

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

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## TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, August 18, 1892.

John Guest, in your last week's issue, voices my sentiments exactly on the Chinese question. They are not of us—don't desire to be of us, and why should we tolerate or approve of their being admitted as of us? I am as tolerant as the great majority of people, yet when I observe the almond-eyed celestial in his habits, and his general demeanor, it would be hard to convince me that he is my brother in the sense that a native of Europe would be. He has not the leading characteristics of a European, nor is a Chinese ever likely to possess them. But the theorist does not think as I do, nor do I blame him. He reasons with his slippers on, and without practical experience. But the fellow who has to compete in actual life with the Mongolian reasons differently. His is not mere sentiment—on the contrary, it is all reality. The imitative Chinaman, true to his surroundings in youth, has no aspiration to a higher level, and is content to slave for a pittance sufficient, from his standpoint, to keep body and soul (does the average Chinaman know or think he has a soul?) together. To my thinking a Chinaman, to use the words of our honest friend, will not allow, if he can help it, his bones to remain in Canada to enrich its soil after his death. Keep him out by all means.

What was deemed necessary in Australia is generally necessary here. John Guest, of Woodstock, is right practically as well as theoretically. By the way, English thinkers are of a nature that commands the attention of our "smart ones" in Canada. "Charity begins at home," and this being true, the desired class in our midst should have the first choice. Yet "Northwester" strikes a respondent chord when, in a city paper of a recent date, he says:

"A change of immigration policy is necessary to fill up the Northwest. A policy of immigration to be a success and the money so expended to be of great and lasting benefit to the Dominion should be done on business principles: i. e., our Government should give a free grant homestead of land in the Northwest to actual settlers, only for each family, and more, to build for the settler a cottage upon the homestead at a moderate cost of from \$500 to \$600, say for a family of five persons. This amount to be a loan to the settler and a first lien upon the property for the term of say ten years at a low rate of interest, 3 or 4 per cent. These cottages could all be framed in Ontario and shipped by rail to the Northwest and erected upon the homestead. This would give employment to hundreds of workmen in Ontario and the money would be in the country. Let it be known throughout England, Ireland and Scotland that our Government gives a free homestead to each family settling and will build and erect for them a cottage to move into upon their arrival upon the terms above mentioned. Persons desiring to better themselves will then find the means to emigrate to the Northwest. By this mode our Government would secure permanent settlers and in a few years would fill up the Northwest. The money expended would be a lasting benefit to the Dominion and to the settlers as well. The old policy of assisted passage should be abandoned, as it is not upon good business principles. Many immigrants that come to Canada have not the means to go on land and build for themselves a house to live in, and purchase seed and farm implements, etc. Hence they flock to our towns and cities hunting employment, which many of them cannot find here. Then off they go to the States. Comment is unnecessary. Our Government should keep a register in rural districts in England, Ireland, Scotland for the accommodation or convenience of those desiring to emigrate to the Canadian Northwest as permanent settlers upon homesteads, i. e., to register their names upon such, also state the means they have at their disposal. By this mode the Government will know the kind of emigrants they are encouraging to come to the Northwest. They will also know about the number of cottages to construct each year."

"I read in one of the city papers that a good deal of criticism was indulged in last night at the regular meeting of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners in Richmond hall regarding the work now going on at the Exhibition grounds. It is said that the carpenter work is done by non-union labor,

the highest wages paid being 20 cents an hour. No action was taken by the Brotherhood, which is at present in too weak a condition to act effectively owing to the bad state of the trade in the city. During the past week 26 members have left for the States, while 55 have drawn their clearance cards during the summer and left for the same place for the same cause. The Brotherhood decided last night to take part in the Trades and Labor demonstration in the city next month."

Now the truth of the matter is that a contractor has secured the execution of the carpenter work at the Exhibition grounds and the fight of the Carpenters' union should be, and is, with that contractor and not with the Exhibition Committee; and I have no doubt that will be the calm and ultimate judgment of the Carpenters' Union. We got "tripped up" in a matter of this kind before, but it must not occur again to the detriment of the sound and impartial judgment of those looking to the best interest of organized labor. It is best to be sure first, and then go ahead every time. If just, we are sure of public opinion on our side every time—at least in Toronto.

The Monroe Doctrine must have some adherents in Canada. "Whittier are we drifting?" I understand a journal devoted to the task of advocating Political Union with the neighboring Republic is to appear in Toronto within a few days. Its chief writer, I am led to believe will be a journalist of ability, tact and energy, and that it will not be his fault if his cause is not clearly and convincingly put before the people of Canada. It is wise to say just now "we will see."

In my letter of last week I wrote that Toronto's Trades and Labor Demonstration would be held on the 10th of next September, but the compositor made the figures read "16th." Although perhaps the mistake was due to my badly-written figures, yet as the compositor is not in Toronto to hear the abuse he is getting—or rather that I am getting—I at once put the blame on his shoulders. When an Echo representative visits Toronto let him plead want of knowledge of this error, else I will not be responsible for his comfort or safety.

In my list of Delegates elected to the ensuing Dominion T. & L. Congress here on September 9 next I omitted to mention the names of Mr. T. W. Banton, President of the T. & L. Council, as representative of the Cabinet-makers' Union; and Mr. Geo. Harris, also a member of the T. & L. Council, as a representative of the Painters' and Decorators' Union.

The aristocracy of labor is honoring Toronto just now. Some employing printers of the United States and Canada—the "Typothete"—have been in session here for some days past. Of course they declared hostility to shorter hours of labor, and read the working printers a homily on their lack of humility in dealing with "their masters!" In this matter I will have more to say next week. To-day the other branch of the aristocracy of labor meets here also. The Divisional Union of Locomotive Engineers open a session. Chief Arthur—he of "no entangling alliance" with other labor bodies, is to be present I hear. There is to be "a reception" or something of that sort in the Pavilion this evening. I suppose the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province and other notable big-wigs will be invited as usual. Labor representatives from other bodies will be conspicuous by reason of the paucity of their number at this reception.

The several sub-committees of the Demonstration Committee of T. & L. Council are working diligently and successfully to make the turnout on the 10th September worthy of Toronto and its labor elements.

Owing to the firmness of Mayor Fleming and Architect Lennox in keeping Contractor Neelon to the letter of his agreement, the latter appears as if desirous of getting out of the job altogether. As a matter of fact, Mr. Neelon has had no experience in house-building, his contracts were in canal excavations and work of that character. So that when his practical partner (Mr. Elliott) died, he found himself "at sea," and although a captain and a sailor of many years experience, he has missed his soundings and cannot strike a safe anchorage around the new City Hall. Having had to "slip his cable" on Pigott, he is floundering about in uncertainty ever since. But he too must go—and that soon—I think.

Enemies of organized labor in this city are trying to make believe that there is a scarcity of laborers in Toronto. Now, although there has been a steady and large

exodus of all classes of working people for months past from Toronto, a short advertisement in our city papers calling for any kind or class of labor, would be answered in numbers sufficient to convince the most skeptical of the undeniable fact that we still have in our midst hosts of unemployed men who are very willing to work if it could only be had. At noon to-day a middle-aged, strong and healthy man came to my door and said he would saw some wood or anything else he could do, if he would be given a meal. He had been vainly looking for work for some days past. He got his dinner, but where he may get a supper I know not. And yet I am told by those who have not to work for a living that I don't know what I am talking about on this question. If I did not know the actual condition of many good, honest, industrious and sober-lived workmen in Toronto I would be much better pleased—especially when I cannot change things for the better for them.

URIM.

## QUEBEC NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, Aug. 17, 1892.

The following delegates have been elected up to date for the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress: The Trades Council have elected D. Marsan, P. J. Jobin and W. Guthrie; District Assembly 20, K. of L., Ed. Little and Felix Pichette; Mechanics' Assembly 10061, K. of L., John T. Quinn; Sillyry Assembly 1707, K. of L., J. B. St. Laurent; Shoe Machine Workers Union, George Marois; Typographical Union No. 150, Felix Marois. I have as yet been unable to ascertain the names of the delegates elected by the Leather Cutters Union, Montgomery Assembly, Jacques Cartier Assembly, Quebecois Assembly, or the Levis Assembly, but I have no doubt about these bodies sending representatives.

We have had a visit from Mr. Paterson of Ottawa he was in this City in his official capacity as organizer of the International Typographical Union, and attended the Quebec Trades and Labor Council's regular meeting of August 16, where, upon invitation, he gave a very pretty and interesting little speech, and he seemed more than surprised to hear in our Trades Council nothing but the French language, but was reassured when told that every one of the delegates present understood English.

In the first paragraph there is an omission. I should have given the trades and callings of the delegates elect. There are in the nine named: three printers, two shoe machine workers, one ship laborer, one machinist, one metal worker and one tailor.

At present in this city there is one of the Oblat Fathers in the St. Saviour parish church, who is giving a series of lectures on the social, economic and labor questions of the day. There has been no religious revival or other movement that has provoked more widespread comment by press and public in this city, some of the French papers presenting his lectures to their readers in their columns and nearly all of them commenting thereon. I should add that the reverend gentleman is an able speaker, and in entire sympathy with the proletariat. His lectures are well attended, and are discussed in the factories, workshops and streets. Would that there were more like him.

There is a lull at present in the shipping line and plenty of idle men in the streets. The C. P. R. hotel is going on slowly. One day a large number of men are employed and a couple of days after discharged. The new wing of the Hotel Dieu hospital is rapidly nearing completion. This is a fine building, and presents a neat and handsome appearance in striking contrast to the new store being put up by Garneau on Dalhousie street, which, by supreme ugliness, is about on a par with the C. P. R. depot as altered and enlarged.

We have had several accidents on shipboard during the last couple of weeks. In one case a man named Byrne got his arm broke at the elbow and wrist by inadvertently putting his hand through a bight of rope which, when tightened by the engine, caused the accident. In another case an iron bar used as binding on the combing of a hatch fell off, striking a man named Rochette upon the head, knocking him senseless and inflicting a severe scalp wound. Besides these two there were several minor accidents, and another item in which probably some Montrealers will be interested. The steamship Coomastie is stranded just be-

low Quebec, and all our papers give a report of the fact; still the question that seems to puzzle everybody is: How did she get there? The only answer that may reasonably be given to the conundrum is, that the Island of Orleans was in the way.

The organization for the celebration of the 22nd and 23rd of August is being pushed with vigor and if Quebec don't have a grand display upon the dates mentioned then it won't be the fault of the promoters of the idea, nor of the patriotic or religious societies of this city.

Some of our labor men were desirous of organizing an excursion to Montreal for Labor Day and wrote to the Richelieu Co. with the object of securing one of their boats for this purpose, but somehow the Richelieu Co. did not seem to connect.

Another item for the last. Smuggling in the Lower St. Lawrence and the sensational reports dished up anent the smugglers bold would make one think of the piratical days of old. In actual fact it is the tamest kind of thing. Take this description of a capture: A tug boat of 150 tons register coming up the river towing a small dilapidated schooner, which is moored upon arrival at the Custom House wharf where her cargo is discharged, it usually consists of some few cases of brandy (French) some cases of gin (German), some boxes of Havana cigars and some barrels of whiskey, Boston manufacture according to the marks upon the barrels, her crew in the meantime gather up their clothes and go ashore, their vessel being seized by the government, they may redeem her by paying a fine of \$400, this they seldom or never do, they work it otherwise. The schooner is sold by public auction and fetches from \$75 to \$150 when it is bought back. The confiscated cargo is sold by public auction too, and realizes probably less than half its value. I won't vouch for the accuracy of this, still the opinion exists amongst many that there is honor amongst smugglers as well as thieves, and the purchaser would thus presumably be made out to be the original owner. There is one thing certain, however, this trade has given a new name to a glass of whiskey. It is quite common now to hear a man at the bar of a hotel ask for a glass of contraband.

The Canadian militia are being pressed into the coast guard service. As searchers they distinguished themselves quite recently upon Crane Island, and our legal luminaries are going to have a hand in the trade. Law must have its share of everything that's going, and by the time Bouchard is convicted of—well, I don't know what crime he is accused—they ought to be satisfied. It makes a world of difference as to who is engaged in that smuggling trade. The poor schooners are catching it bad; still, all they do is to take a cargo for Quebec, receiving freight for its delivery. The man that owns it is severely let alone; of course he is a rich merchant.

Another thing, a new steamer called the Columbian, built in the United States for a Canadian company to run upon Canadian waters has, so it is said, paid no duty because the word "Newfoundland" was painted upon her stern; of course that's not smuggling.

ATLAS.

## LABOR NOTES.

In Pittsburg it is reckoned 150,000 toilers are idle.

The Pressfeeders of Cleveland have organized a union.

Grand Rapids printers have abolished piece work in book and job offices.

Painters' Journal say that in nearly all trades scabs are getting scarcer.

Bricklayers union 34, New York city, work eight hours a day at 50 cents per hour.

The Cigar Makers International Union do not intend to be outdone by the Typographical Union, and have appointed a committee to locate a home for superannuated members.

In the Coeur d'Alene regions the military drove men, women and children into stockades, deprived of the necessaries of life and treated worse than were the prisoners in Andersonville or Libby prisons, the military acting solely in the interests of the mine owner.

Seventy-five scabs were secured in Chicago a few days ago, to take strikers places in St. Louis. General Secretary Kidd of the wood workers got wind of the affair and boarded the same train to do a little missionary work, with the result that when St. Louis was reached the imported men marched to the strikers headquarters and joined the union.

## A SURGEON'S STORY.

She came into my consulting room with a good deal of diffidence. She was what might be called a sweet-eyed woman, but not beautiful. She had that peculiar expression that was confirmed sadness in her look, but that might have arisen from the character of the disease from which she suffered. She was young, but looked old as she seated herself near me on the right, with the light from a side window strong upon her face. This is a position most favorable for observation, for to the experienced doctor expression and attitude often proclaim the character of a malady before a word is spoken on either side.

The 'tactus eruditus' can be cultivated elsewhere than at the fingers' ends, and as for attitude, the very way one drops into a chair, walks across the street, stands or sits, assist in what actors call the 'general make-up,' but what the doctor calls 'the diagnosis.'

The attitude of this woman was good, save a little air of relaxation, but the trembling of her lower lip and the grasp of her white fingers on the arms of the chair told of the nervous strain from which she suffered.

'I came to have an operation,' she said, going without circumlocution to the subject uppermost in her mind. That was all. I examined her carefully without another word and then said to her:

'Do you know the risk?'

'I do; it is speedy death or complete recovery, is it not?' she answered.

'Are you willing to take this risk?'

'I!' wonderingly she exclaimed. 'There is no risk for me. I am growing weaker day by day. Death would be a boon to me, but I must live. I want to live if I can.'

There was something so pathetic in the gentle firmness of this woman that I was much interested and attracted to her. She seemed tired and languid and I asked her:

'Have you traveled far?'

'I arrived in the city just three hours ago; I have traveled by rail two days and one night to get here to New York. I have a letter for you.' She handed it to me. I recognized by the chirography that the writer was an old friend of mine. I read as follows:

ST. LOUIS, June 15, 1888.

DEAR DOCTOR—I send this by Miss Ellen —, whose case I think is not very complicated, but one which will require an immediate operation to effect a cure. I recommend her to your kind consideration.

Your old friend, T. G. C.

Having completed the examination I recommended her to enter the hospital, undergo what the doctors call 'a preparatory treatment,' which is sometimes good and sometimes bad, and appointed the following Thursday (the day was Monday) for the operation.

She saw that the interview was about terminated and arose, but stood irresolute before the table, apparently having something she wanted to say to me. I observed this and inquired:

'Have you anything more you want to tell me?'

She dropped her eyes for a moment, then raised them to my face and said in a low tone, though firmly: 'Doctor, I must know the expense; how much will it all cost?'

There is no question put to a physician that is sometimes so difficult to answer as this one. I don't desire to open the worn-out subject of the professional quid pro quo or what constitutes the equivalent for services rendered in dollars and cents. The subject dates from the 80th Olympiad and will never be definitely settled till the millennium (that happy period when there will be no diseases and no doctors, and consequently no fees), but I may say that the question of 'how much' is often very perplexing; in a few instances is easily answered, especially if the patient be either rich, in moderate circumstances or an actual pauper, for to the first you may name the highest amount your conscience (if you have one) will allow, and doubtless it will be paid; to the second you may regulate the fee according to the circumstances of the patient; to the third you can answer in a magnanimous voice 'Nothing,' or if the case be very interesting and instructive you may even pay a bonus to prevent its falling into other hands. But there are cases such as this one I am recording, where the person is poor, perhaps almost a pauper as far as lucre goes, but who is rich in self-respect, in pride and in the recollection of better days; whose birth and education proclaim themselves in spite of that unmistakable aura of struggling poverty which surrounds them, and to these it is very difficult to answer. The ground is delicate on both sides.

While I was puzzling how to acquit myself in this dilemma she spoke again.

'How long, if I live through the operation, will it be before I can go back?'

She did not say 'home,' as I expected, but stopped short at the last word.

'Five or six weeks,' I answered.

'Shall I require a good deal of care?'

'Probably two nurses—one for the night and one for the day.'

She turned suddenly to the door with a look of ineffable sadness, and as she said 'Good morning, sir,' I could see the tears drop in her eyes and could hear a sob of resigned despair in her voice.

'Where are you going now?' I cried, as cheerfully as I could.

'To some charity hospital,' she replied; 'but, oh, doctor, I have such a horror of them!'

My spirit warmed to this poor woman, she seemed so gentle in her manner, so cultured in her tones (and there is nothing that so quickly proclaims breeding and culture as the simple intonation and inflection of the voice), that I said: 'Come, now, don't go away discouraged; make a confidant of me. A doctor is a kind of father confessor, you know. Let me hear a little more about you, for I am sure I can be of service.'

I felt just what I said, and I am quite sure she understood me. She looked at me with those soft, gentle eyes, then a flush spread on her face. She turned her back to me, and I saw her opening the top of her waist. She took something from it, fastened her dress, and, turning round, laid a worn, yellow, old-fashioned envelope upon the table. She placed the forefinger of her right hand upon the package and said:

'This is all I have in the world. It would not even pay my board for two weeks.'

I saw in a moment that I could do this woman good and I was sure she was worthy, and I determined that, if I could, I would prevent the infliction of the 'charity patient' and 'charity hospital' upon her.

'That's plenty,' I said. 'I'm sure that's enough. Here' (dipping my pen into the ink-stand) 'is a note to the matron of my hospital. Go there straight; she will make you comfortable and I will see you at 2.30 this afternoon.'

As I looked up from my writing, while I was folding the note, I saw that tears were silently falling upon the table.

She took the letter, and, with an effort at brightness, said: 'I know I shall get well now, and, oh! so much depends upon it—so much for me! God bless you!'

When I saw her comfortably housed that afternoon I was surprised at the altered expression of her face; she looked ten years younger and her composed and tranquil appearance gave me great hopes of her ultimate recovery. I saw her every day between this and the Thursday appointed for the operation and she was cheerful, sometimes even humorous, in her talk, but she never spoke of her home, her life, her family or her friends. This was rather extraordinary, for patients generally allude to home, to him, or to her, or to somebody connected with them, as they approach the ordeal of a grave surgical procedure.

On Thursday morning, however, about an hour before the operation, she said, with an effort:

'May I have a few words with you privately?'

I motioned to the two nurses to withdraw; one of them had the tact to do so without further admonition; the other, with that curiosity which will ever be the bane of some women, immediately began busying herself about something in the room and required a second reminder to get out of the way.

I sat down beside the bed; the patient was very pale, so pale that I took her hand and counted her pulse; she turned her head toward me and said:

'Doctor, I believe and feel that I am going to live, but,' she said, and her voice became lower and she looked inquiringly toward the door, 'if you see I am about to die you will find in that little leather writing-case an envelope sealed and directed to you; open it and do as you think best.'

She ceased for a moment and then said: 'You have been so good to me—so very good—and I feel grateful to you,' and she pressed my hand, turned on her back with a peaceful expression of face and said with a smile: 'I am quite ready now.'

People say that surgeons grow hard-hearted as they advance in years. It is a generally received opinion that the constant presence of suffering, disease and death has the effect of blunting our tender feelings and, if I may say so, brutalizing our humanity. That this is not so I know from my own experience; I know it from years of association with the best men in the profession; indeed, the contrary is more often true. Age and experience render one more sympathetic, more tolerant and more charitable, and as I sat beside this patient, who had crossed my path only a few days before, I felt for her a regard and a sympathy that I could not explain. I was certain that her way of life had been rugged with adversity, but of her antecedents I knew absolutely nothing, nor could I form any conjecture regarding them. I called in the nurse, who placed a shawl upon the patient; she walked with a steady step into the operating room, got upon the table without trepidation and while she was being arranged, smiled as I said to her:

'We will soon have you out of this all right.'

She looked round upon the nurses and the assistants and all the paraphernalia of the operating room, then turned to me, held out her hand and said:

'I am in good hands; I know I shall come out all right.'

Alas! Alas!

On the second morning after the operation, which proved to be more difficult than I anticipated, she was so bright, cheerful and hopeful, the nurses so much encouraged and the assistants so buoyant that I said to myself: 'She's too well. I don't like such a condition.'

It is a well-known fact that exalted spirits and feelings of improved vitality often are the precursors of serious and sometimes even fatal attacks of disease. I have known a patient state that he felt better that morning than he had in ten years, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he fell down with an apoplexy and died.

When I asked the patient 'how she felt' on this second day she smiled and said one word, 'Splendidly.' In the afternoon when I went to her room there was a change for the worse, the very rapid pulse, the tendency to restlessness, a rather unpronounced anxiety of expression, a little bit of pinching about the nostrils, made me fearful of what was coming. In fact I was certain that bad results would follow, but with that strange perversity of hope, I thought 'this will perhaps pass, the temperature is not bad, and tomorrow there will be a change.' These kind of symptoms, in my opinion, never do pass—that is, on to the better—they pass on to death. I know it, and yet I try always, when such present themselves, to make myself believe that I am mistaken 'this once.' I try to fool myself into the belief that something will happen and the symptoms will change. I endeavored to conceal every shade of anxiety from her.

'Well, how do you feel now?'

'Pretty well,' she said with a smile; but it was not a good smile; the lips were a little (not much) drawn over the teeth. I gave what directions I thought necessary, but an indefinable something made me uneasy, so uneasy that at midnight I went again to the hospital. Everything was worse. The symptoms of heart failure (such as some doctors deride the word) were pronounced. The rapidity of the pulse had increased, the temperature had fallen a little below normal, the heart's action was weak, she appeared rather drowsy between the restless spells, but was easily recalled to consciousness. The outlook was entirely unfavorable. I bade her 'good night,' and as I passed from the room raised the little worn out leather portfolio from the table and took it unnoticed away with me. I shut myself in the office and opened the case. Amid a few pieces of worn blotting paper I found the envelope sealed and directed to me. I opened it forthwith. There were three inclosures. One, a telegram dated 'New York,' with a space for the day of the month, 1888. It read:

TO EDWARD —, Alton, Ill.—Your wife is dying at No. — street, New York.

The second paper was a marriage certificate dated, '14th of May, 1882,' signed by a clergyman whom I had known in years gone by.

The third inclosure was a card. On it in pencil was written:

NED—Bury me with the baby. Show the marriage certificate to mother. ELLEN.

I stood overcome for the moment, then the whole sad story flashed before my view as I pieced together the startling announcements these scraps of paper revealed. God! what a life's history was written here. A young and trusting girl, mad in her first love, giving herself, body and soul, to her lover. A clandestine marriage and elopement, with the inevitable sorrow and remorse that follow them. The throes of labor—the birth of a child, the bright dawn of the holiest, most endearing passion, maternal love, the desertion, perhaps brutality, of the man for whom a home had been made desolate and honor sacrificed. The coldness, the ostracism, the cruelty of the world only broken and rendered enduring by the ineffable strength and purity of a mother's love. Then, alas! the mighty shadow falling on the desolate and deserted woman as the angel death hovering for a while over the cradle, inexorable and unmoved by the agonized watching, the prayers and tears of the deserted mother, vanished from her presence, leaving her completely alone, alone with only the seeds of disease fructifying in her own body, which now after the hospital and surgical operation were about to terminate her miserable existence.

Even then as my mind outlined the story the flickering spirit, or what we call life (and of which, as an entity, we know absolutely nothing), was ebbing and flowing, flashing and dying, soon to be extinguished in eternal darkness. Oh, the mystery of it all, the smallness of man, the greatness of God.

For some moments I knew not what was best; the woman upstairs was not dead. The suffering creature whose way of life had been so stormy might survive a couple of days. What could I do to throw a single gleam of light upon such a death-bed of sorrow? How could I make her end more

peaceful? I thought a moment, then I dated the telegram I had found in the envelope, signed it with my own name and sent it by my own hand and went home to think.

The next morning, that of the third day—which is generally a critical one—she seemed a shade easier, her expression was better, but her pulse was more rapid. (Temperature don't go for much in these cases.) She was weaker, and I saw from her expression that her hope was waning. Mine had gone.

She was lying turned somewhat on her side when I entered her room. She looked up with an appealing and apprehensive expression and said to me:

'Doctor, am I going to die?'

'Your symptoms are not nearly so favorable as yesterday,' I replied.

'I know it, I feel it; but you will try to save me, doctor, will you not?'

'Yes, my dear woman, I will indeed,' was my answer.

'Doctor,' she said, turning full upon me, 'will I get over it?'

How can a doctor lie in such a presence and surrounded by such a combination of serious and solemn things? The angel of death was already in the room proclaiming his mastery over the art, the science and the skill of man, who boasts so loudly of the advancement, the discoveries and the capability of the latter end of this nineteenth century. There on the bed was a human body made in god's own image, 'noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form, in movement; how express and admirable in action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god,' about to be deprived of its soul and to morrow to become a mass of revolting decomposition.

I answered her question very gravely.

'I fear—I fear that you cannot pass the ordeal.'

'You will surely do what I have asked you?' she said.

'I have sent the telegram,' I replied.

A half-frightened, half-pleased expression came into her face, but she said nothing, and after giving a few necessary directions I left the room. I did not know what to expect, but hoped that the sad news sent by wire might bring her husband to her side before she died. I was not mistaken. The next morning, just as I was entering the hospital, a cab drove to the door, a man alighted and joined me on the steps. I saw his character in a moment. He was about thirty-five years of age, fashionably dressed, with a handsome, dissipated-looking face. He was a type of man one sees in large cities around the theatres and fashionable cafes at night, and as a rule is never visible in the morning. The flesh was flabby and rather sodden about the cheeks, the nose was bloated and I could see the red lines of the small distended and tortuous bloodvessels wandering here and there over its surface; the eyes were bright and dark, the eyelids heavy. He appeared to me as a species of chronic 'alcoholism' deprived of its ordinary stimulant. His face was anxious, but with the assumption of a nonchalant air he asked:

'Are you Dr. —?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Will you walk in?'

As he followed me, and before we entered the parlor, he said: 'How is my wife?'

By this time we had entered the room. I shut the door and said simply 'She is dying.'

There was a masterful exhibition of self-control in his manner, though his voice trembled as he asked:

'Can I see her?'

'Yes, but before you go here are two papers for you.'

I put my hand into the side pocket of my coat, drew forth the certificate and the card and handed them to him.

He read them in a moment and then suddenly said:

'Good God! Doctor, what a miserable wretch I am. Will you take me to her?'

There was no sham in this exclamation. The ring of remorse was in the tone and the perturbation of his mind was expressed in his manner. We walked to the death chamber. I bade the husband stay for a moment on its threshold, while I entered the room.

Death was claiming its own. The pale face and pinched features, a slight perspiration on the brow; the drooping lids, a hazy expression of eye, the beginning of oblivion, the passively resting arms by her sides with the palms of her white hands turned upwards; the poor, pale lips slightly drawn, the rapid rising and falling of her chest showed too plainly that the end was very near. The nurse sat on the farther side of the bed, moving a fan slowly and gently over the face of the dying woman, as if in reverence for the great presence which overshadowed her. I stooped and touched the patient's arm; she did not move. I put my finger on her pulse; it was like a thread bounding over a round spool. There was no intermissions, but one long tremulous motion. Still she did not move. I bent over her and placing my hand gently on her shoulder said:

'Ellen.'

Slowly and feebly her eyelids raised.

There was a slight film upon the corner, but, oh! 'twas wonderful to mark how rapidly the vacant look passed as intelligence slowly came to her; how the last light of waning life vivified the vision and her expression showed me that she knew me now, but that her brain could not hold the expression for long. It was like the rising dawn behind the hills gradually dispersing the laden hues of night. I looked up and beckoned to her husband. He came forward with a tread so silent and careful that she did not see him till he reached my side. Then with the rapidity of the lightning flash, life, intelligence, observation and boundless love came streaming into the face of the dying woman. (Oh, the lasting and forgiving love of a pure woman!) She stretched out her hand. He kneeled down by her side, he took the hand in his own, and as he bent forward to kiss her upon her lips, his tears dropped clear upon her pale, wan brow. I saw him place his arm gently around her neck; I saw him draw her softly to him and drop his head upon the pillow beside her, and I beckoned to the nurse and left them together.

## The Romance of Grovetown.

Harold Hargrave, having finished his college course, decided to choose medicine as his life work, although his friends declared he was too chicken-hearted for a 'saw-bone,' and cut out for a poet, an artist or a musician; but in the good old days of his graduation no one thought of gaining a living by the latter pursuits. One must, no matter what his gifts were, be either a lawyer, a clergyman or a physician. The first two Harold decided he could not be. Medicine alone was left to him. Profession decided, the next thing to be determined was where to study. In those days medical schools and hospitals were not general, and candidates for the Esculapian degree studied at the homes of regular practitioners. Harold's home was in a rural community, and having considered the several physicians within a few miles of his home, he settled finally upon Doctor William Gray, who was considered the most skillful surgeon and practitioner of medicine in Washington county.

Doctor Gray lived a few miles distant in a small hill village, named Grovetown from a group of large maples in the centre, saved when the hill was cleared of the primeval forest, serving the village as a park and the surrounding country as a picnic ground. There was but little business carried on in Grovetown, and its only institutions of a public nature were an academy, a hotel, a store and a post office.

Doctor Gray was considered a singular man. He was a scientist, devoted and conscientious in his profession. His business was to heal, and no storm, however severe, ever kept him from a patient. When he had a particularly dangerous case on hand he would stay with the patient for hours. He seemed to care little for money; it was a common saying in the village that it would pay him to engage a collector. He was given to few words, seldom showing any emotion, and for this reason was considered by many to be hard-hearted. Perhaps it was for this reason that, while he was respected by all, he could scarcely be said to be loved by any.

He occasionally showed signs of sentiment, however, although he did not acknowledge it by name. The first horse he ever owned, long since past use, he kept in summer in a freshly cultivated pasture on delicate white clover, and in winter on food especially prepared for his almost toothless jaws. When asked why he did this he would say:

'Duty! He has been a faithful servant to me.'

'Duty' was the doctor's watchword.

A few years before our story opens Doctor Gray had married Lawyer Cole's daughter; she was much younger than himself, a handsome blonde, of a sentimental disposition, whose time had been spent in drumming a little on the piano, in painting a little, and in reading novels a great deal. The marriage caused considerable surprise, the bride and husband were so unlike. But the pair seemed to live happily together.

Ada Gray, however, was young and fond of amusement; her husband was old and devoted to study; hence it fell out that the young wife was often lonely. The doctor knew this, and was glad when Harold Hargrave became a member of his household; he would amuse Ada, and they could sing and read together. Harold saw no objection to this arrangement, and his medical studies suffered in consequence. This was not altogether satisfactory to Dr. Gray, for he was conscientious, and duty came in here as in everything else; he insisted on a certain amount of study, and that Harold should see his patients. 'It was a crime to be a skim-milk physician,' he would say. But on many an evening when he was called on an important case which he thought it advisable for Harold to see, he was importuned by Ada to allow the young man to stay at home; and he yielded to her invariably.

The end of all this may be easily guessed.

People began to 'talk' of Harold and his patron's wife. The young man, hearing this, was troubled. He did not wish to involve his kind friends in a scandal. He felt he had been honorable in his intentions and actions toward both, and they toward him. That being the case, was there any harm in their manner of life? To the outside world it looked suspicious. True, it was none of their business, but people never have been careful about the line of demarkation between their affairs and those of others. Then again, was he attending strictly to the affairs that brought him to Grovetown? He spent the night in this kind of reasoning, and one morning, weary with lack of sleep, decided that in the future he would attend to study, and cause no more suspicion by action of his.

After that he insisted upon accompanying Dr. Gray on his daily rounds. The old gentleman looked at him occasionally in a curious way, as if he noticed his increased interest in medicine, and apparently it pleased him. Ada noticed it also, and something very like a pout came to her pretty lips when she pleaded loneliness in vain. She missed her cavalier, and even her favorite novels failed to compensate her for his loss.

Nor was it a pleasant change to Harold. Something seemed to have been taken out of his life. Occasionally, when he returned to his old way for a day or an evening, it brought an unaccountable sense of pleasure. This troubled him. He was on dangerous ground. What should he do? Harold considered this question thoroughly, and at last came to the conclusion that he must go away. But what excuse could he give the doctor and his wife? He at last decided to make a clean breast of it to the former, and give no excuse to Ada. He therefore made arrangements to commence study in another town.

The doctor opened his eyes when Harold first disclosed his reason for leaving him, then settled into his habitual quiet. It was right he should go, and he commenced his course. It was his duty.

Harold went away, and was happy to think he had caused the doctor no serious anxiety; but he felt a sense of loneliness he had never before experienced. He realized that he loved Ada. Was his passion returned? He could not answer this question; but when a gossip of Grovetown wrote him that the beautiful Mrs. Gray was losing health and spirits, he felt an odd mixture of sorrow and exultation.

Six months passed. One morning Harold was surprised to see Dr. Gray drive into his door-yard, as small lawns were called in those days. He appeared genial and kind in the interview that followed, but Harold thought he was more grave than usual. Suddenly he asked Harold if he had made any definite arrangements for starting his profession. He had not. Dr. Gray then informed his former pupil that he had taken it upon himself to make plans for him.

'It is useless to deny,' he said, 'that I can give Ada happiness no longer. She is pining away—in fact, she is dying—and for you!' Something seemed to check the doctor, but clearing his throat he went on quietly. 'She's my wife, but what's the use of tying her to me if she cannot be happy? Neither of you were to blame for what has happened. We've had a talk and have decided to live apart. You are to step into my practice and house. I shall not need them longer, for I have obtained a position in the hospital at B—. The only recompense I ask is that you keep old Kitty, my worn out horse, until she dies.'

'But, doctor,' burst out Harold, who had been until now too much surprised to speak, 'this is monstrous! I will not consent to such a sacrifice.'

'Hear me to the end before you decide. I do not mean to give you my practice outright; you are merely to hold it in trust for Ada. For myself—well, I have an incurable disease which must soon carry me off. It will be a comfort to know that I leave my wife in good hands.'

'If you are ill, doctor, so much greater the reason that you should stay in your own home,' said Harold, who hardly knew how to deal with this singular proposal.

'Ada—'

'I tell you I will not have it so! My wife shall not be sacrificed to a sick old man. Coax her back to life and health, Hargrave, and when I am gone marry her—and God bless you both!'

Hargrave could not speak for a moment; when he did it was to utter new objections, but Dr. Gray silenced them all. Practically he had done with his life, he said; his death was but a question of months. It was his wish that Hargrave be settled in business by the time Ada became free, otherwise he could not marry her at all, perhaps. And at last, overwhelmed by the number and force of his arguments, Hargrave ceased to oppose him.

The new arrangement of affairs caused considerable commotion in Grovetown and the surrounding neighborhood, and there were some who would never employ Doctor Hargrave because they thought he had wronged old Doctor Gray. Harold felt him

self in a false position, but made the best of it. He saw Ada frequently, but said nothing of his love. How could he, knowing that her husband still lived? Yet the two were happy in merely seeing each other, and Ada was soon well again.

A year passed, when one day a letter from Doctor Gray summoned Doctor Hargrave and Ada to his bedside. They went; the old man was dying.

'Ah, Ada,' he said, looking earnestly at his weeping wife, 'perhaps I should not have sent for you; but the end is near, and one doesn't like to die alone.'

Stricken to the heart she tried to comfort him; and soon he turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

In looking over her husband's effects after the funeral—they were not many—Ada opened his Bible to a well worn place and found this passage marked: "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend." What did it signify?

Dr. Hargrave and his wife appear to live happily together; but their servants say there is an odd constraint between them.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

### LACROSSE.

The match on Saturday between Toronto and Shamrock was without any feature of special interest unless it be that the Western team put up a better defence game than was anticipated. The result was four to one in favor of the Shamrocks.

The Capital-Cornwall match at Ottawa turned out a big surprise. It was nip-and-tuck for both teams and the match was only decided on the ninth game by the Capitals scoring, play having been continued over the regulation two hours.

An excellent game was witnessed on the Driving Park between the Emmets and White Stars, the former winning by three to two. The youngsters proved themselves remarkably fine stick handlers and can travel fast enough for anything. Arthur Reid of the Emmets shone out conspicuously on his side, while Houston and Leonard of the Stars did yeoman work. The Stars play a return match with the Beavers this afternoon and it is guaranteed there will be no tree around.

The match between the Star and the Witness teams takes place this afternoon. The boys have been training during the past fortnight and expect to show the spectators some good lacrosse. There is a good deal of small betting among the immediate friends of the different teams each of whom expect to knock the other into "pie" figuratively speaking. It is certain there will be a considerable amount of fun for those who go to see the match.

The match this afternoon between Montreal and Capital may have a different ending from what most people anticipate. The home team will have some of their old players in the field, and this will help greatly to steady the colts.

### ATHLETICS.

Five thousand persons assembled at the baseball grounds, Toronto, on Wednesday afternoon to witness the 16th annual tournament and sports of the Toronto Police Amateur Athletic association. Police Constable W. Nicol secured the honors, and remains champion of the force with 15 points, winning three firsts.

The event of the day was a tug-of-war between teams of Toronto and Hamilton forces, which was won by the former in two straight heats.

### QUITTING.

A friendly game will take place this afternoon between teams from the Caledonian and Dominion Clubs on the grounds of the former, corner Britannia and St. Etienne streets.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Harry Jewett's record of 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds at Cleveland on Saturday is disputed.

Alexander Miller, of Philadelphia, and E. C. McClelland of Pittsburg will run five miles on September 10, at Philadelphia, for \$500 a side.

Life-Savers Albert and Tobie, of Rockaway Beach, are to swim a match for \$250 a side to-day. The course will be from the iron pier to the lightship.

Jimmie Lee, the celebrated Harvard athlete, is to return to the law school of that institution next October. Lee was one of the most famous athletes who ever wore the crimson, and his return will be received with great joy by the Harvard boys.

Griffo, the famous Australian feather-weight pugilist, is now on his way to this country. He is expected in California next week. On his arrival here the California club will match him to fight "Sol" Smith for a \$2,500 purse.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons told President Noel, of the Olympic club, recently, that if "Jim" Corbett defeats Sullivan he will make a match with the Californian, whom he thinks he can defeat. President Noel told Fitzsimmons that the Olympic club will offer a big purse for the match if Corbett wins.

## FRIENDSHIP and CONVERSATION.

### The Use of Friendship and the Best Kind of Conversation.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good breeding never forgets that amourpropre is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you wish, at the old man's delusion, but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

You need not get in rebellion against what I say, if you find everything in my saying was not exactly new. You can't possibly mistake a man who means to be honest for a literary pickpocket. I once read an introductory lecture that looked to me too learned for its latitude. On examination, I found all its erudition was taken ready-made from Disraeli. If I had been ill-natured, I should have shown up the little great man, who had once belabored me in his feeble way. But one can generally tell these wholesale thieves easily enough, and they are not worth the trouble of putting them in the pillory. I doubt the entire novelty of my remarks just made on telling unpleasant truths, yet I am not conscious of any larceny.

Neither make too much of flaws and occasional overstatements. Some persons seem to think that absolute truth, in the form of rigidly stated propositions, is all that conversation admits. This is precisely as if a musician should insist on having nothing but perfect chords and simple melodies—no diminished fifths, no flat sevenths, no flourishes, on any account. Now, it is fair to say, that just as music must have all these, so conversation must have its partial truths, its embellished truths, its exaggerated truths.

Conversation is its higher forms an artistic product, and admits the ideal element as much as pictures and statues. One man who is a little too literal can spoil the talk of a whole tableful of men of spirit. "Yes," you say, "but who wants to hear fanciful people's nonsense? Put the facts to it and then see where it is."

Certainly if a man is too fond of paradox—if he is flighty and empty—if instead of striking those fifths and sevenths those harmonious discords, often so much better than the twined octaves, in the music of thought—if instead of striking these he jangles the chords, stick a fact into him like a stiletto.

But remember that talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important and the most difficult—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and most profitable.

It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

## NEW MAP OF THE PLANET MARS.

### The Recent Inspection Will Allow of Many Important Additions.

The close resemblance, in so many details and conditions, of the planet Mars to the earth has long made it one of the most interesting of the heavenly bodies, and speculation as to whether or not it is inhabited by beings similar to those living upon the earth has been long indulged. On the 3rd of August the planet was closer to the earth than it had been at any time during the past 15 years, and its unusual brilliancy for the week preceding caused it to be observed with the utmost attention at most of the observatories in the world. The great Lick telescope, at the Mount Hamilton Observatory, California, was used to its full capacity in this work, and for several days observations of the most valuable character were obtained, the near approach of the planet, and its consequent brilliancy and size at this time enabling the observers to utilize the full powers of the instrument with the most interesting results.

A correspondent to the New York Sun, writing from the observatory, under date of July 31, says: The drawings by all the astronomers exhibit numerous changes in the principal characteristics since the celebrated sketches made by the Milanese astronomer Schiaparelli. Many of his almost fanciful details are shown to have no existence in reality, none of the so-called canals are doubled, or germinated as he depicted them. All of these curious streaks, whatever they may be, are broad strips, and not narrow lines, just as they were seen through the Lick telescope two years ago, and in fact just as they have been ever since the great Washington refractor was first turned on the planet in 1874.

This will be a disappointment to those who have found in the existence of these canals,

and particularly in the announcement that they were all to be seen to be doubled, indisputable evidence that Mars was inhabited by human beings. The most startling of all the Mount Hamilton observations are those made on the two tiny moons of the planet, which were discovered by Asaph Hall in Washington during the opposition of 1877, and which have since been seen at brief intervals and only in the largest telescopes. Not only have these little attendants, by all odds the faintest planetary bodies to be seen anywhere in the sky, been in plain view for the greater part of July, but the astronomers regularly observed their eclipses in the shadow of Mars.

It was learned from Prof. Holden that the satellites are seen to disappear in eclipse upon reaching the line of shadow with almost the same instantaneous effect which is seen when the dark limb of the moon passes over a bright star in the sky. Within two-tenths of a second the whole body of the moon is seen to be immersed in the shadow cast out into space by the globe of Mars.

It is almost impossible to convey a proper idea of the insignificant size of the little satellites, or of the extraordinarily small scale upon which their orbits are drawn. The inner satellite is probably about eight miles in diameter the outer one about twenty. The first is less than 4,000 miles from the surface of the planet and the other about three times that distance. To a man in Mars they would each appear about one-fifth the size of our full moon, and they revolve so rapidly about the planet that the inner one appears to move through the sky from west to east, and consequently rises in the west. It completes one revolution in less than eight hours, so that it seems to be "new" three times a day.

It has only been possible heretofore to estimate the size of these bodies by comparing the amount of light reflected by them with that reflected from the planet Mars itself, whose size is known. But now, by means of these eclipse observations, we have a direct measure of the size, since it is found that each of the satellites moves its own diameter in about two-tenths of a second, and we can easily tell from our knowledge of our orbits just what space in miles each of them moves through in that time.

### Woman Under the Law.

Marion Harland commands a halt in the claims of woman for more rights, and yet a Boston lawyer says that under our present statutes a woman whose husband ill treats her is compelled to leave her home—even if she hires the house, pays the rent, owns the furniture and does all the housework, while he is getting his living out of her—in order to put herself in a position to maintain action for separate support. He says a case has come to his notice where a woman so placed, under fears of threats made by her husband of tying her up and putting her in an insane asylum if she tried to leave him, planned to leave him by pretending to pay a visit "down east."

He consented to her going if her sister would keep the house in her place. The sister came and the wife left, but instead of going east west and earned her living by her own work. A judge of the Massachusetts court has ruled that after such leaving she could not say that she was living apart from her husband for justifiable cause. The wife's testimony of ill treatment was corroborated by several witnesses, and her terror of his threats to declare her insane and confine her was known to them, but the court declared she had no case. The question of support is always with the judge, who can say one dollar a year if he likes—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Plasterers of Philadelphia are succeeding in their strike against non-union men.

The Cooper's Union of San Francisco, after a three weeks' lock out are about to start a co-operative shop with a subscribed capital of \$10,000.

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

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

CONVICT LABOR.

The attempt to utilize the labor of convicts in the mines of Tennessee has led to serious consequences. A large number of workmen in the State are now in revolt...

support at hand. Another proposition is to retail the article manufactured by prison labor at the regular market value, and, allowing the standard wage of the trade, hand the residue, after deducting cost of maintenance...

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We notice that the Royal Electric Company have just awarded to a Toronto firm a contract for the construction of a thousand horse power vertical compound engine for street railway service...

We have this week to announce another addition to the ranks of organized labor. Some thirty odd machine wood-workers met at 278 St. Lawrence street the other evening...

city will become a member, and there is plenty of grievances connected with the trade to keep them busy rectifying for some time to come.

The annual convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opened in Toronto on Thursday with about 500 delegates present, chiefly representatives of the Dominion and points along the border.

Andrew Carnegie, the persecutor of organized labor, sent a contribution of £100 sterling towards the election expenses of J. Keir Hardie, who was recently elected in the labor interest for a British constituency.

The Stony Creek quarrymen of Connecticut have won the first battle in the strike. Their representatives met members of the Brooklyn Granite Company firm...

The London Daily News calls attention to a "Prayer for Landlords," which appeared about 1550 in the last primer of Edward VI. It is very appropriate in the present day...

The latest addition to the labor press of the United States is the Buffalo Labor World, a seven-column four-page paper. It arrives at an opportune time...

Labor Union of Buffalo, and as such will exercise considerable influence among organized labor of that city. The selections are made with care and are of a nature to be read with profit by every thoughtful workingman.

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**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Some time ago the mine owners of this province raised a terrible row over the enforcement of Mercier's mining law," said Phil. "They stated that mining didn't pay and that sooner than submit to this obnoxious tax they would close their mines altogether and hold the government responsible for the suffering that might fall to the lot of those who thereby would lose their employment. They gained their point, and it now transpires that this whole agitation was nothing but a piece of capitalistic cheek and bluff prompted by the greed of unscrupulous mine owners. It is now shown that there is not a particle of truth in the statement made 'that mining didn't pay,' but that the mine owners used the imposition of this tax on their output as an excuse to limit the same and to force the price of asbestos up to a point which yields them a profit of from 100 to 300 per cent. This preconcerted action of the mine owners to limit the output naturally threw a large number of men out of work who had been allured to settle in the asbestos region by the promise or prospect of steady employment, and it is asserted that in Thetford and vicinity there are over five hundred families who, since last fall, have been supported on credit by local shopkeepers. It is not necessary for me to enlarge upon this, because everyone of you knows what it is to be out of work and to live on credit; but what I do want to impress upon you is the fact that hundreds of men are at present idle in the Eastern Townships and on the verge of starvation because the few landsharks who own the asbestos deposits will not be satisfied with less than 300 per cent. profit. Talk about white slaves in the coke and coal regions of Pennsylvania! Why, here you have the very same thing right at your own door. It is true that as yet there are no imported Italians or Huns at Thetford, but taking facts as they are submitted on reliable authority you can easily figure out the difference, if difference there is. To begin with; where formerly 700 men were employed but 150 are to work now, the others are idle. If the average daily pay of these 150 men is \$1.75, and 550 men are ready to take their places, how long will it be before the wages will have fallen to \$1 per day; and to what point can they ultimately be forced, considering that the men are too poor to get away, that they are without any kind of organization and that a long and severe winter is before them. Figure it out, and then let me know the difference in the position of the asbestos miner in the Eastern Townships and that of the coke burner of Connellsville."

"There is one thing to be remembered, that if the miners had been organized they would not have fallen such easy victims to capitalistic greed," said Brown, "and their fate should serve as a warning to other branches of labor which are either not organized, or who pay but little attention to their organization. On the other hand, if God Almighty had created these asbestos beds for the especial use and benefit of the crowd who now claim to own them, it would not justify them in the action they have taken. Neither does their action justify the government in granting private corporations the privilege to own and operate the mineral lands of the country which of right belong to all of the people. The principle embodied in Mercier's mining law is a correct one; it practically denies the right of any individual or corporation to absolutely own mineral lands; the only fault there is in that law is, that it don't tax the mining companies half high enough. When, however, it becomes known that this 'infant industry,' God save the mark, yields a profit

of between 100 and 300 per cent. on the capital invested, perhaps even a De Boucherville government with an empty treasury will see its way to enforce the payment of what little royalty has been placed upon the output. At all events, the people should insist that this be done, and any additional cash that may be required to place the province on a sound financial basis should be raised from the same source or from timber limits. Canada is rich in coal, in asbestos, phosphates, mica, copper, nickel, and other minerals. These belong to the nation, and should be worked by and for the people through its government. Germany raises over 60 per cent. of its total revenue from government mines and railroads—let Canada do the same. It is evident that, to allow private corporations to 'develop these resources of our country,' would mean the gradual extinction of the Canadian people by slow starvation."

BILL BLADES.

**Great Railway Strike.**

**THE SWITCHMEN ON VARIOUS ROADS DEMAND**

**Shorter Hours and Higher Pay.**

**Numerous Sympathetic Strikers.**

The switchmen and train hands on the Lehigh Valley and Erie railways at Buffalo struck work end of last week. The men complain they are required to work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and they want to be paid extra for every hour they work over ten hours a day. They also want an advance in wages. There are 2,800 men employed in Jersey City Yards.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 15.—A little before two o'clock this morning Erie car No. 38, 215, loaded with lumber, was set on fire at the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railway shops, but little damage was done before the department put the fire out. At the same time all the switch lights on the Erie, between Smith street and the Western New York and Pennsylvania target, were stolen.

BUFFALO, Aug. 17.—At one o'clock this morning the New York Central switchmen abandoned all work in the freight yards. It has been what has been dreaded as the climax of the existing troubles. All the New York Central switchmen are now out. The State Board of Arbitration and switchmen held a meeting to-night, but no conclusion was reached.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The railway strikers are quiet to-day. At 10:10 this morning two carloads of non-union men arrived on the Lehigh Valley train, which was about two hours late. They were instantly spotted by the union switchmen, but no effort was made to molest them. It was impossible for the strikers to intercept them or even get near them, they being well guarded by the military and police. A few trains began to move early this morning, but very few and very short. At noon a long freight went through on the Erie, and about seven minutes after was followed by another. There was no general movement of freight, however. A gang of non-union men, evidently very green about the yards, were marched down. The coupling pins had all been pulled, and the first thing to be done was to replace them. This was done under military protection and the train started.

The day force of the Central are out as well as the night men. It is the opening day of the fair, and every road coming into the Union depot has from one to five special excursion trains scheduled for the day. The men on duty are being worked to the best advantage, but in spite of this trains are becoming very thick. There seems little doubt that a strike among the locomotive firemen is imminent. Frank Sargent, grand master of the Brotherhood, is in the city. The firemen are said to be in hearty sympathy with the switchmen, and the engineers are in accord with the firemen and switchmen. If the firemen strike the engineers will refuse to go out with green firemen. The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western is refusing freight from the tied up roads.

The fast freight lines are probably the greatest sufferers by the strike. Thousands of dollars of perishable goods are standing on the side tracks of several lines and nothing can be done towards forwarding them. The entire fourth brigade, New York State National Guard, numbering 2,000 men, is now on duty here.

After consulting with prominent railroad officials here, including Vice-President

Webb, of the Central, Sheriff Book decided, on account of the strike having assumed such grave conditions, to call on the Governor for the entire National Guard of this State. It is said that this call is based on information that a strike of trainmen in sympathy with the switchmen is imminent. Officials claim that when efforts are made to move trains 2,000 militia would not be sufficient to protect them.

A fireman in the Lehigh yard was ordered to do some switching. He refused, and was discharged. If the company refuses to reinstate him a strike on the Lehigh Valley division, and possibly over the entire Reading system, may follow.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—After a conference in the switchmen's national headquarters, at which all the grand officers were present, Chief Grand Master Sweeney, Grand Secretary Smrott, said: The Erie lines and the other great systems involved in the strike have acceded to our demands, leaving only the Lehigh valley to fight.

BUFFALO, Aug. 18, 1.45 a.m.—The Lake Shore switchmen have just quit work. A gang of them were seen, and said that they had been ordered out, and that the Lackawanna switchmen will follow in less than half an hour. Seven switch engines in the South Buffalo yard usually working at this hour are idle. A telephone message from the 11th precinct states that the men in the East Buffalo Lake Shore yards also are out. This is confirmed by other advices.

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 19.—More switchmen have struck since yesterday, all hope of arbitration has disappeared and a large force of additional troops has arrived in the city. These are the newest and most interesting points in the great strike. Last night was comparatively quiet. A few little collisions took place, but they consisted principally in the dispersing by the military of crowds of curious people; in most cases these people showed sympathy with the strikers and it was thought best to keep them on the move. The Nickel Plate switchmen joined the strike late yesterday afternoon. The cause was that a crew refused to handle a lot of Lehigh freight that was tendered the Nickel Plate Co. The crew were promptly discharged. All the other crews in the yard struck, leaving the yardmaster, Curry, and a few assistants to do the work.

**TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.**

The regular meeting of the Central Trades and Labor Council was held on Thursday evening last in the Ville Marie Hall. Considering the weather there was a large attendance. After routine, several communications were read and disposed of. An invitation from the Toronto T. & L. Council to be represented in the grand Labor Parade to be held in that city on the 10th of September was read, and it was decided that the Council should be represented in the procession on that occasion. Mr. John Brennan was then elected Treasurer in place of Mr. Corbeil resigned. After considerable other business was disposed of the meeting adjourned.

**LABOR DAY NOTES.**

The special committee on Labor Day demonstration and picnic have nearly completed all the necessary arrangements. All the bands of music available have been engaged by different organizations.

The Hebrew Tailors' Assembly, recently organized, will be in the procession in full strength.

The Glass Blowers will parade in carriages, as will also the Iron and Steel Workers.

The Exhibition Grounds are in first-class order, and there is a probability that the electric cars will be running to the grounds on that day.

An elaborate programme of games has been prepared, which will probably be in the hands of the public by the end of next week.

Jim Corbett, the pugilist, had a bet down on Zorling on Saturday. Phil Dwyer remarked that if he used no more judgment than that when he met Sullivan he would never be in it.

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**A Magnificent Harvest.**

The thermometer gets dangerously near fever heat again, even in the shade, but the country cheerfully endures any little discomfort that may arise therefrom in prospect of a magnificent harvest. How things will boom by and bye, and what visions the city imagination conjures up of jolly old farmers and proverbially happy swains far off amid the golden grain! Quite idyllic! Meanwhile, adies, we call your attention to the fact that the sliding scale that regulates our prices—the financial thermometer—has fallen below zero. And as "the winter of our discontent" is the autumn harvest of your opportunity, we invite you to gather in the sheaves. Here is a field to go to work upon!

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BLACK BATISTE DE LAINE, from 55c per yard.  
BLACK SCOTCH CHEVIOTS, from 40c per yard.  
BLACK DIAGONAL SERGES, from 40c per yard.  
BLACK SILK AND WOOL HENRIETTA, from \$1.00 per yard.  
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Samples of Black Goods sent on application.

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A Melissa Coat is always a bargain; it is two coats in one.

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## LABOR AND WAGES.

## AMERICAN.

Chicago has 8,600 Barbers, Boston Printers are talking incorporation, New York Tribune rats are being fired out gradually.

Boston unions donate \$1,000 to Home-stand locked out men.

Three union engineers are members of the Jackson, Mich., city council.

It is probable that the Amalgamated Iron workers will accept a 10 per cent reduction.

Census places number of children under fifteen years of age who must work or starve at 1,118,000.

Trades Council of Memphis, Tenn., is after coal dealers that are cheating poor people in weight.

Iron Moulders' union cast 13,695 votes in favor of opening the World's Fair on Sunday and 4,565 votes against the proposition.

Germany alone excepted, Russia sent more immigrants into the United States during the last year of record than any other nation.

Jay Gould's messenger boys receiving \$4.50 per week, working twelve hours a day, struck. They are required to buy their uniforms from the company at advanced price.

James Hughes, master workman of Assembly 281, K. of L., New York, will now have to serve one year in the penitentiary unless pardoned. "Blackmail" is alleged under the New York capitalists' conspiracy law.

The Richmond, Va., Labor News says that the workingman that can go to the polls and vote for Whitelaw Reid without vomiting could swim in a reservoir of ipecac without getting sick at the stomach or dine with John Chinaman on rats.

Scranton thermometers registered well up in the nineties the first four days of this week. There were many cases of prostration from the extreme heat about the city. In the shops men and women, too, fell at their posts of duty. In most mills and factories the employers did everything possible to alleviate the sufferings of their operatives. During the great hot spells this summer the manager of the East Stroudsburg silk mill refused to permit the windows of the shop to be opened to admit fresh air. To-day twenty eight girls, employed as winders in the mill, struck against working with the windows closed on warm days. The strike of the winders caused a stoppage of work by 200 operatives.

Early on Monday morning 500 miners met at Whitewell, a few miles from Luman, where 250 convicts were at work in the iron mines of the Tennessee Coal Iron and Railway company and proceeded in a body toward Inman on a train on which there were some forty unarmed men going to Inman to increase the guards at the stockade. The miners would not let the train proceed and held the guards. About 150 of the miners took charge of the guards while the rest, about 400, went forward to the stockade determined to burn the barrier and turn the convicts over to the guards, put them all on a train and send them out of the country. Telegraph wires have been cut, but it is supposed the miners carried out their programme.

## CANADIAN.

The sixth annual convention of the United Typothetae of America began Tuesday morning in Toronto. After the president's address, Secretary Wadley reported that five new organizations had been founded during the year. The executive's report referred to the printers' strike in Pittsburgh, which has been running since October, 1891, in which 300 men are out. The offices are now running with non-union men working ten hours a day. The strikers are holding out for nine hours. As a result of the enquiry of the employees as to whether they favored nine hours a day, the report stated that sixty out of one thousand were so inclined, the others all holding to a ten hours basis. On the recommendation of the executive, the convention determined to take a test case into court to settle the rights of employers and men, and whether labor organizations shall have the right to intimidate non-union men who wish to work, the case to be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, if necessary. At the afternoon session a number of interesting papers were read. A big reception was held at the Pavilion in the evening, where Mayor Fleming extended a civic welcome to the delegates and a general good time was enjoyed.

## EUROPEAN.

Belgium workmen are trying for universal suffrage, opposed by clergy and capital. Ship builders in the north of England have cut wages 10 per cent.

Australian Labor Federation, Queensland, resolved not to recognize Queen Victoria in any way.

There are a million bachelors in Germany and as many in England. Cause—Capital hogs everything over a bare living and they cannot afford to marry.

Ruling class of France got up an elaborate fete to celebrate the fall of the Bastille, but as the central labor unions boycotted the show, it was a howling failure. This on the ground that while labor did that job they had not derived the benefit.

Capitalistic classes in Bulgaria when under Turkish rule were kept down. Now under an alleged free government they are hogging the profits the same as in the gloriously free countries of United States and Britain. Farmers heavily mortgaged, taxes high, and no McKinley tariff to blame it on.

## Government as a Commodity.

## WE CANNOT EXPECT REFORM

## While Dispensers of Government are Interested.

Although we doubtless do more boasting about "our glorious country" than other nations do, it is exceedingly clear that it has most of the faults of its neighbors. If the distinguishing feature of this country is that the government reflects the will of the people, that impartial and exact justice is meted to all alike, and that the representatives of the people are quick to respond to the wishes of their constituents, it is the truest and best government in existence. But any person who has reflected upon the daily events recorded in the newspapers and compared them with his own experience, is often amused over the shallow and meaningless twaddle on exhibition on Independence Day. Take the first proposition. Does the government reflect the will of the people? We do not believe it does. But if it does not, it certainly is the fault of the people themselves. The people cannot rule so long as the government is simply a commodity furnished by certain persons in exchange for a certain remuneration. Just as a business firm continually strives to increase the sale of its products, which means larger dividends, so those who furnish the commodity known as government find it to their pecuniary interest to extend its functions to new fields, enlarge those branches it now covers, and create public sentiment in favor of a more stringent exercise of the restraining and protecting functions of the government.

That this last is true is evidenced by the periodical (but not spasmodic by any means) demand of the daily press for sterner laws to protect property rights. From this disposition to enlarge those functions which were the first duties of government, and the total neglect of accommodating the people, has naturally sprung those barbarous series of laws, which, beginning with that law which everywhere makes poverty a criminal offence, has ascended the series until individual liberty has been decreased. The people are doubtless to blame for allowing this state of affairs to exist, in the same sense as the cow which is struck by a locomotive. But to say that the people rule simply because they submit to those oppressive laws that have not only decreased their liberty but created favored classes, would be as true of the cow who, not understanding the striking powers of a locomotive, had strayed on the railroad track. When the republic came into existence there was simply a change of masters. The old firm of George III & Co. was forcibly retired, and the new company began furnishing cheaper government—for a consideration. When government as a commodity ceases to exist perhaps the people may rule.

Do the courts mete out impartial and exact justice? Hardly. To begin with, justice is simply a commodity. The courts and the laws reflect the opinion of the class that created them—the most intelligent and wealthy class, who always swim on the surface. But look into history for a moment. Three or four hundred years ago, a man could only secure justice by muscle. Muscle was the form of strength most admired, and therefore the men of great physical strength dispensed justice with an iron hand. To-day this has been outgrown. Intellectual strength is the predominating factor, with those things which gave it ascendancy. The objects of life have changed with it. Instead of spending life in physical warfare, those who dominate society expend their energies in the race for wealth. When money is the passion of all, it is not natural that, in the absence of the proper safeguards, it should penetrate and corrupt the courts of justice? There are, we suppose, at least ten statutes protecting property rights for one protecting human life. Another fact which effectually disposes of the so-called justice of the courts and laws is, that these laws are stringent in punishing those kinds of crime which the masses are most likely to commit, and mild and easy in punishing crimes which the wealthy alone can commit. Outside of this, justice generally depends upon the ability of the prisoner's attorney. It is transposed into a commodity. The thousands of new laws made every year by legislatures composed almost wholly of lawyers only means an increase of the working

capital of the gentlemen who make them. No one pretends that the people demand laws which, when broken, mean attorney's fees and court fines. The reform of the courts can be made by men who have a pecuniary interest in maintaining the present status, and it is unlikely that the people sufficiently understand the judicial injustice they suffer from to intelligently and firmly demand a thorough reform.

Every intelligent survey of the "sacred" institutions known as government and court gives the lie to the silly boast that the people rule or that the courts dispense justice. The government and the courts are articles furnished by designing men to supply a popular demand. The people do not know how they can manage to make a living without governments and courts. The semblance of justice which the courts maintain, and the kindness of the government in allowing the people to vote, hide the evils from the plodding masses and make the work of reformers harder. But as the people themselves surrendered their right of changing the laws in adopting the Constitution, except through a cumbersome process, the reformation of the government and the laws must begin by revising that document.—Cleveland Citizen.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK

## Canadian.

H. M. S. Warspite, while returning to Esquimalt harbor from a cruise on the west coast, ran over a sunken rock in Ducovey Pass and sustained some serious injuries. She will go on the dock at Esquimalt, B.C.

The Provincial Government of New Brunswick have decided to have the trial of "Buck" and "Jim," in connection with the murder of Policeman Steadman next month, at a special circuit to be held at Dorchester, instead of waiting till next January.

Recently James Ferrigo, son of A. Ferrigo, Round Lake, near Kingston, 12 years of age, while taking a horse to water, was caught in the halter strap. The horse ran away across five acres with the boy in tow. Then the strap broke and the child was released dead.

Great excitement prevailed in the village of Mattawa last week when a man named Mados Fournier, the keeper of an alleged disorderly house, was taken from his domicile by a number of men and after being treated to a coat of tar and feathers, was ridden on a rail around the village streets. Fournier has since taken an action against the ringleaders for \$5,000 damages.

James Connolly, 23 years of age, living on Wolfe Island, in the vicinity of Kingston, Ont., driving from Marysville to his home, some five miles away, was accidentally shot and killed. Beside him on the seat was a loaded gun, which fell off and discharged, the contents lodging in Connolly's body and killing him instantly.

Seizures by United States men-of-war in Behring Sea have been made of several vessels. The British schooner Mountain Chief, of Victoria, was seized by the Adams. Her crew killed seals and violated the modus vivendi. The vessel was delivered in charge of a British man-of-war. The whaling barque Lydia was intercepted by the Rush while taking newly killed seals from aboard the whaling barque Northern Light in Behring Sea. A prize crew was placed aboard, and she was sent to Sitka. The whaling schooner Jane Grey was seized by the Mohican for not leaving Behring Sea after being warned. The British steamer Winifred of Victoria, one of the vessels which transferred her cargo of sealskins to the British sterner Coquitlan at Port Elches, was seized by the Rush with fresh-killed seals aboard. The United States Fishery commission steamer Albatross took the Winifred in tow and sailed for Sitka August 3.

## American.

Two boys were drowned in Dorchester, South Bay, Mass., on Monday. An unknown boy was swimming when he suddenly threw up his hands and sank. Chas. Blake, aged ten years, jumped in to rescue him, but both were drowned. Blake's body was recovered.

Earl A. Price and Arthur Kurtz, each eight years old, were found dead Monday at Lansing, Mich., in an ice chest. They had evidently crawled into it in play and been smothered. They were missed early in the morning and searchers had been looking for them all over the city. A faithful spaniel whined around the ice chest and gave the clue.

## European.

It is stated on good authority that there will be a meeting soon of the Irish sections at which another effort will be made to compromise the difference between the rival parties. Mr. Blake, the Canadian member of Parliament for Longford, has brought about the meeting, but it is not generally believed that an agreement will result.

The appointment to a judgeship of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, the Conservative who was elected to represent the Holborn division in the British House of Commons, rendered a

new election necessary, and resulted in the return of Mr. Hall, Conservative, without opposition. Mr. Bruce received at the last election 4,949 votes, against 2,477 cast for George Bateman, the Radical and Labor candidate.

Her Majesty's twin-screw cruiser Apollo, 3,400 tons and mounting eight guns, struck the rocks off Berehaven on Saturday. She narrowly escaped colliding with the Naisid. The report of the accident says that a terrible loss of life, or wreck or both, was only averted by the coolness and promptness of the captain of the Apollo. An English torpedo vessel was towed into Belfast Monday in a disabled condition. Her fire box burst and three men who were standing near by were enveloped in flames. The men were seriously burned and were taken to a hospital.

## A New Artificial Stone.

Another method has been proposed for the production of artificial stone. Blocks of granite which have been subjected to a sufficient degree of heat to disintegrate the particles are pulverized to a certain fineness, and are then, with the addition of a certain material, transformed into a mortar. This material is then passed through a pug mill, where the ingredients undergo a thorough mixing, preparatory to being molded into the various forms designed—bricks, tiles, etc., the latter are carefully dried, then placed into a kiln and heated to 4,000 degrees F., by which process the particles are fused together, the result being a stone of much more durability, it is claimed, than marble. It is also of uniform texture, strong, not susceptible to the action of fire or heat, may be readily cut and fitted, and caused to resemble either light or dark granite, or other colors if desired.

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TEEDLE-TEEDLE AND TUM-TE-TUM.

I know a little maiden who is learning how to play; She seems to be in earnest, for she's at it 8-2 most all day.

I like to hear good playing, though I cannot tell a flat From E sharp in the treble, or whatever's called like that;

Now when this little maiden at first began to play, 'Twas teedle-teedle-teedle that employed her all the day.

I was tired of teedle-teedle, and thankful for the change; It showed this young musician was not limited in range.

I don't know what's to follow, but I know I should be glad At any change whatever, for it can't be half as bad.

With an earnestness unworthy I hear this maiden drum Just underneath my study at this fearful tum-te-tum.

—Harper's Young People.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three quarters of it is a lie and half of it an if.

Mr. Jinks—What a trusting little woman Henry's wife is. Mrs. Jinks—Yes. She has never been married before.

Did she thank you for the seat? No, but after she settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise.

If I was pa an' ma, said Willie, I'd hire another doctor. The baby we got last time wasn't finished. It hadn't a tooth or hair.

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling? She (thoughtlessly)—Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last.

She—What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me, dear? He—I do not remember what he said darling, but I know I felt hurt.

Man wants but little here below; But as the days go by, He finds with every rising sun He needs a fresh supply.

She—It certainly must mean something when a man puts a diamond ring on a girl's finger. He (of hard experience)—It means that he owes some jeweller two or three hundred dollars.

It is difficult for the belated clubman to realize that the towering female who stands at the head of the stairs is the timid little girl who once fainted in his arms at the sight of a mouse.

Mrs. Slimson—My Clara is an awful delicate girl; she can't stand anything. Mrs. Von Blumer—Neither can my Maude. She put on a sailor hat the other day and it made her seasick.

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown. Plankington—What, was she angry? Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another one.

The Village Pastor—Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday school? The Bad Boy—Yes, sir. The Village Pastor—But, Johnny, your hair is wet. The Bad Boy—Yes, sir; it's a Baptist Sunday school.

Jennie, said the young woman fiercely, I'm never going to have anything to do with another church fair. Why not? All the young men are over at the dining table betting on who will get the oyster. Isn't it scandalous?

Teacher in a Harlem School—Robert, this is an example in subtraction: Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in? Robert—Yes'm; seven.

Mrs. Goode—Young Slimby is a very exemplary gentleman. He takes his fiancée to church every Sunday. Mrs. Sharpe—Yes, Slimby's a shrewd one. A couple of seats in the church are a deal cheaper than two chairs at the theatre.

Mistress—Well, Bridget, and how is your husband? Washerwoman—Shure, an' he's all used up, mum. Mistress—Why, what ails him? Washerwoman—Indade, thin, mum, last night he had such bad dreams that he couldn't slape a wink all night, mum.

A young married lady had gone to the market to buy a goose. She was a long time in making up her mind which to choose, for none of the birds seemed to suit her. At last the saleswoman lost all patience. Excuse me, ma'am, she said angrily: but your husband can't have been half so long in choosing you.

Wooden—And so, Miss Passee and Mr. Gotnix really got married. Was it a love match? Miss Smilax—On the contrary, I should call it a hate match. Wooden—Why, I don't understand you. Miss Smilax—Why, she hated to be an old maid and he hated to be poor.

Professor, I understand you have flunked my son in history in spite of his assurance to me that he answered accurately every question on this paper. Yes, Mr. Bunker, it is true. There was but one question on the paper and your son answered it rightly. And yet you flunked him? Yes. The question was: Tell all you know about the war of 1812, and your son's answer was: It was fought in 1812; that is all I know about it.

The Design Was All There.—Benvenuto Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design. The design appears to me to illustrate some Biblical episode, said she. It does, returned Cellini; Daniel in the lions' den is the subject. Ah! but I see only the lions. Undoubtedly; however, you note a slight distinction of the lions' bodies? Yes. Well, that's Daniel.

How Sambo Secured His Bet From the Mule. A Georgian negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, where the mule came to a stop.

I bet you a quarter, said Sambo, I'll make you go over dis bridge. And with that he gave the mule a blow over the ear which made him nod his head suddenly.

You take de bet, den, said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn animal over the bridge.

I won dat quarter, anyhow, said Sambo. But how will you get the money? said a man close by, who had been unperceived. To-morrow, said Sambo, massa gib me a dollar to get corn and I take a quarter out.

Getting Square With Ma. Mother—My little girl goes to sleep so nicely every night when I sing to her. Isn't that so, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, that's so, ma. The mother leaves the room for a moment and Mamie says to the visitor: Don't tell ma, but I only make out that I am asleep to get her to stop singing, she sings so awful bad.

A Boarding House Without Either Hash or Prunes. He was taking his first meal at his new boarding house and there was some evidence that he didn't like it.

Waiter, he said, bring me some hash. Some what, sir? asked the waiter, politely. Some hash. Don't you know what hash is?

No, sir, we don't have it here. Well, bring me some prunes, then, he said. Haven't any prunes, sir, responded the waiter.

Can't I get prunes here either? No, sir; not here. The new boarder was becoming excited. Tell the landlady to come here, he commanded.

The waiter brought in the landlady. I am informed, madam, he said, that I can get neither hash nor prunes in this house.

You have been correctly informed, she admitted, with some trepidation, for he looked like a man who could pay. Am I to understand that those dishes will not be served here under any circumstances?

That's the invariable rule, sir. Very well, very well, he said, I'll see you after this meal and pay you for a month's board in advance.

Inside Facts About Mosquitoes. The term "No Mosquitoes" in the summer resort advertisement is merely an abbreviation and means "number of mosquitoes."

While the ant has a picnic, the mosquito goes in for a moonlight serenade. You never know much about the unattainable until you get up in the middle of the night and reach for the mosquito with the wet end of a towel.

The microscope discloses the fact that the mosquito's sting is full of teeth. This no doubt explains the origin of the buzz saw. It seems strange that it should be anywhere respected, yet over in Jersey the mosquito is a big bug.

It has been said that the mosquito has some of the best blood of the country in its veins, and yet it is only the presumptuous insect that gets mashed on the pretty girl. How strange that it should continue to do such terrible execution when it is always leaving its sting behind.

The mosquito knows enough to first sing you to sleep so that it can sting you with impunity, and even when you murder it the poor thing is dead stuck on you.

The mosquito is a sucker and will stick you whenever it can. In all of its battles it always draws first blood.

Thanks to the mosquito, the angler can never complain of not getting a bite. The Gentle Power Behind the Throne. A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record.

You see, said the spokesman, we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days we'll go to him and ask—

Gentlemen, the lady haughtily interrupted, do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?

Oh, I know all about it, the spokesman went on; I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house and you are tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperon your daughter at a ball and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession for one reason or another, and we have—a terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days.

She thought she ought to be angry, but instead she laughed and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour twelve o'clock and said that never in the history of the firm had things run so satisfactorily as they had during the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne.

He Was Just Out \$49.75. They tell a good story of a prominent citizen of Morrisania. The gentleman's wife was about to become a mother, and he went down town to see Dr. Ranshoff, the family physician.

Why, Dr. Ranshoff is in Europe; has been gone some months was the reply he received. I did not know it and am surprised, for I had spoken to him about a case that he was to attend to. I don't see why he didn't tell me he was going.

Then he went to Dr. Mitchell, and he said his fee would be \$75. He thought that too much, and at last hired Dr. T. for \$50. He said to the doctor:

I will take you to my house and introduce you to my wife. All right, said the doctor, who was duly introduced to the gentleman's wife.

That evening the gentleman came home from business and sat down in his wife's room, looking very down-hearted as his hand was pressed to his forehead. What's the matter, dear? said the wife. Has anything gone wrong; any money lost by somebody's failing?

No, no, sadly replied the husband, I always somehow or other get the worst of it. Somebody is always taking advantage of me—imposing in some way or other. Well, what has happened? Out with it; you certainly can't tell me, your wife.

O, it's nothing, only I just went and hired Dr. T. to attend you, agreeing to pay him \$50, and as I was coming up One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street this afternoon I saw a sign, "Suburban delivery, only twenty-five cents," and I am out just \$49.75.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES. How They are Composed and what They Threaten in the United States.

The two dangerous classes in the United States to-day are the men who buy votes and the men who sell them. It is a custom, shameful though it may be, to buy and sell votes at election time. This statement is neither colored nor exaggerated.

It sends a dagger into one's heart to even contemplate it. Laboring men see no light ahead. It is all class legislation—in favor of the rich against the poor.

And then the devil steps in with twenty five dollars in hand, and says: "Take this money and cast your vote for this or that candidate."

More than two-thirds of the people of the United States are without a home—and a man without a home is without patriotism. What matters it to him what becomes of his country? If his country affords him no home why should he love or defend his country? If, in the bitterness of his heart, he says, as did Philip Nolan, "Damn the United States!" who shall blame him?

Without home, without property, without

a country, without honor, without principle, they fall easy victims to the political panders who offer them money for their votes. It is, indeed, a dark picture, a horrible picture.

It makes one heartsick to think of it. And the worst is yet to come. In a short time the same men who are now buying votes will some day seize the government and put muskets into the hands of the men whose votes they are now buying, and at the point of the bayonet suppress free speech, free press—and even the ballot box.

The few will plunder and rob the people, and then with the plunder thus gained maintain an army to protect themselves in the possession of their ill-gotten gains.

England hires Irish soldiers to crush the people of Russia. There has been money enough stolen from the American people within the last twenty years to arm and equip a standing army large enough to keep in subjection the people of the United States.

And there are men enough who can be hired to "shoulder muskets" for that very purpose. The men who buy votes are the men who would usurp and overthrow the government, and the men who sell their votes are the men who would act as soldiers.

These two classes constitute the dangerous classes. They represent the extremes of society—the enormously rich and the monstrously poor, the unprincipled aristocrat of wealth and the depraved pauper.—Chicago Express.

Most Righteous Judge.

When the Homestead defenders were arrested on the charge of murder, pending admission to bail, they were locked up. When brought into court they were placed in the railed prisoner's dock, and this though in some cases the men had voluntarily surrendered. The bail fixed was in no case less than ten thousand dollars, in one case twenty thousand.

When the men who brought and ordered the Pinkertons to kill were arrested, they were in no sense treated as prisoners; were allowed to come into court with their attorneys, were not put in the prisoner's box, and the disgusted judge, one Ewing, without testimony offered, remarked that it was trifling, a waste of time on the court's part to hear anything about it. As a matter of form the defendants were held in one thousand dollars bail.

The bigoted, hard headed old fellow whom the courtesy of legal procedure calls "your honor," was right. It was a waste of time to consider cases when the foregone conclusion is that these men will go unwhipped of justice. He needed no testimony to base his extra judicial opinion on, and while decency, a conformation to the ordinary rules of law stamp him as unfit for the bench he disgraces, and as the willing tool of plutocracy, he was literally right in his view of the outcome of these cases. "Your honor," said the prosecuting attorney of Brooklyn, after days of trial and the expenditure of thousands in trial of a murderer who yet went acquitted, "there is no use of taking up the time of the court in an attempt to convict a rich man or a rich man's son."

The murderers of the so-called rustlers in Wyoming will not be convicted. They have only got to endure the inconvenience of temporary imprisonment. Modern justice is on the boodle; a full purse beats any quantity of damaging fact. No lawyer can cite a single case where a rich man has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and in mighty few cases where he has been convicted of serious crime.

Judge Ewing is right. It is useless to try men who can corrupt juries, control votes to which the judge owes his seat, his railroad passes, and in many cases his bribe. But justice oft times travels out of the ordinary course when it becomes choked up, and the time will come—Oh, Lord, hasten it!—when the adjunct to a bank account will not be allowed to oppress, rob and slaughter his fellow-creatures.—Fort Wayne Labor Herald.

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## SCHOOLING.

### The Modern System of Cramming Hateful to Children.

Schooling is a great thing, of course. Education, we are taught to believe as an article of faith, is the one thing that's making everybody happy and rich. But just how great schooling is and just how valuable education as we buy it is I never quite knew until a few years ago when a country schoolmaster gave me one of his experiences.

The inspector had come round to inspect the country schoolmaster's school, you know, and the scholars were marshalled up to have whole volleys of questions shot off at them, when, to the country schoolmaster's horror and despair, they got this charge of grape shot right square in the middle of 'em: "Tell me," quoth the inspector, slowly and solemnly, it never striking either himself or the poor despairing schoolmaster that the whole thing was richly humorous. "Tell me," quoth he, "what were the battles in the wars of the Roses? And the date of each? And the leaders on each side? And who won? And who were the leaders killed in each, if any?"

Then he turned round leisurely, leaving the twelve-year-olds to flounder in this mud of questions, and began to speak of something else.

But the poor country schoolmaster couldn't stand it. He'd got enthusiastic over his school, and thought of nothing else early and late, and bought a microscope to show how butterflies had feathers, and had spent hours and hours explaining how the wars of the Roses were just the struggle between rival feudal lords as to which should be on top, and how the result was that the winner, all other great lords being killed off, became a despot only to find that the Commons—the traders and small land owners—had crept up by playing always for their own hands in this game of three-handed euchre. And he'd told them that this was the golden age of the English poor, because the barons were too much occupied in cutting each other's throats to be very oppressive, and because wages were higher than ever before or since, and because of all sorts of other things. And his scholars just knew where the wars of the Roses came in I tell you, even though they didn't know armfuls of dates and names, and here was a question that would make his school look altogether neglected, and his school a badly taught school when it was one of the best taught in Canada. So he said, kind of timid, you know:

"They won't be able to answer that question. I've never taught them dates and names."

"But why not?" inquired the inspector. "They're all in the period, and you're supposed to teach it according to the handbook."

"But I don't know those names and dates myself," urged the country schoolmaster, dodging the question. "If I taught them they'd only forget. I try to teach them what they'll remember." The "thems" and "theys" are getting mixed, ain't they?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know the names and dates either," admitted the inspector, who wasn't half a bad sort, and not an addie-pated pedagogue. "Still, they're supposed to learn them. It's in the period, you know. However, I'll ask them something else." And he did ask them something else, accordingly, and at the end of the year this country schoolmaster's school was on top in the reports. But supposing the inspector had been a muff? Why, just because the man hadn't crammed his unfortunate boys and girls with a lot of worthless trash he'd have found his school reported as horribly neglected, and himself as fit only for farming. I know the machine-department spirit. I wouldn't be a bit astonished to hear it

ordered that all schoolmasters must be of one size round the waist. It's practically ordered that they must be one size round the head already.

Now, I believe in education, and I'm convinced that schooling is one of the wings of happiness, don't you know. But I really can't for the life of me agree that just because schooling as we have it is better than nothing it's very much to be proud of. I know that I'm guilty of heresy and schism, and all that, and shall be thought of by many as a regular blackleg from the democratic faith when I rise to remark that Canada school education is mostly a huge farce, and that the good resulting from it is very largely in our minds and nowhere else. It may lighten this somewhat to add that other schooling is usually no better and generally much worse.

Do you happen to recollect how you were to'd fairy tales and stories when you were small, or if you don't recollect haven't you ever told fairy tales to the little ones? And haven't you noticed that, long before they could repeat the story at all, much less word for word, how they knew, the little rascals, if you dropped a single line or altered a single figure of speech, and how they love to hear the same story and over again? Their little memories are like magic glasses which show pictures as you breathe on them, so delicate, so tender, so strangely fantastic in what they catch and what they do not catch. Who hasn't been put in a quandry by a child's alarming remembrances and terrible resurrection of words and scenes at awkward moments? And who hasn't seen a little child pondering in its little mind over some puzzling riddle it has tumbled on, and who hasn't felt a kind of reverence for the baby intellect that tackles everything in its sweet, quaint baby way? I've heard soom poor benighted people say that the smart children's sayings are all nonsense, that children never say 'em. Now, didn't some people ought to die out of a world whose very little children they don't know.

I mind a child of mine disputing with its playmates over the great question as to how babies came. And I told it when it asked me as simply as I could that all things grew from eggs opened a flower to show it the ovum and how this made the eggs grow and the seeds come. And the little innocent, in the fulness of its heart, started in the next day to parade its knowledge.

"Only chickens come from eggs," retorted a youthful cynic.

"Well," said the little one, paused for a moment but recollecting "chicken is what my mamma calls me."

And so all along a child's life, if you watch it, you can see its little brain at work, and its little soul blossoming to the sunlight. Its very play is learning. Its great joy is to have "talks." And this little mite of a human life is sent to school and treated like a pat of butter to be stamped to a certain shape. Its little memory is forced to remember dry, dull facts that we all know it'll forget the moment it's old enough. And its little life is haunted with a nightmare of lessons, lessons, lessons, which it's considered bad if it doesn't like. I hated school myself. And so did most of us. And so do most of the children now.

### EQUALITY IN NATURE.

The sentiment of equality in nature is the political creed of our epoch, and is conformable to the law of nature which makes effects adequate to their causes. This political creed of humanity cannot fail to engender ideas of equity, which will become broader and broader and more and more practicable as time rolls on. This sentiment of equity is wounded, crushed and well nigh destroyed by the present industrial organization of the capitalists. By prosecuting industry upon a large scale for the exclusive profit of a few shareholders, the bourgeoisie destroy the individuality and independence of the producers.

Fifty years ago we had millions of artisans working at their own homes, on their own account, in nearly all

branches of industry. To-day the very great majority are in the factories of the capitalists working as wage slaves. From being their own masters, as they were, they have become wage workers; they work for other masters, they obey their bidding, their rules and regulations, their caprice. They must arrive at the minute to the sound of the whistle (which has been aptly christened the American devil); they are drilled and disciplined like soldiers in barracks; the profits of their labor no longer belong to themselves, but to their bosses, who prove themselves to be irresponsible tyrants.

Is it, then, astonishing, finding themselves deteriorated—physically, socially and morally, powerless to struggle against the continued reduction of the prices of products made by machinery which belongs to the capitalists—that the workers should have sought for some means whereby to reconcile their personal dignity as freemen, with the ever-descending prices of products and the increasing degradation of the condition of labor, and that they should do this in the interest of the collectivity? It would be still more astonishing were it otherwise.

Social science having demonstrated that if the instruments of labor were placed at the disposition of all, instead of producing for the profit and fortune of one, there would be more wealth, happiness and equity among men. Is it astonishing that they should have resolved to eliminate all useless intermediaries, all the aristocracy of idlers, all parasites, and all artificial monopoly?

Injustice always irritates men, and they revolt against it. How can we suppose that millions of unfortunate beings who have worked all their lives for nothing but their food, clothing and shelter, while they have made gigantic fortunes for their employers, can look upon this condition of things as other than a condition of injustice? And can we look upon human nature as being so stupid as not to try to discover some new combination of the means of labor which should reconcile the moral dignity of man with his physical well-being? How can we believe that, having mentally perceived the problem, the producer could fail to seek for a material solution in the elimination of this aristocracy of idleness, this feudalism of industry, this standing army of loafers, which spoliates and degrades them?

Supposing that the worker accepts, in a cringing and cowardly manner, the poverty which to-day chains him to misery, has he the slightest guarantee that to-morrow his lot will not be worse? What assurance has he that the proprietor of a factory, a field or a house will not deprive him of labor, diminish his wages or increase his rent?

Everything is too uncertain and too contrary to his interests in the present state of society, for him to support these evils with patience much longer, and it should be a source of gratification to us that it is so, for without this sentiment of revolutionary justice, which every man feels within his breast, we should remain in a state of stagnation, and it is well known that society must either progress or die; it cannot remain stationary.

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We have orders on our books for 100 men for the city. 100 men for St. Faustin. 100 men for Jernwall. 100 men for Ottawa. 100 men for Brantford. "No office fees charged in advance." Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

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\$12 PER WEEK and 5 per cent commission on gross receipts of a well established cash business. Partner and manager wanted. Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

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