell unnoticed on the space about them. For a few moments there was silence again. . . . Suddenly she looked up at the man beside her, at his tall figure, his handsomeness, at his strange, uncertain eyes. She had been very proud of him. There had been phases during their married life when he had been cold and strange, but never a time since she had first known him, when she had not loved him, when he had not seemed like no other man on earth. It was all over. For ever and for ever finished. There was nothing in the living world that could adjust things, no chances, no possibilities that could set them right; nothing that could bring to life a woman whose white face and closed eyes were always before her as though in some dim shadow—a face that waited, she did not dare to think for what. He, watching her, understood something of what was in her heart. He felt that in a measure she had softened towards him. He put out his hand; she drew back, but more gently than before.

'Charlotte,' he said, 'my wife, will you kiss me?'

But though his voice was gentle, it was still curious; he was still experimenting upon her. He had loved her in the past, and he remembered it; but it was doubtful if he loved her much now. She heard his words, but did not move till he repeated them. Then she dragged herself a step towards him, and, with a shudder, put the knowledge of all things from her. Her heart filled with tenderness—miserable, aching tenderness. Weary and desperate, she felt as if for a single moment she must feel herself clasped to him once more, it might be for the last time on earth. Something like a sob broke from her. He took her in his arms and put his face against hers; and so there came to them a moment's rest—the only living rest that was possible to him in all the world.

'God help me, Charlotte,' he said. 'Let me be what I may, I have loved you with all my heart.'

The shifty look had gone from his eyes—his voice was natural. It was as if his life, touching hers, was for a moment purified by it; as if the evil that had possessed him stood a little way off, waiting till she had drawn apart from him. 'But you shudder when you come near me now, you are afraid.'

'No, no, not of you; but of—that, of what you did.'

'Have you any love for me still?' he asked. She did not answer for a moment. He looked down at her face and mentally traced out the lines that misery had drawn on it. 'But I can feel that it is all gone,' he said cynically; 'you only love the good in me, and there was never much of that. Now you are merely doing your duty, and trying to bear with me.'

She looked at him almost in wonder, and spoke in a low voice that seemed to come from the depth of her soul.

'There has never been a time when I have not loved you since the day we met first, when I was a little girl. It has grown with me and strengthened with me; it is my life to love you, a thing I cannot shake off. Even though it shrinks from you or make no sign, it is there—but this,' she said, clasping her hands, 'kills me. It is worse than death. I know I shrink from you and shudder, and dread your touch and shiver at your voice, at your step, and yet I love you. Oh, if I could for ever and ever be burnt for you, so that you might be without that crime upon you, it would be sweeter than heaven—far.' For a moment she stopped. He did not speak. He stood waiting for her to speak again, in doubt, almost in awe, like one who has strayed into a church and stands before the altar of a religion at which he has sometimes scoffed, but suddenly feels to be true. 'It is my life to love you,' she repeated. 'Do not doubt me or think that I shall fail you because I could not kiss you or let your arms go round me. There is something stronger in me than my shrinking self, something that clings to you, and cannot swerve from you.'

'Not though you know me now for a coward and a murderer,' he asked.

The bitter tears fell down her face. 'No,' she said slowly, 'not even though I know you are a murderer—but her lips refused to say the word. 'Oh that I could have been both for you,' she cried, bowing her head, 'could have done the crime and borne the load, and you never knowing.' She put her face down on her hands and rested them on the escritoire, while he stood silent and ashamed, seeing clearly as though a door had opened.

'I cannot tell,' he said at last, 'what put it in your head to care for me. I have never been fit for you for one single moment in my whole life.'

'Oh, yes, yes, you have been.'

'No; I was never worth your loving,' he said in a low voice, 'and yet though I have been not only what you know me now, but everything else on earth that was bad, I have loved you.' As if her measure were not quite full, some fiend put a sudden thought into her heart. She raised her head and looked at him eagerly.

'Harford,' she said, in a voice that had changed altogether, 'you have loved me—well and truly? Tell me that: I know it, but let me hear you say it.' There was no doubt of this in her heart; it was but to hear him say it, and to get such comfort as she could from his words. But he turned away and was silent. A new terror possessed her. 'I do not mean that time before, but since we married, dear,' she said entreatingly, and a world of tenderness came into her voice. 'Since I have been your wife you have loved me truly and been faithful?' There was a long moment's silence before he spoke.

'There shall be no lie between us now, Charlotte,' he said. 'I have not even been faithful to you. Yet I have loved you, do not doubt that. You have been the one woman in the world to me.'

'And yet not faithful?' She could not say another word; her life seemed to wane, her senses to stupify.

The man looked at her wonderingly, doubtful what to do, cursing the folly that had made him betray himself. He had had other things to say when he called her from the inner room. There was a matter of life and death to arrange, and quickly, and as yet he had not entered upon it. For a moment he stood considering, then, kneeling by the sofa, he leant over her.

'Charlotte,' he said tenderly, 'look up. You were always the bravest woman on earth. You are not going to break down now?'

'No,' she answered bitterly, 'you need not fear that.'

'You women do not understand men, the power that mere flesh and blood has over them, and yet the little difference it makes to their best feelings. I have never swerved from you in my heart, even when I have been falsest to you. I have loved no other woman on earth, could have endured life with no other, have trusted thoroughly no other human being. Men and women are so different; a man can separate life, feeling one thing for one woman and one thing for another, yet truly love just one. A woman puts all she has on one man, and would think anything short of that treason. I have been a scoundrel, everything that is bad, but you have been the one woman of my life; any good that was in me, any strength, has been spent in loving you; only the badness and weakness have gone elsewhere.' She raised her head. Her face was proud and white.

'I only saw the good, and did not think the other existed. It seems as if there had been two men—the one I knew, the other some fiend that mocked and tempted him.' 'That is so, Charlotte,' he answered simply. She lifted her eyes to his face—the dear face she had loved so well. Good or bad, he was everything to her even now, and her heart clung to him as the ship wrecked soul clings with despairing hands to the battered, broken thing that was once a ship with a freight of happy life; clings desperately, knowing that when it is gone there will be only the black water and the everlasting silence.

'If we could get away into some other world—' she began, with lips that quivered.

'We will, we must.'

'Leaving behind this woe and misery, and begin some new life together—if we could die out of this one we have known, and in some unknown land—' she went on, with a voice full of infinite longing, after all that she felt was for ever at an end.

'My dear,' he said gently, 'we must. In one form or other we must die, either by those, or he made a sign towards the drawer, 'or, living, we must vanish and leave no track behind.'

'Why?—Why?' she repeated, for he half-hesitated, as if he were loth to break in upon her momentary calmness, her ghost of a dream of a future.

'I think we are getting towards the end,' he said, slowly; 'that this is somehow,' and he looked round the cold, bare room, 'the last scene of the play.'

'What do you mean?—tell me.' She put her hands on his shoulders and forgot everything but his danger.

'I called you just now to break it to you—'

'Have they traced us?'

'Pretty nearly,' and the old calm manner came back. 'This morning I bought a paper at Vevey. They have traced us to Lausanne, they will not be long doing the rest. I came back by the upper paths again, and looked round the firwood above; there is no practicable escape in that direction. But we must get from here at once—as soon as it is dark to-night.'

'Why not now?'

'We may be watched; we should certainly be seen. I have planned it all. They may be a little time getting the clue to us

up here. To-night, when the old woman is asleep, I will make a new start—'

'You?' He felt the tug had come. He knew she would help him, but whether she would trust him too he was waiting to find out. For he did not know himself what the result of his going would be, even though he escaped safely. How much he still cared for her and how necessary he would find her he wanted to prove. He had not been able to help wondering how it would feel to be cut absolutely adrift from all his present ties. After all, this world might contain more surprises yet; but if it refused him liberty, or threatened still worse, he could give it the slip, and perhaps from across the strange boundary look back, unseen and triumphant, at the things that had perplexed him and that in the end he had baffled. Meanwhile he looked at the woman before him.

'You?' she repeated.

'I think it would be better for me to go alone, if you have the nerve to stay; I have thought it well over. I can disguise myself a little and get towards the Rhoné Valley, perhaps cross the lake unnoticed by one of the morning steamers, and so get over to Savoy, and there trust to chance; or I may push along the valley and get by some lonely pass into Italy.'

'And I?'

'You must stay and pretend that I am ill to the woman below. She need not enter the bedroom and will think I am there. I must devise some means of letting you know where I am, and when it is safe you shall come to me; but they know we are together, and are less likely to trace us if I start alone. Besides you could not walk and bear the fatigue that I can. You see I have thought it out. Can you do it?'

'Yes, I can do it,' she answered; 'you know that. You had better go as soon as it is dark; you will get further on by the morning. But you must have food. At seven the woman will bring our supper; she had better see you—'

She stopped, for he was not listening to her.

'I thought I heard a footstep go round the house,' he said. They stood up breathlessly; for a moment she felt paralysed. He opened the door and looked down the stairs; all was dusky and silent. The woman beneath was still sleeping beside the empty stove. He went along the landing to the window at the back of the house, and came back quickly, with his face pale and determined. He hurried towards the closed shutters and looked through the bars. Then he turned quickly round.

'It is too late,' he said; 'we are surrounded back and front. They are at the door.' For a moment she stood helpless looking at him; the dazed manner passed from her.

'What must we do?' she asked in the voice of a woman awaking.

'There is only one thing; there is no other chance left.' His anxiety to see how she would act now that the test had come seemed to be his strongest feeling.

'Is there no escape?' she gasped.

'None. We will be absolutely certain first; but half-a-dozen men can hardly be round the house for any other purpose.' They stood by the open door of the salon, he with his arm just touching her waist, yet drawing back a little, she leaning forward, her face ashy white, her eyes flashing with a strange fire.

There was a loud knock at the barred front door; with a loud throb her heart echoed it. They could almost hear the old woman start from her sleep and push back the stool on which her legs had rested; it made a grating noise on the stone floor. The knocking was repeated. The two listening above drew closer together. They heard the old woman going slowly to the door. The man looked at his wife and made a step towards the escritoire. With a cry she threw her arms round him, kissing him as if she would draw his whole soul into her heart.

'I will not live one hour without you, my love, my own. Oh, if I could but give you my life and soul and take yours into mine!—'

'You forgive me,' he said gently, smoothing back her hair, and looking at her face as he held it between his hands. The strange light was in his eyes; even then he could not give himself up wholly to a last farewell. He was alive to the finger-tips with the whole situation, eager to see what the next thing would be in this world or the other. Her agony was odd to him still, but a great tenderness came into his heart, a great gratitude to the pure woman who had loved him. For the first time he shuddered, though only for a moment, at his own past. He kissed her, and as he did so there swept over him the sudden knowledge that here they parted, that in any life to come together they would be no more. Already space seemed to be wrenching them asunder, and his heart grew cold as he felt it.

'You forgive me, darling, I know that,' he said, with a long sigh; and then his composure and coolness came back to serve him to the end.

'Forgive you?' she said. 'Oh, don't ask me that. You are my life, my heaven,

my eternity—there is none other for me, and I will have none other. Do life and heaven ask forgiveness?' The door had been opened below; as in a dream they had heard their own names uttered. There were voices and steps coming along the passage; already at the foot of the stairs. There was not a moment left; he looked at her; she understood. Her head had been on his breast—she lifted it; her tender hands let go, and they had parted. He took the pistols from the drawer; he hid one under the hard cushion of the sofa, looking at her meaningly, with the gleam of triumph in his eyes. The footsteps came round the bend in the stairs. She nodded to him, with a scared look on her face, but he was satisfied. The men coming up were in sight of the doorway. In a second she was outside of it, holding the door handle in her hands. Tall and erect she stood, without a sign of fear, and faced them.

'What do you want?' she asked. For a moment she hesitated, as if uncertain what to do. Her hands trembled; otherwise she did not stir, but like a flash it went through her that she was holding the door too while her husband died.

'Mrs. Harford Wilson?' one of the strange men said in English.

'Yes, Mrs. Harford Wilson,' she answered defiantly, and waited for the sound from within. Her heart throbbed. What did it mean, the strange silence. Had he faltered? Was he to be taken after all—taken and hanged as a felon? She had left him with the pistol in his hand. She remembered the second one ready beneath the sofa-cushion.

'Madame,' said an old man with a silver-headed stick (he was the representative of the police from the village), 'you must stand aside; we have to arrest your husband.' They advanced a step. They were four stairs from the top, within two yards of her. She grasped the handle more tightly, almost supporting herself by it, but her calmness staggered the men before her. She looked scornfully at the old man who had spoken.

'We have a warrant for his apprehension on the charge of murder,' the Englishman said, in the business voice of an officer of the law. 'You must stand aside,' and he advanced, 'or we shall be obliged to use force and—there was a sharp report, the sound of a heavy fall. The men started back in dismay. The woman's hands fell from the door handle, and with a click the door opened for an inch or two. She staggered, but for a second there was a smile of triumph on her lips; the gleam that had been in Harford's eyes seemed to pass through her, then a cry burst from her.

'You can enter—there is only a dead man there,' she said, and fell senseless across the doorway.

THE END.

Victims of Fear.

Now that such precautions are being taken against cholera, it is well to remember that one of the surest safeguards is a firm mind and an equable disposition. Cholera is a malady that assails the bowels, and fright affects the same regions in a peculiar way. One of the common sayings descriptive of a person under the influence of fear is "his bowels turned to water." A resolute will can often conquer fright and ward off the disease. An old German story that illustrates the point runs as follows:

Many years ago, while cholera was raging in parts of Germany and extending daily its baneful influence, an old doctor, taking an evening stroll outside the gates of his town saw coming toward him a horrible object. Its form and shape was human, but its aspect was a mass of corruption.

'Who are you?' asked the doctor.

'I am the cholera.'

'Where are you going?'

'I am going to that town.'

The doctor, terrified, pleaded and begged for the monster to change its route, but to no purpose. Its road led through the town, and into the town it must go. But to compromise with the good old doctor, the cholera promised not to kill more than five persons in the town. Next morning the physician was called to a patient, whom he found to have the cholera. The cases multiplied hourly, and consternation spread among the people of the city, and all those who could get away did so. There were not five, but there were 5,000 deaths in the town. After the cholera had subsided, the doctor, in his walks, again met the cholera spectre, and upbraided it for not having kept its word with him. Said the cholera: 'I swear I have kept my promise—not killed more than five of your fellow-citizens. The others died of fear.'

Here's a Fine Specimen of Protection.

Seven cents to a poor shop girl to make a shirt! exclaimed Harford, and ten to Chinese laundryman to spit on it and iron it each week! That's what they call protection to American industry.

How is your father? Very bad sur, indeed. The doctor sez if he duzn't rest easy to-morrow he'll be dead before morning.

CHOLERA CURE.

Common Sense Treatment by an Old Physician.

The following appears in Sunday Truth (Buffalo) and is guaranteed by that paper to be the experience of a reliable physician:—

Much has been written of cholera; its history is to be found in all the text books of practice, to which those who are interested in pursuing the subject more deeply are referred. The object of this article is to offer to our people a simple, almost domestic, view of the disease and its treatment.

When cholera has become a fact in any community, when it is actually present, there is in the general mind of the people a keen anxiety, a fear, that scarcely any visible danger equals; a sort of passive waiting for something. Each wonders how soon he or his may be victims. Now this very passiveness is a bad thing. When the disease is present let every one cultivate cheerfulness. When an epidemic has to select its victim it usually seizes him who is scared. Fear is a great depressor of the system. Cleanliness in person is to be looked to. A tepid (half warm) bath should be taken every other day; eating and drinking in moderation; avoiding indigestible things. Ice water, in large quantities, is also to be avoided; small pieces of ice, put into the mouth, is better to allay the thirst of hot weather.

Avoid everything calculated to induce looseness of the bowels.

The usual and very important matter of sanitary inspection of foul places and things, disinfectants, etc., is always looked after by boards of health, and physicians are always ready to suggest public measures for the general good. So, then, it only remains for the writer to make such suggestions as will assist those who may fall into the danger that may menace us should we be unfortunate enough to be waited upon by the Asiatic terror. The simple hygienic directions given above will suffice in that direction, so we will

SUPPOSE A CASE OF CHOLERA.

The symptoms occur quickly, vomiting, purging—in the order given, sometimes the reverse. In any case the first thing to be done is to clean out the stomach thoroughly. Give the following emetic: Pulverized ipecac, twenty-five grains; tartar emetic, two grains; mix well in a cupful of warm water or milk and let the patient swallow it. Vomiting will follow from it in a few minutes. The vomiting itself will often effect the action of the bowels—checking them. After the emetic has operated, continue to give the patient a cupful of warm water every ten or fifteen minutes for awhile to help clean out the stomach. But should the vomiting appear obstinate or alarming, give fifteen to thirty drops of Dilute Sulphuric Acid (to be had at the druggists') every fifteen or twenty minutes in a wine glassful of water.

This, in a little while, will generally check both vomiting and purging. In case it does not do so in a short time, an hour say, use the following prescription, remembering always that if the first symptoms, such as diarrhoea and vomiting, are controlled and checked, the graver, fatal phases of the disease, as cramp, collapse, etc., will rarely occur. Cut short, then, the first diarrhoea.

RECIPE.

Tincture kino, tincture of rhubarb, tincture of cayenne, red pepper, tincture of opium, essence of peppermint, spirits of camphor; equal parts of each. Mix well and give fifteen to thirty drops in a wineglassful of water every fifteen to twenty minutes, till diarrhoea or vomiting is checked, if the remedy is administered early and faithfully very few cases will reach the stage of cramp. Should this state unfortunately be reached, larger doses of the same remedy may be given, in addition to stimulants, such as brandy—a tablespoonful, in which ten grains of Carbonate of Ammonia (hartshorn) is dissolved, every fifteen minutes, till relief is obtained. Hot flannel blankets wrapped about the body, bottles of hot water to the feet, sides of the body and between the thighs, to restore heat. The great thirst present can be relieved by small bits of ice put into the mouth. Strong beef tea with brandy should be given in repeated small quantities to keep up the strength. If the stomach will not retain it, it should be injected into the bowels.

The foregoing is a brief outline. In times of epidemic physicians are in great demand, hence many suffer for the want of medical advice. Much precious time is lost waiting for the doctor, hence everyone when cholera is threatened may, by a little trouble, put themselves in possession of the means of saving life should they be obliged to face the plague.

A half hour at the beginning of an attack of cholera is the most important period in the case.

She was a girl of wisdom. He said to her: Do you love to wander in the moonlight? Yes, she answered. Why? Because it saves gas. Then he did some mental arithmetic, thought it over, and said Will you be mine?

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

One of the largest audiences ever seen on the Shamrock grounds witnessed the Shamrock-Cornwall match, and it is safe to say the large majority present were greatly pleased at the result. Both teams played a rattling good game, but Cornwall was manifestly out of it alongside of the Shamrock home and field, the former division putting in some grand team play. McKenna in the Shamrock goals had not a great deal of work to do, but when necessity arose he was always there. Cornwall took the first goal by what might be called a fluke, but after that they had to play a purely defence game, and the match ended four to one for the Shamrocks.

The game in Toronto between Montreal and Toronto was a win for the former by four to three. Both teams played fine lacrosse, but the visitors showed more of the science of lacrosse in their play. It was evident throughout that they were too much for the Torontos and most of their players showed that old time coolness and deliberation in handling the rubber that has made the Montreal team such dangerous opponents. Every game they got they scored by lacrosse pure and simple, and played a gentlemanly game throughout, delighting the spectators.

The Beavers had another victory on Saturday last, defeating the Emmets by three straight games. This settles the championship.

The Gordons and White Stars played a draw match on Saturday, the latter scoring one game when time was called on account of darkness.

QUOTING.

The Dominion Quoting Club's grounds, corner St. Antoine street and Atwater avenue, was the scene last Saturday afternoon of a very interesting competition between first and second teams of above and Caledonian Club respectively. The challenge called for teams of eight men in either class, but some of the Dominion players did not materialize, and consequently there was only seven rinks played in the first and five in the second. The following was the result:

FIRST TEAM.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Dominion Club. | Caledonian Club. |
| J. Chipchase..... 21 | J. Hitchison..... 14 |
| F. Marsh..... 21 | J. Monette..... 13 |
| F. Singer..... 21 | J. Fullard..... 11 |
| W. Badnag..... 21 | J. Heney..... 16 |
| R. L. Wilson..... 21 | G. Jones..... 18 |
| C. Stewart..... 21 | W. Mann..... 13 |
| W. Taylor..... 16 | C. Jones..... 21 |
| Total..... 142 | Total..... 106 |

Majority for the Dominion Club, 36 points.

SECOND TEAM.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Dominion Club. | Caledonian Club. |
| W. Duncan..... 21 | W. Moffatt..... 13 |
| H. Cooper..... 21 | J. Hassam..... 2 |
| J. Adams..... 5 | H. Arthur..... 21 |
| W. Paul..... 11 | J. McCuaig..... 21 |
| W. Johnston..... 10 | B. Pitts, jr..... 21 |
| Total..... 68 | Total..... 78 |

Majority for the Caledonian club, 10 points.

Total majority for the Dominion club over the 12 players, 26 points.

During the match there was some very close play, notably in the rinks between Chipchase and Hitchison, P. L. Wilson and G. Jones, F. Singer and J. Fullard, F. Marsh and J. Monette and W. Badnag and J. Heney. Mr. Cathart Wallace officiated as referee, and gave every satisfaction. At the close the members of the various clubs cheered each other, and a very pleasant afternoon's sport was brought to a termination.

BASEBALL.

The Hawthornes played their last game of the season Saturday and wiped the earth with the Montreals to the extent of 24 runs to 2 in six innings. The fielding of the Montreal team was very bad, the only one to show up well being Ledue, the catcher, who played a first class game.

On Saturday afternoon the St. Henri and Beaver baseball teams played a match and put up a really good game. The Beaver battery did very effective work and look promising. Following was the score: Beavers, 11; St. Henris, 4.

THE RING.

Joe Goddard, the champion of Australia, accompanied by Billy Madden, called upon R. K. Fox. Goddard deposited \$1,000, and left a sweeping challenge to fight James Corbett, the champion of the world, for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world.

A cheque for \$6,030.37, representing John L. Sullivan's share in the proceeds of the benefit on Saturday night, was handed to Frank Moran, his manager, on Monday.

Corbett has received an offer of \$5,000 a week with Forepaugh's circus and another for the same amount for a California tour. Considerable has been said about Corbett's height and weight, indicating that he was

not well proportioned as a prize fighter. At New Orleans he weighed 187 pounds, and he stands 6 feet 2 1/2 inches in height. Tom Hyer stood 6 feet 2 1/2 inches and weighed 182 pounds, while John Heenan was 6 feet 2 inches and weighed 190 pounds.

ATHLETICS.

A large crowd, numbering nearly 2,000 people, saw the open handicap races of the O. A. A. C. on the Metropolitan grounds, Ottawa, on Saturday afternoon. The weather was splendid, the track was in perfect condition and the races were unusually interesting. Of the string who went up from Montreal Gifford captured two firsts, and Gentleman, Courtemanche, Cameron and Moffatt one each. Finley won a second in the mile run by defeating Orton, the Toronto crack, when within twenty feet of the finish.

LAWFUL STRIKES AGAINST LAWLESS CORPORATIONS.

The more clearly the facts come out about the recent Buffalo railroad strike, the more just and reasonable the cause of the beaten strikers appear.

In the first place the strike appears, from the evidence given before the New York State arbitrators, not to have been primarily a strike for more wages, but against intolerably long hours of labor. The scale of wages asked for differed only very slightly from that paid before, and the men did not sickle for any change there. What they did demand was a 10-hour day, in doing which they only demanded the enforcement of an express statute which the New York Legislature had passed, but which the roads had refused to pay any attention to. The testimony taken before the arbitrators showed that it was the custom to make the switchmen work 11 and 12 hours, and that frequently when freight was rushing they were kept at work 18 and 24 hours without relief. Many men testified indeed that they had worked 36 hours on a stretch, with barely any opportunity for rest.

Were they not free to refuse to work? Oh, certainly! No one compelled them to work if they preferred to be discharged. Their relation to the employers was what Edward Atkinson praises as "free contract;" that is to say, the men must accept the terms of their employers or lose their means of support.

Against this intolerable yoke the men at last rebelled, and after a bitter struggle, hopeless from the first, have been forced back to their bondage literally at the point of the bayonet.

To put the case in a nutshell, a 10 hour law applying to the switchmen is on the statute books of New York State. The roads have contemptuously disregarded it. The switchmen struck to have the law carried out, and the State of New York ordered out the militia, not to enforce the law, but to sustain the railroad managers in their defiance of it. A pretty state of things, isn't it? Is there any one, in face of these facts, who will question any longer that money runs this government?

The excuse of the press for siding with the railroad corporations was the "lawlessness" at Buffalo. But who began the "lawlessness" at Buffalo? Did not the railroad corporations begin it by refusing to obey the law, and was not all the subsequent lawlessness the result and natural consequence of the lawlessness of the corporations?

The militia should have been called out (if at all) to sustain the strikers in demanding their legal rights, not to protect the corporations against the consequences of refusing them.—New Nation.

KEROSENE VERSUS MOSQUITOES

The Illuminating Oil Very Destructive to These Pests.

A writer on the subject of the extermination of the mosquito tells of an experiment he made with kerosene as the destroying agency in the Catskills. Noticing a few mosquitoes about the porch of his cottage on July 5 last, he made a search for their breeding place and found it in a rain-water pool having a surface area of 60 square feet in the neighborhood. Eggs had been deposited freely on the water, and it was very plain that the cottage was destined to be annoyed by innumerable mosquitoes unless a remedy was applied at once.

He determined to try kerosene, and sprinkled four ounces of it over the surface of the pool. At the end of ten days it was covered with dead insects, which the writer estimates at 7,400. Most of them were gnats, but there were 374 female mosquitoes and many males. The number may appear trifling enough, but on that score the experimenter has this to say: "Now the average number of eggs laid by a female mosquito is 300, and the destruction of these 371 specimens prevented the development of about 111,300 individuals of the next generation. Moreover, certain females flew away after touching the surface of the water, and undoubtedly died at some distance from the pool, so that the effect of the application was even greater than these figures indicate. In fact the capacity of the

remedy was only limited by the number of mosquitoes seeking the surface of the pool for egg-laying purposes, and in a locality of greater mosquito abundance the estimate of the potentiality of the remedy would have been enormous.

And now as to the question of expense: This experiment proves that at this rate of application one barrel of kerosene costing \$4.50 (and the cheapest of oil is preferable to the more expensive), will successfully treat 96,000 square feet of water surface. It is probable that there are many mosquito-ridden neighborhoods where the total area of the breeding-places does not exceed this figure, and where at the slight expense mentioned, provided the application be made early in June so as to head off the first generation, the numbers of the biting pest may be reduced to a minimum."

Electricity and Hot Water versus the Cooper.

A company, says the Tradesman, is about to be formed in this country for the manufacture of staveless barrels under a system patented by Mr. Oncken, from one piece of wood. The process is described as follows: The tree, which can be used as soon as felled, is sawn up into logs corresponding in length to that of the barrel required, which are then boiled for two or three hours in a closed vessel, a current of electricity passing through the water. From the boiler the log of wood is taken, hot and soft, to a lathe, where it is held at each end horizontally, and rotated against a cutting blade, and as the log is thus revolved a continuous sheet of wood, without loss from saw dust, is produced of any desired thickness, and smooth on both sides, which sheet streams out from the rear of the machine on to a table, until the log is almost entirely cut up, or, as it were, unrolled. The long sheet of wood thus obtained is cut transversely by sheers into the required lengths for barrels. The sheets are then passed through a grooving and V-cutting machine that cut the grooves in which the head is eventually fitted, and nicks narrow V-shaped pieces at regular intervals out of each end of the sheets, which are then dried. It is found that when dried the wood is thoroughly seasoned by the process. When the sheets are required to be made into barrels, they are steamed for a couple of minutes so as to soften them, bent round until the edges are in contact and the ends pressed in, so as to make the usual barrel shape, when the hoops and tops and bottoms are put on in the ordinary way. The economy of manufacture is manifest. No saw-dust is made. There is no planing. Less steam power is required than necessary with saws, and far more work can be done in a given time, while, in putting barrels together, skilled labor can be dispensed with. It is claimed that the barrels are stronger than ordinary stave barrels, inasmuch as they are in one complete piece, a fact which makes them free from the many chinks through which the contents can escape and loss ensue.

The English System.

Our system of finance, as John Sherman has informed us, is patterned after that of England. All along the line since the foundation of the government England has been exceedingly anxious about our welfare, and her bankers have laid awake nights giving birth to schemes for our benefit. In 1862, Hazzard, a London banker, worried his little brain for several months, winding up his exertions by issuing a circular to American bankers. In that infamous paper he told our money lads that slavery was a dead dog in the pit and it must go. Don't worry, he said, for England has a better way of getting what labor creates, and that was the control of labor, by the control of wages. Slavery was but cheap labor, and cheap labor was simply slavery; that was all there was to it, any way. The English system, control of labor, was a cheaper system, as there was no care for the laborer. Hazzard told our boys that the wages could be controlled by controlling money. The money could be controlled by establishing a national banking system; that the basis for that system must be the debt that the boys would "see to it" was made out of the war. Well, our money fellows took Hazzard's advice. They didn't shed a single tear over the abolishment of slavery. They went to work, made a debt out of the war, had a national banking system established, got control of our money, and now they fix the price of all labor and products in the land. Nice thing, and the bankers have got it.—Labor Herald.

An Electric Dentist.

An amusing story of a dentist who 'shocked' his patients is told by a writer in The Electrical Review. Many people are aware that shuffling over a velvet carpet will often engender in a human body so much electricity that by putting one's knuckles near an escaping gas jet the spark that flies to the metal will light the gas. The dentist was evidently not up in such

works of magic. The electrician tells the story as follows:

A dentist came into my laboratory the other day and said:

'See here, I can't for the life of me understand what is the matter with me. All my patients complain that when I first put an instrument into their mouths it pains them fearfully. I've thought it all over, and have come to the conclusion that my instruments must be magnetized or betwitched, or I am. I've brought over some of them to have them examined. Just let me show you what I mean. Have you got a sensitive tooth?'

I pointed to a molar then under process of repair. He unwrapped some of his instruments, and, selecting one, gently inserted it into my mouth. All I felt was the instrument touching the filling. I experienced no pain.

'Good heavens, man!' said he. 'What nerve you have. What fortitude. What—' 'Nonsense!' I exclaimed. 'I didn't feel anything.'

'Well,' said he, looking puzzled, 'you are the first man that hasn't yelled when I touched his teeth since I moved into my new office. I can't understand it.'

I told him I would come around to his office in the afternoon and see if I could find out what was the matter.

Later in the day I called to see him.

'Well, have you got it yet?' he asked, as he walked across the carpet and shook hands with me.

'I hadn't one second ago,' I answered, 'but I have now. Did you notice what happened when you shook hands with me?'

'Nothing but the electricity.'

'That's just it. Every time you walk across the floor to your cabinet for an instrument you get a small charge of electricity in your body, and naturally, as soon as you touch the sensitive tooth of the patient, the delicate nerve received the shock through your instrument—hence the pain. The reason why I felt no shock in the laboratory was simply because there was no carpet for you to rub your feet on before you touched my tooth.'

Government Ownership.

It is amusing to see old, gray headed congressmen and senators crying out against the government ownership of railroads. Most of them make the great expense of buying them a plausible argument. Now, let's see what those hypocrites have done. Since 1860—32 years—the American congress has appropriated to railroads government land to the amount of 3,000,000,000 acres. Much of this land is valuable now, and was valuable when given to the railroads. Put the 3,000,000,000 acres at \$5 an acre, and we have the sum of \$15,000,000,000, which would more than pay for all the railroads in the United States, watered stock and all, for while the actual cost of the roads has not been above \$7,000,000,000 or \$8,000,000,000, the stock has been watered up to perhaps \$15,000,000,000. Now, give the man thunder who says we cannot buy the roads.—Progressive Farmer.

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The Echo

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All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

Advertisers entitled to change of matter should send in their copy not later than Wednesday morning to ensure insertion same week.

THE ECHO is mailed to subscribers at a distance every Friday evening, and delivered in the city early on Saturday. Parties not receiving their paper regularly should communicate with the office.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The publishers of THE ECHO desire to announce that they have decided to discontinue the publication of that journal with the present issue. This step has, in some measure, been forced upon them through inadequate support from those more chiefly concerned in keeping it afloat; through a large number who voluntarily subscribed for the paper neglecting or refusing to pay their subscriptions when due, and also to the fact that considerable difficulty has been experienced in procuring advertising patronage—without which no newspaper of the present day can live—at remunerative rates. The reason for non-success in this latter department is not far to seek, and therefore it became still more incumbent upon the class in whose interests more particularly it was established to give it their united support. This, after a lapse of two years, they have failed to do, and the publishers have come to the conclusion that further pecuniary sacrifice on their part would be folly, especially when taken in connection with the harassing nature of their efforts in the past to issue a journal which would voice the sentiments and aspirations of organized workmen.

The publishers are aware that the suspension, without any previous notice having been given, may appear somewhat abrupt to many of those who have consistently supported them from the beginning, but they feel that the present time is the most opportune which could be chosen. A very large proportion of the subscriptions expire with this issue, which completes the second year of the publication of THE ECHO, as well as most of the advertising contracts, and their obligations to subscribers and advertising patrons have thus been discharged. The few whose subscriptions have yet to run for any length of time will be refunded the proportion to which they are entitled. Arrangements are being made to that end and will shortly take effect.

To those who supported THE ECHO, to the extent of promptly paying their subscriptions when due, the warmest thanks of the publishers are due and are hereby tendered; to delinquents we have only to say that, unless their indebtedness is cancelled within thirty days from date, all accounts then outstanding will be handed to a solicitor for collection.

The plant used in printing THE ECHO is now for sale, and offers a good opportunity to any one just starting in

business to purchase a newspaper and job-printing plant on exceptionally favorable terms. On application to either Messrs. Taylor or Boudreau all necessary information will be given intending purchasers.

VALEDICTORY.

It is with no ordinary feeling of regret that the conductor of this journal draws the attention of its readers to the announcement made by the publishers in another column. Of course, to him it was not altogether unexpected, whatever it might be to his readers, still, in writing these parting words, he cannot help wishing that the necessity had not arisen. We do not wish to make any unpleasant reflections upon those who are primarily the cause for the suspension of this journal, and it is needless to speculate upon what might have been, but we cannot help saying that if the organized workers of the Dominion had done their whole duty by THE ECHO it would have been a flourishing institution to-day. The causes ascribed by the publishers are a sufficient reason for its suspension, and we know they are true. There ought to be ample room in Canada for a journal devoted exclusively to urging the claims of its toilers, and scarcely any amongst them will deny the necessity for such a publication, yet, when the experiment has been tried, and faithfully as in this instance, it only receives half-hearted support. For several months past THE ECHO has been issued at a pecuniary sacrifice, and in carrying it on up to the present time the publishers were guided solely by a desire to keep faith with the large majority of their subscribers. This they have done to the fullest extent.

During the two years THE ECHO has been under our control it may not have met all the anticipations of our readers; indeed, we are conscious that at times it fell short of our ideal of what a workingman's newspaper should be, but we can honestly say that all our writings have been in the direction of improving the condition of those who work for wages, and in advancing the cause of organization amongst them, which we sincerely believe to be the only means by which a recognition of their just claims can be obtained. Until the workingmen of Canada come to recognize the fact that they must act unitedly in politics as in trade matters, they will continue to be the fools and dupes of selfish, scheming politicians, and remain at the mercy of pitiless capitalists and bloodless corporations.

Personally, although we much regret the cause and necessity for suspending publication, it will be somewhat of a relief to us, and therefore we welcome the situation. During our connection with the paper we have made several desirable acquaintances and hope we have succeeded in retaining many friends. It has brought us into contact with some whom it is a pleasure to know, and although the means of introduction no longer exists we trust the mutual intercourse will still continue. To enumerate all who have rendered us assistance would be impossible and to name some would perhaps seem "invidious, yet we cannot help expressing our thanks and our indebtedness to Mr. Edward Lauer, of this city; Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, of Toronto; Mr. P. J. Jobin, of Quebec, and Mr. W. W. Lyght, in far-off Australia, all of whom, at much personal trouble and inconvenience to themselves, but we may be allowed to add, with pleasure and profit to our readers, so regularly contributed to our columns.

Only one more word to our readers, and that is—Farewell!

During the week several well-known labor men have been examined before the Royal Commission on Prohibition. Among them were Messrs. Wm. Darlington, Wm. Sandilands, John Redmond and L. Z. Boudreau.

WOMEN TRADES UNIONISTS.

At a meeting held lately in Glasgow under the auspices of the Women's Protective League the principal speaker was Lady Aberdeen, who, it is well known, takes a deep interest in the social condition of her less fortunate sisters. In the course of her address, Lady Aberdeen said she was proud of the invitation to take part in the proceedings, as she regarded it as a sign that they were willing to allow her to be a fellow-worker, though she was ineligible for membership in trade unions. It was a big, but not a hopeless, task they had before them. Women's wages were notoriously and scandalously low, but the condition of women's lives pressed so hardly upon them, and competition for work was so fierce, that it was small wonder if the vast majority of women workers held aloof from joining unions. They were timid and distrustful of each other. She admired those who, like members of the Glasgow Women's League, had courage to join the League, and were far-sighted enough to see the benefit to be derived, both to themselves and to their sisters, and for the children who were to come after them. The basis of trade unionism was not a materialistic or selfish one. It did not exist so that more food and new clothes might be obtained, important as these were. It was based upon the grand principle of human brotherhood, of each working for all, and all for each.

There is a great deal of truth in what Lady Aberdeen told her hearers regarding the wages of women-workers, and equally true that it is in a large measure owing to the lack of organization amongst this class of wage-earners. Their non-organized condition peculiarly adapts them to be placed in competition against men, and advantage of this is too frequently taken. The greatest obstacle hitherto to an effective and complete organization of female labor has been the fact that the majority of healthily-constituted young women do not look forward to any trade or calling they may be engaged in as their ultimate destiny. They all live in the hope of marriage and the care of a household devolving upon them, and marriage, of course, signifies more to a woman than it does to a man. To the former it means a radical change of occupation, and as it comes earlier in life to them, as a rule, the principles of unionism have no time to get rooted. Their factory life, while it lasts, does not help in the least degree to fit them for the position all of them are so anxious to occupy. But still there is a fascination about factory life for the majority that is hard to overcome. They argue that domestic service, which is peculiarly fitted to make them mistresses of all the details of household management, is often attended with galling restrictions and indignities, and that in factory life or following out a trade they have more leisure, more independence, and what is of more importance to them—a little more money to spend in personal adornment. This may be all very true, but just the same it is having a bad effect on the future of women.

The service during Exhibition week of the new street railway has been tried and found wanting. They were not able to cope with one-half of the traffic and the confusion which existed on every line in the city was a painful commentary on the management, or rather mismanagement, of the traffic. One of the most forcible arguments used by the supporters of the present company was its ability to place electric cars upon the streets in time for the opening, but they utterly failed to do it. The way the passengers on St. Antoine street route are treated is simply scandalous. The Road Department is constructing a sewer on that street, and of course the rails have to be taken up as the work proceeds, but no attempt

is made to follow up the work as completed by relaying the rails, and the consequence is that passengers who take the cars at the terminus of the line have to walk all the way from Aqueduct to Windsor street before they can board another. To-day the work of sewer construction is completed as far as Mountain street, and a temporary way might have been laid as far as that point if the company were at all anxious to accommodate the public. Complaint is also made that the passengers after walking the distance above-mentioned have frequently to submit to see the waiting car move off just as they are getting up to it. What a long-suffering class the people of Montreal are.

We deeply regret to learn that our Toronto correspondent, "Urim," has a case of serious illness in his family. This accounts for the non-appearance this week of the usual budget of news from that city. We trust by this time that the dangerous point has been passed and the sufferer on the fair way to complete recovery.

X Old Chum X
(CUT PLUG)

OLD CHUM
(PLUG)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

D. Ritchie & Co.
Montreal.
Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada.

Cut Plug, 10c. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Plug, 10c.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Plug, 20c.

To Mechanics.

GRIME, GREASE AND DIRT

Easily Removed

BY

Strachan's
Gilt Edge
Soap.

Bring it Home to the Wife.

HAVE YOU TRIED
HERO

—AND—

CRUSADER
CIGARS.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. RATTRAY & CO.,
MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

Glove Store of Canada.

REGULAR LINES

Of Ladies' Kid Gloves now fully sorted up with every new shade for the season.

THESE GLOVES

Are celebrated for their remarkable value and quality and for the very satisfactory wear which they give.

Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves, with Pique, Embroidered and Corina Points,
35c, 55c, 75c and \$1.10 pair.

Ladies' 7-Hook Lacing Kid Gloves, with Pique, Embroidered and Corina Points,
85c and \$1.45 pair.

Ladies' 4-Stud Kid Gloves, with Pique, Embroidered and Corina Points,
90c \$1.38 and \$1.70 pair.

S. CARSLEY.

It is a great shock to a young married woman to realize that when her husband comes home it is not to tell her how much he thinks of her, but to get something to eat.

Glove Store of Canada.

MORE NOVELTIES

In Ladies' Kid Gloves just received,

CITANA UNDESSED KID GLOVES,
In all shades of Grey,
In all shades of Tan.

Also in Black.

Ladies' Driving Gloves,
Ladies' Riding Gloves.
Special Line

Of Ladies' Mosquetaire Suede Gloves, 8-Button lengths in Tans and Black, 95c.

Grey Mosquetaire Suede Gloves in all sizes.
Cuir de Russie Gloves,
Albany Cuff Gloves,

Boys' and Girls' Gloves in every size.
S. CARSLEY.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

NEW GLOVES.

Just received a very large assortment of new Gloves in all the leading London makes,
A Special Line

Of Men's Tan Dogskin Driving Gloves, 60c,
Men's Calf Walking Gloves in Tans, 85c,

Men's French Kid Gloves,
Men's Russian Calf Gloves,
Men's Buckskin Gloves,
Men's Antelope Gloves,
Men's Mock Buck Gloves.

All Latest Novelties

In Men's Riding, Driving and Walking
Gloves, all shades of Tan.

S. CARSLEY.

Last Words at Parting.—He—"Now, Emma, you must promise to love me till I come back."
She—"Yes, love; but don't be long."
Zeitgeist.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

EVERY MAKE

In Men's Fall and Winter Underwear now in stock to select from.

All Weights

In Scotch Lamb's-Wool Underwear,
In Scotch Half Gauze Merino Underwear,
In Elastic Merino Underwear.

All Textures

In English Wool Underwear,
In Cashmere Wool Underwear,
In Merino Wool Underwear,
All fancy shades in Men's Underwear,
Natural Wool Underwear,
Free From Dye,

Dr. Jaegers Sanitary Wool Underwear.
S. CARSLEY.

BOYS CLOTHING.

Boys, School Suits
Boys' School Suits
Boys' School Suits

In all sizes. In all qualities.

In every new style.
Boys' Scotch Tweed Suits,
Boys' English Tweed Suits,
Boys' Canadian Tweed Suits,
Specially made and finished for hard and school wear.

Youths' Business Suits,
Young Men's Business Suits,
Boys' Black Suits,
Youths' Black Suits,
Young Men's Black Suits.
S. CARSLEY.

Small Boy—"Please, Sir, will you give me a half-penny to get something to eat?"
Passer-by—"Why, you have got a penny in your hand."
Small boy—"Oh, that's to tip the waiter."

What is the Matter With Rigby?

There is nothing the matter with it. The matter is with you, if you have not provided yourself with one of those wonderful waterproof garments (Rigby proofed) when they are for sale all over this wide Dominion, at prices within the reach of all.

Rigby is made for the classes and masses and is no respecter of persons, keeping the rain off the just and the unjust. Buy one and you will recommend them to your neighbor.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

Roughly speaking, there are in Canada some five million inhabitants, the large majority of which are wage-workers. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there has been, since the suspension of the Labor Advocate, but one single out-and-out labor paper, and that was THE ECHO—and now I am told that it, too, will close its doors. Of course a labor editor, must have something to eat and something to wear, and, like other people, must have some kind of a place to sleep in at night, even if he don't drink beer and chew tobacco like other human failures; and it is because of this that he is compelled to lock his sanctum and give the devil the key to keep. I have seen the birth of the Palladium of Labor of Hamilton, of the Labor Reformer and Labor Advocate of Toronto, and of the Canadian Workman and Echo of Montreal, and I have seen them die. I know something of the history of all of them, and my firm opinion is that no one but an unscrupulous dead beat can successfully run a labor paper in Canada. The trouble with the editors and managers of these papers was that they were too honest. They wouldn't dicker with this or that political party at election times; they wouldn't advertise a fraud; they were not in the habit of whitewashing corrupt public officials, and they wouldn't say amen to all that was done by the party in power. With them the interests of labor were supreme, and labor, as usual, left them in the lurch. Labor generally does. A few there are who manfully support the labor press wherever and whenever they can; but they are the exception and not the rule. The great majority of laboring men don't understand the power and influence which a properly supported labor press would wield, and they are either too ignorant of their own position or too indifferent to their fate to recognize its necessity. The time will come when workingmen will be compelled to put their thinking caps on for good, but until it does come I would not advise any body to start another labor paper unless he can fast like Succi or steal like a politician.

The readers of THE ECHO may not have agreed with all that came up for discussion in "Our Boarding House," but if they have honestly paid their subscription to THE ECHO I'll freely forgive them, and those who have not done so needn't provide themselves with a harp, because no ECHO "dead beats" will be admitted by St. Peter if that can be prevented by

BILL BLADES.

THE LAND OF INVERTED ORDER.

QUEER FREAKS OF NATURE SEEN IN AUSTRALIA.

In the following it is proposed to prove that Australia can be termed "The Land of Inverted Order." In the Antipodean wilds of that new South Pacific republic everything has some remarkable characteristic peculiarity. Instead of the leaves having their flat sides turned to the ground they stand edgewise. The opossum of America is the only species of paunched animal known to the world outside of Australia. On the Australian continent there are at least 110 species having that distinguished peculiarity. They have been arranged into five tribes, according to the food they eat. The root eaters (wombats), the fruit eaters (phalangers), the grass eaters (kangaroos), the insect eaters and the fish eaters (native cats and rats). Of the wombats there are four species, all of which burrow in the ground.

Two other very curious animals are found in Australia that are unknown in any other part of the world. These are the echidna and the ornithorhynchus.

This latter is a species of beast shaped like a beaver, but having web feet and a bill like a duck. Then there is a flying mouse, about half the size of our common mouse and of a bright red color. It has a very long, furry tail, which is used as a rudder and looks much like a feather when fully expanded.

The trees are always in full leaf, but shed their bark every year, which fact alone would be sufficient to make the Antipodean continent a wonderland. The leaves of nearly all the trees are highly aromatic, but the native flowers, though of most brilliant tint, have no fragrance whatever. In writing of the backward order of things in Australia, Mr. M. U. Ullathorne says:

Australia is the antipode of the entire world. In that country a rising barometer indicates rain, and a falling barometer fair weather. The swans are black and the eagles white; the mole is oviparous and has a duck's beak; the dogs have a wolf's head, a fox's tail, and never bark. They also have a bird with a tongue like a broom and a fish which has part of the body belonging to the genus Kala and part to the genus Squala. Many winged serpents are found there and fish with feathery wings. The emu is a bird as large as an ostrich, but instead of feathers has hair. One bird has a note like a bell, another cries like a child, while a third laughs as though his sides would split.—St. Louis Republic.

CAUSE OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS

Recent researches by Witz upon the possibility of the water in an overheated steam boiler passing into the spheroidal state, and thus producing an explosion when cooled, show that when the plates of a boiler are in a state of incipient redness even, the water does not pass into such a condition, but that the ordinary evaporation of the water becomes so rapid that it may be considered a source of danger.

HYPNOTIZED MICE.

There are many things connected with hypnotism which are interesting and suggestive. A child yields to the hypnotic suggestion much more easily than an adult, and as a rule old people are slower to respond than any other class. People in the primitive or savage state are nearer to nature and hence, like children, yield readily to hypnotism, and inhabitants of the tropics are far more susceptible than those who live in the older zones.

Animals also are said to yield readily to the mental suggestion of hypnotizers, especially if the strong thought sent forth is accompanied by a monotonous noise, which seems to shut out all else from the animal save the hypnotist's thought. An interesting account of this nature is furnished me by a valued correspondent, which I give below as illustrating this point in a striking manner, says B. C. Fowler in the Arena:

"I tried my power," writes this friend, "on chickens, and succeeded without any trouble, but thought little of it, as they were gentle; but a week or two ago there were two mice running around my room. I began to make a monotonous sound with my voice while willing the animals to come to me. After a while one of them came directly in front of me, and I put my hand over him, continuing to say, 'Come, come.' He made a slight effort to get away; I immediately raised my hand, as I wished it to be entirely done by will force.

The third time I covered him with my hand he was perfectly quiet. I put him on my knee, stroked him down a few times, found him so under the influence that I laid him on the table, while I got the other one, merely willing he should stay there.

"I tried twenty times to make the last mouse keep still enough for me to touch. I treated him as I did my first,

returned to the table, took up the other mouse, placing one on each knee, rubbed them down a few minutes, and then they were truly 'as still as mice.' After about twenty minutes I grew tired of them and pushed them from my lap, but found they staggered like drunken things. I picked them up and put them in another room, but the one easiest influenced followed me across the room.

"I took him back, and when I rose up an hour afterwards he was crouched at my feet. I took him up and willed him to eat, and he would make the motion, but seemed to have no strength to bite with. After dinner I found them together; I stopped to pick them up and the wild one ran away, and I found him dead in a little while. The other one seemed to revive after some time of effort on my part to restore him, but the next morning I found him dead."

LEGIONS OF ANCESTORS.

Did you ever stop to think how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? Let us reason together on this subject and see if we cannot prove it to be a most curious and interesting theme to write and talk about. First, it was very necessary that you should have a father and a mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and a mother—that makes four more human beings. Then, again, each of these four had a father and a mother, making eight more representatives of God's greatest handiwork. So we go on back to the birth of Christ, or through fifty-six generations in all. The result of such a calculation, which can be made in a few minutes by any school child, will show that 139,235,017,489,534,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into this world. Yes, you who read these lines. All this, too, since the beginning of the Christian era, not since the beginning of time, by any means. According to Proctor, if, from a single pair, for 5,000 years each husband and wife had married at 21 years of age, and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would now be 2,199,915, followed by 144 ciphers. Verily, the human mind shrinks from contemplating such immense numbers.

A PERFECT ARTICLE!



Only the purest Grape Cream Tartar and Finest Recrystallized Bicarbonate of Soda are employed in its preparation.

Thousands are using the Cook's Friend. Just the Thing for your Christmas Baking.

All the best Grocers sell it. McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

IMPERIAL INSURANCE CO'Y (Limited.)

FIRE.

(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.

RIENDEAU HOTEL,
58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.,
MONTREAL.

The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans.

JOS. RIENDEAU, Prop.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Mephisto's Sneer.

Little things are significant. The universe is built of atoms. Mephisto's sneer is a more terrible index to the nether-world of fiendishness than all the vulgar and grotesque accessories of ancient legend. Above and below the same law reigns. Science expounds its germ theories, and Business holds with stern insistence to the vital importance of details. A great business house is like a ship, from stem to stern, from needle to anchor; everything should be in "apple pie order." "Order is heaven's first law." It is the seal and sign manual of Civilization.

We invite the numerous visitors who are passing through our establishment at present to note the neat and perfect arrangement that rules from top to bottom—from Smallwares to Mantles. We also specially request them to consider all that is implied in this short sentence:

WE BUY AND SELL FOR CASH.

It is pregnant with meaning. It explains the why and the wherefore of the splendid value we are always prepared to give in every line of Dry Goods. It is the little straw that shows how the wind blows! It is the small compass that directs our ship!

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Grand * Exhibition —OF— FINE FRENCH SILKS.

RICH BROCHE SILKS,

In all the Latest Designs. All the new colorings. The finest goods in the city. Prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00 per yard.

NEW AND HANDSOME STRIPED SILKS,

One of the Latest Novelties. Prices from \$1.00 per yard.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PLAIN SILKS,

In all the new colors. Prices from 75c per yard.

THE NEW SHOT SILKS.

All the New Shades to select from. Prices from 75c per yard.

NEW FRENCH FAILE SILKS,

All colors. Now in stock. Prices from \$1.00 per yard.

NEW MOIRE BANGALINES,

In all the Evening Shades. Prices, only 60c per yard.

NEW COLORED SATIN MER-VEILLEUX,

All the new colors in stock. Prices from 85c per yard.

NEW SHOT SKIRTING SILKS,

Extra heavy make. Pure silk, only \$1.00 per yard.

NEW STRIPED TAFFETA SKIRTING SILKS,

The newest silk out, only \$1.00 per yard.

For the largest assortment of COLORED SILKS, Plain and Fancy, come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.
Terms Cash and Only One Price.
Telephone 2193.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

IT IS CHEAPER and better to get your Bedding at a first-class House selling nothing but Bedsteads and bedding, the latter exclusively their own make.

Old Bed Feathers and Mattresses purified and made over equal to new at shortest notice

J. E. Townshend,
No. 1 Little St. Antoine St. } ONLY!
Corner St. James Street.
Bell Telephone 1906.

Every Workingman SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY, ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

Job * Printing!

FOR— SOCIETIES, LODGES, ASSEMBLIES

REASONABLE PRICES.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

INSURE your property and Household Effects, also your Places of Business and Factories, against Fire, with the old Reliable and Wealthy

PHENIX INSURANCE CO'Y, OF HARTFORD

CASH CAPITAL \$ 2,000,000 00
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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

Ten thousand barrels of apples were shipped from Halifax for London on Saturday.

George Mahler, a well-to-do farmer of Delaware township, Ont., hanged himself in his barn on Saturday morning.

A nugget of gold weighing 317 1/2 ounces and worth \$6,000, was brought to Halifax from Eastville, N. S., on Saturday.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the first Parliament of Upper Canada took place at Toronto on Saturday afternoon.

A man named Tobin got caught in the machinery of the blast furnace at Ferrona, Pictou County, N. S., on Saturday. He was drawn in between two large drums and crushed to death.

The first Grand Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance for the North-West Territories was organized in Regina last week, delegates being present from all parts of the North-West. W. D. Cowan, of Regina, was elected Grand Councillor.

Mr. Samuel Wilson, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Whitewood, Man., was accidentally shot and killed yesterday while driving across the prairie on a shooting expedition. His gun fell on to the buggy wheel and discharged, the contents entering his chest.

C. F. Hamilton, barrister, of North Sydney, C. B., attempted to get off a train before it stopped at Grand Narrows Saturday night, and fell on the track. Part of the train passed over him, mutilating badly and killing him instantly. He was made a barrister two years ago, was 28 years old, and son of Mr. Hamilton, collector of customs at North Sydney.

The mystery surrounding the identity of the man who was drowned on August 7 by jumping overboard from the steamship Canopus opposite Quebec is at last cleared up. Peter Wilson was the name of the man who risked and lost his life in his desperate dash for liberty. Wilson was a young fellow, aged about 21, a cattleman, who had shipped with a mate named Kennedy on the Canopus.

A brakeman named John Rice had his legs cut off while coupling cars yesterday at Farrelton on the Gatineau Valley Railway.

A barn belonging to Thomas Cuff, living near Lindsay, Ont., was burned on Monday. It contained nearly his whole crop and all his farming implements. The loss will be heavy. Insured for \$1,000. The fire is supposed to have been caused by tramps.

On Tuesday morning about 8.15 o'clock, Mr. George Cogger, for a number of years yardmaster for the G. T. R. at Point Lewis station, was doing some shunting and went to get off pilot engine No. 378, when he slipped and fell on the rails and the locomotive passed over him, cutting off both his legs, crushing his skull and tearing open his stomach. Death was instantaneous.

Messrs. Hamel and Cowie, engineers of the public works department, have gone to Grosse Ile to make soundings for the proposed deep water wharf. They are instructed also to report upon the suitability of Hare, Bic and Goose Islands as quarantine stations in preference to Grosse Island, and examine Margaret Island, with a view to its being utilized as a place of detention for suspected passengers and vessels.

Diphtheria has broken out in Fredericton in a boarding house occupied by Normal school students. The authorities have removed one lad to Victoria Hospital and have quarantined the premises.

The anti-Home Rule demonstration took place in Toronto last night. Several strongly worded resolutions approving of the present position of Ireland in the British Empire were passed.

John Treleven, an inmate of the House of industry at Kingston, is in lock. Lawyer Snook, of that city, has received a letter from solicitors in England notifying him that \$2,000 had been placed in a bank in London to the credit of Treleven, from the Treleven estate. It will be drawn in instalments.

E. H. Rooms, a ledger keeper in the Bank of British Columbia, at Vancouver, who was accused of embezzling \$5,000 from the bank and who has been under surveillance pending an investigation of his books, made his escape from the third story of the bank building early yesterday morning. It is believed he has gone to Mexico.

Matthew Riley, a young railroad man, mysteriously disappeared from Winnipeg last winter, and the conclusion was arrived at after a long search that he had been lost on the prairies. Yesterday he appeared on the streets and was found to be insane, and will be committed to an asylum.

American.

The house of Mr. Craven, at Ashbourne, Pa., was burned by the upsetting of a coal oil lamp, and his two children and a servant girl were burned to death. One of the

children was two years of age and the other ten months. Susan Curren, the servant girl, was brought to the Jewish hospital in Germantown, where she died soon after admission.

The wife of Charles Billings, an illiterate mountaineer, living in Asho County, North Carolina, twenty eight miles from the nearest railway station, has given birth to six children, all boys. They weigh from four and a half to nine pounds each and all are alive. Mrs. Billings is of medium stature and 31 years old.

The four children of Mrs. Eckenbach, of Missouri Valley, Iowa, were burned to death on Monday morning. They were sleeping up stairs. Their mother tried to fill a lighted gasoline stove and an explosion followed. She threw the stove down stairs and ran down herself to extinguish the flames. The fire rapidly spread, and before help arrived the house was a mass of flames. The bodies of the children were burned to a crisp.

Viola Porter Chapelle, colored, died at her home in Ellington, Conn., yesterday, aged 109.

An epidemic of genuine black diphtheria prevails at Portsmouth, Ohio. There have been many deaths. A panic is being averted with difficulty.

At Dexter, Kansas, yesterday afternoon, two masked robbers raided the bank, and with drawn pistols compelled the cashier to hand over the money in the safe. They got \$3,000 and escaped.

The body of a man, who in all probability was murdered by being thrown into the bay or sea while still alive, with his hands tied behind his back to prevent him from swimming, was found at Gifford's, Staten Island, N. J., on Tuesday.

Joseph Zeller, Emil Stranke, Paul Stranke, the two-year-old son of Emil, and an unknown man, were drowned in Lake Michigan, opposite Chicago, on Tuesday afternoon. The skiff in which they were sailing was capsized by the waves of a passing steamer. None of the bodies have been recovered.

Dr. E. A. Dridger, pastor of the Congregational Church at Jenning, La., was cowhided on Tuesday by D. E. M. Burke, who acted for the male portion of the congregation, for uttering sweeping condemnations of the characters of the women of the town generally. Dr. Dridger did not flinch under the punishment.

Mrs. Simon H. Wessler and her only daughter, Kate, a young woman of 19, were instantly killed at Blairstown, N. J., on Tuesday by the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie and Boston express. They did not hear or see the train, which was running at a high rate of speed, until they were on the tracks directly in front of it.

European.

There is great depression in the shipbuilding trade of the Clyde. Only one third of the berths are occupied, and there has been a total suspension of orders. Fifteen hundred hands had been employed in various capacities and most of those still at work are on short time. Many of the workmen are going to Belfast or to shipbuilding or manufacturing towns in the north of England.

A despatch received at Paris from Aix says that one person was killed and thirty injured in a railroad accident at that place.

The Standard's Berlin correspondent says: It is reported that the Kaiser has invited Queen Victoria to be god-mother to his recently born daughter.

A despatch to the London Times from Buda Pesth says: A party of six drunken conscripts ran amuck in this city to-day. At first they stabbed a woman and her husband, killing the woman and leaving the husband unconscious; afterwards they stabbed and seriously wounded several other persons. Two of the gang were arrested. The remainder escaped.

The London Chronicle's Odessa correspondent says: "A measure recently adopted prohibits Jews giving their children names identified with the Christian religion, such as Matthew, Mark, Paul, etc."

A mob of Federationists attacked the Parnellite amnesty procession on Monday at Limerick and a big riot ensued, in which clubs and knives were used frequently. William Redmond had a narrow escape from being killed.

Commenting on the recent seizure of British sealers by a Russian vessel in Behring Sea, the London Times says: "We find it easier to believe that the Russian commander is an inhuman and almost irresponsible ruffian than to suppose that Russia seeks to pick a quarrel with England. All the same an apology is due to England for the insult to her flag and indemnity for the loss inflicted on the ships' crews."

The body of James McLennan, a tunnel employee and a former resident of Hamilton, Ont., who has been missing since Sept 1, was found in the hydraulic canal at Niagara Falls Thursday morning.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Bakers won their strike at New Orleans. German police are kept busy trying to keep out French labor and socialist papers.

For every 4s spent in England on drink, only a half penny is expended on education.

The socialists of Paris have collected a fund wherewith they are to publish a daily labor paper.

Of the 20,000,000 workers in the United States, less than 1,000,000 belong to labor organizations.

In St. Paul, Minn., no distinction is made in wages of male and female teachers in the public schools.

All the workmen on the Chicago University building, 237 in number, struck against non-union trimmers.

The 2,400 horse butchers in Germany who slaughter about 86,000 horses per year, have organized a national association.

Two out of three of the militia companies of Nevada, have decided to disband. The use of the militia in labor strikes is assigned as the cause.

The federated trades of San Francisco have resolved that the ballot box is the place to "strike," and will support Weaver and the Omaha platform.

The Co-operative Society of Railway Employees of Italy has at present about 17,000 members, with a capital of \$200,000, of which \$120,000 is invested in railway bonds.

In Marquette County, Mich., the last of the five big pig iron furnaces has gone out of blast, and not a pound of pig iron will be made in the county until the pig iron industry improves.

An engineer resident in Glasgow has, after nineteen years' labor and experimentation, devised an arrangement in an engine by which he returns all the steam back to the boiler after doing its work in the cylinder.

The commercial telegraph operators of the country have organized a secret protective and insurance organization in Kansas City, Mo. The name of the new organization is the United Telegraphers of North America.

An investigation of the complaints of some brewery workmen at Munich, Bavaria, where the best and more beer than anywhere else in Germany is brewed, elicited the fact that these men were compelled to work 18 to 21 hours per day at \$4.50 a week.

Of the 11,000,000 women in Italy, nearly 2,000,000 are employed in industrial labor and over 3,000,000 in agriculture. They are in the majority in the cotton, linen and jute industries, and in the silk trade there are 117,000 women employed and but 17,700 men.

The granite cutters now say that there are 3,000 of them still on strike in the New England States, and that, as there are 9,000 members of the union at work and paying assessments cheerfully to aid the strikers, the strike can be carried on indefinitely. They believe, they say, that the manufacturers are gradually working around to the terms of the men.

Five conductors of the C. P. R. on the division between Ottawa and North Bay were dismissed on Saturday, and the rumor is current here that a number more will be dismissed between here and Vancouver. Most of the dismissed men have been many years in the service of the company. No cause is assigned for the dismissal except that their services are not required.

The Treasury Department has directed the return to Germany of seven persons who arrived at New York last week in the steamship Werkendan to work under contract in a New Jersey tannery. The department had an intimation of their coming, and, when they were examined, it was found that their contracts to labor were written in German, and that they had been instructed as to what answers they should give when questioned by the inspectors.

The United Silk Ribbon Weavers' Union of New York has determined to assist morally and financially the men and women of the trade in Switzerland who are about to engage in a struggle for new conditions of labor. The organization has discussed the recent big labor troubles and come to the conclusion that the strike in itself is no longer to be relied upon to win against capital. The union has resolved that the remedy for the grievances is independent political action.

The telegraphers of the Missouri Pacific system on Tuesday made a demand for an adjustment of grievances. The difficulty, which means a higher wage scale, will affect over 1,400 operators on the Gould lines. The recognition of the Order of Railway Telegraphers is also involved. Male and female hands are embraced in the employes and include the commercial operators as well as the train despatchers. If a strike should be ordered the traffic would be virtually blocked. The railway officials profess not to be worried, but refuse to be interviewed.

The Central Trades and Labor Union of St. Louis, Mo., recently petitioned the city

council for free municipal bath houses. The petition was pigeon-holed, with the lame excuse that there was no money in the treasury, whereupon the Central Union suggested that sufficient revenue could be raised by simply assessing unoccupied building lots at the same rate as adjoining improved lots. A legislative committee appointed by the union is engaged in securing the enforcement of the eight hour ordinance and in working for a barbers' Sunday rest bill.

A crowd numbering 6,000 persons sent a deputation to Sir G. R. Dibbs, prime minister and colonial secretary of New South Wales, on Tuesday, to demand the release of the labor agitators who were arrested in connection with the strike at the Broken Hill mine. The prime minister refused to see the deputation until Wednesday morning. This action incensed the crowd, and they rushed to the house of Parliament and tried to effect an entrance, but were repulsed by armed police. Many threats of violence were made, and it was feared the mob would attempt to release the prisoners from the jail.

At the annual meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in London, the president, Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, said the coal, iron and steel trades were dull, while textile industries were embarrassed by tariff and perplexed by economic monetary and labor problems. Sheffield, Bradford and other centres, he said, complained of the destruction of old branches of business by the tariff. Ship building was little more than a remembrance. The official returns, Sir Albert added, showed that there was little likelihood of betterment in the present conditions. The volume of England's trade was declining. A resolution was adopted in favor of universal free trade between the colonies and Great Britain.

To the Weak Kneed.

The man who persists in trying to urge himself into the belief that the People's Party stands no show for success in the coming election is simply wasting time. This is a people's movement, and the people are going to walk up to the polls and vote in their own interests. Don't stop to ask what Colorado and Montana and Georgia and the Carolinas and Kansas and other states will do! You know their electoral votes will be cast for Weaver. But what will your township and your county do? You can carry them—of course you can. This talk about throwing votes away when voting for a good cause in a grand, united movement is all bosh, and you know it.

The day for ridicule and abuse of men who dare to exercise the right of franchise as free American citizens is past. Professional political wirepullers can no longer run things in the interest of organized monopoly that denies labor the right to organize in its own behalf. The People's party is bound to be a great, grand success from one end of the land to the other, and the man who acts the Tory will have the supreme satisfaction after the votes are counted of looking backward on a very stupid career. Be a man and take a manly stand in this great movement of the people is the only safe rule to insure a clear conscience.—Iowa Tribune.

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SERENADE.

The birds have gone to sleep, love,
The flowers are drunk with dew,
The stars their vigils keep, love,
And I appeal to you.

My heart my song confounds, love,
It sings in a minor key;
My joy would know no bounds, love,
If you'd but come to me.

Awake, awake, O true, true heart,
Awake to love and me;
The morn draws nigh and we must part
'Tis night—and we are free.

The sky is flecked with clouds, love,
Like lace upon your breast;
Day's corpse in its pale shrouds, love,
Is buried in the west.

The dead may tell no tales, love,
The day is dead and gone;
Thy courage never fails, love,
I'm waiting here alone.

Descend, descend, oh true, true heart,
Descend to love and me;
The morn draws nigh and we must part
'Tis night—and we are free.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

When a fly lights on a piece of sticky paper he realizes that he was better off.

I dread to go to Mrs. Chicago's reception this evening. Why, dear? Four of my old husbands are going to be there.

The Italians may be a light hearted enough people in their own country, but here it is common enough to find them in the dumps.

You like hot corn, Miss Flypp, said young Hunter, as she munched a roasting ear. Yes, I like it it pretty well; but I much prefer pop corn.

Johnny Briggs—Ain't you sorry winter is coming so soon? Tommy Figg—Naw. When it's winter I get time to stay up longer after dark.

Wilhe—Pa, are soubriquet and soubrette the same? Pa—They are very much alike, my son, in the way they stick to a man when they get hold of him.

I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are together all the time. What dear friends they must be! Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother.

Begorra, said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, the blamed tool that filled this quart bottle must a' put in two quarts instid av wan.

There is one thing I don't understand, said little Harry, that's why good tasting things like pie make me sick, while bad tasting things like medicine make me well.

Isn't Mr. Dukane cross-eyed? asked Mrs. Bloomfield of Mrs. Shingiss. Well, was the reply, I should hardly like to go so far as to say that, but I think his eyes might be called misfits.

As winter draws near the bald headed man feels his heart give a bound of delight No more pestilent flies, no more use for a fan—

And the ballet, hooray, every night.

Clara—I got a note from a drummer the other day who said he would give the world to kiss me. Maude—What did you reply? Clara—I told him to call on me with a full line of samples.

God bless papa and mamma, and Annie, and— Well, say the rest, said her mother. Amen! she responded. But you didn't ask God to bless Helen, was suggested. No, mamma, Helen ain't in it.

In an Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker.

Daughter (at West Hampton, L.I.)—Mr. Sliherly asked me last night to marry him, mamma. Would you advise me to accept him? Mamma—Certainly, my child, the season is too nearly over to be squeamish.

English actress and her manager are on the steamer approaching New York. She—My dear, is that a light 'ouse h'over there? He—Don't talk of light 'ouses to a manager. I may be an inspector of light 'ouses before we get back.

Michael—Wiz Brian Boru raaly so glorious an' wilty as they make him out to be, Pat? Patrick—Och, musha, didn't he hev a naygur always wid him to shpit on his hands win he threw his sword an' waded in for a ruction?

A Bird Could Do What He Couldn't At a recent school examination a trustee was examining a class of little girls, taking for his object lesson a bird.

After the little ones had answered the questions he put to them about the feathers, bill, feet, wings, etc., to his satisfaction, he put a question which he thought might puzzle them.

Now, my little girls, he said, tell me this: What is it a bird can do which I am unable to—(wanting the answer fly.)

For several moments the little ones thought, but could give no answer. At last a bright little girl held out her hand.

Well, my little girl, what is it?

Lay an egg, sir.
The trustee was carried home in a dead faint.

No Umbrella in Sight.
Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman were on their first ocean journey and were in their stateroom one day when Mr. Bridgman remarked to his wife:

I think it must be raining.
Mrs. Bridgman rose, peeped out of the porthole upon the broad ocean and said:

I guess 'tain't rainin' much. I don't see anybody out with an umbrella.

Had no Experience, but was Willing to Learn.
A lady in Edinburgh having advertised for a parlor maid, who, in addition to the ordinary duties of such a situation, would be required to valet and carve, received the other day an application in which the following occurred: I have not been in the habit of carving, but am most anxious to learn and have no doubt will be able to give satisfaction.

He Convinced the Old Man.
A New York man was paying his addresses to a young lady, but her father objected to the marriage.

What objection do you have to my marrying your daughter, you blasted old fool? asked the suitor.

My principal objection is that you are rough and disagreeable in your manner.

I am compelled to be so by my position. I would be discharged if I behaved myself like a gentleman, you old mutton-headed gorilla.

What is your position? the parent asked.
I am an elevated railroad official.

An Answer that Turned Away Her Wrath.
A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault when she said:

I saw you, Jerry.
Yes, he replied, as quick as a flash. I tells them there ain't much you don't see with them purty black eyes of yours.

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

Change of Diet.
Doctor—Well, Rastus, how are feeling to-day?

Rastus—I reckons, doctor, I done feels jus' erbout no bettah, sah.

Doctor—Indeed! What did you have for dinner to-day?

Rastus—Chicken, sah.

Doctor—Why, man alive, that was what you had yesterday, and I distinctly told you then you needed a change of diet.

Rastus—I war mighty 'ticklar 'bout dat, doctah; dis wuz altogedder anudder chicken dat I done eat terday.

Why She Classed a Kiss Among the Staples.
It was the prettiest little nest of a room, with one window that opened straight toward the sunrise and one all cool and shady, with maple boughs. There were all manner of pretty little femininities scattered about, and in addition, a photograph of a very roguish young gentleman.

And then, continued Primrose, hiding her face on her visitor's shoulder, he—kissed me!

Just as any sensible man would, the latter remarked.

Mamma never lets me accept presents, from gentlemen, she said; that is, anything substantial, you know. Flowers or candy or fruit—of course that's different; they're what I call perishable goods. But books or jewellery, things of that kind—what I call staple goods—she never allows me to accept.

And a kiss you classed among the perishables, I suppose, to be kept?

No, said Primrose demurely, among the staples. I returned it.

Stunned by His Wife's Unanswerable Argument.
A remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic is recorded by a gentleman who was one day standing on the edge of a crowd which was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

The dialogue was carried on between a rosy cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were standing close to the gentleman's elbow.

Nora, said the man stolidly, we must push up, so ye can draw yer money out.

But I don't want to draw it out, Phalim, replied the placid Nora.

Nora, an' don't ye know they'll lose yer money for ye if ye don't hurry up and draw it out?

An' sure, Phalim, ain't they better able to lose it than we are?

Phalim, remarks the listener, was apparently stunned into silence by this unanswerable argument and meekly followed his wife as she elbowed her way past the crowd and down the street.

Fortunately for this trusting pair the bank's difficulties were but slight and temporary, so that its ability to stand the loss of Nora's balance was not tested.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine who toil and sweat
In this beautiful land to-day
That one in splendor may idle fret
And fritter his time away;

'Mid a surfeit of riches, clothes and food,
And a prodigal waste of coal and wood,
He lolls in the lap of indolent ease,
While the ninety and nine must starve and freeze.

There are ninety and nine sweet children fair
In our cities' noisome cells,
Dying for want of light and air,
While one 'mid plenty dwells.

These helpless babies, these lambs of God,
His heirs to sunlight and air and sod,
Are crowded out of this beautiful land
By the cruel acts of a brother's hand.

If he "who notheth the sparrow's fall"
Concerneth himself in rain or shine,
Some day a vision will sure appall
The one who robbeth the ninety-nine.

Was Cain more guilty of murder's ban
Than he who starveth his fellow man?
If a brother's keeper, since Adam's line,
Who keepeth the weal of the ninety-nine?

—Dr. A. S. Houghton.

THE BUFFALO DEFEAT.

GRAND MASTER SWEENEY'S EXPLANATION.

He Says His Cause Was Just.

The following under the head of "The Buffalo Defeat," and written by the switchmen's leader, Frank Sweeney, appears in the September number of the Switchmen's Journal, published in Chicago:

In the defeat of the switchmen in the Buffalo strike there is a lesson which the laboring people should thoughtfully consider. If ever a cause was just this one was. If ever a strike was launched with the eternal principles of common justice behind it, this was the one; and if ever an effort to better the condition of labor merited the unanimous and enthusiastic support of all labor organizations, the Buffalo strike deserved it, but the strike is lost.

The three labor leaders who alone could have extended a helping hand have folded their arms behind them. Not only has this crushed the struggle for justice, but, because of the fact that they stand at the head of allied branches of labor in the same occupation, it has given color to the statement of labor's enemies that the Buffalo strike was beyond the pale of legitimate support. To allow this impression to go forth is a stinging injustice to the gallant men who have fought many battles for other people, only to find help denied them in the hour of their distress.

The laboring people of all classes will marvel much at the refusal of the leaders to help win the strike, and still more that any constitution written by those who toil can stand between beleaguere'd comrades and advancing reinforcements. And the wonderment must increase when it is remembered that the demand made by the strikers was most reasonable, while the conditions against which they rebelled were simply outrageous; that they demanded the same pay received by other men doing the same work in the same city; that they demanded the 10-hour day enjoyed by their comrades and legalized by the Legislature of their State; that they rebelled against working regularly 11 hours a day and frequently 14, 16 and 18; that cases are on record in the Erie yards of 36 hours on duty without rest or sleep; that cases of 17 to 20 hours without time for meals were common; that in the 11 and 12-hour day but half an hour was given for meals, and that those who protested against this white slavery had been discharged. Never in the history of railroad labor have employees thrown down the gauntlet to corporate power with a more righteous cause to contend for or a better right to presume that all organized labor would stand by them to the last ditch.

That a cause so pre-eminently just should fail of success simply because those who could and should help to win it stand idly by, naturally arouses honest indignation among the laboring people, and demands that the real causes responsible for the disaster shall not be hidden beneath the smooth words of the switchmen's pretended friends, but actual betrayers. The chiefs of the firemen, conductors and trainmen give as their reason for not supporting the strike that their respective constitutions prevented it. No other reason is given, and the laboring people are left to guess as best they can why a piece of printed paper was allowed to hold at bay the eager rank and file, while the three leaders complacently watched the triumph of the wage robbers. This apparent mystery is readily understood by those familiar with the record of railroad labor during the past 18 months. The simple truth is that the three men in question went to Buffalo full of hostility for the switchmen and devoutly wished their defeat. They had not the slightest intention of assisting the strikers and knew the text of their constitution at home quite as

well as after they got to Buffalo. Their course is most remarkable in view of the fact that when the Canadian Pacific discharged all conductors and brakemen last March the first act of Clark and Wilkinson was to telegraph Sweeney imploring assistance on the ground that the company "refused to treat with us as representatives of organized labor."

Constitutions have long been the coverts behind which cowards hide, and the Buffalo strike proves that they can also be used as the shield of treachery. The plea that there was no power to set printed rules aside is too puerile to deceive anybody. These very men won the Canada Pacific strike by the help of those who had no grievance and no constitutional right to strike. It is not yet a year since Sargent, distracted by the fear of defeat in St. Louis, sent a plaintive wail for help to Sweeney, although he knew that the constitution must be ignored to save him. And yet with these facts fresh before them the three "leaders" folded their arms at Buffalo and said that they were very sorry that the constitution prevented interference!

The switchmen's record is one of loyal support of others and shameful abuse in return. Whenever and wherever railroad men have asked for justice the switchmen have gallantly stood by them, and times, when there was nothing for them to gain, they have flung themselves into the breach and gone down in defeat through pure sympathy for their struggling comrades and devotion to union principles. Their only reward has been mock friendship, and when the call for help went out it was answered by a heartless quotation from a constitution.

Man's Duty to Man.

The father may think to hide certain parts of his character from his child, not wishing him to imitate them, and may give him precepts that he has never followed, but the child absorbs what he fancies is concealed and forgets the words which contradict it. Commands and exhortations may produce or restrain certain acts, but they are powerless to inspire emotions or create desires. Often they have a reverse effect.

To give every one his due, to refrain from taking unfair advantage or in any way enriching one's self at the expense of another, are supposed to be duties which are simply to be inculcated and obeyed, yet how is the desire of gain, so intense in many minds, to be made to yield when it conflicts with these duties? Chiefly by crediting within the breast a stronger desire for justice and integrity. The love of rectitude, the faith in honor, the desire to deal fairly and squarely with all men, must be aroused and strengthened before and one can be thoroughly and truly just. And the same is true with regard to every good quality.—B. of L. E. Journal.

Sympathy For Labor.

The entire plutocratic press is making a most pitiful wail for the right of non-union men to work. Fifty days have passed since the union men were locked out at Homestead. There is not a particle of evidence that violence has been used by organized labor to prevent non-union men going to work. Why haven't they run the mills? To help them do so there has been a place to work, and high wages offered; all the millions of the Carnegie steel company, limited, and all the consolidated plutocracy of the world behind them; 300 Pinkerton thugs to guard them; 8,000 militia to hold down the job for them; the sheriff and all the civil authority of Allegheny county, and all the courts and judges of Pennsylvania to ditto; all the plutocratic papers of the United States to sweat and swelter in glowing sympathy with them. Did "rats" and "scabs" ever have such backing in their noble efforts to take the bread out of other men's mouths and put it into their own? The State of Pennsylvania has already poured out \$400,000 and the Carnegies have donated \$1,000,000 in this noble work. Why, then, does it go so slow? Why, oh why, with all this outflow of charity to help them, don't the non-union men make the Carnegie mills hum?—Nonconformist.

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The Religious Press and Strikes

Why is it that religious papers are, so many of them, eager to seize upon opportunities to say spiteful, uncharitable, and often untruthful things in disparagement of organized labor? How is it that, while they can be blind to the faults of the rich and while they can throw the mantle of their charity over even the crimes of the powerful, they are quick to mark the failings and stern to rebuke the shortcomings of the poor and uninfluential? It is notorious that the Lehigh Valley managers and the management of the other New York railways affected by the switchmen's strike have defiantly broken the law of the State which fixes ten hours as the limit of daily work for railway employees, with extra pay for overtime. It is also notorious that this was the real cause of the strike. Yet no religious paper of them all, so far as we have seen, has considered it to be any part of its duty to denounce the corporate law-breakers. But when laboring people are accused of breaking the law, without waiting to see whether the charge be true or not, immediately the vials of their righteous wrath are opened and poured forth on the devoted workmen, and the abuse is made more, rather than less, nauseous and unpalatable by a mixture of hypocritical pretense of friendship and sympathy for labor. The switchmen's strike at Buffalo has afforded some of these papers an opportunity of which they have eagerly availed themselves to preach at the law-breaking workmen. Here is a specimen of the preaching taken from the Northwestern Christian Advocate, the organ, we believe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church;

No workman has a right to fix his price for work and then stand with club, gun or menace and insist that no other workman shall take his place at lower rates. It is disreputable, disgraceful and outrageous when switchmen in Buffalo burn cars, attack substitute workmen, shoot police and arrest human commerce because railway companies resist violent demands for increase of wages. If a man thinks his services is worth more than he is receiving, let him nominate his new rate, and, if it is not granted, let him depart in peace—but in peace. If he lingers in the vicinity to invade the rights of another man who consents to work at the old rates, he deserves to be sent to jail or the upper country. When the switchmen at Buffalo declined to work at former rates they ought to have left the railway premises. When they remain to stone, vilify and maltreat their successors, they richly deserve to be switched, to other climes by muskets, rifles, Gatlings and other gentle persuasives.

Here is another specimen:

Employers are often selfish, and they often find a strike a means of grace; but the violence of striking employees that blockades its old shop and refuses to admit new employees at even the old rates deserves the rifle and the lead.

Pretty bloodthirsty language this for professed and professional followers of Him who taught peace, love and goodwill. Hear this reverend editor prate of weapons and slaughter:

Forgetful or defiant

That He whose cause he shames,
Whose Gospel he dishonors,
Whose teaching he disclaims,
Was Lord of Loving-kindness,
And taught that war should cease;
That swords should turn to plowshares,
And nations live in peace.

Another religious editor demands that

Every man shall be counted a traitor who expresses a word of sympathy with violators of the law, and that every minister who preaches anything but peaceful submission to law and the use of peaceful means only shall be branded a madman.

Peaceful submission to law at all times and under all circumstances! Where would be a liberty or right which freemen now enjoy if such coward's doctrine had always been heeded? We are no advocates of force, but the right, when peaceful means fail, to use force for the remedying of wrongs is one to which only willing slaves will surrender. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" is a maxim which freemen must not forget on peril of

their liberties. Here are two extracts that illustrate the kind of logic which characterizes the editorial utterances of some religious editors. The first is from the Advocate's editorial, from which we have already quoted, and is as follows:

It ought to be clear that if the railway employees nearest to the switchmen did not join the latter's revolt, the general public should be slow to insist that the switchmen are defensible strikers.

The next is from a religious paper quoted by the Advocate under the head of "Methodist Opinion."

The union of unions whereby, when one strikes others go out in support, one after another, until the whole country is paralyzed, is no more justifiable than highway robbery.

There you have it. If the other railway organizations fail to strike in support of one already out, it is proof positive that the strike is wrong and indefensible. If they do strike, then they are guilty of a crime morally equal to highway robbery. As the switchmen's strike is the one which has afforded these pious editors the greatest pretext for their homilies upon workingmen and lawlessness, let us examine into the history of the violence and defiance of law. It is true that so far there is no evidence that any of the strikers had anything to do with the burning of the cars. It is also true that the stories about burning cars and destroying property were greatly exaggerated. There is only presumptive evidence that the cars were set on fire by sympathizers with the strikers. The burning of the cars was an advantage to the company, not to the strikers; first, because the burned cars were worn out ones, unfit for further service, which the company could well afford to sell to Erie County by means of a bonfire; and, second, because the burning of the cars and the opportunity which it gave to circulate exaggerated tales of violence and danger to property, afforded the wished-for opportunity to demand military protection. Had the troops not been sent to Buffalo and the men kept from the vicinity of the yards by cordons of military, even without any resort to violence or to anything but moral suasion and appeals to their sense of justice, the great majority of the men who took the places of the strikers could have been induced to quit work; for, though our pious censors may not admit it, it is less hopeless to urge the law of love—the Golden rule—upon the average "scab" than upon the average religious editor. It was bad policy then for the strikers to afford an excuse for calling out the troops, while it was good tactics for the companies to seek or manufacture such an excuse. However, let us suppose that all the violence and destruction of property was the work of the strikers, and let us suppose that all the condemnation our religious contemporary heaps upon them is deserved, how comes it that the Advocate has no word of censure or condemnation for the original law-breakers—for the companies—whose defiance of the law was the cause of the strike? Assuming now that the strikers were guilty of all the lawlessness laid at their doors, but not forgetting either that the strike was caused by the refusal of the company to obey a law passed for the protection of the men, let us glance at the Advocate's notions of the ethics of strikes as they apply to the case of the switchmen. The men had a right, our contemporary admits, to fix the price of their labor and to lay down the terms upon which they were willing to work; but, their terms being refused, they should have departed in peace, left the premises, and allowed the company to fill their places. Now, be it remembered that their demand was that a law, which through the efforts of organized labor—of the Knights of Labor, in fact—had been passed for their protection and for the protection of the traveling public, should be obeyed by the company. The position of the Advocate, then, is practically

this: If the employees of the company were unwilling to work long hours to their own detriment and the danger of the public, and to assist the company in setting the law at defiance, the company should have been left at liberty to go into the overcrowded labor market and find men whose necessities would compel them to accept its unjust terms. Dropping now the special case of the Buffalo switchmen, let us examine the ethics of strikes as the Advocate appears to understand them. Men may rightly refuse to work except on their own terms—to strike, in fact—but if their employer can fill their places, that should end it. Evidently our religious contemporary looks upon human labor just as he does upon any other marketable commodity. "Let the seller beware" if he sells too cheap. "Let the buyer beware" if he buys too dear. The law of doing to others as we would have them do to us is not to enter into the business of buying and selling human labor. Now there is a vast army of unemployed and partially employed, as our contemporary is probably aware, and to these wages which are down to the lowest point where decent living is possible would be a vast improvement over present conditions. Consequently whenever workingmen strike for higher wages or against a reduction, the employers can draw from this great reserve army. Then the former employees, being reduced to the ranks of the unemployed, become in time compelled by their necessities to stand ready to take the places of any who venture to strike against starvation wages. This being the position, it is evident that in all strikes the employers must win, and every ineffectual effort to raise their wages will only sink the working classes deeper and deeper in the quicksand of despair. Is this what the Advocate would have?—K. of L. Journal.

LYNCH LAW AMONG RATS.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman looking over the wall saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat came up, snuffed at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant, and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arriving at the spot where the hen had lain, the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends. —Leeds Post.

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