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NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Welcome, welcome,
New Year's morning,
Eastern skies
Lend their adorning;
Gilding every dome
And steeple—
Bringing joy
To all the people!

Last year's record
Closed forever—
This year's promise
Fresh endeavor,
Wrongs forgotten—
Foes forgiven—
Foretaste sweet
Of love and Heaven!

Last year, aged,
Bent and broken;
Not fond "good-bye"
No word spoken—
Went and closed
The gate behind him—
Gone fore'er where
None may find him!

But the young year,
Dimpled, smiling,
Fills his place,
All hearts beggling;
Quite ignoring
Sighs or weeping,
Takes our lives
Into his keeping.

Spite of winter's
Frosty weather,
Loving kinsfolks
Meet together.
Little flocks
Of youngsters bringing,
While the bells
Are gayly ringing.

Welcome, welcome,
New Year's morning,
Eastern skies
Lend their adorning
Gilding every dome
And steeple—
Bringing joy
To all the people.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

THE IDEAL SOCIETY.

We have hitherto, says the Australian Democrat, devoted ourselves to showing how much our present state of society is out of harmony with natural conditions, and how anti social and anti-human the whole fabric is. Anyone who reflects upon the problems of to-day, will have reached a similar conclusion. But it were sorry amusement to note these things, or indulge in jeremiads against all creation, were no hope to shed its gladdening rays over the waste of gloom. It were poor consolation to collate facts and figures about pauperism, crime, lunacy, and the thousand other things that curse this fair world, did no remedy present itself. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" asked the Hebrew prophet; and then, anticipating an affirmative answer, he further queries, "Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" The same question arises in anxious moan from the world's toiling and careworn millions to-day, and as it ascends above the hum of machinery and the din of busy cities, it formulates itself into the one all-commanding and urgent query—Is there no message of hope for humanity in all the wondrous inventions of the ages? Is civilization worse than barbarism? If the brain of man has given power to two hands to provide bread for a thousand mouths, why do millions merely subsist instead of live; and why, in the midst of abounding plenty, do human beings actually starve?

It was to solve this problem that the prophet of San Francisco addressed himself when he entered upon his gigantic task, from which he returned bearing in meek triumph that message of peace and good will to men, embodied in the book of the century, "Progress and Poverty." That messenger has gone around the world, and in the ears of kings and peasants alike it has echoed afresh the words of Him who "spoke as never man spake." To some, the messenger came as an idle tale of some deluded "dreamer of dreams." To others it came with warning and fearful potents of coming doom, should its message be obeyed by mankind. To others it was as the balm of Gilead, or as the antidote that would turn the bitterness of life's waters into sweetness. But there were those to whom that message came as the trumpet-call to battle, or, as George himself puts it, "with all the force of a new propaganda."

It is a gigantic task such propagandists have laid upon them. How vast it is they begin to realize as they view well nigh impregnable fortresses they must storm and level, and entrenchments, behind which are marshalled the hateful hosts of the federated foes of human liberty and progress. It is not against persons, nor even classes, that the battle must be waged, but against ignorance, prejudice, superstition, selfishness, and all the allies of these demons that "move to and fro and up and down in the earth." Yet when such a summons comes and addresses itself to the man who is wedded to truth, there is no refusal possible.

Throughout the past ages of the world's history there have been seers and prophets who either dreamed of a past golden age—now lost—or looked forward to one as the culmination of man's highest aspirations and most ardent hopes; and even in our own day, such writers as Edward Bellamy have pictured a possible "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." But we are called upon now to dream no longer, but to work in order to bring that ideal state of society into existence.

Without an ideal, towards the realization of which all our energies are to be directed, no unity of action or hope of attainment could long be maintained, hence we must have a definite grasp of some of the main characteristics of such a society, in order that everything that conduces towards accomplishment may be favored, and every impediment as far as possible removed.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has done the world splendid service by his writings on social subjects, and even should he himself evade the ultimate conclusions of his reasoning as his second childhood sets in, he cannot obscure the truth in the conveyance of which he has been the vehicle. Truth is mightier than man, and while man is changeable and mortal, truth is unchangeable and immortal. He sums up his elaborate enquiries re-

garding the principles that should govern conduct in a state of society where Liberty and Justice were embodied in the laws that determined the relations of man to one another, thus: "Each man is forbidden to deprive his fellow of life or liberty, inasmuch as he cannot do this without breaking the law, which, in asserting his freedom, declares that he shall not infringe the 'equal freedom of any other.'" For he who is killed or enslaved, is no longer equally free with his killer or enslaver." Again, he says, "it is manifest that no one, or part of the whole, may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it, seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and consequently to break the law. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land." In a recent article in the Nineteenth Century, he says, "There results an a priori system of absolute political ethics, a system under which men of like natures, severally so constituted as spontaneously to refrain from trespassing, may work together without friction, and with the greatest advantage to each and all." Briefly summarized, this principle may be formulated thus: "The equal rights of each, bounded only by the equal rights of all." This is the goal we desire to reach.

INDUSTRY AND THRIFT, And Other Things.

"The fashion of bedecking pet dogs with diamonds and other jewels is on the increase in fashionable circles. A well known society lady's pet carries £250 worth of diamonds round its neck—English paper. Some thoughtless people would assert that it is wicked to waste £250 in the ornamentation of a poodle, but this is obviously a mistake. If the reckless and improvident creatures who live in London slums, and earn 1d per hour at artificial flower making, had this money, they would waste it in the purchase of foreign shoddy, pauper produced American flour and Dutch gin.

When the gin was drunk and the bread eaten nothing would be left, whereas by keeping the diamonds on the poodle's neck industries receive a great impetus.

And what is still more important, the money is kept in the country all the time, and at regular and stated intervals the slum dwellers can actually see the diamonds circulating—round the poodle's neck.

AIR, WATER, SUNSHINE, LAND.

Rev. Tyman Abbott, in a recent speech in Chicago, which created a great sensation, painted in eloquent words the picture of the laborer watching over the deathbed of a wife or daughter, dying because of the deprivation of these four gifts. He closed the picture with these words: "Denied pure air, denied pure water, denied the radiance of the sunlight, the soil a dream only, she wastes and dies in the stifling room in the heart of the melting city, and the cradle becomes a coffin and the bed a bier. Do not wonder that men grow desperate, the blood grows hot and they rage at a wrong they cannot right and do not understand."

Rest assured, fellow-workers, that the rage will be turned to reason, when they begin to understand that the great wrongs which now strain at their heart strings are based upon remedial causes, and that principal amongst these is the continued robbery of their rightful inheritance—the land from which and upon which they must live.

The fire in Beauchemin's buildings on St. Gabriel street, on Wednesday evening, was, without doubt, the worst that has occurred in the city for some months. It was not completely subdued at 5 o'clock last evening. The firemen worked all night, keeping four streams playing upon the smouldering embers. The tons of debris caused by the falling roof and ceilings, covering up large piles of paper, formed a material in which the fire would smoulder indefinitely, and the difficulty of extinguishing it was greatly increased by the freezing of the water, which formed an almost impenetrable shield over the debris. By six o'clock in the morning the worst was over, and some of the firemen were allowed to seek a well-deserved rest. Two streams were kept still playing on the mass up to five o'clock Thursday evening. Then they desisted, but a watch was kept and on-stream was kept in readiness in case of a fresh outbreak. The buildings presented a strange appearance Thursday evening, being all coated with ice. Icicles hung from every projection. The firemen deserve great credit for the way they worked. Every man did his duty, but it must be borne in mind that they had to fight under great difficulties. Some of the men were on duty steadily from the outbreak of the fire, about 9.15 o'clock, until 5 o'clock Thursday evening.

DRAINING THE MORASS.

General Booth, in an outline sketch of his proposed scheme for the reclamation of the "mud-sills of society" (to use an American term) makes use of the suggestive phrase, "We must drain the morass."

A Herculean task truly. The filth of accumulated centuries of social disorders lies rotting there—ten thousand sewers green and ghastly with the growths which corruption breeds, pour their sluggish currents into the purifying mass, and the noisome exhalations spread far and wide to corrupt and destroy.

Of the inhabitants of that region what can be said?—they are those who (as Charles Kingsley declared) are "drunkards from the breast and harlots from the cradle, physically—socially, and morally damned before they are born." Such and such only could survive in such an atmosphere. And worse still, every day and every hour see starving wretches who have held on with clinging fingers to hope and virtue, until all hope failed—forced over the brink of that pit.

Over and over again has there been similar talk "about the necessity of doing something" to remedy this state of affairs, but so far all has ended in talk.

Some attempts have certainly been made to deodorize that region by means of swinging centers in which burn divers compounds, counted in olden times to be of special virtue. But while such temporary deodorization might be grateful to the nostrils of those who afar off on the upland heights, had shuddered at the tainted breeze swept by, still, no substantial good could be done by any such process, whilst the social garbage still accumulated, and the sewers poured in their black and foetid slime.

More than ever to-day is this hideous social question forcing itself to the front, and now a born leader of men, perhaps the best organizer that this century has seen, as well as the most fervent religious enthusiast, has essayed the task—not of mitigating, but of abolishing this horror from our civilization; not of deodorizing, but of draining the morass.

But even more than that requires to be done to purify our great cities. It is of no use removing the decaying garbage of past centuries, if the process of accumulation is to commence afresh. It will be of little avail to drain the social morass, if the sewers of evil habit and custom continue to pour in their slimy foulness. The conditions which produce this state of things in all our great cities must be removed, and those very conditions are the same which bring into existence the class who, at the present time, are loudest in their approval of General Booth's scheme. When the royal and dual patrons of the Salvation Army realize that the abolition of the idle poor necessarily implies that the idle rich must go also, it is questionable whether or not then their words of approval may not be silenced, or changed to indignant remonstrance. It is impossible that so shrewd and capable a man as the founder of the Salvation Army, can help realizing the fact that as long as the Duke of Westminster can draw £100 per hour out of the earnings of the struggling starving workers of London, so long must they struggle and starve, and crowd one another down into the mire of crime and beggary. The problem of a great city's misery; what is it, but the universal problem of the nineteenth century? It is the riddle of the Sphinx which we must answer or perish; and every fresh advance in the production of wealth, every fresh discovery of science, brings us nearer to the crisis. When the equal rights of the child of the costermonger of Whitechapel, and the Duke of Westminster's eldest son to live upon the soil of England, are recognized, then, and not till then, will the era of real reform commence. If General Booth will go down into the depths of "Darkest England," and whilst not sparing to attack the sins of the people, will also proclaim the gospel of the people's rights, and denounce the wrongs by which they are degraded and enslaved, then the Salvation Army's mission will attract the attention, and meet with the warmest approval of—not Czars, and Emperors, and Royal Patrons; but of all those who, in whatever fashion, work for the "Kingdom of God on earth."—The Democrat (Australia).

The boy who felt in his stocking and found it empty now knows the meaning of the expression, "the vasty deep."

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

"There, madam, what do you think of that?" inquired Mr. Brown, admiringly. "The idea is Philippa, wife of what's-his-name, interceding for the lives of the citizens of what-you-may-call it. The Joan which you have seen is to hang opposite, and I must say that a prettier pair of companion pictures it would have been hard to find."

"And when did dear Lotty sit for this beautiful likeness?" asked Mrs. Sheldon, regarding the canvas with all the rapt attention expected in such cases.

"Why that is the best part of the whole thing, my dear madam: she never sat at all; the likeness is a purely accidental one."

"Dear me! What! he painted it only from memory! Well, that is most creditable; and also, I may add, very complimentary to Lotty herself."

And now Walter knew that it was coming, that exposure and undeserved shame awaited him; and also, though he looked neither to left nor right, but kept his gaze fixed upon the canvas, that all who stood by, save Mr. Brown, himself, were aware of what was to follow.

"Memory!" echoed the host; "not a bit of it! He had never so much as set eyes upon Lady Selwyn."

"Ah, you mean not after she was Lady Selwyn. Of course Mr. Litton was well enough acquainted with Lotty's features, since he saw her every day when she was at Penaddon."

For a moment, not a word was spoken. Mr. Brown stared with astonished eyes at Walter, evidently expecting him to speak; but when he did not do so, the color rose into the old merchant's cheeks, and his eyes gleamed fiercely at him from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this, sir?" inquired he roughly. "Have you been telling me lies, then, all along?"

"No, sir; I have told you no lies," answered Walter calmly. "At the same time, I confess with sorrow that I allowed you to believe what was not the fact."

"Then this is a portrait, is it?" just like any other portrait!" cried the old man contemptuously. "You excited my interest by a cock-and-bull story, and obtained entrance into this house by false pretences. Nay, I may say, you have picked my pocket!"

"O papa, papa!" It was Lillian's voice, full of shame and agony, but the sound of it, usually so welcome to his ear, only seemed to make the old merchant more furious.

"Be silent, girl!" exclaimed he harshly; and then, with some inconsistency, he added quickly: "What have you to say about it, I should like to know?"

"I was about to observe that, so far from picking your pocket, papa, Mr. Litton would not take a third of the price you offered him."

"That is true enough; but I have some reason to believe that this gentleman had an object in being so liberal in his terms. Yes, sir, in acting with such marvellous magnanimity, you threw out your sprat to catch a whale; though, as to your pretending to be a stranger to her ladyship, I cannot understand, indeed, why Sir Reginald yonder and Lotty herself, did not inform me!"

"Well, finding him here, Mr. Brown," interrupted the widow, laying her dainty fingers upon his arm appealingly, "earning such large sums under your patronage, they doubtless hesitated to take the bread out of his mouth, as it were, by denouncing him as an impostor. It was a weakness in Reginald, no doubt, but I think, considering their old acquaintanceship, a pardonable one."

"Since such is your opinion, Mrs. Sheldon, I will forgive him," replied the old man. "But as for this gentleman—as I daresay he still considers himself to be, though, when a man sails under false colors in the noble trade, we have quite another name for him—this is the last time he shall set foot in this house. Have you nothing to say, sir, absolutely nothing, to excuse your having played me such a scurvy trick?"

There was a long silence. For the first time Walter turned about and threw a glance upon the witnesses of his degradation. Sir Reginald, as if ashamed to meet his gaze, at once cast his eyes upon the ground; Lotty, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was sobbing bitterly; but Lillian, white as marble, gave him back a look of supplication tender and earnest as that which looked out of the picture itself; only added thereto was an expression of heartfelt gratitude, as though the favor asked had been already granted.

"No, Mr. Brown," answered he, in a firm voice, "I have nothing to say."

"Then the sooner you leave this house, the

better I shall be pleased," was the grim reply.

In the glare of the gaslight, he saw two faces, the recollection of which was doomed to haunt him long with a bitter sense of humiliation—one, his host's full of honest scorn; the other, scornful too, but with the triumphant malice of a slighted woman. He passed out and before them both without a word, and into she hall, from whence he took down his hat and coat with his own hands, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXIII. A FRIEND IN NEED.

It is not very easy, even to the best of us, to own we are in the wrong, even when we are so; but to sit silent under unmerited reproaches, is to obtain a moral victory of the very highest order.

Walter Litton had been to blame in allowing himself to deceive himself as to the Philippa having been an accidental likeness of his married daughter, but he had done so solely in her interest; the old merchant had laid great stress upon the undesigned coincidence; had tacitly, in fact, almost acknowledged his coming upon the picture in the Academy as a providential arrangement to turn his heart towards a reconciliation with his exiled child; and Walter, even if left to himself in the matter—and not, as we know he was, exhorted by another to concealment—would not perhaps have had the courage to deceive him. It was a venial sin at worst, and had no selfish ends; yet not only had a selfish end been imputed to him, and had he been punished for it, but others twenty times more blameworthy, and who had profited by his offence, had stood by in silence while he was condemned.

Walter felt no animosity against Lotty; that there was some soreness in connection with her conduct towards him, was but natural, but it did not rankle; he transferred, as it were, what wrong she had done him to her husband's account, to whom he was so considerably indebted in that way. The menace which Sir Reginald had uttered when Walter had declined to give any promise as respected Lillian—a promise, by-the-by, which he had given to Lotty without the least compulsion—had been carried out to the uttermost. He could not but conclude that his ejection from Willowbank had been decided upon by Selwyn and his aunt long before it took place, and that it would have been accomplished that evening somehow; the exhibition of the picture had happened to furnish an opportunity, but in any case one would have been found.

Walter loved Lillian; he no longer attempted to conceal that fact from himself; but it was at least with no selfish love. He was a man of sensitive honor, and he could not forget that the old merchant had admitted him to his house, whether as guest or artist, upon the tacit understanding that he would not abuse his position by wooing his daughter; moreover he had promised Lotty not to press a hopeless suit; not to make Lillian still more wretched than she was by the confession of a love which could never be realized. He now knew, from her sister's lips, that she returned his love; but yet it behoved him to keep his word.

His distress and anxiety upon her own account, however, were so extreme, that he determined to seek the advice of another as to some remedy for her position. Hitherto, he had held her as a sacred thing, aloof from others; just as (it must be confessed) he had of old held Lotty; and had never made her the topic of his talk even with honest Jack Pelter, although the latter was by no means ignorant of her existence, and had perhaps drawn his own conclusions with respect to the feelings that his young friend entertained towards her. Of Jack's friendship Walter stood in no doubt whatever; it was only of his power to aid him in this matter that he doubted; and yet, in the present strait, he felt that even if no aid should be forthcoming, but only sympathy, it would be very grateful to him. So he made up his mind to speak with Jack. The opportunity was not long in coming, for he found his friend at home and alone, swathed in an old dressing-gown that might have suited the Grand Turk, had he been forced to pay his debts, a smoking-cap upon his head, and in his mouth a pipe so short that it was a wonder it did not burn his beard. Such was the appearance of the oracle he designed to consult, while the source of its inspiration was indicated by a huge tumbler of whiskey-and-water.

"What! back so soon, my lad, from the rich man's feast, and with such an anxious brow," cried Pelter. "Has his salmon, then disagreed with you, or the cucumber?"

"Something has disagreed with me, Jack," answered Walter gravely; "out it was not the salmon, nor yet the cucumber."

"Perhaps it was the company."

"Well, yes; it was the company; though how you came to guess it, is more than I can understand."

"Well, when a man comes home so early from a quiet dinner party, as correct as you appear to be, it is manifest that he has been obliged to leave for some other indiscretion. There has been a quarrel, and probably about a woman."

"No, Jack; there has been no quarrel, only an unfortunate misunderstanding."

"Just so; and it has not been about a woman, but concerning a young lady or an angel. You state the whole argument of the plot, whereas I only gave the synopsis."

"To oblige me, Jack, would you be kind enough to be serious for the next half-hour," pleaded Walter.

"The task is long, and considering the world we live in, very difficult."

"I will wait till to-morrow, Pelter," said Walter with irritation.

"Nay, Walter, though I was proceeding to enjoy myself, as you can see, I am yet as steady as the Three per Cents. Nevertheless to oblige you, and under protest that the operation is necessary, I will dip my head in cold water." Whereupon Mr. Pelter rose with dignity, and marching into his bed-room with unfaltering steps, performed the ablution in question, and came back with a towel in his hand, and dripping like a water dog.

"You arrested me on my way to happiness, Watty; but have quite retraced my steps, and am quite in a position to listen to your pitiful story."

"It is not pitiful as regards myself at all," said Walter.

"It will be if you don't take a pipe. I can't bear to see a fellow creature without tobacco when I am smoking. That's right; secure complete combustion, and then fire away."

There were several pipes smoked both by listener and narrator before Walter came to the end of his story. At first his companion gave only so much attention as politeness demanded; but, as the tale proceeded, his interest seemed to increase, and every now and then was manifested by an observation of inquiry. When Walter described Selwyn's behaviour to him on the lawn, Jack chuckled aloud.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the other.

"Well, your friend was so very frank," said he.

"I have married one of this man's daughters, and I mean to have the money of the other," was really too ingenious."

"Don't call him my friend, I beg" said Walter bitterly.

"I obey you, my good fellow, very cheerfully. You will bear me witness, that, up to this moment, I have never said one word against Captain Selwyn; I have always respected your friendship for him, but I have long felt it to be misplaced. Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom—for Walter had gone into details respecting matters at Willowbank—" may not be pusillanimous (since he fought at Balaklava), but he is a bad lot, that is certain."

"I am afraid he is, and yet not worse than his aunt Sheldon."

"His aunt Sheldon! Who is she?"

"Why, surely, I must have spoken to you of her before, as being the lady from whose house Sir Reginald was married?"

"You never mentioned her by name. There was a little veil, my friend, kept over all that happened during the expedition to Cornwall. I never sought to raise it, but I think at one time you had your reasons for being reticent about that matter. Without laying claim to any superhuman intelligence, it was plain to me that you were smitten very severely. Was it this widow that gave the wound?"

"No; it certainly was not; though, between ourselves, she tried to wound me. I should have thought this morning, that nothing would ever have induced me to mention such a thing; but the fact is, she is a most dangerous woman, as you shall hear." Then he went on to speak of the apprehensions which Lillian had expressed to him; of the evident alliance that existed between Sir Reginald and his aunt; of the designs of the latter upon the old merchant; and of those events of the past evening with which we are already acquainted.

"And what am I to understand as your present relations with Miss Lillian?" inquired Pelter, when the other had come to an end.

"I love her; but I have not told her my love; nor do I mean to tell it. I have promised as much to her sister."

"Upon the ground that such a declaration would make Miss Lillian more unhappy?"

"Yes."

"But are you sure that it would do so?"

"I think so; since our marriage is so utterly out of the question."

"It is unfortunate—mind, I don't say you are wrong—but it is unfortunate that you are so scrupulous, since you thus deprive yourself of any pretence for interference; you cannot even speak confidentially to Miss Lillian herself."

"Oh, I think I could do that," said Walter, naively.

Jack smiled, but immediately resumed the look of judicial gravity which he had worn throughout the narrative.

"Well, you must warn her against this widow."

"She needs no warning, my dear fellow. My impression is, that she distrusts her even more than Reginald. At present, you see, the poor girl has her father to appeal to; but should this woman become her stepmother, or even gain a permanent influence over the old man, she would be utterly defenceless."

"Defenceless against what? You don't suppose they mean to take her abroad, and then, between them, to murder her for her money?"

"Heaven forbid! But they may kill her not intending it. She is weak and ailing even now; it is not change of scene, but change of society that she wants; cooped up with a tyrant, a slave, and an adventurer!"

"Why do you call this rich widow an adventurer?" interrupted Pelter sharply.

"There is only her own word for her being rich; she was certainly poor enough when I knew her, and what but poverty could induce her to lay siege to Mr. Brown?"

Jack smiled again. "There is no accounting for tastes, my good fellow; some ladies are very catholic in that way. Of course, it seems to you impossible that one who has made herself so agreeable to Walter Litton, should throw the handkerchief to any one else."

"There is no pretence of affection in the matter, Pelter. She fools him to the top of his bent, and that so openly, that it is plain she feels she has hooked him. It seems to me the height of cruelty to let that poor girl leave England in such company."

"But how do you propose to stop her?"

There is some ukase, I believe, beginning Ne exeat regno, but I don't know where it's to be got!"

"Of course, I can't stop her," answered Walter, taking no notice of the last suggestion. "nor, what is worse, can I stop Mrs. Sheldon from going with her, though I feel she will thus be in the worst hands she could be in. I had no hope, of course, that you would be able to help me in the matter, but I was so sore about it, and so miserable, that I could not keep my wretchedness to myself."

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Pelter softly. Then, after a pause: "It is not certain, however, that this lady intends to join the party in their tour abroad."

"O yes, it is; she only pretended to hesitate. She is to communicate her decision to Lady Selwyn on Sunday. She made an appointment with her in the Botanical Gardens for three o'clock. Do you think Mrs. Sheldon could be prevented from accompanying her abroad?"

"Why, yes, I think she could; that is, if you could only?"

"Only what? There is no sacrifice that I would not make—no trouble that I would not take, in order to accomplish that!"

"Well, then, if you could only get a couple of tickets for us two for the Botanical Gardens next Sunday."

"My dear Jack, I could get fifty! But how can that possibly help us?"

"That remains to be proved; but I believe it will. As to the 'How,' you must permit me to be silent upon that point just for the present."

(To be Continued.)

THE JAPANESE BAZAAR is crowded all day at S. Carsley's. The assortment of fancy goods cannot be equalled.

KELLY'S MONTREAL SONGSTER A HIT EVERYWHERE.

Advertisement for Kelly's Montreal Songster, listing various songs and their prices (e.g., No. 1--3 Cents, No. 10--3 Cents, No. 11--3 Cents, No. 12--5 Cents, No. 13--5 Cents, No. 14--3 Cents, No. 15--3 Cents, No. 16--5 Cents, No. 17--5 Cents). The list includes titles like 'Spare that Old Mud Cabin', 'The Burning Asylum', 'How Sweet the Name of Mother', 'Measure Your Wants by Your Means', etc. The publisher is P. Kelly, 154 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

The Federation of Miners which met at Bristol, England, has 127,000 members. They talk of working only five days a week.

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

The differences between the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and its trainmen have been settled. Concessions were made on both sides.

Representatives of 16,000 miners met last week in Altoona, Pa., to formulate a demand for a general increase in wages, to take effect this week.

The Louisiana Farmers' Alliance has expelled nine members, who were also members of the Legislature, because they voted in favor of the lottery bill.

The typesetters' strike in Budapest, Hungary, is over. Nine hundred men and 500 girls were involved. They demanded \$5 per week and the nine hour day, which they got.

The Austrian government has given \$1,000 to the unemployed mother-of-pearl workers of Vienna, and \$4,000 will be expended to enable them to form a co-operative factory.

The Flint and Pere Marquette railroad company employs a large number of men at Ludington, Mich., to transfer freight. The men are now on strike because the company cut down their pay from 20 to 15 cents an hour.

The railroad switchmen in all the larger cities of the Northwest have been granted an advance in wages. In the larger cities this amounts to \$5 per month. In the smaller towns the advance has not been fixed, but it will be somewhat less.

All the collieries in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., operated by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, that have been idle for some time past, have resumed operations. This gives employment to many thousand men and boys.

The labor organizations of Tennessee will demand a bill from the coming Legislature making the first Monday in September a holiday for labor, as it has been instituted in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other progressive States.

The London carpenters are at present agitating for forty-seven hours per week at 20 cents per hour; overtime to be paid double; travelling expenses on jobs over four miles from the bosses' shop; no subletting nor piece-work; suitable places to take meals.

Mrs. Marie J. Shipley, the English novelist and Christian Socialist, has arrived in this country to lecture upon the subject of Nationalism and Socialism. She claims to have discovered that Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was copied in part from August Bebel's book "Woman."

Twelve hundred miners and laborers at the Rock Spring mines of the Union Pacific Railway Company in Cheyenne, Wyo., are on strike, because the company gave notice that they propose paying the day workmen by the hour. It is believed that the company intended forestalling the effect of an eight hour law, introduced in the present State Legislature, which it is likely will pass.

The eight hour agitation in Australia began in 1855. After three years the fight was won for all the trades, the bosses coming down from tea to eight hours. For over thirty years the Australian workmen have had an eight hour law, and there are almost no non-union men in the entire country. It took us a good while to get the Australian ballot—when will we have Australian conditions of labor?

The Superior Labor Council, which the French Chamber of Deputies has resolved to organize, will probably consist of ninety members, fifteen of them to be appointed from among the Senators, Deputies and national economists, and seventy-five among the presidents or secretaries of the workmen and unions of the country. In all labor questions this council is to have arbitral power, and as an advisory board it shall suggest to the government regulations and measures for respective contingencies. The workingmen members of the council shall be paid after each session for their attendance, and are to have their travelling expenses refunded.

The latest case of a reduction of wages is a 10 per cent cut in the payment of the Pullman Car Works at Chicago. We are still looking in vain for the first instance of an increase of wages since the McKinley bill went into effect.—N. Y. World.

The situation of the discharged laborers from the Union Pacific extension to Payot Sound is growing more serious daily. There are about 1,000 of these men in Portland, Ore., and the number is increasing hourly. Most of them are destitute and

unable to get money on their time cheques, which were due December 26. A large number are being fed and lodged by the city. Owing to the inability of Messrs. J. H. Smith & Co., who had the contract, to secure money from the Union Pacific, the men are being put off from day to day. Some are discounting time cheques at 50 per cent. Mr. Smith is now at Omaha trying to get money from the Union Pacific. He telegraphed that the company promised him \$300,000 this week, and on this assurance the men have been quieted.

Parker's Velvet Slippers at \$1 are worth buying.

Extraordinary Electric Accident.

There was a curious scene in Paris the other day (writes a correspondent) just outside the Opera House. Traffic was in full swing, when a lady who was crossing the street and had got on to one of the refugees sunk to the ground with a scream. She had put her foot on a large metal plate and immediately felt an electric shock. The usual crowd collected, and the usual police arrived. But the cause was clear to all. Quite close to the scene of the accident was a standard of clustered electric lights, and the wire which supplied the current passed close to the metal plate. With great presence of mind the police sent for several electricians, keeping a cordon in the meantime round the plaque. The experts went to work quickly and cautiously. The metal plate itself was raised. It communicated with one of the subterranean passages that lead to the drainage system of the city. Then at last the cause of the accident was discovered. A workman employed in the drains wanted to emerge, and happened to push the plate at the moment the lady's foot was on it. Hence the earthquake and shock. Thereupon the crowd dispersed, the electricians went home, the police preserved impenetrable silence, and the lady decided to say as little as possible about the accident.

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

PERSONAL.

An Oriental statesman, lionised in London society, was asked by a lady why his people did not abolish the plurality of wives. "Well, you see," he replied, "we have to roam over many Oriental women to find the elements of perfection centred in one of those I see around me." This cuts more ways than one. Twenty Oriental women in one London lady!

The new musical corset, a Yankee invention, is a stay so made that the slightest pressure produces a curious sound that can be heard in the adjoining room.

A British guardsman's bear skin decoration costs £75. A line soldier gets machine-made boots at 4s. a pair.

An American official school-grammar declares that "you was" is correct, in speaking to one person only, and that "you were" is a vulgar Englishism.

It is announced that Mr. Balfour has changed his mind, and that he will not carry out the programme previously mapped out by himself of delivering a service of speeches in January through the province of Ulster.

Mme. Patti a few days ago gave a dinner to 1,000 poor and unemployed in the neighborhood of Craig y Nos, and she also provided tea for 1,200 school children later. She and Nicolini were received by her guests with great enthusiasm.

The French Senatorial elections will be held on Jan. 4. Seventy-nine Senators are to be elected. Of those retiring, sixty-three are members of the Left and sixteen belong to the Right. The Republicans expect to return members to replace all of those retiring who belong to their party and to gain six representatives.

A letter from Cardinal Lavigerie has been received in Paris, in which the Cardinal announces that he will defend the singing of the "Marseillaise Hymn" in the Catholic mission schools in Algiers, Malta and Jerusalem.

The grand Duke Constantine, the Czar's uncle, is dying.

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

A Codicil—... I bequeath to my faithful valet, Phillip, 2,000 empty wine bottles, the contents of which he enjoyed during my life-time.

"HE COMES!"

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady of sixteen, who looks with earnest hopefulness to the fulfilment of the gospel of the coming Christ:

They cry, "He comes!"
The signs are sure, the mystic number is fulfilled,
"He comes!"

We answer, "Oh, that He would come!
We want the Christ!"

We want a God to burn afresh
The truth upon the forehead of the world;
We want a Man to walk again
Among the wrangling Pharisees, and drive
The beasts and money changers from the
Temple courts,

To bring the gospel back again and prove
How all unlike the churches are to Christ—
We want that Christ to tell again
The saints their sins;

That they were sent to bless the poor,
And they have sold themselves unto the
rich;

That they were sent to preach the word of
peace,
And they have filled the world with war of
words

That they were sent the messengers of love
And they have driven love out of their
creeds;

That they were sent to teach men not to
lie,
Nor tremble when their duty leads them to
death—
Ah, for Christ again!

Again the Christ is coming.
Hear ye not the footfalls of the Lord?
He comes, the leader of a riper age,
When all that is not good and true shall die.
When all that's bad in custom, false in
creed,

And all that makes the poor and mars the
man
Shall pass away forever. Yes, He comes
To give the world a passion for the truth,
To inspire us with a holy human love,
To make us sure that ere a man
Can be a saint, his first must be a man.
—Christian Commonwealth.

"Reading Makes a Full Man!"

Mechanics, Artizans, &c., who wish to excel and rise above the ordinary run, should keep posted. Mr. Drysdale, who has had twenty-five years' experience, will be glad to advise such of the best books to help them in acquiring a fuller knowledge of their profession.

Technical Books, of all description. Latest editions. Call and see us. Goods shown with pleasure to all.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,
Publishers & Booksellers & Importers
232 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

M. WRIGHT

Begs leave to notify his friends and customers that he has removed from his late premises, corner of NOIRE DAME and ST. DAVIDS LANE, to

2124 NOTRE DAME,

(Opposite the well known Drug Store of B. E. McGale), where he will keep a full stock of Heavy Wollens, consisting of BLANKETS, LADIES' AND GENTLE MEN'S CANADIAN AND SCOTCH UNDER CLOTHING, WOOL & CASH MERE HOSE, GENTS' SOCKS, also a complete assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas, etc.

M. WRIGHT,
2124 Notre Dame St.

THE Workingman's Store
N. Larivee's Old Stand.

We have made new reductions on the balance of the late N. LARIVEE'S stock. We call your special attention to the following goods, which we will sell you very cheap:

A Fine Assortment of Baby Linen and Ladies' Underwear.
Towels, Napkins and Table Cloths.
Grey Flannels, St. Hyacinthe make, at 20c a yard.
Cornwall Blankets, at the mill price.
Tapestry Carpets, at 25c a yard.
Oil Cloth at 25c a yard.
Knitted Goods, consisting of Ladies' Vests and Jackets, at 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c.
Knitted Shawls at 25c upwards.
You will get a Good Cardigan Jacket for 50c at the WORKINGMAN'S STORE.
Ladies' Furs, consisting of Boas, Caps and Muffs.
Save your money by patronising the

WORKINGMAN'S STORE,

C. P. CHAGNON
2124 NOTRE DAME STREET
CORNER OF ST. JAMES STREET

HURRAH FOR 1891.

The ST. JAMES CLOTHING HALL
WISH YOU ONE AND ALL
A Happy New Year.

We have no Bazaar. We do not give away presents that are antiquated and belong to the Greeks and Turks. The profits on our Suits, Overcoats and Children's clothes are so small that we cannot afford it, and we wish our neighbors to live and get their square meals a day. We give you an all-wool suit of clothes, well lined and trimmed, for \$7.00 that is worth \$10.00. This is a present to you of \$3.00 change.

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

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

Established over 20 Years.
Feather Beds dressed and purified. Mattresses purified and re-made equal to new at the shortest notice. A large stock of IRON BEDS FEADS to be sold below cost to make way for spring goods. Special prices to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
TEN PER CENT. allowed off all purchases FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.
BELL TELEPHONE 1906. FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2274.

FASHIONABLE * SUITS
— AND —
OVERCOATS
A SPECIALTY.
E. Lemieux, Merchant Tailor.
GENTS' Fine Furnishings
FLANNEL SHIRTS
TO ORDER.
Made on the premises, on shortest notice, by competent workmen.
3 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.



W. TRACEY, FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
2063 Notre Dame Street,
— MONTREAL.
Opposite Dow's Brewery.

A. F. Holland,
MANUFACTURING FURRIER,
2254 NOTRE DAME ST

All kinds of Fur in stock, and made to order at moderate prices.
N.B.—FURS CLEANED, DYED AND RE-PAIRED A SPECIALTY.

DR. NELSON'S
PRESCRIPTION
Is undoubtedly the BEST of
Cough Remedies. **25c** Bottle.
DR. CHEVALLIER'S
Red Spruce Gum Paste.
The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations.
25c & **50c** Boxes
LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, Chemists,
2124 NOTRE DAME STREET.

WORKING MEN
When on your way home call in and examine my stock of
BOOTS, SHOES
— AND —
RUBBERS.
I can fit you in any style and at price to suit your pockets.
Custom work a specialty.
J. CHURCH,
30 Chaboillez Sq.
CENTRAL

TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.
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JOS. PAQUETTE, - - SECRETARY-AT-LARGE
Meets in the Villa-Marie Hall, 1090 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to A. F. PRINON, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 612.

The Echo

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MONTREAL, January 3, 1891.

THE ECHO is mailed to subscribers 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 NECESSITY OF FEDERATION.

The need of organization among those who work for wages was never in the history of the world greater than at present, and never before, considering the facilities for obtaining news from all parts of the world, were workmen more indifferent and regardless of their best interests than at the present day. It is true that the capitalistic press, which workmen generally patronize, places the aggressiveness of capital in the most favorable light so as to hoodwink labor until its subjugation is complete, but it must be plain to the most superficial observer that a systematic attempt is made by the money-power to destroy the only bulwark which protects labor from abject slavery. If the workingman of to-day is still in a position to compel his master to at least pay him sufficient wages to enable him to live with some small degree of comfort, it is owing to the existence of labor organizations, and to them alone. Heretofore the different branches of organized labor have acted independently of each other and have fought their common foe single-handed, but the experience of the last few months show that unless all labor is prepared to make common cause against the common foe they will go down. One by one great corporations are endeavoring to prevent their employees from organizing, and one by one the separated organizations are suffering defeat. Had labor organizations stood shoulder to shoulder on the Reading Road in opposition to Austin Corbin, W. H. Webb—the stool-pigeon of Chauncey Depew—would never have dared to victimize the men of the N. Y. Central Road. A united and determined front would have settled the N. Y. Central dispute in twenty-four hours in favor of the men, and would at the same time have prevented the Telegraphers' trouble at present, but alone they fought and were defeated every time. How many more lessons like these will be necessary before all branches of organized labor will realize that their very existence depends upon federation. And meanwhile what will those workers do who as yet do not belong to any organization? Are they prepared to accept the consequences for themselves and families which will follow the extinction of Trades Unions? Have they given this subject sufficient thought to realize these consequences? Let every

man calmly review the situation, look at the aggressive attitude of capital towards organized labor and draw his own conclusions, and if, after careful consideration he still neglects to join a labor organization we will be glad to hear his reasons.

SOCIETY AS IT IS.

That the existing state of society the world over is constructed on principles widely at variance with the teachings of the Divine Prophet of Nazareth is indisputable. It is alike anti-Christian and anti-human, and has become the concern of all thinking men, while the gulf between the classes and the masses is widening and deepening every day. This fact is so patent that many remedies have been proposed only to be thrown aside as chimerical or utopian, and the latest scheme for the mass of London's unemployed—that of General Booth's or Commissioner Smith, or somebody else, for the origin of the scheme is now questioned—appears likely to meet with the same fate, as the contributions towards the fund seem to be falling off. But even should funds be forthcoming to give the scheme a fair trial, at the best it would only prove a temporary relief, as it does not touch the root of the evil. Here in Canada, a comparatively new country with its boundless natural wealth as yet almost untouched by the hand of man, we are rapidly drifting into the condition of things existing in older European countries. Scarcely yet begun to be populated, we find the same class distinctions that prevail in more densely populated countries, and that the industrious poor are daily becoming poorer and the idle rich are becoming richer in proportion. This is an unjust and an unnatural state of affairs, and the sooner it is remedied the sooner will contentment reign and discontent disappear. All civilized communities consist of two classes—the workers and non-workers, and the former are being bled to an appalling extent to support the latter, a process that is sapping the vitality and draining the life-blood of the Dominion. The non-workers, who produce no wealth, consist of two classes—the poor unemployed and the rich unemployed—the former being idle through compulsion, the latter from choice, and it is evident that those who live in pampered idleness must derive their wealth from the impudent claim set up by them, and acquiesced in by others, to the absolute ownership of the land upon which all should live and from which the sustenance of all should be drawn. While land monopoly prevails the few who claim ownership will always be able to live in luxury by exacting in tribute as rent the bulk of what the landless many produce by their labor. Consequently poverty and its attendant evils will always exist in a greater or less degree while monopoly in land continues. This anomalous and unrighteous condition of things cannot much longer exist; the tide is on the turn and the people are being rapidly educated to see things as they are, and once their eyes are opened the demand for reform will follow. From many a pulpit and platform the present system is condemned, and the remedy plainly told. With the establishment of the single tax land monopoly would disappear, and the power of the few to levy blackmail on the many would be destroyed. Who will help to hasten the time? The cause is in need of

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,
Men whom the lust for offices does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have the honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And fence his treacherous flatterings without winking,
Tall men uncrowned, who live above the fog
In private duty and in public thinking.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The anniversary of the establishment of the Knights of Labor in this province will be celebrated by a social entertainment and ball in the Armory Hall, Cathcart street, on Monday, the 12th instant. It is expected that General Master Workman T. V. Powderly will be present and deliver an address, and that gentleman's presence upon the occasion should ensure the attendance of all interested in the solution of the labor problem, which at the present time is attracting world-wide attention amongst all classes.

Several manufacturing establishments in the city have closed down for repairs or stock-taking, amongst others being Messrs. R. Mitchell & Son, until the 12th instant, the Williams Sewing Machine Company, for three weeks, Messrs. H. R. Ives & Co.'s moulding shop and others.

It is announced that a settlement has been arrived at between Messrs. Chown & Cunningham, of Kingston, and their moulders, and that the men will resume work as usual after the period of stock-taking has expired. A delegate from the Toronto Moulders' Union, accompanied by a deputation of the men, waited upon Mr. Chown the other day, and the result is believed to be as above stated. Although a good deal of secrecy surrounds the negotiations it has leaked out that the men have compromised the matter in dispute, namely, on the number of apprentices to be employed, the Union conceding somewhat. This is so far good, but the question arises, "Is there any guarantee that the firm will remain satisfied for any length of time with this concession?" The experience in similar cases has been anything but satisfactory, and does not give assurance that the compromise will be acceptable for any length of time. Employers, in a large number of cases, are dead set on filling their establishments with cheap labor, and substituting skilled workmen for boy and girl workers, with the view of making larger profits. Given an inch they will want an ell, and in the long run it is the consumers who suffer, because of the inferior quality of the manufactured article thrown upon the market. The consumer does not gain any material benefit from the introduction of cheap labor, as the extra profits generally find their way into the manufacturer's pocket, and he has to rest satisfied with the deteriorated product.

A suggestion has been made that "wilful and persistent idleness" should be made penal. Such a revolutionary idea should be scouted by all right thinking people. Have we not, in the past, been building up a class whose supreme claim to respect and admiration is that their hands have not been soiled by industry? Fancy the horror that would overspread society in the event of the wholesale arrest of "independent gentlemen who live upon their means"—that is the means of making others work for them?

Just about this season, when workmen can least afford to be idle, there comes a pause in the hum of the machinery in several manufacturing in this city. With a compulsory holiday of two or three weeks staring him in the face, the head of a family does not feel in much humor for "celebrating" the birth of a new year, and it is not surprising that his round amongst his acquaintances is a cheerless and depressing one, or that the good old custom of New Year calls is falling greatly into disuse, to a very marked extent, amongst the working classes. On Thursday last the decrease of visiting was very noticeable, and those making calls appeared to be mostly boys and young men. There was a disappointed look about

the carters who crowded the stands looking for hire. Anxiety was plainly depicted on their faces, and several of whom we made enquiry spoke gloomily of their day's receipts. There is room for congratulation, however, that not nearly so many intoxicated people were observable on the streets as formerly, which is partly accounted for in the growing prevalence of the ladies treating their visitors to tea and coffee or "soft drinks" only—a very commendable change from the one time too liberal offering of intoxicating liquor.

Chicago papers state that the carpenters of that city are preparing for a contest with the bosses on April 1st. Certain demands will be made, and it is expected that a strike will be necessary to enforce them.

As illustrating the wonderful growth of the Farmers' Alliance it is stated that it now has organizations in thirty-five States of the Union. A year ago it had not a member outside of the Southern States, where this remarkable movement of the agricultural population originated.

The "Local Improvement Plan" has been referred by the City Council to the Road Committee. Before any "improvement" scheme can be carried into effect the Council itself will require to be improved wholesale. And the best means of improving that Council would be to elect two-thirds of it to mind their "own" business at home—instead of in the Council.

Fortunate thing—wasn't it?—that the press caught on to that extraordinary smart thing of Ald. Shorey's at last meeting of the Water Committee in regard to the use of French! No flies on the old man!

The monopolies are now "boycotting" each other. News from the Mahoning and Chinango valleys, Ohio, informs us that the furnace owners have decided to close down on Jan. 10th twenty-three blast furnaces until the railroads reduce freight rates in and out of both valleys and the coke trust reduces the price of coke. Both railroads and coke people have refused to reduce, and a close down in the consequence, with a loss of employment to between 8,000 or 10,000 men. But then, you know, that is only a secondary consideration.

If the Local Improvement Association and Road Committee people would look into the pushing of the work on the recently widened portion of Notre Dame street they would confer a favor on the public, and also on business men of the locality.

Why don't the Trades Unions in the Labor Councils all over this Dominion petition the Government for an apprentice law, or at least ask all candidates for office for their support of a measure of this nature. A good law of this kind would do much to increase the number at schools, increase their fathers' wages, and turn out thorough workmen at the trades.

Now the real estate paragraphs in the "increase in rents" and the scarcity (?) of houses may be expected in our different "news" papers. There will be lots of empty houses after every one is supplied, sure; so don't allow the harpies to gull you, house-keepers.

Last June the Chatanooga Typographical Union withdrew its members from the Times office of that city on the refusal of a demand for an increase from 33½ to 37½ cents per thousand ems. The places of the strikers were filled by members of the Printers' Protective Fraternity, an institution controlled and directed by bosses who are antagonistic to the International Typographical Union. Disgusted with the quality of the

workmen supplied by the Fraternity, the proprietors sought and obtained a compromise with the Union. One-half of the rats were given the opportunity to resign, their places being filled by former employees, while the remainder are to be allowed until the 1st of June to make their peace with the Union, the office meanwhile being run under International rules. The price of composition has also been raised to 35 cents.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

OUR HOLIDAY SALE.

Exceptional bargains offered in the following Departments.

Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, reduced for our Holiday sale.

Boys' Sailor Suits, 80c.
Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.40.
Boys' Overcoats, \$1.25.

Exceptional Bargains in Children's Dresses for our Holiday Sale.

Children's Jersey Dresses, from 80c.
Children's Cashmere Dresses, from 85c.
Children's Serge Dresses, from \$1.25.

Remember our Holiday Sale and visit our Stores.

This is the kind of weather to make people think about comfortable garments, and as John Murphy & Co. are selling all kinds of garments at sweeping reductions come and buy while you can get such a chance.

Large lines of Mantles, at half-price.
Large lines of Mantles, at less than cost.
Large lines of Mantles, at cost.
All Mantles at clearing-out prices, at

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S

Don't wait until the season is over to get bargains, now is the time and John Murphy & Co.'s is the place. Don't forget that, impress it on your mind and act accordingly.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

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ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

European.

It is stated an epidemic of black small-pox prevails in the Trans-Caspian territories.

The floods in Italy, following the heavy snows, did much damage to the railways. Traffic about the district of Naples has been almost completely suspended.

An order has been issued forbidding the soldiers garrisoned at Berlin from patronizing or visiting 97 specified restaurants because they are conducted by Socialists.

A bill will be submitted to the German Imperial Parliament in 1891 providing for the restitution to the Catholic church of the entire accumulated capital formed by the priests' stipends, which were confiscated during the anti-Catholic agitation.

Two patients who were being treated by the Koch system died in the St. Petersburg hospital the other day, after receiving the third injection. The first two injections were one milligramme dose and the last injection was three milligrammes. Both patients suffered intensely.

An expert returned from Pennsylvania declares America is only able to compete with Germany in cheap articles and not on first or second rate goods, owing to the high wage, the scarcity of good hemp and the high price of wool. It is therefore doubtful if the new American tariff law will injure German exporters.

The Vienna Tagblatt says the German Government has taken the initiative toward calling a conference to consider the establishment of an international system of protection against Anarchist outrages. Among the subjects mentioned for consideration by the conference are extradition for political murders and the limitation of present rights of asylum.

The house of the cure of Merlimont, near Arras, France, was entered by burglars on Monday, while the cure was at church. The burglars murdered the cure's mother, aged 89, and attempted to burn her body which was found partially consumed. The murderers escaped with their plunder, but they are being hotly pursued.

The failure of F. E. Dubedat & Son, stock brokers, of Dublin, is announced. The head of the firm was chairman of the Dublin Stock Exchange. The firm having been declared defaulters, Mr. Copland, vice chairman, has succeeded to the presidency of the exchange. The Dublin Mail estimates the losses at over £250,000. Mr. Dubedat is reported missing from his usual haunts.

At Hawarden castle the 81st birthday of Hon. William Ewart Gladstone was celebrated with great rejoicing. Telegrams of congratulation and large numbers of presents arrived during the early part of the day from all parts of Great Britain. There were also received several congratulations from the United States. Nearly the whole of Mr. Gladstone's family were present at the castle and the village was crowded with visitors. During the day Mr. Gladstone drove in an open carriage to the spot, outside the chief entrance to Howarden castle, where a memorial fountain was unveiled. This fountain was erected by the residents of Hawarden, irrespective of politics, to commemorate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. At the unveiling of the fountain Mr. Gladstone made a speech, in which he said that after a residence of fifty years at Hawarden he was warmly attached to the place, and hoped to continue his residence there during the remainder of his life. Mr. Gladstone's health is excellent.

Seven weeks ago a miner named McDowell, who had acquired a fortune by diamond digging in the Cape, married a handsome young woman at Kimberley, South Africa. After the solemnization of the marriage the newly married couple sailed for Ireland, where they intended spending the honeymoon. In the course of their tour through Ireland, McDowell and his young wife visited Bangor, twelve miles from Belfast. On Monday the body of the bride was found lying by the roadside, with a bottle which contained poison by her side. At the inquest Mr. McDowell testified that his wife had complained of his frequent absence at night, and that he returned to his hotel on Saturday night under the influence of liquor. He discovered Mrs. McDowell had gone out, but, thinking she would soon return, he did not search for her. In the morning, as she was still missing, he began an investigation and found that before leaving she had destroyed scrip worth £3,000. The jury returned a verdict that Mrs. McDowell committed suicide during a fit of temporary insanity brought on by her husband's neglect and drinking habits.

American.

The Hotchkiss Ordnance Company has delivered to the War Department at Washington a sample of the new twelve pounder rapid fire mountain gun, which will be given a thorough test at Sandy Hook, and if successful, will be adopted and supplied

in considerable numbers to the troops on the frontier. This gun is the result of a combination of the ideas of the Ordnance office of the army and the Hotchkiss company, and it is regarded as the ideal gun for service in a rough country. The gun was made as simple as possible and can be easily and quickly mounted. It is transported with all its fittings and ammunition by seven pack mules, the same number required for the two pounder gun now in use, while the efficiency will be many times greater.

Three men entered the Merchants' Exchange bank at South Chicago the other day. Two of them engaged the cashier's attention, while the third slipped through the door, and coming up behind that official knocked him senseless. Then the three quickly robbed the bank of \$2,800 and dashed away in a buggy towards the city. The alarm was soon given and officers started in pursuit. After a chase of seven miles the police captured two of the robbers. Only \$100 was found on the prisoners. The third robber escaped with the remainder. The bandits are undoubtedly the same that a fortnight ago coolly robbed the office of the Allerton packing house within a few feet of hundreds of Allerton's butchers armed with cleavers and knives. All three of the robbers were eventually captured after some resistance.

Canadian.

The extradition case against Hopkins, the Canadian forger, now in custody at Albany, cannot be proceeded with until such time as he has completed his year's imprisonment which he got for larceny in the States.

John Shaw, aged 100 years, died at Halifax, N. S., on Monday. He was born in Virginia, a slave, escaped in 1812, boarded the British warship Sapphire then lying in Chesapeake bay, was landed at Bermuda and has lived in Halifax three-quarters of a century.

There is reason for believing a Canadian will soon be appointed a member of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council and that the appointment will be made known at an early day. Already the name of Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme court, is mentioned in connection with the position.

The contract for the manufacture of sessional trunks for members of Parliament has been given to Mr. Eveleigh, Montreal. Three hundred trunks of solid leather, costing \$25 a piece, have been ordered. Those of the Senators are to be made by Borridge & Co., Ottawa. The trunks for members of the press gallery will be the same as those of preceding years. One trunk for each parliamentary term will be given to senators and members instead of one each session as formerly.

Don't Believe it.

I have said that the captain was a crack shot, as sure perhaps as myself, but slower. This I had often remarked in shooting with him. He invariably fired after the word "two," or, if he attempted to pull trigger sooner, always shot wide. Upon this rested my whole chance of safety. Having determined upon my plan, desperate as it appeared, I felt sure of success. Should Geyer fire before his usual time, I was confident he would miss me, and I should fire in the air. But otherwise (and I did not think he would pull too soon, for he knew his "point" as well as I, and was cool and full of nerve) I had but one chance, and eye and hand were to carry me through—they never had failed me before, why should they then? So there we stood, the ground stepped, ten paces, pistols lowered, waiting the signal. It was given. I raised my weapon a fraction of a second quicker than Geyer—a pause of a couple of heart beats—I saw my only chance—flash!—both triggers pulled at the same instant of time, as I intended—a single double report—the smoke cleared away, and there we both stood untouched! I had done it! Done what? exclaimed everyone at the table, with eager voice, as Symmes paused a moment, while his eyes once more gleamed merrily. Simply stopped the Captain's bullet, said Symmes quietly. I took advantage of Geyer's slower aim, fired directly at the mouth of his pistol, taking care to pull trigger exactly when he did, and consequently my ball met his half-way, and saved my life.

Bad Memory.

Captain, said a grocery keeper, addressing a well-known gentleman, do you remember that sack of flour you ordered some time ago?

Oh, yes, I remember it.

I suppose so, but I don't remember that you ever paid for it.

My dear sir, I am not responsible for your bad memory. I have remembered my part of it. Memory is a peculiar faculty and is susceptible of great cultivation. Some of the Grecians could repeat volumes of poetry. Well, good nightingale.

THE BIG RAILWAY STRIKE.

The Outlook for the Men Discouraging—Defeated by English "Scabs."

LONDON, Dec. 29.—Through railway traffic between Edinburgh, Glasgow and Perth is almost completely established. One hundred and fifty English railroad hands have arrived at Glasgow and will be put to work on the Caledonian road. The Southwestern is resuming work, though the actual struggle between the railroad officials and their employees is not improving. The miners of Kilmarnock are joining the strikers, and the latter expect still further additions. The railroad companies have employed a large force of men to patrol the line in order to prevent obstructions from being placed on the tracks. Late this afternoon it was announced that the secretary of the English Railway Men's Union threatens to bring out 80,000 English railroad men in case the Scotch railroad men do not soon come to terms with their employees. This threat has caused a sensation, as it may lead to a wholesale strike along the English railroads.

GLASGOW, Dec. 29.—The railroad officials this evening say numbers of men from the Midland counties are offering their services to the Scotch railways. The directors feel confident that they can fill all vacancies and declare the strike will soon collapse. A chair was found fastened to the rails of the City Union line to day. It was removed before any damage was done. The strikers are charged with having committed this outrage.

At a meeting of strikers yesterday it was resolved to stand firm, and the Lord Provost of the city was denounced as an unscrupulous tool of the railroad companies. The Midland company is sending engine drivers north to assist the Scotch railway companies.

At the meeting in Edinburgh, Principal Rainey, a leader of the Free Church, presided. He declared labor for the number of hours during which the men were compelled to work was inconsistent with the health and a right use of human life.

GLASGOW, Dec. 29.—The Scotch railroad officials now decline to recognize Secretary Tait, of the men's organization, and also talk of refusing to reinstate the strikers who fail to apply for work after to-day.

GLASGOW, Dec. 30.—The railroad strike situation continues to improve from the standpoint of the railroads. The strikers are evidently discouraged. The North British company is slowly reopening its closed routes and the passenger and freight traffic along its line is improving hourly. The strikers' pickets to day seriously assaulted two of the English laborers who were going to work on the Caledonian road. The railroad officials announce that so far as the Caledonian is concerned the strike is ended. The Glasgow and Southwestern railway has reinstated many of its men, and this action is thought likely to cause a stampede of the strikers.

The North British railway company has sent a message to the Midland railway company asking for further assistance during the strike. To-night the outlook for the strikers is very gloomy. The defection in their ranks is spreading rapidly, while the railway service is gradually assuming its normal condition. There is every prospect that the strike will soon collapse.

A Corkscrew's Confession.

To tell the truth I have lived a very crooked life, said the corkscrew. My ways have been devious, and I attribute it largely to the fact that I have been brought so much in contact with strong drink. I have tried to straighten up. But it's no use. My habits are fixed. I cannot go in the straight and narrow way. My way is narrow enough, but it isn't straight. I have a strong pull on society and club circles. Perhaps I should not mention it, but I am thrown much with people who are tight. Even the corks I come in contact with are tight. Thank heaven there is nothing in common between me and the plebian agricultural people who leave an inch or so of a corn cob stopper sticking out of the bottle. They have no use for me, and I have no use for them. I am of a convivial nature, and generous to a fault. I am always first to open a bottle. In regard to champagne I have only this to say: Beware of a drink that has dynamite enough in it to fire the cork out of the bottle. I am in and out of drinking places so much that I am feeling pretty groggy, and hoping you are enjoying the same blessing, I am yours truly.

Making Home Attractive.

I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home, said a distressed looking little woman.

Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?

I have. I've taken up the parlor carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer keg in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A British professor has estimated that the cloud of smoke which hangs over London weighs 300 tons.

Into the streets of Denver \$25,000,000 in gold and silver coin are shoveled from the mountains every year.

There are now 200 regularly ordained women preachers in the United States, where forty years ago there was only one.

The sewing machine is only forty-four years old. Matches have been in common use since 1829, and America's first street car fine dates from 1826.

There are more evictions for non-payment of rent in New York and Brooklyn in one year, says a judge of the latter city, than in Ireland in two years.

In one single day last summer 105 Americans visited Burns' birth place. The pilgrims during the year numbered 20,000 to the cottage and 30,000 to the monument.

There are nearly fifty thousand colored people in New York City. Some of them have built up fortunes in real estate speculation. One of them accumulated an estate worth \$100,000 in the catering business. A number are worth \$200,000 each.

While crime is increasing here, there has been an extraordinary decrease in Great Britain, the number of convicts serving sentence of penal servitude having decreased from 10,500 in 1883 to 6,400 in 1889, a decrease of 46 per cent, in six years.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencilmaker at Keswick and is thirty nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner uses it for a walking stick.

Every advance in the improvement of the telescope has brought to our knowledge still closer double stars, the distance between them being so magnified as to become visible and measurable. But the spectroscopic has revealed to us a double star so close that no telescope will show the distance between the two stars, although each one of the two stars is bright enough to be visible to the naked eye.

Underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas pipes, all definitely fixed. Yet not even these compare with the vast collerage area beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

The singer who first made "Sally in Our Alley" a household ballad, and more than helped to give it long life and popularity, is dead. He was a minstrel, Thomas B. Dixon; but in his prime, twenty years ago, his tenor voice was a delight and a charm, and it was never so effective as when it sang that there was none like Sally. The ballad made Dixon famous. For a quarter of a century he put on and washed off burnt cork, and there never was a time when his services were not in demand by minstrel managers. They hired him solely for Sally's sake.

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Having Received my Fall Stock of
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My prices are LOWER than any other Shoe Man in town.
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PHUNNY ECHOES.

Hobson's Choice—His wife.
If you want a man's candid opinion of you, make him angry and you'll get it.
Speaking of the man in the moon, the general impression is that he is "not in it."
Any man, no matter how lazy, can get into the habit of doing work, by donning a workingman's attire.
Women may indeed have a sphere that is boundless, but she has to stop when she comes to a barbed wire fence.
The rate of interest that a broker feels in a woman whom he is courting is liable to depend upon the amount of her fortune.
What a dear little craft that wife of yours is, eh, Dobson, old boy? Dear? I should say so. I call her my revenue cutter.
A correspondent wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.
Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church.
Isabel—What an awfully shoddy girl Genevieve Flyaway is! Everything about her has the air of being marked down.
May—Yes, even her age.
Poet (reading his latest effusion to a friend)—Ah! my poem seems to affect you very greatly—you are weeping? Friend—No, simply perspiring!
Who will venture to say woman is not infinitely the superior of man when it comes to that which, in the vernacular, is familiarly termed "packing a trunk!"
When the average man says frankly, "I can't afford it," you will usually find on investigation that is something his wife wants and not something that he wants himself.
She—Here you are getting home late again. And there's a flush on your face.
He—Just my luck. Been waiting for a flush all evening, and it comes too late to realize anything on it.
Ethel—Of course, papa, I want to marry him, but you'll have to give me up, poor dear, won't you? Papa—Well, my dear, that's true; but then we'll get rid of your young man, too, you know.
Omaha housewife—Say, young man—there was a fish in the quart of milk you left us yesterday? Omaha Milkman—I have one cow that persists in going a-swimming in the river.
Grace—I'm in hard luck. Ethel—What is the matter? Grace—Why I have had three engagements broken, and owing to conventionalities people wouldn't think it looked well if I sued more than one of the fellows for breach of promise.
Where, where are all the birds that sang a hundred years ago?
If a man would answer frankly he would say he didn't know;
But ask him 'bout the chickens of the century that's past,
He'll swear they're served to boarders,
To break their daily fast.
Druggist—If you take this preparation of mine you will never use any other. Customer—Is it as fatal as that?
He—I am crazy when away from you.
She—Ah, yes. "Out of sight, out of mind," you know.
She—Jack, how am I to know that you are telling the truth when you say you love me? He (surprised)—Why, all the rest of the girls believe me.
Little Jimmy—Is your sister engaged?
Little Tommy—No, but she's going to be.
Little Jimmy—How do you know?
Little Tommy—She gives me a penny every evening to stay out of the parlor.
Bah! said the scalpsack in the front pew to the plush coat in the rear one; you are a fraud. Maybe, returned the plush, but you are nothing but a skin.
Parson Drymeter (solemnly)—Young man, do you ever put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains? Hunter—How's that? Do I ever do what? Do you ever look upon the wine when it is red? You will have to say it over again, mister, and say it slow? Do you drink whiskey? Of course I do. If you've got a bottle in your pocket, uncle, why don't you say so like a man?
Professor Zweibeber, of the University of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event. A little stranger has arrived. Eh? It is a little boy. Little boy. Well, ask him what he wants.
Here is a new story of Paganini. One time in Paris he jumped into a cab, and ordered the driver to make quick time to the theatre, where an impatient audience was waiting to hear him perform a famous piece of music on one string of his violin. What's the fare? he inquired. For you, sir, said the driver, ten francs. You jest, laughed the great violinist. Not so; you charge as much for a place at your concert. Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the over-reaching cabman, said, handing him a decent fare, I'll pay you ten francs when you drive me on one wheel.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

How to Roast a Turkey.—Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of the following ingredients: One pound of light bread crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour. Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated but not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate with a larding mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop and dredge again with flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging and turning, will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over, and when a fork is stuck deep into it no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish and, if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a teaspoonful of flour creamed smooth with some of the grease creamed from the gravy. If while cooking, the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy.
CUCUMBER PICKLES.—We are asked to give a good recipe for this article. Select small cucumbers for this purpose, taking none over a finger long. Soak twenty-four hours in rather strong brine. Then pour off the brine, and rinse in clear water. To one hundred cucumbers, use three quarts of pure cider vinegar, one cup of sugar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one ounce of small, black peppers, a little horseradish, sliced, and a few small, red peppers. Scald the cucumbers in the vinegar. As soon as the vinegar is scalding hot, dip them out, fill the cans or a stone jar, and then pour the vinegar over them till full. Seal hot. Repeat the process of scalding in two days.
PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—A friend desires to know how this is done. The following process is given by Marion Harland and if directions are followed, will be successful. Pick the whitest and closest bunches. Cut into small sprays or clusters. Plunge into a kettle of scalding brine and boil three minutes. Take them out, lay upon a sieve or a cloth, sprinkle thickly with salt, and, when dry, brush this off. Cover with cold vinegar for two days, setting the jar in the sun. Then pack carefully in glass or stone ware jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar seasoned thus: To one gallon allow a cup of white sugar, a dozen blades of mace, a tablespoonful of celery seed, two dozen white pepper corns and some bits of red pepper pods, a tablespoonful of coriander seed, and the same of whole mustard. Boil five minutes. Repeat the scalding once a week for three weeks; tie up and set away. Keep the cauliflowers under the vinegar by putting a small plate on top.
AN OLD-FASHIONED NUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, stirred to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, a cup of rich milk, a teaspoon of soda, four eggs, four scant cups of flour and a teaspoon of cream of tartar. A cup of hickory nuts chopped very fine is stirred through the cake just before it is put in the oven. It should be baked in large brick-shaped loaves, iced with a thick icing, through which half a cup of hickory nuts have been stirred.
SPONGE CAKE FOR TWO.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add one teaspoonful of sugar, then the yolks; lastly, one teaspoonful of flour. To be perfect, this cake must always be put together in the order given in the recipe.
SPICED GRAPES.—Ten pounds of grapes, eight pounds of sugar, four tablespoonful of cloves, four tablespoonful of cinnamon, one quart of vinegar. Boil slowly until the fruit is tender. Remove from the fire and rub through a colander; put in tumblers and cover closely. Cherries, gooseberries and currants are nice spiced; the two last need not be strained.
BOILED ICING.—Dissolve one pint of sugar in three tablespoonful of water and boil until brittle. Beat the whites of four eggs, pour over the hot sugar and stir until cool; flavor and beat; spread before the icing gets stiff and cold.
ALMOND ICING.—Take three cups of sugar, one pound of blanched almonds pounded to a paste and flavor with extract of rose. Beat the whites of three eggs and stir with the sugar and almonds.
CHOCOLATE ICING.—Melt three ounces of chocolate, dissolve in a little water, boil in two cups of sugar and stir in the whites of three eggs. Flavor with vanilla.
GERMAN PUFFS.—1 pint sweet milk, 4 eggs, 5 tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt. Bake 2 hour.

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"What I would like to know," said Phil, "is whether Dr. Guerin is going to run for Mayor or not. If he's going to run against all comers, let him say so and give those who would support him an opportunity to get to work, and if he decides not to run, then some other man should be brought out to oppose both McShane and Grenier, for neither the one or the other are acceptable candidates."

"Well, I can't see what you can possibly have against Grenier," said Sinnett. "He has made a first-class Mayor, and I don't believe he can be improved on."

"You don't, eh?" said Phil. "Well I'll be much obliged to you to tell me of any one thing that he has done in the interest of the working-classes since he first sat in that Council, and that's a good while ago. Just mention one single public act of his by reason of which he could lay claim to the support of the working-classes and I'll supp it him, but you can't; as a matter of fact he has been one of the bitterest enemies we have had in that Council. I remember when the agitation on the Statute Labor tax was first started and Prefontaine and Beausoleil made a motion in the Council to abolish it, old Beaudry wanted to rule the motion out of order, but Grenier shouted: 'No, let the motion be put, and let us vote it down and show the rabble that they need not come here with any of their petitions.' Well, this selfsame rabble, in spite of him and his Council, succeeded in abolishing this tax, and for his opposition Grenier was forced to seek election in the ward he last represented. That his disposition towards us is the same I haven't the least doubt. For if he really had our interests at heart it would not now be necessary for the Trades and Labor Council to go to law about this Water Tax business. Grenier has influence enough in that Council to settle this question in short order, and to settle it satisfactorily; that he has not exerted his influence in this connection shows that he has no more love for us now than he had years ago, and I for one don't believe in electing a man to office who has constantly opposed us."

"Neither do I," said Gaskill, "and for this reason I would also like to hear definitely from the Doctor. Grenier and McShane are out of the question, and if Guerin won't run some other strong man must be placed in the field at once."

"But I understood," said Brown, "that the Doctor was in the field."

"So did I," said Sharkey, "but the thing has been contradicted so often that one half the people don't know whether he is or not, and in the meantime the other fellers are working like badgers. It is necessary for the Doctor to put the public right on this question at once."

"But why," said Sinnett, "should you fellers wish for a third candidate when the 'People's Jimmy' is in the field? you can't call him an enemy of labor."

"But by what right does McShane call himself the 'People's Jimmy'?" said Phil. "Did he ever in all his long career as a public man introduce a single measure either in the City Council or Legislature calculated to benefit the class he professes to love so much? If he did, now is the time to let us know it. McShane is not in ignorance of the demands of labor; let him tell us what he did to abolish property qualification for municipal offices; to adjust the Water Tax; to abolish contract labor on municipal and Government works; to tax vacant lots; to enlarge the franchise, to make employers liable for injuries sustained; to give labor a first lien on what it produces. Let him explain

what he did to have an inspector of gear and tackle on our wharves to protect the lives of those who work there; let him show that he has done something more than get a lot of hoodlums out of jail to entitle him to the name of the 'People's Jimmy.' He got the name the same as he got his nomination—he took it. As a public man his policy has been of the 'you caw me, I caw you' kind, a lot of gush and wind and promises—and no results. Ever ready to make appointments with delegations and then disappointing them; ever ready to do you a personal favor, but never doing anything in a legislative way; never tired of standing the drinks or of getting up in the middle of the night to get you out of jail; but this is the extent of his usefulness. He is a large-hearted man, a good friend and neighbor, a man of impulse, but as a public man from a labor point of view he is a dead failure."

"We don't want any of our public men to interfere with the working of our courts," said Sharkey. "It not only frustrates the ends of justice, but brings ridicule and contempt upon our judges. If a man has offended against the law let him abide by the consequences. If the law is harsh or unjust it should be dealt with in the legislature, where it was made, and not in the police court, and no alderman or member of parliament should be allowed to interfere with the working of it. If this is tolerated, politicians and their friends will soon become a privileged class, against whom the law is inoperative. We want a man in our civic chair who can be trusted not only to discharge the

duties pertaining to it in an intelligent and impartial manner, but who also can be relied upon not to abuse the power and position of his high office. Dr. Guerin is such a man, will he stand?

BILL BLADES.

Women's Rubbers at 8. H. Parker's. Wool lined, for 49 cents.

Men's Wool lined Rubbers at 8. H. Parker's for 60 cents.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

New Year's Day, as usual at the Point, was lively with visitors.

The Argyles are making extravagant arrangements for their first ladies' night this season, which takes place shortly.

The last of the ten new engines left the shops on her trial trip to Lachine on Tuesday.

The new and pretty little G. T. R. station is nearing completion.

Surely none of the Point workingmen are among the 15,000 who have allowed themselves to be disqualified of their right to vote at the coming elections.

The females of Ecuador are proverbial for beauty, those among the aristocracy being said to have the fairest complexion of any in South America, while all possess large, soft and expressive dark eyes, the blackest and most abundant hair, the whitest teeth, well-rounded figures and small hands and feet. Like all women in the tropics, they mature early and fade quickly, but perhaps their average span of forty years includes more heart-happiness than comes to women of colder climes in three score years and ten, for these are harassed by no "carking cares" or high ambitions.

GREAT PREPARATION has been made in the Mantle Department at St. Carsey's, Notre Dame street. All the stock has been re-assorted and every garment re-marked at special reductions.

Worth Looking At!

DEMERS' WINDOW,

If you are after a Bargain in

Winter Gloves and Mitts.

ALBERT DEMERS,

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BEST COOK STOVE MADE.

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Wm. Clendinneng & Son, MONTREAL.

A GREAT CLEARANCE CLOTHING SALE!

AT LAST. Our New Sidewalk is Finished, and the

IMPERIAL CLOTHING HOUSE

is again crowded from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. with customers attending the Great Clearance Sale of OVERCOATS, ETC. Owing to delay in laying the New Sidewalk, which has prevented Cases upon Cases from entering our Stores, with Thousands of OVERCOATS for

MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

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

THE IMPERIAL CLOTHING HOUSE

is acknowledged to be, although the youngest, the LEADING and CHEAPEST Clothing Firm in Montreal, our Mottoes being: "SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS," "NO CREDIT HERE," "TERMS STRICTLY CASH." All Our Goods Marked in Plain Figures. Note the following prices:

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

Our Children's Plush Overcoats, in Divers Colors, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 are marvels and would be good value as charged elsewhere for \$9.00 and \$10.00. Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits at correspondingly low prices. Eaton Suit \$4.90, nothing in the West to beat it. A Large Assortment of Pure Woollen-Underclothing marked 2 1/2 per cent. above Mills' quotations. 1,000 dozen Seamless All-wool Aberdeen Socks at 15 Cents, commonly sold at 30 Cents, for this Great Sale only. Call Early and Quickly, to get a Good Choice, as this Great Sale—if the crowds still continue to come—will soon be over at the

NEAR CRAIG ST. NEW SIDE. NEW STORE. NEW SIDEWALK. NEW STOCK.

IMPERIAL CLOTHING HOUSE, 22, 24, 26 & 28 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Be sure you get the Address and beware of Imitation of Our Firm's Name & Trade-Mark—IMPERIAL.