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MEETINGS.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127½ St. Lawrence street.

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No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662½ Craig street. Address all communications to
P. A. DUFFY R.S.,
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No. 3852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
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TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, August 4, 1892.

If my memory does not deceive me I read in THE ECHO a few weeks ago a letter from somebody in this city, challenging (at least by implication) the figures and deductions therefrom of Dominion Statistician Johnson at Ottawa, as to the profits of the workmen and the losses of their employers during the ten years prior to and including 1890. In support of the contention of your correspondent I observe in the GLOBE of the 27th instant a despatch dated "Barrie, Ont., July 25," which reads as follows:—"The GLOBE in its issue of Saturday published the census bulletin No. 12, it being the third of a series dealing with manufactures. But if the statistics are no more reliable in reference to other towns and cities than they are to Barrie they are worse than worthless, for they are grossly false. This town is credited with 77 establishments, employing 355 hands in 1881, whereas in 1891 the number has increased to 139, giving employment to 551 persons. Now to those who know anything of this place the exhibit here given of both periods is as wide of the mark as it is possible to be, and we were not certainly in 1891 in advance of ten years ago, either in the number or size of our manufacturing concerns. The facts are these:—Not a single new industry has been started in the town in the past ten years, and of those in existence then one, employing from six to ten men, has closed and turned its premises into dwelling houses. A second, in which from 30 to 40 mechanics found steady work, has run down till the number found within its walls will barely average six persons. A third establishment furnishes employment for about six to ten mechanics in the summer season, and a fourth has on its pay list the names of twenty, to whom it gives the opportunity to labor for about ten months of each year. Next to these came the three saw mills at the head of the bay, running from four to six months out of the twelve, and employing in the neighborhood of 65 men. There are in addition two carriage manufactories, a punt factory, a couple of boat builders, a maker of fur garments and a few marble cutters. Thus in the aggregate the number engaged in everything of the nature of manufacture will scarcely reach 150.

Those who have any personal knowledge of the people of the City of Ottawa—I refer more especially to its "upper crust" on Parliament Hill—were not surprised, I am certain, in reading one evening last week that the capitalists received a warning through an earthquake. I will hazard the well grounded prediction that that same earthquake will require to repeat itself time and again, and each time more threateningly, before any perceptible change for the better will exhibit itself in the lives and characters of some conspicuous people in that inland borough.

Even the wire-puller and schemer can find his way into our Ontario High School system. At a meeting of the Toronto High School Board one evening last week Trustee St. John moved that Trustee Beddome be appointed secretary of the Board in the place of Mr. McHenry.

Trustee Parr opposed the motion on principle. He held that no man, being at the same time a trustee, should be elected to any office of emolument under the Board. He had no personal objection to Mr. Beddome, yet as there were men competent to be found idle, and would be glad of such an appointment, and as Mr. Beddome was already enjoying a large salary outside of the Board, he therefore moved that the matter be referred back for further consideration and report by the School Management Committee as to the justice of one man holding two salaried offices at the same time. This was lost, it being evident that Mr. B.'s name had been "on the slate" for some time, although Mr. Parr was unaware of the fact. It is a compliment to the Trades and Labor Council, who recommended to the City Council the name of Mr. Parr as one of the trustees of the H. S. B. that he is recognized by his confreres on that High School Board as one not approachable in any questionable transaction. Mr. Parr's head is always level.

Through the thoughtful courtesy of the General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America

I am in receipt of his biennial report, dated Philadelphia, Pa., July 25, 1882, which was laid before the seventh general convention of that body in St. Louis, Mo., recently. To say that in careful detail and sterling advice, begotten of sound reasoning and experience extending over long years of hard and zealous work in the ranks of organized labor, is a credit of Brother McGuire, is adding nothing to a character earned long ago. While bristling with details of special interest to the Brotherhood yet it goes farther, in that the figures and conclusions, as well as the work accomplished, point a striking moral for those of all classes who pay the slightest attention to the work of improving their condition and how best to do it.

I would much like to see every word and every figure in the twelve pages of close and small type which compose this valuable report printed in THE ECHO, but of course this is out of the question. Still I will test your space and the patience of your readers by some extracts from it as well as some remarks thereon on my own part.

In the spring of 1881 a preliminary meeting of carpenters was held in the city of St. Louis, Mo.,—where the recent convention was held—and, as a result, in August of the same year a convention was held in Chicago, Ill. From this arose the powerful organization I am writing about. Prior to this convention in Chicago, as Secretary McGuire tells us, "effort after effort had been made to raise wages and advance the interests of the trade in St. Louis, and as often as the union men were successful, they were again pulled back by the influx and competition of carpenters from lower paid towns in adjoining states and from other portions of the country.

"The same condition of affairs likewise prevailed in all other large cities where unions existed. The spirit of unionism among carpenters at that date was to some extent narrow and contracted. The carpenters of one city were indifferent to the interests of the carpenters of other cities. It mattered not to other cities whether they succeeded or not. There was no tie of unity, no bond of solidarity among the carpenters of America. . . . Two previous attempts at a national organization of American carpenters had signally failed—the first in 1854; the second in 1867.

Under this discouragement the work was attempted a third time. And after eleven years of amazing progress the United Brotherhood is now a fixed institution in the front rank of labor organizations" (mainly due to the patience, perseverance, honesty of purpose, eloquence, sound judgment, and organizing ability and tact of P. J. McGuire). "It has the largest membership and greatest roster of local unions of any trade union in the whole world—outstripping all the oldest and best labor organizations and unparalleled in the successes achieved and in the fruitful good accomplished."

At the Chicago convention, when the organization was established, there were only twelve local unions represented, with a membership of 2,042. Now the organization proudly points to 802 locals and 84,376 enrolled members—with 51,313 members in good standing and benefits.

Under the heading "Shortening the Hours of Labor," Secretary McGuire says to the convention that

"In the past two years we have continued the agitation for shorter hours and with good effect. We have now 46 cities working eight hours a day" (none of these in Canada) "in 1890 we had only 36. We now have 303 cities working nine hours a day, in 1890 we had only 234. We now have 432 cities working shorter hours Saturdays, in 1890 we had only 260. These reductions in the hours of labor by actual calculation, estimating on an eight hour basis, have led to the employment of 11,150 ADDITIONAL carpenters more than would be employed were the ten hour day universal—of old. These men, who would have been idle and penniless, footsore looking for work, can thank our organization for the betterment of their condition, and those too who are now working the shorter hours of labor well know the gladness advantages they have obtained."

I find that of the 393 cities working nine hours, Canada has nine, viz.:—Belleville, London, St. Catharines, Ottawa, Peterboro and Windsor, in Ontario; Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia; and Winnipeg, in Manitoba! Fifty-four hours con-

stitute the working week in Toronto. Among the 462 new unions organized during the past year I am glad to note one in the city of Montreal. How many more will be recorded to the credit of your great commercial metropolis in the report for the year now entered on?

Secretary McGuire tells us "how wages are advanced" through organization, in the following words. He says:

"Where wages eleven years ago were \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day, they have been advanced to \$2.25 and \$3.50. Thousands of carpenters, union and non-union men, now go home on a pay day with more money than they had prior to the advent of our Order. In 531 cities we have forced wages up; that on a careful computation close to five and a half million dollars more wages have been annually distributed in the last five years among the journeymen carpenters in cities and towns where we have unions. These gains in wages and advantages in shorter hours have not always been attended by costly strikes and lockouts. Much has been done by strategy, tactics and conferences, backed by the moral force of organization, and by the knowledge the employers had of the strength and ability of our organization to make sturdy fight, if need be, to enforce its demands. Still, in the past year we have spent nearly \$146,000 from our general fund in strikes and lockouts.

Referring to the benevolent feature of their organization, the Secretary says:

"While the United Brotherhood is really a trade union for the protection of our trade interests and for the advancement and welfare of the working people, at the same time, we have various benevolent features of great advantage to our members. While our local unions have taken care of the sick and needy members, and in that way have spent \$452,360 the past eleven years, the general organization has taken care of the disabled members and of the widows and orphans of our deceased members. In the past nine years we have paid out \$228,863 for these general benefits from headquarters; \$72,613 was spent the last year.

to every man, and prove an all convincing argument as to the good, the value, and benefit of trade unions.

In accounting for a fall in membership to the extent of 5,624 in 1892, Secretary McGuire, after citing certain internal causes as contributing thereto, continues to say:

"Another good reason for this decrease is that in the past year there was not the same general widespread agitation and consequent public awakening on the eight hour question that prevailed in 1890, through the work and plans of the American Federation of Labor. Then we added 22,000 new members to our organization.

"In 1886, when there was an active agitation on the eight hour question, we gained 17,070 members that year, but the next year, in 1887, our increase in membership was only a trifle over 4,000. Whenever there has been any general lively agitation in the labor movement it has helped our organization.

Secretary McGuire's remarks under the head of "Strikes and Lockouts" are well worthy of thoughtful consideration on the part of all labor organizations. He says: "The strikes of the future in our trade" (yes, and in all other organized trades) "are likely to be more prolonged, and there is possibility of many lock-outs and bitter contests close at hand. These struggles will test the manhood and devotion of our members. We will have to pass through a crucial ordeal, which will strain every nerve and fibre of our organization. The employers are preparing for it, and so must we. With dull times on their side and an array of selfish interests they present a formidable front. On our side, we must be more than ever united, harmonious in our counsels, cautious in our actions, and ever vigilant and determined in the protection of our fraternal interests, backed by the "sinews of war," in the shape of an abundance of funds to do manly battle whenever provoked to conflict. At all times our policy should be first to secure conferences with the employers, and by negotiation or conciliation, endeavor to secure a settlement, only resorting to a strike as a last alternative. But when we do strike let us strike to win, and give little notice of our intention to strike. And strike only when carpenter work is plentiful, and let our strikes be short and decisive.

"Last year the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners had in all 169 strikes and lost ten. This year we have had 128

trade movements, and have been successful in all but three instances. This is certainly a good record to find only three strikes lost out of 128. For strikes and lock-outs we spent in all \$75,497 in 1890; \$14,400.20 in 1891; and this year we spent only \$26,114. Nearly one-half of this was spent in the Baltimore strike this year for the eight-hour day. In that strike we expended nearly \$12,000 from our Protective Fund."

Under the head of "Financial Affairs" the Secretary says:—

"The cost of wife funeral benefits the past two years has been \$23,650, which is an enormous amount, and is equal to twice the amount of money raised by the special assessment levied in March, 1892, to replace the deficiency in the General Treasury. This deficiency was caused by the increased death rate of the past two years incident to the 'Grippe,' and which has likewise severely affected the finances of all fraternal and benevolent organizations."

In concluding his report, and referring to the "Importance of the occasion," Mr. McGuire says:

"This large convention of delegates from all sections of the country indicates the extensive and wide-spread character of our organization, and now, at this time, more than any other, the eyes of the American people, and of all the civilized lands are centered on the trade unions of America. The contest which began this month on the banks of the Monongahela is a struggle which has aroused more solid thought and produced a larger public awakening than any like movement since 1877. It is a struggle between the organized few, representing the corporate wealth and privileged interests of our Republic, and organized labor—the iron and steel workers representing the bone and brawn, the brains and heart of the disinherited millions. In the crack of the rifle and amid the thunder of cannon, in the fiery glare of battle and in the fury of the people, the Pinkerton service has at last been condemned to go! And with it in time will go all vested privileges, moneyed rule and every monopolized interest detri-

ment to every man, and prove an all convincing argument as to the good, the value, and benefit of trade unions.

"In these trying times, the duty of maintaining public order and peace rests with the men and women of toil, for as our cause is based on justice and human fraternity, we have little to gain by brute force. By an appeal to reason, by public discussion, by the intelligent use of our ballots, and by the legitimate work of Trade Unions, we can accomplish more than by any appeal to the destructive powers of civil conflict, with all its interminable horrors and uncertainties.

"In the sight of this great responsibility, our actions and words at the convention should be carefully guarded. All our legislation here should be directed to the furtherance of the movement we are engaged in and which has so much at stake, not only for our own members, but for the millions of workers." Sound advice.

David A. Carey, F. C. Cribben and W. Glockling will represent D. A. 125 K. of L. at the ensuing T. & L. Congress; Geo. T. Beales, H. T. Benson and — will represent the Builders' Laborers Union; and David Hastings, now living in Hamilton will represent the T. & Council of that city URM.

LABOR DAY NOTES.

The following is the route the route the procession will take:—

Form on Craig opposite Champ de Mars and proceed along Craig to Papineau road to St. Catherine to Plessis to Ontario to Denis, Sherbrooke to Cadieux, Rachel St. Lawrence, Mt. Royal avenue to Exhibition grounds.

The organization committee will send circular to all employers of labor asking them to shut down their factories on Labor Day and it is hoped there will be a very general response to the request.

Mr. Victor DuBreuil, secretary of the committee, has written to Mayor McShane asking him to proclaim Labor Day a civic holiday and further not to grant any permits to persons running games of chance. The Mayor readily consented to this, and further say will have the flag hoisted on the City Hall honor of the day, as well as take part in parade.

A dispatch from Interlaken, Switzerland says that G. Ribbons, of "Spring America," while crossing the Grindel glacier, was struck by an avalanche and instantly killed.

FOILED IN TIME.

Dr. Tom Grig sat in his diminutive back office—which he dignified with the name of 'study'—one rainy morning with a copy of 'Godard's Wilson' on his knees, a short, well-blacked pipe in his mouth, his feet on the highly polished fender and his eyes fixed meditatively upon a glass-fronted case of bottles, books, anatomical preparations, sharp, ivory-handled instruments in red leather swathings, pill boxes, gallipots and other miscellaneous medical property. He was a young physician, just coming into a fair practice, and was not engaged, as he appeared, in counting or admiring the bottles, books, etc., above mentioned, but in building some very charming chateaux en Espagne, intimately connected with his increasing business and a certain fair d'Amal with dimples, away off the country where Tom's dear old mother lived, and whence he had just returned after passing the holidays at home.

'Ah,' mused Tom, half aloud, the words and the pipe-smoke mingling together, as they came through his mustache, 'ah, won't it be jolly! Nice little suite of rooms on second floor—say two bedrooms and a parlor—nice little office downstairs—it won't cost so much more than living alone, and then, God bless her! she'll keep me from spending a small fortune in dissipation, which a single man has to do to kill time. I do think I'm a remarkably lucky dog—why, she's too good for a king; yet she loves me, I believe, as honestly as—Come in!'

A knock at the door had broken Tom's meditation and called forth this last exclamation.

It was the servant—a little Irish girl, with pink eyes, orange-colored hair and a generally burst open style of dress.

'There's a letter for ye!' remarked she, with an intensely Hibernian independence in her tone, at the same time handing him a note, directed to a trembling, scrawling hand.

Tom took the missive and found it to be a request for a visit, written in semi-jocose style, from a gentleman whom he had known slightly some two years before.

27 ANTINOUS PLACE, N. Y.

DR. GRIG—I am ill—they say, and want a doctor—they say. I seriously do not think anything is the matter with me, unless I am a little hypochondriacal; but to satisfy my friends, you might administer a stomach pump or trepan me a little and then prescribe something to relieve me of the effects of such treatment. I am not willing, however, a removal of the spinal column or an amputation of the carotid artery, even to please them. Come this afternoon, if convenient, and oblige.

Yours truly

R. F. SIDNEY.

P. S.—I don't think you will need to bring any medicine with you, as I have a bottle of hair dye and a box of dinner pills somewhere about, which I guess will be sufficient.

R. F. S.

'I haven't seen Sidney for a long while!' mused Tom; 'No. 27 Antinous place, eh? he must be well off—that is a decidedly aristocratic neighborhood. I'll go up and feel his pulse!'

In accordance with this resolution, he called in the afternoon at the house designated—a somewhat palatial-looking residence—and was admitted at once to the invalid's apartment.

It was a handsome chamber, furnished with much luxury and supplied with everything that comfort and taste could require. The invalid was arrayed in a rich quilted dressing-gown and slippers of embroidered velvet. In spite of his joking assertions contained in his note, there was evidently something wrong about him, and Tom would hardly have known the thin, sallow man, with hollow eyes encircled with dark haloes, for the ruddy, full fed, hearty-voiced Sidney he had heretofore met.

'Ah, Dr. Grig, I'm glad you have come. They're trying to persuade me that I'm ill, and I want you to help me deny it!'

'I hope to enable you to deny it conscientiously in a short time, sir!' said Tom; 'though I must confess you look a little bilious just now!'

'There! that's just what I told them—nothing but a little biliousness. I fancy I've been living a little too fast—too much rich gravy and pastry, eh?'

'Very possibly. Let me see your tongue—hm—coated a little—how's the pulse—hm.'

Mr. Sidney's tongue was quite white and his pulse small and thready. His face looked as if he were very bilious, but there were several symptoms that seemed to contradict each other, and Tom was a trifle puzzled. Of course he did not let his patient see this, but spoke confidently of bringing him around in a few days, left a prescription for some simple medicine and departed, promising to look in the next day.

That night, shortly after he had retired, he was aroused by a succession of vigorous pulls at the night bell. He sprang out of

bed, and hastily dressing himself, opened the door. A tremendous gust of driving wind and rain, mingled with sleet, greeted him, in which a woman entered.

'Is this Dr. Grig?'

'Yes, madam.'

The lady threw up her veil and sank into a chair.

'I wish, sir, that would accompany me immediately to Mr. Sidney's house, where you called this afternoon. I think he is very ill.'

'Are there any new symptoms?'

'Yes, sir. He was taken with a severe fit of coughing and an apparently high fever shortly after you left. I administered the medicine you prescribed and he went to sleep somewhat relieved, but about half an hour ago he awoke a little delirious and has since had several convulsions. He seems in great agony and I came down here personally to insure your attendance.'

'You are very considerate, madam,' said Tom, bowing, 'I will accompany you in a moment.'

He was soon ready, and taking a small portable case of medicines entered a carriage that stood at the door and rode with the lady to Sidney's house.

The patient was suffering much, but had rallied a little and endeavored to preserve his customary cheerfulness.

'Glad to see you, again, doctor,' said he, in a husky voice and with a faint attempt at a smile; 'I'm pretty well convinced that something is the matter with me after all. If it's bile it is a very unpleasant manifestation of it!'

Tom made his examination more carefully this time, with a view of getting a reliable diagnosis of the case.

'Sallowness—tongue white and furry—pulse feeble—fever cough, convulsions!' thought he; 'rather an extraordinary combination of symptoms!'

And he tried in vain to discover what disease his patient was suffering under. Mr. Sidney complained of sharp shooting pains in his head—of a dead, cold sensation in the abdominal regions—of thirst—dimness of vision and an untiring restlessness.

'If I hadn't the best nurse in the world,' said he, 'I should get quite low-spirited, but she keeps my spirits up finely. By the way, doctor, I haven't introduced this lady to you, although she went after you. Dr. Grig, Mrs. Bellair!'

For the first time Tom's attention was attracted to this lady. She was a somewhat handsome person, with fair hair and large, soft blue eyes, which she had a way of opening and shutting slowly. Her face was full, a little pale and finely moulded. Her mouth wore a peculiarly sweet smile nearly all the time, her nose was straight, with long, narrow nostrils, her teeth white and even, but very pointed, and her form perfect.

She bowed to Tom and proceeded to take off her bonnet and cloak, displaying in the act a round, fair arm and delicate hand ornamented with several handsome rings. In stooping to pick up a fallen glove she inadvertently displayed a small, aristocratically narrow foot in a neat gray garter.

'Mrs. Bellair,' continued Sidney, 'was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Sidney and stayed by her through her last illness, so that she has had much experience in taking care of invalids. Indeed, I tell her she ought to establish a hospital; it is her mission, evidently, to be a ministering angel!'

Mrs. Bellair smiled and disclaimed such flattery, but said that Mr. Sidney and his lamented lady had been great benefactors to her and her family and gratitude alone should have prompted her to do even more than she had done.

While all this was going on Tom had compounded some mysterious white powders and enveloped them in papers, which he numbered, with instructions for their administration. He could not help acknowledging to himself that he was working almost in the dark, notwithstanding the careful inquiry he had made of Mr. Sidney and Mrs. Bellair also concerning his patient's former habits, the first appearance of the disease and all other circumstances that could throw light upon it.

After this his visits were daily, and he found himself still further perplexed by the course of the malady. It seemed guided by no rules or laws, and while the medicines he gave produced the happiest results at times, on other occasions they had no apparent effect whatever. The patient's continual thirst was best quenched by a weak sort of wine-lemonade, made of some rich old Burgundy that had long lain in his cellar, and Mrs. Bellair took the greatest pains to prepare it for him. She paid him every attention imaginable and Tom began to suspect, about the third or fourth time he saw her, that she had a feeling for Mr. Sidney considerably warmer than mere gratitude and friendship.

He discovered, in the course of time, that she had known the Sidneys for several years, and since their residence in Antinous place had been an inmate of their house, together with her husband, an insignificant little man, with grubby hands and a shock head

of hay colored hair. She did not live very happily with Mr. Bellair and they were desperately poor, but Sidney had got the little man into lucrative business and lodged them both rent free, so that they became somewhat more comfortable. When Mrs. Sidney was taken ill, Mrs. Bellair had watched with her, attended her, nursed her and done everything that a mother could have done for a sick child, and when the poor little, delicate, spirituelle form was laid in the coffin, she mingled her tears with those of the bereaved husband and mourned as if she, too, had loved and lost. This delicate but intense sympathy won the esteem of Mr. Sidney, who was an honest, whole-hearted gentleman, and he felt very grateful to the high-bred woman who was tied to such an ugly nonentity as Bellair.

But the disease which was wearing Sidney out was a mystery, and the young physician kept a scrupulous diary of its symptoms as a curiosity. He studied it, to the neglect of much of his other business, and was finally honest enough to come out boldly and tell his patient that he could not understand it, much less cure it.

'I have tried everything!' said he, 'I have dieted you, physicked you and done all I know how, yet here you are, no better in health than at first. All I can do is to give you relief when you suffer most acutely. I tell you this frankly, because I like you and do not wish to deceive you with false, delusive hopes!'

'My dear boy!' said Sidney cheerily, 'do what you can, then. I have faith in your treatment as a means of relief, but I have, between you and me, given up all ideas of ever recovering. I feel that every day that passes brings me nearer the grave!'

A slight sigh attracted Tom's attention, and turning around, he saw Mrs. Bellair bending down over her sewing, her face almost hidden and stifled sobs agitating her frame. Mr. Sidney complained of thirst, and the lady went to prepare some lemonade for him, evidently glad of the opportunity to leave the room before her emotion overcame her.

'Mrs. Bellair is very solicitous,' said Tom gently; 'she seems to have a great friendship for you!'

'Yes. She is a noble woman. I never saw a woman I liked so well, except poor Carrie—Mrs. Sidney. I shall leave her all my property in her own right, as my only relatives are distant and wealthy, and I hope she can enjoy herself a little more independently of Mr. Bellair, who, to tell the truth, is a mauvais sujet!'

Mrs. Bellair soon returned with the lemonade, and, after tasting it and stirring it, filled a glass for the invalid, who praised it and invited both her and Tom to take a glass with him. They did so, but the lady found it a little strong of the wine and immediately took a swallow from a glass of water that stood on the mantle-piece.

'Why, what a curious taste that water has! Some of your drugs must have got into it, doctor!' she said; 'just see what an odd flavor!'

And she passed the tumbler to Tom, who, tasting the water, perceived a faint acrid flavor.

'Probably some medicine has been taken from the glass!'

'Nothing poisonous, I hope?'

'No, I have given nothing but very simple medicines!'

Tom gave his patient some prescriptions and prepared to leave the house. Mrs. Bellair followed him out and confronted him in the hall with a face of suffering.

'Do you think he will die, doctor?'

'I cannot tell, madam. While there is life there is hope!'

'But can you not cure him?'

'To be honest, no. I have exhausted all my knowledge and have experimented upon him until I know nothing more to try!'

'Oh, doctor! do not say that he cannot live! Oh, he must not die! He shall not!'

'Calm yourself, madam. Tears and misery avail nothing. He is willing to die, and I should be sorry to give him hopes that I do not see any foundation for!'

The lady burst into a passionate flood of grief, and Tom called a servant, who just then passed through the hall, to attend to her. The servant, a handsome Spanish quadroon, approached and glared savagely upon Mrs. Bellair, who was apparently almost fainting.

'Get some smelling-salts and assist this lady to her room!' said Tom. 'Mrs. Bellair, you must not give way to this sorrow; he may recover yet!'

The servant hesitated a moment, scowled fiercely at the lady, made a half-gesture toward Tom, as if she would speak to him, and finally ran to obey his order as he departed.

His office slate was filled with calls when he returned, and for the rest of the day he was kept pretty busy in prescribing for Mrs. Fanfaron's headache, Master Fitz-Augustus Jupiter's chapped lips and Mr. Plumpy's indigestion. At night he again entered the cozy little study, laid off his overcoat, invested his feet in the warm slippers that the kind little landlady had laid on

the fender for him and rang the bell for his supper to be served. This meal over, his coffee finished and his pipe lit, he lay down upon a lounge, which served him as a bed at night, and went at the old labor of constructing the chateaux en Espagne that had afforded him pleasure and occupation during all his leisure hours, ever since that day, just before Christmas, when he sat in the old-fashioned country kitchen of his dear old mother's house and made love to the fair damsel with dimples while she manufactured some marvellous mince pies, which subsequently made 'dear Tom' quite ill.

While thus engaged there came a gentle, timid ring at the office door, and I fear that 'dear Tom' said a naughty word. It was cold and snowy out and he was just getting gloriously comfortable.

'Well, it may be only an office call,' growled he. 'I'll see what it is, anyhow.'

As he opened the door a tall, slender girl glided in and Tom wondered where he had seen her face before.

'I want to speak to you, doctor,' said the girl, 'about something very important and very private. I come from Mr. Sidney's, in Antinous place.'

Tom looked at her and recognized the quadroon chambermaid whom he had seen in the hall that day.

'Is your master worse, then?'

'No—that is, no worse than might be expected.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that he might be expected to be sick, sir, considering the circumstances.'

'Come in here, to my study, and sit down. Now, then, tell me what you are driving at?'

'Well, sir, it is just this: Mrs. Bellair is poisoning Mr. Sidney. That's what's the matter with him.'

'You are crazy!'

'I know it, but I was not until I knew that.'

'How do you know it?'

'A chambermaid knows everything. I suspected poison when Mrs. Sidney died, and now I have proofs. Mrs. Bellair puts a white powder into Mr. Sidney's lemonade whenever she makes it, and if anybody comes in she puts the powder into her bosom.'

'But, good God, child, you don't mean to say that she, who seems so kind and pleasant always, has actually murdered Mrs. Sidney and is now murdering her husband?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Impossible—I can prove that you are mistaken. If that lemonade was poisoned I should have been ill, and Mrs. Bellair, too, for that matter, for we both drank of it today.'

'Didn't you drink anything else afterward?'

'No—nothing.'

'Then you will be ill. Didn't Mrs. Bellair take anything after it?'

'No—oh, yes, she drank a little water.'

'Ah! some that she had in the room, ready to her hand.'

'It was in a tumbler on the mantle.'

'And didn't she ask you to drink it?'

'Now I think of it, she did ask me to taste of it and I took a single swallow. It had an odd taste.'

'There was some stuff in it that she takes to keep the poison from hurting her. I don't know what you call it.'

'An antidote.'

'Yes; she often tastes the lemonade—people might suspect if she didn't—but she always says it is too strong for her and takes a mouthful of water immediately.'

'Great heaven!' ejaculated Tom, his head almost whirling with the terrible suspicion thus forced up him; 'can it be possible? But no—it is absurd—why, child, what would she poison him for? She is much better off while he is alive.'

'I don't understand it, sir, but it is something about a will. She wants to get his property, somehow.'

Tom suddenly remembered what Sidney had said—that Mrs. Bellair would receive his property in her own right. If he had already made his will and she knew of it, this was still further corroboration of the girl's story.

'But from what I can see,' he urged, 'Mrs. Bellair loves Mr. Sidney, and he loves her.'

'Oh, sir, you don't know what women can do. It is all put on—all make-believe, sir. She is a deep one and lays her plans well.'

'Can you get me some of that white powder?'

'I don't know, sir. I'll try to-morrow.'

'Why did you not tell me this before?'

'Well, sir, I wasn't perfectly satisfied till to-day. I've caught her twice putting something in her bosom when she was making lemonade or tea, and I've seen her drink water many times after tasting it, but to-day, when she made that lemonade, I stood on the stairs outside and looked through the glass over the top of the door, so that I could see her in a mirror at the end of the room.'

'And you saw her put something into it?'

'Yes, sir. She took a paper out of her bosom and poured in a very little of a stuff that looked like flour. Then she put the

paper away again and stirred the lemonade a great deal.'

'Well, if you will get me some of that powder, I will give you five dollars.'

The girl drew herself up indignantly.

'No, sir. I don't want any money. If I can save Robert Sidney's life, I shall be repaid. He bought me, sir, in Cuba, when I was a child, and took me away from a place where I should have been a farm servant all my life. He brought me here, sir, and educated me, fed me, clothed me, gave me a home, sir, and did everything for me. He is just the kindest, best, noblest man alive, sir; and my notion of God, sir, is that he is just like Mr. Sidney.'

'He is a fine man.'

'Yes, indeed, sir, but it was a dark day for him when that woman crossed his door-sill. She has laid her nets and lines all about him—she pretended to love his poor little wife so much, all the time she was killing her by inches, and cried so, at the funeral, you would have thought she couldn't be making believe. But she was, sir, and she's playing the same game now, only, sir, please God, she'll never live to see the end of it!'

The girl had worked herself up into a prodigious state of excitement in narrating this story and trembled like a leaf at the idea of Mrs. Bellair murdering her beloved master, the worship of whom had grown to be the largest half of her religion. Tom quieted her down as best he could, gave her much consolatory advice and sent her off with an earnest demand that she should bring him some of the powder and some of the lemonade also, if possible.

The next day he called on Mr. Sidney quite early, after passing an almost sleepless night. As he entered the invalid's room Mrs. Bellair appeared at another door with a pitcher of lemonade, which she filled out for the patient.

'You look fatigued, Mrs. Bellair,' said Tom, stifling the look of suspicion that he felt was creeping over his face; 'a little of that drink would not harm you—it's very refreshing.'

The lady smiled and filled a glass for herself, as if she took pleasure in disarming suspicion. Tom watched her narrowly and saw that shortly after drinking she took a few swallows of water from a tumbler on a table near.

'I don't think so much lemonade is good for you, Sidney,' said the doctor, as he saw his patient was about to drink of it; 'it might disorder your stomach. You had best take cold water alone or let me mix you a draught.'

'I will get some water for you, Robert,' said Mrs. Bellair quickly; 'I will get some fresh and cold for you.'

Tom tried to find an excuse for calling the servant to get it instead, but Mrs. Bellair had already gained the door.

'I wouldn't drink too much of anything,' began Tom. 'I don't believe—hallo! what's this?'

A groan, a few hurried steps and a heavy, rumbling fall had interrupted him. He ran out to the stairs and saw Mrs. Bellair lying at the foot in frightful convulsions. Filled with horror, he sprang down to her and found her dreadfully changed. Her face was livid and contorted, her body spasmodically bent backward and her mouth foaming. Just as he reached her and raised her up a little the quadroon girl glided up to him with a strange, sneering smile on her face.

'Didn't I tell you?' she said hurriedly, 'I got hold of some of that powder and stirred a whole lot of it into the tumbler of water on the table. Ah, ha; she has got the wrong dose this time. But it is a good thing for master!'

Tom, more and more horrified, dashed water on the woman's face and opened her dress a little, as she seemed to be unable to breathe. But his exertions were in vain—by the time he had done this much she was dead.

He had the body taken into an unoccupied room, and on examining found a small packet of powder, as the girl had said, concealed in her corsage. He took possession of it and returned to Sidney's room.

'What is the matter? Why do you look so pale? What has happened?'

'Mrs. Bellair,' said Tom, 'has fallen down stairs in a fit and is dangerously ill.'

'What kind of a fit?'

'Apoplectic.'

'Can I see her—is she dying? My God!'

'No; you had best remain quiet now; but I think it doubtful if she can live.'

Poor Sidney was overcome with grief. The excitement threw him into a fever; and he was unable even to sit up before Mrs. Bellair was buried, under a certificate from Tom that she died of apoplexy.

I do not know that I can justify my hero for this wilful deception in concealing a murder and shielding a murderer; but the retribution was so like the work of Providence—it seemed so just for the woman to die by the very means she had provided to take life with; and, withal, it seemed so natural for the poor quadroon girl to average the wrongs done to those who had been more than parents to her that his own

conscience would not suffer him to bring her to the gallows.

The news of Mrs. Bellair's death was gradually broken to Sidney, when he recovered from his fever, and Tom found that from that day his patient improved. He analyzed the white powder he had found concealed on Mrs. Bellair's body and found it to be a subtle preparation of aconite, with which he had heretofore been unacquainted; but by some experiments upon mice he saw that it could be made to act very slowly or almost instantly.

In time Sidney's health was almost perfectly restored. His constitution was injured and he looked ten years older than he had a few months before. When he was as well as he could ever expect to be, he persuaded Tom—to whom he had become greatly attached—to visit Europe with him; and while abroad Tom let him, little by little, into the horrible secret of his wife's death and his own illness, together with the true statement of Mrs. Bellair's sudden demise. The paroxysm of passion and horror that this awakened—delicately as it was told—nearly made Sidney ill again; but travel and change of scene brought his spirits up once more, and he lived to return to his native land and to call Tom and the fair damsel with dimples 'his children' on their wedding day. Of course they became the recipients of his property at his death.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mother of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a well-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But Oh! these battles last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kindest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kindest warrior born.
—Joaquin Miller in Toronto Truth.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Dion Boucicault's Advice—Never make love to a woman through an ink bottle.

You were always a fault-finder growled the wife. Yes, dear, responded the husband meekly. I found you.

Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to use naughty words? No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.

A contemporary lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire. One of them is, to keep as cool as possible.

Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold a 150 pound girl on their laps than a 15 pound baby.

How are you getting on with your garden, Weedlechick? Did your seeds come up? Oh, yes—they all came up in about two days. My neighbors keep hens.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional. You are right, replied his friend, a lawyer cannot be too barefaced.

Why does a woman wear a tall silk hat when she rides on horseback? asked Jones, the other day. So that the horse may believe she is a man, and be frightened of her, replied Brown, who has carefully studied the subject.

Darling, d-do you l-love meh? she gasped. Love you? said he, as he got a tighter grip; love you? Why, precious one, madly as I hug you now, the fervor of my affection almost makes me long to be an octopus with eight arms.

A visitor to Venice thus writes to his home friends in all honest simplicity: Venice is a nice place, only I must say I think it's damp. It must have rained tremendously before our arrival, for at present we can only get about the streets in boats.

I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me, instead of your own minister? Well, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it is just rich for our ain dear minister to run the risk.

Perfectly Satisfied—Little Bessie had been taken in to see her new baby brother for the first time. Do you think you will like him,

Bessie? asked her father. Why, yes, she said, clapping her hands delightedly. There isn't any sawdust about him at all, is there? He's a real meat baby!

Dunkel, to lawyer who is making out his will—I vont to leaf each clerk £5,000 dot haf been in my employ twenty years. Lawyer—Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel! Dunkel—Ah, dot's it! None of tem haf been mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisement for my poys ven I am dead, ain'd it?

There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk. Very little credit is due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves out of the way, and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing.

The answers in the correspondent's column of a German journal contain the following: P. S.—We really think that you had better not visit us in order to receive an explanation of the reason why we have rejected your manuscript. Our staircase, we beg to inform you, has twenty-four steps, and we do not keep a bolster at the bottom.

Brother Lastly, said the spokesman, I have an unpleasant duty to perform. There is a report that you have said that one of the best and most worthy members of our congregation is unable to attend service often on account of not having good enough clothes. We have come to ask the name of that member. We don't know of any such person, and a report of that kind is likely to reflect upon us as a congregation that does not look after its poor but worthy members. Will you tell me who it is? Certainly, brethren, replied the Rev. Mr. Lastly, with a brave attempt to be cheerful. It's my wife.

Business is Business.

Maude, I am going to tell you something. Yes, dear.

Now that I am engaged to the old thing, he wants the ceremony to take place at once. I don't know what to do.

Marry him as soon as you can, darling. His relatives will have him declared insane and spoil it all, if you're not careful.

He was no Unpracticed Hand.

The little Boston boy had been chastised by his school teacher.

Excuse the question, he said, but have you ever taught school before?

No.

Then you have children of your own? Yes. How did you know?

I perceived at once that yours was no unpracticed hand.

Baby Weighed 250 Pounds.

Come, Mousey, he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed. The passengers watched, wondering meanwhile if Mousey were a black and tan or a Skye terrier.

The boat's nearly there, Birdie, he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the head of the up-rushing crowd.

Ducky, he called loudly, aren't you coming?

No Ducky put in an appearance and again he called in a pleading tone:

B-a-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get off the boat.

Then a woman weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds appeared on the stairway carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs, and several shawls and rugs.

I'm coming, hubby, she said placidly, and everybody who saw her coming got out of the way as they realized Mr. Shakespeare's pertinent inquiry, What's in a name?

He Managed It.

Judge Maloney was taking a stroll down toward the Satinend of Kearny street, and, as usual, had his sensitive modesty with him. Near the juncture of Montgomery avenue is a small street oyster stand where one can purchase, if his purse will not stand a dozen of the succulent bivalves, one or more for a small sum. In front of this stood a Chinese, looking perplexedly at an extremely large oyster on a plate; he had evidently disposed of one or two previously, but this seemed to be a little too large for his swallowing powers. While engaged in contemplation, Maloney came along. Seeing the heathen's dilemma, he stepped up and asked:

What's the matter, John—no can swallow him?

No; too biggee, was the answer.

Ah, yez don't savy, said the irrepressible Maloney. With that he lifted the oyster off the plate and dropped it gently down his capacious gullet.

The Chinese gazed in evident admiration at the easy way in which it had been put away, and said:

Irishman heap smart; me try to swallow him six times, no can do.

Those that were standing near say that

the expression on Maloney's face when he heard this would have stopped a clock.

The Best Original Definition of a Wife.

The pretty school teacher, for a little divertimento, had asked her class for the best original definition of wife, and the boy in the corner had promptly responded: A rib.

She looked at him reproachfully and nodded to the boy with the dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

Man's guiding star and guardian angel, he said in response to the nod.

A helpmeet, put in a little flaxen-haired girl.

One who soothes man in adversity, suggested a demure little girl.

And spends his money when he's flush, added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty dark-eyed girl said slowly:

A wife is the envy of spinsters.

One who makes a man hustle, was the next suggestion.

And keeps him from making a fool of himself, put in another girl.

Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong, said a sorrowful little maiden.

Stop right there, said the pretty school teacher. That's the best definition.

Later the sorrowful little maiden slid up to her and asked:

Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?

Yes, dear, she replied, but with us nothing will go wrong. He says so himself.

Jake's Glass Eye.

The thin old man in an alpaca coat and a palm leaf fan, at the third table in the ice cream dispensary, showed evidence of great excitement. His supply of vanilla cream was only half gone, but he seemed to have lost interest in the other half and was sipping the water and anning himself violently. Feel faint? asked the proprietor, stepping over to the third table.

Bet your life I don't.

I kinder thought you looked flustered, suggested the other soothingly.

Flustered, hey. What did I order? Vanilla cream.

Plain, wasn't it? Certainly.

You don't remember my asking for a wooden leg?

No.

I didn't mention a gutta percha arm nor a plate of false ears, did I?

Certainly not, admitted the proprietor, vaguely wondering whether he could get the police station on the telephone without scaring the other customers.

Well, see what I dredged up in your durned old cream. And the agitated customer in alpaca passed over a glass eye.

The proprietor looked horrified.

It's Jake's, he said briefly, inspecting the discovery. Mary, he added, calling to a passing waitress, you tell Jake that vanilla at the third table found it. Tell him if it happens again I'll discharge him. You see, he continued apologetically to the agitated customer, I've got a man down stairs to make cream. He makes the finest ice cream in the State of Michigan, but he's got a false eye, and he's always leavin' that eye around and losin it. It's got to stop now, though, or that sort of thing will break up the ice cream business.

Do you mean to say, faltered the old man, that other people have found that same—same—article in their cream?

Oh, well, admitted the proprietor diplomatically, you're the first vanilla.

The Average Man's Bill of Fare.

The French infantry soldier in time of peace, is given the following rations weekly: Fifteen pounds of bread, three and one pounds of meat, two and a half pounds of haricot beans, with salt and pepper, and one and three quarter ounces of brandy. This is just about three pounds of food a day.

The Russian soldier, in time of peace, is given the following weekly rations: Seven pounds of black bread, seven pounds meat, seven and seven-tenths quarts of beer, 122 ounces of sour cabbage, the same amount of barley, ten and a half ounces salt, 28 grains of horse radish, the same amount of pepper and twenty six and a half ounces of vinegar. This is over four pounds of food a day, such as it is; but the nutritious qualities of the cabbage are not very great.

Dr. Pavy, perhaps the most eminent authority upon diet, says that the average man in a state of absolute rest can live on sixteen ounces of food a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty three ounces, and a man doing laborious work needs from twenty six and three quarter ounces to thirty ounces. This is food absolutely free from water, and it must be remembered that everything we eat contains more or less water, so that from forty eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food are necessary to healthy existence, according to the work in which a man is engaged.

Sir Lyon Playfair, another great author-

ity, gives the following as all that is necessary for a healthy man to eat in a week; Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat, two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for the meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted. This sounds like starvation diet, but Sir Lyon Playfair generally knows what he is talking about.

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EXCISE ON TOBACCO.

The following circular has been received by the tobacco manufacturers of this city:

OTTAWA, July 30, 1892.

SIR,—Suggestions have been made that the system of collecting the excise duty on tobacco and cigars be changed, and that, instead of collecting the duty on the manufactured product, as now practiced, the duty be levied by and paid to the customs on the raw leaf tobacco when imported, and that the stamping of the goods be abolished.

The department is desirous of obtaining the views of manufacturers upon the change proposed, and would ask an expression of your opinion at as early a date as possible.

Kindly address your reply to the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, Ottawa.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) W. J. GERALD,
Inspector of Tobacco and Factories.

The issuing of the above circular to the manufacturers, completely ignoring those employed in the cigar industry, notwithstanding the fact that any change in the system of collecting the excise duty will to a certain degree interfere with those who earn their livelihood in this calling, is not what might be expected from the officials of the Inland Revenue Department. If the responsible head of the department is at all familiar with the cigar industry he must be aware that there is an organization known as the Cigarmakers Union, which has, on several occasions, waited on the Government on matters pertaining to the excise law, which were of vital interest to those they represented. On one occasion the Unions of this city were represented by a committee who called on the Hon. Mr. Costigan in connection with the same laws, and later on the Legislative Committee of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress brought the matter before the notice of the Minister of Inland Revenue, and offered suggestions regarding the system of collecting duties on manufactured goods. But the department has not seen fit to take the same interest in the matter of "suggestions" emanating from the Cigarmakers Union as it has in the case where the suggestions were made by certain manufacturers. Nor has it seen fit to extend that courtesy to the Cigarmakers Unions, who have proved that in matters connected with the excise duties on cigars and tobacco that they always take a deep interest in any proposed change intended by the Government. The ignoring of the Cigar-

makers' Unions, in so far as asking their views on any proposed change of collecting the excise duty, is apparently intentional on the part of the department who, by their action, seem to think that any change they would see fit to adopt would in no way interfere with those employed in the industry. This, we maintain, is unjust to the wage-earners of this industry, and in a matter which so clearly concerns them it is only right they should be heard and their views receive consideration which their connection with the business would reasonably lead them to expect. The Cigarmakers' Unions throughout Canada should take immediate steps in this matter, and insist upon having their views on any proposed change in the collection of excise duty on tobacco or cigars taken into consideration before any definite action is taken by the Inland Revenue Department.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the opportunity has not gone past to gain further concessions from the Street Railway Company we would recommend that the Council endeavor to secure an extension of time when workmen's tickets can be used in the direction of giving at least one hour at the usual dinner hour, say from 12 noon to 1 p. m. If this extension were in force a large number of workmen, who have now to put up with a lunch of bread and butter, would find their way home to eat a more substantial meal. It is not much to ask for, yet it would prove a great boon to many.

The statement of a contemporary, to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no material change in the aspect of the trouble in Messrs. Davis & Sons' cigar factory. The forty odd men who refused to work on the terms offered by their employers are still walking the streets or have secured work in other shops, and there is little likelihood of them giving in either. It is quite likely that the Messrs. Davis have appointed the work to other and non-union hands and that they are satisfied. It takes very little to satisfy some people, more especially those who have no ambition for the future of themselves and their children and are content with having the brute instincts gratified. In connection with this trouble, the Shoemakers' Union have met and passed a resolution pledging themselves to smoke nothing but union-made cigars. There is now a good opportunity for the two unions of this city to boom the Blue Label. Hundreds of non-union brands are daily advertised, and by means of every bill-board in the city the public is made acquainted with them, the only ones conspicuously absent being the clean and clear product of union labor. Give them a hoist!

Our talented and versatile contributor, "Bill Blades," makes a suggestion this week which we think the members of the Trades Council would do well to earnestly consider. He is in favor of the meetings being thrown open to the public, and gives good and cogent reasons for the faith that is in him. As he says, it would undoubtedly have the effect of making the citizens think more deeply of those matters which so closely concern them and take a greater interest in everything that pertains to the progress of this great city. The trouble hitherto has been that the people generally are too apathetic; they are slow to appreciate the fact that large sums of public money are being recklessly squandered upon favored contractors and others, and nothing but an earthquake shock can open their eyes to the fact that among their representatives in the City Council are men who can be bought and sold in the same way one can buy or sell a yard of cloth. A free and open discussion on all public questions is advisable at all times, and as the

members of the Trades Council are not hampered by any such considerations as offending a wealthy contractor or hoodling alderman the truth is oftener expressed, but if it does not reach the outside public what of it? It fails in its effect, or partially so; whereas, if it found its way into the press, which undoubtedly it would, the people generally would hear, and we have faith enough in the inherent honesty of the public mind to believe that, once told, the truth would prevail, and many nicely concocted schemes would be knocked endways. The City Council is largely divided up into cliques and rings, those composing one of which agree to support anything and everything promoted by another, conditional on receiving a like support in return. This is how the city is run at the present time, and this is why we see so many contracts awarded to particular contractors at a much higher figure than that of the lowest tenderer. Is this really done in the public interest or is it necessary in order to provide grease for the supporters of the contractor? Let us have all the light possible, and the Trades Council, who are continually calling for light on dark and mysterious transactions, should be the first to show the example by allowing the public to get all the light possible from their free discussion of any public question.

Twenty-five composers of the Milwaukee Daily Journal struck work the other day because four of their number were discharged through the proprietors setting them down as agitators. On the face of it there was perhaps more loyalty than good sense displayed in their action, but they may have had other and graver reasons than that given in the brief dispatch. It is also noted that those vultures of the art preservative—Fraternity men—were on hand to take possession of the vacant frames. The Fraternity is largely made up of a class of men who have either been rejected by the Typographical Union as utterly incompetent as workmen or expelled for hoodling the funds, raving and other disreputable causes. These social outcasts have all gone into one cave, and as every honest man's hand is against them they are easily got at by the employers who value their services only so long as they can assist in defeating the aspirations of intelligent workmen.

THE TRADES COUNCIL.

An Uninteresting Meeting—Various Reports Approved—Delegates to Dominion Congress.

The regular meeting of Council was held on Thursday evening President L. Z. Boudreau in the chair.

After routine, the report of the Organization Committee was read. It dealt with the visit of a sub-committee to the Machinists' Association and is as follows:

Delegates Boudreau, Farrell and Ryan visited Machinists' Association, re their resignation from this Council. After stating the object of our visit we explained the benefits of their connection with the Trades Council and hoped they would reconsider their resignation. We find that the cause of their withdrawal from the T. & L. Council was due to their Delegates to this Council who reported not being able to secure a constitution, and on account of the amount of politics discussed in Council. We were assured by the President of the Machinists' Association that the matter would be considered by them at some future meeting. The effect of our visit to said association places the Council in a better light before the members of the Machinists' Association, and we feel that it will be beneficial to all concerned.

The report was adopted.

The committee appointed to arrange a reception to Mr. Hatton, Q. C., on his return from England after his successful conduct of the Widow Flynn case reported progress.

The Labor Day Committee reported progress.

The question of compensation to the delegates representing the Council at the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress to be held in Toronto was then taken up and satisfactorily adjusted. Alternates having been elected the meeting adjourned.

Self-Made Women.

We hear a good deal about self-made men, and a self-made woman has compiled some interesting facts concerning some women who are well known at the present time, from which it appears that some of the most noted began life very humbly.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse. Miss Braddon, the novelist, played small parts in the Provinces. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country dean of small means, but the old story of a face being a fortune proved true in her case.

The great French actress, Rachel, had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefooted and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally she was illiterate and vulgar.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefooted in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of the principal of a young ladies' boarding school.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German, and a shoemaker in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest state was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine.

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(CUT PLUG)

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(PLUG)

No other brand of

Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

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Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada. **Montreal.**

Cut Plug, 10c. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Plug, 10c.
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COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.

Only the purest Grape Cream Tartar and Finest Recrystallized Bicarbonate of Soda are employed in its preparation.

Thousands are using the Cook's Friend. Just the Thing for your Christmas Baking.

All the best Grocers sell it.

McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

Sudden Disappearance

of all dirt and stains from everything by using Strachan's "Gilt Edge" Soap.

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Purity, health, perfect satisfaction, thorough good tenper, by its regular use.

This soap is, without doubt, worth its weight

IN GOLD!!

HAVE YOU TRIED

HERO

— AND —

CRUSADER

CIGARS.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. RATTRAY & CO.,
MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE SHIPMENT OF JAPANESE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUE.

Japanese Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs. Japanese Hand Drawn Silk Handkerchiefs. Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs, 17c. Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs, 20c. Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs, 28c. BEAUTIFULLY WORKED DESIGNS.

The most suitable article for birthday and other anniversary presents.

S. CARSLEY.

FARMER—"If I were as lazy as you I'd go and hang myself in my barn."
Tramp—"No, you wouldn't."
Farmer—"Why wouldn't I?"
Tramp—"Ef you was as lazy as me you wouldn't have no barn."

GREAT CLEARANCE!

OF SUMMER MANTLES

And all other kinds of out-door garments.

HALF-PRICE SALE OF LADIES' LACE AND SILK MANTLES.

Ladies' Lace Mantles, half-price. Ladies' Silk Mantles, half-price. Ladies' Lace Visites, half-price. Ladies' Lace Pelerines, half-price. Ladies' Lace Dolmans, half-price.

A LARGE VARIETY

Of most choice European Model Mantles in all the latest styles to be cleared at special prices.

Ladies' Beaded Visites, reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

MANTLES!

A very large assortment of Ladies' Seaside and Travelling Ulsters in all this season's styles and in all kinds of light weight Tweeds.

Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$1.80. Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$3.20. Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$4.80. Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$6.40. Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$6.75. Seaside and Travelling Ulsters, \$7.50. Ladies' Dust Cloaks, reduced.

SPLENDID LINE

Of Ladies' Fancy Colored Cloth Pelerines, in summer weights, \$5.

Summer Cloakings at reduced prices.

S. CARSLEY.

DUMLEY: "Brown, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fool. I don't think that sort of a thing is right."

BROWN: "Why, of course, it isn't right, Dumley. You can't be more than forty at the outside."

LADIES' JACKETS

In all the newest kinds of Black and Colored Cloths and in Scotch Tweeds in all weights, for present and fall wear, now being sold at

BARGAIN PRICES.

Ladies' Fashionable Black Cloth Jackets, measuring 36 inches long, \$2.85.

COLORED JACKETS

In all stylish shades of Summer Cloth, reduced to \$3.00.

Ladies' Yachting Coats, Reduced. Ladies' Blazer Jackets, Reduced.

Ladies' Pelerines, in all fashionable styles, Reduced to Special Prices.

Waterproof Cloaks, Reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

SHAWLS.

JUST ADDED TO STOCK,

A large assortment of New Shawls.

Himalayan Shawls, Chudda Shawls, Velvet Shawls, Camels' Hair Shawls, Scotch Plaids,

And all other kinds of Wraps most suitable for Tourists and Travellers. Shawls for Trans-Atlantic service, Shawls for Railway service, Shawls for River trips.

A SPLENDID LINE

Of Fancy Plaid Shawls, with fringed borders, and extra large size, \$2.20.

S. CARSLEY.

AT THE STATION.—Lady: "At what time does the nine o'clock train start?"

Stationmaster: "At eight sixty to the minute, miss."

Lady: "Thanks."—Sonntagsplauderer.

LACES!

THE LARGEST STOCK

Of Irish Crochet Point Laces, in the city at lowest prices.

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ALL WIDTHS

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CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Our Trades and Labor Council is doing a vast amount of good in a quiet and unostentatious manner," said Brown, "and it is much to be regretted that it does not receive that amount of support from the general public which it deserves. Let it be well understood, I don't want the general public to subscribe dollars and cents to keep the institution financially solvent; organized labor will look after that part of the programme, but I do hold that when the Council deals with such cases as that of the Widow Flynn or the Water Tax its hands should be strengthened and it should receive, at least, the moral support of that part of the community to whom the successful settlement of such questions as these are material benefits."

"The trouble seems to me to be that the people really know little or nothing of what the Council is doing," said Phil. "It sits with closed doors, and none but delegates are admitted, and consequently but little or nothing is known of its labors. Just why this should be so I can't exactly understand, for certain it is, that the questions which come up for discussion are all of them of importance to every citizen, and I believe the people should be made acquainted with them. Star chamber proceedings may be right enough for our federal or provincial governments who legislate for the benefit of a favored few at the expense of the many, and whose inner workings will therefore not bear the light of day, but it is not a wise policy to be adopted by an organization whose every effort is to secure the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. The Trades and Labor Council is a legislative body representing an important class of the community whose interests have heretofore been systematically ignored. Part of its mission is to promulgate ideas of sound reform and to place the position and demands of labor intelligently and fairly before the people. Now, I believe this can best be done by having open meetings at least once a month to which both the press and public would be admitted. The proceedings of the Council and the reports of its committees, all of which are, as I have said, of greatest interest to the people, would be reported in the daily press and arouse thought and discussion, and people would begin to interest themselves, not only in the Council, but in public questions on which they now hardly ever bestow a single thought. It is the one thing needed to create a healthy public opinion on labor and the subject of labor, and has worked well in other cities where this plan of open meetings has been adopted. If you want the public to support you, take the people into your confidence and they will respond."

"If they have not done so in the past," said Stevens, "it is simply because they did not know what you really wanted. I believe that open meetings of the Council would prove of great benefit to its organization committee, and would result in an increase of membership; and its legislative and municipal committees would receive an opportunity to place the demands and opinions of labor in the best possible way before the public. And, besides, if at any of the open meetings it should become necessary, the Council could always resolve to go into secret session, whereupon both press and public would cheerfully withdraw. If no other good would emanate from it, the methodical and business-like way in which the Trades and Labor Council transacts its business would still be an example to that other Council which meets in the City Hall, and invariably makes an exhibi-

tion of itself and generally adjourns without doing anything. If you, by this means, shame the City Council into transacting its business with half as much decorum and despatch as the Trades Council does, then that of itself will justify you to adopt open sessions."

"The idea is to bring labor reform more prominently before the public," said Phil. "The press would report the proceedings of the Trades Council if it were permitted to do so, and that would bring the questions in which we are most interested right home to those whom we wish to reach. Those who differ from us would most likely criticize its actions, and those who are prejudiced against us would antagonize it, but all of this is just exactly what we want, because it leads people to think. I have spoken about this question to many organized men, but have not as yet heard a valid reason why open meetings should not be held."

BILL BLADES.

QUEBEC NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, Aug. 5, 1892.

In my last I stated that a number of projects were proposed for the celebration of Labor Day. A special meeting of the Trades Council was held on Monday evening, July 25. Some sixty representatives were present and it was decided to leave out Labor Day this year. This decision was not arrived at without some very severe protests, the delegates of five of the Labor Unions affiliated to the Council going so far as to state that they would have a labor procession themselves. I have no doubt but that on calmer reflection these bodies will approve the wisdom of the course adopted by the Council.

Our new hotel building in anticipation of the travel to the Columbian exposition is generally dubbed the Canadian Pacific Hotel, in fact, as yet there ain't no other name for it. Well, it is progressing slowly, one half of the summer season is already gone and they have not as yet finished digging the foundations. Our city papers are poking fun at them occasionally by paragraphs which tell the public that the work is going to be pushed on night and day, using electric lights for night time, etc. This kind of fun is appreciated by some of our boys who had a little experience in Chicago after the great fire, more especially when they refer to that Opera house built in a week. However, Rome was not built in a day and if the C. P. R. Hotel is not ready for 1893 it will be, bar accidents, for the next centennial, 1976.

Our ship carpenters, who by the way are growing smaller in numbers year by year, have so far made but a poor season, there being nothing doing in the early part of the summer in their line whilst later on when there were four vessels in our dry docks it was found that carpenters were rather scarce. This trade is organized here and still the wages are low, due no doubt to the fact that wooden ships are soon to become things of the past. None are building and if repairs are too costly the old ones are condemned. Some extensive repairs were done to two wooden ships here this summer in Rannels and Davies docks, respectively.

By the way, writing of docks reminds me that the Hon. Minister of Public Works visited us last week. Things will go booming now as he visited the Louise Basin, that magnificent and costly dock that cost so much and occasioned such a hubbub in political circles and which is still unfinished; the main part of its bottom is not dredged deep enough, one of the steamers that unloaded in this dock this spring grounded two feet. The Hon. Minister also visited the dry dock at St. Joseph, Levis, which work, likewise built at the expense of the country and still under the control of the government, is run by, for and in the interest of Geo. T. Davis, who having acquired the property adjoining and put up plant has now got the thing all to himself. As an employer he is very much on the Carnegie stamp, his favorite way of expressing it being that he won't be dictated to by any labor organization, his establishment, that is his private one, is the only one of its kind in our district where non-union men can find employment. During the course of the last repairs being done by this establishment it was not deemed desirable to raise a racket, probably it was deemed desirable to await a better opportunity and then leave the yard to the non-unionists. Of course he can again do as he has done in the past, import men from the Clyde and pay them from fifty cents to one dollar per day more than the native workman. In justice to his former importations I must say that they were

superior to the native workman in one thing only. They both could and did drink more whiskey. Now the men no doubt having heard the oft repeated threat of Geo. T. Davis to remove his plant to the Lower Provinces have come to the conclusion that the sooner he starts the better it will be and they no doubt wish him and his plant a safe removal to the banks of the river Styx, where he might at once commence building a new boat for old Charon, where with a few of the importations permanency of occupancy would be secured for all.

At the meeting of the Quebec and Levis Trades and Labor Council held on Tuesday, August 2nd, the following delegates were elected to represent that body at the next meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress to be held in Toronto, commencing Thursday, September 8th, 1892: Delphis Marson, Patrick J. Jobin and William Guthrie.

ATLAS.

THE NAILMAKERS' STRIKE.

Assertions have been made in several of the city papers that the nailmakers' strike has been settled and the men gone back to work. This is not the case, and, to all appearance, an amicable settlement is as far away as ever. In the beginning of the week the employers submitted a list, which, with a few exceptions, the employees agreed to and returned. Nothing more has been heard from the employers and the men say they can afford to wait. Only one man, who was not a member of the association has gone back to work; the others have now been out five weeks.

Have a Fad.

The only way to retain health of body and mind in this rushing, high pressure American life is to have a fad. Whatever your daily occupation is, leave it behind you when you quit workshop, office or fields and amuse yourselves with something that interests you outside of them. Get something as far from the grind of your daily work as possible.

One busy man relaxes the mental tension by cultivating trees and shrubs, and a beautiful and useful fad is this. Another chooses gardening and fruit culture. Charles A. Dana has one of the rarest, finest collections of shrubs, flowers and orchids on his island at Glen Cove that exists in the world. This is his fad—one of them at least. Commodore Vanderbilt loved horses, and at times they seemed to be the only creatures he did love. So Robert Bonner's fad is horses. August Belmont's favorite relaxation was placing American horse racing on a basis where gentlemen might engage in it. Vice President Morton's model farm and unrivaled herd of Guernsey cows at Rhinebeck serve to rest him and unstring the drawn bow of his mind.

Some study music and find in it a refuge from the loads of care that crush all who do not throw them off; others collect natural history specimens; others go in for athletics or fishing; yet others find in the study of psychology and weird psychic phenomena that which takes them out of the everyday world for the time being. But a fad every intensely busy person must have or lose his grip.

A Hundred Years Hence.

A hundred years from now, according to a French scientist, great industries, as a general thing, will have crushed out small industries, and machines will have completely replaced hand labor. The price of manufactures of wool, of cotton, of paper will keep constantly getting lower by reason of the immense quantities easily produced. Objects in iron, in steel, in aluminium, in nickel, in silver, will be astonishingly cheap. One can form some idea of this cheapness by comparing the price of a watch to-day with the price of one forty years ago.

Carriages drawn by horses will be replaced, in part at least, by steam or electric carriages. There will be steam velocipedes, and electric velocipedes. Electric tramways will connect villages. Printing will be very cheap; for there will be composing machines and paper will be almost valueless. Lamps, clocks, watches, sewing machines, writing machines, glass, porcelain, will be produced at a very low price. All this cheapness, be it understood, will apply to things in ordinary use only. Objects of art or of artistic industry will be extremely costly. Everything made of wood or rough stone will be very dear; for wood and rough stone will be scarce, and, besides, the fall in prices for objects in general use will coincide with an enormous increase in price for objects of great luxury.

Buildings will be of iron. Even houses in the country will be of that material. Theatres, palaces, museums, universities, will be immense edifices of iron, and the cutting of stone, so beloved by architects, will be done away with. The end of the twentieth century will be truly the age of coal and iron, and the people will laugh at the folly of the architects of our day who have obstinately persevered, from the most disinterested mo-

tives doubtless, in using stone and brick for the buildings they are employed to erect.

The art of the engineer will have made incomparable progress. The Isthmus of Panama will be pierced, as well as the Isthmus of Corinth and the Isthmus of Malacca. A tunnel will connect England and France. There will be a Baltic canal, a canal from the Gulf of Lyons to the Gulf of Gascony; perhaps even a tunnel or a colossal viaduct will connect Europe and Africa across the Straits of Gibraltar. The great rivers will be enlarged so that vessels of large tonnage can navigate them. Paris will be a seaport like London. In a word, the barriers which nature has put between peoples will disappear more and more, thanks to the triumphant force of industry.

Chemistry will exercise its power over alimentary industries—the manufacture of sugar and alcohol. The meat of Australia and South America, preserved by chemical processes, will reach Europe with all its westness and freshness intact.

As to photography, it cannot be doubted that long before the year 1992, we shall be able to photograph colors instantaneously. That will probably be the acme of this admirable invention; for when it shall be possible to reproduce instantly, by photography, objects with all their color and relief, it is not perceptible that there will be anything more for photography to do.

The heirs of the late Samuel B. Tilden have paid into the state treasury department the sum of \$147,283, being the total amount of taxes under the collateral tax law, which was imposed on the Tilden estate.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

IT IS CHEAPER and better to get your Bedding at a first-class House selling nothing but Bedsteads and bedding, the latter exclusively their own make.

Old Bed Feathers and Mattresses purified and made over equal to new at shortest notice

J. E. Townshend,

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Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.

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The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor!

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INSURE your Property and Household Effects, also your Places of Business and Factories, against Fire, with the old, Reliable and Wealthy

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Hearken to This, LADIES!

We believe that direct issues are best! We believe that it is decidedly wrong to place any article exposed for sale in a false light, that is, to attract the purchaser by a seeming advantage entirely unconnected with the thing sold. Wherever that practice prevails you may depend upon it, "there is a screw loose somewhere." The advantage offered has no more real existence than the popular illusion known as Professor Pepper's Ghost. Business and genuine philanthropy will effect a union when the lion lies down with the lamb in the years of millennial grace—but the time is not yet. Yes! opportunities do occur when bona fide bargains are open to the public, but the operative power behind that fact is not philanthropy but necessity—stern necessity. The under-noted price list is the work of this grim oppressor. We want money! We want room! There is no disguise in the matter, ladies! We sell at a loss now to reap a profit hereafter. You are welcome to the harvest while it lasts. But don't mistake us for philanthropists by any means!

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

During our Clearing Sale, Great Bargains are to be had in our store.

SILK DEPARTMENT!

EXAMPLES:

- BLACK DRESS SILKS, from 50c per yard.
- COLORED DRESS SILKS, from 35c per yard.
- PRINTED PONGEE SILKS, from 25c per yard.
- COLORED SURAH SILKS, 24 inches wide, from 48c per yard.
- PLAIN COLORED PONGEE SILKS, from 25c per yard.
- BLACK GROS ROYAL BROCHE SILKS, from 95c per yard.
- COLORED SATIN MERVEILLEUX PON SILK, from 85c per yard.

We are now offering Special Value in all kinds of Dress Silks.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Samples of Silks sent on application.

Remember the Great Sale of

TABLE LINENS.

Now going on at JOHN MURPHY & CO.

For the best value in all kinds of Dry Goods, come or send your orders to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 & 1783 Notre Dame St.

400 YEARS AGO

Christopher Columbus set forth on a voyage of discovery, and found—America. Human reason has been busy discovering ever since. One of its most recent and useful discoveries is the process of Waterproofing known as

MELISSA!

It bears directly on the health and happiness of the race and of the individual. The latter is invited to call and inspect our large assortment of garments produced by this method. They are marked exceedingly cheap.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

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

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

The body of Mrs. Pappa, drowned on the schooner Kate, near Picton, Ont., has been recovered and taken to Kingston for burial.

Quarantine against Victoria, B. C., has been raised by Vancouver, New Westminster and United States ports on Puget Sound, and steamers are now running daily between the island and the mainland.

Edward McLeod was arrested last night at St. John, N. B., for an attempted assault on a thirteen year-old daughter of Robert Long, of Charlton, N. B. The girl's rescue was due to a large dog which heard her cries and drove off the ruffian.

Diphtheria seems to be on the decrease at Toronto. Last week only seven new cases were reported to the medical health officers. Ten cases of typhoid and fourteen of scarlet fever were registered during the same period. During the week ending July 30, the City Clerk registered 70 births, 55 deaths and 20 marriages. Of the deaths 29 were those of children under five years and chiefly of infants who died of the cholera infantum and dysentery.

Henry Lunan, a school teacher, of Toronto, was arrested in the Globe office while calling for answers to advertisements for teachers to go to the Northwest on good salaries. After receiving answers Lunan would write to applicants requesting a remittance of a hundred dollars to cover the cost of registering their Ontario certificates in the Northwest, which is an absurdity.

Talk of the new Mammoth Hotel, Toronto, is revived, and it is said the Canadian Pacific railway is going to put up a building on Front street, opposite the new station, which will equal the finest in America. Plans are said to be already drafted, and land which belongs to Hon. John Carling will change hands right away.

American.

The female wing of the State Insane Asylum at Austin, Tex., was struck by lightning Tuesday and destroyed. The 200 patients were all removed in safety.

Herbert Slade, the Maori pugilist, who was whipped by Sullivan, has run off with the pretty daughter of Mormon Bishop Snaezey, of Mona, Utah. The bishop locked the girl up, but Slade assisted her to escape and they got away after a hot chase from the pater familias.

Since Sunday night there has been imprisoned in police headquarters in New York, a man supposed to be another dangerous dynamite crank. He wrote letters to Tiffany & Co., the jewellers of Union square, and Baring, Magoun & Co., bankers, of Wall street, demanding, with threats in case of refusal, to blow one place up with dynamite and to blow out his brains in the other. The police say that it is possible he may be only a common swindler, but he has all the appearance of a dangerous crank.

The threatened suits against the Carnegie officials and the Pinkertons, charging them with murder, were begun Tuesday morning and warrants issued for the arrest of the defendants. Attorney Cox said it was not their intention to arrest Mr. Frick at present or to do anything to endanger his life or health. Only warrants for the arrest of Mr. Lovejoy, secretary of the company, and Mr. Potter, general superintendent were issued.

European.

The Earl of Bathurst is dead. He was born in 1832 and succeeded to the title and estates in 1878.

Eight prisoners in jail at Tomsk, Western Siberia, have died of cholera and ten are ill with the disease. The cholera epidemic is abating at Baku and the people who had fled from the place in alarm are now returning to their homes.

Several papers in Paris report an attempt was made Tuesday night to blow up with dynamite a number of buildings in Versailles. Searching enquiries, however fail to confirm the rumor.

Returns for the triennial elections held in the Provinces of France Sunday for members of the Councils General have been received from 1,132 districts. They show a Republican gain of 110 seats.

Lieut. Arthur C. Cawston, of H. B. M. surveying vessel Pilgrim, committed suicide at Shanghai on the 3rd inst., by shooting. The verdict at the inquest was that deceased shot himself while temporarily insane.

A watchman named Gulyas was condemned Tuesday to be hanged for murdering a fellow watchman, his wife, her sister and his three children. The murders were committed in the city of Grosswardein, Hungary, 137 miles from Buda.

The Bonaparte divorce came up again in the London Divorce Court Tuesday, when the petition of Prince Louis Clovis Bonaparte to declare null the marriage contracted by him in the Isle of Man, on the ground that the respondent, Mrs. Megout, had a husband living at the time of her marriage to him, was granted.

A dispatch from Malta states that there have been three deaths from cholera there. The British steamer Albany, from Taganroff, which touched at Malta, had two cases on board when she proceeded on her voyage. The dispatch did not give the Albany's destination, but it is presumed that she is bound for an English port.

A petition has been granted against the return of Mr. Arthur Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury and Conservative leader in the House of Commons, member of Parliament from East Manchester, on the ground that his election was obtained by bribery and illegal voting, by the wholesale treating of voters and the hiring of vehicles to carry them to the polls.

At a meeting of leading members of the Parnellite party in Dublin, on Tuesday, it was agreed that a petition be issued protesting against the return of Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. Patrick Fallan, anti-Parnellites, to the House of Commons from the north and south divisions of Meath respectively. The action of the Parnellites is taken on the ground that the election of the two men named in the recent campaign was owing to the undue influence exercised by the priests over the electors. A portion of the £200 necessary to lodge the petition with the proper authorities was subscribed at the meeting.

Faction fighting took place in Limerick on Tuesday between rival bands. Severe fighting was indulged in and many of the contestants were injured. The struggle continued until a force of police appeared on the scene and attempted to separate and disperse the combatants. The rioters thereupon desisted from their mutual fight and turned upon the officers, attacking them with showers of stones and other available missiles. The police charged the mob with draw swords and succeeded in dispersing them and restoring order.

The Times says: "The division in the House of Commons on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne will probably occur on Tuesday next. It has been arranged that the Speech from the Throne shall be read on Monday. The amendment to the address will be moved from the back Opposition benches after the case of the Government is stated. Mr. Gladstone will speak but no one else on the front Opposition benches will take part in the debate. As the Government does not desire to prolong the discussion it will be for the Parnellites to determine whether the debate shall continue beyond the second night."

Girls Making Nuts and Bolts.

It is said that there are about a thousand in Pittsburg who work in iron mills making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wire. The work of making the bolts and nuts, as described, seems not uninteresting. They are shaped by men, and in the crude state are sent to different departments, where the finishing is done by women and girls. The bolts are dumped into different bins, according to size and length, and each girl has one special kind to work on. The first work on the bolt is to "point" it—that is, to make a round end so that it will enter the machine which cuts the thread in it. The pointing machine has an immovable socket at one side and steam revolving knife facing it.

The operator, who is known as the pointer, places the head of the bolt in the socket, presses her foot on a pedal, and the sharp steel knives are forced against the iron. Little bits of the iron fly, and in an instant she removes her foot and the pointed bolt falls down a slide into an iron deposit box on the floor. While the one hand and foot has been accomplishing this, the other foot supports the girl, goose style, and the other hand has got a bolt ready to be placed into the socket the moment it is empty. Thus for days, weeks and years the "pointer" handles one bolt after another far a living, being paid by the thousand. Expert workers have pointed 10,000 a day.

Girls of any age, from sixteen to fifty, work in this department. Their pay by the thousand averages from 50 cents to \$1 a day. Little girls from six years up to twelve put the nuts on the bolts and pack them. The "nutting on" is also accomplished by machine power. The worker puts a nut on a plate; then, after catching the head of a bolt in the jaws above, she presses her foot on the pedal, when, presto! the work is done. At long tables built of substantial wood are rows of young girls, interspersed with a scattering of women whom life has cast forth in their old age. They pile the bolts, row after row, alternate heads, and wrap them in strong paper.

The girls in these factories seem to be of about the same grade that are found in other manufacturing establishments. They dress neatly, and many of them are handsome. Dressing rooms with toilet conveniences are provided. The constant use of oil prevents their hands from hardening in the constant contact with the iron. They are usually under the direction of a forewoman. The noon recess after the luncheon is eaten is occupied with fancy work or books.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The Crescents, intermediate champions, and the Saint Gabriels, provincial and district champions, played a very interesting exhibition game of lacrosse on Saturday. The match was arranged to fill the date set for the intermediate championship match between Crescents and Capital Juniors. For some time the Crescents had it pretty much their own way taking the first three games in short order, but after settling down St. Gabriel put up a strong game and played all around the champions. They succeeded in pulling off the next three games and the match finally ended in a draw.

A friendly game of lacrosse was played on Crescent street field between the Windsors and Red Star lacrosse clubs on Saturday, the former winning by three straight games.

The scheduled game in the junior league series between the Gordon and Shamrock junior second twelve on Saturday afternoon on the Shamrock grounds was uninteresting. The match was of short duration and resulted in the defeat of the Gordons by three straight games.

The Victorias and Emmets met on Fletcher's field on Saturday afternoon and the Emmets won by three games to one.

The intermediate champions have named Saturday, the 6th inst., as the date of their return match with the Glangarians, who have been thirsting for another go at the Crescents since May 30th last, when they claim to have played the champions to a standstill. The Glangarians, from all reports, have strengthened their team in a way to make their admirers bet that they will leave the champions out of sight. The holders of the trophy, on the other hand, are paving the way for a hard battle, and calculate on meeting a team worthy of their steel.

CRICKET.

On Saturday afternoon McGill's grounds were quite a lively aspect on the occasion of the cricket match with Bonaventure, the first time the two teams have played together this season. The result was a surprise to a good many. Though McGill expected to win, they did not anticipate such a sweeping victory, especially with Philpotts and Dennis bowling. Bonaventure got 41 in the first innings and McGill had 141 for five wickets.

The return match between Montreal Woolen Mills and Lachine was played at Lachine on Saturday, Lachine winning by 53 runs. Woolen mills were first to bat and were retired for 35 runs, Manning's bowling proving very effective. None of the batters got into double figures. Lachine secured 88 runs in their innings, McElligott being top scorer with 32 to his credit, which he made in lively fashion. Manning, Harry Horsfall and G. Horsfall also got into double figures.

BASEBALL.

Seven of the Gordon Baseball club travelled out to Granby on Saturday to play their first scheduled match with the Granbys. Captain Hunt was unable to secure more than seven of his men, some of them were sick, while others were unable to get off work. Birse pitched a magnificent game for the Gordons. He was ably supported behind the bat by Cuthbert, who caught one of the best games of his life. The fielding of the Gordons was almost perfect, considering that they played one short in the in and out field. The Granbys played a good fielding game, but were unable to solve Birse's shoots at opportune times. Score: Gordons 8, Granby 2.

An exhibition game of ball was played on Logan's park Saturday between the Montrealers and Clippers. About 700 people were present. The Clippers greatly missed T. Boston, their catcher; with the exception of him the Clippers had all their men in the game. Ashton played well in left field and Honeyman on first did splendidly. The pitcher, Furlong, had something wrong with him, for he was batted terribly. The Montrealers played a very fine game, with two of the second nine on the team. Following is the score: Montreal 16, Clippers 12.

SWIMMING.

The first annual championship meeting of the Atlantic association of the Amateur Athletic association was held in the Upper Schuylkill river Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Amateur Swimming club. The low condition of the river presented almost dead water, there being no perceptible current. Arthur Thomas Kenney, of the Philadelphia Amateur Swimming club, won both events, the 100 yards and 1 mile, breaking the American record in the first race and lowering the world's record in the latter event.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jake Gaudaur has accepted the challenge of Stephenson to row a three-mile single scull race for \$500 and the gate receipts, and names the time between August 12 and 15 at Toronto or vicinity.

William O'Connor thinks \$500 a side is too small a sum for a double scull race between Hanlan and himself and Gaudaur and Hosmer, but is willing to make the match for \$1,000 a side and row in Toronto bay between August 15 and 20.

Arthur Zimmerman, the world's champion amateur bicyclist and record holder, will compete in the race meet of the Asbury Park wheelmen, to be held on the 5th and 6th inst. Zimmerman, who is now in splendid condition, will attempt to lower several records.

It is expected that 10,000 people will witness the Sullivan-Corbett mill, and the Olympic club is enlarging its club house to accommodate that number. Captain Williams, the club's representative, said the other day: "The people of the South are evenly divided in opinion as to what the result of the fight will be. Many of Sullivan's warmest friends think that he is fighting one too many battles."

Billy Madden claims to have secured the management of Joe Goddard, the Australian, who recently whipped Joe McAuliffe, and that he is going to New Orleans for the express purpose of challenging the winner of the Sullivan-Corbett battle. Goddard is now matched to fight ten rounds with Billy Smith on August 23 at the California Athletic club for a \$1,300 purse.

Jim Daly wants to fight Jack Ashton. John L. Sullivan will fight at 209 pounds. Jack Kilrain wants another "go" with Frank Slavin.

Don't Talk Personalities.

If you are in the company of a cultivated, intellectual person and cannot talk of anything but mere personalities, go and drum on the window with your fingers, twirl your thumbs, or excuse yourself and get away, but keep your mouth shut. Don't under any consideration give it away that you are a shallow, ignorant fool. For if you undertake to talk with this person about how late such an individual sits up at night, how nearly of an age the Jobson babies are, how Susan Jones sleeps on a folding bed in the parlor, how Miss Snifkin dyes her hair, how Bodkin and his wife quarrel, how many meals a day you eat, and what you like, how Tom Smith's pug dog killed Wash Brown's cat, how they do say that Widower Hodge is going to marry the schoolmistress and his wife not dead a year yet—if you undertake to pour out this unspeakable rubbish on the cultivated, intellectual person, he will vote you the most frightful bore he ever met in his life, as well as the most ill-bred bore. He will get away from you as he would from a begging book agent and never come near you again.

If you cannot talk of poetry, of literature, of music, or art; if you know nothing at all of the mighty social, economic and political questions with which our generation wrestles, or of the wonderful scientific and psychological discoveries of the time, or of anything else than the age of Sally Jones' first child, go and learn something of them. Or if you can't do that, go and drown yourself.

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LABOR AND WAGES.

CANADIAN.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says: The entire non union crew of the Richard III was kidnapped by union sailors at Nanaimo Saturday and made prisoners for several hours. Two of the leaders of the union sailors were arrested, tried and found guilty and sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment each.

After a long siege locked out union moulders of Hamilton are beginning to see the dawn of better days. A few days ago J. M. Williams & Co., stove works, opened their foundry with a staff of union men, and today it is learned that the Laidlaw Manufacturing Company will open their shop to union men, and the non-union hands be discharged. Arrangements have been entered into between the Laidlaw Co. and Hugh Sweeney, foreman, by which the latter contracts to do all the work at so much per ton. Sweeney will engage sixteen union moulders and a necessary number of apprentices at once. It is said some of the other foundrymen are beginning to show symptoms of weakening in favor of union labor.

AMERICAN.

Cigarmakers own a shop at Lebanon, Pa. Toledo has 9,000 organized workmen. America has 60,000 Chinese laundrymen. Eastern cotton mills have advanced wages. There are 58,000 women trades unionists in England.

Knights of Labor are increasing at a wonderful rate in Australia.

Railroad building continues at a very low ebb in the United States.

Rail straighteners earn ten dollars a day under the Amalgamated scale.

Electric lights have just been put into several Pennsylvania coal mines.

Non-union men are called "slushers" in the western part of this country.

Painters strike ended in Chicago; a compromise. All lovely for the daubers.

Baker strike in several shops in Chicago. Demand the union label on the loaves.

Chicago iron and steelworkers sent a check for \$5,900 to the Homestead strikers.

The Knights of Labor at Anita, Penn., have built a hall of their own, costing \$10,000.

A special room in the Hahnemann Hospital of New York City is fitted up for sick saleswomen.

The American Flint Glass Workers' union has a membership of 8,300, and \$128,000 in its treasury.

Reporters for "rat" papers and Associated Press are excluded from the Central Labor Union in New York.

Nearly all the Southern car works are on full time, and business is improving throughout the South generally.

Union and scab sailors at Chicago are amusing themselves by throwing rocks at each other and occasional use of a pop.

A cotton reaper is to be introduced in the South next season which, it is said, will displace the labor of 700,000 colored workmen.

U. S. Hobart died in San Francisco, Cal., the other day, worth \$4,000,000. In 1870 he was a carman in a mine, earning \$4 per day.

It is estimated that three strikes of the granite cutters and the building trades in New York City during the last four months cost \$385,000.

Harvest hands are so scarce in Barton County, Kansas, that the farmers gather at the railway stations and go through the trains seeking laborers.

The clerks in the banks of Denver, Col., jointly own a cottage in the Rocky Mountains, where they all pass their vacations, using it in detachments during the summer.

There are 300,000 women engaged in industrial pursuits in Massachusetts, embracing twenty different occupations, the larger percentage being domestic and manufacturing.

One hundred and fifteen messenger boys employed by the American District Telegraph Company on Wall street, New York, struck on Tuesday against a reduction of wages.

Bricklayers won their big strike at Pittsburgh. The bosses spent thousands of dollars, tried every possible means to beat them, but have now unconditionally surrendered.

The International Amalgamated Society of Engineers has a membership of 71,000, scattered all over the world. It has been in existence forty years and paid \$16,000,000 in benefits.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury estimates that it will cost \$32,000 to carry out the recently enacted law granting thirty days' vacation to all the employes of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

An attempt will be made at the meeting of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Join-

ers, who meet at St. Louis this week, to depose P. J. McGuire, the general secretary. Mismanagement is charged by local union 306.

To prevent the American Flint Glass Workers' Union from holding their annual convention at Corning, N. Y., a scab town with a scab mayor, populated largely with scabs, the aforesaid mayor prevented their getting the use of a hall. An old Irishman owned a vacant lot next to his honor's residence and thereon erected a wigwam for the glass workers' use.

The Iron League of New York is the most formidable organization of employers in this country. They beat the housesmith strike, and are drawing in and affiliating other branches of employers in the building trades. Their executive committee is empowered to order a general lockout whenever a single shop strikes. They have a completed blacklist. They are now trying to crush out the organization of building trades in that city.

EUROPEAN.

Tory papers in free trade England are advocating the adoption of the gentle Pinkerton system to smooth labor strikes.

A strike of market women against increased taxation at Madrid, Spain, led to a general call of police and the army. The women, strange to relate, are now quiet.

At a trial of Italians in Rome for the serious offence of taking part in the May celebration in 1891, the detectives swore several of the accused into sentences of twenty months down.

They treat foreign emigration differently in Russia from what we do. The recent labor troubles at Lodz, Poland, the government attributes to foreigners and orders that class out of the country.

In Iceland there are no lawyers, no criminals, no police. Everybody has a home of their own, and a woman's vote counts the same as a man's. It is needless to add that there are no Fricks or Carnegies.

The Socialists of France are demanding, with a fair assurance of success, a number of reforms in relation to the State's treatment of labor. It includes ownership of street car lines, gas, water, etc., by the city.

Mr. Henderson, Her Majesty's superintending inspector of textile industries, entertains rather a gloomy view of the condition of the Lancashire cotton trade. In a report recently made by him he says it is estimated that more money was lost in Lancashire last year than in any single year since the establishment of the cotton industry. In Oldham alone, where most of the spinning mills are limited liability concerns, the loss on the workings of the quarter ended September 30, 1901, was estimated at £100,000. This loss was the result in a great measure of fluctuations in the price of the raw material, and was more especially due to the heavy drop in price, owing to a "bumper" crop. One feature that promises ill for the future, in Mr. Henderson's opinion, is the growing tendency of private capitalists to withdraw from the business, owing to the difficulty of competing with large companies owning enormous factories equipped with the most improved machinery and appliances. Mr. Henderson says: The cotton spinner and manufacturer who owns his own mills himself promises soon to become extinct, and we shall then be reduced to the position which obtains in the manufacturing districts of America. The only employers of labor will be the limited companies or corporations. That this revolution is likely to prove beneficial to the operatives I think is open to question, and they would do well to weigh the point carefully.

The Folly of Neglect.

Labor organizations are the natural result of the antagonism of interests between capital and labor. Labor must organize to secure recognition of the most modest demands. As soon as this is understood by a number of the workers at a trade, an organization is formed. But when the workers have, through organization, obtained some betterment of their condition, they are apt to forget that what was gained by united action, can only be maintained through the same factor. They are inclined to feel secure in their improved position, and to consider the organization, to which they owe it, perfunctory. When through such indifference, the organization loses its powers, the employers improve the opportunity and withdraw the concessions formerly forced from them. The workers, suffering under the old grievances, again come to their senses and rebuild their organization. Thus, in some trades, the work of organizing has been done three or four times over. After each collapse some declared that there was no further use in repeating the attempt. But it had to be done; it can never be given up. Workingmen who do not keep up their organization will simply be compelled to do the same work over again; the superior force of circumstances will compel them. Would it not be more sensible to stick to an organization when you once have one.—The Carpenter.

A WIDOW BEWITCHED.

Captain Graham was a hero of romance. He had not a penny in the world, but he had black curly hair, his teeth were perfect and his features admirable. Moreover, Captain Graham went to a good tailor, and his boots were undeniable. For various reasons the captain had arrived at a stage of existence when it struck him as singularly advisable that he should marry money. He went down to Brighton and put up at the Bedford. He used to walk up and down the king's road and to stare out of the windows of the club like a young lion seeking whom he might devour. Of course he came across a good many pretty faces, but to his mind he saw nothing half so delicious as that charming young widow, Mrs. Beauchamp; and as within a week of his arrival the young lady saw fit to cast aside her weeds and blossom forth in gentle violets and delicate mauves, he became more than ever confirmed in his opinion.

It is scarcely worth while going into details as to the captain's machinations in obtaining an introduction to young Mrs. Beauchamp. Suffice it to say that they were triumphantly successful. He was to hear a revelation. He came, he saw, he conquered. He proposed to her one moonlight night upon the west pier. Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Beauchamp's sheep dog, was sitting within a yard of them; but then Miss Jenkins was listening to the soft strains of a selection from "Dorothy," which was being played by the band, and "Queen of my Heart To-Night," as a cornet solo, distracted her attention from the subtler rendering of the same theme which were being poured into the young widow's ear by the enamoured captain. Mrs. Beauchamp listened with pleasure to his tale.

"I am a poor man, you know, Mary," said he. "I have but little but my good name and my sword to offer you, and I hardly know if we should have enough to live upon." He almost winked as he said the words, but they conveyed a noble idea of his own disinterestedness, as he intended they should. "We may have to wait, Mary," he continued, "and I may even have to ask you to go to India with me, for my regiment is one of the next for foreign service."

Poor fellow, he evidently had not the slightest idea of the three thousand a year.

"I should not mind doing that for the man I loved," said the widow softly. And then he squeezed her hand, and then she squeezed his, and then—and then it was all settled in the most dignified manner, and Mrs. Beauchamp became engaged to Captain Graham.

Two days later Captain Graham went into one of the fashionable photographers and sat for his likeness and ordered it to be finished on porcelain in colors regardless of expense. He did not in the least demur at the five guineas which Mr. Halfstone's assistant said it would cost. He only stipulated that it should be ready in forty-eight hours. At the end of that period Mr. Halfstone was in the best of tempers as he inspected the gallant captain's portrait.

"You have been very successful, Mrs. Smith," he said patronizingly to the "young person" who had done the miniature; "It is a speaking likeness. And now would you mind doing me a little favor? My customer is a very haw-haw sort of a fellow and insists upon the portrait being delivered by hand. There is the address—Mrs. Beauchamp, 2A Regency square. You have honestly earned your five shillings, Mrs. Smith," he continued, as he handed her a couple of half crowns, "and a turn in the air will do you good."

The pale young woman, in a well worn plaid dress, with great black rings under her eyes, thanked her patron.

"I am glad you are pleased, Mr. Halfstone," said she; "I shall be only too happy to deliver the likeness." And she wrapped it carefully and delicately in paper.

Then she put on a dowdy old bonnet and a cheap ulster, drew on her well darned gloves and started on her errand. When she arrived at 2A Regency square she knocked at the door timidly enough; but there was a hard, determined look upon the thin features and the great hollow eyes sparkled fiercely. She asked for Mrs. Beauchamp, and was shown up at once as the young person from Mr. Halfstone's. Mrs. Beauchamp was in the dining-room giving the finishing touch to the floral decorations of a rather elaborate cold luncheon which stood ready served upon the table.

"It is so good of you to have brought it. I am dying to see it." And she took a knife from the table and enthusiastically cut the string. It is capital," she said, as she gazed ecstatically at the picture. "Algernon's looking his very best." And then in her rapture she kissed the portrait.

The pale young woman looked paler than ever.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself. I really beg your pardon. But you see Captain Graham is my affianced husband," said the widow confidentially.

"He was my affianced husband once," said the young woman simply.

"What do you mean, girl?" said Mrs. Beauchamp, as she seized her fiercely by the wrist.

"The original of the portrait, madam, is my husband, my miserable, unprincipled husband—the man who left me to starve or to drag out a wretched existence, to which starvation would be preferable. The sordid wretch who preys upon the weakness of others, the man who hesitates at no meanness, and who, from what you say, madam, is prepared to add bigamy to his other crimes."

"I cannot believe it," cried Mrs. Beauchamp. "It is some trick."

"Algernon won't deny it if you care to confront us, madam," said the young person from Mr. Halfstone's, wearily.

The tone carried conviction with it. Mary Beauchamp felt a ball rise in her throat and the hot blood mount to her ears as she remembered that she, too, had called him Algernon only yesterday, and then she snatched the glittering ring from her finger and trampled it beneath her little foot. Of course this was quite the correct thing to do under the circumstances, but it did not really hurt the ring, as the Turkey carpet was comfortably thick.

"If you will permit me, madam," said Mrs. Graham, "I will take care of that ring, which, I take it, came from my husband. That is his knock," she said confidentially, as a tremendous rat-a-tat solo was performed on the street door, "and if you don't mind," she continued, "as I am not very strong, I will sit down."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "I was very rude."

At that moment a servant announced Captain Graham.

"I think I am a little before my time, dearest Mary," he said effusively, as he held out both hands, half expecting that his affianced would rush into his arms. He was totally unconscious of the presence of Mr. Halfstone's assistant.

"Captain Graham," said Mrs. Beauchamp, very coldly, "permit me to introduce to you this lady, who tells me she has met you before."

The young woman in black rose and confronted him.

"Great heavens, Ada!" he exclaimed, in his astonishment, but he recovered himself in an instant. "You have scored the odd trick, ladies!" he said, jauntily; "and perhaps it is fortunate for all of us," he added, with effrontery. "Honors are easy. I am afraid you will have to excuse me. It might be better after all if I ask you not to press me to stay to lunch. You will doubtless have a great deal to say to each other." And kissing his finger tips to the pair of them the captain effected a masterly retreat.

That was a lesson to Mr. Beauchamp's widow she is not at all likely to forget. She is still single, for somehow or other pretty Mary Beauchamp is very hard to please. Perhaps it is a case of once bitten twice shy. She is not an ungrateful woman, and makes Captain Graham's deserted wife a handsome allowance—as, in truth, is no more that is just, considering the abyss from which the latter rescued her.

That gallant officer, Captain Graham, has long been compelled to leave his regiment, and the last that any of his former associates have heard of him was that he was nearly lynched as a welsler at Hampton races, and if ever a man stood in need of a new suit of clothes, it was Captain Graham upon that memorable occasion.

The English pay of a roller in iron mills is only \$2.50 a day.

There are 1,803,406 domestic servants in England, of whom 1,350,000 are women.

Chinese laborers are to be imported into Africa to teach the natives how to cultivate tobacco.

Chinese must go, or rather can't get in to New South Wales. Ship captains are fined \$500 for every one they bring in.

There are 439 bicycle league clubs in the United States.

The Pacific club, Frisco, has matched Costello and Greggains to meet on the 30th, for \$2,000.

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Bishop Fallows Endorses the claims of the Homestead Workmen

AND ARRAIGNS THE MANAGEMENT.

Bishop Samuel Fallows preached on the Homestead trouble at St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, last Sunday night. The Bishop, who has lately been in Homestead, expressed radical views on the relations of capital and labor.

The career of Carnegie from workman to proprietor of the largest rolling mills in the country was traced. The ground of difference between the Amalgamated Association and the management of the mills was clearly stated, as well as the claims put forth on each side. The controversy, said the speaker, furnished no good grounds for political argument, either for or against the tariff. The employees objected to any reduction of the scale on the ground that their wages were none too high considering the profits received by the firm. They were right in saying so, said Bishop Fallows.

"Better wages," he continued, "enable workmen to have better schooling for their children and give them a chance to cultivate literature and the fine arts. Has the improvement in these respects in the condition of the workmen of the best class kept pace with the improvement in the condition of their employers? It is said some of the employees in the mills rode to work in their own carriages. I wish every mechanic in the United States could go to work in his own carriage. There are many good homes in Homestead that belong to the workers in the mills. How many palaces are their employers able to afford?"

"It has been figured that at the reduced scale the profits to the firm would be \$14 a ton. This is an immense profit, and it shows that there was no necessity for any reduction. In this struggle not only the present but the future welfare of the workmen is involved. The firm refused to arbitrate the questions in dispute or talk to the Amalgamated Association or any union of the men. The firm made the issue 'No arbitration, no labor union.'

"Then the Pinkertons were brought in, the bloody conflict ensued and the shameful scenes after the surrender, due to an unruly mob such as follows any attempt of organized labor to assert its moral rights. These acts were most deeply regretted by the union men.

"In the refusal to treat with the Amalgamated Association and the employment of Pinkerton men there was an attempt to degrade labor. In the past the degradation of labor was always due to the inability of labor to combine against the stupendous combination of capital. In the nineteenth century the greatest combinations of capital that have ever existed have been formed."

Bishop Fallows referred to the coal combine, which had the whole United States by the throat, as an instance, and said labor must combine more courageously and successfully now than ever before. The refusal of the firm to recognize the fact of organized labor, Bishop Fallows said, was a serious mistake. He regretted that the honored name of Pinkerton, the man honored with Lincoln's confidence, should gain such unenviable notoriety through "the organization of the most dangerous order of spies that ever preyed on the republic," and "an irresponsible horde of men not recognized by the State or any lawful authority." Whether it was the Pinkertons or the mob that fired first only a full legal investigation would determine. Was it an invasion of the State of Pennsylvania?

Only one flag must wave either at Homestead or at the schoolhouse in Franklin, De Kalb County, Ill.

"The Homestead case must be tested on its merits alone," continued the Bishop. "These men have helped to create the wealth of Homestead. The firm proposes a new scale, and says to the men: 'Either accept or go.' The men say: 'Arbitrate.' Again the firm says: 'Accept or go.' The eight thousand troops assembled at Homestead with their eight thousand bayonets say: 'Accept or go.' The law says: 'Accept or go,' just as law-entrenched capital said it.

"I say the law is wrong. It should protect the workman in his moral right, which should be a legal right. The workman has to sell his labor for what he can get. The law is wrong in making a man a free serf—his employer an autocrat.

"The law can compel arbitration. So long as capital combines and labor combines compulsory arbitration is the sole legal method of adjustment. There is an obligation on the part of the Homestead management to arbitrate now.

"The only result of combinations of capital and of labor that will secure peace and prosperity is co-operation—making the workman a sharer in the profits. That this can be done successfully has been shown. This is evolutionary, not revolutionary; ballots, not bullets. This is the spirit of Christianity, and this spirit carried out would settle the trouble for all time."

HOW IT WORKS.

Once upon a time, rats were very troublesome to the good people of an uncertain village; and to exterminate them, it was proposed to offer bounties from the public treasury to breeders of black snakes, and to give to black snakes the freedom of the village streets and protection wherever they might go, even though it were into the very hen roosts of the village. Furthermore, to encourage the black snake as an exterminator of rats, it was decided that black snake owners should be exempt from all damage claims by the villagers for loss of property whenever a black snake varied his rat diet with eggs or chickens. The scheme met with strong opposition. Among other objections, it was argued that it involved, not only a misappropriation of public funds, but a free license to trespass upon and even to confiscate private property. It was adopted, however, and the breeding of black snakes became a favorite occupation. The rats were exterminated, but in time the snakes were a greater nuisance than the vermin they had displaced. Every villager who kept poultry was despoiled of his chickens and his eggs, yet he was without redress against the owners of the marauding snakes, who insisted upon breeding the pests in order to draw bounties from the public treasury. Finally, the plundered people voted to repeal the unjust privileges that had been conferred upon black snake breeders. They demanded that the owners of these reptiles should be held responsible for their trespasses, and that the common treasury should no longer be depleted by bounty payments to encourage an industry which, however useful it might have been regarded by the majority of a previous generation, was unanimously pronounced a nuisance now. This demand was about to be granted, when the snake breeders protested; and an eminent representative of the highly tutored class pleaded for them in the name of justice.

"These snakes are property," said the advocate. "You have encouraged men to invest labor and capital in breeding them, and they are as truly property as is your house or your cow."

"Very well," came the response from an untutored villager, "let them keep their property. We have no objection to that. What we object to is the law that allows their property to fatten upon our property, and themselves to grow rich by draining the common purse."

"But it is part of the contract," returned the advocate of vested rights. "It was agreed by your agents—the

officials of this village—that snake breeders should receive an annual bounty for every snake, and that their snakes should be free to feed upon your eggs and chickens. If you withdraw the bounty, you must pay them its capitalized value; and if you abolish their privilege of allowing their snakes to feed in your hen houses, you must pay them the value of that. It would be robbery to take their snakes from them."

"We don't intend to take their snakes from them, I tell you," shouted the untutored spokesman, a little angrily. "Let them keep the snakes. We propose to abolish the bounty and the feeding privilege."

"Ah," said the other, with a gentle and patronizing smile, "my untutored friends, you evidently do not understand that these snakes are not bred because their owners want snakes, but because they want the bounty. Abolish the bounty and you abolish all that is valuable in the snakes—in effect, you destroy all property rights in these beneficent creatures. And as to your eggs and chickens, if the snakes may not freely feed upon them, the value of the bounty and consequently of the snakes will be diminished. At present the owners of black snakes can sell them for a considerable sum per head. Abolish the feeding privilege, and the value of snakes will decline; abolish the bounty, and it will disappear. Fellow-citizens, you cannot honestly abolish these rights, so long vested and enjoyed, and so often passed not only from generation to generation by inheritance but from hand to hand in exchange for property earned in sweat and saved in privation. That would be confiscation. I pray you, be honest men. Abolish snakes if you will, but pay for them when you do it."

"Come on!" exclaimed the villager, who, had he been highly tutored, would have used a politer phrase. "A confiscation has been going on this long time. It is going on now. These snake owners are confiscating our property. If we don't abolish their privilege they will keep it up. If we compensate them, they will be confiscating from us in a lump instead of doing it year by year. We don't know much about vested rights, may be; but we do know that if it is confiscation from them to withdraw the bounties and the rest, it is confiscation from us not to do it; and since it's to be a case of confiscation any how, we reckon that the snake owners have enjoyed their share of that long enough, and we'll try it ourselves a little while for a change. It may not be quite the straight thing, according to your notion of vested rights; but we reckon that our rights are just as much vested in our own eggs and chickens and in our share of common funds as theirs are vested in snake property. Our vested rights have been unvested long enough, and we're going to keep them vested from now on. That's the way the thing looks to a man up a tree, professor; and you may take it for granted that the dust of this village won't be healthy hereafter for any snake whose owner doesn't support him at home."

—The Standard.

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