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A GREAT ANIMAL TRAINER.

A Man Who Preferred to Teach Five Geese Rather Than One Boy.

Signor Domino, biographer of clowns, bareback riders and circus people generally, has written a curious lot of reminiscences of the Russian Duroff, the most famous trainer of trick animals in the present generation. Duroff was originally an instructor in Latin and modern languages in a Russian high school. He practiced then his powers over domestic animals—first of all his dog—and decided that the docility of dogs, cats and geese was far greater than the docility of school children. He has never altered his judgment in this respect. He quit teaching boys therefore, and joined an itinerant circus, to the scandalizing of his former colleagues.

Domino met him one morning in the empty ring of the Circus Schumann. After talking a few minutes, Duroff said:

"And now you must excuse me for an hour, as I have a class to instruct at this time."

"But surely you haven't gone back to teaching?" exclaimed Domino.

"No, no; you don't understand. I have just begun teaching, in fact. The recitation in question is by my rats and mice."

Domino got permission to listen to the recitation. Duroff fetched a lead chest and set it down in the middle of the ring, lifted the cover a little, and then began chirping, thrilling, and whistling on a little lead flute. A mouse stuck its head through the crack under the cover, tumbled out, and trotted gayly over to Duroff's feet. Another mouse followed, and then a big rat plunged out into the ring. It marched gravely up to Duroff and scrambled around the bottom of his trousers. More rats and mice followed, till some thirty were scratching and squealing at Duroff's feet.

The clown stepped a few yards backward and his little flock followed. He fed them cake and retreated again. They followed and he rewarded them as before. Thus he led them around the ring several times. When two or three of them fell behind the procession to play or fight he attracted their attention by tossing sand at them. Finally he invited them to come up, and in an instant they were on his shoulders, in his coat pockets, and racing up and down the back of his head. He caught three rats by the tail, swung them around and then let them shoot off into space. The instant they struck they were up again. They ran back to Duroff, climbed to his shoulders and got the same treatment again. After an hour of this the flute was laid aside and the rats and mice were packed away for the day.

Duroff was the first man to train a pig to grunt accompaniments to songs, dance around a ring and jump and waltz to orders. He had then also taught a rooster to crow at command and had instructed successfully a goose in the business of fetching and carrying. Domino, after discussing these triumphs of training, asked Duroff whether or not he ever tired of his new occupation and wished to return to instructing boys, as he had once done in the Russian high school. Duroff did not catch Domino's exact words and answered:

"Instruct children? Instruct animals? These are two processes which can hardly be compared. The difficulties vary so—there is no comparison."

"You misunderstand me," explained Domino. "I acknowledge that your work now is much more difficult."

"More difficult? More difficult?" shouted Duroff. "You must be crazy. Why, it is easier, indescribably easier. I would rather teach ten pigs than a single child. I would rather teach five geese than a boy. A pig or a goose never forgets, is never impudent, is never noisy. But a child! With it you never know where or how to begin, and when you stop—bumps!—all forgotten."—New York Sun.

Remarkable Ghostly Actions.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbance occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stamford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully looked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room in the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be

bundles of clothes, cunningly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven-year-old son of the doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbance cease.

Babies of the Japanese.

It is an odd thing that by no people on earth are children—both girls and boys—treated with more affection and indulgence than by the island neighbors of the Chinese—the Japanese, namely; and no children have a greater abundance of toys and amusements. It must, however, be said that the fondness and patience of Japanese parents are reciprocated by the love and obedience of their children. Both father and mother are equally devoted to their offspring. The mother commonly carries her baby slung in front of her, and when she is tired the father cheerfully accepts the burden; but fathers and mothers and elder sisters and brothers may often be seen in the gay, sunny streets of Tokio or Yokohama giving pick-a-backs to delighted, crowing babies.

The Japanese baby, moreover, in not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed; he is regularly bathed either at home or in the public bath-houses, and his skin is stimulated and his health hardened by his being frequently plunged into a cold stream or even in the snow. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair—one in front, one behind and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did wear; for children, like their parents, sad to say, are gradually being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; others wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.—Strand Magazine.

Suicide on the Battlefield.

A group of old soldiers gathered in the rotunda of the Kimball House were telling stories of field and camp during the war, when one of the number gave the following graphic account of the suicide of a Federal officer on the field at Gettysburg:

"It was there," said he, "I saw a Federal officer, chagrined because nothing would stay the retreat of his men, raise his pistol to his head and blow out his brains. It happened on the second day's fight. Gen. Longstreet had just come up with part of his corps from Chambersburg, Pa., and vigorously assailed Sickles's corps, which he was driving back in great disorder. Sickles halted and formed his men in line to receive Longstreet's onslaught.

"It was one of the few times I ever saw corps commanders at the front line, Sickles, with his staff, was riding among his men encouraging them to withstand the Confederate assault, while Longstreet with his staff, and Colonel Freemantle, an English officer and correspondent of the London Times, were cheering our boys to the charge.

"We advanced and gave the Federals a terrific volley at close range. They staggered under the galling fire, when Longstreet ordered us to give them the bayonets. As the men wavered and broke to run an officer stepped to the front and, with his sword, signaled them to come back. Again and again he waved to his men, but by this time they were in full run and the officer, in his angry mortification, raised a pistol to his head and fired. When General Longstreet and Colonel Freemantle rode up they looked down at the brave Union officer, but the tide of battle swept us on."—Atlanta Constitution.

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THE VALUE OF UNION.

What Effect it Had on the Views of the Ironmasters.

Thanks chiefly to the strength of their organization, and in the face of a large decrease in the production of iron, the iron workers were able to prevent a reduction in the schedule of wages, which was signed on the 1st inst. Had the bosses perceived the least weakness in the ranks of the men they would unquestionably have availed themselves of the conditions of the market to insist upon concessions, although they knew that those conditions would soon improve, as a strong revival of iron production must necessarily follow the abundant crops of the present year and the large purchases of food products that Central and Western Europe shall have to make in America. We may readily admit that the workers are somewhat indebted also to this prospect for the successful maintenance of their position. An enormous and probably unprecedented movement of cereals and other food products to the seaboard is confidently expected, which will require improvements and additions to the tracks, machinery and rolling stock of the railroads; while the profits of transportation and the money received in payment of exports will induce the construction of new roads and the opening of new country. The iron masters are fully aware of this and thoroughly posted, besides, on the number of new industries that are contemplated, especially in the Southern States. Hence their readiness to submit to the demands of Organized Labor when they saw that the dullness then prevailing in the iron trade could not be used for purposes of intimidation—a circumstance that would have been used for all it was worth if the men, strong in union, had not shown a bold front.—The People.

SCIENTIFIC.

The depth at which some of the Belgian coal mines are worked is something prodigious. In a pit at Fiem the work is now done at 3,700 feet; in a pit at Fremerin at 2,800 feet, and in the St. Andre pit at Montigny-sur-Sambre at 3,000 feet.

The wearing away of the cliffs on the shores of England has of late attracted considerable attention, and the problem is being attentively studied with the view of preventing the erosive action of the waves as well as the streams that trickle down.

Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.

During the past winter the earth of the village of Kirnujarvi, near Paja, Lapland, became suddenly very hot, the ice and snow melting immediately, and the application of one's hand to the earth was liable to result in an uncomfortably warm sensation.

The great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and every one of them is a sun, theoretically, and by analogy giving light and heat to his planets; this telescope reveals stars so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

One of the recent inventions for life saving apparatus is the Irvine pneumatic gun for throwing a line to ships in distress or to persons in a burning house. The air is admitted from a reservoir to the chamber behind the projectile at a pressure of 2,400 pounds on the square inch.

M. Mascart, one of the most eminent French electricians of the time, says that the use of the magnetic needle in tracing the underground geology, or, in other words, the past geography of a country, is one of those triumphs of science which are almost tantamount to divination.

Liquor Drinking in Great Britain.

"When I first went to England," says an old traveler, "the amount of liquor that was drunk by all classes simply amazed me. I was invited to a country house where all the old customs were maintained. At nine o'clock all the servants came in, every one got down on their knees, and family prayers were said and a chapter from the Bible read. It was very patriarchal, and after it was over I expected to get a candle and go to bed, but what was my surprise, after the servants filed out, to hear the hostess ask all the guests into an adjoining room, where a heavy supper was spread. I had a choice of a dozen different kinds of liquor, and in a letter home I

described this domestic function as follows: 'We had family prayers and then proceeded to get comfortably full of good liquor.' In Scotland the amount of whiskey that is consumed makes an American's hair curl. Some strict Presbyterians in Glasgow, to whom I had a letter of introduction, called in turn to see me at my hotel. After some talk I asked them if they would take some refreshments. Yes, they would have whiskey. So the waiter brought some strong Scotch whiskey and big glasses that would hold a half pint. Each man poured out about what would make an ordinary glass of beer in this country, tossed in a little water, and took it down without a wink."—New York Tribune.

THE RISKS OF LABOR.

The Notre Dame Hospital ambulance was called to St. Matthew street for Arthur Duolos, aged 15, of 150 Panet street, who had received a severe cut on the head by a block of wood falling from a building in course of erection. The injury is serious, but not fatal.

Patrick Mullen, 22 years of age, of Mul-len & Co.'s boot and shoe factory, 32 College street, on Wednesday morning met with a very serious accident. Some machinery he was working with broke and his right eye was injured so much that he will lose it. He was taken to the General Hospital.

On Tuesday afternoon while Mr. Wm. Wright, an employee of the Edwardsburg Starch Co., was engaged in piling lumber in the company's yard at Cardinal, Ont. He fell from a pile twenty-five feet high, breaking his neck and causing death instantly.

While an engine was shunting on the Grand Trunk track on the wharf on Saturday evening, Charles Lemay, who was coupling the cars, fell under the wheels. He was pulled out from under the car by Constable King, and it was found that his left leg and hand were terribly mangled. The Notre Dame hospital ambulance was called, and the unfortunate man was taken to that institution, where he died.

Adolphe Fontaine, roofer, while working on Thursday afternoon on a building situated at the corner of Cherier and St. Hubert streets, fell to the ground, a distance of 40 feet. He was picked up in an unconscious state and taken to the Notre Dame hospital. There it was found that the man had sustained no injury, and he was able to walk home.

Thirteen a Lucky Number.

The old superstition that the number 13 is unlucky is supposed to have its origin as far back as the last supper, when Judas betrayed his Lord and afterward hung himself. There are, however, instances when 13 has been a lucky number, as in a baker's dozen, where one loaf is added to the dozen for luck.

There is also an account of a British soldier in the reign of William and Mary who was court-martialed for having fallen asleep at midnight when on sentry guard upon the terrace at Windsor. He modestly declared that he was innocent of the offense, and to prove it swore that he heard the clock Tom of Westminster strike 13 when it should have struck 12.

The court refused to believe that he could hear the clock at that great distance, and sentenced him to death, but when a number of people came forward and made affidavit that the clock did actually strike 13 on the same night he was pardoned.—Detroit Free Press.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THIRTEEN.

The funeral of William Hanlon, who was killed recently in Clinton, Iowa, by falling from a trapeze, took place the other afternoon from 208 East Thirteenth street, where his wife had been living during his travels on the road. Only the members of the family and a few intimate friends were present at the funeral. The interment was in Calvary cemetery, but the body will be taken to England for final burial next fall.

On March 13 Hanlon was at a dinner, number of guests at which was thirty. He was the thirteenth man to arrive, everyone said jokingly that he would be within the year. The host tried to see to the fourteenth man, but failed. On July at the age of 31, Hanlon was killed. His funeral took place from Thirteenth street and the number of the lot in which he was buried was 13.

Italy has concluded a loan of two millions pounds with a Berlin syndicate.

A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. SPOLGER TELLS A STORY.

Jackson Spolger, proprietor of that celebrated patent medicine, 'Spolger's Soother,' was a long, lean, lank man, with a somewhat cross face, and a mildly irritable manner. Spolger the father had been a chemist, but having invented the 'Soother,' made his fortune thereby, owing to lavish advertising and plenty of testimonials (paid for) from hypochondriacal celebrities. Having thus fulfilled his mission in this world, and benefited his fellow-men by the 'Soother' he departed therefrom, leaving his money and his 'Soother' to Spolger the son, who still carried on the advertising business, and derived a large income from it. He had been well educated, had traveled a good deal, and had a kind of social veneer, which, added to his money, entitled him to be called a gentleman. Although he suffered a good deal from ill-health, he never by any chance used the 'Soother,' which led ill-natured people to remark that it was made to sell and not to cure. Mr. Spolger, however, did not mind ill-natured people, being too much taken up with himself and his ailments, of which he was always talking. He chatted constantly about his own liver, or some one else's liver, prescribed remedies talked glibly of his near death, and altogether was not a particularly agreeable person.

Being thus a diseased egotist, he carried his mania for health even into his matrimonial prospects, and loved Florry not so much on account of her beauty as because she looked delicate, and in a wife of such a constitution he thought he would always have some one beside him on whom to practice his little curative theories. He always carried in his pocket a horrible little book called 'Till the Doctor Comes,' and was never so delighted as when he found some one sufficiently ill who would permit him to prescribe one of the remedies from his precious book. He preferred a chemist's shop to his own house, loved doctors above all other men, and contemplated passing his honeymoon in a hydropathic establishment, where there would be plenty of fellow-sufferers with whom to compare notes.

At present he was clad in a heavy tweed suit, and wore a thickly lined fur coat, galoches on his feet, and a roll of red flannel round his throat.

'How do you do, Mr. Marson?' he said, in a thin, irritable voice, as he shook hands. 'I hope you are well. You don't look it. Your hand is moist; that's a bad sign. Dry? Yes, mine is dry. I'm afraid it's fever. Diseases are so subtle. Miss Varlins, you look healthy. Florry, my dearest, what a thin dress for this weather!'

'Oh, it's all right, Mr. Spolger.'

'Jackson,' he interpolated.

'It's all right, Jackson,' said Florry, gayly. 'I'm quite healthy.'

'Ah, yes, now,' replied Mr. Spolger, darkly, sitting down; 'but that thin dress means a chill. It might settle on the lungs, and you might be in your coffin before you know where you are.'

'Nonsense, man,' said Marson, in a hearty voice; 'the room is quite warm. Won't you take off that heavy coat?'

'Not at present,' answered Mr. Spolger, emphatically. 'I always accustom myself to the temperature of a place by degrees. A sudden chill is worse than damp feet.'

'Will you have some tea, Mr. Spolger?' asked Judith, for the footman had now brought in the tea-pot and a plate of toast.

'No, thank you,' answered the hypochondriac, politely. 'I'm undergoing a course of medicine just now, and tea in my present condition means death.'

'Then have some toast,' said Florry, laughingly, presenting him with the plate.

'Battered,' said Mr. Spolger, looking at the plate. 'Horrible! The worst thing in the world for me! I take dry toast for breakfast, with a glass of hot water—nothing more.'

'I hope you don't intend me to breakfast like that,' said Florry, santly.

'My dear, you can eat what you like,' answered Mr. Spolger, solemnly producing his little book. 'Should you suffer from your indiscretion, I have always got the remedy in this.'

'Did the medicine Doctor Japix prescribed do you good?' asked Judith.

'Not a bit,' said Spolger, slowly taking off his coat. 'I still suffer from sleeplessness. However, I've got a new idea I'm going to carry out. Cold water bandages at the head, and a hot brick at the feet. There, now my coat is off I feel beautiful.'

'Well, well!' said Mr. Marson, rather impatient of all this medical talk. 'I hope you'll be quite well for your wedding.'

'I hope so, too,' retorted Spolger, with gloomy foreboding. 'I've arranged all the tour, Florry. We go first to Malvern, a

very healthy place, then to Bath to drink the waters. After that, if you like, we'll go abroad, though I much distrust the drainage of these foreign towns.'

'Oh, let us go abroad at once,' said Florry, eagerly; 'to Paris. If you find it too lively, you can walk every day in the Pere la Chaise Cemetery.'

'Don't jest on such a subject, Florry,' said Judith, reprovingly.

'Oh, I don't mind,' replied the lover, with gloomy relish; 'we'll all have to go to the cemetery some day, so it's as well to get accustomed to the idea.'

His three listeners looked rather depressed at this dismal prophecy, but said nothing, while Mr. Spolger told cheerful little stories of how his liver would treat him if he did not look after it. This led him to talk of medicine, which suggested chemists, which in their turn suggested Wosk & Co., so by and by Mr. Spolger began to talk of M. Judas.

'A most estimable young man,' he said, feeling his own pulse in a professional manner; 'he has had typhoid fever twice, and suffers from corns.'

'Tight boots?' asked Florry, flippantly.

'No; hereditary! Most curious case. But talking of Monsieur Guinaud—'

'Judas,' said Miss Varlins smiling.

'Yes, I hear they call him Judas on account of his red hair,' replied Mr. Spolger, laughing carefully. 'Well, as a chemist, he takes a great interest in Florry.'

'In me?' cried the damsel, indignantly.

'Yes; he thinks you look delicate,' said Mr. Spolger, complacently; 'indeed, he suggested several remedies. And if you would see him—'

'No, no!' interposed Marson, quickly.

'Really, Jackson, I'm astonished at you. If Florry requires to see a medical man, there is Doctor Japix; but as to letting a man like that Frenchman meddle with her health—why, the very look of him is enough.'

'Consumption,' said Mr. Spolger, sagaciously; 'he looks delicate, I know.'

'I think he is a very dangerous man,' said Judith, in her quiet, composed voice; 'he was a great friend of—' Here she checked herself suddenly.

'Of Melstane,' finished Spolger, scowling.

'Yes, I know that. And talking about Mr. Melstane—'

'Don't talk about Mr. Melstane,' said Marson, sharply.

'Why not?'

Florry answered him, for she was evidently struggling with a fit of hysteria, and as he spoke she arose from her seat and fled rapidly from the room, followed by Judith.

'There,' said Marson, in an annoyed tone, 'how foolish you were to speak of that scamp!'

'I don't see why Florry shouldn't get used to his name,' replied Spolger, sulkily.

'Of course, I know she loved him, but it's all over now; he won't trouble her again.'

'Why not?' demanded Marson, quickly.

'Because he's gone away. He had the impudence to call on me before he went, but I soon settled him, though he upset me dreadfully.'

'What did he call about?'

Spolger was going to reply, when once more the door was thrown open, and the footman announced in stentorian tones:

'Mr. Roger Axton.'

'Oh, how do you do, Mr. Axton?' said Mr. Marson, going forward to meet the young man. 'I did not know you were down here.'

'No, I came by this morning's train from town,' replied Roger, shaking the old man's hand. 'I trust you are well, Mr. Spolger?'

'Down Winchester way,' replied Roger, raising his eyes suddenly and looking at Mr. Marson steadily.

'Oh, indeed!' answered that gentleman, with a start; 'then I suppose you were near Jarlchester?'

'I was at Jarlchester,' said Roger, emphatically, 'during the investigation of that case.'

Both his listeners were silent, as if some nameless fear paralyzed their tongues; then Marson looked at Spolger, and Spolger looked at Marson, while Roger glanced rapidly from one to the other.

At this moment Judith entered the room. 'Florry is better,' she said, advancing; 'she is—What Mr. Axton?'

'Yes; I came down here to see a friend, and thought I would look in,' replied Roger, as she greeted him.

'I am very glad you did not forget us,' she remarked, quietly resuming her seat. 'Will you have a cup of tea?'

'Thank you.'

They were seated beside the tea-table, and were quite alone, as Mr. Marson in company with his future son-in-law had left their seats, and were now talking together in low whispers at the end of the room. Judith handed a cup of tea to Roger, and looked at him steadily as he stirred it with listless expression on his worn face.

'You don't look well,' she said, at length, dropping her eyes.

'Mental worry,' he responded, with a sigh. 'I have undergone a good deal since I last saw you.'

'In connection with that?' she asked, in a low voice.

'Yes. I received your letter in London, and went at once down to Jarlchester on a walking tour, that is, I made a walking tour an excuse for being there. I stayed there a week, and then received your second letter saying he was coming.'

'And he came?' asked Judith, with a quick drawn breath.

'He did.'

'You saw him?' she continued, looking nervously toward the two whispering figures at the end of the room.

'Yes!'

'And got—and got the letters?'

'Of course,' said Axton, in a tone of surprise. 'I sent them to you—to the post-office, as you desired.'

'My God!' she said, in a low voice of agony, 'I—I have not received them. I went to the post-office every day to ask for a packet directed to Miss Judith, but have been told it had not come.'

'Good heavens!' said Roger, with a start of surprise. 'I hope they have not gone astray—I ought to have registered them.'

'If you had I could not have obtained them,' replied Miss Varlins hurriedly; 'you forget, the packet was addressed to Miss Judith, and the postmistress knows me so well, I could not have signed any but my own name without causing remark.'

'You ought to have allowed me to send them here.'

'Yes! and then Florry would have seen them.'

'Nonsense!'

'There is always a possibility,' said Judith, quickly; 'but if these letters have gone astray, what are we to do?'

'Well, if—'

'Hush!'

She laid her hand suddenly on his arm to arrest his speech, for at moment the voice, thin and peevish, of Mr. Spolger, was heard saying a name:

'Sebastian Melstane.'

Judith and Roger both looked at each other, their cheeks pale, their manners agitated, and he was about to speak again when she stopped him for the second time.

'Listen!'

They could hear quite plainly, for the pair at the end of the room had moved unthinkingly near them, and Spolger was talking shrilly to Mr. Marson about the man of whom they were then thinking.

'He came up to see me before he went away. I was very ill, but he would see me, and we had a most agitating interview. Told me that he loved Florry—told me, her affianced husband. Said that she would never marry me—that he could prevent the marriage. Then he insulted me. Yes! he held out a box of pills, and asked me if I had any ideas beyond such things. I knocked the box out of his hand and insisted upon his leaving the house. He went, for I was firm—very firm, though much agitated. He left the box behind him. Yes, I found it after he was gone, and sent my servant down with it to his boarding-house. Oh, I was terribly agitated. He was so bold. But he won't come back again. No! he won't come back!'

'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' said Francis Marson, plainly, 'you are in my house.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Marson,' said Roger, ceremoniously, 'I only asked Mr. Spolger a simple question.'

'To which he declines to reply,' replied Mr. Spolger, coolly.

'Why?'

Judith had risen to her feet and stood clinging to Francis Marson's arm, while Roger and Spolger looked steadily at each other. The whole four of them were so intent upon the conversation that they did not see a little figure enter the door and pause on the threshold at the sound of the angry voices.

'You agitate me,' said the valetudinarian, angrily. 'I am not used to be agitated, sir. I was telling my friend a private story, and you should not have listened.'

'I apologize,' replied Roger, bowing. 'I did not intend to give offense, but I wondered how it was you guessed Melstane would never return.'

The little figure stole nearer.

'What do you mean?' asked Spolger, quickly.

Judith leaned on Marson's arm with her face deadly white and her eyes dilated, waiting—waiting for what she dreaded to think.

'I mean about the Jarlchester mystery. Mr. Marson said nothing, but with a face as pale as that of the woman on his arm, stared steadily at Roger Axton. At the mention of Jarlchester the figure behind came slowly along until Florry Marson, with a look of terror on her face, stood still as a statue behind her lover.

'I have read in the papers about the Jarlchester Mystery,' said Spolger, in an altered tone.

'I guessed as much, and that was the reason you said Melstane would not return.'

'No, no! What do you mean?'

'Mean that Sebastian Melstane died at Jarlchester, and you know it.'

'Sebastian!'

They all turned round, and there stood Florry, with one hand clasped over her heart, and the other grasping a chair to steady herself by.

'Sebastian,' she whispered, with white lips, 'is—is he dead?'

Roger turned his head.

'Dead!' she cried, with a cry of terror. 'Dead—murdered!' and fell fainting on the floor.

CHAPTER IX.

A TERRIBLE SUSPICION.

Eight o'clock in the evening by the remarkably incorrect clock on the mantelpiece, eight-thirty by Mr. Fank's watch, which was never wrong, and that gentleman was seated in a private room of the Foundryman Hotel, awaiting the arrival of Roger Axton.

The Foundryman was not a first-class hotel, nor was the private room a first-class apartment, but it was comfortable enough, and Mr. Fanks was too much worried in his own mind to pay much attention to his wants. He was much disturbed about his old school-fellow, as everything now seemed to point to Axton as a possible murderer—the conversation at Jarlchester, the evidence of Dr. Japix, the delicately insinuated suspicions of Judas—it seemed as though no doubt could exist but that Roger Axton was the person responsible for the death of Sebastian Melstane.

In spite, however, of all this circumstantial evidence, the detective hoped against hope, and resolved within his own honest heart not to believe Roger guilty until he had heard his own explanation of the affair. He well knew that circumstantial evidence was not always to be depended upon, and Axton's prompt arrival in answer to his letter had inspired him with the belief that the young man must be innocent, otherwise he would hardly dare to place himself in a position of such peril. So Mr. Fank's, with the perplexity of his mind showing even in his usually impassive face, sat watch in hand, awaiting Roger's arrival and casting absent glances round the room.

A comfortable room enough in an old-fashioned way! All the furniture seemed to have been made at that primeval period when Ironfields was a village, but here and there some meretricious hotel decoration spoiled the effect of the whole. Heavy mahogany arm-chairs, a heavy mahogany table, a heavy mahogany sideboard stood on a gaudy carpet with a dingy white ground, and sprawling red roses mixed with painfully green leaves. An antique carved mantle-piece, all cupids and flowers and foliage, but on it a staring square mirror with an ornate gilt frame swathed in yellow gauze, and in front of this a gimcrack French time-piece, with an aggressively loud tick, vividly painted vases of coarse china, containing tawdry paper flowers, and two ragged fans of peacocks' feathers. The curtains of the one window were drawn, a cheerful fire burned under the antique mantle-piece with its sombre barbarisms, and an evil-smelling lamp, with a dull, yellow flame, illuminated the apartment. Mr. Fanks himself sat in a grandfatherly arm-chair drawn close to the fire, and pondered over

the curious aspect of affairs, while the rain outside swept down the crooked street, and the wind howled at the window as if it wanted to get into the comfortable warmth out of the damp cold.

A knock at the door disturbed the somber meditations of Octavius, and in response to his answer, Roger walked into the room with flushed face and a somewhat nervous manner. He did not attempt to shake hands (feeling he had no right to do so until he had explained his previous behaviour at Jarlchester), but sat down near the fire, opposite to his friend, and looked rather defiantly at the impassive face of that gentleman, who gave him a cool nod.

'Well,' he said, at length, breaking a somewhat awkward silence, 'I've lost no time in answering your letter.'

'I'm glad of that, Roger,' responded Fanks, gravely; 'it gives me great hopes.'

'How? That I'm not a criminal, I suppose.'

Fanks said nothing, but looked sadly at the suspicious face of the young man.

'Silence gives consent, I see,' said Axton, throwing himself back in his chair, with a harsh laugh. 'Well, I'm sorry a man I thought my friend should think so ill of me.'

'What else can I think, Roger?'

'He calls me Roger,' said Axton, with an effort at gayty. 'Why not the prisoner at the bar—the convict in the jail—the secret prisoner?'

'Because I believe you to be none of the three, my friend,' replied Fanks, candidly. Roger looked at him with a sudden flush of shame, and involuntarily held out his hand, but drew it back quickly, before the other could clasp it.

'No, not yet,' he said, hastily; 'I will not clasp your hand in friendship until I clear myself in your eyes. You demand an explanation. Well, I am here to give it.'

'I am glad of that,' replied Fanks for the second time.

'I'm quite aware,' continued Roger, flushing, 'that now you are at Ironfields you must be aware that I concealed certain facts in my conversation with you.'

'Yes! You said you had not been to Ironfields, and that you did not correspond with Miss Varlins. Both statements were false.'

'May I ask on whose authority you speak so confidently?' demanded Axton coldly.

'Certainly. On the authority of Doctor Japix.'

'Japix!' repeated Roger, starting, 'do you know him?'

'Yes! I met him some time ago in Manchester, and I renewed my acquaintance with him down here.'

'Why?'

'Because I wanted him to analyze those pills I found in Melstane's room after his death.'

He looked sharply at Roger as he spoke, but that young man met his gaze serenely and without flinching, which seemed to give Fanks great satisfaction, for he withdrew his eyes with a sigh of relief.

'Octavius,' said Roger, after a pause, 'do you remember our conversation at Jarlchester?'

Mr. Fanks deliberately produced his secretive little note-book and tapped it delicately with his long fingers.

'The conversation is set down here.'

'Oh,' said Roger, with sardonic politeness. 'I was not aware you carried your detective principles so far as to take a note of interviews with your friends.'

'I don't do it as a rule,' responded Fanks, coolly; 'but I had an instinct that our interview might be useful in connection with Melstane's case. I was right, you see. Roger,' he cried, with a burst of natural feeling, 'why did you not trust me?'

Roger turned away his face, upon which burned a flush of shame.

'Because I was afraid,' he replied, in a low voice.

'Of being accused of the murder?'

'Yes.'

'But you can exculpate yourself?' said Fanks, in a startled tone.

'I hope so,' replied Roger, gloomily; 'but on my word of honor, Fanks, I am innocent. Have you read Edwin Drood?'

'Yes!' responded Fanks, rather puzzled at what appeared to be an irrelevant question, 'several times.'

'Do you remember what Dickens says in that novel?' said Axton, slowly. 'Circumstances may accumulate so strongly even against an innocent man that, directed, sharpened, and pointed, they may slay him.'

'True, true,' answered Fanks, approvingly nodding his head, 'such things have occurred before.'

'And may occur again,' cried Axton, with a look of look of apprehension. 'I know that you suspect me; I know that circumstantial evidence could be brought against me which would put my life in danger; but on my soul, Fanks, I am innocent of Melstane's death.'

(To be Continued.)

In the reign of Edward I it was declared that the dealers in fish should not be permitted to make a larger profit than one penny on each shilling's worth sold.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World

AMERICAN.

The Knights of Labor and trades unions of Pittsburg have resolved to form a central labor organization.

The Ohio factory inspectors have caused the discharge of all children under 16 years from the cigar factories at Cincinnati.

Judge Rumsey quashed this week the indictments against the conspiring boss clothiers upon the pretext that there was no evidence to convict.

The glass blowers considered at St. Louis the matter of the schedule of prices, and except in a few immaterial instances, decided to make no change.

A circular will be issued soon calling for a State convention of the Retail Clerks and Salesmen's Association, with a view to forming a State League.

Thirty-five employees on the Long Island Railroad were this week summarily dismissed because they had made complaints against Superintendent Chas. Thompson.

Since the persecution of the leaders in Rochester, N. T. A. 231, K. of L., garment workers, has received 23 applications for charters from newly organized local unions.

Typographical Union No. 6, New York, has appointed a committee to confer with the managers of the daily papers upon the subject of the weekly reduction of hours of work to 59 a week.

The conductors and motor men of the Rapid Transit Electric Street Railway, of Newark, N. J., struck on Monday morning, and the entire line is tied up. The cause of the strike was an increase of working hours from 10 to 12 without increase of pay.

A new anti-truck store law will go into force in Pennsylvania on Aug. 1. The former law was declared unconstitutional on the ground that it violated the alleged freedom of contract; and now the corporations announce that the new law will also be contested.

The New York Enterprise Association of Steamfitters and the Progress Association of Steamfitters ratified an agreement with the Master Steamfitters' Association calling for eight hours work a day, beginning August 1. The agreement also calls for one helper for each steamfitter.

The Trades and Labor Assembly of Chicago, representing the various trades unions of that city, decided to ask all affiliated labor organizations to refuse to endorse Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, as candidate for the office of president at the next national convention, upon the ground that he had lost touch with the labor movement during his prolonged tenure of office.

The expected tie-up of all the street car lines at Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, did not take place. The places of the strikers on the Rapid Transit line are being filled rapidly and the road is now in running order. The strikers gather along the line and jeer at the men taking their places. Several rows have occurred. Torpedoes were placed on the Springfield avenue tracks and when a car passed over there was a loud explosion and the passengers were greatly frightened. Obstructions have been placed on the tracks at different places.

EUROPEAN.

The miners of Charleroi, Mons, Luettich, etc., Belgium, are again on the point of striking. They demand great improvements.

At Lisbon, Portugal, 500 men until recently employed in the cork factories, but now thrown out of work by reason of the fitful and planless working of capitalism, clamorously demanded work. The troops were called out just like in the United States.

The resumption of the Welsh tin plate works is only partial, and by firms fortunate enough to secure orders. The work will only continue while the orders last by week to week contracts with the men. No appreciable reduction of stocks in America is noticed. Prices are still unremunerative: During July the shipments from Swansea have been under 1,000 tons weekly, against 40,000 to 50,000 tons in the same month in 1890, while the stocks now on hand amount to 400,240 boxes against 1,590,000 boxes in the corresponding week in 1890.

CANADIAN.

A branch of the International Bakers' Union has been formed in Vancouver, B. C. The London, Ont., plumbers' difficulty is as far from being settled as ever, and probably no amicable arrangement will be reached. The bosses say it would pay them better to shut up shop altogether than submit, because outside men would come in and work at the old figure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chicago has 15,000 Italians.
Austria has 50,000 union men.
Georgia has a woman train despatcher.
Illinois has adopted the weekly payment law.
Indianapolis hasn't a non-union stone cutter.

Uncle Sam has 1,000,000 French Canadians.

World's fair buildings employ 15,000 hands.

The order of railway conductors has 17,000 members.

California glassblowers want the limit of a week's work fixed at 36 hours.

Forty five compositors were sent to Siberia for working on a Nihilist paper.

Thirty per cent. of the people of London do not earn enough either to practice thrift or to riot in drink.

Fifty years ago hours of work were longer and wages were less, but work was free and certain; industry meant sure success. Today work is uncertain; success is a per-venture; and anxiety is on the brow of the rich and poor alike. In this struggle to simply hold one's own the poor lose all strength for nobler thought; each is taught to live above all else for the dollar. A change of the system is needed to save civilization from utter destruction.—New York World.

Saw Her Son's Spirit.

There lived in Allegheny City at the breaking out of the rebellion a widow by the name of McDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two story frame house on Robinson street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recruiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun was shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against the pillows, she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand.

"He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pulled back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times, looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me, and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh, mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow MacDowell was buried in the Hilldale cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with the sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry, "Oh, mother!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Strong Women's Union Labor.

Amid all the cynicism which has been shown regarding the organization of women workers, there is one organization which has stood the test of time and shows that women can organize as well as men.

This is the Lady Gotham association, known as local assembly 2,545 of the Knights of Labor and affiliated with district assembly 49.

It was officially reported that there had been large accessions in membership to this union within the past month, and there are probably 600 members of the union in good standing. The Lady Gotham association is composed of shirt operatives, and is probably the nucleus of a very powerful organization. George W. Murray, master workman of district assembly 49, said yesterday to a Journal reporter in reference to the organization:

"The Lady Gotham association is a triumphant refutation of the statement that women do not make good organizers. This union is as well organized as any union of men in New York, and its success will inspire the girls in other trades to follow the example of its members."

Miss Delia Maloney, the president of the association, is a very bright and pretty young lady, a good speaker and an effective organizer. She has a good deal of personal magnetism, and has the knack of keeping a body of girls together.—N. Y. Journal.

Fred S. Mangfield, champion tennis player of Canada, is playing in the Longwood Cricket Club's tennis tournament at Boston this week.

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MONTREAL, August 1, 1891.

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.

THE WIDOW FLYNN CASE.

On Saturday last J. C. Hatton, Q. C. who by the way has been acting in a very disinterested manner for Mrs. Flynn through the various stages of this case, received a cablegram informing him that the Privy Council had granted the motion for leave to appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court dismissing the action of the widow against the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. As before pointed out, the issue so seriously affects workmen, that it becomes obligatory on them to see that no unjust precedent is allowed to stand without a final appeal being taken. It is unnecessary to say that an appeal to the Privy Council is a costly proceeding which the poor widow of her own resources is totally unable to undertake, but it is confidently trusted there will be no lack of friends to assist her, and among these she believes the great majority will be found in her own sphere of life—workmen and workingwomen. A delegation from the Trades and Labor Council recently waited upon Mr. Hugh Graham, of the Star, who consented to act as treasurer of the fund proposed to be established, and seeing that such a responsible gentleman has thus identified himself with the cause there need be no hesitation on the part of wage-workers in sending in their subscriptions, as with Mr. Graham as treasurer there is every guarantee the money subscribed will be judiciously and economically expended in promoting the appeal. The Labor Council will before long place subscription lists in the hands of other responsible parties and in such a manner that the mass of workmen may have an opportunity of giving tangible expression of their sympathy with the object. In the meantime those willing to contribute without being waited upon can send along their subscriptions, however small, to Mr. Graham, who will acknowledge them through the columns of the Star. It should be remembered that in a case of this kind there is the greatest urgency and that those give twice who give quickly.

WHAT IS IN TIMIDATION?

Some time ago a case of alleged intimidation arising out of a strike of dockers was heard before the Plymouth (Eng.) Recorder, the decision in which greatly drew public attention and much adverse comment in the Liberal press. Here is the case in a nutshell: A ship-owner named Treleaven, who employed

a large number of men in unloading ships at Plymouth, was approached by a labor leader named Curran and two other delegates with the request that he should dismiss the non-unionists in his employment. In the event of refusal, Curran and those acting with him threatened to call out all the unionist workmen, and Treleaven having refused to act as desired, they were as good as their word. The union men were immediately called out and promptly stopped work, although they were under contract to unload the ships. The action thus taken by Curran and his colleagues was construed by the Recorder as intimidation, and they were fined and ordered to pay costs. This decision has just been reversed by the Court of Queen's Bench, and has given great satisfaction to Trades Unionists generally throughout the country. The Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, said the court was firmly of opinion that as Curran and the other defendants had not desired or intended that any personal violence should be used or injury done to Treleaven or his property they could not be held guilty of intimidation. To order men to quit work, without using violent language, on the refusal of an employer to give way to certain propositions was certainly not intimidation within any reasonable interpretation of the statute. The moral of the story is plain: In any case where capital and labor are concerned a local judge is apt to be so swayed by class prejudice that full justice cannot always be obtained. His daily life is so mixed up with the capitalistic class that he very often intentionally strains the law to suit the views of his associates. Something like this was alleged in this case, but it is satisfactory to know that there are others in a higher position who can see things in a clearer light.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A Gazette correspondent says:

From the fact that the St. John Ship Laborers' union charge \$4 per day per man for handling freight of any kind, as against less than \$2 per day by the Halifax laborers, the Canadian Pacific railway are seriously handicapped in their efforts to give as low a through rate for flour from the Upper provinces to the West Indies as exists via New York, and it looks as if all that business will be done over the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial via Halifax. Efforts will be made to bring the Ship Laborers' union to reason.

What appears to concern this truckler to capital most is not that one set of men is underpaid for performing dangerous, and, at the best, irregular work, but that a mighty Corporation like the Canadian Pacific Railway should lose a small share of traffic through another set being in a position to command a fair return for their labor, as if four dollars per day was any too much for the risks men lie under while engaged in loading and unloading ships. When he says that efforts are to be made to bring the union to reason we would suggest those interested try the levelling up process. The men of Halifax should take the hint and endeavor by combination to improve their condition. A moment's reflection should convince them that the position they now occupy is a standing menace to the future prosperity of their fellow workmen of the neighboring seaport.

Within very recent times new forms of insurance and endowment have been sprung upon a confiding public with mushroom-like rapidity only to go to the wall in a short time leaving the members of the order to mourn the loss of their contributions and kick themselves for their greed and gullibility. A special in the Boston Herald from Worcester, Mass., which State seems to be a prolific home for these "fraternal" schemes, gives particulars of the collapse of another of these institutions, which promised large results from a small outlay. In this case it is Sheridan lodge of the Order of Royal

Oak, organized March 2nd, by supreme officers from Boston, who held out the inducement that, on payment of assessments, which would probably not exceed \$50 during the year, each member would receive \$100 at the end of twelve months. When such promises as these are made it would be well for intending members to examine closely the security that such will be fulfilled. It is possible, for a few months or a few years, that these payments may be met because the maturing certificates are provided for out of the current receipts of an increasing membership, a form of reimbursement which is nothing short of a fraud. As a rule the holders of the earliest maturing benefits are the promoters and after these are paid, if the membership increases so that further benefits can be met, the concern may be kept going for a short time longer until inevitable disaster overtakes it. A contemporary says, referring to one of these mushroom concerns, "It is a simple fool fishery, and as the race of fools is perennial and inexhaustible the knaves are always sure to fatten upon their miraculous credulity."

The City Council wants to be tickled again about the water tax. They appointed a special committee to investigate the whole system of levying and expending the tax, who spent a good deal of time over the question and finally made a report to Council, and there the matter rests. The Council are evidently afraid to tackle the subject, and like everything else which bears heavily upon the poorer classes is the last thing to be taken into consideration. Our aldermen know they can ignore this question with impunity and the public themselves are to blame for imparting this knowledge. They go on electing men year after year whose promises were made only to be broken and whose crookedness is as transparent as glass. If the electors would gauge a man's character more by his past actions than his present promises and his fitness for conducting public business more by the manner in which he attends to his own there would be less cause for fault-finding afterwards. The water bills have been circulated this year on the old lines and the promised relief to the poorer class is as far away as ever.

In an interview with a newspaper man the Mayor is reported to have said that he would do his utmost to prevent men getting contracts who gave the work to outside people. It is only natural to expect that those who contribute to the revenue of the city should have the preference when work is being given out, and we trust the Mayor will not forget his promise. Contractors as a rule take whatever comes along, and as non-resident or foreign labor is always cheaper, of course a large proportion is recruited from this source to the detriment of our own citizens.

Senator McInnes, of British Columbia, has given notice that he will, when the Dominion Controverted Elections Act comes before the Senate, move that a more stringent clause against the employment of certain Government employees on election campaigns be added to the bill. His amendment provides for the punishment of any offender by a fine not to exceed \$500 or imprisonment not to exceed six months. If such a clause as this becomes law there will be some hope that the electors will be spared the spectacle of an army of Government employees working for Government candidates while at the time they are being paid out of the public treasury.

Messrs. William O'Brien and John Dillon were released from Galway jail on Thursday, and received a great ovation from large crowds who had gathered outside the prison walls. It is stated that both gentlemen have already repudiated the leadership of Parnell.

MONTREAL NEWS.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Mr. E. J. Lenhan, printer, at the early age of 29 years. Deceased, who latterly had been working in the Witness office, complained of not feeling well lately, and to recruit went for a short stay in the country, from which he returned in the end of last week feeling much improved. On his way to work on Wednesday morning, for the first time since his return, he took suddenly ill and was conveyed home in a cab. A doctor was summoned, who at once pronounced his condition as critical, and the result justified his belief, for he expired the same night about twelve o'clock. Mr. Lenhan was well known among the members of the craft, by whom he was generally well liked. He leaves a widow and family to whom we extend our sympathy in their affliction.

After a strike of nearly four months' duration the carpenters of Chicago are returning to work.

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Are "Just the Thing."**Albert Demers, 338 St. James St.****TEA! T TEA!**

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

Have you tried STROUD'S 30c Black, Green or Japan Teas? If not, do so and save 10c to 20c per lb. This is no catch, and any person finding these Teas not as represented will have their money refunded.

Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,
2188 NOTRE DAME ST. NEAR MOUNTAIN.**JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S**
ADVERTISEMENT.**THE JERSEY LILY.**

Mrs. Langtry despite much trumpeting has not succeeded in becoming a star of the first magnitude in histrionic art. Stedman's lines on Lawrence Barrett are peculiarly apt in her case: "Strange, as of fate's perverseness, this proud, eager soul, this fine strung creature should seem for ever just to miss that touch of nature." The gods are deaf as Ulysses to the voice of soft entreaty, and will not be commanded. The gift desired by the poet is passed to the peasant, and the maid of low degree is often the chosen of Olympus. "Beauty like her's is genius," while it lasts, but even that grows dim with years, and recedes into the misty realms of tradition. She has not lived in vain, however. She has added to the world's repertory of dress an article which has fixed its hold on the affections of the sex. Ladies! whether you know it or not, she it was who invented that something you so much admire—the Jersey—and it certainly redounds to the credit of her good taste and common sense. The comfort of a considerable part of the world would be much less without it, and this comfort we invite you to share at Cheap Sale Prices. When you visit us for that purpose have an eye to the other bargains as well.

MAIDS' JERSEYS.

All sizes, worth \$1.85 to \$2.25. Your choice for \$1.25.

LADIES' COLORED JERSEYS.

A large line to clear at prices from 75c. Reductions made on these goods range from 25 to 50 per cent.

BLACK JERSEYS.

Large lines to be cleared out at equally low prices.

LADIES' SILK BLOUSES.

To clear at \$1. Colors, Cream, Sky and Cardinal.

PARASOLS. SUNSHADES.

At sweeping reductions. Prices from 35c up.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

All reduced from 20 to 50 percent. Reduced prices from 40c up.

BOYS' READY-MADE SUITS.

Large lines to be cleared at 20 per cent reductions.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

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Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter

Terms Cash and Only One Price.



TRADES UNIONS.

A Sensible Speech by Mr. T. B. McGuire.

Addressing a gathering of miners at Butte, Montana, Mr. T. B. McGuire said:

Some people might ask what good are labor organizations. They might sneer at the men who would march through the streets for labor. There are two classes opposed to the Knights of Labor and the trades unions. They are the conservative man and the radical man. The conservative man thinks the unions are going to blow up everything and the radicals think the unions are not going to blow up everything. If it were not for the unions the radicals would be at the throats of the conservatives. We are between the two. The conservative is like a stagnant pool of water. The radical is like a rushing torrent.

Labor supports everybody, the prince and the pauper, the thief and the gambler. Why then, Mr. Conservative, should you abuse a labor organization. There are about 18,000,000 people who labor by their hands or their head in this country. They have to keep everybody going. When the wages of one man are reduced, the wages of others must be reduced. The groceryman, the merchant, etc., must sell goods cheaper or less goods. Give us more wages, shorten our hours of labor and you will find a race of children growing up in this city physically and mentally better. Your salesmen work 13 hours a day. They should not have to be introduced to their children on Sunday. Don't blame the merchants for keeping long hours, blame yourselves. You can do it if you only will. If you must buy evenings, wait until Saturday night so the salesmen can be home evenings the rest of the week. Register a vow that you will give the men ten hours before a year is passed. Why overwork men when you will not overwork your horse?

Don't condemn that which has made your country what it is. The Miner's union has done more for law and order in Butte than all the police and judges in the city. Then encourage organized labor. In every branch of business there is organizations; among lawyers, doctors, undertakers, politicians even. The doctors call their scabs quacks; the lawyers call their scabs shysters; but let the labor union speak of scabs, and the doctors and lawyers lift up their hands in horror.

Let not dissension enter into the ranks of the men who work for a living. It makes no difference where you were born. Stop quarreling about nationality. Forget your race. You are Americans, nothing more. Let us in this new star of the union say only that we are Americans and wipe out the lines of country.

Politics enter sometimes into dissension. For 364 days in the year you are good trades unionists and Knights of Labor. But on the other day you are democrats or republicans. I heard today the melancholy story of how the eight-hour law was defeated. Those defeated it did not understand that by reducing the hours they would increase the production. By shortening the hours of labor, years are added to their lifetimes. Did it ever strike you that by compelling longer hours you are making orphans years before they should be made. I want to say that the professional politician is a curse to the country. Is it not strange that we should send men to make laws for us who are sure to vote against our interests.

The professional politician is a hog. Tariff is simply thrown among us as a blind. Every time any question comes up that the political parties don't care to tackle, they take up the tariff question. Who stands in the way of the free coinage of silver? In New York State both parties oppose it. Every thinker in the labor movement wants

free silver, because we are selfish and want what is best for you. I have made some study of the social question. In New York we have 200,000 outcasts. Why are they outcasts? Because they get only 40 cents a day for making shirts. Forty cents standing between a woman's chastity and vice. They can pray to God, of course, but wages are reduced, and then there are but three courses left—starvation, suicide or vice. For God's sake, change the system which debauches our women. Why should there be infidels? Because you made them by the cursed system, which forgets the poor and lonely. Join the Woman's Protective Union and I can promise the fathers and mothers of the city that the child brought up by a member of this union will never grow up a scab.

The object of labor unions should leave the world better than we found it. Do this by educating your children; keep your boys out of the mines until their minds are developed; keep your girls out of the stores until they learn what vice is; earn the money yourself; support your children; don't make your children support you. Why do you go into the whiskey shop and ask the bartender to have something himself? When you go into a baker shop do you ask the baker to take a loaf himself? I have no fight with the saloonkeepers, my fight is with the man who spends the money over the bar. I am not a prohibition crank, but ten cents a day thrown away is \$35 a year, and what a nice cloak that would buy for your wife or daughter.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PRACTICE AND PROFESSION.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—Once more I crave the indulgence of yourself and your readers, other than members of the art preservative, but I feel confident it will be readily given to one endeavoring to right so grievous a wrong as the one mentioned in my previous communication. Since that appeared the criticisms have been numerous, but all agreed in the truth of every statement therein contained; nay, more than that, that the abuses were not painted so black as they should have been. Nevertheless there have been instances where men (presumably intelligent) have argued against the main objects of the letter, viz., the obtaining of a fair day's pay for a fair day's labor; men who, as you quoted recently in an editorial, have "despite the laws of nature and of God, given themselves up to servitude." For these I am sorry. They have been ground down and trodden under foot from their youth up and, added to that, were probably born with an insatiate thirst for money, no matter if it be obtained at the cost of grey hair or the grave. These or any others of their calibre I would be glad to meet in these columns. But they are too sly and cowardly.

Two reforms are budding,—or at any rate, if not so far advanced, the seed has not all fallen on stony ground,—I am happy to say. One is that for the past week the office has not been opened until three minutes to seven. How do I know this? Well, I will tell you. My eyes are open, and I have seen at that hour something unprecedented in the history of the Witness,—some of the 6.45 a. m. "men" looking longingly in the door.

The other,—oh! shades of Gutenberg, Caxton and Franklin preserve us!—an investigation is (or was) on the tapis. But I would guarantee, Mr. Editor, that such investigation, if proceeded with, would be nipped in the bud before it took any effect on the galley-slaves of the composing room. That investigation should proceed, and quickly. Every minute counts as one more minute of grinding down a fellow-man by those who are in a better position than that signified by the word employee. It is because the truth is feared that it is not held. THE ECHO has been sneered at because it has not a circulation of a million, but the truth has hit home nevertheless, and were the circulation but hundreds instead of thousands, so long as the arrow hits the mark, no matter. What other sheet in Montreal would allow a printer fair play in a case like this? I know one that dare not. But enough. In concluding, I beg—I would do more were it in my power—I beg of printers to be men and not cringe like a slave under the lash; to remember that "heaven helps them that help themselves;" that they are of the same flesh and blood, and as much entitled to their share of this world's goods as the men above them; to remember that they are looked up to as intelligent men, but that they are surely low-

ering themselves by allowing such abuses to exist; not to be scared of the sneers of the non-unionist, who is simply a sort of dog in the manger; but be up and doing. Help yourself; pay your union dues, and act like men, not children.

Yours truly,
NONPAREIL.

ON A HOLIDAY TOUR.

(From a Correspondent.)
BLACKPOOL, ENG., July 16, 1891.

MR. EDITOR,—I have ventured to trouble you with these notes, thinking that the matters of which they treat may interest some at least of those who left this land to better their fortune, as was my own case. This is a comparatively new seaside summer resort, which a few years ago was a worthless waste, but where now land for building lots on the sea front is selling as high as £40 per square yard. But we will leave the land and speak of the people. This place "takes the cake" easily for excursions and picnics. Montreal is not in it. The towns for nearly 100 miles away send their quota, every manufacturing concern, sooner or later in the season giving all their hands a trip here for a day. They come here in crowds, and early in August are at the maximum, as many as eighty thousand people coming in a day. The season is about ten weeks, and in this time the shopkeepers expect to do three-fourths of their year's business. Most of them close up their shops during the winter months, and like the bears in Canada go in for their winter sleep. If they do keep their places open a little longer it does not pay the rent except in the case of grocers, butchers and bakers, for of course people must have something to eat. This is the El Dorado of hackmen. In the busy season they will make an average of \$12 to \$15 a day. Others who drive parties out into the surrounding country, distances of ten to eighteen miles at the low price of 1s to 1s 6d for the round trip, also do a big business. The vehicles are wagonettes of a comfortable description holding from sixteen to twenty passengers, and as the roads are most excellent two horses, and they seem to be very good as a rule, are fully capable of doing the work. A little mental arithmetic will show you that the financial result must be satisfactory, as they always have full loads. Now, as to the crowds of people who come here; they seem to be the beau ideal of a healthy and contented working class, with some characteristics that strike a close observer forcibly. The first, to my mind, is a remarkable uniformity of face, of the women especially, from any given district, but not to such a marked degree in the faces of the men. In their clothing the women display a very strong weakness for anything that can by any stretch of courtesy be called furs, but truth compels me to say that you rarely see any of them that is as good as a second rate article in Montreal. The men almost universally wear a hideous cap not much larger than a tea saucer with a peak. About half of the men have clean; of the other half, one-third wear beards full, the remainder whiskers or moustache. Men and women are alike in speaking with a strong but not unpleasant provincialism in dialect. Now, as to markets; demand and supply seem to meet the wants of the people fully. Vegetables are good though backward; fruits are good, especially strawberries. I will not dilate on them further than saying I wish that I could just drop a few on your desk; they would be a revelation to you. There is another point which I cannot like, but that may be charged to my ignorance. It is the fierce competition in all the places where refreshments are supplied. You will see at a place equal in appearance to the Terrapin, a man standing outside the door and shouting out the delights and merits of a sixpenny breakfast as provided by the particular establishment. The same state of things prevail when you drive out to Fleetwood or Lytham or any of the rural resorts. At every door you are invited to enter with the invitation that in these places only can you be served in any way commensurate with your deservings.

I have not had any chance of talking matters over with any representative workmen. There are no manufactories here at all, and the workmen who come here seem to have left all cares behind them and have only their pleasure in view. I don't know but that we Canadians might copy them in this respect with some profit to ourselves. In my next effusion I will try and give you a few notes as to what I have seen and heard, and the different phases in which every day life has to be viewed here, as you will probably be of the opinion that this is long enough for one dose. Hoping that no harm will come to Montreal, and yourself in particular meanwhile, I will say
AU REVOIR.

A Case Under the New Act.

The validity of the new act of the Legislature granting workmen employed on buildings by contractors and to whom wages are due, the right to stop payment by the proprietors to the contractors, will soon be

tested before the courts, as an action for the recovery of wages has just been entered against a firm of contractors in this city by one of their workmen, who has also stopped payment in the hands of the proprietors of the building. The new law also gives workmen the right to sue the proprietors personally after giving them notice that they are unpaid, if they cannot recover their debt from the contractor.

The police this year have been called into requisition to help in the distribution of the water rate accounts, about 60,000 of which have already been sent out.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.
5000 Sold in Montreal.
21 Styles to Choose from.

SOLE AGENTS
FOR CENTRAL CANADA:
WILLIS & CO.
1824 Notre Dame St.,
(NEAR MCGILL STREET.)

Tuning and Repairs
done in an artistic manner
at reasonable rates.
Also Tuning by the year.

J. CHURCH,
30 Chaboillez Square.

If WORKINGMEN desire to obtain for themselves, their wives or their little ones HONEST GOODS at fair prices call at the above address and examine the stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES** to be found there.
The styles are up to date, and the workmanship is guaranteed to be of the best, while the prices are away down to rock bottom.
Quality considered, I have several remarkably cheap lines of strong, durable and well-made Boots for Men and Boys, Women and Girls, which you would do well to see.

Note the Address:
30 Chaboillez Square.

Canvas and Tan LEATHER Boots and Shoes
RONAYNE BROS.
17 Chaboillez Square.

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards; also money advanced on goods. Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.
JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent,
156 St. James

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!
MILLAR'S
Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Cider, &c.
To be had at all first-class Hotels and Restaurants.
69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

S. CARSLEY'S Annual July Cheap Sale.
Begins every morning at 8.30 a.m.

JULY CHEAP SALE, DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.
New Dress Goods, all shades, 10c
New Dress Goods, reduced to 12c
Plain Dress Goods, 15c
Fancy Dress Goods, 15c
Variety of Colors in Dress Goods, 19c
Variety of Patterns in Dress Goods, 19c
All-Wool Dress Goods, 25c
All shades in Dress Goods, 25c
New Dress Materials, 30c
All Designs in Dress Materials, 30c
Recherche Designs in Dress Goods, 35c
Elegant Shades in Dress Goods, 35c
All-Wool Foulle Serge, 15c
All-Wool Foulle Serge, 19c
All-Wool Foulle Serge, 25c

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.
Good Plain Dress Materials, 8 1/2c
Fancy Striped Dress Materials, 8 1/2c
New Checked Dress Materials, 8 1/2c
Spotted Dress Materials, 8 1/2c
Nun's Veiling, all new shades, 27c
All-Wool Nun's Veiling, 30c
All Shades in Nun's Veiling, 34c
All-Wool de Beiges, 19c
All Colors in de Beiges, 25c
Double-width de Beiges, 29c
Grey de Beiges, in various shades, 29c
Challies, New Stripes, 6c
Figured Challies, 8 1/2c
Double-width Challies, 18c

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.
Cashmere Beiges, all shades, 60c
All-Wool Cashmere Beiges, 60c
Colored Cashmeres, all-wool, 46c
Every Shade in Cashmere, 57c
Good French Cashmeres, 71c
Best Quality Cashmeres, 85c
Henrietta Cloths, all shades, \$1.33
Silk and Wool Henrietta Cloth, \$1.33
Fancy Striped French Delaine, 36c
All-Wool French Delaine, 36c
Cheviot Tweeds, double width, 26c
New Designs in Cheviot Tweeds, 32c
Cheviot Tweeds, Fancy Patterns, 35c
Cheviot Tweeds, for Tailor Costumes, 54c
Cheviot Tweeds, for Travelling Dresses, 72c

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.
Black All-Wool Serge, 26c
All-Wool Black Dress Serges, 40c
Black Dress Serges, double-width, 60c
Black Nun's Veilings, all-wool, 20c
Double Width Black Nun's Veilings, 38c
Double Width Black Nun's Veilings, 49c
Black Grenadine, 9c
Black Checked Grenadine, 12c
Perfect Black Grenadine, 14c
Black Grenadine, all-wool, 39c
Double Width Black Grenadine, 50c
Silk and Wool Grenadines, \$1.33
All-Wool Cashmeres, 31c
Blue or Jet Black Cashmeres, 50c

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE. MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
Silk and Beaded Capes, \$1
Silk and Beaded Capes or Visites, \$2.16
Beaded Capes, new styles, \$2.28
Nicely Beaded Black Capes, \$2.32
Silk Visites, handsomely beaded, \$2.80
Latest Styles in Beaded Visites, \$3.20
Very Fine Beaded Visites, \$4.20
Ladies' Black Summer Jackets, 33 1/2 discount
Black Braided Jackets, 33 1/2 discount
Velvet Shawls, 25 per cent discount
Chudnah Shawls, 25 per cent discount
Waterproof Shawls, 25 per cent discount
Scotch Tweed Shawls, 25 per cent discount
China Silk Shawls, 25 per cent discount

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.
New Tweed Ulsters, \$1.69
Cheapest Ladies' Ulster in city, \$1.69
Numerous Patterns of Colors, \$1.69
Ladies' Dolman Ulsters, \$1.69
Ladies' Dusters, \$1.65
Dusters, all Ladies' sizes, \$2.59
Travelling Dusters, all shades, \$2.80
Numerous Patterns in Dusters, \$3.20
Stylish Travelling Dusters, \$3.52
Large Stock of Ladies' Dusters, \$3.60
Immense Assortment of Dusters, \$5.55
Special Seaside Ulsters, \$4.95
With Capes, worth \$10, for \$4.95
Ladies' Black Ulsters, \$4.13
Long Black Ulsters, \$4.85

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.
Waterproof Cloaks, \$1.04
Waterproof Cloaks, new shapes, \$1.08
Misses' Waterproof Cloaks, \$1.14
Waterproof Cloaks, guaranteed, \$1.16
Various Patterns in Waterproofs, \$1.32
New Styles in Waterproof Cloaks, \$1.52
Waterproof Cloaks, various lengths, \$1.72
New Patterns in Waterproofs, \$2.60
Waterproofs, Perfect Goods, \$2.80
Tweed Covered Waterproofs, \$3
Tweed Covered Waterproofs, \$3.20
Well Ventilated Waterproofs, \$4
Waterproofs, Sewn Seams, \$5.04
Light Weight Waterproof Cloaks, \$6.16
Best Quality Ladies' Waterproofs, \$8.16

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

Henry M. Stanley fractured his left ankle joint while on a walking tour in Switzerland.

A Boulangist demonstration held at Paris on Sunday was attended by 4,000 persons. M. De Roulede, in a speech, eulogized the steadfast patriotism of Gen. Boulanger. A resolution was put asking that the Government recall Mr. Herbert, French ambassador, from Berlin, and that they treat Germans in France as Germans treat Frenchmen. A free fight ensued, and a crowd of Anarchists entering the meeting hall, put the Boulangists to rout.

The Prince of Naples, eldest son of the King of Italy, has been visiting Queen Victoria at Osborne.

At a mass meeting held at Paris on Sunday under the auspices of the committee of national food supplies, resolutions were adopted against the new tariff and approving a memorial to the Senate against the misery and suffering threatened by duties levied solely for the profit of private interests.

The United States immigration commissioner had a long interview at Liverpool with Anderson, the leading Mormon representative there. He expressed the anxiety of the Mormons to conform to the law, and said that as polygamy was illegal it must be abandoned.

General Booth, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, sails for Cape Town on Tuesday on a tour of the world. He has a presentiment that he will never return, and has arranged all his affairs accordingly.

In the British House of Commons on Monday Henry John Atkinson, M. P. for Boston, England, was expelled from the House for a week for charging the Speaker with abuse of power in placing on the records of the House that he (Atkinson) had frivolously challenged the accuracy of divisions.

A school of over 100 whales was recently driven by the tides into Widelord Bay, near Kirkwall, on the Orkney coast, Scotland, and hundreds of the inhabitants of that district, armed with weapons of every description, rallied to the spot and began slaughtering the huge creatures and dragging their carcasses ashore. Not a single one escaped.

The Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, has ordered the priests in his diocese not to say mass nor attend the funeral nor recommend the deceased to the prayers of the congregation in any case where intoxicating drink is supplied at the wake of a deceased person or at the funeral.

Arrangements have been completed for the lighting of bonfires on the hill tops for long distances in Ireland on the night of the release from prison of Dillon and O'Brien.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet on Tuesday evening in honor of the Prince of Naples.

The hold of the steamship Utopia, which was wrecked at Gibraltar a few months ago, is so charged with gases that it has become necessary to suspend the work of searching for and removing corpses, of which many still remain in the hold. On Tuesday the body of a woman was recovered with that of an infant clasped to her breast and another child clinging to her clothing.

Kate Greenfield, the English girl who, it was recently alleged, was abducted at the Turkish consulate at Soujoulak, Persia, in defiance of the English consul, has been examined by the British consul at Teheran. She declared she was a convert to Islamism and followed her Moslem husband willingly.

The London police on Tuesday evening made a raid on the United Exchange Club pool room in Chespeide. They smashed the windows and doors, entered the rooms and arrested many persons who were awaiting the result of the Goodwood races.

Two Italians and one German were arrested on Tuesday at Como, Lombardy, for sketching and securing plans of the forts of that city. It is supposed that the men were employed by foreign governments.

American.

Sunday was a day of gloom in Dayton, Ohio, caused by mourning in many families over an awful disaster to the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad excursion train at Middleton on Saturday night. The train, when it ran into Middleton, broke a draw-bar while pulling into a siding, and in the delay of recoupling, the freight train came along. The cars into which the freight ran were plunged into a mass of debris, and dead and crushed human beings. It is said the dead number fifty. Scores had their legs or arms broken or otherwise horribly injured. News of the disaster spread over the city like wild-fire, and the depot was soon filled with anxious families whose relatives were on the unfortunate train.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searle, wife of Edward F. Searle, the New York architect, and widow of the millionaire Mark Hopkins, of the Pacific slope, died at her mansion at Methuen, Mass., on Saturday as a result of la grippe. Her first husband left an estate valued at \$60,000,000 and Searle's wealth is now estimated at \$40,000,000. He was poor

when he married his now deceased wife, whom he became acquainted with while employed as an architect to supervise the construction of Mrs. Hopkins' house.

Canadian.

A new-order-in-council has been issued regulating the hours of civil servants. It provides that in future the hours of work shall be from 9.30 to 5 every day, except Sundays and statutory holidays. It has also been decided that hereafter no extra clerks shall be allowed holidays at the expense of the Government.

A large deposit of copper ore has been found on the farm of Major Wagstaff, at Chatham, Ont. A syndicate, it is hoped, will be formed and the copper will be mined. Smelting works will be located at Ruthven, and a line of railway connecting the mines and the smelting works built.

The biggest mortgage ever registered in Nova Scotia has just been filed with the registrar of deeds at Amherst. It secures to certain English capitalists the whole plant and roadway to the Chignecto Ship Railway. The consideration is \$3,500,000.

Wm. McDougald, aged 18, and his brother Angus, aged 16, are under arrest at Halifax for attempting to wreck the Cape Breton express near Boisdale a few weeks ago. They opened a switch and ran the train into a ditch, the intention being to throw her over an embankment.

The new Toronto by-law suppressing Sunday speakers in the parks was put into force on Sunday. Some stones were thrown at the police engaged in the work of breaking up crowds, but no serious disturbance occurred.

Senator Odel died at Halifax on Saturday night of apoplexy after a brief illness.

Work on the Chignecto ship railway will be suspended at the end of next week by orders cabled from London.

An infant child of Col. Boswell, commander of the 90th Battalion, Winnipeg, was drowned on Monday at Rat Portage, where the family are camping.

Members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange estimate the Manitoba wheat yield this autumn 30,000,000 bushels, barring mishaps.

Orders were received at the Militia Department office at Quebec on Tuesday afternoon from Sir Adolphe Caron to discharge his nephew, Henri Pelletier, whose name was mentioned in the investigation now going on at Ottawa.

The second mate of the Norwegian barque Tram, at Sydney, C. B., shot one of the seamen on Tuesday night. The mate excuses himself by saying the man was attempting to desert.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife.

It is perhaps worth noting that since the daughters of Henry VII—both queens—married into the peerage there has, I believe, till the present day been no instance of a direct descendant of the sovereign being a child of a peer of England or Scotland.

Margaret Tudor was queen of Scotland, and married, for her second husband, the Earl of Angus, her daughter Margaret marrying the Earl of Lennox. Mary Tudor was queen of France, and married, secondly, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, their daughter Frances marrying Guy, Marquis of Dorset.

Till our present queen's reign the House of Hanover has refused to ally itself with the nobility of Great Britain, even the marriages of George III's brothers with ladies not of royal rank being so bitterly resented as to cause the passing of the royal marriage act. This act was the more disastrous, as the limitations of the Protestant succession narrowed so greatly the choice of suitable partners for our princes and princesses from the courts of Europe.—Notes and Queries.

Relative Strength of Men and Women.

By means of a specially devised instrument a French scientist has carried out some experiments for determining how the average strength of the two sexes compares. The palm of the hand is placed on the instrument, and then the greatest downward pressure which the individual can give is exercised upon it, and the force thus produced is recorded by the usual clockwork device. Fifty robust men, and the same number of healthy women, both belonging to the middle class of society, with ages varying from twenty-five to forty-five years, were tested in this way by the Paris scientist.

The strongest man of the company was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to eighty-five kilograms (a kilogram is rather more than two pounds) and the weakest to forty kilograms, the average being fifty-six kilograms. One curious result was arrived at: The short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of two sizes being only three kilograms. The force of the strongest woman of the fifty who were selected amounted to only forty-four kilograms, and that of the weakest to sixteen kilograms, while the average was thirty-three kilograms.—Herald of Health.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The Cornwalls are still on top of the heap, having won their match with the Capitals by four goals to one. It must have been the hardest of hard luck that kept the Capitals from winning, for they played unmistakably better right through the match; on the other hand, the Cornwalls had all the luck and one of the umpires besides on their side.

The Crescents met with a second defeat last Saturday, this time at the hands of the St. Gabriels, and the way in which they were done up was a surprise to their friends, who never expected such a result. The St. Gabriel men played a remarkably fine game, outplaying their opponents at almost every point. The score stood: St. Gabriel, 3; Crescent, 2.

The Orients whitewashed the Junior Shamrocks to the tune of three straight.

The most interesting match to-day will be that between the Orients and St. Gabriels. Both teams are high up in the race for the penant and whichever wins to-day's match will in all likelihood get there finally.

The Shamrocks meet the Ottawas to-day in the Capital, and as several changes have been made in the positions of players on the first named team, besides being strengthened by two or three new hands, a different result it looked for to what has prevailed hitherto.

The Shamrock team for to-day's match will be selected from the following players: Foley, Dwyer, Duggan, McVey, Neville, Moore, Kelly, Murray, Exley, McKenna, O'Neill, Tansey, Cafferty and Tucker.

The Montreal Juniors go up to Valleyfield to-day to play a friendly game with the Valleyfield club.

CRICKET.

The Bohemians defeated McGill by a score of 52 to 27.

Hochelaga scored 71 runs in their match with the Beaver Cutlers, who ran up a total of 53.

Montreal travelled up to the Capital city to suffer defeat after a fine game. The following were the scores: Montreal—1st innings, 51; 2nd innings, 65. Ottawa—1st innings, 67; 2nd innings, 52, with 5 wickets to fall.

B Company, St. Johns R. S. L., met the Point St. Charles Club in a two innings match and won by 66 runs. The scores were: B Co—1st innings, 77; 2nd innings, 84. Point St. Charles—1st innings, 66; 2nd innings, 29.

QUOITING.

The competition in the Montreal Quoiting Club's competition for the gold medal has been concluded, with the result that the coveted trophy was won by Mr. H. Trepanier, the silver medal being won by Mr. A. McIntyre.

In a friendly quoiting match on Saturday the Montreal Club beat the new Caledonia Club by 77 points. The scores were: Montreal, 232; Caledonia, 155 points.

At a meeting of the Dominion Club on Saturday evening it was decided to try and arrange friendly matches with the other three city clubs, namely, Montreal, St. Gabriel and Caledonia, for the first three consecutive Saturdays.

THE RING.

The boxing match arranged between Jim Smith and Ted Pritchard for \$5,000, which was to have taken place on Monday morning in the rooms of a London club, has been postponed. When the men met it was found that Pritchard had more than the stipulated number (ten) of supporters present, and Smith's backers refused to allow the fight to proceed.

Charles Johnston, of Brooklyn, on behalf of John L. Sullivan, has deposited \$1,000 to bind a match with Francis Patrick Slavin to fight for the championship of the world. The money is to be held until September 1 for Slavin or his backer to cover, Johnston insists that the fight shall take place in America. The news that Sullivan had posted the money was cabled at once to England.

The prize fight between Geo. Dixon, of Boston, and Abe Willis, of Australia, took place at the gymnasium of the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, on Tuesday night for a purse of \$5,000 and the bantam weight championship of the world. Dixon finished the Australian off in five rounds. Much interest was taken in the match, and there were a large number of sports present.

Austin Gibbons and Jack McAniff after a good deal of talk have signed articles to fight to a finish for the lightweight championship of America, \$1,500 a side and a purse of \$4,000 put up by the Athletic Club of Hoboken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A team of English amateur cricketers, it is said, will visit America this fall.

F. P. Murray, of the Acorn A. A., is the champion amateur walker of the world and holder of the championship record.

The Pittsburg Dispatch has published a cablegram to the effect that Stanbury, the Australian sculler, intends sailing immediately for America. William O'Connor,

whom Stanbury would row if he came, has not had any intimation of a visit from his Australian rival.

Hanlan and O'Connor will go to Hamilton in a few days to put in the last days of their training on the water where the big double scull race will be held.

There are 3,003 wheelmen in Bristol, England. Eleven hundred and twenty-three are club members and 1,900 unattached. Eleven per cent. ride tricycles, 7 per cent. ride ordinaries and 82 per cent. safeties.

A team of English footballers playing under Rugby Early in October, finishing up with several matches in Canada before returning home.

The Manhattan Athletic club's club house stands on the corner of Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, New York, and is without doubt the handsomest athletic club house in the world. It cost something like \$2,500,000, and is not yet finished. It contains a tremendously large gymnasium, a 200 yard running track, besides a large billiard room, restaurant, baths, shooting galleries, card rooms, meeting rooms, and a theatre. Everything is finished up in the greatest magnificence. From basement to dome one finds nothing but bronze and marble and beautiful frescoes and hard wood. It is a veritable palace.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

"There's just this about it," said Sally Price; "Mr. Metzert ain't goin' to be no loser by us, and that settles it."

"He'll get paid for his kindness in heaven, anyhow," returned Susan, tearfully.

"Heaven!" The scorn in Miss Price's voice was for Susan, not the country she had named.

"He's goin' to get pain right here on earth, and you can just take hold and help me, Susan Price, instead of settin' a snivellin'." Some folks thinks a deal too much of heaven, anyway.

"Why Aunt Sally?"

"It's as true as the Gospel, child. I don't say but it's a nice place, heaven, after you get there; and when you're real tired, and hungry, and sick, and not a minute to tak' a long breathe, it's a solid satisfaction to think as there's a time coming when you won't have to eat, nor breathe, nor work no more; but I don't believe in settin' on your haunches when a man's feedin' you out of his own pocket, and talk about his havin' his reward in heaven. If folks that talk so much about heaven hereafter would quit right off, and set to work to make things a little more like heaven here, 't would be lots better. We, includin' Polly, wouldn't 'a been so near the other place, Susan Price, if things were run on that plan here below."

"That's so," answered Susan, meekly.

"I went once to see a preacher, and ask him to get us somethin' to do," said Sally. "It wasn't long after we come to town, and before we'd begun sewin' on Sunday, so I went Sunday afternoon. He was a real nice man, always shook hands with both hands, and had an awful affectionate manner, and I thought he'd be the very one to help us. Well, he said he was sorry we were so badly off, though he guessed there was others worse off than us; that was before our good clo'es wore out, and I looked pretty nice. Then he told me how many people in his congregation were in want of somethin' to do; and said we ought to be thankful for any kind of a job, no matter how little it paid."

"Well," I don't know about that," said Susan.

"I do," cried Polly, impetuously. "A job that takes all your time to earn enough to keep from starving is just robbery and slavery, that's all."

Aunt Sally assented gravely. "If you leave your work to look for another job you are sure to starve before you find one," she said, "and you might as well be chained to an oar, like those people in ancient history. Fact is, we was worse off than galley slaves, Sue; for 'twas the captain's interest to keep them alive."

"But it's nobody's interest to keep sewing-women alive," said Polly, bitterly; "there's plenty to take our places if we drop. The labor market is overstocked, they say."

"That's what my preacher said," replied Sally; "and all the comfort he had for me was that, if I did my duty, and came to church reg'lar, I'd get to heaven finally. I thanked him for his good advice, but I ain't been to his church since."—From Metzert, Shoemaker.

Edward Handcock and his wife Elizabeth were charged in the Toronto Police Court on Tuesday with the wilful murder of their daughter Sophia. Both the prisoners looked nervous. They were remanded for further evidence.

The San Francisco Evening Bulletin admits that California, which is usually described by its newspapers as an earthly paradise, complete in every detail, is singularly deficient in song birds. The English sparrow is charged with having driven away the linnets, which is represented to have been abundant in the coast countries a few years ago. Associations have been formed for the importation and naturalization of singing birds.

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A VISION.

Last night, in the sweetest dream,
I saw my mother's face
Aglow with warmest love,
As we met with fond embrace.
O brightest, holiest hour!
Where lay thy mystic power!
A wind sighed 'mong the leaves;
The clouds hid all the light;
My dream was o'er. My heart still grieves
For her who came last night.
This morn on a grassy mound,
The summer sun shines bright;
The lily lowly bends
Robed in her garments white.
The rose its petals cast;
Too sweet, too bright to last.
Sweet saint, serene and bright!
To me the bliss was given
To lure her from her home of light.
But ere the morning skies were bright
She wandered back to Heaven.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Jagson says he has found more grass wid-
ows in clover than in weeds.
Man wants but little here below. But
woman wants something all the time.
Women will always confess their sins, but
I never knew one to confess her faults.
One reason why some people are not so
wicked as others is because they haven't had
so good a chance.
Jack—Did she sit on you? Cholly—No.
Her mother was in the room, but she let me
hold her hand.
Twice during the year man feels the need
of rest—just before his vacation and again
immediately after.
Maud—I wonder why they call it the
angry sea. Webb—Perhaps because so many
people persist in crossing it.
Is there no hope, doctor? asked the dying
Congressman. No. Then if I must die tell
the boys to place the limit at \$5 and drink
nothing but champagne on the funeral train.
Jake Ikenstein—Rebecca, on mein knees
I imbrores you to pe mein vife! Rebecca
Lowenkrantz—Shake, git oop! Vat vosh
you dinking out; dose bants gost more as
tree dollar.
Inspector of School—Now, children, what
can birds do that we cannot? expecting, of
course, that they will say fly, but they do
not. One bright lad puts up his hand and
says: Please, sir, lay eggs.
Visitor—So your poor husband has passed
away, Mrs. Murphy. He died happy, I
hope? Mrs. Murphy—O! think so, mum.
The larsh thing he did was to crack me
over the head wid a medicine bottle.
Look here, said the wrathful young law-
yer, I thought you swore to give a verdict in
accordance with the facts? Wal, answered
the juryman, thoughtfully pulling his beard,
the facts didn't turn out as I expected 'em
to.
Dutiful Daughter—Now, mother, don't
ask me to marry that man. I admire and
respect him, but I do not love him. Practi-
cal Mother—Oh, that don't matter. You
won't see him often enough to grow tired of
him. He's a politician.
Now, little boys, can you tell me, said a
Columbus teacher, what the effect of tobac-
co is upon the system? Little Billy, who
has wrestled with his first chew, promptly
held up his hands. Well, Billy, what is the
effect? Makes ye wisht ye wuz dead.
He Had a Dead Sure Scheme.
Wiggles is a large, healthy looking col-
ored boy who worked in a popular down
town resort last winter and through the
spring. As soon as the racing season opened
he disappeared, but yesterday he turned up
again with a scrupulous suit of clothes and a
tie that could beat Ajax defying the light-
ning.
Where have you been Wiggles—what are
you doing now? asked one of the barkeep-
ers.
Oh, I've got a dead sure scheme to make
de dus now, I has, he replied.
How do you work it?
In, I've tontin.
What's that?
Why, it's easy. You g'wover to de races
ad spozen de's five hosses in de race, you
jest gives five diffrent fellers tips. You
gives each one a diffrent hoss, an' one of
um's sure to win. He's got ter. Den w'en
de race is over you hunts up de man you
gave de winner to, an' collect from him an'
steer clear of de oder guys, see.
It Was Such a Bargain.
A peripatetic Levi, son of the chosen race,
entered one day a dressmaker's place and
showed for sale a small cheap cotton duster
of the color of the linen ones.
Here, said he, is a nice, cheap lit' linen
dress, joost right for lit' girl twelve years
old. I sell you this for twenty-five cents,
only twenty-five cents.
Thank you, said the dressmaker, but I
don't want it.
The peddler urged and urged and was re-
fused.
Haf you, then, no lit' sister? he asked;
that joost fit a lit' sister, and only twenty-
five cents! Such a bargain!

He was told there was no little sister in
the house.
Oh, that's too bad, said Levi; then, it al-
most would pay you to adopt a lit' girl for
such a bargain as that.
All Broke Up By Temperance.
I don't know what I will do, said a Wash-
ington woman.
Family trouble? asked her neighbor from
the next porch.
That's what it is. It all came of his
keepin out of nights.
I can sympathize with you.
Well, I don't know whether you can or
not. You see, about three weeks ago he
started out, promising to be back at half
past eight. He didn't come back till ten,
and as soon as I saw him I knew there was
something the matter with him.
Intoxicated, I suppose?
No, indeed. He'd got into the society of
some of these temperance people and signed
the pledge. Now that he's done it of course
he's got to stick to it. First his digestion
and then his nerves give way, an' now there
ain't any livin' with him, much less cookin'
for him. I declare, she said with an explo-
sion of woe, I never heard of a husband yet
that was fit to be trusted away from home a
half hour at a time.

A Professor's Theory and Woman's
Reply.
This is not so bad when you get through
the preface. A professor at Ann Arbor,
Mich., was discussing the process of fertil-
izing plants by means of insects carrying the
pollen from one plant to another and to
amuse them told them how old maids were
the ultimate cause of it all. The humble
bees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the
humble bees; therefore, the more field mice
the fewer humble bees and the less pollen
and variation of plants. But cats devour
field mice and old maids protect cats.
Therefore, the more old maids the more cats,
the fewer field mice the more bees. Hence,
old maids are the cause of variety in plants.
Thereupon a sophomore, with a single
eyeglass, an English umbrella, a box coat,
with his trousers rolled up at the bottom,
erose and asked:
I sa-a-y, professor, what is the cause—ah
—of old maids, don't you know?
Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you, suggest-
ed the professor.
Dudes! said Miss Jones sharply and with-
out a moment's hesitation.

Boys' Odd Definitions.
A recent school examination stability
was defined as the cleaning up of a stable.
What comes next to man in the scale of be-
ing? inquired an examiner. His shirt, was
the reply. Asked to give the distinction, if
any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy
nicely defined them: A fort is a place to put
men in and a fortress is a place to put wo-
men in.
A teacher asked a very juvenile class
which of them had ever seen a magnet. A
sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots
of them. Where? asked the teacher, sur-
prised at the proficiency. In the cheese.
Being asked what conscience was, a boy re-
plied, An inward monitor. Asked what a
monitor meant, the ready answer was, An
ironclad vessel.
An examiner was dealing with grammat-
ical diminutives, and particularly with the
force of the suffix "kin"—maunikin, a lit-
tle man, etc. On his asking the lads to give
him a few examples of such diminutives, a
number of eager hands were soon raised.

The gentleman, much gratified at such a
ready response to his question, pointed to
one of the lads for an answer.
Lambkin, a little lamb, was the reply.
Very good, indeed, said the examiner, and
pointed to another lad.
Tomkin, a little Tom, was the answer.
Now, my lads, he pleaded, do take time
before you speak. The last answer was a
little off. And he pointed to a little fellow
behind, who had been trying to attract his
attention. Well, you my lad.
Pumpkin, sir, a little pump.

Spolling a Sure Thing.
Witnesses are often too much for the law-
yers, sighed Senator Frank McGowan yes-
terday. I was once employed to defend a
case up in Humboldt County, and after ex-
amining into the merits of the question, I
decided to attack the character of the plain-
tiff, who was a most vulnerable man. As a
result I found any number of witnesses wil-
ling to testify, but the evidence of one par-
ticular man was needed to clinch the case. I
went to him and told him I wanted to have
him subpoenaed. He acknowledged that he
was familiar with the plaintiff's record, but
objected to appearing in court as a witness,
saying that it would injure his business.
Deaf to his appeal, I had him subpoenaed,
and when he was called to the stand I
fancied that my case was as good as won.
Mind you, I had already produced a great
array of evidence to prove that the man was
a perfect moral obliquity and I smiled con-
fidently. As my last witness took his seat I
said, looking him squarely in the eye, You
know the plaintiff, do you not?
Yes, sir.
What is his character in the community,
so far as you know?

The witness eyed the ceiling thoughtfully
for a moment and as he directed his gaze to-
ward me he replied, slowly: Well, I should
say it was just about the same as your own,
Frank, just about the same as your own.
The spectators broke into laughter, which
of course was frowned down by the court,
but I deemed it best to let the matter drop
at that point and dismissed the witness.
Folks From the Country May be a
Little Green, but They're Smart.
He was a Farmers' Alliance advocate
right out of the first furrow from the fence
corner and it showed on him badly, but he
did not think so at all.
He had come to the hotel late in the eve-
ning and had repaired to his room at once.
Half an hour later his bell rang and a boy,
answered it and he called for the clerk.
When that accommodating necessity of hotel
life appeared the guest enquired with
great composure of manner:
What kind of hotel do you call this, any-
how?

We call it a good one, sir, answered the
clerk, showing off a bit.
Well, I don't.
Why not? What's the matter with it?
I'll show you in a minute. Look there,
pointing to the hand grenades in the rack
on the wall. Why ain't there a corkscrew
with them bottles? Do you s'pase a gentle-
man opens bottles with his pen-knife or a
nail when he wants a drink?
You're quite right, assented the clerk
meekly. It was an oversight, and I'll go
right down and send up one. I hope you'll
excuse us for putting you to so much trouble.
That's all right, young man, he said pat-
ronizingly, as the clerk started to go out; us
people from the country may be green about
some things, but we know just a little about
how a hotel ought to be run. By the way,
he went on as the clerk was trying to get
away, I guess you'd better send up a pair of
snuffers for this gas, too. I notice you've
got a sign up not to blow it out, and I ain't
been able to find a pair of snuffers high or
low.
Then the clerk, promising many things,
went down stairs, sent up the corkscrew and
the snuffers and left the office in charge of
a large, muscular night watchman, with
maps and diagrams of the situation up in
No. 18.

Another Step.
A large number of important private con-
cerns in various branches of industry and
trade have lately been transformed into
stock companies, whose shares have been
eagerly taken by the "public at large."
While the apparent effect of such trans-
formations is to be distributed among a
comparatively numerous class of small
capitalists—including the better paid em-
ployees, agents, etc., who can afford to take
some shares—profits that were heretofore
pocketed by a few wealthy partners, they
are in reality a part of the process through
which greater concentration of industry and
wealth is finally accomplished.

It was originally argued in favor of the
corporate form of association that it afforded
to the humblest but thrifty worker the
means of becoming pecuniarily interested in
the enterprises which his labor built up and
made prosperous. Knaves asserted and
fools believed that a tighter bond of union
between capital and labor—that is, between
the capitalist and the laboring classes—
would thus inevitably be formed. And it
must be granted that the immediate effect
of throwing open to the public the subscrip-
tion books of stock corporations to which
public franchises and public functions had
been granted, was to pour into the coffers
of those companies the small individual
savings of many, considerable in the aggre-
gate and without which, under our economic
system, the first large enterprises could not
have been so readily carried out. Another
effect was also to convert every small share-
holder—clerk, foreman, servant, etc.—into
a mean gambler, strongly attached to the
capitalist system by the hope of profit with-
out work. But we know the final result;
we know how the corporation wrecker, the
stock manipulator, the banker, the broker,
the fellows who gamble with loaded dice,
froze out the small fry and came into ex-
clusive possession of the industries.
Not only is the transformation of private
firms into stock companies, that is now go-
ing on at an unprecedented rate, a mere
continuation of this same pickpocket pro-
cess, but it is a further step toward trusti-
fication. Individual firms or partnerships
are naturally averse to combinations in which
their operations and affairs become more or
less subject to the control of others; where-
as corporations have a natural tendency to
first combine, federate, and finally merge
into one body under the management of the
"fittest."
It is safe to predict that within a few
years no branch of industry or commerce
will to any extent be carried on by indi-
vidual firms. Corporations will have entire-
ly taken the place of the latter, and the stocks
of all will have passed into the hands of a
few billionaires.—The People.

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Reflections on Current Events by
the Boarders.

"If the boodle investigation at Ottawa proves anything at all," said Gaskill, "it is that the people of Canada are being systematically robbed by a set of officials who, for barefaced corruption and fraud, equal anything inside of our penitentiaries. From the evidence given so far it appears that not only were the members of the Government aware of this wholesale robbery but that some of them at least actually shared in it. I do not believe that the people of this country are sunk so low, or are such abject slaves to party rule as to condone such criminal practices even in their party leaders, and honest and fair-minded men of every political stripe should unite and hurl from power a clique which has become a gangrene on our body politic and a positive danger to the commonwealth, nor yet should their labors cease until every man of them from the highest to the lowest is landed in the penitentiary. This investigation at Ottawa is a travesty of justice calculated to shield the offenders from the arm of the law; what the people should insist on is that legal proceedings be instituted against every one of the gang in our criminal courts and that their trial be as short and their punishment as severe as is meted out to every other criminal. That, and nothing less than that, would be justice."

"If some insignificant clerk with a half-starved family attempts to defraud his employer," said Brown, "the machinery of the law is at once set in motion and everything done to secure his conviction; no matter how severe the sentence which the court may pass upon him employers generally, and his employer in particular, still regard it as not being severe enough and few, if any, find fault with them; the people have no sympathy for a criminal. I contend that it is just as criminal to defraud the public as it is to defraud the individual, and I say furthermore, that you and I and every other citizen in our collective capacity are the employers who have been defrauded in this case, and in justice to our employees, to ourselves and to the State, we should proceed against these people in the same way in which we as individuals would proceed against anyone who attempted to defraud us. To send one criminal to jail and simply dismiss the other one who has committed as great a crime as the first, the only difference being that he defrauded me and others in our collective capacity, is unjust, unfair, and detrimental to society in breeding contempt of the law and degrading public positions until no really honest man will be found willing to fill them. To let these boodlers off by simply dismissing them is a crime perpetrated by parliament against the nation and will in years to come bring down upon us just retribution. The incumbents of all public offices from the position of a two-penny-half-penny market clerk to that of a Minister of Public Works are already being looked upon by the great mass of the people as thieves in a greater or lesser degree, according to their opportunity of getting their hands into the public money chest, and whether this assumption on the part of the people is right or wrong, no man will say that the lenient action of the Government towards the boodlers will tend to secure an honest class of men."

"To talk of honesty in connection with a Government which is as corrupt as ours has been proved to be," said Phil, "is all rôt. Our Government don't want honest men; it has positively no use for them—it will never employ an honest man knowingly—until rogues, and bribetakers and bribegivers are scarce as hen's teeth. In all our public departments from top to bottom, from janitor to head of department, all are on the grab; everyone

has his price, varying from a glass of beer to a five thousand dollar check, and you know it. Why, therefore, talk of honesty in the administration of public affairs. There is no such a thing; there can be no such a thing with the highest offices of the country filled by men who have acquired their position by wholesale debauchery and corruption and who maintain themselves in power by practices which would land anybody else in penitentiary. There is only one way out of the difficulty, and that is for all honest men, regardless of party, to resolve to purify politics by combining to 'turn the rascals out' and filling their places with men of integrity and honor. Few such, if any, are to be found in either of the old political parties, and a new party would have to be organized from which all Liberal or Conservative office seekers and office holders would have to be excluded. This bribe must be politically killed before you can hope to kill corruption. The Liberal camp is as full of thieves and boodlers as the Conservative one, and to merely turn one out in order to instal the other would be useless. What this country needs is an honest party of honest men whose ambition is to serve their country faithfully and who will not prostitute their position to enrich themselves or their friends."

BILL BLADES.

SCRAPS FOR CIGARMAKERS

The success of the Cigarmakers Unions of this city will only be attained by unity of action, and while two unions exist and are carried on in the manner that they have been since the formation of the second union that harmony and good feeling which should exist will never be realized. The members of both unions ought to give this matter their serious consideration, and bring about a consolidation of both unions. There are many reasons why two unions in the one trade and city should not exist.

1st. In questions that affect local matters two unions look at the same question from different standpoints and very often, instead of helping, buck against each other.

2nd. In time of trouble I find totally different methods of treatment, but no unity, and the result is that we assist in defeating our own aims by being divided.

3rd. Progress ceases when there are too many divisions. Instead of working for the cause which we are organized for we find men who will sacrifice the organization to benefit themselves, and all through the fact that there were too many divisions, which gave them an opportunity to use the organization for a time and then sacrifice their principles when it suited them.

4th. Again, it costs double the amount of money to conduct the union and in no way increases the revenue.

5th. It requires two sets of officers to conduct the business of the union, which is an unnecessary drain on the funds and causes much dissension where, on the other hand, by having only one union the extra set of officers could devote their time in trying to devise some means to better the condition of the general body, which would be productive of more good.

Past experience ought to be our guide, and if the members will only consider this matter in an unbiased light they will find that previous to the existence of the new charter the meetings were better attended on the whole and more interest taken in union matters than at present, and instead of continually bucking against one another to their detriment, they will combine and be more successful in their endeavors to overcome the schemes of those tyrannical and unscrupulous employers who stop at nothing in their desire to accumulate wealth. I do not think that my views on consolidation will meet with the approval of all the members of both unions, for there are many minor affairs that could be brought against such amalgamation, but those objections are of little or no importance when we consider the great benefit of knowing that when we intend or decide on a certain plan of action that it will be carried out in a much more satisfactory manner than under the present system. I would be pleased to hear from some of the members on this subject, and though I fail to see any great benefit that has been or will be derived by having two separate charters in this city, nevertheless I am open for conviction, if it can be shown where the benefits and necessity exists for two unions among such a small number of members as in this city.

The appeal referred to in last week's issue of THE ECHO was received by the union on Saturday last, much to the discomfort of the appellant, who denied having appealed against Union 226, but admitted having

done so when shown a copy of his letter from headquarters. On the whole it is not a very creditable piece of business and will be one of the causes that he can attribute his defeat to as delegate to the convention. The appeal was a masterpiece of "ifs," "ands" and suppositions, and on the whole was as clear as mud.

Why does not the union insist that the members of the Advertising Committee attend to their business and take the same active interest in devising means to place our label before the public as they do in the election of a delegate? The Advertising Committee ought to carry out their work and show that they are willing to do what is in their power, by holding meetings and reporting to their respective unions, or else give way to men who are willing to advance the interests of the union. The unions should make it a special point at meetings to see that the committee report or know the reason why.

The many friends of Ben, the telegraph aeronaut, will be pleased to hear of his return after a two months' sojourn in the country, which has greatly improved his health.

The change in the management of one of the large factories, it is to be hoped, will be an improvement all round.

It is to be hoped that a special meeting of both unions will be held for the purpose of instructing the delegates to the convention, and that there will be united action on the part of the delegates in all matters of importance and not as occurred at the last convention, where each delegate, acting on different instructions, often came into contact with his brother-delegate from the same city which was the cause, to a certain extent, of matters equally affecting both unions being thrown out by the Committee on Resolutions.

Don't talk of what you want, intend or would like to do. Do it.

SCRAPS.

J. B. Prive, a former employee of the Canadian Bridge Co., has taken an action against them for \$3,000 damages on account of injuries received while in their service in July, 1890. Plaintiff alleges that being called upon by the foreman of the works to help in removing an iron pillar, the men who held the other end of the pillar let go their hold, the consequence being that the heavy piece of iron fell on the other pillars near by that were not properly placed, and one of them rolling, broke his leg. He has been unable to work ever since and states that he will be crippled for the rest of his life. For all those reasons he claims the amount of damages mentioned.

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