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DAUGHTERS OF CANADA.

SIX WELL KNOWN DOMINION LADIES

Who Have Made Their Mark in
Music, Literature and Edu-
cation.

While Canada justly regards the world renowned Albani as her most gifted child, there are other talented young Canadian women who, though not yet so widely known as the great cantatrice, are fast making a name for themselves either in art, literature or profounder studies. Among these one of the brightest, most popular and promising of songstresses is Mrs. Agnes Thompson, who is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation, not only in Canada, but throughout the United States. She is a pupil of the celebrated Signor Emilio Agrimonte, well known in New York as the founder and conductor of the American Composers' Choral society.

In appearance Agnes Thompson is about the average height, slender and graceful, with a clear complexion, dark eyes and hair and well marked brows. Her neck and arms are plump and snowy white. One of her greatest attractions, however, is the charming smile that lights up her whole face like a beam of sunshine. Her voice is a brilliant, flexible soprano, ranging as high as F in alt, which she gives with clear, soft purity. Though the timbre is joyous and merry, her tone is rich, sympathetic and organlike.

She is equally good in light, merry ballads or songs of deeper, more pathetic import, the expression of which is much enhanced by her mobile countenance. In society she is a favorite both on account of her great gift and her charming and gentle manner.

She is a constant and faithful student, never satisfied, but ever striving toward greater excellence. Her health is almost perfect; she rises at 6 o'clock every morning and, accompanied by her husband, rides for a couple of hours in the country. The rest of the morning is devoted to study and practice, the afternoon to social duties or more often to charitable visits.

One of the most interesting of young Canadian writers undoubtedly is the Indian poetess, E. Pauline Johnston, who has attracted considerable notice in England. Theodore Watts, the celebrated English critic, reviewing a collection of poems, complains in *The Athenaeum* that too little of this young lady's work is given, and speaks of it in terms of highest praise. Miss Johnston is of the Mohawk tribe, and was born at Chiefswood, her home on the Six Nation Indian reserve, Brant county, Ontario. Her father was the late George Henry Morton Johnston, or in the Mohawk language, Onwanonsyshon (He-Who-Has-the-Great-Mansion), head chief of the Mohawks, the proudest and most aristocratic of the Indian tribes. Her mother is an English woman, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol. Her grandfather was the noted John Sakeykenwaughton (Disappearing Mist), a pure Mohawk of the Wolf clan, who fought for Britain in the war of 1812, and was for forty years "speaker" for the Six Nations. The name of her great-grandfather was Tekahionweke, but after his conversion to Christianity, when he was being baptized at Niagara, Sir William Johnston, who was present, asked that he might be called after himself, and this name the family adopted as their surname.

Miss Johnston is rather tall and slender, with clearcut features, dark skin, gray eyes, straight brows, black hair and a soft, musical voice. Hers is a busy, active life, occupied by household duties and church work, for she is an ardent member of the Episcopal church, so that literature engages only her leisure hours. Her best work is accomplished from 10 o'clock in the evening until 3 or 4 in the morning, as then she is most sure of freedom from interruption. Most of her poems have been written at a little desk in her own room, above which hangs a shelf containing copies of her favorite poets, chiefly Canadian and American. She is passionately fond of canoeing, in which art she is an adept, and many of her subjects are thought out during her solitary paddling excursions.

In future Miss Johnston intends devoting her pen exclusively to Canadian and Indian subjects. A visit to Chiefswood is most interesting, as the family possesses many curious and beautiful relics inherited from their dusky ancestors.

Miss Eliza Ritchie's name is better known in American university circles than in Canada, though she is purely Canadian, by birth a Nova Scotian. In 1887 she graduated from

Dalhousie university, Halifax, with the degree of B. L., and the same year obtained a fellowship at Cornell university, where she studied for two years, winning the degree of Ph. D. and was then appointed instructor of psychology and history of philosophy at Wellesley college, Massachusetts.

Like most learned people Miss Ritchie is modesty itself, and can scarcely be induced to speak of her achievements. Her countenance bears the high stamp of intellectuality in every lineament. Her fine, soft, wavy hair is drawn smoothly away from a broad, white forehead.

For the degree of Ph. D. she wrote a most elaborate philosophical thesis, which was afterwards published and circulated in pamphlet form.

Miss Nora Clench, a native of the little village of St. Mary's, at present occupies the position of first violinist and leader of an orchestra at Buffalo. At the age of five she learned to play on a little violin made expressly for her by her father, the late Leon Clench, barrister at law. In the evening her father used to play the flute, accompanied by her eldest sister, while little dark eyed Nora played her tiny violin to her own satisfaction and the surprise and delight of all who heard her. When about fifteen or sixteen years old she went to Germany and entered the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, where she was a pupil of Herr Brodsky, the great Russian violinist. Before she graduated she obtained a special prize, which is given not annually, but only when some particularly brilliant pupil has attained to an exceptionally high standard of excellence. Just before returning to Canada she visited England and gave a concert at Oxford university. The English papers spoke most highly both of her technique and artistic feeling. Her tone is broad, pure and resonant, and her style severely classical and correct.

Miss Clench is an Irish brunette, viz., a fair complexion and dark, deep gray eyes, veiled by heavy lashes. Her hair is black and abundant; in each cheek glows a rich spot of crimson, which completes the brilliant beauty of her face.

Another Canadian musician who studied in Leipzig at the same time as Miss Clench, and has since frequently played with her, is Miss Annie Lampman, the pianist, at present a resident of Ottawa. She is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and inherits German blood from both her mother and father. While in Germany Siloti, the famous Russian pianist, and Krause, the noted German musical critic, took a great deal of notice of her and predicted for her a brilliant future. Krause finally took her regularly for a pupil. During her lessons Siloti frequently visited Krause, and when he left for Moscow he sent her his photograph with an autographic inscription.

Miss Lampman made her German debut in the Prussian town of Halle, Handel's birthplace, and received well merited encomiums from a most critical audience. While in Germany she wrote the "Leipzig Letters" for the *Musical Courier*, of New York. When she was visiting the latter city she had the honor to obtain recognition and commendation from the great Hans von Bulow, who was visiting the city at the same time and whom she met accidentally.

Miss Agnes Knox, the young and talented elocutionist, a fellow citizen of Miss Nora Clench, is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. She has just completed a most successful tour of Canada. Wherever she has given recitals she has captivated her audiences, not only by her talent, but also, by her gentle, dignified manner. She is that rare type, a perfect blond, with a mass of fluffy, silver gold hair, blue eyes and a pale, pure complexion.

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is fifteen years old. She takes aperients and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the progress. Up to fifteen she is very handsome, but at twenty what an unwieldy mass of fat she becomes. She waddles, or rather undulates along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green, and wear a sort of conical shaped head dress from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heel of which barely reaches the middle of the foot, complete the costume.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MARGARET ACH IFAN.

The Remarkable All Around Accomplishments of a Welsh Woman.

In Welsh lore we sometimes find things of doubtful authenticity; but the readers of this brief sketch may rest assured that it is no fiction. I find it in "Pennant's Tours in Wales," first published in English something over 100 years ago, and lately brought out in the Welsh language. I take it from the Welsh edition. This phenomenal person was born about the year 1696, and brought up at Llanberis, North Wales. Nothing is said of any of her relatives. Mr. Pennant says:

"At the head of the lake there lives a very noted woman, Margaret Ach Ifan, and I was sadly disappointed on not finding her at home when I called. She is the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the daughters of the ancient Britons. At this writing (1776) she is about ninety years of age. In the line of hunting, shooting and fishing in, her active days, she had no equal. She kept at least a dozen dogs of the best breed—bloodhounds, greyhounds, setters and terriers. She would secure more foxes in one year than the other hunters combined would get in ten.

"In boasting she was quite at home and the queen of the lakes. She played finely on the violin, and was well acquainted with the Welsh melodies of her day. She was also a musical composer, and some of her pieces are highly spoken of. She made two harps, on which she skillfully played. She was a good carpenter, shoemaker, tailor and blacksmith. She made her horses' shoes and shod them with her own hands. She built her own boats, in which in harmony with an agreement, she conveyed the copper down the lakes from the foot of the Snowdon.

"She composed poetry, and was a superior vocalist. She had more strength than any two men of her acquaintance. When sixty years of age she was more than a match for the best two wrestlers of the region, and she was never defeated. She received offers of marriage by the score, but after a long time she threw them all aside. At last, however, she smilingly accepted an offer from the feeblest of the lot."

In a Welsh volume in my possession—"Cymru Fu" (Wales of the past), I find the following. Which abbreviated I insert as an addition to Mr. Pennant's account. "One day her little dog Ianto stole the dinner of one of the miners. This so enraged the man that he instantly killed the dog. When Margaret heard of this she went to the miner's lodging place and found him standing with others outside of the house.

"She told him that she was willing to pay for the stolen dinner four times over and that he in return must pay for the dog. The man, who was one of the largest and strongest in the neighborhood, laughed at her scornfully. In a threatening manner he approached her and commanded her to depart or she might share the fate of Ianto. No sooner had he finished the sentence than a tremendous blow from Margaret's fist laid him senseless on the ground, where she left him and departed toward her home."

She died at the ripe age of 102, and it is said that she never, even for a day, was confined to her bed by sickness.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Women Not Angels.

It is evident that women as we now find them are very far from being perfect and angelic beings. In the matter of pecuniary honesty, while they are far above men, they have hitherto had far less of temptation or opportunity than men. In lawless races, as the English gypsies, where women have great freedom, this distinction does not exist. On the contrary, while the men's range of action in this respect goes no further than cheating in a horse trade, to the women alone is entrusted what is known as "the great trick," by which all the silver of an unsuspecting family is appropriated under pretense of changing it into gold.

There is no reason to suppose that women are not capable of being dishonest, and there is every reason to suppose that whenever they become so the recognized sharpness of the feminine wit will place them high up in their chosen vocation.—*T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazaar.*

The Master Tailors' Association has decided to resort to a general lockout in Great Britain unless the strike in Liverpool ceases within a week.

Some Hygienic Points.

There are a few general principles to observe in the hygiene of a house that it might be well to impress upon young mothers, although the lack of observance which is seen is not due to want of knowledge so much as want of care. Every mother should see by personal supervision that each member of the family becomes habituated to sleep with the window more or less open according to the season. If there are stationary basins in the rooms, or in the adjoining bathrooms, she should enjoin the constant and free use of disinfectants. If any one is obliged to sleep in a room with such a basin a good plan is to throw a damp towel over it before going to bed.

Overheating the house, too, with young children is especially to be guarded against, as it is very apt to cause colds and croup. Watch the daily bath carefully; many cannot stand the daily plunge without ill effect who would be greatly benefited by sponging and vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel. For those who dread the cold the following is a delightful way of taking an exhilarating morning tub; Stand in hot water deep enough to cover the ankles, fill a basin with cold water, sponge off the body rapidly and rub vigorously, putting on warm flannels before drying the feet. In this way the most delicate person will not experience any chill. The great point is the rapidity with which this is done; the whole bath should be two minutes. We close these suggestions by a quotation from still another eminent doctor who has written a great deal on this very subject: "I cannot overrate the necessity for plenty of fresh air and sunshine and perfect cleanliness," he says, "both in the house and about the person, and it is only when these primary rules of hygiene are fully carried out that we can hope to keep the health which is given us."—*New York Tribune.*

Most Expensive Cigar Ever Smoked
The Rothschilds smoke Henry Clay's Sobranos, which cost five or six shillings each. They are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar wood cabinets. They also buy three cabinets (42,000 cigars) at a time of Flor de Cubas. Some time ago a Manchester tobaccoist offered some cigars for sale at twenty-four pounds per hundred and found a purchaser at that figure. Twenty thousand Havanas were made especially for Marshal Prim, as a present to Napoleon III, at a cost of 30,000 francs. Each cigar was tipped with gold at both ends and stamped with the imperial "N" in gold. By way of acknowledgment of the gift, the Emperor sent Marshal Prim a pair of magnificent Sevres vases.—*London Truth.*

The Largest Gold Coin.

The largest gold coin now in circulation is said to be the gold ingot, or "loaf," of Anam, a French colony in eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about \$220. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang," of Japan, which is worth about \$55; and next comes the "benda," of Ashantee, which represents a value of about \$49. The California \$50 gold piece is worth about the same as the benda. The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about \$15; then comes the Chinese "tael" and then the Austrian double thaler.—*Interview with a Numismatist.*

AMERICAN OPINION.

Tariff reform, says the *New York Recorder*, is only another name for free trade. Well, protection is only another name for robbery, and as between robbery or free trade the people prefer the latter every time.—*Kansas City Star.*

Reciprocity that consists in taking the tariff taxes off of other nations and leaving them unabated upon our own people is a delusion that will not delude. Justice, like charity, should begin at home, though neither should end there.—*N. Y. World.*

When the taxpayers begin to contribute \$15,000,000 a year in bounties to sugar growers, as they must do next year under the McKinley law free sugar will be at least one-third sham.

Prof. Koch has resigned all the public offices held by him. This step is associated with supposed disappointment over the unsatisfactory results of his discovery of "tuberculosis." The Berlin Academy senate will bestow an honorary office upon him, permitting him to lecture whenever he chooses.

A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

'Departs for what place?' asked Fanks, making a note of the month in his book.

'I do not know,' replied Judas with a characteristic shrug; 'Monsieur Roger is not my friend. In November, my Sebastian, he says to me: 'It is well; I go to Jarcesterre.'

'What did he mean by 'it is well'?' 'But, Monsieur, I am in darkness. Yes, truly. He has visited the house of Monsieur le Pilule.'

'You mean Spolger's house?' 'Yes! He sees Monsieur le Pilule to speak of his love for Mees Mar-ron. When he returns to this pension, he says: 'It is well; I go to Jarcesterre'—no more. Then my friend, the brave Sebastian, goes to Jarcesterre, and I see him not more.'

'An interview between Melstane and Spolger could hardly have been satisfactory,' said Fanks, looking keenly at the Frenchman.

'Eh, monsieur, I know nothing of that,' answered Judas, with his guileless look.

'Why did Melstane go to Jarcesterre, of all places in the world?'

'I have told monsieur everything,' said M. Guinaud, with oily politeness.

'Humph! I'm doubtful of that,' muttered Fanks, thoughtfully. 'And is that all you know?'

'Eh! what would you?'

'It doesn't throw any light on the murder.'

'Wait, monsieur,' said Judas, earnestly, 'a moment. One night before my friend went away, Mees Var-rins stop her carriage at the shop. She comes in to me and says; I can not get a stamp of postage. Have you a stamp of postage? I say yes, and give her a stamp of postage. She places the stamp of postage on a letter, and goes away in the carriage. I see the letter.'

'And the name on the letter?'

'Monsieur Roger Axton, Jarcesterre,' said Judas, quietly; now! eh! you see?'

'I see nothing,' replied Fanks, bluntly. 'Miss Varling wrote to Axton at Jarcesterre. What of that? I know Axton was at Jarcesterre; I saw him there.'

'Is that so?' said M. Judas eagerly; 'then, behold, monsieur! Axton is at Jarcesterre; Melstane goes down also to Jarcesterre. Before he goes,' pursued Judas, bending forward and speaking in a whisper, 'he buy pills of morphia! eh! is that not so? My friend and Axton are enemies. At Jarcesterre they meet; the poor Melstane dies of morphia! What would you?'

'Do you mean to say that Roger Axton murdered Melstane?' cried Fanks, trying to control himself.

Monsieur Judas spread out his hands once more.

'I say nothing, monsieur. But because of 'Miss Mar-ron they fight—they fight desperate. Axton has the pills of morphia, Melstane dies of the pills of morphia! But no, I say nothing.'

'I think you've said quite enough,' retorted Fanks, coldly. 'I don't believe what you say.'

'Monsieur!'

'Don't ruffle your feathers, Monsieur Guinaud; I mean what I say, and in order to prove it, I'll ask Roger Axton to come down here and give his version of the story.'

'He can but say what I declare.'

'That's a matter of opinion.'

'Monsieur?'

'Sir.'

The two men had risen to their feet, and were standing opposite to each other. Fanks cold and scornful, Judas visibly agitated, with his eyes narrowed down into a dangerous expression. He looked like a snake preparing for a spring, and Fanks was on his guard; but at length, with a hissing laugh, Judas stepped back and bowed submissively.

'Let us not fight, I pray you, monsieur,' he said, gently; 'when Monsieur Axton comes you will see that I speak truly.'

'Till that time comes,' replied Octavius, putting on his coat, 'we need not meet.'

'As monsieur pleases.'

'Good-bye, Monsieur Guinaud.'

'Au revoir, monsieur.'

'I said good-bye.'

'Eh! yes! I replied 'Au revoir,' monsieur.'

Octavius turned on his heel without another word, and left the room. In the passage he met Mrs. Binter, hovering round in the hope of supper being ordered. She at once took Fanks in charge, and conducting him to the door, released him from prison with manifest reluctance.

Meanwhile M. Judas, left alone, was leaning against the mantel-piece with a smile on his evil face.

'Eh! Monsieur Axton,' he said to himself, in a whisper, 'you gave me the insult. To-night I have paid the debt—in part!

Wait, Monsieur Axton; wait, Mees Var-rins: I hold you both. It is I, Jules Guinaud, that can strike—when I wish.'

EXTRACTS FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE BOOK.

'I don't believe second thoughts are best. I always go by first impressions.... My first impression of Judas—I give him his nickname—are bad.... He's a slimy scoundrel, very difficult to deal with.... In our interview of to-night I had to tell him more than I cared he should know.... But it was my only chance of finding out anything.... What I did find out looks very bad for Roger Axton.... He was at Ironfields, in spite of his denial.... He stayed at Binter's boarding house, and knew Melstane intimately.... I learn from Judas that they quarrelled bitterly.... This is very bad.... Roger left Ironfields in a rage against Melstane. When next seen he is down at Jarcesterre in the same house as Melstane.... He has a grudge against Melstane, and while he is under the same roof Melstane dies.... God forgive me if I should be suspecting my old school-fellow wrongfully, but things look very suspicious against him.... Another thing I learned from Judas viz., that Miss Varlins corresponded with Roger at Jarcesterre.'

Query. Can she know anything about the death? 'I have written to Axton, asking him to come down here and see me.... If he refuses, I'm afraid my suspicions will be confirmed.... I wish I could disbelieve Judas.... He looks a secretive scoundrel.... and yet his story against Roger is confirmed by my own experience.... I think—no, I dare not think.... I will wait to hear the other side of the story from Axton....'

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNWILLING BRIDE.

Francis Marson was one of the most prominent men in Ironfields, owing to his immense wealth, his clear head and his personal attributes. His father, a keen man of business, had been born and bred in the little village from which Ironfields had sprung, and when the discovery of iron in the vicinity had laid the foundations of the present world-renowned town, Francis Marson the elder had been one of the first to profit by the discovery. He watched his opportunity, bought land (with borrowed money) on which he believed rich veins of iron ore might be found, and when they were found, built a foundry, turned over the money, paid back what he had borrowed, and was soon on the high road to fortune. When firmly established he sent his son to college, and then took him into the business, which henceforward was known as that of Marson & Son. In the fulness of time he was gathered to his fathers, and Francis Marson the younger stepped into the enjoyment of unlimited wealth.

The younger Marson (now iron-gray, severe and stately) married the only daughter of Sir Miles Canton, of Canton Hall, and on the death of the old baronet that property came into the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Marson, who henceforth took up their residence in the old Tudor mansion.

Fortune having been thus kind to Francis Marson, thought it well to remind him that complete happiness was not the lot of any mortal, so robbed him of his wife, who died some years after giving birth to Florence Marson. On her death-bed, the young mother confided the child to her husband, and implored him to bring her up with Judith Varlins, the daughter of a distant relation. Judith, who was at that time twelve years of age and grave beyond her years, took this so to herself that little Florry was confided to her care, and henceforth devoted her life to the guardianship of the six-year-old child. Francis Marson, broken down by grief, went away on his travels, and the two children grew up together, went to school together, and when their school days were over returned to Canton Hall in company with its master.

Now Florry Marson was a charming, golden-haired fairy of twenty years of age, while Judith was a stately brunette some six years older. Blonde and brunette, day and night, dark and fair, they were both equally charming in their own way, but as different in disposition as in appearance. Judith was mistress of the Hall, looked after the servants, received the company, and in fact acted as the elder sister, while Florry, bright-eyed and frivolous, did nothing but amuse herself. Francis Marson was fond of both the girls, but simply worshipped Florry, who lighted up the whole house like a sunbeam. Both Judith and the father combined to spoil her, and up to the age of twenty the life of Florry had been nothing but pleasure, gayety and sunshine.

Then came the episode of Sebastian Melstane, who had met Florry in London, and she reckless in all things, had given away

her frivolous little heart to this handsome, dark-haired artist. On making inquiries, Mr. Marson had found out sufficient about Mr. Melstane's past life to make him resolve his darling should never marry such a scamp, and he forbade Florry to think of him. Upon which Miss Florry, with her silly little head stuffed full of poetry and romance, regarded Melstane as a persecuted hero, and on his coming to Ironfields met him by stealth, wrote him letters, exchanged presents, and in fact did everything a foolish girl would do when flattered and loved by a romantic scamp. Roger Axton, knowing Melstane's bad character, had put an end to these stolen meetings by telling Judith and Florry was carried off to Ventnor. While there she still sighed after her lover, and when she returned to Ironfields saw him with difficulty, as Judith was too vigilant to let her remain long out of her sight. Then Melstane went to Jarcesterre, and Florry said to Judith with many tears and sighs that she would be true to him, although she had now been engaged for some time to Mr. Jackson Spolger, the son of a man who had made his money out of a patent medicine.

Francis Marson had set his heart on this match, and although Florry violently protested against it, insisted that she should become engaged to Mr. Spolger, as he was anxious to place her beyond the power of Sebastian Melstane, and moreover, Jackson Spolger was too wealthy a suitor to be rejected lightly.

Some days after Fanks' visit to M. Judas at the end of November, Judith and Florry were both in the drawing room of the Hall having afternoon tea.

It was a large, handsome apartment, furnished with great artistic taste, principally due to Miss Varlins, who had a wonderful eye for color and effect. A curiously carved oaken ceiling, walls draped with dark red velvet which fell in heavy folds to the velvet pile carpet of the same color, plenty of somber pictures in oil in tarnished gilt frames, many small tables covered with knickknacks (selected by frivolous Florry), numbers of comfortable lounging chairs, inviting repose, and a handsome grand piano littered with loose music (Florry again)—it was truly a delightful room. Then there were cabinets of rare china, monstrous jars of quaint design and bizarre colors, and flowers, flowers everywhere. Both ladies had a perfect passion for flowers, and even in this bleak month of November the most exquisite exotics were to be seen throughout the room in profusion, filling the air with their heavy odors.

Four windows at the other end of the room looked out on to the garden, but were now closed, for it was a cold afternoon, and the driving rain beat against the glass and on the leafless trees outside. A blazing fire in the old-fashioned fire-place with its quaint Dutch tiles, a low table drawn near the hearth, on which stood the tea service, and Miss Varlins in a chair knitting quietly, while Florry fitted about the room like a restless fairy in the waning light.

A handsome woman, Judith Varlins, with a proud, dark face, and a somewhat stern expression, which always relaxed to tenderness when it rested on the diminutive form of Florry. And that young lady was very tiny, more like a piece of Dresden china than anything else, with her delicate complexion, her piquant face, glittering golden hair, and dainty figure. Clothed in white—Miss Marson always affected white—in some lacy material, soft and delicate like a cobweb, she formed a strong contrast to the somber beauty of Judith in her plain, black silk dress.

And the little figure went flitting here and there, now at the window, looking out into the chill twilight, then bending over some great bunch of flowers inhaling the perfume, at the piano striking a few random chords, hovering round the tea table, flashing into the red fire-light, melting into the cold shadows, like to some will-o'-the-wisp, some phantom, some restless shadow rather than anything of this earth.

'Florry, my pet,' said Judith, at length, pausing in her knitting, 'you will tire yourself running about so much.'

Whereupon the fairy floated airily toward the fire, and settled lightly down, like thistledown, on a footstool, where she sat clasping her knees with her arms with a cross expression of countenance, a very discontented fairy indeed.

'For really,' she said, at length, pursuing a train of thought that was in her shallow mind, 'to be called Spolger—Mrs. Jackson Spolger. It's horrid! so is he. The monster!'

'Florry, Florry! don't talk like that about your future husband,' remonstrated Judith; 'it's not nice, my dearest.'

'Neither is he,' retorted Miss Marson, pressing her chin on her knees and staring into the fire; 'he's so lean, like a skeleton, and so crabbed—oh, so crabbed!'

'But he loves you, dear.'

'Yes, like a dog loves a bone. I know he's one of those men who hit their wives over the head with a poker; he looks like a poker man. I wish he was Sebastian, and Sebastian was he.'

'Don't talk about Sebastian, my dear Florence,' said Miss Varlins, severely—that is, as severely as she could be to Florry; 'your father would never have agreed to your marrying such a scamp!'

'He's no worse than other people,' muttered Florry, rebelliously.

'I don't know about other people,' replied Judith coldly; 'but I'm certain Sebastian Melstane would have made you a bad husband. However, he's gone now, and you'll never see him again.'

'Never!'

'No, never! Mr. Melstane has passed out of your life entirely,' said Judith, looking steadily at Florry, who appeared to be rather scared.

'What horrid things you say, Judith, you horrid thing,' she whimpered at length. 'I don't know why Sebastian went away, and I don't know why he hasn't written to me. I thought he loved me, but if he had, he would have written. But he'll come back and explain everything.'

'I'm certain he won't!' answered Judith, sternly.

'Why are you certain?'

'I have my reasons,' said Judith, quietly.

It might have been the twilight or the dancing shadows of the fire, but as she spoke her face seemed to grow old and haggard for the moment, even to Miss Marson's unobservant eyes. Florry with her own blue eyes wide open, a terrified expression on her face, and a tremulous under-lip, suddenly burst into tears, and rising from her footstool, flung herself on her knees at the feet of her cousin, sobbing violently.

'Come, come!' said Miss Varlins, smoothing the golden head as it lay in her lap. 'I did not mean to speak severely; but really, Florry, I was very sorry that Mr. Melstane loved you.'

'I—I can't help it if he did,' sobbed Florry, passionately; it's not my fault if people will love me. There's Mr. Spolger—he's always making love, and that horrid, red-haired Frenchman; every time I go out he never takes his eyes off my face.'

'What! that man at Wosk's?' cried Judith, with great indignation. 'Surely he has not such impertinence!'

'No, he hasn't,' replied Florry, sitting up and drying up her eyes; but he will look at me in such a way. I'm sure he's in love with me—the horrid thing.'

'He was a friend of Mr. Melstane, I believe,' said Judith angrily, 'and you, no doubt, saw him during those foolish meetings with that man.'

'No, I didn't,' answered Florry, going back to her footstool; 'I never saw him at all. And our meetings weren't foolish. I love Sebastian very much, only papa will make me marry this horrid Spolger thing.'

'How many times did you see Mr. Melstane?'

'Five or six times here and once in London.'

'Florry!'

'Well!' said Miss Marson, pettishly, 'you asked me? I saw him in London that day I went to see Aunt Spencer, when we stopped in London on her way to Ventnor.'

'Why didn't Aunt Spencer tell me of it then?'

'She didn't know,' answered Florry, penitently. 'I met Sebastian on the way, and we were together for two hours. Then I went on to Aunt Spencer and told her nothing.'

'And told me nothing also,' said Judith, severely. 'Upon my word, Florry, I did not think you were so deceitful! You met Mr. Melstane in London, and this is the first I hear about it.'

'Well, you were so horrid, Judith,' pouted Florry, playing with her handkerchief; and Sebastian told me to say nothing.'

'He's a bad man?'

'No, he's not,' retorted Miss Marson, angrily; 'he's a very nice man, and I love him very, very much, in spite of Mr. Spolger—there!'

Judith was about to make some angry reply, feeling thoroughly disgusted at Florry's duplicity, when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Marson entered the room.

A tall, severe-looking man, this Francis Marson, with a worn, worried expression on his face. He sighed wearily as he sat down near the fire.

'Oh, what a sigh—what a big sigh!' cried Florry, recovering her spirits and posing herself on the old man's knee.

'What is the matter, papa?'

'Nothing, child, nothing,' replied Marson, hastily smoothing the golden hair of his darling. 'Business worries, my dear; what I spoke about the other day.'

'Oh!'

Florry drew down the corners of her mouth as if she were going to cry; then, suddenly changing her mind, she threw her arms round her father's neck, and placed her soft face against his withered cheek.

'Don't talk about business, papa,' she said, coaxingly; 'I hate it; it's so disagreeable.'

'So it is for a frivolous young person, like you, dear,' said Mr. Marson cheerfully;

'but it's very necessary all the same. What would become of your thousand and one wants but for this same business you so disapprove of?'

'Oh, I wish I had a fairy purse,' cried Florry, clapping her hands, 'with a gold piece in it every time I opened it. It would save such a lot of trouble.'

'A fairy world,' said Mr. Marson, looking at her fondly; 'that is what you would like. And you the lovely princess whom the handsome prince comes to awaken.'

'Well, Florry has a prince,' said Judith, quietly; the Prince of the Gold Mines!'

She had not been paying much attention to the conversation between father and daughter, as she was evidently thinking deeply, and her thoughts, judging from the severe expression of her countenance, were not particularly pleasant. The last words of Mr. Marson, however, enchaind her attention, and she made the remark about the prince on purpose to see if the old man knew how disagreeable the Spolger alliance was to his child.

'A prince!' echoed Florry, tossing her head. 'And what a prince! He's more like an ogre.'

'A very devoted ogre, at all events,' said Judith significantly.

'Spolger's a good fellow,' observed Marson, hurriedly; 'a little rough, perhaps, but his heart is in the right place. Beauty is only skin-deep.'

'I suppose you mean—' began Florry, when her father interrupted her quickly.

'Florry,' he said, angrily, 'I forbid you to mention that man's name. I would sooner see you in your grave than married to Sebastian Melstane.'

'There's no chance of that occurring now,' interjected Judith, with somber earnestness.

The fairy looked from one to the other with a scared expression of countenance, and seeing how severe they both looked, subsided into a white heap on the hearth rug, and burst into tears.

'How horrid you are, papa,' she cried, dimly; 'and so is Judith. I'm sure Mr. Melstane's very nice. He's so handsome, and talks so beautifully about poetry. He's like Conrad, and Mr. Spolger isn't, and I wish I was dead with a tombstone and a broken heart,' concluded Miss Marson tearfully.

Judith looked at Mr. Marson, and he looked at Judith. They both felt quite helpless in dealing with this piece of frivolity, whose very weakness constituted her strength. At last Mr. Marson, bending down, smoothed Florry's head fondly, and spoke soothingly to her.

'My dear child,' he said quietly, 'you know that all I desire is your happiness; and, believe me, you will thank me in after life for what I am now doing. Sebastian Melstane is a scamp and a spendthrift. If you married him, he would neglect you and make you miserable. Jackson Spolger will make you a good husband, and protect a delicate flower like you from the bleak winds of adversity.'

'But he's so ugly,' sobbed Florry childishly; 'just like what's-his-name in Notre Dame.'

'If you have such an aversion to marry him, Florry, then don't do it,' said Judith, quietly. 'I'm sure your father would not force you into a marriage against your will.'

'By no means,' said Marson, hastily. 'I placed the case before you the other day, Florry, and I place it now. As you know, I have had great losses lately, and unless I can obtain a large sum of ready money I will be irretrievably ruined. Jackson Spolger has promised to put money into the business if you become his wife. I told you this, and you consented, so it is childish of you to go on like this. If you dislike Spolger so much, I will not force you to marry him; but I warn you that your refusal means ruin.'

'You won't let me marry Sebastian Melstane,' said Florry, obstinately.

'No, I won't,' retorted her father, angrily. 'You need not marry Mr. Spolger unless you like, but you certainly shall not marry Sebastian Melstane with my consent; I would rather see you in your grave.'

'Then I suppose I must marry Mr. Spolger,' said Florry, dolefully drying her eyes.

'That is as you please,' replied Marson, rising to his feet and walking to and fro. 'I don't want to sell my child for money. I simply place the case before you, and you are free to refuse or accept as you please. Yes means prosperity, no means ruin, and the choice is entirely in your hands.'

Florry said nothing, but sat on the hearth rug twisting her handkerchief and staring at the fire.

'I would like to say one word, Florry,' said Judith, bending forward. 'If you did not intend to marry Mr. Spolger, you should have said so at first; now the wedding day is fixed for next week, your dresses are ready, the guests are invited, so it would be rather hard on the poor man to dash the cup of happiness from his lips just as he is tasting it.'

'Nevertheless,' said Marson, stopping in

his walk, "late as it is, Florry, if you think that you cannot make Jackson Spolger a good wife, I will break off the match without delay."

"But that means ruin," cried Florry, tearfully.

"Yes!" said Marson, curtly "ruin."

Florry sat thinking as deeply as her shallow little brain would allow her. She saw plainly that if she refused to marry Mr. Spolger, she would never gain her father's consent to her marriage with Melstane, and as a refusal meant ruin without any chance of obtaining the wish of her heart, she did not see what was to be gained by being perverse. Shallow, frivolous, selfish as she was, she saw all this quite plainly, and, moreover, being too timid to brook her father's displeasure, she made up her mind to yield. Rising to her feet, she stole toward her father, as he stood in gloomy silence, looking out on the wintry lawn, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Papa," she whispered, "I will marry Mr. Spolger."

"Of your own free will?" he asked, a trifle sternly.

"Of my own free will," she repeated, "I am sorry for Sebastian, for I do love him; but I don't want to vex you, dearest, so I'll be awfully nice to Mr. Spolger and marry him next week."

"My dearest," said Marson, in a tone of great relief, "you don't know how happy you have made me."

"Florry," cried Judith, rolling up her work.

"Yes, Judith," said Florry, leaving her father and coming to her cousin.

"You are quite sure you mean what you say?" asked Miss Varlins, looking at her steadily.

"Quite sure."

"No more tears or crying after Sebastian?"

"Don't talk of Sebastian," said Florry, angrily. "I'll marry Mr. Spolger, and I dare say he'll make me happy."

Judith said no more, but resumed her work with a sigh; but Mr. Marson, coming toward the fire, was about to speak, when the door opened and a footman announced: "Mr. Jackson Spolger."

(To be Continued.)

Drunkness in Turkey.

Drunkness is almost as common among the Turks as it is with us, but they have apparently got over thinking it a sin and a disgrace, and it is both openly indulged in and openly talked of. Few of the upper classes abstain and many make it a rule to go to bed drunk every night. As far as possible a Turk does everything in the reverse way to a European and in getting drunk he makes no exception. We sit over our wine after dinner; the Turk before. This has its advantages; one being that you are sooner drunk on an empty stomach, and it therefore saves drink; besides, the arrival of dinner stops the debauch. With our poor old fashioned stomachs drinking before dinner would take away our appetite, but with the Turk it has the opposite effect, and the more he drinks the more hungry he gets. If, after eating, the fumes of the precious drink are ousting out of his head, he takes a fresh bumper, and then in nine cases out of ten tumbles back where he sits, falls fast asleep and is then wrapped up by his servants and left all night to sleep himself sober. We found drunkness everywhere in Asia Minor. The swell Turks delight in making up parties to the kiosks in the neighboring vineyards, taking their womenkind with them. Several families will join in these outings. All get drunk, men and women, for days together. My brother asked a Turk how it was when both pigs' flesh and wine were forbidden to good Mussulmans they abstained from the one and indulged in the other. The answer was, "Pig is filthy, and wine (with a sigh) is so nice."—A Ride through Asia Minor and Armenia, by Henry C. Barkley.

Decline of the Paper Collar.

I don't suppose there is one paper collar sold in St. Louis where there used to be a hundred. The celluloid collar makes a little headway, but the paper collar has fewer friends every month. They flourished 20 years ago, and the receipts from paper collars then were higher than for any article in the store, for men wore new collars daily, and their very cheapness engendered extravagance in their use. Hours could be spent describing the evolution of the paper collar. The first experiments were with a view to increasing the already substantial popularity of the article, but of late years the attempt has been made to check the rapid dying out of the fashion of wearing the collar which never wants washing.

For a long time a linen face has been put on and the paper feature kept in the background. But even this additional expense in the cost of manufacture without a corresponding increase in the selling price has failed to stem the tide, and now the demand is quite small. In the early seventies, when paper collars were ordered as many as 1,000,000 at a time, fortunes were made by manufacturers, but there cannot be very much money in the business now.—St. Louis Glote-Democrat

LABOR AND WAGES.

Gleanings From the Industrial Field of the World

AMERICAN.

The Retail Grocers' Union of New York decided to petition for an ordinance providing for the sale of vegetables by weight only.

J. W. Hayes and A. W. Wright of the General Executive, K. of L., have decided that, seeing the present N. D., 226, railroad men consists of only nine local assemblies, while ten are the minimum required for the organization of a N. D., no charter could yet be issued.

The Spencer iron works of Scranton, Pa., which has been idle by reason of a strike, resumed work this week with scabs.

The Executive Board of the K. of L. met this week at Albany to consider the matter of instituting a campaign this fall against the political candidates who have shown themselves hostile to the demands of organized labor.

Master Workman General Powderly declined the appointment of Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania for the World's Fair.

Thomas Riordan and James Connors, of the United Brewers' Association, who were sent to the penitentiary for boycotting Tracy and Russel, were released from Blackwell's Island last week, and on Saturday evening their fellow-workmen gave them a reception at Wilson's Cafe, 308 Fulton street, Brooklyn, in which General Secretary Hayes and A. W. Wright, of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, participated.

The bell boys at Normandie-by-the-Sea, N. J., are on strike.

The Glass Blowers' Convention at St. Louis decided to withdraw from the K. of L.

The Tenement House Cigarmakers of New York decided to postpone all action in the matter of the pending strike until the popular vote was announced upon the 634 suspended members of house workers.

EUROPEAN.

About 200 delegates attended the congress of the Masons' Unions of Austria on June 20 and 30. They demand the eight hour day and severely snubbed the anti-Semites.

A printer named Huenig, member of the National Typographical Union of Germany, was recently fined 75 cents by a magistrate in Dresden because he did not permit his little son to attend services at school in honor to the King of Saxony on that person's birthday. When Mr. Huenig remonstrated he was sent to prison for one day and his fine was increased to \$2.25.

At Rhemscheidt, Germany, a contractor advertises for fat male and female servants.

The cigarmakers at Culmborg, Holland, have struck for a raise of wages. They receive only seven florins a week.

At Brannschweig another contractor announces he has at his disposal whole blocks of families.

The workingmen's party of Belgium held a convention lately at Verviers: There were 160 delegates, representing 123 groups.

The Socialist Congress of Italy met at Padua on the 1st inst. A large number of labor organizations were represented.

The committee who govern five of the London docks admit that there were 900 accidents to workmen during 1890.

The Marseilles, France, carpenters have struck for 70 centimes an hour.

The Angero, France, shoemakers, 2,000 in number, have struck for shorter hours.

A steam tram was stopped and seized by some railway strikers in Paris on Sunday. It was afterwards recaptured by gendarmes, who arrested several persons and succeeded in restoring order. Military guards have been placed at all the level railway crossings.

The Railway Men's Union has decided to resume work, and a later advice says the strike has collapsed, most of the men having resumed work, though some stations and workshops are still guarded by troops.

CANADIAN.

The journeymen plumbers, gasfitters and steamfitters of London, Ont., are on strike. They want shorter hours and higher wages. The bosses are endeavoring to secure men from a distance.

The dire effects of the closing down of the St. John saw mills, owing to the proprietors demanding ten hours as a day's work are already beginning to be felt. Already three small grocers have failed and others are reported in trouble.

W. Hamilton, a miner, who was ejected from a C. P. R. express while it was in motion near Banff about a year ago and sustained bodily injuries, got a verdict of \$1,400 from a Calgary jury on Saturday.

The Labor Day celebration at Halifax, N. S., on Wednesday was a big success. The procession included nearly 4,000 men of the various labor organizations, besides many societies formed of workmen in some of the establishments. Most of the industries of the city are manned by employees belonging to the labor organizations. The picnic in the afternoon was attended by 2,500 people.

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All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, July 25, 1891.

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

THE ALLAN CASE.

The dismissal of Mr. Allan from the Corporation employ without any reason being given therefor led the Central Trades and Labor Council to appoint a delegation to interview the Mayor on the subject, the outcome of which interview we gave last week. The deputation subsequently waited upon the Water Committee who decided upon reinstating Allan. The Mayor, however, is determined that justice shall not be done in this case, and has come down with both feet upon the Water Committee for daring to go contrary to his wishes, and has vetoed the man's reinstatement. In support of the position assumed by the Mayor, he has caused to be published a letter bearing the official seal of District Assembly No. 19 K. of L., which runs as follows:

Noble Order Knights of Labor, District No. 19.

MONTREAL, July 20, 1891.

Hon. James McShane, Mayor of Montreal:

It is always with regret that we see in the newspapers that certain persons bring in the Order of the Knights of Labor into the interviews which they have with our public men in the name of other organizations, for the purpose of giving more weight to their requests, and I venture to believe that these persons do not act in bad faith, but this does not prevent the Order from suffering the consequences of their mistakes, and this is what has occurred in connection with the interview you had with the deputation from the Central Council. The Order of Knights was drawn into the matter by the statement that Mr. St. George had dismissed an employe because he belonged to the Knights. This was never brought under the notice of the Order, and in the event of any complaint ever being made to them in this connection all possible information would be sought, and the complaint would be made to the proper authorities by a delegation regularly authorized to do so by the District Assemblies Nos. 18 and 19, which are the highest authorities of the Order in Montreal, and by no means by a single person devoid of proof or authorization, such as that proffered by Mr. Keys in his interview with you. The way you acted on that occasion (in so much as the Order is concerned) is generally approved of by the labor organizations, who have always seen in you, hon. sir, the true friend of the people, and we venture to believe you will continue such.

I am, Mr. Mayor, with profound respect,
your humble servant,

(Signed)

A. BLONDIN,

Secy. District Assembly No. 18 K. of L. P.S.—The above has received the approval of the Executive Committee of District Nos. 18 and 19, with leave to publish it if you see fit.

A. B.

In contradiction to what is stated in the postscript we have been desired by two of three members of the Executive to say that the matter has never even been submitted to that body, and so far as they were concerned the first inti-

mation of a letter having been sent to the Mayor was seeing it published in the daily papers. The parties calling upon us were very vigorous in their denunciation of the communication, which they characterized as wholly uncalled for and only playing into the hands of opponents of the labor cause. They also expressed their intention of having the whole matter ventilated at the first meeting of the Executive or of the Assembly.

The Mayor has sent the following reply to Mr. Blondin, from which it will be seen that he takes it for granted that the letter from the Secretary was directly authorized by Districts 18 and 19:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to acknowledge receipt of your very kind letter of the 20th inst., on behalf of District Assemblies 18 and 19 K. of L. concerning the interview which took place between Mr. St. George, Mr. Keys and myself, and in the course of which letter you endorsed my action on that occasion. The circumstances which led up to the interview in question being well known to you, it is unnecessary for me to enter into detail. You correctly assert that I have always been the true and trusted friend of the people, and despite the attempt of certain parties to create strained relations between myself, as Chief Magistrate of the City of Montreal, and the people, whom it is my dearest wish to serve, I can only repeat my former assertions that I will ever continue in the same path. When, with the advice of the committee, I dismissed Mr. Allan, I could not consider, nor did I enquire, whether or not he belonged to the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. But, after weighing carefully all the circumstances of his case, I felt that in the interests of the citizens it was my painful duty to dismiss him. In conclusion, I desire to tender you and the other members of your noble order my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your kind words of encouragement, sympathy and support. They will most certainly help me in the not very easy duties which the mayoralty office of a city like Montreal calls for. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

JAS. MCSHANE, Mayor.

As the Mayor has not condescended to give his reasons for the dismissal of Allan, further than that it was in the interests of the city, we are not in a position to say how far he is justified in the course he is pursuing, but we hope the Water Committee will not allow itself to be bulldozed into accepting everything advanced by even the Mayor without proper enquiry, and that they will adhere to their expressed determination to see that Allan is justly dealt with.

In connection with the publication of Mr. Blondin's letter, the following appears in the evening dailies:

SIR,—In your issue of the 21st inst. I notice a communication from the Secretary of D. A. 19, K. of L., repudiating the deputation to the Mayor on the subject of Allan's dismissal from the Corporation employ, which I fail to see the necessity for, as the deputation never posed as representing the Knights of Labor, although they did represent the Knights of Labor and labor unions combined—the Central Trades and Labor Council, whose authorization they undoubtedly had, the representatives from District 19 being present at the meeting at which it was given. I do not wish to refer to the communication itself further than to say that I will leave it with your K. of L. readers to judge whether its publication was not uncalled for under the circumstances.

Yours truly,

L. Z. BOUDREAU,

President C. T. and L. C.

Montreal, July 22,

SPAIN AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

The workers of Spain, who up to the present time have been living in misery under the iron heel of capital, have the prospect of a better future just opened up to them, which may be noted as one of the results following from the labor conference held in Berlin last year. The Ministry have submitted a plan which from the position now occupied by the industrial classes of Spain may be said to be a great advance stride. The plan embraces the regulation of labor on Sundays and holidays, restriction of the work of women and children, supervision of factories and unsanitary dwellings, the creation of workmen's insurance societies and savings banks

and the securing of some provision for the widows and orphans of workmen. The Cortes, through a Commission, have reported favorably on the plan, but the proposed reforms have not yet taken definite shape in any bill before that body. However, something has been done by the Government, which has introduced a bill to regulate the hours of labor of women and children. This bill absolutely prohibits Sunday work, except in cases of urgent necessity; provides that a day's work for women between 16 and 23 is not to exceed ten hours in the twenty-four; prohibits the employment of women in mines, in underground work, in un-sanitary work, or when approaching confinement; forbids children under ten years being employed in any kind of working establishment, factory, mine, workshop, shop or office, and provides that the working day for boys under 14 and girls under 16 years of age shall not exceed six hours. Should the provisions of this bill become law it will release from absolute slavery a large army of children whose lives have hitherto been blighted and their days shortened by early years of toil. It is safe to predict that the example of Spain will be followed by other nations where the conditions of labor are simply barbarous.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The reception tendered the Hon. Mr. Mercer on Thursday night by the citizens of Montreal was a magnificent one indeed. Thousands upon thousands of our citizens, from whatever motive they were drawn, assembled on the Champ de Mars, joined in the procession, or lined the streets and cheered as the carriage containing the Hon. gentleman passed. From the numbers present and the enthusiasm displayed by all classes it is doubtful if anything equal to it has ever been witnessed in this city. The friends of the Premier worked hard to make the reception a success and it must be admitted that they succeeded, and Mr. Mercer may well feel flattered at the result.

Fresh disclosures of irregularities continue daily to be made before the Public Accounts Committee, which, together with the evidence submitted in the Tarte-McGreevy inquiry has distracted public attention from everything else. The revelations so far made reflect the greatest discredit upon all connected with the scandals and shows that gross carelessness, if not actual connivance at roguery, can be attributed to the heads of departments involved. But notwithstanding the humiliation which all true Canadians must feel over these exposures of wrong-doing by those in high places and in positions of trust, it is better that all uncleanness should be brought to the surface than that these scandalous proceedings should go on. We only hope that Parliament will have the courage to use the broom vigorously and impartially by sweeping out everyone implicated. The public will not rest satisfied with the dismissal of a few clerks—great and small alike should go.

"Nonpariel" promises more revelations in re the interior work of the Witness composing room next week. He says: "The medicine is working." All printers should buy and read.

Mr. Andrew (Millionaire) Carnegie has been enlightening the British public on the difference of treatment accorded old and disabled soldiers of the glorious Republic to that meted out to the veterans of Great Britain in a communication to the widow of an American soldier resident in Edinburgh to whom he had secured a pension for her husband's services. Some people will say that the implied reproach to the Mother Country is undeserved seeing that she gave \$100,000 and a peerage to Sir B. Seymour for the pleasantly exciting and perfectly safe work of demolishing the forts of Alexandria.

A railway engine-driver recently gave evidence before the Royal Labor Commission now sitting in England. This delightful specimen of an English workingman stated that during four months of the year he worked seven days a week or ninety-eight hours! and further added that he was quite satisfied with his hours and did not wish them altered. There is no accounting for tastes, and the Pope, in his recent Encyclical, has by anticipation told us what is wrong with such a man. He is one who has, despite the law of nature and of God, "given up his soul to servitude," and is endeavoring to defeat the end and purpose of his being, which is beyond his right.

But the engine-driver does not stand alone. A workingman engaged in the cotton industry at Oldham expressed himself as opposed to any limitation of age in the case of children employed in factories. "It would never do," he said, "to have the children at school until they were fourteen years of age," and gave as his reason that children could not become proficient after fourteen. "Even twelve," said this free and independent specimen of the British workingman, "is too late an age, and he would prefer to see them enter the works at ten, as a child starting at twelve or fourteen could never become an expert." This same witness admitted that he had seen children of ten years of age tramping through snow for nine weeks last winter to their work at six o'clock in the morning. And this is evidence given by men who are themselves workmen but whose notions of what is just and humane have been blunted by their daily experience of outrageous cruelty practiced on defenceless children and they see nothing remarkable about these sickening details. And, in spite of all the grinding tyranny that exists in her factories, Great Britain is proud of her legislation in regard to them, and her only fear is that she may be undersold in the market by competitors less careful than she is of infant life.

The Duke of Fife (elderly son-in-law to the Prince of Wales) should lay in a store of paragoric if he has any faith in astrology, for the "Astrological Magazine" contains a horoscope of his infant daughter of a very alarming character. The writer says: "I should not be surprised to find that during the dentitional period stomachic troubles will manifest themselves." Ah, yes, a man's natural rest is pretty much broken just about that time and his patience sorely tried, but fathers of families do not usually want Saturn and Jupiter and Gemini and all the rest of the heavenly host to tell them that much.

The good folks of Aberdeen, Scotland, will not tolerate the music of military bands on Sunday, representations having been made to the War Office that such entertainments were opposed to the feelings of the citizens and instructions have been sent to the commanding officer there to discontinue the practice of band playing on Sunday.

The Gladstonian party have secured another victory, namely, in the North Division of Cambridgeshire, for a successor in Parliament to the late C. W. Selwyn. Mr. Brand (Liberal) has been elected over his Conservative opponent by a majority of 260.

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ADVERTISEMENT.THE BIGGEST SHOW
ON EARTH

Was P. T. Barnum's way of putting it. It is not ours. Ours is not the biggest show on earth, but our Dress Goods Department at this season certainly presents the finest and most select display in the city. Don't allow the phantom of "largeness" to mislead you, ladies! A giant is large, but he is often the weakest of mortals. There is no vitality in him. So it is in business. There is an overgrowth in certain establishments which is not healthy. The size of a concern is no guarantee that it will return you the best value for your money. Remember that fact! Also, bear in mind, ladies, that our adoption of the cash system prevents us at all times from being forestalled in the markets of the world. Our prices cannot be beat, no matter by whom. We pay "spot" cash for our goods, and we buy direct from the manufacturers, therefore when we cut down prices, and offer such inducements as at present, you stand in your own light if you do not take advantage of our "wind-falls."

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Just received a large consignment of New "Polka" Spot Prints, all sizes. Navy with White Spots.

Fast Colored English Prints, only 7c per yard, during July Sale.

Printed French Satens, from 10c, during Cheap Sale.

Fast Colored Flanellettes, from 6c

New Scotch Gingham, only 15c per yard.

WHITE LAWNS—SPECIAL SALE.

LOT NO. 1.

White Victoria Lawns, 12 yards to the piece, \$1.08 per piece.

LOT NO. 2.

White Victoria Lawns, 12 yards to the piece, \$1.35 per piece.

LOT NO. 3.

White Victoria Lawns, 12 yards to the piece, \$1.75 per piece.

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TEA! TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

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

Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,
2188 NOTRE DAME ST. NEAR MOUNTAIN.

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE PULPIT.

The remarkable increase of economic and sociological articles in the magazines within the past five years has been cited as one of the evidences of progress toward a solution of the industrial problem. Not a less hopeful sign is the very perceptible growth of radicalism in the pulpit during the same period. When a new pastor is sought for a Chicago church nowadays, one of his essential qualifications would seem to be the ability to expound intelligently the principles of political economy. If he have not the courage of his convictions on what appears to so many a hopelessly intricate subject, a really popular and influential clergyman must now at least show his sympathy with the aspirations of those who are accounted social reformers. The extent to which this new life has diffused itself among Chicago churches was particularly noticeable in the newspaper reports of a recent Sunday's sermons. Let me give Standard readers an idea of the character of some of these discourses:

Rev. David Beaton, recently called to the pastorate of the Lincoln Park Congregational Church, from a professorship in a Redfield, Dakota, theological college, preached on the subject, "Capital and Labor." Said he: "It is unnecessary at the present day for any apology for treating such subjects in the Christian pulpit. The only apology needed is for having neglected them so long." He then went on to point out how even Emperor William, the Pope of Rome and the English Parliament had each been forced to take cognizance of, and use their official power in behalf of the labor problem. He had been amused, he said, to hear Americans, in a spirit of Pharisaism, speak of the bloated aristocracy of Europe, and of what villains those old barons are. Such remarks were usually made to cover defects in our own country. American barons were using their political power as fully and cruelly as the old country species for their industrial and social advantage.

In the nature of the case, there was no real conflict between capital and labor. Karl Marx's theory that capital, as such, robbed labor, was nonsense; but the fact that the marvelously increased productive power of machinery had not lessened the hours of labor, or emancipated the laborer, must make it plain that something was wrong. Dr. Beaton declared his faith in the adequacy of natural law, which is God's law, as a remedy. Capitalists should begin to realize that the laborer is a man, and not a machine. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, late of Hartford, Conn., was on the same day introduced as the new rector of St. James' Church, the leading Episcopal congregation in Chicago. Dr. Tomkins is said to be an avowed Single Tax man. In speaking of reforms and reformers of to-day, he said in his initiatory sermon:

"We need not be superior students of life, or of our own hearts, to know that it is the voice of God now, as of old, that calls men to the front and marks them as leaders. Are these God-beckoned leaders to fall back before the scoffs of the world? Is the devotion of the apostles and the martyrs, of St. John and St. Paul, of Luther and Wesley, and Chase, no more to be seen, and are the men who lift the old banner and fight for right and truth to be laughed to retirement. I cannot believe it, for there is strength in the Lord, and the Lord is here. It is no chance visit that he makes from some distant scene of glory to this travelling earth to see how the life is advancing. It is not at the last day only that God is to come and judge. He lives among us and inspires us to do what is good and true. The inspiration of true religion is not force; it is loyalty to a leader, that is all."

Rev. H. A. Delano, of the First Baptist Church, Evanston (suburb of

Chicago), told his hearers that the church had always concerned itself too much about the life to come. There had been an almost total misapprehension of the kingdom of Christ—certainly of his teaching. One-half of the church had been living in a tremendous endeavor to gain emolument, wealth, State patronage and intellect for Christ. Another had tried to win him scepters, crowns, temples and art. Christ's own idea was one of simple faith and trust in the fatherhood of God.

The foregoing extracts from three sermons, and which are samples of the spirit and tendency of a large and increasing number of pulpit deliverances hereabouts, evidence an unmistakable growth of good works in the Church. This will be especially plain to those who can recall the stolid indifference, if not arrogance, of the average preacher of three or four years ago. The world so moves that even ecclesiasticism must move with it.

ENGLAND AND THE JEWS.

The Americans fear that the influence of foreign immigration into this country will have their terrors quickened by reading S. H. Jeyes' "Foreign Pauper Immigration," in the July issue of the Fortnightly Review. Mr. Jeyes is troubled by the influx of Russian Jews into England. He gives figures that seem insignificant beside the returns from Castle Garden, and bewails the fact that various charities have in effect encouraged the coming of pauper and semi-pauper Jews into England. It is found that while these people do practice some arts hitherto not practiced in England, they also enter into competition with native unskilled labor and bring down wages. The Englishman strikes rather than submit to wages that make it impossible to keep up his accustomed standard of living, while the Russian Jew takes in a reef in his belt at every reduction of wages, and works on. Mr. Jeyes holds the Jews chiefly responsible for the sweating system, and quotes the Bishop of Bedford as saying that they are flying from one great evil in Russia to produce an intolerable evil in Great Britain. Mr. Jeyes wonders whether the working classes will permit this to continue. He would not positively exclude all these flying thousands, but he would send back those without visible means of support. He is convinced that England is sending us good Englishmen, and herself keeping poor Jews, the old and penniless, who have neither money nor energy to bring them to the United States. He is convinced that the populace will yet take to Jew baiting if this immigration is not checked. The labor leaders could raise a Judenhelze tomorrow if they would. England cannot go on keeping open house for the paupers of all the world.—The Standard.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

William Labban, who writes on Imperial Federation in the July issue of the Westminster Review, seems to think that such a union of Great Britain and her colonies must be preceded by a partial dismemberment of the Empire. There can be no true federation, thinks he, save of independent States. Furthermore, he believes that Great Britain will hardly be willing to see the Parliament of Westminster degraded to the rank of a provincial assembly. The Crown might summon an Imperial Council without direct political power, and over that the sovereign might preside. Meantime, colonial federation, to which there can be no serious objection, might proceed. In time, perhaps, the Parliament might dissolve the political Nexus with the colonial governments. Then would emerge sovereign states prepared in a measure for Imperial federation.

Then, thinks Mr. Labban, scientific federation would be at least possible. For the abandoned tie of allegiance to the Crown would be substituted alle-

giance to the race. This might form the basis of a new confederation of the Anglo-Saxon race, from which America could hardly long remain absent. But there would be no need of an organization with the political powers of a state, since all the great purposes of a true federation could be performed by a deliberative and consultative body.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

While the German Emperor was attracting one portion of the great world of London, General Booth of the Salvation Army was holding the attention of another. While the festivities attending the Emperor's visit were in full swing the General held an exhibition and review at the Crystal Palace, the occasion being the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Army. The exhibition was illustrative of the Army's work in all its parts, and was of a most realistic fashion. Over 62,000 persons passed through the turnstiles on the occasion. The review consisted of a march past of companies of Salvationists in uniform to the music of their bands before the General and his staff.

TO-DAY'S SPORTS.

Only one senior lacrosse match will be played, and that will be in Ottawa, between the Cornwalls and the Capitals. The junior matches will be the Orients vs. Shamrock Juniors, and the Crescents vs. St. Gabriel. There will be one baseball match, the Crescents vs. the Hawthornes, on the Hawthorne grounds.

The leading aquatic event will be the annual regatta of the St. Lambert Boating Club.

A match will be played on the McGill grounds between the Varsity cricket team and the Bohemians.

The Shamrock Junior, and Orients' game on the Exhibition grounds promises to be interesting. It is said the Junior Shamrocks will put on the best team they have had this season and they may surprise the Orients, who have several good men off, including Murphy, McLean and Irwin.

The following will represent the Montreal Cricket Club in their match at Ottawa against the Ottawa Club to-morrow: A. Browning, A. Hodgson, F. E. Southam, W. Leitham, W. F. Hamilton, P. Barton, W. Philpotts, F. C. King, F. B. Bell. Shrewsbury and another.

Whiskey Untaxed and People Temperate.

"We tax everything but whiskey in my town, and there isn't a drunkard in the place," said John Ganse, a guest at the Tremont House.

"For goodness sake, tell me where you're from," said Clerk O'Brien.

"Yes, sir," went on Mr. Ganse, "there isn't a drop of liquor that is taxed in Caithness, Isle of Groat, off Scotland, and stranger still, there ain't a saloon in the place. We make our own whiskey there, and it's so cheap by reason of there being no taxes or restrictions on it that a saloon couldn't sell enough in a day to make it pay. Whiskey is retailed in the stores at 25 cents a gallon, and no less a quantity is sold, and the people come to town often and have their jugs filled, and take them home and have a drink whenever they please. The whiskey is pure as it can be made, and I never saw anyone but a non-resident drunk there. The people look upon whiskey about the same as Americans do cider, and never abuse its use. This condition of things has existed for over one hundred years, and is the result of some sort of an agreement made with the islanders by the English Government."—Chicago Globe.

SEVEN CHILDREN DROWNED.

Terrible Disaster on the Lower St. Lawrence.

QUEBEC, July 24.—A vague despatch received from Seven Islands, on the Lower St. Lawrence reports the drowning of seven children, Alfred, Joseph, Marie, Louise and Cecile Montigny and Marned and Marguerite Pours. Details of the catastrophe have not yet been received, but it is announced that a little boy only seven years old, who was in the party, showed extraordinary courage and succeeded in saving one of his companions, a little girl eight years old. Great sympathy is felt for the two families so cruelly afflicted, and the neighbors crowded to the scene of the disaster to assist in the search for the bodies. Five of the bodies have been already recovered, and the search for the others is now being prosecuted.

The Education Bill has passed its third reading in the House of Lords.

Behring Sea Arbitration.

LONDON, July 24.—In the House of Commons to-night Sir James Fergusson said he had reasons to believe that very shortly satisfactory arrangements would be made with the United States Government in regard to arbitration in the Behring sea dispute.

Canadians at Bisley.

LONDON, July 24.—At the end of the rifle tournament to-day, at Bisley, the Marchioness of Salisbury presented prizes to the winners. The Canadians received an ovation, taking prizes to the amount of £531.

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5000 Sold in Montreal.

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

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30 Chaboillez Square.

If WORKINGMEN desire to obtain for themselves, their wives or their little ones HONEST GOODS at fair prices call at the above address and examine the stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES** to be found there.

The styles are up to date, and the workmanship is guaranteed to be of the best, while the prices are away down to rock bottom.

Quality considered, I have several remarkably cheap lines of strong, durable and well-made Boots for Men and Boys, Women and Girls, which you would do well to see.

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Boots and Shoes

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

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Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Cider, &c. To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED.

A small lot of Ladies' Silk Umbrellas, slightly damaged, to be sold to-day at \$1.50 each, original price from \$3.50 to \$4. The frames and handles are worth \$2 each without the silk coverings.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE, PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Sateens, further reduced, 11c
Immense assortment of Patterns, 11c
All colors in Plain Sateens, 12c
Every shade in Sateens, 13c
Extra Good Patterns, 13c
Very stylish Sateens, 15c
Silk finished Sateens, 16c
New Sateens, art shades, 18c
Fine Quality Sateens, Art Designs, 19c
Sateens, China Silk Patterns, 20c
New Silk Pattern Sateens, 23c
French Sateens, Silk Patterns, 25c.
Art Patterns in French Sateens, 27c
Best Quality French Sateens, 29c.
Remnants of Sateens all reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

Striped Dress Gingshams, 4c
New Fast Color Gingshams, 5c
Real Scotch Gingshams, 8c
Cheapest line of Gingshams in city, 8c
Scotch Gingshams, very special, 9c
Plain Colored Chambrays, 8c
Fashionable Plaid Gingshams, 12c
Elegantly Shaded Chambrays, 19c
Yard wide Chambrays, 25c
Stylish Striped Gingshams, 19c
Large Plaid Gingshams, 25c
All Patterns in Scotch Plaid Gingshams, 27c
Silk Finished Gingshams, 27c
Best Quality Gingshams, 30c
Remnants of Gingshams all reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

Common Useful Prints, only 4c
New Prints, just received, 6c
Good Colors, Good Patterns, 6c
Light Washing Prints, 6c
Good Patterns in Washing Prints, 7c
Light and Dark Pattern Prints, 8c
New Prints, very stylish, 9c
Special line of Washing Prints, 10c
Fast Color Prints, New Patterns, 11c
Drillettes, Sateen Patterns, 11c
Printed French Lawns, 12c
Printed Cambrics, 12c
Fancy Cambrics, New Patterns, 13c
New and Stylish Designs in Prints, 14c
Light Designs in Printed Cottons, 15c
Remnants of Prints all reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

Half Mourning Prints, 8c
Stylish Mourning Prints, 9c
Black and White Mourning Prints, 10c
Black and White Prints, 12c
Black and White Drillettes, 12c
Very Fine Mourning Prints, 13c
New Patterns in Mourning Prints, 16c
Half Mourning Sateens, 13c
Black and White Sateens, 16c
Black and White Sateens, 18c
French Sateens, black and white, 23c
Best French Sateens, for mourning, 27c
Black and White Gingshams, 18c
Black and White Plaids and Stripes, 20c
Remnants of Mourning Prints Reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Children's Job Lines of Hose, 5c
Fast Colored Hose for Children, 6c
Boys' Grey Cotton Socks, 5c
Brown Cotton Socks for Boys, 5c
Girls' Colored Cotton Hose, 7c
Girls' Ribbed Cotton Hose, 10c
Girls' Cotton Hose, Fast Colors, 12c
Girls' Perfect Colored Hose, 15c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, 15c
Fast Black Cotton Hose, 20c
Black Cotton Hose, Fashioned, 25c
Summer Cashmere Hose, 19c
Black Cashmere Hose, 29c
Black Spun Silk Hose, 68c

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

Just received Ladies' Cotton Vests, 6c
Summer Ribbed Wool Vests (Ladies), 42c
Real Balbriggan Vests (Ladies), 75c
Ribbed Silk Vests, Cream (Ladies), 68c
Ladies' Ribbed Cotton Vests, 14c
Natural and White Pure Wool Vests, 54c
Fully fashioned Lisle Vests (Ladies), 44c
Pure Ribbed Silk Vests (Ladies), 71c
Summer Gauze Merino Vests (Ladies), 50c
Fancy Ribbed Cotton Vests (Ladies), 20c
Pure Wool Vests for Summer (Ladies), 69c
Cream Summer Silk Vests (Ladies), 85c
Full fashioned Cotton Vests (Ladies), 22c
Pure Silk Vests for Summer (Ladies), 77c.

S. CARSLEY.

JULY CHEAP SALE.

UMBRELLA DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Good Strong Umbrellas, 21c
Well made Umbrella for 45c
Ladies' Serviceable Umbrellas, 65c
Ladies' Alpaca Umbrellas, 80c
A very neat Umbrella for \$1.25
Ladies' Umbrellas. Natural Sticks, \$1.50
Ladies' Umbrellas with ivory handles, \$2.50
Ladies' Silk Umbrellas, \$3.50
Men's Strong Umbrellas, 48c
Men's Umbrellas, oxydized handles, \$1.45
Men's "Titania" Umbrellas, \$1.68
Men's Umbrella Natural Sticks, \$2.25
Men's Umbrellas, Silk Covered, \$3.50
Men's Umbrellas, silver mounted, \$4.75
Men's Umbrellas, silver mounted, \$6.25

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

Mrs. Maybrick, now undergoing a life sentence for the murder of her husband, brought an action against an insurance company for the amount of the policy upon the life of her late husband, and the action was dismissed on appeal. In this connection the Exchange Telegraph Company claims to have the highest legal authority for making the assertion that in consequence of the action of the Life Assurance Association refusing to pay the \$10,000 insurance on the late Mr. Maybrick's life as his death was caused by the person for whose benefit the action was brought a re-trial will be necessary, as Mrs. Maybrick can compel the insurance company to prove that she murdered her husband. According to English law, a conviction is not proof between other parties, but only between the prosecution and the prisoner.

In the British House of Commons on Monday a man who had obtained admittance to the strangers' gallery suddenly sprang to his feet and wildly flourished a bundle of documents, referring to some real or fancied grievance which he attempted to explain to the members of Parliament. The police started towards the stranger when the man threw his bundle of papers down to the floor of the House. By this time the wild visitor was in the hands of the police, who promptly ejected him.

During the debate on the Irish estimates in the British House of Commons on Monday evening Mr. Balfour intimated that a local Government bill for Ireland, based broadly on the same lines as the English and Scotch acts, will be introduced at the next session. He asked whether such a bill would have the support of the Irish members, adding that he doubted it. Mr. Healy interposing, said such a bill certainly would have the support of the Irish members.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, who was recently expelled from that country, is suing her husband, ex-King Milan, in the courts of Paris, where he now resides, for three million francs, which she claims is a portion of her personal fortune.

The persecution of the Jews in Russia has been somewhat relaxed. The decree for the expulsion of Jewish artisans from St. Petersburg has been indefinitely postponed, and renewed orders have been sent to the press to refrain from publishing articles likely to excite animosity against the Jews.

The latest rumor regarding attempts upon the life of the Czar, which rumor caused momentary terror in St. Petersburg, was that an officer had tried to murder the Czar with an axe. The report arose from the fact that the Czar was amusing himself in a forest chopping a tree, when the head of the axe flew off and struck an attendant in the face, wounding him. The Czar went to the assistance of the wounded man and got some blood on his hands and clothes. An officer of the Guard approached then and thought the Czar was in danger. He called upon some soldiers to rescue His Majesty and before an explanation could be made the wounded attendant was cut down by the over-zealous soldiers. The Czar caused the officer to be punished for his action.

A full return of the property and revenues of the Church of England lately presented to Parliament by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners has been published. It shows that the gross aggregate income of the church amounts to £5,753,557, of which £5,469,171 is derived from ancient endowments and £284,386 from private benefactions since 1703. Lands, tithes, rents and other sources of income, now held by the occupants of Archiepiscopal and Episcopal sees, produce a gross total of £87,826 from ancient endowments, and of £11,081 from private benefactions since 1703.

At the meeting at Bisley of the National Rifle Association the English team won the Kolapore cup by a score of 679 points. The Canadian team was second, with 672 points.

Private Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh regiment, won the Queen's prize at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. Dear scored 269 points. Towards the end of the competition Lieut. Davidson, of the 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, led the competitors. He dropped from the lead soon after gaining it. In the competition for the Queen's prize Lieut. Davidson took fourth place with 26 points, winning £30. Color-Sergt. Henderson, of the 62nd Battalion, won £15. Davidson also won the Corporation cup, and other Canadians won a number of money prizes.

American.

Nearly 2,000 steerage passengers were landed at the Barge Office, New York, on Saturday. Thirty detained immigrants, all Russian Jews, are in the detention bureau at the Barge Office awaiting the decision of the Superintendent of Immigration. It is most probable that they will all be sent back as each one has been "assisted," and the United States law on assisted immigration is inexorable.

Jas. McCormick, of Crystal Falls, Mich., died on Saturday from injuries received in a prize fight with William Daniels, of Rhine-

lander. The fight was ten rounds with light gloves. In the seventh round McCormick appeared dazed and fell unconscious under a terrific blow from Daniels. Daniels and his seconds, Frank Broulett and John Daley, have been arrested on a charge of murder.

A letter to the bureau of American Republics says: "Since the emancipation of the slaves in Brazil the domestic service as well as the agricultural labor of the republic has been greatly demoralized, and many families find themselves entirely without servants, the colored people, the former slaves, refusing to work for love or money."

Two men employed at Rock Springs, Wyo., mines employed the company's magazine by shooting at a mark on it. Half a ton of blasting powder and 500 pounds of dynamite blew up, killing both men and wrecking the mining camp. A number of women and children were injured by falling glass and furniture.

Nearly three miles of snowsheds on the line of the Central Pacific near the summit of the Rockies were burned on Saturday. The fire is supposed to have originated from locomotive sparks. Freight traffic may be delayed for a day or two.

A suit involving property worth over \$100,000,000 will shortly be filed in the courts of New York City. The suit is for the recovery of property leased to the city of New York ninety-nine years. The lease has just expired.

The Merchants National Bank of Fort Worth, Tex., closed its doors on Monday morning. The assets are said to be \$1,200,000 and the liabilities \$500,000. The Bank Examiner says the bank is solvent, and that depositors will be fully protected.

The Highland Association of Illinois has unanimously elected Sir William Gordon Cumming honorary chief of the association in place of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, Canadian.

The schooner Pubnico Belle, Capt. Sam Butt, left Catalina, N.S., on the 8th for St. John's, Nfld., with a crew of four men and five women and five children as passengers. In a heavy wind and rain storm next night she struck under a high cliff. All the crew except the captain immediately jumped ashore, and left the women and children to their fate. After the women and five children were abandoned to their fate on the vessel, three women who got on the rocks were assisted to get half way up the cliff. They were left there by the crew, who went to look for assistance and forgot to return. The women, exhausted and nearly chilled to death, were left to walk miles over the rocks and through forests and swamps to the nearest house.

There was another riot due to anti-Catholic open air preaching in Toronto on Sunday afternoon. The police had to interfere to prevent bloodshed.

A new seam of coal has been struck at Anthracite, Alberta, and it is anticipated that the output will be 500 tons a day.

Nearly double the number of settlers have arrived at Winnipeg this year that arrived up to the same date last year.

Neville H. Pickthall, the young Englishman who jumped into notoriety in connection with the Birchall case, is missing from the new Fort barracks, Toronto. He had enlisted in C Company Infantry School for a three years' term. He has been absent over a week and will be considered a deserter when he has been away for eight days.

Capt. McMicking, of the 44th Battalion, one of the Canadian Bisley team, has won the Prince of Wales' prize at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley with a score of 97. This match is only open to members of affiliated rifle associations holding National Rifle Association medals. The prize has been won several times by Canadians, the last Canadian to capture it being Pte. Gillies, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

The Baroness Macdonald on Monday received a letter from Her Majesty the Queen, written by herself, expressing the Sovereign's deep sympathy with Lady Macdonald in the bereavement she had sustained and her sincere and heartfelt appreciation of the services rendered by Sir John Macdonald to Canada and the Empire.

Shipments of fresh mackerel from the north shore of New Brunswick to the United States have been very large lately. They are taken down over the Intercolonial Railway from points in Gloucester county to St. John and are transhipped to Boston in the Intercolonial Company's steamers.

Mr. Crockett, who was recently dismissed from the position of Chief Inspector of Education of New Brunswick by Attorney-General Blair, has accepted the Professorship of Classics in Morin College, Quebec city, to take effect October 1.

A duel was to have been fought between two French residents of Winnipeg, one of whom is a count, on Saturday evening. The affair arose out of one calling his friend a liar at a dinner while discussing some business transaction.

Up to the end of June the British Columbia sealing fleet had caught and landed at Victoria no less than 17,800 sealskins.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The hitherto invincible Crescents were beaten for the first time this season on Saturday last by the Orientals. The defeat was due to over-confidence and lack of training. In the first two games taken by the Crescents some very loose play was shown, but afterwards the teams steadied down a little and a better showing was made. The Orientals took the last three games and the match.

The Violets, for the second time this season, defeated the Maples by three straights. The Emmets defeated the Manhattans by three straights.

Ivy Leafs defeated the Crystals by three straights.

The Lilacs and Second Victorias had a draw owing to darkness after taking two games each.

The Shamrocks have secured new grounds near the Mile End. The lot is twelve acres in extent and will be quite handily reached via the C. P. R. and the proposed electric railway. The new grounds can be made very suitable at a comparatively small outlay, and the club rely upon the efforts of their friends to assist in getting their new home in order. A third of a mile track will be laid down and club house and grand stands constructed.

The Montreal Juniors defeated the Crescents of Sherbrooke in a match at the latter place by three to one.

The district championship match on the Crescent grounds to-day should be an interesting contest. The Crescents since their defeat by the Orientals have been putting in some good hard practice and are determined not to be caught napping again. The score now stands a tie between the two leaders so that everything counts, and it is bound to be an interesting contest.

BASEBALL.

The Hawthornes and Clippers played a ball game at Alexandria on Saturday, the latter winning by a score of 15 to 10 on the sixth inning.

The Stanleys defeated the Young Jerseys by a score of 9 to 7.

CRICKET.

McGill University played their return match with the M. A. A. club on Saturday, and from the showing they made on the first occasion the teams met no one would have expected the students to go to pieces as they did. In the first innings the students went under for 19 runs and fared still worse in their second, being all out for 13. None of them could make a stand and the array of duck's eggs was formidable. The Association team scored 92, thus gaining the match by one innings and 60 runs.

The Germantown Cricket club played the Hamiltons on Monday and Tuesday, defeating them easily by an innings and four runs. Hamilton did very well in their first innings, scoring 82 but went to pieces in their second, scoring only 20 runs. Germantown scored 106 in their first.

THE RING.

The finish fight on Tuesday night between Joe Illingsworth, of New York, an ex-amateur middle-weight champion of America, and Harris Martin, better known as the "Black Pearl" of Minneapolis, attracted a throng that more than tested the capacity of the big amphitheatre of the Twin City Athletic Club. The fight was for a purse of \$1,500, and it was given out that in case of the New Yorker's success he had been promised ample backing to meet anybody in the middle-weight class. Four ounce gloves were worn, and each weighed in at 150 pounds. The fight lasted 35 rounds and ended in Illingsworth being knocked out.

The Hall-Fitzsimmons fight which was to come off on Wednesday evening last was declared off through the action of the authorities of the State. Both pugilists were arrested and bound over to keep the peace and the governor of the State notified the sheriff, under penalty of dismissal from office, not to allow the fight to go on and called out the militia to aid him if necessary. The Athletic Club, under whose auspices the fight was to take place, loses heavily over this ending of the business. It is believed the men will fight in some other state.

There was a disgraceful scene at a boxing exhibition given in a theatre in Liverpool on Wednesday evening. In the course of a match Slavin, who rolled about hardly able to stand, jestingly said Mitchell could not hit him in a hundred years. Mitchell, angered, knocked Slavin about the stage and finally over among the audience. During the row Slavin fell several times and Mitchell continued striking him, even while he was still on his knees trying to rise, blood pouring from his nose and mouth. When Slavin regained the stage, the curtain was lowered and the fight proceeded behind the scenes until with great difficulty the men were separated.

Jimmy Carney, like an old war horse, is longing to again get in harness, and is strongly backed by his friends in trying to arrange a second fight with Dick Burge,

who lately beat him on a foul. He won his reputation and title of lightweight champion under the old London prize ring rules, and nothing would please him better than to face the young Newcastle pugilist with uncovered knuckles. At this game few pugilists of the present day are the equal of the game Birmingham man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The talked of race between Harvard and Oxford will not take place. The Harvard crew is scattered and out of training.

Oarsman Ten Eyck writes Ned Hanlan that he is prepared to match Rogers, the Lake Quinsigamond sculler, with Hugh Wise, of Lealville for \$500 a side. An answer from Wise is eagerly looked for.

Duncan Ross, who has been in Australia about two years, is about to return to America.

The Notts Forest, Eng., Football club paid \$7,500 in players' wages last season.

John Roberts, the English billiard champion, is on his way to Australia, having spent about six weeks in South Africa.

Scoggan Brothers head the list of winning owners at Washington park, Chicago, having \$15,376 to their credit. Denny Higgins is credited with \$600.

There was some fine running on the M. A. A. grounds on Tuesday evening in the 220 yards handicap, Carr from scratch getting home first with Waldron (9 yards) a good second.

Achievements of Industry.

The real dignity of labor is well symbolized and set forth in those single acts at the beginning or end of a great work which represent to the imagination the whole enterprise.

The corner stone of a great building is generally laid by some official dignitary, who, in an unaccustomed apron, and with a trowel which he uses clumsily, makes a pretence of doing the actual work of putting the stone in place. Crowds stand about to witness the work, and orations are made and hymns sung.

The knocking away of the prop which sends a vessel off the ways and into the water is an event of equal consequence and interest, because it resents the noble task of constructing a great ship.

When one of the greatest engineering works of all time was completed—the construction of the Pacific Railroad—it was regarded as a great honor to drive the last spike that bound the last rail to the earth: and the spike which served at least temporarily for the work was made of silver.

Emperors, kings and presidents start with their own hands the machinery of great industrial exhibitions, themselves typical in a high degree of the importance of manual labor.

In a certain sense it would be more fitting that these ceremonies, which concentrate into a single instant's act long periods of hard labor, should be performed by one of the real workmen who are engaged upon the enterprise. It is they who do the work, and they might well claim that the honor of the key ceremony belongs to them.

This was what was done, indeed, when the first blow of the pick was struck recently in the construction of the buildings for the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago.

In a cold winter wind some 5,000 people assembled to see a workman strike, with his pick, a blow into the frozen ground on the shore of Lake Michigan, where will be the office of the Superintendent of Construction of the exhibition.

In a certain sense, however, and perhaps in a more important one than the other, it is fitting that such typical acts as the laying of corner stones and the launching of ships, shall be performed by the highest of dignitaries, as representing the fact that it is really the whole people who build and use great enterprises.—Youth's Companion.

A Woman's Powers.

The talent of dissimulation is in woman a fair equivalent for the gift of strength. Brute force wins a way in the world after its kind; intrigue has to struggle along in the wake of this apparently superior power. Often, indeed, the latter trips the former and usurps its position in the race. There's no need to tell how Delilah sheared Samson of his locks or how the small mouse was able to do more than the lordly lion could.

We see it, too, in the commonest phases of everyday life. In the poverty stricken houses of the East End, where tragedy is always brewing because misery there so greatly abounds, who bears calamity the better—the man or the woman? Why surely, as a rule, the woman. And yet she does not feel it less than her husband. Her capacity for dissimulation is here a distinct blessing. It enables her often to comfort the man when he is at that last stage in the drama of ruin—hesitant only between Waterloo bridge or the razor which a malcontent tempter has put within reach of his hand.

Her gift as a poser makes her a ministering angel to man, even though she may at the heart be suffering torture beyond the power of words to describe.—All the Year Round.

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"ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY."

TO IZIE.

A veil of years and heaving sea
Has hid fair Albion from my sight,
Yet, Izie, in a dream of thee,
I saw her beauties all last night.
Beneath thy smiles and in thine eyes
I saw my love lit island skies.

I lived my boyhood hours anew,
I wooed their smiles, inhaled their sweets,
I sipped their wines of love and knew
Their wanton wiles, their blissful feats.
Amid these scenes I walked with you,
'Tis hard to whisper now,—adieu.

The lay of the lark calls me back to the glen,
And the mind loves to dwell on these silent
hours when

The eve's sun tinted the purple hills,
And gilded the limpid streamlet's wavelets
Wooing and kissing the frolicsome rills,
As they danced over shallows and cavelets.

How I watched with delight as they sallied
along

Crested with silver foam, gilded anon
Soft music arose from the chaos among,
Enchanting the air as it lingered upon.
I listened entranced to the soft, rippling lay
Borne on a zephyr wind, transient delight,
Till over the valley it melted away
As a beam of sunshine at the advent of
night.

The cuckoo's note came on the breeze,
And spent its sweetness in the dell,
I climbed anon the autumn trees
To hear the thrush in sweetness tell
The happy woods her soul's delight,
I lingered there till folds of night
Were drawn by nature's hand around
Which lulled to sleep all woodland sound.

A barque waits on the ocean gray
I sail for thee, my home to-day.
THOMAS WILLIS NENDICK.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A dead sure thing—man's mortality.
A sponge bath—One taken on credit and
never paid for.

The scholar who takes first prize in arith-
metic is only a figure-head.

A great many deaf and dumb people are
given to make off-hand remarks.

There is always a moral influence associ-
ated with the piano. If it isn't upright it
is square.

What makes a woman marry? asks an
article in the North American Review. And
we answer, man.

Questions—What have you been doing up
in the country? Critic—Oh, just fishin'
and lyin' around.

Maud—Is it true you are in love with Mr.
Bullion? Clara—Mercy, no! I'm only en-
gaged to him.

My son, define ambition? Well, it's al-
ways feeling that you want to do something
that you know you can't.

The man who lets his wife split all the
wood may mean well, but he shouldn't be
allowed to do all the talking at prayer
meeting.

Mrs. P.—They say that Mr. Hay, who
used to sing so much, has lost his voice. Mr.
P.—I shouldn't think he'd offer much of a
reward.

Spacer—What shall I say in this obituary
for Ginsling, the bartender? Editor—Work
in about his having a smile for every one.

Figgs—I have no more use for signs; I
found a four leaf clover yesterday. Diggs—
Well, what happened? Figgs—I fell in love
with four grass widows.

Asker—I see young Shallerbov wears a
moustache now. Did he raise that during
his late ocean voyage? Tasker—No, but
he raised about everything else.

Schamburg (to Jacob)—You was a liar und
a schoundrel. Do you hear dot? Jacob (to
Schamburg)—I hear you already, und I
dinks you was talking to yourself.

Mistress (benevolently to her maid in an-
ticipation of a compliment)—What would
you do if you could play the piano as well as
I can? Maid—I should take lessons.

The Missus—You oughtn't to leave the
floor in such a condition. Why don't you
take your chips with you? Carpenter—Who
do you take me for—the Prince of Wales?

Kicks—So you think the ministers prac-
tice what they preach? Hicks—Why, yes;
they preach sermons, and if you lived near
one you could hear him practicing it a week
beforehand.

She (fishing for a compliment)—Do you
think my voice needs cultivation? He
anxious to pay her a compliment)—Not at
all, not at all. Cultivation couldn't im-
prove a voice like yours.

Dashaway—I hear that you upset your
soup on Miss Palisade's dress at the dinner
last night. Stuffer—Yes, and I was fear-
fully put out about it. You know it isn't
polite to ask for soup twice.

A high personage on visiting a small coun-
try place, asked: How is it that all the
children go barefoot in this neighborhood?
Beg your pardon, sir, exclaimed a woman
present, they were born so.

I hear that Mrs. Barlow is disputing her
late husband's will. Why, I thought he left
everything to her? So he did, but she never
let the old man have his own way. It's a
matter of principle with her.

Yes, sir, I was in Omaha for two weeks,
and I never saw a single man eat pie with a
knife. I am not much surprised. I am well
aware that the West is full of well educated
though poor young men who—Oh, that was
not it. Where I boarded they had no pie.

Miss Straightlace—Do you see that poor
blind beggar woman on the corner, Maude?
How pitiful it is to see her sitting there in
the crowd with that card, "I am blind,"
suspended around her neck. Miss Follibud
—Yes, it is pitiful; but, Ethel, what a de-
lightful chaperon she would make.

A New Fish Story—Truth Stronger
than Fiction.

Mr. Angler—It sometimes occurs that, in
trout fishing particularly, all the known arts
of the piscator will fail to lure the wary
game, and in one instance I remember hav-
ing to try a very unsportsmanlike recourse.

Mr. Listener—Yes? What was that?
Mr. Angler—I was fishing one day in the
Sprain brook and discovered in an old pool
an old trout that must have weighed seven
pounds. I tempted him first with all the
artificial bait at my command, from gray
hackle to flamingo flies, shook a button off
my flannel shirt into his eye, offered him
strawberry on a hook and a forelock of my
red head—firted all the known brands of
worms in front of his suggestive mouth and
wasted all my lunch on him in the way of
decoy and when I was just about to give it
up in despair a thought struck me. Acting
upon it I went to a neighboring farmhouse,
borrowed a two quart syringe used for the
demolition of insect pests, walked back and
drew all the water out of the pool, and walk-
ing into the exhausted reservoir picked my
seven pound speckled bauble.

About Stage Kisses.

The very startling question was put to a
popular and pretty actress at a jolly supper:
Do you ever rehearse stage kisses?
The young lady smiled and replied that
she always did.

Not repeatedly, she said, but just once. I
don't care to be surprised by a peculiar sort
of kiss on the night of a performance, so I
always have an actor show me, beforehand,
just how he is going to do it. There's noth-
ing in acting that I dread so much as a kiss.
No, I am not a prude, and do not suffer
from the actual contact of a polite and good
looking fellow's lips, but there are more
chances of disaster in a stage kiss than in
almost any action in the drama. In the first
place it is apt to disturb my make-up. Then
the actor may be a nervous man and pull
away at my wig, if I'm wearing one, or he
may clutch me so tight that when he lets
me go I lose my balance and get laughed at.
My worst stage experience resulted from a
kiss. It was in a scene of immense pathos
while I am hanging about my lover's neck
who is being taken to prison. The actor
who played the wooer was an awfully nice
fellow, and not in the least disagreeable to
hang to. I did so with extra tenacity on
the night in question and I noticed that he
tried to free himself of me. But I clung on
tight and glued my face to his. Let me go,
he gasped, and tried to drag back, but I
pressed my face still closer, determined to
get a lot out of the scene. Suddenly, as I
was rapturously kissing him, he sneezed.
Oh, what a sneeze it was! It seemed to start
from his boots, and I bounded away from
him, dazed by the shock. Then I heard a
roar of laughter in the audience and saw my
lover rushing from the stage with one sec-
tion of his black moustache missing. There
was another speech before the act should
have ended, but the stage manager did not
wait for it. He rang down the curtain, and
then informed me that I had better return
the actor's moustache to him. When I
reached my dressing room I found a big
piece of the false moustache sticking to my
chin. I had not kissed it away. The actor
lost it in the sneeze.

Truth Botted Down.

Jester—Notwithstanding Job's afflictions
he must have been a man of equable tem-
perament and always possessed a good cheer.
Quester—What makes you think so?
Jester—Merely because he was never out
of humor.

He Hadn't Read Evarts' Speeches.
I say, Bill, said one summer philosopher
to another, as they lay beneath a spreading
tree, did you ever turn your attention to lit-
eratorator any?

I should say so.
What's the biggest sentence you ever run
across?

Ten years, was the unhesitating reply.

Knock-Down Argument.

An eminent lord chief justice, who was
trying a right of way case, had before him a
witness—an old farmer—who was proceed-
ing to tell the jury that he had knowed the
path for sixty year, and my feyther told I
as he heard my grandfeyther zay—
Stop! said the judge, we can't have any
hearsay evidence here.

No! exclaimed Farmer Giles. Then how
dost know who thy feyther was 'cept by
hearsay?

After the laughter had subsided the judge
said: In courts of law we can only be guided
with what you have seen with your eyes,
and nothing more or less.

Well, replied the farmer, I ha' got a bile
on the back of my neck, and I never seed
'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's
there, dang 'un.

This second triumph on the part of the
witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence
about the footpath which obtained weight
with the jury, albeit the judge told them it
was not testimony of any value and the far-
mer's party won.

She Proved Herself an Apt Scholar.

Maria, said Mr. Jones, upon one of his
worrying days, it seems to me you might be
more economical. Now, there's my old
clothes; why can't you cut them down for
the children?

Because they are worn out when you are
done with them, answered Mrs. Jones. It's
no use making over things for the children
that won't hold together, smart as you are.

Well, I wouldn't have cupboards full of
things mildewing for want of wear if I was
a woman, that's all, grumbled Jones. A
penny saved is a penny earned.

That was in March. One warm day in
June Mr. Jones went peering about the cup-
boards looking for something he couldn't
find, and turning things generally inside
out.

Maria, where's my light dust-coat? he
bellowed.

Cut it down for Johnny.

Ahem! Well, where's the brown one I
bought last summer?

Clothes-bag! mumbled Mrs. Jones, who
seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at
that moment. Just made it into a nice one.

Where are my shepherd's plaid trousers?
screamed Mr. Jones.

Cut them down for Willie.

Heavens! groaned her husband; then in
a voice of thunder, where have my blue and
white braces got to?

Made a beautiful baseball belt for Harry,
said Mrs. Jones.

Maria, asked the astonished man, in a
subdued voice, would you mind telling me
what you have done with my silk hat—you
have not cut that down for the baby, have
you?

Oh, no, my dear, answered his wife, cheer-
fully, I've used it for a hanging basket. It
is full of nice plants and looks lovely.

Great Scot!

Mr. Jones never mentions economy or
suggests cutting things down—he has had
enough of it—quite cured, in fact.

Chinese and Japanese in New York.

I saw a well dressed young woman on the
street the other day above whose tall, finely
molded form was the unmistakable head
and features of the Mongolian, only slightly
modified. She was evidently the result of
the mingling of types, and by no means un-
pleasing in appearance. The most curious
thing was her height, which was remarka-
ble for a woman of the Caucasian race and
doubly so in a Chinese. Her hair was black
and coarse, her complexion the usual opaque
yellow, only a little lighter in tone than the
hue of the average Mongolian, while the
features only differed in being more finely
cut, except the mouth, which was the deli-
cate, sensitive mouth of the Anglo-Saxon of
good blood.

A pair of liquid, pathetic dark eyes gazed
out of this strange face, and the whole en-
semble was so peculiar that everyone turned
to look at her as she passed. Scarcely a
block further on I saw a curious little party
boarding an up town car. A Japanese gen-
tleman and his little girl, both in European
costume, while the wife was bareheaded and
attired in every respect as the ancient Jap-
anese customs for women direct. Even in
New York the sight is very unusual, and
most of the passengers were craning their
necks, regardless of good breeding, in order
to get a look at the self-possessed little lady
wrapped in her voluminous green kimono
with her hair rolled against a small scarlet
cushion and stuck full of pins, and her slight
body wound round with a wide sash of
bright rose pink and gold.—New York Cor.
Detroit Free Press.

The strike of steelworkers at the Alleg-
heny Bessemer steel works of Carnegie &
Co., at Duquesne, for recognition of the
Amalgamated Association ended on Wed-
nesday in a victory for the firm.

The entire force of yard switchmen, day
and night, on the Big Four road, at Spring-
field, Ohio, 88 in number, went on strike on
Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, and the
local trains are tied up. The strike was oc-
casioned by the refusal of the company to
advance the wages of the men to the Cincin-
nati scale.

The striking millmen at St. John, N. B.,
met on Wednesday, and after hearing the
report of the delegates commissioned to in-
terview the mill owners resolved to main-
tain the strike unabated until the nine hour
system was restored.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by
the Boarders.

"What persuasion and argument, petitions and agitation failed to accomplish," said Brown, "will eventually be brought about by individual greed and rapacity. For years the labor organizations of this city have demanded that all municipal work shall be done by day work under the supervision of the chiefs of the different departments; again and again have they pointed out that all such work could in this way be done cheaper and better than under the present system, but all in vain. Whether the majority of our aldermen really thought that the city could not do its own work as well and as cheap as a contractor, or whether most of them were directly or indirectly interested in the financial success of some of their friends who are contractors, is an open question which the aldermen themselves would hardly care to have investigated; be that as it may, the contractor ruled the roast and must have made a good thing of it. The aldermen had proved so docile and the people so patient and forbearing in connection with other deals which have in the past been worked through the Council that it is not at all surprising to see the contractor for the Tail Race bridge trying to make such a fat job of it. The way he went ahead with it almost leads one to the conclusion that his intentions were to retire on a competency after the job was completed; at any rate he became such an expensive 'friend' that for very shame the Council could not do otherwise than stop his mad career and have the work completed by its own official. I have heard it said that had the Council done this in the first place it might have saved the people some forty thousand dollars. Expensive and all as the lesson is that St. Louis taught the Council and the people of Montreal by his exorbitant charges, if it abolishes contract work on municipal jobs in future it will be cheap at twice the price. He has done more to bring this about than all else put together, and if the labor organizations of this city don't present him with a testimonial for his services in this connection it is certainly not because he don't deserve it."

"I don't blame St. Louis at all," said Phil, "but I do blame the noodles who gave him the work upon those conditions, and if the people of this city had any spunk they would demand the immediate resignation of every member of the Water Committee—they are no more fit to do the work delegated to them than I am to be Archbishop of Canterbury—and they know it. I wouldn't trust them with the administration of a two-horse western village, much less a city like Montreal. Their chairman is at the seaside, and my advice to the rest of them is to join him at once and stop there—not for their own pleasure, but for the benefit of this community."

"As long as you permit the contract system on municipal work," said Gaskill, "so long will you have blunders of this kind. The members of the Water Committee know absolutely nothing of the practical work of their Department, and in this respect they are no worse than the members of the other civic committees. What you require is competent heads for all your departments. Secure the best men and pay them a good salary—give them full powers as far as their department is concerned and hold them personally responsible for the working of it—and above all things do not allow any alderman or yet the mayor to engage or discharge a single man on your public works; that power should only be held by the different chiefs, then you could justly hold them responsible for the actions of every man under them, now you can't. It is because our aldermen have constituted themselves employment agents and have run their friends, whether competent or not, on every

corporation job done by the city, that corporation work done by day's work has seldom proved satisfactory. The different departments must be placed beyond the reach of these men, who to catch votes would not hesitate to carry men on the pay-roll of the city who are unable to do a day's work. Now, every ward heeler and log roller either for himself or his friends wants a place at the public manger—this must be stopped—the corporation is not a pension bureau, and least of all for needy wire pullers. If they have during an election served any successful candidate let him pay their claim, and not the city. It must be self-evident to any intelligent man that as long as you allow aldermen to engage or discharge any civic employee over the heads of the chief of the department your staff becomes demoralized. And let me say right here that any head of a department who submits to aldermanic bulldozing is not the man for the position he occupies, and ought to be replaced. A really competent man is far too independent to be dragooned by a set of men who know as little about the practical workings of their different departments as the majority of the aldermen of Montreal. Only officials who have been 'pitchforked' into their position submit to it and they should be got rid of at any price, no matter to what nationality they belong. There has been far too much national sentiment and too little common sense in the appointment of employees of the city for the staff to amount to much. It don't matter a rap whether a public servant in any capacity is English, Irish or Scotch, all that the people should insist on is that he thoroughly understands his work and compel him to do it.

BILL BLADES.

"SCRAPS" FOR CIGARMAKERS

The interpretation of the clause relating to travelling cards as given by one of the executive of Union 226 was simply absurd. The delegate to the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress ought to be instructed by his union to bring before that body a resolution asking for an amendment to the excise laws whereby cigars could be manufactured and retailed on the same premises. This would be of a great benefit to cigarmakers and of more importance than a reduction of license.

Union 226 has become affiliated with the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress. The move is a good one and ought to be of practical benefit to the cigarmakers in general.

For the fiscal year of 1890-91 Montreal manufactured more cigars than the whole of the rest of Canada combined. Total manufactured in Canada, 100,260,970; in Montreal, 54,122,865. More than three-fourths of this quantity are manufactured by boys, girls and machinery, a fact which is not very creditable to organized labor.

I hear that an ex-cigarmaker, while looking on at the show corner of Guy and St. James streets, was relieved of his watch. He has my sympathy.

The appeal taken by one of the officers of 226 in reference to the receiving of travelling cards promises to be interesting, and I hope will settle a vexed question and be of some benefit to the members in this city. A decision will be anxiously looked for, as it will determine just exactly what rights they have under the constitution.

The delegates to the Trades Council, representing unions 58 and 226, should attend more regularly, and see that the proper number of representatives are elected.

After a lay-off of two weeks of the hand workers in Havana Cigar Co., owing to the impossibility of getting cigar packers, work was resumed Friday, much to the satisfaction of the men, who find that holidays at their own expense are not a luxury to crave after.

Owing to a clerical error in last week's "Scraps" the name of the deceased member was omitted, namely, A. Robichon.

SCRAPS.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Andrew Hudson, an employee of H. R. Ives & Co., who was putting up some iron work at the Royal Victoria hospital, fell from a scaffold to the ground, a distance of twenty feet, on Thursday morning. He was picked up in an unconscious state and sent to the General hospital, where it was found that no bones were broken. His condition is serious.

Arrangements for the Printers' picnic to Otterburn Park are progressing favorably and there is every prospect that it will be the most successful which has yet been held under their auspices. Full particulars will be given the public in a short time, meantime everybody is advised not to make other arrangements for the 22nd.

Col. Howard Vincent, the delegate from the United Empire Trade League, and Messrs. R. C. Weldon, C. N. Skinner and John F. Stairs, M. P.'s, will arrive from Ottawa this morning to address the meeting in the evening in the public hall of the Windsor. The reception committee will meet to-day at noon to complete arrangements for the visitors.

SHINE, SIX 1—A Saturday shine or a Sunday shine. Well, let us dress you for an afternoon walk with the girl of your heart. Silk Stripe Shirt, \$2.00; Windsor Silk Tie, 25c; Waist Belt, 25c; Boating Cap or Straw Hat, 50c; Tan or Patent Leather Shoes, \$1.50; China China Handkerchiefs, 50c; \$5.00. All goods are these. Get them at John Allan's, Central Emporium for Men's Outfitting Goods, 659, 661, 663 and 665 Craig Street.

LABOR DAY NOTES.

From present appearances the forthcoming demonstration on Labor Day will be the largest ever held here. A great number of organizations have already signified their intention of being present and others are expected to follow suit. The committee are energetically working to secure attractions for the picnic, which they hope to make the attraction of the season. There will be a grand display of Japanese fireworks, a balloon ascension and parachute descent, wood sawing competition, etc.

The official programme is now under way and will be issued in good time. It will be a great improvement on previous efforts, and besides the official arrangements for that day will contain other interesting matter. Thirty thousand copies will be distributed gratuitously.

An extensive and attractive programme of games is being prepared, for which the committee will be enabled, through the kindness of many friends, to set aside handsome prizes. The canvassers report gratifying success, having been met with courtesy everywhere, and have collected so far over \$700 worth of prizes.

A committee shortly intend waiting upon employers of labor asking them to close down on Labor Day, so as to allow their hands to participate in the proceedings.

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