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FOR MAYOR.

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JAS. McSHANE

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ALDERMAN A. DUBUC,

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All the friends of Alderman A. DUBUC are requested to meet in the rooms of his Committees every evening.

All the voters in favor of the candidature of MR. A. DUBUC are requested to give in their names, and also the use of all the sleighs they can spare on the day of the election.

CIVIC NOMINATIONS.

Several New Aspirants for Civic Honors in the Field.

There was a large crowd at the City Hall on Tuesday last to witness nomination proceedings and hear what the candidates or their friends had to say. The first candidate to be nominated was Mr. M. F. Nolan for St. Ann's Ward, and the last Mr. Drapreau in St. Lawrence Ward, whose nomination papers were handed in shortly before the expiry of the time allotted for receiving papers. The following is a list of nominations:

FOR MAYOR.

Mr. Jacques Grenier, merchant.
Hon. James McShane, M.P.P.

FOR ALDERMAN.

East Ward—Ald. Perreault and ex-Ald. C. Beausoleil.
Centre Ward—Ald. Rainville and Mr. L. Huot, merchant.
West Ward—Ald. Stevenson and Mr. George Wait, merchant.
St. Ann's Ward—Ald. Conroy and Mr. M. F. Nolan.
St. Lawrence Ward—Mr. James Baxter, broker; Mr. T. C. O'Brien, merchant; Ald. Griffin and Mr. Louis Drapreau.
St. Louis Ward—Mr. R. J. Latimer (who is nominated by the temperance party), Ald. Dubuc and Mr. Thomas F. G. Foisy, merchant.
St. Jean Baptiste Ward—Ald. Germain and Mr. L. Ouimet, roofer.
St. Gabriel Ward—Ald. Thompson and Mr. Henry Hadley, manufacturers' agent.
St. Antoine Ward—Mr. Wm. Clendinning, M.P.P., returned by acclamation.
Hochelaga Ward—Ald. Prefontaine, M.P., returned by acclamation.

St. Mary's Ward—Ald. Robert returned by acclamation.

St. James Ward—Ald. Hurteau returned by acclamation.

The proceedings passed off quietly, and after the nominations had been closed, Mr. McShane delivered an address, in which he briefly declared his platform, and concluded by stating that the present system of levying the water tax would have his closest and most careful attention. He was followed by Ald. Martineau and Mr. Wm. Keys, both of whom warmly supported Mr. McShane.

WHERE PRINTERS DON'T GO.

A printer don't run to the doctor every time he is out of "sorts."
Nor go to a baker every time he is out of "pi."
Nor to the wood pile when he wants a stick.
Nor to the Bible when he wants a good rule.
Nor to the gun shop when he wants a shooting stick.
Nor to the cabinet shop when he wants furniture.
Nor to the bank when he wants quoin.
Nor to the lawyer when he has a dirty case.
Nor to a butcher when he wants phat.
Nor to an old cheese when he wants live matter.

The Hon. Mr. Langelier, Provincial Secretary, has addressed a letter to Mr. Temple, director of the Montreal night schools, entirely approving of his suggestion to have lectures given in the schools as calculated to further popularize them and to render immense service to the working classes.

DO YOUR SHARE.

What Individual Responsibility in Labor Unions Means.

The following excellent article on "Individual Responsibility in Labor Unions" is taken from the "Official Book" of the American Federation of Labor, prepared for the Detroit convention. It was written by Edward L. Daley:

"Men of long experience in the labor movement recognize the fact that the downfall of many labor organizations has been largely due to the neglect of the rank and file thereof to bear each their individual portion of the responsibility. This is not only true of past organizations but is a glaring evil in those of the present day. To point out in detail what, in the mind of the writer, properly constitutes individual responsibility, would be too lengthy to be appropriate in this article; but a most essential thing in this connection, it seems to me, is the attendance of union men at union meetings. The man who merely pays his dues and does not take part in directing the affairs of his union is as derelict in his duty and much deserving of censure as is the citizen who pays his taxes and neglects to vote.

A labor organization to be successful must be a business as well as a deliberative body; and in the transaction of its business each member should take part in order that his individual interests may be protected, and thus by each diligently guarding his own interest, and all acting together, the welfare of the body as a whole can be best subserved.

This is a day of combination, when individual firms are being merged into stock companies and corporations. These represent capital, and, in the opinion of their projectors, are necessary in order to keep pace with the development of the country and to properly transact its ever-increasing business. With them it is an application of the old saying that "those who think alike should act together."

Labor must make the same application and prepare itself to meet this. How shall this be done? We must begin with the local bodies and bring them up to a higher state of efficiency. Members should attend the meetings even if compulsory legislation is found necessary to attain this end. It too frequently is the case—in fact, it is almost universally the rule—that a small per cent. of an organization is compelled to assume the entire responsibility when it should be borne by the many. As hard as this duty is, it would be comparatively easy were it not that the non-attendants are ever adversely criticizing those who do the work, thus making their duties onerous and of times even odious; and the worst feature of this criticism is, that it is often indulged in publicly and at times when the organization most needs all the support it can get. The wonderful ability these critics display in tearing down is only paralleled by their utter inefficiency in building up. A representative of labor finds it far more easier to withstand the arguments, and, as is often the case, the abuse of the employer, than to contend with the discord within the ranks of the organization.

Workingmen must be taught to keep their business to themselves; to make manifest their opposition, and to do their criticizing at the meetings and there only; "to abide by the will of the majority;" that whatever differences of opinion exist among them at their meetings, no matter how heated the controversy may be, when they depart and mingle with the outside world they should be a unit in endorsing and advocating the measures adopted and assist their officers and committees in putting the same into effect. We can't all have our own way. It is the duty of the minority to be patriotic; and, instead of creating discord, which tends to disrupt and destroy, they should attempt, by intelligent argument, to win over enough of the majority to enable them to place their own ideas in the ascendancy.

Another danger in small attendance at meetings is, that the personnel of the small attendance varies so little that an organization is apt to settle into old ruts and thus become too radical or too conservative, as the case may be. When all attend we get a greater variety of ideas. The many know more than the few. By bringing together men of all shades of opinions—the radical, the conservative, the fearless, the timid, the easily satisfied and the "kicker"—we are enabled to get a certain amount of good

from each of them, and the consensus of ideas thus obtained is of great assistance in the prosecution of our work. When this state of affairs exists those selected to execute the will of the body have more confidence in themselves and consequently are better equipped to perform their duties. We must also be progressive and keep pace with the changes which are constantly taking place in our condition and surroundings. What is good policy to-day may be bad policy to-morrow.

As vast numbers are enrolled under Labor's banner more for financial gain than from any deep-seated conviction in the righteousness of the cause, we can more easily bring into line such as these by showing them that a blow at the organization is a blow at their pockets than by any other way. Men fail to fully appreciate the pecuniary benefits of organization because they are indirectly received. If the employer, instead of paying the increased wages direct to his workmen, who receiving it from him, do not realize what an important factor their union has been in bringing it about, should pay it in gross to the organization, and then the organization divide it among such of its members as attended its meetings and aided in carrying on the work, Labor's halls would have to be greatly enlarged to accommodate its forces. As the adoption of this plan is impracticable, workingmen must be educated to realize that an indirect benefit is as beneficial as a direct one. They must each take the same interest in their union that the individual stockholder does in the stock companies and corporations previously referred to. Imagine a shareholder in a railroad trying to injure it because his own ideas as to managers and management were not adopted; and yet, this is exactly what many union men do to their organization, which, when properly conducted, is a better paying investment than any corporation in existence. When these things are brought about, together with many others which space will not permit to enumerate at this time, the local bodies of Organized Labor will be put on a solid and permanent basis, and thus having securely laid the foundation the completion of the structure is sure to follow.

Judging from the history of the past it is safe to say that no institution ever existed in this country that was capable of doing so much for the working classes as the American Federation of Labor. But the capacity for good of this grand organization depends upon the prosperous condition of the large number of trades unions within it, and the prosperity of these in turn depends upon the healthy condition of their local branches. To insure the prosperity of the local bodies the rank and file composing them must all take a common interest; must equally bear the burdens; and with honest hearts and willing hands buckle on the armor and do battle in the endless industrial conflict between labor and capital.

AN ODD PROPOSITION.

One of the oddest contributions to the really large body of literature called forth by the "servant question" is the proposal of Mrs. Frances Darwin in an English magazine that a servant girl when applying for a situation should have the same right to ask for references from the mistress that the mistress has to ask them from the servant. For the purpose of meeting this legitimate demand she suggests that each mistress should name two referees among her former servants who have lived with her within a year. This assumes a judicial mindedness and power of expression on the part of servant girls which they hardly ever possess, and it assumes also that the servant girls do not already act as references about mistresses for each other. The truth is that nearly every employer's character, as an employer, is pretty well known to all the servant girls in the neighborhood. They describe the ways of the people they live with to one another at their Sunday evening conventicles with a minuteness and prolixity which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of information about temper, habits, kind and amount of work. It would be a waste of labor for any housekeeper to appoint standing referees, because their judgment would either be superfluous or ineffective, and would besides this be highly colored by the reasons of the referee for leaving or staying in the house.

Brooklyn, N. J., lathers have won their strike for \$3.25 a day.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued.)

That night Walter slept but little; his brain was busy with guesses at the cause of Lillian's non-appearance on board the yacht. In so fair and strange a clime it seemed so inexplicable that curiosity should not have induced her to come up on deck, unless she was really too unwell to do so. When he fell asleep, it was only to have his apprehensions embodied in grotesque and hideous dreams. In the morning his first movement was to the window, from whence he could command but little of the harbor, yet that little comprising something of what his eyes most yearned for—the delicate spars of "the Inglesse yacht" standing out against the background of a purple hill. For many an hour yet it was in the highest degree improbable that Sir Reginald would be stirring; still he resolved to keep within doors, and thereby avoid the risk of recognition. He had somehow persuaded himself that his usefulness—if it was fated that he should be of use—to Lillian would be invalidated should his presence at Palermo become known. As to the fact of his being resident in the town transpiring by other means, it was not likely that any one should mention the name of so unimportant an individual as himself, who did not even patronize an hotel. At the same time he thought it as well to secure Signor Baccari's silence upon this point, whose tongue was apt to be eloquent upon all subjects, from the least to the greatest; while his son, Francisco, on the other hand, never opened his mouth but to admit a cigarette or a strip of macaroni. As it happened, the master of the house did not put in his usual appearance that morning at Walter's breakfast table, some business having taken him into the town betimes. Late in the afternoon, however, when the Marina was beginning to fill with equipages, he returned even more radiant than usual.

"I have news for you," said he to his lodger. "A great Milord has arrived from England, richer than any that has appeared this season. The hotels, it seems, are not good enough for him, for he remains—he, at least, and his daughter—on board of his own ship, which is fitted up like a palace. He is something tremendous; the whole town is talking of him."

"His name?" inquired Walter, amused by this magnificent description of the self-made merchant.

"His name is Brown; yes; Milord and Milady Brown. Their ship is called the Sylphide. You can see a portion of it from the window. It is, I don't know how many tons—perhaps a thousand."

"Scarcely so many as that, Mr. Baccari," said Walter laughing. "We have seen the whole of it—Francisco and I—last night. We met it coming into harbor. Did he not tell you?"

"He tell? Not he. He is a good son, but he does not talk. I sometimes think that the brigands frightened his voice away, when they got hold of him a year or two ago. What a prize Milord Brown would be for those rascals! How they would coin his blood, if they got hold of him! He is wise to remain on board ship."

"But they could not hurt him in Palermo, I suppose?"

"No, no; not in the town. But if he should take a fancy for pleasure trips, were it only to ascend Monte Pellegrino, let him have soldiers with him and plenty of them."

"It seems to me to be a most creditable thing that you good folks in Palermo should be kept prisoners within your own walls."

"Doubtless it is discredit; but it is better to be a prisoner than to lose your skin. It is safe enough on the Marina here, driving up and down."

"You are easily satisfied," answered Walter laughing.

"Yes; contentment is a blessing, signor. I look out (he was standing at the window) and see these carriages, and though they are very fine—probably the finest in the world—I say to myself: 'Do not be envious, Baccari. For fivepence you can hire something to carry you up and down, which, though not so highly decorated, serves your purpose equally well.' Ah! there are some new faces—your compatriots, signor—a handsome man, though not so good-natured looking as a husband should be, and a charming wife. They form part of the suite of Milord Brown, and are staying at the Hotel de France. Do you know them?"

"Yes; I know them," answered Walter, who, standing behind his host, could watch the passing carriages, secure from the observation of their inmates; "but I do not wish to be recognized. You can keep a secret, Signor Baccari?"

"For a friend's friend, yes," replied the little lodging house keeper theatrically. "The signor does not wish it to be known that he is in the town?"

"Just so. It is important that that gentleman should not know it."

"The gentleman!" answered the other, with a comical look. "I see!"

"I don't want either of them to know it," returned Litton, with a stiffness that was utterly thrown away upon his mercurial companion. "They are not the suite of Milord Brown, as you call him, but members of his family."

Sir Reginald did not certainly resemble a valet—even the best specimen of a gentleman's gentleman would have suffered by contrast with his haughty and supercilious mien as he leaned back in the carriage and stared about him. It was strange how he had lost his once genial smile since the sun of prosperity had risen upon him; perhaps he no longer thought it worth while to wear it, now he had gained his object—the pale and timid-looking girl that sat beside him, and to whom he seldom vouchsafed a word. The carriage, which had been driven to towards the town, did not return up the Marina, and Walter concluded that it was bound for the harbor, and might perhaps return with Lillian and her father. And so it proved. In less than half an hour the same equipage came slowly up the Marina with two more occupants. Lillian with her sister now occupied the front seat; her appearance was greatly altered since he had seen her last; she was not less beautiful than of yore, but her beauty was of another type—that of the hot house flower; a cushion was placed behind her head, and her large eyes, as they turned languidly at her father's voice, looked very weary. Would they have lit up, thought Walter, if she could have known that at that moment she was passing beneath his window, and that his gaze was furtively devouring her? Was it possible that the sea voyage alone could have worked thus harmfully with her? Or was this change not rather owing to irksome companionship, to the knowledge of the tyranny that was exercised over Lotty, and to the absence of any one who could sympathize and make common cause with her? Nay, might not even the consideration that a certain true-hearted friend (as she at least knew him to be), one Walter Litton, was separated from her by wide seas, and probably forever, have helped to pale that fair cheek and dull those bright eyes! As the carriage rolled away his gaze dared not follow it, for it must needs have met that of Sir Reginald, whose glance shot hither and thither with contemptuous swiftness, unless when spoken to by his father-in-law, when his face at once assumed the air of respectful attention. Walter knew him well enough to feel not only that he had not schooled himself to such unwonted humility without an object, but that he must also deem the object attainable. Sir Reginald had hated exertion even in his college days, and still more self-denial; but when the prize had seemed of sufficient value he had gone in for as severe training as any devotee of the oar. He was one of those men who are always saying to themselves (instead of "Is it right?"), "Is it worth my while?", and who act accordingly. Undoubtedly, however, Walter was thinking hardly of him. It is not to be supposed, even though his looks might show ill-concealed disfavor towards his sister-in-law, that he was speculating upon her indisposition or general delicacy as likely to end in her death, and therefore in his own aggrandizement; it is more probable that he simply disliked her because he knew that she had found him out and resented his influence with her father. Again, and still again, did the carriage of Milord Brown and family pass Signor Baccari's house, amid an ever-increasing throng of similar vehicles; the crowd of sightseers on foot was also larger than was customary, and among these Walter could see that the new arrivals caused no little excitement. It was not unusual for an English yacht to put into Palermo harbor, but it was evident that some especial interest attached to the proprietor of the Sylphide, whether on account of that report of his vast wealth, which had already reached the ever-open ears of Baccari, or from the beauty of his two daughters. Since this was so, since even in a foreign town and as an utter stranger Mr. Christopher Brown and his belongings were of sufficient importance to make such a sensation, was it not the very height of folly in one like himself—an unknown and penniless painter, thought Walter with a sudden pang—to nourish hopes in connection with Lillian? He acknowledged to himself that it was so; hope—that is, a lover's hope—was out of the question for him; but that he might be of some service to her, he knew not how, against some danger, he knew not what, of that he had still some hope. As if to make up for his absence at his lodger's morning meal, Signor Baccari spread Walter's supper table that evening with his own hands.

"Well," said he, "you saw all your friends. How beautiful are the young ladies! How prosperous looks Milord! How bold and gallant the young gentleman, his son-in-law. He is a soldier, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is a soldier," answered Walter—"a man who has served with great distinction in the war."

"But yet not a favorite of yours, signor?"

"How do you know that?" inquired Walter quickly.

"I merely judged from your countenance—which is Italian in its frankness rather than English—as he drove by. You would not be disappointed, I was about to ask, if ill luck should happen to these compatriots of yours?"

"Ill luck? I don't understand you. Most certainly I wish none of them harm; while as to some of them, the ladies for example, I would rather—indefinitely rather—that the ill luck, as you call it, no matter how ill it may be, should happen to myself rather than to either of them."

"The signor is very gallant," answered the Sicilian, shaking his head. "But no man is prepared to die for more than one woman—at least one woman at a time."

"To die?"

"Yes, signor, even to die—for it may come to that. Listen to me a little." The lodging house keeper's tones had suddenly become very grave. "You are Signor Pelter's friend, and therefore mine; nay, you are my friend and my son's friend on your own account. Well, you asked me this morning could I keep a secret. Let me on my part ask you the same question: Can you?"

"Certainly I can," answered Walter, more astonished by the gravity with which the other put the question than even by the question itself.

"That is well, since otherwise what I am about to say would, if repeated, cost me dear. On the Marina this morning, beside the carriage people and the good company, there were some queer folks, dressed as fine, mayhap, as the rest; but—brigands!"

"Brigands on the Marina; impossible!" The idea appeared to Walter about as incongruous as highwaymen in Rotten Row or on the West Cliff at Brighton.

"It is nevertheless true, signor. They scent the carcass afar off like vultures, but they are more audacious. They have spies also everywhere. The arrival of Milord Brown reached their ears, no doubt, almost as soon as mine; and they have already identified him."

"Identified him?"

"Well, yes; in a case like this, where so much is involved, it would not do to make mistakes, you see. Such things do occasionally happen. They have caught the wrong Milord before now. An encounter with the king's troops is not to be hazarded for nothing. These gentry like to be sure of their ground."

"But what have the king's troops to do with Mr. Brown?"

"Well," he would hardly be so rash, I conclude, as to move without an escort. On board his ship he is safe, of course, but in no other place. If you are his friend, you had better let him know as much, that is all."

"But the whole story will appear to him an absurdity. He will ask for the proofs of his danger—for the authority that it exists."

"And that, signor, you have given your honor not to reveal. In confidence, however, the case is this: My Francisco, as I told you, was once taken prisoner by these scoundrels. During his captivity he learned not a little of their private ways. There is a certain freemasonry among them, by means of which, for example, they recognize each other to be gentlemen of the same profession—the eyes to the left and a tap of the head, like this. Well, my Francisco was on the Marina yesterday. He is not a great talker, but he has quick eyes—and he saw something."

"I should like to hear what he saw from his own lips," said Walter quietly, beginning for the first time to believe that the thing was serious. Baccari was not only a gossip, but had a capacious swallow for the marvellous; whereas Francisco's information—the little, that is, he had ever condescended to impart—had always proved to be correct.

"No, signor; I cannot permit that," was the Sicilian's unexpected reply. "I have already gone, for your sake and that of friendship's, as far as I dare go. My boy must be able to swear by the Virgin that he never breathed to you one syllable of all this. It is he who will be suspected, you understand—not I—if you should think it well to give Milord Brown a warning."

"I see," said Walter thoughtfully. "Then I am to take it in real earnest that it is your opinion and Francisco's that the brigands are plotting to seize my friends, with the view of exacting ransom?"

"By Santa Rosalia, so it is. If Captain Corrali catches them they will have to pay him handsomely for their lodging."

"Corrali? Then you know the very man, it seems?"

"Not I," answered the other hastily.

"I know nothing. Even what I did know is mine no longer; it is yours."

"You have no advice to offer in addition to this meagre information?"

"Advice against the brigands! Heaven forbid! I have said more than I ought to have done already in the bare fact. You must act as it pleases you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHASE IN THE CALM.

The information—if such a hint of danger could be called such—that had thus been given by his host to Walter was indeed astounding, but it was not incredible. Short as was the time he had himself been in Palermo, so many and so extraordinary had been the stories he had heard narrated of the vigor and audacity as well as of the crimes of the brigands who haunted its very gates that he was constrained to admit at least the possibility of this new scheme of outrage. His informant, however timid and credulous, had undoubtedly—through his son Francisco—exceptional opportunities of information upon the matter in question; and, moreover, it was pretty evident that he had not told all he knew. The fact that brigands had been even interchanging signs with one another as the occupants of Mr. Brown's carriage passed by was itself alarming; but in all likelihood there had been much more of particularity in the affair than Baccari had stated. No captive worth the trouble of taking had as yet fallen into brigand hands that season; and no doubt, like the wolves after long famine, these wretches were emboldened by necessity, and more apt even than usual for any daring deed. The wealth of the English merchant had probably been much exaggerated to them, and would afford a tempting bait. The time in which they had acquired even that much of information respecting him was, however, so extremely short that, notwithstanding their employment of spies—which was well known to be the case, and who were suspected to exist even in the very hotels at which the proposed victims lodged—it seemed to Walter inexplicable; in his perplexity he found himself inventing the wildest theories to account for it; among them even the notion that Sir Reginald himself had had a hand in the matter crossed his troubled brain. On reflection, however, he admitted this idea to be as monstrous as it was unjust, for how could Lotty's husband, even if it could be shown that it was to his advantage to get his relative kidnapped—which it clearly was not, seeing the ransom must evidently come out of his own pocket—have been able himself, an utter stranger in Palermo, to enter into a nefarious treaty with the brigands of the mountains? The fact of Walter entertaining such a thought even for an instant was, however, a curious proof of the hostility with which he now regarded his quondam friend, the reason of which was not so much what he knew of him as that mistrust of the baronet with which Lillian was inspired, and which she had communicated to him. Of Lillian, however, at present, and in connection with the brigand question, Walter was not thinking; it was rare, indeed, to find the banditti encumbering themselves with female captives, the possession of whom must needs hinder them from making the rapid marches which pursuit so often compelled. Nor did he greatly concern himself with the personal safety of Sir Reginald; his anxiety was solely upon Mr. Brown's account, partly because any outrage such as was contemplated would fall on the worthy merchant, being what he was, with especial severity (Walter had not forgotten the hospitality and kindness he had manifested towards him in old days), but principally because of the distress with which such an event must needs afflict his daughters.

What course, however, to adopt in order to put him on his guard without permitting him or his to guess from whom the friendly warning came was a difficult problem. Any hint directly from himself was out of the question; Walter was firmly resolved—unless an opportunity of doing some great personal service should be vouchsafed him—to keep his proximity to them unknown to any of the party; and moreover any interference on his part was certain to have a base motive assigned to it by at least one member—and he the most influential—of the family. In a word, either his warning would be disregarded as a mere pretence for regaining lost favor or it would be credited at the expense of his own character. It might have been fortunate that he was able to afford them the information, but how should he explain his presence at Palermo, his pursuit of Lillian across the seas! Under the circumstances he decided to do nothing for the moment, but to keep, through Baccari, a strict watch upon the movements of Sir Reginald at the hotel. It would be by that means easy to find out if the party contemplated any expedition without the town, and in that case he would send them warning of its peril.

It seemed, however, as though Milord Brown and his belongings were well content with such objects of interest as Palermo itself afforded. He and his two daughters

were generally to be seen during the fashionable hours driving up and down the Marina, and at other times, when the weather was comparatively cool, visiting the picturesque and ancient churches or making purchases at the quaint old shops. The two girls were both greatly altered from the day on which the young painter had seen them first, and altered for the worse; but the change was of a different kind. In Lotty's case the beauty of youth was dimmed by sorrow and disappointment; her illusions had been rudely destroyed; in her secret heart she doubtless knew that she had risked, and almost lost, her place at her father's hearth for an unworthy object; the man that had once been in her eyes a hero, nay, a demi-god, had shrunk down to mean dimensions; her impassioned lover had become a faithless husband, a tyrant too of whom she stood in fear. Perhaps her happiest moments were those thus passed in the society of those who had once been all in all to her; while he who had usurped their place in her heart—and lost it by his own harshness and infidelity—strolled about the town in his own fashion and followed his own devices. Lillian too, it was plain, was a sufferer, whether from mental or physical causes, but her beauty seemed enhanced rather than diminished by the sad experience. Languid and listless she might be, but the listlessness and languor were not those of a fine lady; it was the idea of the public that she had come to Palermo as a last chance for strength and life, and pity and admiration were the tributes paid to her wherever she moved. In reality, though far from well, she was by no means so ill as these good folks supposed her to be; and what ailed her she kept to herself. Lotty's eyes were often red with irrepressible tears; but Lillian shed none, though she mourned in secret the unhappy condition of her sister and the influence which Sir Reginald exercised over her father. It appeared to Walter, however, who watched the proceedings of the little party with the utmost interest and as closely as the necessity of keeping himself out of their sight permitted him, that this influence was on the wane.

A fortnight had passed away since his host's warning, and he began to congratulate himself that he had not unnecessarily alarmed the merchant and his family by communicating it to them in any way, when a circumstance occurred which seemed to put their safety beyond all question. On going to the window one morning to take his usual feast of sky and sea and mountain before sitting down to breakfast the light spars of the Sylphide had vanished from their usual position.

"Yes, signor," said the voice of Baccari, as Walter stood staring at the vacant place, while a certain void that seemed to answer to it made itself felt in his quick-beating heart; "I am glad to say your friends are saved, and not at my expense; they have saved themselves—which is always the best way of doing it—by leaving Palermo."

"Do you mean to say that the yacht has sailed?"

"Thanks to the Virgin, yes—for Messina. You don't know what I have suffered for the sake of Milord Brown or you would, I hope, look better pleased. Ah, I breathe again! I feel as when I first came on shore after little Francisco fell overboard. You will not catch me meddling with the affairs of other people again, I promise you."

"It does not appear to me that any evil has happened to you—or, indeed, to anybody else—from your communication," remarked Walter dryly.

"Happened? No; but it might have happened. Ah, signor, if we could only see the dangers we have escaped we should have more thankful hearts! Even now I dare not tell you all. Let it suffice—still between ourselves—that Milord Brown has been dogged day and night; they have been so hungry after him that I almost wonder they did not pounce upon him on the Marina. Half Palermo has been in Captain Corrali's pay for the last fortnight. They would have seized him at the very shrine of Santa Rosalia if he had but ventured up Pellegrino. But as it is, he has disappointed everybody—that is, I mean, all the wicked people. Milord is not only very rich, but very wise; he has taken himself off by sea to Messina. Look! yonder is his fine ship."

And truly at that moment the white sail of the English yacht, set to catch every breath of the light Mediterranean breeze, could be seen rounding the harbor point.

"And have all his family gone with him?" inquired Walter, by no means in the tone of triumph with which his companion spoke.

"No, signor, not all the family; his son-in-law and married daughter are still at the hotel, intending, I believe, to follow Milord to-morrow by the steamer. But what do that signify to Corrali—even if he caught him, since the big fish has got through the meshes—since he has lost Milord!"

For weeks Walter's art had been in abeyance; the pre-occupation of his mind, spite of the novelty and splendor of the scenes that presented themselves to his gaze, had kept it so; and now it seem-

utterly impossible that he could take up either brush or pencil. It was not the climate that enervated him and made him disinclined even for the labor which had once been his delight, but sheer despondency. All day he sat unoccupied at the window, from which he had watched the Sylphide slowly glide to eastward, gazing on the burning empty street on the gay Marina with its glittering throng of carriages, and then on the calm evening sea.

"Why, the signor has never touched his dinner!" expostulated Baccari, coming in to see his lodger, as his custom was upon his return from his favorite cafe.

"I was not hungry," answered Walter quietly.

"How unfortunate upon the very day when there was so fine a fish! Francisco caught it himself this morning."

"Is your son within doors?"

"Yes, indeed; he fancies he has earned a holiday because of that mere stroke of good luck, and has been doing nothing—positively nothing—throughout the day." The good man, who never stirred a finger in the way of work himself, beyond bringing in Walter's meals, denounced this idleness with amazing energy.

"Send the lad to me," said Walter; and accordingly Francisco presented himself, rubbing his fine almond eyes and looking listless and languid from head to heel.

"Could we go for a sail, my boy?" inquired Walter wistfully.

"We can go on the water if the signor wishes it," replied the other with a glance at the glassy sea; "but there is not a breath of wind."

"Has there been no wind all day?"

"None since the morning; Milord's yatch (he had learned a little English, and was very proud of that word and his pronunciation of it) had a little with her, but it soon came to nothing."

"The Sylphide has not got far, you think, then?"

"Not ten miles away, if so much."

"Could we overtake her?" exclaimed Walter suddenly.

"Well, that depends; there is a little breeze from the shore, though none out yonder, and by hugging the land it would be possible for so small a boat as ours to make some way perhaps."

"But we could use the oars."

Francisco shook his head. "The signor would find that very toilsome," he answered, the idea of taking an oar himself not even so much as occurring to his imagination.

"At all events let us go," said Walter. The poor young fellow was seized with an uncontrollable desire to have a last farewell look—not at Lillian, for that would be impossible, but—at the yacht that was bearing her away from him. In twenty minutes the two were on board their boat. It was a tiny craft, that would have succumbed to a Levanter—or even half a one—in five minutes, but its lightness was now of advantage to them. The gentle breath that sighed from the great island garden swelled its small sail, though, as Francisco had prognosticated, it failed them when even a little way from land. They therefore coasted along the shore, following its myriad indentations and coming face to face with a thousand unexpected beauties, which, under any other circumstances, would have ravished the young painter's eye. Presently the moon arose and touched all these objects with an unearthly splendor.

"It is late," observed Francisco sententially.

"Where?" asked Walter eagerly.

"I said it was late, signor."

"I thought you said: 'There is the yacht.'"

"No; she may have got half way to Messina by this time. The wind may have held with her, though it dropped with us; and let me tell you, it will be harder work getting home than coming."

(To be Continued.)

IN RECIPROCAL RAPPORT.

The states of all organs and functions are in reciprocal rapport or proportion. Weak organs cannot put forth powerful functions, or slow organs quick functions. Had man been created a purely mental being, he would have needed no body; but we see man as a compound being, composed of mind and body. This mind and body are closely inter-related, and mischief or disease in one is sure to affect the other.

How extremely necessary then to preserve ourselves mentally and physically from disease. If the brain is tired and wearied, remember that the body will soon feel the effects. The nerves are perhaps weak and unstrung; be assured that this will bring on some grave malady, from which you may suffer severely. Keep both brain, nerves and body in such a harmonious state of working that disease cannot lay hold. To secure this desired state, use Faine's Celery Compound when out-of-sorts. By its timely use you avoid trouble and suffering, and add years to your existence.



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Workers and friends tendering sleighs report 505 St. Lawrence.

TO THE ELECTORS OF
ST. GABRIEL WARD

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited in favor of

EDWIN THOMPSON

AS ALDERMAN

AT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS.

VOTE EARLY

Monday, February 2, 1891.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE
EAST WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited on behalf of

Ex-Ald. C. Beausoleil

AS ALDERMAN

On MONDAY, February 2nd, 1891.

TO THE ELECTORS OF
ST. ANN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited in favor of

M. F. NOLAN

AS ALDERMAN

AT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS.

VOTE EARLY

On MONDAY, February 2nd, 1891.

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On account of serious fire on our premises we will clear out the Clothing damaged by Fire and Water at

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Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale

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DAVID TAYLOR, MANAGER.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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Display or contract advertisements are taken at special rates, which will be made known upon application.

Business notices published in social columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.

All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, January 24, 1891.

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

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

THE MAYORALTY.

Now that the contest for the Mayoralty has definitely settled down to a fight between two candidates, it ought not to be a difficult matter for the electors to decide, looking at both from every standpoint, who is the more worthy to receive their confidence. And it is to assist the electors in arriving at a decision that we now place before them a few facts for their serious consideration. Of course, along with many others, we regret that the third candidate did not see his way clearly to accept the nomination tendered him, but no doubt he believes the reasons he advanced for not doing so were good and sufficient. It appears to us that Mr. Grenier occupies a very unenviable position in this contest; in fact he appears to be acting not exactly in a square manner towards Mr. McShane, and is allowing himself to be made the tool of a clique whose dislike and animosity to the favorite of the people are proverbial. In the first place Mr. Grenier solemnly pledged his word in January, 1881, that he would support Mr. McShane when his (Mr. Grenier's) term of office expired, and very probably he says so still, with a mental reservation as to the extent of the term. But will the electors stand this greed of office? Mayor Grenier has already occupied the civic chair for two years, and that ought to satisfy any man who does not wish to monopolize the position altogether, and few have any desire to see another repetition of the Beauty period. Moreover, Mr. Grenier, by seeking re-election at this time, is endeavoring to break down an agreement, or at least a pretty well defined understanding that exists in relation to the religion and nationality of the occupant of the civic throne. That this understanding exists is admitted, and it is also admitted that it is the turn of an Irish Roman Catholic; therefore, in deliberately ignoring this compact he is sowing the seeds of distrust and ill-feeling between the two nationalities. Looking at the question from this point of view he should have refrained from now seeking re-election. If it is the turn of an Irish Catholic why should others interfere and object?

But what has Mr. Grenier done in the interests of the working classes that he should seek their suffrages a third time? Nothing; literally no-

thing. On the contrary, he has frequently been an obstacle in the way of reform of abuses, and his attitude towards labor organizations and their objects has always been hostile. When the abolition of the Statute Labor tax was brought before the Council by Alderman Beausoleil, Mr. Grenier delivered himself of a speech that proved how contracted and illiberal were his views and how little he cared for the working classes. He declared himself against the extension of the civic franchise (indeed he was in favor of limiting it), and he hoped the motion would receive such an ignominious defeat that it would never again come before the Council. When the case was before the courts he tried in every way to have it thrown out, and when met by failure he was afraid to face the electors of St. James Ward and had to seek election elsewhere.

While Mr. McShane may not be an angel, there is no denying the fact that he is the chosen of a large majority of his own nationality and as such will have the support of many others who desire to see fair play and square dealing. We believe if Mr. McShane is elected that he will endeavor to steer his course so as to give offence to none, and we are certain he will use his influence to have the water tax problem settled on a fair and equitable basis, and will fairly consider the claims of the working classes to have the property qualification for aldermen abolished. On different occasions Mr. McShane has warmly advocated the cause of the toilers, and, between the two candidates, they should use their voting strength to return the Hon. James McShane Mayor of Montreal.

FOR ALDERMANIC HONORS.

The friends of the various candidates for municipal honors are hustling for all they are worth, and the symptoms already show that there will be lots of excitement around polling day. The contest is likely to be warmest in St. Lawrence, St. Louis, St. Ann's and St. Gabriel Wards, and a large vote is already predicted in these constituencies. In St. Lawrence Ward the friends of Mr. Baxter are confident he will finish first in the race, and from a glance at his requisition papers, which show a numerical strength and influence not to be despised, we believe they have good reason for their confidence. Mr. Baxter would make an excellent representative. He is a thorough business man, a good financier—just what is wanted at the present time—has great energy and force of character and would make his presence felt in the Council Chamber. Mr. Baxter is favorable to the abolition of property qualification, and on that ground should receive the support of the working classes.

The opposition to Ald. Stevenson in the West Ward is developing considerable strength, and the gallant Colonel will have to hustle if he wishes to retain the chairmanship of the Fire Committee. His vote in the Council on a memorable occasion has been the cause of his losing many of his former friends.

In St. Ann's Ward the candidature of Mr. M. F. Nolan is meeting with much success, and he is gathering to himself hosts of friends.

The contest in St. Gabriel between Ald. Thompson and Mr. Hadley is expected to be keen, and the friends of both are hard at work beating up recruits. A joint meeting of the electors was held in Lomas' Hotel on Thursday evening, the large hall being crowded with adherents of both candidates, and several stirring speeches were made on behalf of either. There is no question that Mr. Thompson is one of the ablest and most energetic English-speaking members of the Council, and his defeat would be a serious loss. His opponent, Mr. Hadley, is a gentleman with a good record, and his friends speak very highly of his capabilities.

In St. Louis Ward Mr. Latimer stands a good show of election, the temperance vote being pretty strong in that section. Mr. Latimer would be a valuable acquisition to the Council. He is a man of upright character, good business ability, and fearless and energetic in his disposition.

Ex-Alderman Beausoleil is seeking again to enter the Council for St. Louis Ward, and we believe his election is almost a certainty. During his former tenure of office, Mr. Beausoleil proved himself the friend of the working classes. He was one of the staunchest advocates for the abolition of the Statute Labor Tax, and we are satisfied the workmen will not forget his record on that question.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The spectacle of the First Minister of the Crown appealing to the religious prejudices of the people is a very sorry exhibition of political rancour and altogether unbecoming the dignity of his office. And yet this is what Lord Salisbury has been doing, if the cable report of a political speech delivered at Cambridge, England, is to be believed. Through his increasing hatred to Home Rule and bitter opposition to granting the full privileges of citizenship to the Irish people he so far forgot himself as to give utterance to sentiments which can only widen the breach between Irishmen of opposite creeds, and which are altogether unworthy the statesmanship which his followers claim for Lord Salisbury. He is reported to have said: "The Home Rule rehearsal in London and Kilkeny was not edifying, and seems to have evolved a Donnybrook fair. The rehearsal proved that Irishmen were quite incapable of conducting an independent parliament. It has further shown the unlimited power of the priesthood, whose matchless organization had swept down a man who had been the despot of the whole Irish movement here and in America. That is the ruthless organization beneath whose heel you would place Protestants by granting Home Rule. We shall be mad, indeed, if we neglect the lesson which the tempest has unveiled. The antagonist with which you have been contending is the sinister domination of Croke and Walsh. To me it is a matter of rejoicing that the disclosure has happened, as it will fortify Ulster. If she is true to herself Home Rule will never be carried."

The parliamentary election at Harlepool, England, on Wednesday, has been carried by the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. Furness, by a very large majority over his Unionist opponent, Mr. Gray. The victory is the more significant from the fact that at the previous election a Liberal-Unionist candidate was returned by a handsome majority, and may be set down as the most important victory for Mr. Gladstone since the last general election. The success of Mr. Furness is due in great measure to the active participation in his behalf of the labor organizations, to whom he gave a pledge that he would employ only union labor, while his opponent refused to do so. The effect of this pledge is apparent in his triumphant return and is a signal triumph for the unions.

The Farmers' Alliance is making rapid progress in the neighboring Republic. Already they control several States and in Texas they showed their power at the late elections by defeating Senator Ingalls, and now we hear of their candidate for public printer of that State being elected by a large majority. The president of the Alliance states it has been determined to extend the organization to New York State, and a systematic plan for that purpose will at once be put in operation. Go on and conquer.

A terrible mining catastrophe is reported from Jasnowala, in European

Russia. Through an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery there over one hundred miners have been killed.

MONTREAL NEWS.

The Pillow-Hersey Manufacturing Company, St. Patrick street, have rebuilt their works since the fire of Oct. 11th. The works are on a much more extended scale, having sixteen boilers where only five existed previously, and the staff of workmen is almost doubled.

The water rate payments continue good at the City Hall. About \$2,500 has been collected every day since January 15th. No water will be turned off except where parties refuse to pay and there is not sufficient in the house to make a seizure. Then, unless the poverty is extreme or there is sickness in the house the water will be at once turned off.

Local Union No. 74 of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America held the most successful ball of the season last Tuesday night. The attendance was very large. The ball was opened by Mr. M. H. Brennan, the Grand March and Portland Fancy being gone through in fine style. Blazi's orchestra supplied the music in their usual first-class manner. A recherche supper was partaken of in the course of the evening. This is the second ball held this season by Union No. 74, and their members deserve great credit for making both of them so successful. The decorations were looked after by the committee, and were simply dazzling. The floor committee were Messrs. T. Fisher and J. Farrell, and Mr. E. Pelletier, the president of the Union, was busy looking after everything and everybody. In fact, no pains were spared to make it a success both socially and financially.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

The election in St. Gabriel is causing quite a stir. Both candidates are working like Trojans to catch votes.

The Grand Trunk Dramatic Club are to produce "On the Border Land" next week, with Miss Mary Kitts as "Polly." All up! The Argyles leave at 9.30 this morning from the Oddfellows' Hall, to tramp to St. Johns, P. Q.

Last Saturday afternoon 25 members of the Argyles turned up to take in the Club tramp to L'Prairie. They had a "jolly good time."

The Burton Dramatic Club scored another success by their splendid production of the "Old Homestead" in the Reading Room on Thursday and Friday evenings. The hall was well filled, and would no doubt have been more so had it not been for extremely bad weather. Of the actors, nothing but praise can be given, those taking the minor parts being a decided improvement on the last attempt. Miss Affie Warner was charming as Little Tot, the waif, as was also Miss Price, Miss Daniels and Miss Fabian in their respective parts. "Uncle Josh" could not have been in better hands than Mr. Fabian's and the Dougherty brothers were, as usual, splendid. The other male characters were all taken well. During the second act (the drawing-room scene) songs were given by Miss Herbert, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Millington Mr. J. Dougherty, which were all capitally rendered. Mrs. Tansey presided at the piano, the orchestra being under the direction of Mr. Higgins.

DEATH.

McCONVILLE.—In this city, on the 23rd instant, the result of a railway accident, James McConville, printer, aged 36 years.

Funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. T. J. Lundrigan, 22 Anderson street to-morrow (Sunday), 25th inst., at 2.30 p.m. Members of Montreal Typographical Union and other friends are requested to attend.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1028 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to GEO. S. WARREN, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7068.
Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Jan. 25th, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to
J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1468.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 E. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in Weber Hall, St. James street. Address all communications to
JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 225 St. Antoine street.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE ALL THIS MONTH.

Great Bargains Offered in all Departments.

The balance of our SEALETTES are now offered at much below wholesale prices. GREAT BARGAINS in all kinds of CLOAKS, ULSTERINGS and TWEEDS.

EXAMPLES.

TWEEDS at 35c worth 45c.
TWEEDS at 50c worth 75c.
ULSTERINGS, 54 inches wide at 60c worth 80c.
ULSTERINGS, 54 inches wide at 95c worth \$1.25.
CLOAKINGS, 54 inches wide at \$1.25 worth \$1.75.
CLOAKINGS, 54 inches wide at \$1.50 worth \$2.00.
And so on.

SHAWLS.

KNITTED SHAWLS, at and below half price.
KNITTED SHAWLS, at 25c.
KNITTED SHAWLS, at 75c, worth \$1.25.
KNITTED SHAWLS, at \$1, worth \$2.
KNITTED SHAWLS IN SKY BLUE, at \$1, worth \$3.
KNITTED SHAWLS, at \$1.50, worth \$3 and \$3.50.

FASCINATORS.

Our Fascinators are selling fast at the reduced prices.

65c WOOL FASCINATORS, for 33c.
75c WOOL FASCINATORS, for 38c.
90c WOOL FASCINATORS, for 45c.
\$1.00 WOOL FASCINATORS, for 50c.

Also a line of WOOL FASCINATORS at \$1.50, reduced to 50c.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Our stock of BOYS' OVERCOATS is still large, and to clear them out quick we have reduced every line to and below cost.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, reduced prices start at \$1.00.

Great bargains in Boys' Tweed Suits, etc., at

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

JERSEYS! JERSEYS!

All Ladies' Jerseys are reduced. Large lines at half price.

LADIES' JERSEYS, \$1.50 FOR 75c.
LADIES' JERSEYS, \$1.75 FOR 88c.
LADIES' JERSEYS, \$2.00 FOR \$1.00

See our Ladies' Jerseys at \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

For bargains in Dry Goods come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
1781, 1783

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

Wives! Mothers!!

Cease your hopeless toil; for it is hopeless if you still try to do your laundry work as economically and as well as you can have it done by the

Troy Steam Laundry.

Send us your
Linen,
Flannels,
Laces,

and all articles, the treatment of which requires that exquisite skill which can only be acquired by the long and varied experience which we have had.

Coupled with this the superiority of our appliances gives us unshakable confidence when we assert that we are not only

SECOND TO NONE

but are far in advance of any would-be competitors.

Troy Steam Laundry,

Cor. Craig and St. Peter streets,
Orders sent by mail or telephone promptly attended to.
Bell Telephone No. 666.
Federal Telephone No. 542.

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

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Somebody, I don't know who, once stated 'that whom the gods wished to destroy they strike with blindness,'" said Brown, "and I have often thought that, considering the extraordinary blindness of workingmen, the gods must have a particular spite against them. I don't know why this should be so; but I do know that the average workingman is blind, and a great deal more so than a bat in daytime, and I know that this blindness will be his destruction. It don't date from to-day or yesterday, but it has been so for generations. A dog is born blind, but after the lapse of a few days he begins to see things as they are, and his eyesight improves until it becomes perfect. A workingman is born with his eyes open but the longer he lives the less he sees, until he has grown to manhood and exercises his right of citizenship, when total blindness overtakes him. It is this that prompted him in the early part of this century to oppose the introduction of labor-saving machinery; it is this blindness which now makes him oppose female and pauper labor; it is this unaccountable defect in his eyesight which has made governments and legislatures, judges and juries, press and pulpit and politician the tail of the capitalistic kite; it is this which has arrayed the combined powers of hell against his individuality and leaves him in ignorance of his fate."

"Do you believe, then, that the introduction of labor-saving machinery has benefitted labor," said Gaskill? "And if it has not, were not our forefathers right in doing all they could to prevent its introduction?"

"To all your questions I answer most emphatically no," said Brown. "In the first place there is no such thing as labor-saving machinery. All of you in all your different trades have seen new machinery introduced which has facilitated production; but have your hours of labor been shortened in proportion to the increased productive power of these machines? Have your wages increased? Certainly not. Then why call it labor-saving? It has not saved any of your labor, at any rate. But that is no reason for us to oppose the introduction of machinery. If labor has not been benefitted it is not the fault of machinery but the fault of labor in allowing capital to monopolize all its benefits. If instead of smashing machinery our forefathers had demanded that the hours of labor be shortened in proportion to its greater productiveness, or if they had insisted that the State operate the machinery for the benefit of all the people they would have become a blessing to the world instead of a curse to humanity. But they contented themselves with opposing its introduction rather than seeking to control it, and the consequence is the enslavement of those who use the tools of production, by those who own them. The German Government at present proposes to manufacture the Koch lymph and to control its sale so that even the poorest of its subjects may receive a pure medicine at actual cost price, and share in the benefits of the greatest medical discovery of the age. This policy is by all considered not only wise but just, and had all governments acted on the same lines in reference to machinery they would not now be asked to solve the Labor Problem, or to devise ways and means to relieve the ever-increasing number of poor and indigent. General Booth would have been left without an occupation, and strikes and lockouts would never have been known."

"Granted all this," said Sharkey, "but taking the world as it is, are you not as a Trades Unionist opposed to female labor because it has a tendency to decrease wages. Are you not opposed to contract, pauper, or contract foreign labor?"

"I am most decidedly opposed to

foreign contract labor, because the foreigner in 99 cases out of 100 comes here upon misrepresentations of facts and in ignorance of the conditions under which labor exists in Canada," said Brown, "and not only does he injure native labor, but is wronged himself. The pauper was not a free agent in coming here; he was sold to his employer much the same as the chattel slave of the South was sold to his master; he is a victim of a vicious system perpetuated by the government of his country; let those who impoverished him keep him; Canada is not an international dumping ground. But to any man coming here from any country, not even excepting China, I would say welcome, live with me, live like me, work with me; work like me, but don't work for less wages than I do. It is because the Chinaman at present don't live and work like I do that I object to him coming here; I can compete with civilized men, but I can't and won't compete with a semi-barbarian whose standard of living is on a par with that of a ring-tailed monkey—not if I can help it. As to female labor—I have never either as a man or a trades unionist opposed it. I am not one of those who believe that God created woman with less rights than her brother. He created them equal, and she should be free to choose any or all occupations open to men. The trouble is that she is not free to do so and never will be so long as the wage system maintains. If we find her in factory and workshop, in the office and on the field, and in some countries even in mines, it is but seldom of her own choice, but from necessity; she must labor if she would live, and like her brother must accept whatever kind of labor is within reach. While I regret the necessity of this I have always insisted that she should receive equal pay for equal work, and what man could do to secure this for her has been done by Trades Unions of the past and present and mostly without the assistance and support of the women themselves. I don't object to female labor, but I demand equal pay for equal work."

"What does it all amount to," said Phil, "as long as you allow capital to own the tools of production which both you and her must use to live at all. It seems to me that instead of wasting our time in striving for little two-penny-ha-penny benefits it were better to direct our energies to the nationalizing of land, railways, telegraphs and all tools of production so that both men and women would receive the full value for their labor. Do this and you need not dread female labor, which, perfectly free to choose its occupation, will prove a blessing to mankind."

"That is just what I meant," said Brown, "in speaking of workingmen being blind. With the power of the ballot, if rightly applied, they could have done this long ago—the settlement of the labor question rests with labor itself. Female labor, pauper and contract labor, shorter hours, lien and factory acts, land and money reform, and all the thousand and one things demanded won't settle it unless you legislate rent, profit, and interest out of existence, by forming a gigantic combine of the people, by the people, and for the people."

BILL BLADES.

ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

(From La Presse.)

There are four candidates in St. Lawrence Ward. These three opponents that the taxpayers have brought out against Mr. Griffin signify that that gentleman no longer enjoys the confidence of the public. They all want to replace him by another, who would be better able to render some service to the Ward.

As all these candidates cannot be elected, the electors should come to an understanding to choose the ablest of the four, because they are far from having all the same abilities. The one who appears to unite the most qualities and to meet with most favor from the public is Mr. James Baxter. A very active man and of above the ordinary ability, Mr. Baxter is certainly the one best qualified to look after

the interests of St. Lawrence Ward in the City Council.

Mr. Drapeau is certainly a man of progress, who would make an excellent alderman. But we would rather see him elected in another Ward where the French-Canadians are in the majority.

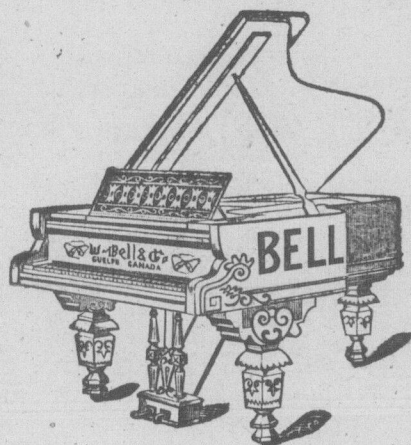
The majority of the population of St. Lawrence Ward is English. So the Ward, in justice, has a right to be represented by an English-speaking alderman. The French-Canadians, loyal under all circumstances—and they glory in it—will not seek to take advantage of the division that may exist between our English fellow-citizens to elect one of our nationality. Mr. Drapeau is too honorable a man to allow himself to be elected in that manner.

As he could not suitably aspire to the representation of St. Lawrence Ward, our French-Canadian patriots should not expose themselves to give a useless vote. Mr. Drapeau cannot be elected anyhow, and the French-Canadians, in not giving their votes to one of the three English candidates who is best qualified, would find themselves by that favoring the election of a man whom they would never want to see elected.

In that case it will be their duty to rally around the candidature of Mr. Baxter, who is certainly the one who should be chosen to represent St. Lawrence Ward.

Fatal Accident to a Montreal Printer.

On Thursday afternoon a printer named James McConville, while trying to board the cars at St. Johns, was run over and had his right leg badly crushed. He was brought here and taken to the General Hospital, where the leg was amputated, but he did not survive the shock and expired yesterday evening. Deceased was well-known to old-time printers in this city, to which he belonged, but had spent the most of his life in the United States. Like many of his brethren he was an extensive traveller and had been, in the course of his life, over nearly the whole of the Republic. The members of Montreal Typographical Union are requested to attend his funeral, which takes place to-morrow at 2.30.



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

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

FELT & CLOTH BOOTS

Shoes & Slippers, Moose Moccasins, German Felt Shoes.

WOOL-LINED Rubbers AND Overshoes

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

Parker's Velvet Slippers at 81 are worth buying.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

Evening and Dinner Dresses!

We have now on view in our Costume Department some lovely French Models in Evening and Dinner Dresses, and invite an early inspection of same.

MODELS REDUCED DURING CHEAP SALE!

Pretty Dance Fish Net Dresses for \$8.70.

(Including Bodice unmade).

DRESSMAKING!

This Department is developing into widespread and deserving popularity for

PRETTY DANCE DRESSES, SIMPLE BALL GOWNS, RECEPTION TOILETTES and COSTUMES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

COUNTRY ORDERS!

Estimates for Evening Costumes, Bridal Outfits and Mourning Orders sent by return of post.

S. CARSLEY.

January Cheap Sale.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We will offer the entire stock of Children's and Misses' Blanket, Buffalo, Tweed and Cloth Coats, in all shapes and styles, such as Reefers, Paletots, Ulsters and Mantles at a Reduction of 33 per cent. off the dollar. These are all New Goods. This Special Sale began on Saturday, January 17th instant, and continues for the remainder of the month.

ALSO, BARGAINS IN

Ladies' Flannel Blouses. Ladies' Flannel Underwear. Ladies' Flannel Wrappers. Ladies' Felt Skirts.

Children's Wool Jackets. Children's Flannel Underwear. Misses' Flannelette Wrappers. Misses' Felt Skirts.

CALL AND SEE THE

Maids' Aprons, 8 1/2c. Cooking Aprons, 23c.

Maids' Caps, 7c. Maids' Caps, 9c.

S. CARSLEY.

January Cheap Sale.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

The Print Remnants are attracting attention from all, and are rapidly disappearing. Come early and secure the Bargains. Special Reductions have been made on all Remnants for the Cheap Sale.

S. CARSLEY.

All Prints and Sateens have been greatly Reduced for this month.

A SPECIAL LINE

at 9c per yard. These are Fast Color Washing Prints, and the Regular Price was 12 1/2c to 14 1/2c per yard. Every one should see these goods as they are genuine bargains.

S. CARSLEY.

Children's Heavy Black Wool Stockings. Sale price, 14c per pair. Ladies' Heavy Black Wool Stockings. Sale price, 18c per pair. Ladies' Heavy Black Wool Stockings. Sale price, 21c per pair. Ladies' Heavy Merino Fleece-lined Vests. Sale price, 50c each. Ladies' Heavy Natural Merino Vests. Sale price, 39c each. Ladies' Fine Heavy Lamb's Wool Vests. Sale price, 80c each.

S. CARSLEY.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.

Great Sale of Remnants now going on.

Remnants of Linen. Remnants of Flannels. Remnants of Towelling. Remnants Table Linen. Remnants Gray Flannel.

Great Bargains in Remnants.

Remnants Muslin. Remnants Sheetting. Remnants Cotton. Remnants Tickings. Remnants Flannelette.

Remnants Canton Flannel.

The whole of the above Remnants were already reduced to the lowest possible price, but during this month we give a still further reduction of 10 per cent. Fine White Damask Table Linen from 20c to \$1.90 per yard. Unbleached Damask Table Linen from 17 1/2c to \$1.20 per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Black Gros Grain Silk, REDUCED PRICES. Black French Silk, REDUCED PRICES. Black Cashmere Silk, REDUCED PRICES. Black Surah Silk, REDUCED PRICES. Black French Faille Silk, REDUCED PRICES. Black Broche Silk, REDUCED PRICES.

Black Satin, REDUCED PRICES. Black Satin Merveilleux, REDUCED PRICES. Black Surah Satin, REDUCED PRICES. Black Satin de Lyon, REDUCED PRICES. Black Satin Superb, REDUCED PRICES. Black French Satin, REDUCED PRICES. S. CARSLEY.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market. Clapperton's Spool Cotton never breaks, never knots, never ravel, and every spool is warranted 300 yards. Always ask for CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

European.

The census returns show the population of St. Petersburg numbers 956,226.

Russia has protested through its German agent against the harboring and employment of Nihilists by the Bulgarian government.

The Spanish cabinet has decided to do other treaties of commerce with Morocco.

It is announced from the Vatican that the Pope denies that he has written to President Harrison in regard to the treatment of the Indians.

An epidemic of a disease resembling influenza has broken out in Berlin. The persons affected have a tendency toward inflammation of the bowels.

It transpires that the late Duke of Bedford shot himself during a fit of insanity and while suffering from extreme pain and weakness. A verdict in accordance with the fact has been rendered.

The Novoe Vremya urges Russia to seize the Pamir Plateau, the extensive tableland of Central Asia, called by the natives the "Roof of the World," in order to prevent the British from occupying it.

Slight shocks of earthquake were felt at Geneva on Tuesday. Three persons were drowned soon after while skating on the harbor, and it is believed the earthquake so disturbed the ice as to cause their drowning.

At a large socialist mass meeting at Saragosa, Spain, recently, the orators declared amid considerable applause, that it was utterly impossible for socialists to realize their ideal form of government except by revolution.

While a large number of children were playing in a school at Nantwich the other day an infuriated cow charged upon them, tossing some in the air and trampling others under its hoofs. Forty-nine children received more or less serious injuries.

It is officially stated that nine hundred tenants in Kilkenny who adopted the plan of campaign have paid their rents since the split in the Irish party and 10 per cent. of the tenants are now anxious to come to terms with the landlords.

The Pope has decided to make a sweeping reduction in the expenses of his household in order, it is said, to create a fund for use in such an emergency as his enforced exile. The total amount of the jubilee moneys will be assigned to this fund.

A blue book upon the Anglo-Portuguese dispute regarding territory in Africa has been issued. The latest despatches from Lord Salisbury to Sir George Glynn Petre, the British minister to Portugal, is dated December 6. In it Lord Salisbury says that after what has taken place at Lisbon he would not again sign a treaty with Portugal until a vote of the Cortes had ratified such a measure.

Timothy Healy, M.P., delivered a lecture Tuesday evening at Mullingar and a riotous scene was the result. A strong force of sympathisers with Parnell gathered outside the hall, and threats of violence towards Healy were freely uttered. When the latter emerged from the hall he was greeted with a storm of hoots and yells. A resh was made by the Parnellites in his direction. A number of priests who had been at the meeting interposed between Healy and the mob, and thus enabled Healy to escape from rough handling.

A well known Jewish banker, Baron Ginsburg, last week waited on M. Durnove, minister of the interior, and asked him to try to alleviate or postpone the carrying out of the edicts issued for the repression of the Jews in Russia. During the interview the Baron handed the minister an envelope containing a cheque for one million rubles payable to the order of M. Durnove and endorsed by the Mendelssohns of Berlin. M. Durnove subsequently obtained an audience with the Czar and gave him the cheque telling him of the manner in which it had come into his possession. The Czar ordered the arrest of Baron Ginsburg and sent an aide-camp to interrogate him. He was subsequently released on explanations being given.

Lieut. Winter has accomplished his self-imposed task of walking from St. Petersburg to Paris and is now the lion of the hour in that gay capital. The Russian lieutenant is being feted and petted to his heart's content at the Military club and runs considerable danger of being spoiled by his hosts of admirers. Everything and anything Russian is the rage and the fashion here at present, so the enthusiastic reception accorded to the Russian pedestrian is not to be wondered at. Fired with ambition to emulate the achievement of the Russian lieutenant two French lieutenants of cavalry have decided to accompany Lieut. Winter back to St. Petersburg. The return journey, however, will be accomplished on horseback. The French officers have applied for the necessary permission to the Minister of War and hope to be able to start on their long ride to St. Petersburg, in company with the Russian lieutenant before the end of this month.

American.

A surgeon of Decatur, Ill., has just completed a novel surgical operation! He removed part of four ribs of a cat and inserted them in the nose of a young lady, forming a bridge for the nose. The bones of the nose were decayed and removed.

No ballot was taken in the House for the United States senator to day. Mr. Metcalfe charged Mr. Clarke with attempting to bribe him to Calkins and deposited with the speaker \$500 paid him. The House adjourned till to-night to investigate.

Col. Theodore W. Bean, a well known lawyer, of Norristown, Pa., a member of the last legislature, and defeated for reelection in November last, committed suicide by cutting his throat on Tuesday. Financial troubles are supposed to have been the cause.

Sunday night while Richard Lane and wife, of Boston, were at church their house burned to the ground and their four children perished in the flames. The children had been locked in by their parents.

At noon on Tuesday the train on the Rio Grande railroad between Brownsville and Point Isabel was wrecked and robbed by fifteen masked men. They placed obstructions on the track, derailed the train and levied on the passengers. The robbers got \$20,000 in Mexican money, which was en route by express for shipment at Brzos by the steamship Morgan to New Orleans. The ship's mail was also taken. Passengers were robbed of money and valuables. A brakeman was badly injured in the wreck. The sheriff and a posse are out scouring the country for traces of the robbers, who are doubtless safe in Mexico.

Daniel Frazier and wife and Peter White and wife, all respectable colored people, were poisoned at Lexington, Ky., on Tuesday by drinking coffee containing arsenic. Frazier died, and his wife and White are in a precarious condition. Lillie White, the 17 year old daughter of Peter White, was arrested. She confessed she put the poison in the coffee. She was severely reprimanded by her father Sunday night and was in an ugly mood yesterday. Peter White had been coachman for years for Mrs. Henrietta Morgan, mother of General John Morgan, the Confederate raider.

Jennie White, a domestic for the family of J. B. Miller, Wilkesbarre, Pa., committed suicide this morning by swallowing two ounces of laudanum and an ounce of carbolic acid. She had a quarrel with her lover, Fred Korn. Thinking a reconciliation impossible she took her life. She was found in the cellar of the house. A piece of yellow paper was fastened in a button hole of her dress. On it was written: "Good bye, dear love. Clasp me in your arms, I love you still. Good bye all." The girl was but 18 years old. Korn is almost distracted.

Five men were gambling in a den seven miles east of McCartheyville, Montana, on Sunday. They had \$700 between them. Suddenly two masked men appeared and commanded the gamblers to throw up their hands, which they refused to do, and the robbers fired, killing two outright. General fighting followed, and three others were badly wounded. The robbers escaped with the money. The sheriff followed them 45 miles and then lost the trail. The men killed were prospectors. Their names are unknown.

Canadian.

A miller from the parish of St. Raphael fell lately in his mill and was crushed to death. He was 21 years old and was married only two months ago.

The Quebec local Government has issued a proclamation by which it offers a reward of \$500 for the arrest of the murderer of Mrs. Joseph Houle, who was shot at Pointe du Lac in September last.

Lieut. E. P. Turner, son of Admiral Turner, United States Navy, shot himself when four days out of Vancouver on the Abyssinia, from the Caroline Islands, on his way to San Francisco. He left the States on account of killing his cousin in a duel. He was observed to be in the habit of taking drugs. He fired two shots in his body and expired immediately. The body will be embalmed, and forwarded to Jersey City, N. J.

The British Columbia Sugar Refinery, of Vancouver, turned out its first sample of yellow sugar on Monday, and began manufacturing all grades of refined sugar. The daily output will be 150 barrels. The sample was excellent in quality, being considered much superior in color, grain, and strength to the same grade from the refineries in Eastern Canada. The refinery, which has been fitted up with the most approved machinery, has a capacity of 250 barrels per day, and the building was erected with the view of adding five additional storeys, and redoubling its output.

At a meeting of the St. John, N.B., Board of Trade on Tuesday afternoon, a vigorous protest was entered against the recommendation of Inspector Moylan to start the manufacture of brooms at the Dorchester penitentiary as a fatal blow at the St. John and Halifax broom manufacturers, and the matter was referred to a committee to

memorialize the Legislature not to kill our free labor by convict labor. Several speakers expressed the conviction that the Government could be trusted to do justice to the workingman in all such matters. It came out in the debate that Simms & Co., broom manufacturers here, who are raising the tempest, actually bought broom handles from the penitentiary stock. Now that broom handles are no longer made in Dorchester and it is proposed to make brooms instead Simms & Co. are kicking like cats.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

In New York 200 piano vanishers are on strike.

Molders should stay away from Danville, Pa. There is a strike there.

Chicago Typographical Union is discussing higher dues and shorter hours.

There were 64 strikes in the United States last month, mostly all successful.

The railroad switchmen in all the large cities of the Northwest have been granted an advance in wages.

The Waterbury Button Company of Waterbury, Conn., has advanced the wages of ivory button turners 10 per cent.

The members of the New York Bartenders' Union have appealed to the various unions of the city for shorter hours.

Prof. Carroll says that there are over 200,000 men in Massachusetts alone able and willing to work who can get no work to do.

The socialist demonstration which the London police have been apprehending for several days actually occurred last Sunday, but turned out to be a very harmless affair. At Hyde Park a number of speeches of a violent type were delivered by notorious socialist orators, and the crowd applauded with what energy they could muster. There were no disturbances.

At a meeting of the National District Assembly No. 222, held in Paterson last Sunday, Grand Master Workman Powderly's letter in relation to the affiliation of the Knights of Labor with the Farmers' Alliance was endorsed and his suggestions adopted. The delegates voted in favor of Washington as the place in which to hold a joint meeting of the Knights of Labor with the Farmers' Alliance, the meeting to take place on Washington's Birthday.

At the last meeting of the Buffalo First Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, Mr. John Cadd read an able paper on co-operation, in which he gave a very interesting history of co-operation in the different countries in which it had been adopted. He forcibly advanced the opinion that co-operation is the lever by which the laborer must raise himself to a higher status. He gave it as his opinion that co-operation should begin with production and not with distribution.—Labor and Wages.

Says United Labor, Denver: For some time there has been a fight between Jay Gould and Wanamaker, the latter favoring a postal telegraph system to be run by the government and the former bitterly opposed to any scheme which may injure his monopoly. That may account for the following item: "Jay Gould's profits by the recent Wall street panic is placed at \$30,000,000; and a mortgage has been placed on Postmaster-General Wanamaker's residence for \$50,000."

A beggars' journal has been started in Paris and, it is said, meets with success. The cost of a number is two cents, and it contains articles on the best methods of pursuing the business and advertisements of use to those soliciting charity. This is but an exemplification of the fact that everybody of discernment appreciates the power of advertising. If, however, they discovered it earlier in their lives there would be fewer beggars, not alone in Paris, but the world over.

The socialists are pushing their scheme to isolate the German-speaking unions from English-speaking bodies in the different industrial centres. They have a Central Federation in New York and are trying to form one in Brooklyn. Not long since they appealed to the Hudson County unions to form a similar body. In Paterson they have induced the German unions to affiliate and form a body in opposition to the Trades Assembly, from which they seceded. There are German central bodies in Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago.

An analysis of a return of the hours worked at collieries, made for the Miners' Federation of Great Britain by the check weighers and lodge secretaries of the federated districts, gives a very clear view of what is involved in the demand for a working day of eight hours from bank to bank. The return gives particulars of 679 collieries employing 183,720 men underground. The general average time worked at the face by the colliers is 8 hours 28 1/2 minutes per day; boys, 8 hours 48 minutes per day, and day laborers, 8 hours 49 minutes. The average time spent in traveling underground is 89

minutes daily. The general net average reduction in the length of the working day, if the eight hours (miners') bill becomes law, will be 65 minutes or 12 1/2 per cent.—London Labor World.

The strike of station agents and telegraph operators on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road seems to be losing ground. A meeting of the grievance committee is to be held to consider the question of declaring it off. A number of strikers have returned to work.

Organized labor won a signal victory lately in the backdown of the Chicago City Railway company. That corporation recently elevated to the position of superintendent a track foreman, who had the reputation of being a hard taskmaster and a great stickler for low wages and cheap labor. The dissatisfaction among 2,000 conductors and gripmen became so great that the president notified the men that he would assume the position of superintendent himself, and that the objectionable track foreman will fill the position of assistant superintendent, and that only temporarily.

Some of our papers are much troubled about the American boy being taught a trade. There is no American boy who is desirous of learning a trade who cannot do so. The trouble is that the American boy, and the American boy's parents, are too proud to allow him to learn a trade. They prefer to bring him up as a clerk, or some light employment that will not soil his hands or bring him more than enough money to keep himself in clothes. Our business colleges, as they are termed, are turning out bookkeepers by the thousands. As a consequence five or six dollars a week will procure an individual with a diploma as big as a shutter and as pretentious as a Chinese landscape. When some honest mechanics make a demand for employment for American men, then it is that the employer and the newspapers prate about learning the American boy a trade. When a dishonest employer wants to get his work done at one-half what a fair employer is willing to pay, he secures a lot of boys to take the places of his American men, who have families to keep, and then he prates about teaching the American boy a trade. The man who talks thus is either a fool or a knave, and generally the latter.—Philadelphia Union.

He Was Whipsawed.

Can you drive? asked a fair young East End damsel, as she stood by the side of her adorer and gazed out of the window at the snow.

O, yes, replied the young man, unthinkingly. I am quite a good driver.

And it looks like good sleighing, the girl went on.

Y-e-e-s.

The young man relapsed into silence, which was occupied chiefly in mental calculations as to how many sleigh rides at current rates he could afford on his \$10 a week salary.

You said you could drive, didn't you? asked the girl, resuming the subject.

Well—er—it's been a long time since I done much driving, and I'm afraid it would hardly be safe for me to undertake it.

O, I'm so sorry; I was just going to ask papa to have the cutter hitched up so we could take a ride.

A Change of Bait.

Peddler—I have here a book entitled "How to get a Good Complexion."

Woman—I don't want it. Get out!

Peddler—Pardon me, madam. How could I have made that mistake? I sold that book next door. What I wanted to show you was this book, "How to Preserve your Complexion."

Woman—How much is it?

Peddler—Two dollars.

Woman—I'll take it.

New Mother-In-law Joke.

Son-in-law—I can't understand why the comic papers show such bad taste as constantly to publish jokes about the mother-in-law.

Mother-in-law—It is really the greatest injustice, and I am glad to find a man at last who—

Son-in-law—Yes, it is the greatest injustice! A man is glad when he can, for a moment, forget his mother-in-law, and to be continually reminded of her in this way is positively cruel.

Could Always Reach It.

Aren't you sometimes afraid, she asked as the elevator had reached the eighth story, that you will never reach terra firma again.

Oh, no, ma'am, replied the elevator man, all I'd have to do would be to climb up to the roof and jump.

A Patronizing Little Girl.

Two little girls, the eldest being about six years old, entered a confectionery store.

What can I do for you, asked the clerk.

If you please, said the larger of the two, just give this little child, pointing to the four-year-old at her side, five cents worth of candy.

Sufficient Proof.

Larynx—Miss Olde Wayback is very proud of her ancestry. She told me last night that her family dated back to the time of the Conquest, but I doubt if she could produce proof of it.

Miss Giddy Newfolks—Proof! What proof do you need? Look at herself.

Let Every Man Who Reads, Weep.

Do I understand you to say, said the attorney looking hard at the principal witness, that upon hearing a noise in the hall, you rose quickly, lit a candle, and went to the head of the stairs; that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs, and you did not see him? Are you blind?

Must I tell the truth, stammered the witness, blushing to the roots of his hair.

The woele truth, was the stern reply.

Then, replied the witness, brushing aside his damp, clinging locks, and wiping the perspiration from his clammy brow, my wife was in front of me.

The Office Boy's Revenge.

The Chief Clerk (aside)—His royal nibs ain't himself to-day. Kind of silent and sad. Wonder what's up?

Unregenerate Office Boy (sotto voce)—Guess my little plan worked. Know'd it would when I fastened the typewriter's yellow hair on his overcoat last night. And I'll do it every time he calls me a chump.

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YARDS:

THE UNION OF THE PEOPLE.

TUNE—"Marching Through Georgia."
 Sound the Union's war cry, over sea and land,
 See the swarthy workers gather in a band;
 Labor's ranks are closing—united we will stand
 Till Union is won for the people.
 Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! we'll shout for victory;
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Labor's Jubilee;
 The Union shall triumph by land as well as sea,
 The Union shall conquer for the people.
 Clear the way for action;—everyone must be
 Faithful to our leaders, who fight for victory;
 Let our glorious watchword re-echo from the free,
 The Union gives strength to the people.
 Chorus.

Union men are gathering, ready for the fray;
 See the light is breaking, darkness turns to day;
 Sacred rights of capital, so the parsons say,
 Are perilled by the Union of the people.
 Chorus.

Traitors to the people's cause may bluster
 and may blow,
 Out, at next election, neck and crop they go;
 We, with paper bullets, will lay the Skitters low,
 And reform by the Union of the people.
 Chorus.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

No man was ever as good to his father as he thinks his children should be to theirs.
 "Does the cellar leak?" "No. It's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."

Pardonable Resentment—Customer in hardware store—"Have you any small vises?" Salesman (angrily)—"I don't think that is any of your business."

Philanthropist (to tramp).—"Where there is life there's soap." At least so the tramp understood him and said he hadn't found it so and didn't care if he didn't.

The world is full of learned men
 Of all degrees and sorts,
 Yet they haven't with all their scholarship
 Discovered a cure for warts.

A—"I thought you said you'd mail me that five dollar bill you owed me?" B—"I did mean to, but when I went to the post office I found this placard on the walls: 'Post no bills.'"

He—"You absolutely refuse, then, to share my lot in life?" She—"Absolutely." He—"There are plenty of fish in the sea." She—"Well, if it's fish you want don't, let me detain you."

"Grindstone, were you ever a candidate for office?" asked a friend. "Yes, I went through a campaign once as a candidate," replied Grindstone, as a look of pain flitted across his face; "but I lived it down, Kil-jordan, I lived it down."

You Cannot Always Tell.

Rusticus—"I suppose that you go around so much that you know everybody in the city."

Urbanus—"Well, I know a good many people, it is true."

Rusticus—"Well, who is that old fellow with a ragged tie and a dent in his hat, who can't find a nickel to pay his fare?"

Urbanus—"That is the greatest lawyer in town; he makes a hundred thousand a year."

Rusticus—"And that wealthy young fellow next to him, with the diamond ring and furlined overcoat?"

Urbanus—"Oh, he takes care of the towels in a barber shop."

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

He Wouldn't Forget Her.

And you won't forget me, Mr. G—, when you are far away, said a young widow to a young man the other evening. He was contemplating a week's sojourn in Mimico, and her heart was sad at the notion of parting.

Oh, no, he replied; I won't forget you. And you'll write me, she insinuated, as she summoned all her available witchery to her aid.

Oh, certainly, he answered coolly. Do, please, she gushed; write me a real sweet letter, won't you?

And as he passed down the street he muttered to himself, Oh, yes, I'll write you something sweet. I'll send you a breach of promise suit with a verdict to match your complexion.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

LIGHT CURRANT DUMPLINGS.—For each dumpling take three tablespoonsful of flour, two of chopped suet, three of currants, a pinch of salt, and as much milk as will make a batter of the ingredients. Tie in floured cloths and boil an hour.

HEADACHE.—We suggest that for distressing headache you place your feet in a mustard foot bath for about ten minutes, the temperature to be warm. You ought, however, to improve your general health, by more out-of-door life, so as to avoid headaches entirely.

CREAM CAKE.—Two eggs, one-half a cup of sugar, two tablespoons of cold water, one half a teaspoon of lemon extract, three-quarters of a cup of flour, a little grated nutmeg, one teaspoon baking powder; mix thoroughly and bake in two round cake pans; fill with one cup of cream whipped stiff and flavored to taste.

FRUIT CAKE.—Mix one pound of butter and one of sugar, then beat in twelve eggs, yolks and whites separately; work in two pounds of stoned raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of fine chopped citron and as much spice as is liked in flavoring, one glass of brandy or wine. When these ingredients are well mixed in then work in one pound of flour; beat the whole well up and bake four hours in a slow oven.

THE PRINCIPAL reason why new bread is unwholesome is because it forms in the mouth a doughy mass, and is not easily penetrated by the digestive fluids. The objections to soda are that in the form taken it has no normal relation to the needs of the body, and so becomes a material to be worked off, which is expensive to vital organs. If used constantly it would overload the body with a form of soda salts which could not be used. Fats of some kind are essential to the growth of children.

THE MODEL HEALTHY MAN.—The man who lives an idle life, be he a sturdy vagrant or fine gentleman, even if he is ever so healthy, is not our model healthy man. The pattern healthy man is one who lives long and vigorously; who in every part of his life does the largest amount of the best work that he knows how to do, and when he dies leaves healthy offspring. The healthiest country is that which produces the largest number of such men, who do the greatest variety of good work for the longest time. Of course the word man is used in its broad sense, and includes women also.

SLEEPLESSNESS—A REMEDY.—I am usually a good sleeper, I was about to say, a perfect sleeper; but twice of late I have failed to do my whole duty in that line. On both occasions I awoke soon after midnight, and sleep refused to be wooed by me, though I made my very best endeavors to win that sometimes fickle goddess. On the first occasion I remembered having, a short time previously, read in the New York Tribune a statement that relief for sleeplessness could be found by wetting a linen kerchief, folding it and placing it under the back of the neck, with a dry cloth under the kerchief to protect the pillow. I thought I could improve on that, which I think I did by folding the kerchief to the right width, wetting it and wrapping it around my neck, letting the lap be made at the back of the neck and enveloping that with a dry towel, folded somewhat wider than the kerchief was. Last night I repeated this treatment. In both cases, very soon after returning to my bed I was lost in sleep, as perfect as that which comes to us in childhood's happy hours. If I were habitually a poor sleeper I would try such envelopment of the neck on retiring; and if should become wakeful in the latter part of the night, I would again wet the kerchief and replace it on the neck.—C. S. R., in Herald of Health.

THE FUNCTION OF PAIN.—One of the chief symptoms of bad health is pain. What is pain? Webster says, "Pain is an uneasy sensation in animal bodies, from slight uneasiness to extreme torture." One pang of toothache or gout will define pain far better than all those words of Webster's. Strictly speaking, pain is not in any organ or tissue, but in the mind, as that only can feel. The nerves are the telegraph wires of the human system. When any nerve brings news to the brain of an injury, the mind refers the pain to the end of the wire—its peripheral extremity. It is easy to see that a delicate, refined, housed, modern young lady will suffer more from pain than a laborer, or even more than her out-door bustling sister. The will has quite a control over suffering at any rate as regards the external manifestations of it. On account of the early appearance of pain in disease, it is rather a blessing, putting us on our guard; forewarning us. Sad it is that we do not always obey its warnings. The pains of a weakened stomach urge us to temperance in food and drink; the sprained ankle resists the effort to walk; exhausted muscles ache and beg for repose; the painful head warns us of a weary, jaded brain.

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S. H. Parker's Men's and Ladies Velvet Slippers at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25 are the best value in Montreal.

THE WATER RATES.

A Reduction Recommended by the Special Committee.

Ald. Stephens has prepared the draft of a report which he intends submitting at the next meeting of the Special Committee on Water Rates for its approval. In it he aims at the following conclusions:—In view of the fact that water is a prime necessary of life and an important factor in promoting the health of citizens, your committee are of opinion that the time has arrived for a revision of the tariff in the direction of relieving the taxpayers as much as possible from any temptations to economize in the free use of an article of absolute necessity for their comfort and welfare. We therefore recommend that the present tariff be revised, and the following tariff substituted:—

On rentals up to and inclusive of \$100 per annum the proposed new rate will be \$4, whereas the present rate is \$5 to \$10.75. Rentals of \$200, new rate \$10, present rate \$11 to \$17.75. Rentals of \$300, new rate \$15, present rate \$18.50 to \$25 to \$50. Rentals of \$400, new rate \$20, present rate \$26 to \$32.75. Rentals up to and including \$600, new rate \$30, present rate \$34.25 to \$47.75. Rentals up to and including \$800, new rate \$40, present rate \$50.75 to \$62.75. Rentals up to and including \$1,000, new rate \$60, present rate \$66.50 to \$77.75. Rentals up to and including \$2,000, new rate \$120, present rate \$85 to \$152.75.

The above calculation is based upon the statistics of 1888.

According to this tariff, the reduction in revenue would be \$137,651. The surplus of 1889 was \$131,447, the revenue of 1888 having been \$375,300 from the rate on dwellings. By assessing the cost of pipe laying in new streets according to frontage, the cost of a pipe not exceeding eight inches, and by assessing vacant lots a moderate water rate, the deficiency would be largely made up.

Water rates should be collected quarterly in advance.

The present system of assessing each tenant in an office building for a water closet should be abandoned, and only the actual number of closets charged for. In office buildings the water closets should be charged to the proprietor. Water closets in dwellings of an annual rental of \$200 or under would be free. Water closets in dwellings of over \$200 rental should be charged at the rate of \$4 for only one water closet in each dwelling, any additional water closet to be free of charge.

The real grievance with regard to the charge in water rates has been more on the higher rentals, say from \$100 up to \$300, than on the lower rentals. The rates below \$150 are comparatively low, and the tariff was originally compiled to make this low rate the least possible.

Ald. Stephens proposes to submit, on his own responsibility, a motion to put the water tax upon real estate according to frontage.

SOUND ADVICE.

A Free Church Minister's Address to the Railway Strikers.

The Rev. John Robertson, of the McCrie-Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, lately addressed the men on strike in the hall of the Waverley Temperance Hotel, Perth. There was a large attendance. After devotional exercises Mr. Robertson said that as a servant of Jesus Christ he appeared among them on God's holy day. He was delighted to be asked to come and address them. When God came to this earth, before He could appear as a true Redeemer, He had to serve His apprenticeship and put in His time as a bona fide workman, and when the Lord appeared on earth for His life work He held up His hands with the trade mark of the hard calluses of honest toil upon them. Those who despised workmen and their movement desired to despise Jesus Christ. He believed that the Lord would have been where he (Mr. Robertson) was that day. For who would refuse their request for shorter hours? More than ten hours at their anxious, dangerous work dulled their mind and faculties, and when mistakes happened the men were pulled up and all the blame put on them. Above all men in the country that ought to have strength and freedom from that fatigue that dulled the mind, railway men ought to have it. Labor as well as capital had its rights. In this country there had been too much of the gospel that was no gospel, that all the rights were to privilege, that all the possibility of combination was to be on the side of capital. What was the difference between the honest union of working railway servants and a railway board of directors? He did not see what made it. Why did the railway companies, through their managers—in that cock-a-doodle-doo that they were sad to find in the telegrams from managers all over the country—refuse to recognize the men's legitimate union? If he had been a workman and had gone to the manager

with his grievance, he would have been afraid of being spotted and on the very first pretext being sent adrift. (Hear, hear.) The day had come when the unionism of labor was to be recognized, and labor had as much right to combine as capital. They could not put back the hands of the clock. He advised them to keep together. The sympathies of Christ's people were all on their side. The time had come, and it rested with the men to be united and firm in their reasonable demand that their union should be recognized. After congratulating the men on strike on the manner in which they had conducted themselves during the past week, he said that they had the sympathy of every one whose sympathy was worth having, and hoped that that for the last time in Scotland would be the battleground of the question whether workmen were to be recognized as in a union, with a power and force justly equivalent to the union and the corporation of capital. He prayed God that those at headquarters would come down off their high horse. The stand-offishness of the railway companies was nauseous in the public nostrils. Parliament recognized their union as a legitimate corporation, and why should the railway companies not do so? Let them keep on, and he believed the struggle was very nearly at an end. In his opinion the men were in the right, and the right would win.

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

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

LABOR A MAN'S OWN PROPERTY.

I will turn now to the rights of labor. I am not going to be communistic, and I have no will to be revolutionary. Adam Smith says: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable." The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property. It is altogether and entirely personal. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his lifeblood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control. He has this property in him. Lawyers say a man's will is ambulatory, that is, it travels with him all over the world. So the workman carries this property with him as ready money. He can buy with it, he can sell it. He can exchange it. He may set a price on it. And this ready money which he carries with him he may carry to every market all over the world, and what is more he will not be impeded by any foreign currency. No coins, no difficult calculations, decimal or otherwise, obstruct his exchange with other nations of the world. And further, in one sense it is inexhaustible, except that we have all limits and dimensions, and our strength and skill are bounded by what we are. But there it is, perennial, going on always through his life till old age diminishes it; then what remains in him is to be honored.—Cardinal Manning.

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Our Store will be CLOSED Thursday and Friday, the 29th and 30th of January, so as to move our stock back to our old place and in order to make reductions on all our Goods. Don't buy before you see our prices and YOU WILL SAVE 40 PER CENT.

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NEW SIDE,
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