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A STOKER'S LIFE.

The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a stretch in a temperature ranging from 120 to 160 degrees, says the Popular Science Monthly. The quarters are close, and they must take care that while feeding one furnace, their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of the quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each; then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off and waits for another call to his furnace. When the watch is over the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the fore-castle, where they turn in for eight hours. One man, 28 years old, who was interviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnaces since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds, and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but "it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly. But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves, we are all right. Here's a mate of mine, nearly 70 years old, who has been a stoker all his life, and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the English and American lines, because the men got drunk too often and the grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd throw in my coal like a giant and not mind the heat a bit, but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could lift me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires, and the heat would sober him off in half an hour or give him a stroke of apoplexy."

THE K. OF L. CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY—SPIRITED SPEECH BY MR. W. DARLINGTON.

District Assembly 18 of the Knights of Labor celebrated the eighth anniversary of the founding of the Order in this Province by a social entertainment and ball, which took place on Monday evening last in the Victoria Rifles Armory Hall. There was a large audience present, who frequently manifested in unmistakable manner during the progress of the entertainment the pleasure they experienced. Mr. John Goodfellow, Master Workman of Maple Leaf Assembly, presided, and opened the proceedings with a few pointed remarks, which were well received. The entertainment opened with a piano solo by Miss Wheeler, followed in rapid succession by songs, dances and recitations by a number of well-known amateurs. Among those who took part were Miss Mary Kitts and Miss Mabel Fyfe (a pretty little miss of tender years, who recited her lines in a very taking way) and Messrs. S. Lunn, F. Buno, E. Fordham, McGlynn, W. McDonnell, Anderson, P. J. Dalton, Hayes and Pearson. The singing of "Mr. Dunn" was greatly admired. This gentleman is the possessor of a bass voice of good timbre, and his rendering of "Nil Desperandum" would have been faultless had a little more animation been thrown in. He received a well merited encore, which he responded to by giving "Steering Home." The dancing of Mr. Fordham in the sailor's hornpipe and Messrs. Hayes and Pearson in refined Irish jigs was also greatly admired and rapturously encored. Mr. Bruno sang his Dutch melody in excellent style; while Mr. P. J. Dalton's make-up and recitation of "Paddy the Piper" was all that could be desired. The entertainment was brought to a close with a dramatic performance by three members of the Grand Trunk Dramatic Club—"Barney's Courtship"—in which Miss Kitts bore away the honors by her clever acting and good singing in the character of Mollie. She was well supported by Messrs. W. Walmsley and J. Penfold. During the evening Mr. W. Darlington, District Master Workman, delivered the following address, being frequently applauded during its progress:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—When I go to a concert, as a rule I go to enjoy myself, and I presume you do the same. You don't go to hear out and dry speeches, and although I see I am on the programme to deliver an address I will assure you it shall have at least one of the best points of a first class sermon, that is brevity. But it is necessary, on such an occasion as this that I should make some reference to our noble Order and its history in this city. I may say that eight years ago this very night the first Assembly of Knights of Labor in this province (after several ineffectual attempts) was founded. Although not a charter member, I joined the order soon afterwards. For some time the membership was small, but by and by it rapidly increased, and some few months afterwards the first French Assembly, called Ville Marie, was formed. This Assembly has at present, and has had since its formation, some of the best and truest members there are in the whole order. And now, you will ask, what have we done to benefit the working-man? Well, when the order in this city was about fifty strong they had the audacity to inaugurate a fight with the City Council on the Statute Labor Tax question. (Applause.) Some people say this is a "chestnut" because we mention it so often. Well, we admit this; but it was a pretty hard nut for some of the addled aldermen who opposed us to crack. When you come to consider we had to organize ten thousand men before we won you will agree that we had plenty of work before us. And to-day we are fighting the Council on the Water Tax question—(applause)—and if we have got to organize ten times ten thousand to win we are bound to come out first. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Now, to go back. After the order had been started eighteen months we organized Progress Assembly in Point St. Charles, and just about this time the Grand Trunk Railway reduced the wages of its employees five per cent., and were about to reduce them five per cent. more, which they eventually did, the result being that the men left their work and set in a body. But what could they do? They were a disorganized mob; they did not know whether they could rely upon each other if they re-

mained out, so they went to work, but with a determination to join the Knights of Labor, which they did. In the space of a few months, although done in a very quiet way, Mr. Carleton, of the General Executive Board of the Order, came on here and had an interview with some of the officials, the result being that the men got back the ten per cent, they had been reduced. (Applause.) Is that not something to the credit of the Knights of Labor? And what did going back to the old rate of wages mean? It meant more home comforts not only for the men but their families, better trade with the retailers, more business for the wholesalers, and more goods to be manufactured. So high wages means good times all round for everybody. The heavy carters have also received good and substantial benefits through the order. They now receive higher pay, less Sunday work, and what they never got before, that is, pay for overtime. The same with the gas stokers, who now receive 25 cents a day more than ever before and with less Sunday work. Again, I ask you, is this not something to be proud of? And I might mention dozens of other branches of trade that has received similar benefits through belonging to the Knights of Labor. And just look at the wonderful effect the order has had upon public opinion. We find the people of the United States almost ready to nationalize their telegraphs and railways. We find it even affecting popes and emperors, for the Emperor of Germany is advocating socialistic measures and the Pope is coming out with an encyclical on socialism, in which he admits that the labor question is the most important question of the day. We also have with us one of the purest and noblest of God's creatures advocating our cause. I mean that true Christian, the venerable Cardinal Manning. Why, we shall soon have all the clergy preaching true Christianity, and what will be more wonderful still, they will be practising what they preach. (Laughter and applause.) Now, my friends, just for a moment I want you to imagine you are on the top of the mountain, viewing Montreal. You know nothing of the present social system; you can see and hear all that is going on for the first time. The first and nearest things to you are some nicely laid out streets with palatial residences; then comes some more a little lower down not quite so costly; then lower still you see Point St. Charles, Griffintown and the riverside. All this part down near the river is dotted over with factories, mills, workshops, and small tenement houses, hovels, stables, and several other things rented for people to live in. And if you knew nothing of how we managed things you would naturally suppose that the men, women and children who were working in those factories and workshops from early dawn till close of day well deserved to live in the fine houses by the mountain after working so hard, and those who did not work deserved to live in small tenement houses, hovels, or anything else, but when some one told you that the workers lived in the small houses and hovels and the drones lived in the fine palatial residences by the mountain, you would naturally exclaim: "What fools those workers are!" They build fine houses and live in hovels; they make the most splendid furniture and have to use twenty-cent chairs for their own homes; they make the most beautiful carpets and very few of them can get a piece of oilcloth. In fact, they simply produce all this good to make life worth living for and then allow a small percentage of the population, called the upper classes, to step right in and confiscate it. Why are five thousand able to take and hold for their own use the production of fifty thousand? The five thousand have the common sense to keep well organized, and five thousand well organized soldiers can at any time defeat fifty thousand of a mob. Now, the question is: When will the fifty thousand have sense enough to organize so that they may have the full fruits of their labors? Let us hope the time is not far distant when the workers will look this matter straight in the face, in an intelligent manner, and follow the example set them by those who to-day rule over them, and organize for their own benefit. If there are any here to-night who do not belong to any labor organization, I would earnestly join us; we are fighting your battle as well as our own, so come and help us. And in the meantime, to organized labor as well as unorganized, let me ask you to aid us at all times by patronizing union made goods, for by doing so you encourage employers to employ union men, and rely upon it that ere long there would be no demand for any but union labor,

and above all, be sure and patronize the labor press, for that is the greatest friend we've got. In conclusion, I may say I believe that if all the workers on this continent were organized, in less than two years there would not be a single millionaire left, neither would there be a tramp. (Applause.)

At the close of the entertainment the hall was cleared for dancing, which was taken part in by over 100 couples, and kept up till an early hour the following morning. The committee are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts, as the entertainment itself and the audience were worthy of the occasion. The gentlemen who had charge of the arrangements were: Messrs. J. Goodfellow, M. H. Brennan (who acted in a very efficient manner as master of ceremonies), John Murphy, — Hannan, M. Pasley, George Maze, W. Gallic, W. Sandlands, P. J. Ryan and L. E. Calaghan.

MISTAKES OF THE TYPES.

Quite recently a leading London daily concluded its obituary notice of the late Baron Dowse as follows: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who as wisely shall love their country, may follow him." Not long ago an American paper gave a curious account of a Western millionaire. This concluded by observing that "he arrived from California about twenty years ago with only the shirt to his back; and since then he has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate ten millions."

A Newcastle paper, again, had the following, the composition, no doubt, of the advertiser: "The Gleaner is one of the trust and faste t boats on the Tyne; her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable, her crew skilful, steady and outgoing, being newly painted and decorated for pleasure trips."

The leading paper in Queensland, a few months ago, in reviewing a book, remarked: "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguard's works of imagination." But the next issue had the correction: "For 'other blackguard's,' please read 'Rider Haggard's.'" A financial paper had: "I would ask Lord Salisbury, Mr. W. H. Smith and Balfour, who are always telling lies, that by our agitations," etc. The correction afterward appeared—"are always telling us."

A ludicrous effect is sometimes produced by the intermingling of the matter belonging to different paragraphs. In a Lancashire evening paper this curious obituary notice was inserted not long since: "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in the city lately, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent member of the local temperance association." Another Lancashire print has the lines:

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the aperient spring."

A little girl who was with her mother out shopping was promised some picture cards by the clerk. After awhile she whispered to her mother: "Mamma, what will we do if he forgets? Oh, we'll jog his memory, was the reply." When the purchasing was completed both the clerk and the mother had forgotten, and as the latter turned to go she was surprised to see the little girl strike the clerk on the head with her little red parasol. Why, Minnie, what did you do that for? she exclaimed. I was only joggin' his remember, was the reply.

A good story is told of a grey African parrot. It was usually kept in the nursery along with its owner's children, and its greatest delight in life was to see a baby bathed. One day, however, it was somewhat suddenly taken from the nursery to the kitchen, where its cage had not been placed above an hour or so when the whole household was horrified by the parrot shrieking in the most piercing tone, "Oh the baby, the dear baby!" Of course everybody rushed in hot haste to the kitchen. Here they found the parrot, wild with excitement, watching—the roasting of a suckling pig!

Speaking of England, John Rae says: "In the wealthiest nation in the world every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper; one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad; the agricultural laborer and large classes of working people in towns, are too poorly fed to save them from what are known as starvation diseases; the great proportion of our population lead a life of monotonous incessant toil, with no prospect in old age but penury and piteous support; and one-third, if not indeed one-half, of the families of the country are huddled six in a room in a way quite incompatible with the elementary claims of decency, health and morality."

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW LODGINGS.

It is late October, but where Walter Litton has, for the present, taken up his abode all nature still wears her summer dress. It is early morning, but the air, though welcome and refreshing, breathes on him soft and warm as he stands on the balcony in front of his lodgings and looks out on sea and shore. As the morning advances, the growing glow and heat are such as soon to drive out here from the balcony into his chamber, a scantily furnished room—as furnished apartments go in England—but wonderfully clean for Palermo; the reason of which can best be explained by an introduction to the proprietor of the house, whose modest knock at the door has already been repeated without arousing the attention of his new tenant, absorbed by the duties of sea and land.

A small, spare Sicilian, who now enters with the breakfast equipage, Signor Baccari, like his house, has a half-baked look, which might lead the uncharitable to suppose him averse to the use of water; he was indeed averse, for he was a Sicilian, but for all that he used it, being, as we shall hear, a man of a vow—though to no saint—to do so.

"Good morning, signor. You have slept well, I trust?" said he in tolerable English.

"If I have not, it was no fault of the arrangements made for my comfort," returned Walter warmly.

Baccari bowed, and showed his teeth, white as the mice of any organ-grinder of his race.

"To please the friend of one's friend is to please one's self," he answered. "So soon as his letter reached me, said I to my wife: 'Scrub everything—the tables, the chairs, the floors.' It was Signor Pelter's weakness to have everything scrubbed; and the weakness of those we love is to be respected." If Signor Pelter had been dead and his Sicilian friend had been referring to the fulfilment of his last request, his tone could not have been more grave and pathetic.

"Your good will is, I am sure, reciprocated," observed Walter smiling. "When Mr. Pelter found I was resolved to visit Sicily he said: 'I have one good friend there; if you visit Palermo, ask for Signor Baccari, in the Piazza Marina. I spent a winter at his house in my young days, when I thought I was going to be a Raphael, a Murillo, a Tintoretto—three single gentlemen artists all rolled into one.' You remember his style."

"Is it possible to forget it? Heavens, what a genius he had! I have in my little room above stairs his view of the harbor. It is the place itself! He was ever upon the sea, you know—the deep, smiling, treacherous sea!" And Signor Baccari crossed himself like lightning, and muttered something that sounded between a curse and a prayer.

"You do not like the salt water, then, you self?"

"I! How can you ask me who know what happened! I detest it! I abhor it! I fear it worse than the brigands. What! body of Bacchus, did he never tell you why—he who preserved my Francisco?"

"Never; he only mentioned that you and he were old friends."

"Is it possible? To be sure, he is not one to talk of his good deeds; if so, he would be always talking. And yet, look you, because he is a heretic there are some who would hold him worse than a brigand. Bah! what stuff.—Forgive me, signor, for spitting on the ground. That was one of his prejudices, and it should have been respected. 'If you must spit, my dear Baccari,' he would say, 'spit in the sea.' He was so droll?"

"But how was it he saved your Francisco?"

"O, sir! we were in a boat together—Francisco, then a little child, my wife and I, all fools for being there—with the signor and a fisherman, out in the next bay to the west, yonder, which is more beautiful than this, folks say, or than the Bay of Naples. But to my wife, with the child in her arms, nothing seemed so beautiful as to watch the reflection of his innocent face in the deep, deceitful sea. So, while she was leaning over the boat-side—it is terrible even to tell of it!—the boy leaped out of her arms; there was a little splash, and then all the light of our life was quenched forever!"

"But your son was not drowned, for I have seen him."

"No; thanks to Santa-Rosalía—and a heretic—he was saved. Our friend was with us, brave, agile, and who swims like a fish. Hardly had that little splash faded from our ears—as the knell of a death bell flies away—when there was a big splash—that was Signor Pelter; O, sir, I shall never forget it!—a header," he afterwards

called it; and he then comes up with the child in his mouth—I mean, in his arms—like a water dog. It was nothing short of a miracle. What could I say to that hero, who had thus rescued our darling from the jaws of death? Nothing—nothing that could make him understand my gratitude! 'Oh, what,' cried I, 'noble Englishman, can I ever do for you or yours?' 'Wash, my dear Baccari, wash a little occasionally, for my sake,' was his reply. Hence it is that our house alone, in all Palermo, is always water flooded. 'You will die of the damp,' say the neighbors; but we are not dead yet, neither I nor my wife nor our good Francisco. Is it wonderful that we have done Signor Pelter's bidding, and are always clean! Is it wonderful also that to me the sea is more terrible even than the brigands!"

"Are the brigands, then, so very alarming?" inquired Walter. "I understood that you good folks who dwell in towns at least were safe from them."

"Safe! Holy Rosalia, nobody is safe!" answered the other, sinking his voice. "It is not safe even for us two to be talking of them. They have spies everywhere, allies everywhere. Why, the Marina yonder is the only road in Palermo that a rich man dare take his pleasure upon. On all other ways—if he goes to Messina, for example—he must take a mounted escort. To think that a couple of miles out and in is all that a man dare travel here in Palermo because of brigands!"

"My dear Mr. Baccari," said Walter smiling, "it appears to me, since our friend Pelter never even so much as mentioned their existence, that you have got brigands on the brain."

"Pardon, signor; it seems so, doubtless.—Your breakfast is prepared."

It was evident that the feelings of the little lodging house keeper had been wounded. In vain, before sitting down to his meal, Walter endeavored to explain away his unfortunate observation.

"The Signor Litton is mistaken; I am not out of my mind, as he has been pleased to imagine," was all that his apologies could for some time extract from his host. But presently, when Walter had explained to him that in England there were no brigands, absolutely none, and that therefore all reference to such unpleasant folks had for him an air of fable, he grew mollified.

"The signor, then, is blest in his country," was his grave observation, after which he inquired whether it had always been so favored.

"Well, we had once robbers and outlaws," admitted Walter, "but certainly never in broad day and in the neighborhood of our towns. There was Robin Hood, for example, centuries ago, whose land, however, was said to plunder the rich only and not the poor."

"Ay, but these rogues, they plunder everybody!" put in the Sicilian, once more astride upon his hobby; "though it is only when some great man has suffered that the affair is made public. My neighbor here, Loffredo, for example, a man as poor as myself, was taken up the mountain last spring, and had to pay so much for his ransom that he and his family are beggared."

"I would have let them kill me first!" exclaimed Walter indignantly.

"Yes; but your wife could not—that is, if she loved you, as in this case. Loffredo refused to pay more than such and such a sum—which would not have utterly impoverished him—whereupon one comes down here into the very next street yonder and brings something with him. 'Madam,' says he to Loffredo's wife, 'do you recognize this ear?' They had begun to mutilate the poor fellow; and without doubt he would have died by inches had she not sold all and sent the required ransom."

The good man's manner was so earnest, so pathetic, that Walter was tempted to observe: "I trust, Signor Baccari, that you yourself have never suffered from these villains, either in purse or person?"

"Thanks be to Heaven, never! But my Francisco was once taken; he was acting as guide to a French gentleman, and, fortunately, being so small a fish, they made use of him in another way; they sent him into the town to state the price of their captives when, only think of it, Francisco himself was thrown into prison upon the charge of treating with brigands! The poor innocent lad! Our rulers, you see, cannot put down these thieves; but when a man is taken by them they throw obstacles in the way of obtaining his liberty."

Walter could not but acknowledge that this was indeed a pitiable state of affairs, though in his heart he thought his host was intentionally exaggerating matters. An element of humor also mixed with his compassion for Signor Baccari, whose fate it

was to live on an island, where on the one hand the sea was forbidden to him, and on the other the land. It seemed impossible for any man, not absolutely a prisoner, to possess a more limited horizon in the way of movement.

Yet Signor Baccari was by no means dispirited by these peculiar circumstances of his existence; his talk, when it was not upon the brigand topic, was as gay and lively as the twitter of a bird; no stranger would have had a better guide than he to show him the lions of Palermo, and if Walter had cared for gossip, the private history of every household in the place would have been at his service, for Baccari knew it all. Francisco, his son, a lad of talent, seventeen or eighteen years old, was generally, however, Walter's cicerone. This youth was a study for a painter; tall, slight and sunburnt, with poetic grace in his every movement and a certain cold indifference in manner that would have been contemptuous but for its sweetness; just as, when a king's air is cold and apathetic, we call it royal. He had no conversation, but since he could speak no word of English that was of no consequence to Walter, who on his part possessed but a smattering of Italian, and no Sicilian save what he found in his pocket dictionary. Still, the two got on very well together, Francisco's eloquence of gesture doubtless making up for a good deal. But what made him especially valuable to Walter was that, unlike his father, he was passionately attached to the sea, and well skilled in the management of a sailing boat. In vain had Baccari forbidden him, even when little more than a child, to tempt the treacherous smile of the Mediterranean; he had ever taken his greatest pleasure upon it; and now that he was a man—according at least to Sicilian reckoning—he was, in all except the name and the attire (which his father would not permit him to adopt), a sailor.

Litton, too, notwithstanding the attractions which Palermo offered to his artist's eyes, was seldom content to be on shore, nor even in the waters immediately about the harbor. It was daily his practice to take boat and put to sea; to escape from the landlocked bay, with its sheer steep, until they seemed to dwindle before the presence of snow-capped Etna—a hundred miles away. Ever and anon, Walter would intermit his watch upon the sailless sea to take from the pocket of his sketch book a printed extract from a new-paper, which he would read and read again, as though to assure himself that in the end his patience must necessarily be rewarded: "On Wednesday last, from Plymouth, the yacht Sylphide (Christopher Brown, Esquire) for Palermo." The weather had been charming; even the Bay of Biscay must have been tolerably tranquil during the passage of the voyagers, but still the Sylphide came not. It was unreasonable in Walter to be so impatient, for he himself had started from England on the Thursday by Paris and Marseille for the same destination, and the iron horse was, of course, an overmatch even for the swift-winged Sylphide. Moreover, she might have touched at Gibraltar, or even at Marseille itself. But there was still another alternative, the thought of which haunted Walter, blurred all beauties of land and sea to his curious eyes, and made him sick at heart. The voyage, in place of benefiting Lillian's health, might have injured it; the Sylphide, perchance, might have put back, or, making for some port, its passengers might have disembarked and gone home by land. Thus, day after day went by in fruitless expectation; his sketch book, notwithstanding the temptations that on every side appealed to him, remained almost blank; his hand refused its wonted office; it was only by forcing his mind into the shafts, and making that draw, in the shape of acquiring the Sicilian language, that the time could be made to pass for Walter at all. Making every reasonable allowance for probable delays, the yacht was now a fortnight behind her time, when on a certain evening, just as their own little sailing boat, far out at sea, had as usual put about for home, and Walter, sunk in dependency, was thinking whether it was worth while to remain in Sicily at all, Francisco touched his elbow, and, in his cold indifferent tones, observed: "Inglese sheep." Walter started to his feet and gazed to westward; there was many a white sail studding the blue deep, as stars the sky, but he noticed no addition to their number.

"There," said Francisco, nodding lazily towards the extreme horizon, where something like a puff of smoke was barely visible; "Inglese yat."

His sharp and practised eye had detected something in the shape of the sail which announced at once her class and nationality. "Let us put back and meet her," exclaimed Walter eagerly, thinking not of the yacht but Lillian.

Francisco opened his almond eyes a little, the only expression of wonder he ever allowed himself. "Why so, signor? when with the breeze she must needs be in Palermo before us."

"So they held on their course, while the

"Inglese yat" fulfilled Francisco's prophecy by gaining on them hand over hand. For the rest of the voyage, Walter had no eyes except for her. What was the flaming glow of sky and sea compared with that first gleam which glittered on the sail that brought his Lillian from the under world! What was the purple tint of evening upon the mountain sides to the rose-colored dreams of love! On she came, the yacht ever nearer and larger, till it overtook their little craft. Walter had no need to read the name that was writ in golden characters upon the bows to know it was the Sylphide. An instinct seemed to assure him of the presence of the treasure that was being carried past him—of the neighborhood of her he loved. From under his broad hat he scanned the deck with furtive glance, though indeed there was but small chance of his being recognized. No newspaper had recorded, under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence," Mr. Walter Litton's departure from Beech street, Soho, for Sicily. By all on board who knew him, he was thought to be hundreds of leagues away, and by all save one—perhaps even by her—to have given up the object of his life as unattainable. But he was there close at hand, if not to win, at least to watch over and defend his Lillian. She was not on deck, nor did he expect her to be, for the evening air was chill. Sir Reginald alone, besides the members of the crew, was visible. He was standing in the bows, with a cigar in his mouth, looking intently towards the town, which they were now rapidly approaching. To judge by his frowning brow, his thoughts were far from pleasant ones, but they would have been darker yet had he known that the light bark with in but a few feet of him, and on which he did not even waste a glance, carried his whilom friend to the same port.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DANGER.

Among other things—but all connected with one tender topic—that troubled Walter's mind as his boat followed the English yacht that evening into Palermo harbor, and then lay at a prudent distance from her moorings, to mark who should leave her for the shore, was the question of conscience: "Have I a right thus to play the spy?" Here were an English gentleman and his family come abroad for health or pleasure, and was it fitting that they should be dogged and watched by one who, if not a stranger, had (though certainly through no fault of his own) forfeited the right to be considered as a friend of the family? Did not this very necessity for concealment on his part itself imply a certain meanness? What would be the judgment of any disinterested person upon such underhand proceedings? What must Francisco, for example, think? to whom he had given his orders to keep the boat in the shadow of an Italian steamer that happened to be anchored near the station which the Sylphide had taken up, and consequently afforded a convenient place of espial. Probably Francisco, engaged at that moment upon what was very literally a supper of herbs which, with some blackish bread, he had just taken out of his pocket, did not think much about it; yet, even in the presence of Francisco, Walter felt ashamed. He remembered a certain argument he had once held with Jack Pelter upon the subject of anonymous letters, in which he (Walter) had contended that under no possible circumstances could a right-minded, honest man—far less a gentleman—be justified in writing one. "What! though no other means of redressing wrong or warning an innocent person of some peril should suggest itself?" Jack had inquired; and he had answered: "No; not even in that case."

The surprise he had experienced at hearing his friend express a contrary opinion—for Pelter's nature was, he knew, ingenious to a fault—had impressed the circumstance upon him, and it now recurred to him with particularity. "Your argument, if pushed to extremity," Jack had replied, "would imply that nothing but straightforward conduct should be used, no matter against whom we may be contending; that in savage warfare, for example, we should employ no subtleties, nor even take advantage of the cover of a tree, and that against criminals we should scorn to call to our assistance the arts of the detective."

"The profession of the detective is one authorized by law; but what is called an amateur detective," he had replied, "is one in love with deception for its own sake, and therefore hateful to every honorable mind."

"But if one is persuaded that a crime is about to be committed, it is surely the duty of every man to avert it by such means as lie at his disposal. It is easy indeed to imagine a case—no personal advantage of course of our own being involved in the matter—where almost any means would be justifiable."

It was curious enough that an aimless talk carried on in Beech street, over pipes and beer, should thus recur to him with such force and vividness; but perhaps it may be that no idle word, even spoken in jest, but bears some fruit in this world, as

we are told it will do in the other. At all events, Jack's opinions, which, when they were uttered, had failed to convince his opponent, now gave Walter comfort in affording him arguments of self justification. True, in this case he had no cause to suspect that any wrong, far less any crime, was about to be committed; yet Lillian's expressed apprehensions, combined with his own estimate of Sir Reginald's character, did give him considerable though vague anxiety on her account, and did afford him at least a colorable pretence for playing this clandestine part of guardian angel. And, at all events, he could honestly affirm that self-interest in no wise moved him in the matter. It was not to win her for himself that he was acting thus; she seemed as far out of his reach—and as adorable—as any saint seems to her worshipper; and if sacrilege was threatening her, it was his duty to avert it. It was perhaps fatal in him to imagine that any such was being meditated; but if so, here was no harm done in his keeping watch over her, thus unknown and afar.

As soon as the yacht had come to anchor he saw Sir Reginald go below and presently reappear in company with a lady, veiled and cloaked, whom he concluded to be Lady Selwyn. They got into a boat with some luggage and were rowed ashore, not to the Dogana, as he expected—Sir Reginald was not a man to submit to the inconvenience of a custom house, if money could ransom him—but at Porta Felice, whence they drove in the direction of the Marina. After their departure Mr. Christopher Brown came upon deck, and walked slowly up and down with his cigar, enjoying doubtless that first opportunity of a level promenade; but Lillian did not make her appearance. Walter did not wonder that she had not gone ashore with her sister, shrewdly guessing that, after so long a companionship with Sir Reginald, she found his absence more enjoyable than the land; but it did surprise him that on a night so mild and tranquil she did not come on deck to enjoy the glorious panorama that for the first time offered itself to her Saxon eyes. A light in the windows of the stern cabin served to mark her shrine. It was still so early that it was unlikely she was weary; so therefore she must needs be ill. Yet, in that case Sir Reginald would surely have procured medical advice; and he did not return.

There seemed nothing to be gained by watching longer, yet Walter remained for hours, long after the owner of the Sylphide had retired below, till the sky grew black and the stars came out above the mountain peaks. Then the patient Francisco, duly guarded for his long vigil, put him on shore. As he walked towards the Marina he saw a tall figure standing under the porch of the Hotel de France, which he once more recognized for the ex-captain of dragons. Sir Reginald and his wife had established themselves, it seemed, within a few doors of his own lodging.

(To be Continued.)

A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL PROPRIETOR.

Winnipeg, the great Canadian prairie city of the West, is destined to become a place of vast importance. From a commercial point of view it will always be the great distributing point for Manitoba and the Territories, owing to its magnificent railway facilities. Winnipeg may justly be termed the commercial Mecca of the Northwest. In the matter of hotel accommodation, the city is away ahead of many places of the same size in the East. Among the many popular hotels may be mentioned the Leland House, of which Capt. W. D. Douglas is the genial and obliging proprietor. The Leland House has a reputation second to none in the West, and, as at present conducted, is a credit to Winnipeg, and without doubt deserves the large measure of patronage which the traveling public accord to it. The popular proprietor, Capt. Douglas, owing to pressure of business and confinement, was some time ago troubled with dyspepsia and indigestion, and a general feeling of lassitude, which made existence miserable and almost intolerable. The Captain, with great good sense, commenced the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and in a short time all these troubles were banished, and good health restored. The Captain says:—"I can recommend it with confidence to all who need such a valuable tonic."

Paine's Celery Compound is a sure and certain remedy for the worst cases of dyspepsia and indigestion; its work is sure, safe and permanent. For nervous debility, insomnia, headache and a used up feeling, it is acknowledged to be the greatest boon ever offered to mankind.

Why is it dangerous to go out in the spring time? Because every flower carries a pistol—the grass has blades, the trees shoot, and the bull-dog is out.

Mother—Bobby, you shouldn't speak as crossly to your father. You never hear him speak crossly to me. Bobby—He doesn't, ma; he's just like me, he doesn't

[Written for THE ECHO.]

WORKINGMEN! ROUSE YOURSELVES.

By CYRILLE HORSBOLT.

From Melbourne to London, and from Moscow to Washington, are heard incessantly and with ever-growing force the sullen murmur and well founded discontent of labor against the increasing abuses and encroachments of that horde of speculators and monopolists who, in the midst of the liberty and progress of this age of enlightenment, have brought their operations to so bold and brazen a standpoint that no obstacle, however formidable, seem to them insurmountable which stand in the way of their insatiable greed. These scourges of humanity are to be found at every spot that offers to their fertile and corrupt mind the opportunity of plunder whereby they may enrich themselves and enjoy easy and luxurious lives at the cost of the humble and enduring workman. These human parasites are seen on every round of the social ladder: among potentates of ill-omen and gang that surrounds them; with those forming that section of society composed of flibusters, but politely termed the lords of finance, down to the lower circle of certain small and rude shopkeepers and manufacturers. This latter have also the ambition to elevate themselves above the lowly but respectable class in which they were born, and, in order to turn their dream of wealth into reality, think no way more simple and natural than that of treading on the backs and shoulders of those whom cruel circumstances have placed at their mercy; indifferent are they, thinking nothing of the heavy burden imposed, caring nothing for the inevitable result, making their victims prematurely aged, shortening their lives, crushing them without remorse or pity, leaving them in prospect—after forty or fifty years of hard service rendered to society—naught else but the ignoble alternative of ending their miserable existence within the walls of a degrading almshouse, or to be picked up some morning on the icy flagstones of the sidewalk, where the last breath of the wretched victims of human rapacity has been exhaled, overcome by cold hunger and exhaustion, while their small or great lords and masters are, tranquilly enjoying, in the midst of comfort, luxury and splendor those delights secured to them through labor,—labor bathed in the sweat, and often in the blood of these unfortunates.

Of that large army of creators of the world's wealth, which should be the property of those who have taken an active part in its creation and perpetration, the large number get barely sufficient wage in exchange for their work to maintain a mean and meagre existence. Every trades union or body of laboring men have grievances to complain of and right to maintain, and endeavor, in the midst of the struggle which they have begun, to find some way of redressing the one and securing the other. Many unions have already obtained satisfactory concessions, which, although partial and less than just, have nevertheless powerfully contributed to the amelioration of their social condition. But there are other workers, we are sorry to say, who seem entirely indifferent to their fate and appear to be willing to remain in the same position where dwell their ancestors before the deluge.

I will cite one of these trades, in which I am particularly concerned—that of the bakers. There are men, or rather living machines, who, for more than a quarter of a century have not, so to say, tasted the natural enjoyment, common to brutes, of a peaceful night's rest. It is a rare thing in many places for them to work less than 15 to 20 hours in a day. Sunday is for them a dead letter. Whilst others enjoy the day according to their individual taste, the bakers must remain at home and devote the morning to repose in order to be able to get through their burdensome task which, O shame, begins early in the evening and ends on Monday. They know nothing of the sweetness of family union permitted to the majority of mortals, and what is their wages compared with other artisans? And yet no other trade, not even the printers possess a means of action more radical and telling than the bakers, and which would be more efficacious if they only understood how to employ them wisely to ameliorate their sad condition. Between the two branches of industry—the bakers and the printers—there exists, from a material and intellectual point of view, a certain analogy which no one can deny. The one sustains the physical, the other the intellectual life. But, while acknowledging the necessity of intellectual nourishment, we must aver that the bakers belong the right of primacy by the indispensable necessity of their daily product. Everybody will admit that before enlightening the mind, bread must be had to satisfy the needs of the stomach. The union of our intelligent brethren of the press is an accomplished fact and works marvellously well; will the bakers follow

their example and walk in their footsteps? Let us hope so. If they would reflect a little and act in unison, it would not even be necessary to have recourse to a strike, which, in any case, is always a hindrance to the victors as well as to the vanquished. Twenty-four hours would suffice to bring to an agreement the most stubborn employers and throw off the most degrading bonds under which bakers now endure the existence of pariahs. They might break forever the heavy chains which they mutually forge, and the remedy is as simple as it is efficacious—namely, unity, sincerity and harmony.

Bakers come out of your shell, and cast away false prejudice and that want of reciprocal confidence of which your enemies take advantage and by which they encourage rivalry amongst you in order the more easily to exploit you. Act, and before long you will be forced to confess how blind you were, and the darkness in which you so long groped will be replaced by light. Many have already answered the call of brothers devoted to a noble cause, and, guided by principles of justice, probity and disinterestedness, have cast their lot with the Union. You cannot, on the other hand, too carefully guard against certain imposters with honeyed speech who creep among you; for these intriguers, under pretext of organizing you, seek only to bring confusion in your ranks—their object being to create for themselves some sinecure. Trust the honesty and good faith which has been tried and proven. To the indifferent I should ask, will you listen to the voice of reason? It is for you the only hope, the only plank of safety, the means of freeing yourself from the unmanly slavery under which so many groan, and by their own fault. By uniting you have everything to gain. You will secure a method of work more worthy of men and more in rapport with the age in which we live. Unity will afford you the opportunity to assist at the reunions of men from which you are necessarily excluded, and enable you to take an active part in all discussions affecting your interests.

Frequently we hear some workers grumble about the arbitrary demand of certain employers. Undoubtedly there are everywhere natures hard and despotic, but it would be well for such workers to reflect that in most cases they have nobody to blame but themselves. Is it not a sickening and degrading thing to see some obliged to humble themselves in going from door to door offering their services at an abatement, like some vile commodity? It is the business of those who cannot dispense with their services to come to solicit them; for workers should never forget that the sweat drops moistening their forehead are more serviceable to the good of humanity than all the pearls and diamonds—fruit of our labor—with which the moths of society deck themselves.

Let us hope that the time is not far distant when every individual of both sexes forming the legions of respectable artisans will comprehend that it is to the different trades unions that belong the right of fixing on a reasonable basis the limit and the value of the services given by each of their respective members. To the bakers we make a fervent appeal to cease to give two days' labor in one, for this unworthy action is casting on the sidewalk a number of their brother workers and robbing them of the sole means of providing the simplest necessities for their families. To every wage-earner we will say, learn how to make yourselves respected by those who employ you, in maintaining between them and you a dignity without arrogance, instead of a low and debasing servility such as too often exists, and which is the cause of that air of inferiority and even contempt with which the honest working man is regarded by the self-sufficient and by the narrow-minded.

It is not in the presumptuous or the vulgar, or in beings of brutal instinct, where one must look for the superiority of man, but among persons of feeling in every position, who, animated by purely philanthropic sentiments, labor with earnestness, either by hand or brain to better our social condition and to reconstitute us in that now usurped place at the great banquet of humanity of which we should be the greatest ornament. It is our duty to show ourselves worthy of the noble title of artisans in laboring in concert for a cause so holy and so just—our emancipation. That cause reposes on principles of honor and probity, is incontestable, and cannot fail to win the approbation of every person who takes a sincere interest in the fate of the oppressed.

To all intelligent and conscientious employers we would state that our object is not to harass them in declaring an open war upon them, but on the contrary to protect their interests, which are analogous to our own and to say to them that in coming closer to us they will find men trustworthy, on whom they may rely and in whom they may place confidence as true auxiliaries to strive against their wrongs who are ours; that is, the competitors of cheap products or cut-throats of honest industry; for while aiming to our ranks without partiality every craftsman of our trade we shall never suffer any one to remain in it who has proven himself unworthy.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

The St. Paul painters will demand the eight hours' day after May 1, 1891.

The American Federation of Labor will hold a State convention in Albany this month.

Chicago steamfitters won recognition for the union, \$3 as the lowest pay for fitter and \$2 for helpers.

Carpenters are scarce at Great Falls, Mont. Helena men were offered \$4 and \$1.50 to work there.

At the Glasgow convention of seamen and dockmen, it was suggested the next strike take place in midocean.

It is estimated that four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been built within the last 25 years.

The New York surface railroad men now want a ten hour law. The present State law provides for ten hours labor, to be performed within twelve consecutive hours.

The Trades and Labor Union of St. Louis has established its own headquarters, with a library and reading room and a labor bureau for the benefit of organized labor. It is self supporting and of inestimable value.

As a form of organization Trades Unionism represents the "survival of the fittest." It is approved by the logic of centuries. Its imitations are those of human nature. Its aspirations are boundless as humanity. F. K. F., in the Boston Leader.

Twenty-five unions are now attached to the Patternmakers' League, and they will hold a convention in Chicago Feb. 1. Their special business will be the consideration of means whereby the eight-hour rule can be put into effect March 1.

Samuel G. Myers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has sent out a circular a king union men to sign petitions favoring woman's suffrage. He says they need not commit their societies to the principle at issue.

In the Prussian mines last year 712 men out of 317,000 (or about one out of every 443) were mortally injured in accidents. This is a considerable decrease for the mortality of 1888, when one out of every 430 was killed. In the coal mines the mortality from accidents was about one in every 382 or 553 in a total of 213,158. Thirty-two deaths were the result of premature explosions of blasts.

The Chicago Cornice Makers' Union is in fair condition after maintaining a strike for nearly six months, during the past week the largest employing cornice maker in the city gave in and conceded the eight hour day. There is no doubt that before the spring trade commences the bosses will be ready to meet the union on its own terms.

Trades Union philosophy begins with the recognition of the class interest of the wage earners. That the Fourth Estate is able to proclaim a philosophy, marks its advance. The sellers of labor require their own basis of trade. The phrase "identity of interest between laborer and capitalist" is an unwarranted fiction. The proprietor in the counting room can have, in an economic sense, no blood relationship with the man at the bench.—Labor Leader.

The Chicago Painters have at last "got a move on them" and are rapidly uniting with the International Union of Painters and Decorators. There are now four branches of that organization in the city with a combined membership of nearly eight hundred. Nearly all the old members of L. A. 1940, K. of L., are joining the Brotherhood, the former organization being practically out of existence.

There is a fair prospect of the difficulty existing between the Carpenters' Council and Master Carpenters' and Builders' Association, being amicably arranged, and thus averting a strike the coming spring. The carpenters were never better organized or better able to maintain a strike than at present; on the contrary the bosses admit having lost heavily by the strike last spring, and are in no mood to prolong the controversy through another season.

When Typographical Union No. 6, New York, met last Sunday the question of reducing the death benefit from \$150 to \$100 was raised and talked over at great length. The men who favored the change said the \$150 was a little too much, and the payment of it was a heavy drain on the Union's receipts. Last month five members died, and their deaths cost the Union \$750. It was decided to settle the matter by a general vote in March. The Committee on Scale was ordered to revise the scale of prices and, in doing so, to consider the nine-hour question, typesetting machines and time work. Prices are not to be raised. It was announced, amid cheers, that Typographical No. 7, which is composed of German compositors, had secured a charter from the International Union, and would be known as Union No. 247 hereafter. A committee was appointed to fix up the difference between No. 6 and No. 247. A committee of the locked-out Rochester shoe

makers appealed for financial assistance. The Secretary was ordered to send out a circular in their behalf. They were given credentials authorizing them to collect money in union printing offices.

The London Daily News says that according to a return prepared for Sir Henry Parks by the New South Wales Government statist there are 319,000 bona fide workingmen in New South Wales, of whom 110,000 are members of various unions. These numbers are inclusive of the miners.

The "pauper labor of Europe" seems very much agitated just at present. Frenchman, German, Englishman and every other workingman seem determined to better their condition. There'll be music in Europe by-and-by, and the "pauper laborers" will be in the band.

The gentlemen who own the anthracite coal lands of Pennsylvania met recently and agreed to "raise" the price of "their" coal from 10 to 20 cents a ton, according to the quantity furnished by nature. As a consequence the local wholesale dealers have advanced their prices 52 and 50 cents a ton, and those who can only buy a bushel or a bucket will be obliged to stand an increase of \$1 to \$3 per ton. This is one of the beauties of private ownership of natural opportunities. A few people, or perhaps a great many, may freeze to death this winter, but then, you know, vested rights must be respected, else some of our monopolists will have to go to work.—Ex.

The union painters will be the next body of men in New York to enforce the eight-hour rule. At present many of the men work eight hours a day, getting \$3.12 a day, the rate based on the \$3.50. Last Sunday there was a joint meeting of the representatives of branches No. 1, 3 and 6, Progressive Painters, Operative Painters, German Painters, the German Fresco Painters and the American Society of Fresco Painters, at Clarendon Hall. It was resolved to make a demand for the new system, but a date was not set. The employers met on Jan. 15 when the matter was submitted to them. The painters will insist on \$3.50 a day.

Lynn and Rochester. Do you know, the news from here? The news is that employees are all combining generally against employers. In Rochester 21 manufacturers have united to support one of their number in trouble with his (?) men. (Do the men belong to him?) They have all agreed to employ no union men till the men in that factory return to work. Trades union officers giving out money to support strikers have been arrested for supporting a combination in trade against employers. (Combinations of employers against employees of course are perfectly legal. "Kings can never sin.") What does this mean? It means slavery; it means war; the enemy is moving on.—Boston Living Issues.

The condition of labor in Italy has not been sensibly improved by modern progress. The wages of men in cotton mills vary from 21 cents to 48 cents per day of ten hours; those of women from 7 to 15. In the city of Rome daily wages are as follows: Stone masons, from 56 to 58 cents; carpenters, from 56 to 78; day laborers, 30 cents; stonemason (in rough) from \$1 to \$1.25; stonemason (finishers) from \$2 to \$3. The stonemason workers constitute, of course, an aristocracy of labor; their number being comparatively small, they should not be considered in forming an idea of the condition of the working class. The low money wages which laborers and ordinary mechanics receive will appear still lower in the light of prices for necessaries. Beef, according to quality, costs from 15 to 30 cents a pound; butter, 30 cents; sugar, granulated, 15 cents; coffee, 40 cents; wheat flour, 54 cents. Meat is hardly ever tasted by a workingman.

Parker, the East End Shoe Man, is selling VELVET SLIPPERS suitable for Presents, cheap at 1351 St. Catherine street. Call and buy a Pair at 75c or \$1, or a Pair at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Clerks Have to Lie to Sell Remnants!

Our OVERCOATS ARE GOING OUT BY THE DOZEN.

ST. JAMES CLOTHING HALL,
St. James Street.

Now is the time to buy OVERCOATS from us at just HALF-PRICE. We do not keep the imitation of the wild animal, they cost \$3.50, and to sell them at \$12.00 is too much profit. The Hoosiers out West ask \$35 and take \$10 for them.

MEN'S SUITS AT HALF PRICE.
BOYS' SUITS AT HALF PRICE.
MEN'S OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE.
BOYS' OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE.
MEN'S CAPE OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE.
BOYS' CAPE OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE.
PANTS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

SANDY PATTERSON. PETE A. LEDUC.

BEDDING **J. E. TOWNSHEND,**
Patented for its Purity.

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

Established over 20 Years.

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

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

BELL TELEPHONE 1906. FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2224.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
 (Sign of the Large Scissors and Triangle)
NOTRE DAME STREET,
 (SECOND DOOR FROM CLAUDE STREET),
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GRAND SACRIFICE NOW GOING ON.
OVERCOATS, PANTS, &c., Ready-made and Custom made to order, selling below Wholesale Prices.
 Having determined to sell only for Cash in future, I intend selling goods on their merits at ROCK BOTTOM CASH PRICES ONLY.
NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ECHO.
One Dollar a Year. 329 St. James Street.

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DAVID TAYLOR, MANAGER.

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MONTREAL, January 17, 1891.

THE ECHO is mailed to subscribers at a distance every Friday evening, and delivered in the city early on Saturday.

Subscribers, who have not already done so, will oblige by remitting a their earliest convenience.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The success which attended the entertainment given by the Knights of Labor, and the large attendance thereat, should give hope and encouragement to the members of the Order in this city.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

To show the hardships the men now on strike on the Scotch railways have had to endure and the systematic slavery of their daily life, we give the following statement, which has been widely published throughout Scotland, and not denied by the directors of the companies, and would ask who could refuse to sympathise with men fighting against such a bondage?

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Russian Railway Department, it is said, has resolved to stop favoring German contractors and to work in future on strictly commercial principles.

duties on goods entering Siberia through the northern ports of that province. The Russian traders were indifferent to the granting of this privilege to their British rivals so long as it was believed that the ports in question were inaccessible to foreign trade.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE "IN FULL SWING."

Bargains All Along the Line. LADIES' JERSEYS. Since we reduced our Ladies' Jerseys we are having great demand for them, not only in the city but all over the Dominion.

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REDUCED PRICES FROM 70c. Ladies' Knitted Skirts, prices from 40c. Ladies' Knitted Skirts, all-wool, 55c.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

Boys' Suits are selling well, the Reduced Prices are having a wonderful effect on our customers. Boys' Sailor Suits, 75c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 1781, 1783

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

Ald. Wm. Clendinneng, M.P.P.

SIR: The undersigned Electors of St. Antoine Ward request you to continue as their representative in the City Council for another term.

- Horace Joseph W C Munderlich J S Ibbotson J W Mills W Murray J D White J S Meredith J M Henderson A M Crombie R G Brown F W Boxer J Murray Smith. E P Hannaford James Robertson W Sutherland, M D. George Olds D McNeill P Allan Peterson James Linton Edward S Sharp Chas McAdam F McMann James Baxter Robt Hampson John Carson A Proudfoot, M D John J Gardner, M D George Ross, M D E Dumaresque J Layhorn Smith, M D A B Blackadder, M D J A MacDonald, M D H V Harris Rollo Campbell, M D T D Reed, M D C Brewster Newell Fisk George Major, M D R T Godfrey, M D W H Hingston T G Shoughnessy C W Spencer J A Sheffield C H Walters Thos Jordan A B Chaffee, jr A W Stevenson Charles J Chisholm W M Andrews Robt Low John Cassils P O'Leary, M D Thomas Trihey E Mansfield M Gorman Henry Robertson J Marini Robt H Brand John T McBride E A Whitehead J R Hutchins H E McIntosh Leslie R Dowker J V Calcott A Renaud D F Gurd, M D Thos J Drummond Geo E Drummond Geo Wilson Henry Hamilton Mark Workman Fred C Miller C G Glass G A Gagnon M F Nolan W L Marin S D Hamilton John J White T White A Levesque E Stuart S Levinson Placide Decary F X Guerin T Stewart J E Mauffette, L C D A Bastien Mde Ed Brazeau L Cousineau A W Hayden Joseph Eveleigh F R Cole C A Briggs John Bonner L Morris D H Fraser Jas McGuire D Grundler Edwin J Cox R Charlebois R M Liddell S Hyman George G Robinson G Ross Robertson, jr J H Timmis W Denoon J H Brophy J H Jones R A Sott W D McLaren, jr Wm Gordon W J B-nallack W R Fee D Marais Geo W Weaver D Hammond R S Auld H J Hammond T Prefontaine R A M Gillis Ed Brewster Auguste St Germain P Harkness James Mock Chas Charters Leand r Meloche Phil Pilon P Guay A Chretien Timothe Rousseau Stephen Lyons Philippe Bouchard John Sullivan M Lemieux John W Feeney Geo Clarke Isaac Walton H nry Wiseman C Dumontel J W Martin W Lapointe R Ashton A S Ashton O Renault Joseph Brisbois William Carrigan Elzear Nadeau Thomas Figby Frederick Gibson John Williams Hugh McMurray Thomas Casey George Wallace Jas Houston

- R A Cairns Jas O'Connor O F Fortin J McQuaid B F Austin George Kendall Neil Sweeney D McBride W N Lawrence John S Bates J B Paquette M Boyle Chas Mackinnon J A Paterson R J Bozer Co-operative Grocery Co Dr G Demers W McDonald L Marchand, Jos. Denis John Watkins J Pagenthal F Carter Moses Estenberg Louis Bureau P. C. Kelly Charles Ernest C. A. Garrigan J A Marois F Gatehouse Jos E H Quipp Frank Leleau Wm O'Hara Jas Fitzgibbon James Thompson Ed Bradford C Peterson W Gardner P Stacey A J Martin N Lemieux W E Gagnon A Champagne A B Durocher O T Sawyer C Lippe E Picard D Nicholson W W Holpin J E Doyle Jas Donnelly Sam Long C as Hudson J E Manning O Faucher T H Love Mrs Delourey E J Moineau G Moineau J B Ekstaal D Ledoux F Bousset L Alph Piche F Larrie R Seale & Son L Champagne N M ricier L Picard Alex Courville J Burd-aux Owen Tusey P J Godin Alex Grant S Mally, sr Geo Sibley Thos McCabe T R Collins David Waters Isaac Vneberg L Jaquet Mrs S Evans J Langlois H Riendeau J B Bonhomme M Carroll Benjamin Clement H J Moran Jos Holland Charles Mock W J Clarke Peter Henderson W Kearney John State George Ends L P Dunsby G H L Rolland Albert Demers Hill & Forbes J A L Barbeau C L Mally John Clarke John E King H A Wilder R Hemsley Wm Armstrong D R Nelson W H Walsh A Larche W C Narman N Legault T Genest Joseph Cadorette G Cheney W J Martineau C A Martin Geo W Davidson L J E Ratelle, fils E Dore G W Barsalo Ewan Bros Joseph Valiquet Alic Potvin James Robinson Pierre Therrien Arthur Laniel C Chappells P D'Am Patrick Kennedy John Meek G Teasdale Michael Egan John Griffin J E Truesdell James Weaver James Kane Fred Parting M Fitzgerald P Bushell, jr Robt Brady James Fitzgibbon Fred Paine P Bushell, sr Wm Brady Robt Smith Geo L McIntive John Edwards Gedeon Moineau E W Wilson H O Edy A T Pratt T O'Connor M L Foley Alphonse Versailles A Demers

GENTLEMEN,—I accept with thanks your requisition to continue as Alderman of St. Antoine Ward. For years I have been trying to get our Harbor improved so as to meet the wants of the trade at our doors and at the same time prevent the periodical floods.

W. CLENDINNENG. Montreal, January, 1891.

THE TRADES COUNCIL

Election of Officers and Other Important Business

The regular meeting of the Council was held Thursday evening last, Mr. Jos. Beaud, M.P.P., presiding.

Credentials were read and accepted from River Front Assembly, M. H. Brennan, J. Fuller and J. Warren; Dominion Assembly, B. Keys, W. Darlington and W. Keys; Progress Assembly, B. Feeney, E. Butler and L. Jehu; Ville Marie Assembly, G. O. Corriveau, G. S. Warren and T. Cousineau; DeSablery Assembly, Jos. Goulet, Ed. Labonte and M. Asselin; D. A. 18, P. J. Dalton, P. A. Duffy and Jos. Goodfellow; Black Diamond Assembly, M. Paisley, Jas. Sanjards and Henry McCainley; Maisonneuve Assembly, A. Genier, F. Paquette and J. Meshin; Painters' Union, E. Pelletier, C. Gibson and T. Fisher; Cutters' and Trimmers' Union, M. Boyer; Carpenters and Joiners, No. 34, B. Lamontagne, T. Joly; Cigarmakers, No. 58, A. LaFrance, M. Laro and A. Pepin; Maple Leaf Assembly, P. J. Ryan.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The report of the Ways and Means Committee was then read as follows:

To the Officers and Delegates of the Central Trades and Labor Council:

Gentlemen,—Your Committee beg leave to recommend that the sum of \$100 be paid to Messrs. Barnard & Barnard to carry the case now pending before the Court of Review.

Also that the following resolution be passed and published, calling upon the City Council to take action on the special committee's report on the water tax:—Resolved,—That this Council do hereby call upon the City Council to, at their next meeting, take action upon the report of the special committee on water taxes, so that the public may judge of the actions of the aldermen at the forthcoming elections.

On behalf of the committee, W. DARLINGTON, Chairman.

The report and motion were adopted unanimously.

The election of officers for the ensuing six months then took place, as follows:

President, Louis Z. Boudreau. Vice-President, J. B. Dubois. English Recording Secretary, P. J. Ryan. French Recording Secretary, D. Rochon. Corresponding Secretary, Geo. S. Warren. Financial Secretary, G. O. Corriveau. Treasurer, Jos. Corbeil. Sergeant at Arms, Jos. Paquette. Auditors, O. Fontaine, J. Brennan and A. LaFrance.

Committee on Credentials—M. H. Brennan, C. J. Maguire, M. Asselin, A. Pepin and T. Cousineau.

Legislative Committee—B. Monjeau, O. Fontaine, J. Brennan, Laramee and Earle. Organization Committee—A. Royal, D. Irwin, W. Jarvis, G. S. Warren and Jos. Verdon.

The newly-elected officers were then installed.

On motion of Delegate Duffey, seconded by Delegate Lepage, a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers.

The Legislative Committee reported that the necessary steps had been taken to secure old St. Gabriel church building for a free public library, and expressed the hope that the library would be established before long.

O. Fontaine was appointed in place of J. Thompson on the committee revising the constitution.

A letter was read from Dr. Guerin, declining the nomination as candidate for the Mayoralty, at the same time thanking the Council for their generous proposal. In the course of his letter Dr. Guerin says:

"Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to serve my fellow-citizens, more especially when the nomination comes from your honorable Council, which I have no hesitation in saying, I consider the most highly representative body in our city.

"In the interest of organized labor, I believe it to be my duty not to allow my personal ambition to get the better of my judgment and thereby expose the cause which I have so much at heart to defeat. I therefore consider it to be my duty, although with considerable reluctance, to decline the proffered honor.

"My reasons for coming to this conclusion were more especially on account of the disqualification of such a large number of our citizens, who though always prepared to pay a just equivalent for everything they receive, felt it to be their duty to protest against the iniquitous manner in which the water taxes are levied, more especially in so far as concerns the working classes."

It was then moved by Delegate R. Keys, seconded by Delegate Lepine, that the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to write Dr. Guerin, and inform him that the

Council regretted his determination to retire. Carried.

The treasurer was then instructed to pay the per capita tax to the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress.

A communication from D. A. 18, asking the Council to take some action towards bringing about a reduction in house rent was, on motion of Delegate Beland, seconded by Delegate R. Keys, referred to the Legislative Committee.

It was decided that the free public library question would be the second order of the day at the next meeting.

On motion of Delegate W. Keys, seconded by Delegate Caron, a committee was appointed to wait on the different candidates for mayor and aldermen and ask them if they will vote for the abolition of the property qualification, if elected. Committee—W. Keys, J. A. Caron, P. A. Duffey and the President of the Council.

The meeting then adjourned.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Local Union 74 of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America will give a grand ball in La Gaitie Hall, Panet street, on Tuesday next, 20th instant. The object is a very laudable one, namely, to strengthen their benefit fund, and we are certain the numerous friends of the painters will by their attendance help them to do so. Local Union 74 has a reputation for giving pleasant reunions of this nature, and the committee will make every effort to keep it up. The hall is being beautifully decorated especially for the occasion. Blazi's orchestra will furnish the music.

Local Union 74 (Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America) recently held their election of officers, with the following result: E. Pelletier, president; F. Benard, vice-president; O. Lachapelle, recording secretary; A. Deguire, financial secretary; Paul Blanchi, treasurer; A. Fraser, statistician; T. Miller, conductor; J. Williams, warden; auditors: G. Onimet, W. J. Ryan, Ch. Cote. Delegates to Central Trades and Labor Council: T. Fisher, E. Pelletier, Gus. Gibson.

Progress Assembly No. 3852 K. of L. have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Edward Butler, M.W.; John Storey, W.F.; L. Jehu, R.S.; J. Ward, F.S.; S. Dixon, treasurer; L. Breen, almoner; J. Murphy, statistician; auditors: J. Storey and B. Feeney. Delegates to District Assembly 18: Ed. Butler, B. Feeney, J. Boyle. Delegates to Central Trades and Labor Council: E. Butler, B. Feeney, L. Jehu.

ECHOS FROM THE POINT.

A good place for a light—in the subway. The shops have been on full time since the beginning of the week. Thanks to the new manager, Mr. Seargeant.

The time-keepers who acted at the Argyle Club's green steeplechase must have had very slow-going watches. Nineteen minutes is pretty fast time to be made at a green race, ain't it?

The congregation of Point St. Charles Methodist Church are preparing to be in work on a handsome new edifice to be erected at the corner of Charron and Wellington streets, the opposite corner to St. Matthew's new church.

The Argyles have made elaborate preparations for their first ladies' night this season. It is to take the shape of an "old st. le ladies' night," at which the snowshoers will don their blanket costumes in place of the regulation ball room dress, and the dances will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, in which some of our best local talent will take part.

The Burton Dramatic Club are to produce Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" next week in the Reading Room with their usual strong cast.

There is a strong feeling in St. Gabriel Ward in favor of bringing out Mr. Henry Hadley as a candidate to represent the ward in the City Council. An influential signed requisition has been handed to that gentleman, who has signified his acceptance thereof, and his friends say that he is bound to get to the head of the pool. Mr. Hadley was a member of the old St. Gabriel Council, and his record there goes to show that he would make a first-class representative in the City Council.

Women's Rubbers at S. H. Parker's, Wool lined, for 49 cents.

Men's Wool lined Rubbers at S. H. Parker's for 60 cents.

A Fit Subject.

The Mesmerist—Will some one who is acquainted here kindly select a good subject and ask him to step up?

Voice from the audience—You don't want a man of strong will power, do you?

Mesmerist—No, sir. Just the opposite.

Voice—Here he is; the only man in the crowd who allows his wife to select his neckties for him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

Sir,—The real estate lends' items are already started. Tuesday evening's Star contained the following: "Rents on St. James Street.—Presumably due to the contemplated widening of St. James street west this year, rents in that locality have gone up as much as fifty per cent. in some cases." "Presumably due to the contemplated widening" is very fine, indeed. Now commences the boom scheme. Don't help them out, shopkeepers and householders. LOOKOUT.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

Sir,—An inspector should be appointed to see that only persons with a superabundance of cleanliness be allowed on the cattle ships in future, as, if those tending the cattle are to be allowed to eat and drink from the same utensils as the animals, the Government should in the interest of the trade see that a proper inspection be made, y' know, ah!

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

Sir,—I think, Mr. Editor, the M. T. U. of this city should have a permanent office open in the city, at which all unemployed printers could register, and to which employing printers could send when they wanted hands. Yours, TYPO.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

Sir,—The lady who wrote from Rouse's Point, N.Y., on "Woman in the Workshop" would confer a favor on the trade in this city if she would continue on the subject and propound a remedy for the present state of things, and endeavor to educate some of the female printers up to her standard. Yours, COLUMN RULE.

THE SCOPE OF LABOR.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, and all that seems likely to be done, in the extension of franchises, a few are born to great riches and the many to penury, made only more glaring by contrast. They are debared by the accident of birth from the possessions and from the mental and moral enjoyments which others inherit without exertion, and independently of desert. The working classes are entitled to claim that the whole field of social institutions should be re-examined, and every question considered as if it now arose for the first time. It should be the object to ascertain what institutions of property would be established by an unprejudiced legislature absolutely impartial between the possessors of property and the non-possessors. Such rights or privileges of property as will not stand this test will sooner or later have to be given up. An impartial hearing ought, moreover, to be given to all objections against property itself. All evils and inconveniences attaching to the institution in its best form ought to be frankly admitted, and the best remedies or palliations applied which human intelligence is able to devise.—John Stuart Mill.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

LOUIS Z. BOUDREAU, - - - PRESIDENT J. B. DUBOIS, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT P. J. RYAN, - - - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY D. ROCHON, - - - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY O. CORRIVEAU, - - - FINANCIAL SECRETARY GEO. S. WARREN, - - - COR. SECRETARY JOS. CORBEIL, - - - TREASURER JOS. PAQUETTE, - - - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to GEO. S. WARREN, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY, No. 7095. Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Jan. 18th, at 7.30. J. WARREN, Recording Secretary.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY, No. 2436 K. of L. Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in Weber Hall, 81 James street. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 223 St. Antoine street.

J. ROSENTHAL, MERCHANT TAILOR, 196 ST. ANTOINE ST. Fashionable Suits in West of England and Scotch Tweeds, at Bottom Prices, made up in the Latest Style and Good Fit Guaranteed.

A. HURTEAU & BRO. Lumber Merchants, 92 SANGUINET ST., MONTREAL. (Cor. Sanguinet and Dorchester. Bell Tel. 6243. Fed. Tel. 1547 Wellington Basin, opposite G.T.R. Offices. Bell Tel. 1404.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

INFORMATION ABOUT MANTLES!

Ladies' Winter Mantles at exactly half price; all Winter Mantles at \$50 and over are selling at half price. Winter Mantles below \$50, one-third discount.

MAKE NO MISTAKE! But come direct to S. Carsley's for all your Winter Jackets, Dolmans, Russian Cloaks and Mantles of other styles.

RUSSIAN CLOAKS. The best and cheapest Russian Cloaks are at S. CARSLEY'S.

ALL WEEK.

All week will be given to clearing the following lots:— Ladies' 3-ply Linen Collars, 3/4c each. Ladies' Fancy Colored Border Handkerchief, 2/4c each, 2/4c. Ladies' Hemstitched Colored Border Handkerchiefs, 3c each. Ladies' Plain White Handkerchiefs, 1/4c each, 1/4c. Oriental Lace, only 2c yard. Oriental Lace, only 3c yard. Wide Oriental Lace, only 5c yard. Large assortment of Net in all the latest shades for evening wear, only 19c yard. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

TOWELS! TOWELS!

We are now arranging and putting in order on our counters, an immense variety of Towels, of all the most approved makes, for next week's Sale, all are marked down to the lowest possible prices and will astonish all who see them.

All Linen Towels..... 5c All Linen Towels..... 7 1/2c All Linen Towels..... 8c All Linen Towels..... 10c All Linen Towels, extra large..... 12c All Linen Towels, extra good value..... 13 1/2c All Linen Towels, extra good value..... 15c All Linen Towels, extra heavy..... 17 1/2c All Linen Towel, extra heavy..... 19c

Feather Fans, 49c; Feather Fans, 49c. Feather Fans, 49c; Feather Fans, 49c.

A desperate bargain is now selling in FEATHER FANS, in Pink, White, Cream, Light Blue and Cardinal, reduced from \$1.15 to 49c.

Dress Buttons! Dress Buttons! Reduced to 5c. Reduced to 5c.

Every Lady should visit the Job Button Counter; over 600 gross of good quality Buttons must be sold during this Clearing Sale.

See our Button Window!

COUNTRY DEALERS

will find it to their advantage to buy these buttons.

5c doz. Remember the Price, 5c doz. Jet Buttons, Silk Buttons, Pearl Buttons, Metal Buttons, Oxydize Buttons, Gold Buttons.

5c per doz., 5c per doz., 5c per doz. This is without exception one of the Best Bargains ever offered on this continent. S. CARSLEY.

CHEAP SALE.

RUGS and MATS!

Every Rug in stock greatly reduced; a handsome line of Reversible Rugs with beautiful Fringe Ends to be cleared at 29c each.

A GOOD CHANCE.

A lot of extra heavy reversible Carpet Squares in large sizes to be cleared at \$1.26 each. S. CARSLEY.

Silk Blouses! Silk Blouses!

Every Blouse in stock has been reduced for the January Cheap Sale.

Jerseys, Jerseys, Jerseys, Jerseys. Jerseys, Jerseys, Jerseys, Jerseys. ALL REDUCED. ALL REDUCED.

A PARISIAN NOVELTY.

See the New Parisian Jersey Blouses, richly embroidered with Oriental effect!

Children's Dresses! Children's Dresses!

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.



THE BELL PIANOS AND ORGANS are the first great success in the manufacture of Musical Instruments in Canada. The best and wisest of Canada's loyal sons and daughters now exchange their American Pianos for BELL PIANOS, as was long their wont in Organs. Sole Agents for Central Canada:

WILLIS & CO. 1824 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill street, Montreal.)

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.) Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000 Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

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

DO YOU

Send your Washing to the TROY STEAM LAUNDRY? If not, why not? when the testimony of our best citizens is that it is "done up" at that establishment with a BEAUTY never hitherto approached. Always at your service.

Remember the Telephone Nos., Bell, 666; Federal, 542. Cor. Craig and St. Peter sts.

FELT & CLOTH BOOTS

Shoes & Slippers, Moose Moccasins, German Felt Shoes.

WOOL-LINED Rubbers & Overshoes

RONAYNE'S, 17 Chaboillez Square, NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

Parker's Velvet Slippers at \$7 are worth buying.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The Dewton College of Agriculture at Salisbury was burned on Wednesday. Over 200 houses have been burned at Bombay and hundreds of families are homeless.

The Tribune of Rome says the Pope has submitted proofs of his cyclopaed on the social question to several eminent Europeans.

The Paris Siecle announces that John Dillon, upon his arrival in France, will be chosen as leader of the Irish parliamentary party.

The Russian budget for 1891 shows an estimated surplus of \$1,167,840. The estimates include an extraordinary expenditure of \$26,775,000 for public works and \$12,912,500 for armaments.

The German minister of finance has introduced the budget for 1891 in the lower house of the Diet. In this the revenue and expenditures balance at \$430,208,085.

The Chinese of Farther India made a raid on Pine Thaw, a village of Burma, on Jan. 7, killing three persons and capturing 12. Troops are in pursuit.

M. Ribot, French minister of foreign affairs, has informed Lord Lytton, the British ambassador, that France will not accept any compensation for her fishery rights in Newfoundland that she does not consider to be their full equivalent. Nothing of that nature has been offered her. It is for England to say what she can give. Money will not be accepted.

The London Times' Paris correspondent says:—"A friend from Russia informs me that on M. Vishnegradskis, Russian minister of finance, representing that it was inexpedient to quarrel with the Jews because such a course would offend Jewish bankers, the Czar ordered the application of the Anti Semitic laws to be suspended for three years."

The Pope on Wednesday gave an audience to the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, during the course of which he eulogized the American Episcopate. The Pope has recognized the Bishops of St. Rashourg, Posnan and Fribourg. During the session of the secret consistory the Pope will deliver an allocution on the efficacy of the Italian Guarantee law and on the position of the Vatican in this connection. It is reported that the cardinals to be created are Mgr. Piazz, patriarch of Jerusalem; Mgr. S. piaca, secretary of the council, and Mgr. Roselli, the Papal Nuncio at Paris. The Vatican has been confidentially apprised of the renewal of the Triple Alliance.

American.

The Indiana House of Representatives has adopted a resolution instructing the State representatives in Congress to urge the passage of a bill providing for the appointment of an additional member of the President's cabinet, to be known as the commissioner of labor.

At a consultation of physicians on Senator Hearst's case, it was decided there is no hope of recovery. Death is imminent. The disease is said to be cancer of the stomach.

The schooner Otter, from St. Kitts with a cargo of salt, went ashore at Bellport, L. I., on Wednesday morning. Two men were drowned coming ashore. The rest of the crew were saved.

The Court of Appeals at Albany, N. Y., on Wednesday affirmed the judgments of conviction in the cases of the three murderers—James Slocum, Hassie A. Smiler and Frank Fish—all of whom are under sentence of death. Slocum, now in Sing-Sing prison, killed his wife Ellen in a tenement house in New York city, December 13, 1889. Smiler murdered his mistress, Maggie D. Rainey, at New York, April 3, 1890. The woman left him because of ill-usage, and upon her refusal to return to him Smiler shot her dead. Smiler was a printer, and had been a lieutenant in the Salvation Army. Fish murdered John Cullinane at Canandaigua, January 25, 1890.

George M. Bartholomew, formerly president of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Co., who fled to Canada some years ago, returned to Hartford recently, appeared in court and pleaded guilty to embezzlement of \$10,000. He was sentenced to one year in State prison and went there immediately. Bartholomew is over 70 years of age and is in feeble health.

Gen. Schofield has received the following telegram from Gen. Miles at Pine Ridge:—"Gen. Brooke's command is now camped five miles distant on White Clay Creek and the entire body of Indians are between the two commands. Gen. Broke has commanded his force with considerable skill and excellent judgment. The greatest difficulty is to restore confidence. The Indians have great fear that their arms will be taken away and all treated like those who were on Wounded Knee. They have a large number of wounded women and children which creates a most distressing feeling among the families, and a desperate disposition among them. Military measures and movements have been successful."

The control and government now becomes the problem. No serious embarrassment is apprehended at present.

Canadian.

John McCloskey, aged 93, and Lawrence Morescan, in his 100th year, the two oldest men in Sanbury County, New Brunswick, have died within the past few days. They maintained full possession of their faculties to the last, despite the fact that both had used tobacco and spirits more or less all their life.

Reports of damage by Wednesday's excessively high tides are coming in from all parts of the Bay of Fundy coast.

Snow is so deep in the lumber woods throughout the northern part of New Brunswick that some operators are taking out their teams.

On Wednesday night the presbytery of St. John, N. B., in formal session, after a long discussion, deposed Rev. Dr. Archibald Macdougall, formerly pastor of Calvin church, and now running an independent Presbyterian church in the north end of this city, from the ministry, on the ground that he had treated the Presbytery with contempt and was promulgating views gravely at variance with the standards of the Presbyterian church in Canada. For some months this case has been an exciting topic in Presbyterian circles.

If you wish a suitable Present these hard times buy a Pair of VELVET SLIPPERS from S. H. Parker, 1351 St. Catherine Street.

Careful of His Trousers.

Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudenkin.

Van Dudenkin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?

The Quibbles Were Legal.

Lawyer Black—Yo' honah, I rise to object to de legal quibbles dat der prosercution am bringin' up.

Judge Cole—Mistah Black, yo' sit right down. Ef dem quibbles am legal dey shall stand, and de court allows 'em.

The Tailor's Vain Hope.

You haven't put a change pocket in this coat Sir.

I know it, sir. I thought very likely if you had no pocket you might send your change to me, and that would reduce your account.

When a Woman Will.

A young wife who is just mastering the mysteries of housekeeping used more kindling wood for her kitchen fire than her husband liked to split, and he decided to prepare only a certain amount and to limit her to what he thought a proper quantity. The first time she ran short she promptly dumped in the family stock of clothebins to make the muffins bake and sent out to the grocer's for a fresh supply. A woman can circumvent the poor worm, man, almost any day in the week, and not half try.

It Was.

Owner of Horse (bushing the flies off the impatient animal)—What are you telling me, Larry? Are you really a descendant of the Irish kings?

Larry—Yis, sor. And now you're shoeing horses in an Englishman's blacksmith shop! It looks like the irony of fate.

Yis, sor. Stand still, ve haste! I make me livin', sor, by ironin' fate.

Not Half Warm Enough For Him. Warm? he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat. You don't call this warm weather, do you? Do I call it warm? said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. I call it gridiron heat.

Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow; the mercury isn't above ninety-two.

Ninety two! And it hasn't been above a hundred more than once this year.

Shades of all the Icelanders! cried the red fat man, what would you like to have it—185 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want foundries to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam. One hundred! he screamed in shrill agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. One hundred! Why, man, haven't you got any blood in your veins?

Oh, yes, said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, but I have 40,000 tons of ice bordered.

And then the little stout man fell in a swoon and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.

SCIENTIFIC.

According to the American Geologist the largest gold mine in the world is in Alaska. It is lighted throughout by electricity and is worked day and night.

Crescoted wood has been found to have such excellent lasting qualities that its economical properties have suggested its use for permanent haulage, roads, shaftways, etc., in collieries.

St. Louis has adopted the novel way of marking the names of streets by painting them on the electric light globes. The shadow of the name is thrown upon the ground so plainly that it can be read fifty feet away.

It is found that in painting wood one coat takes twenty pounds of lead and four gallons of oil, and the third the same as the second, say one hundred pounds of lead and sixteen gallons of oil per hundred square yards for three coats.

Sir William Siemens gives the following good definition of steel: "Steel is a compound of iron with any other substance which tends to give it superior strength." This definition embraces the various kinds of steel from the hardest tool-steel down to the softest.

Bricks boiled in coal tar are rendered hard and durable, and machine made bricks if boiled for a long period—say twenty-four hours—become water-proof. Bricks thus treated are well adapted for sewers, cess pools, and the foundations of buildings.

Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements. It composes at least one-third of the earth, one-fifth of the atmosphere and eight-ninths by weight of all the water on the globe. It is also a very important constituent of all minerals, animals and vegetables.

The accumulation of explosive gases in a room, mine or ship's hold can now be ascertained by means of an indicator. It consists of a porous cylinder closed by a thin metal membrane, and the penetrating gases raise the membrane, close a circuit and ring an alarm.

The celebrated Krupp Company, of Essen, Germany, has just finished the largest gun ever made; it is the property of the Russian government, and is made of cast steel, weighs 235 tons and has a calibre of thirteen and a half inches and a barrel forty feet in length; it fires two shots per minute and each charge costs \$1,500.

The belief that smoke from soft coal may have beneficial sanitary effects, is gaining ground. It is claimed that the sulphur in the coal when burned becomes sulphurous acid then, a well known disinfectant. Further, that creosote and its allied products are thrown off with the fumes of bituminous coal, and that an atmosphere charged with carbolic acid must be free from germs of the disease than an apparently purer air.

A wonder of Peru when the Spaniards discovered it was the system of irrigation which made the arid land fertile. The conquerors destroyed this system because they found mining more profitable than farming. Recently an English syndicate was organized to carry on the work begun by the Incas. A dam six hundred feet long and eighty five feet high is to be built across a valley to store the floods of the Piura river, and it is calculated that with this water the entire desert of Leashura can be made fertile.

There are now 945 submarine cables, exclusive of the seven Atlantic cables, with an aggregate of 112,740 nautical miles. The overland telegraph is already a worldwide institution, in which there is a total of 1,680,900 miles of wire—enough of the attenuated metal to go around the equatorial belt of the globe just thirty times. The United States has 776,500 miles of wire, and in 1889 had no less than 56,000,000 messages traveling the country. France has 220,890 miles of wire, on which in 1889 were transmitted 30,050,000 dispatches. Great Britain has up to 180,000 miles of metal line, and in 1889 sent 50,000,000 messages on their silent flight.

It may not be known outside of the neighborhood in which it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma county, Cal., there exists an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of the country named, near the coast, may be seen an actual railroad bed of tree tops. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills, and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned, two huge red-wood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. These giants have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek. This natural tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for safety and security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.

The domestics of Northern Germany have started a home for spinners, or, as they call it, for "standing alone ladies."

ABOUT WOMEN.

Mme. Juliette Adam is about to start a penny paper in Paris.

One of the many extravagancies attributed to Mrs. Langtry is the possession of a silver bathtub.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is the tallest Princess in the world. Her height is six feet and three inches.

Italian and French women have small, fat feet, and can wear small boots without suffering any inconvenience.

Lady Paunceforte is noted at Washington as a pedestrian, and often walks from house to house in making calls.

Queen Natalie is writing her memoirs, but as she is only thirty years of age they do not spread over a very extensive period.

Miss Alice Roselli was the first singer who brought out the late Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead Kindly Light," set to music by Signor Pissuti.

The daughters of General Sherman dress with great simplicity. They go into society a great deal, and are particularly sought for as dinner guests. They never dance.

Princess Bismarck, wife of the Iron Chancellor, is described as the very model of a practical methodical German matron, with an eye for every detail of household arrangement and economy.

Nellie Tetreau of Lumpkin, Col., a girl of fourteen, is in charge of one of the immense road engines used in hauling logs to saw mills. She is said to handle the throttle as well as any of the male engineers.

Dr. Seraph Frizzell, of Springfield, Mass., has been appointed resident physician and lecturer on physiology and hygiene of Mt. Holyoke, and is well known there professionally, and her appointment gives much satisfaction.

Longfellow's house in Cambridge is now occupied by his eldest daughter and her uncle, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Miss Longfellow's sister, Mrs. H. R. Dana, and Mrs. Trope have built houses adjoining the old estate.

A woman's association in Berlin is 24 years old and has 1,108 members. Its income last year was \$4,500. There are 1,041 women and girls in its schools for business, drawing, manual training, etc. It has a restaurant which averaged 103 noon customers during the year.

A Danish lady, Freken Nilson, has founded an institution at Paris which will be sure to prove a blessing to foreigners who may chance to fall ill in that gay capital. Its intent is to supply for it the sick-nurses speaking all the principal languages. These nurses can be sent to any part of France, or even to foreign countries if desired. There is, also, in connection a school for the training of nurses.

Mrs. Marrable, who has been elected for four years in succession president of the Society of Lady Artists, holds a prominent position in the art world of London. She is a member of the Belgian and Roman Water Color Societies and is an associate of the Liverpool Water Color Society. Her pictures have appeared in the Royal Academy, Dudley Gallery and in many foreign galleries, while she sends some excellent pictures to her own society. Mrs. Marrable is in favor of woman suffrage.

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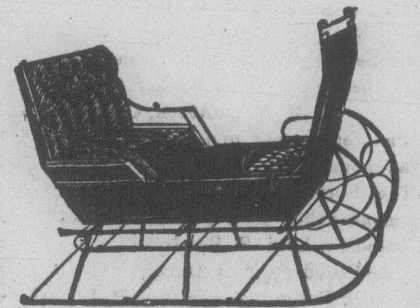
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PHUNNY ECHOES.

Johnny—My pop is richer'n your pop.
 Freddy—Mebbe he is, but he'll never get back the money he lent my pop.

Restaurant Guest—Everything you have brought me are stone cold. Polite Waiter—Here are the mustard and pepper, sir.

Well, your goose is cooked! exclaimed Snodgrass, as he entered his parlor. Who has been roasting you this time, love? asked Mrs. Snodgrass, anxiously.

Miss Bud Noodle—What lovely capes those are! I must have one this winter. Mrs. Wisely—They say they are not hygienic. Miss B. N.—Oh, I never supposed they were anything but oster.

What is the meaning of the word tantalizing? asked the teacher. Please, sir, spoke up little Johnny, it means a circus procession passing the schoolhouse and the scholars not allowed to look out.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Arguing by analogy—Teacher—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? First scholar—Whalebone. Teacher—Right! Now what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Second scholar—Sealing wax.

Teacher—Thomas, you are not paying attention. Why do you smile? Thomas—I was just thinking about something. Teacher—Well, please bear in mind that if you want to think you have got to do it outside of this schoolhouse.

In Churon or in State,
 It is rule or be ruled;
 In courtship or marriage,
 It is fool or be fooled;
 In logic or law,
 It is nick or be nicked;
 In gambling and trade,
 It is trick or be tricked;
 In treaty and war,
 It is beat or be beaten;
 In the struggle for life,
 It is eat or be eaten.

Managing Editor—What was it that young fellow wanted? Office Boy—He say that he wrote a sonnet entitled Dolly's Dimples, and it got into the paper headed Dolly's Pimples, and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble, with something he called his feesansay.

Lawyer—And you say that you do not remember ever purchasing a single article from the plaintiff? Witness (Irish lady)—Indade Oi do, and Oi never run an account wid him that Oi did not pay him cash I niver traded with him, niver entered his shitore, niver owed him a cent, and Oi have the receipts in me house to show it too.

In the familiar song "Pull for the Shore" there is a line, "Cling to self no more," which as sung by the colored children in one of the schools, sounded strangely, and on having it said slowly, it was discovered that they were singing, "Clean yourself no more."

"Go, my son, and shut the shutter," This I heard a mother utter;
 "Shutter's shut," the boy did mutter,
 "I can't shut it any shutter."

Full many a gem of rarest hue serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a maid who toyed with kerosene
 Has gently clambered up the golden stair.

Mrs. Nouveau Marie (looking up from the morning paper).—We are not fashionable, Henry. We should be divorced, or separated: don't you think so? Mr. Nouveau Marie—Yes, my dear; I will go away. Mrs. Nouveau Marie—Go away? Oh, how nice! I'll go with you.

He (fearful of a rival)—Bobby, does a young man call here nights to see your sister? Bobby—Mr. Wilkins calls on sister, but not to see her, I guess, 'cos they ain't no light in the parlor when they're there.

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him, and inquired why he parted with it. Ah, my jewels, answered he, I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it.

The boy stood by the stable door
 And watched the pensive mule;
 A thoughtful attitude it wore,
 An air supremely cool.

The boy approached its hinder end—
 Let fall the pitying tears:
 "He's gone to meet his brother and
 His age was seven years."

Nothing to Worry About.

Scared Neighbor—Oh, Mrs. Muggins, y'r husband is tryin' to hang himself in the barn.

Mrs. Muggins—He never succeeded in doin' anything he tried to do so far. Guess he'll be comin' in all right w'en the dinner bell rings.

The Author's Revenge.

Author—At last I am avenged. The Hightone Magazine has bought one of my articles, and they have paid for it.

Wife (mystified)—They have accepted and paid for a number of your manuscripts, but none of them has appeared yet.

Author (triumphantly)—The last one was written with ink that will fade out in ten years.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

BACHLORE'S PONS.—One quart milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, Indian meal to make a batter.

BOSTON CAKE (OR ROLLS).—One pint of milk, boiled, one teacup of lard, one table-spoonful of sugar, one teacup of yeast.

BATTER CAKES.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one quarter pound butter and lard together, one teacup yeast; flour to make a batter.

SODA CAKES.—Two quarts flour, a piece of butter and lard, each the size of a walnut, four spoonsful soda, eight of cream of tartar, one pint of milk, salt.

STARRED SHORT CAKE.—One pint milk, one quart flour, two table-spoonful of lard, two teapoonful cream of tartar, one teapoonful soda. Stir all together and bake.

WISCONSIN CAKE.—One quart of milk, three eggs, a table-spoonful of sugar, small teacup of yeast, flour to make a stiff batter, one cup of lard (or half butter), salt.

MUFFINS.—One quart milk, five eggs, piece of butter the size of a walnut, flour enough to make stiffer than batter cakes, three or four table-spoonful of yeast; salt.

WILLIAM PENN'S BREAKFAST CAKE.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one-quarter pound of butter, two pounds of flour, one teacup of yeast; let it rise; pour into pans; bake three-quarters of an hour.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One-half teacupful of rice, simmered in one pint of milk until tender; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a little salt; add three eggs and sufficient milk to thin it, and flour enough to make a thin batter.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The best thing to do for hands or skin inclined to chaps, says Good Health, is to keep them scrupulously clean and then protect them with a preparation of gum benzoin. Take one dram of the tincture of gum benzoin, one ounce of glycerine and three ounces of water; mix them together and apply.

INDIAN BREAD.—Two quarts of milk, two quarts of Indian meal, one pint of wheat flour, one-half teacup of butter, three eggs, two teapoonful brown sugar, one half teapoonful soda, one teapoonful cream tartar. Salt to taste; bake in a hot oven.

SODA SALLIE LUNN.—One quart milk, piece of butter rather larger than an egg, one egg, three teapoonful cream tartar put in the flour, one and one-half teapoonful soda dissolved in a little milk; add a little salt. Make into a thick batter. Bake in pans.

INDIAN BUNS.—Nine table-spoonful Indian meal, two table-spoonful lard, two eggs, one teapoonful soda, two teapoonful cream tartar, one teapoonful salt. Pour boiling water on the meal and lard until it is a stiff batter; add milk to make a thin batter.

SPICED OYSTERS.—Strain and boil the liquor, put in the oysters for a short time, then take them out and place them in a coarse cloth, and spread another over them, skim the liquor, add spice and vinegar to the taste; mace, black pepper, allspice and cloves. Boil five minutes, and when cold, mix with the oysters.

SWEET PICKLE CITRON.—Pare and cut fitted of rind; cover them with vinegar, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Pour off the vinegar, and to each quart add two and one-half pounds of sugar. To this quantity of oil, add one-half ounce of cloves, one-half ounce of mace, three-quarters ounce of cinnamon. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spice for one-half hour, then put the citron in and boil one hour longer.

GRAFTON MILK BISCUIT.—Boil and grate two white potatoes; add two teapoonful of brown sugar; pour boiling water over these enough to sof on them. When tepid, add a teacup of yeast; when light warm three ounces of butter in one pint of milk, a little salt and flour enough to make a stiff sponge; when risen, work it on the board, put it back in the tray to rise again; when risen roll into cakes and let them stand one-half hour. Bake in a quick oven.

MILK BISCUIT.—Six large white potatoes, boil, and mash them through a colander. With a quart of new milk (hot) stir in enough flour to make a stiff sponge; add a table-spoonful of salt, same of sugar and a teacup of yeast. Set it to rise three or four hours. When light take one-quarter pound butter, rub in flour and throw on the sponge. With sufficient flour to make a soft dough, when light, cut out and let stand one-half hour before baking. Bake twenty minutes.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound flour, one pound sugar, three quarters pound butter, ten eggs. First beat the yolks and sugar together, then add the flour and butter, beaten to a cream. Lastly, mix in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; then have one and one-half pound raisins, stoned and chopped, two pounds currants, well washed and dried, one pound citron cut in strips, mace and nutmeg, each one-half ounce, one half pint brandy. Strew half-pound flour over the fruit, then stir them well into the cake. Line the tin basins with buttered paper; fill them two inches deep, and bake in a moderate oven three or four hours.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Whatever may be said against the Mercier Government," said Brown, "there is one thing which will have to be conceded in its favor and that is that wherever there has been a disposition on the part of contractors on subsidized work to defraud labor by non-payment of wages, Mercier has always paid labor out of the subsidies granted by the Government for these public works. He did this on the Hereford Railway, and he is doing it now on the Valleyfield bridge. The Dominion Government had been asked to see justice done to the Italians working in Cookshire; the Federal subsidy had not as yet been paid, and Laurier and others asked Sir John to pay these laborers before handing over balance of the subsidy to the directors of the road. These capitalists, however, were staunch supporters of the Conservative Government, and Sir John knew that if he touched their pockets he would lose their vote and influence at the next election, and so the Cookshire laborers were sacrificed for party politics; Hall, the Conservative member for Sherbrooke, even went so far as to state on the floor of the House that the company did not owe a cent to these laborers. Mercier at once came to the rescue by appointing a commission and paying claims amounting to over \$40,000, which sum was stopped out of the Provincial subsidy of the company; he did what Sir John dare not do, and he deserves praise for doing it."

"I am not so sure about that," said Phil; "as a matter of fact he could not do less than what he has done. His government has been asked time and again to pass an act which would give labor a first lien to the extent of its wages on what it produces, but this modern champion of labor has never had the moral courage to do it because he and his party are just as much afraid of the money power as that other crowd of shysters at Ottawa."

"Not only that," said Gaskell, "but if such an act were passed, he could never again gain cheap notoriety as a champion of the poor, because they would be secure in what little they do earn."

"There's a sucker born every minute," said Phil, "and Mercier catches them as fast as they show up. I do really believe that he has succeeded in pulling the wool over Brown's eyes, too. The very fact of his feeling justified in interfering at Hereford and Valleyfield shows that the law does not protect the laborer; his interference is proof that his government realizes this, and his unwillingness in the face of all this to pass a lien act proves him a mere clap-trap politician."

"All the capital a workingman has," said Sharkey, "is his labor, either of brain or muscle, or both, as the case may be. Upon this he and his family depend for a living—he has positively nothing else. Rob him of this and he starves or becomes a burden upon the community; he is wronged and every member of the community which supports him is wronged. It is therefore necessary that the law should secure him from loss by giving him a first lien upon what he produces. I demand a first lien because he absolutely risks the very existence of himself and family, and cannot afford to take any chances. In these days of wild-cat schemes and paper credit to be ranked ninth on the list of claimants to an estate, as provided by our old French law, is fatal to him. Besides our whole legal machinery is so cumbersome and expensive, and withal so slow, that a poor man cannot avail himself of its benefits, even supposing there were any for him. But the law does not protect the laborer, and this is why the Government feels called upon to interfere in his behalf. If the law protects the laborer then Mer-

ciar's action, both at Hereford and Valleyfield, is a meddling and unpardonable interference between master and man. Mercier is either an overbearing, meddling busybody, or else a sham reformer, unprincipled enough to knowingly tolerate a grievous wrong, for no other reason than that it affords him an opportunity now and again to pose as the friend of the people; he can take whichever horn he likes, but he'll have to take one or the other."

"The thing is as plain as the nose on your face," said Sinnett. "If the law sufficiently protects the laborer, the government has no right to interfere, and if it does not, it is the bounden duty of the government to alter it so that it will. Meanwhile it would be well not to grow enthusiastic over these clever dodges of an astute politician; he was not placed in power to grant personal favors, but to enact laws that will secure justice to all."

BILL BLADES.

DISCRIMINATION IN IMMIGRATION.

The question, therefore, arises, and there is no more important question before the American people: What shall be done to protect our labor against this undue competition and to guard our citizenship against an infusion which seems to threaten deterioration? We have the power, of course, to prohibit all immigration, or to limit the number of persons to be admitted to the country annually or—which would have the same effect—to impose upon immigrants a heavy capitation tax. Such rough and stringent measures are certainly neither necessary nor desirable if we can overcome the difficulties and dangers of the situation by more moderate legislation. These methods, moreover, are discriminate; and what is to be desired, if possible, is restriction,

which shall at the same time discriminate. We demand now that immigrants shall not be paupers or diseased or criminals, but these and all other existing requirements are vague, and the methods provided for their enforcement are still more indefinite and are perfectly ineffective. Any law, to be of use, must require, in the first place, that immigrants shall bring from their native country, from the United States consul or other diplomatic representative, an effective certificate that they are not obnoxious to any of the existing laws of the United States. We ought, in addition, to make our test still more definite by requiring a medical certificate in order to exclude unsound and diseased persons.—Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in North American Review for January.

REDUCE THE HOURS.

Even now a panic can be averted and society may be saved by a general reduction of the hours of labor.

But may we safely look forward to such a fortunate result? Nine-tenths of the employers are so ignorantly stupid that they don't know that a general reduction in the hours of labor would save them, and the fourths of the wage workers can only see a reduction of wages in a reduction of hours.

A general reduction of the hours of labor throughout the United States would result in stopping all further discharges and in employing every man who is to-day without work. The employment of every idle man would revive trade and industry everywhere and lead to high wages and prosperity.

Reduce the hours and stop bankruptcy!
Reduce the hours and stop trampism!
Reduce the hours and create employment!

Reduce the hours and prevent revolution!—Patterson Labor Standard.

The late Marchioness of Ely has bequeathed to Princess Beatrice a diamond bracelet with "Fontain-bleau" on the back, a gift which she received from the Empress Eugenie.



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These OVERCOATS must be sacrificed to make room for our Large Stock of WINTER SUITS, which we cannot half unpack until at least two-thirds of these OVERCOATS are sold.

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Men's Worsted Overcoats, Raised Diagonals,	\$5.00, Worth \$10.50
" " " Cut	5.25, " 11.50
" Canadian Frieze Overcoats, Pure Wool Superfine	5.25, " 10.50
" " " All Wool Guaranteed	3.90, " 8.00

Our Children's Plush Overcoats, in Divers Colors, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 are marvels and would be good value as charged elsewhere for \$9.00 and \$10.00. Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits at correspondingly low prices. Eaton Suit \$4.90, nothing in the West to beat it. A Large Assortment of Pure Woollen Underclothing marked 2½ per cent above Mills' quotations. 1,000 dozen Seamless All-wool Aberdeen Socks at 15 Cents, commonly sold at 30 Cents, for this Great Sale only. Call Early and Quickly, to get a Good Choice, as this Great Sale—if the crowds still continue to come—will soon be over at the

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NEW STORE
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NEW STOCK.

IMPERIAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

22, 24, 26 & 28 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

The name of Address and beware of Imitation of Our Firm's Name—IMPERIAL.