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THE LANDLORD'S PRAYER.

Lord, keep us rich and free from toil,
For we
Are honored holders of Thy soil,
Which democrats would fain dispel
With glee;
O, Lord, our fathers got the land
For serving men whom Thy right hand
Had chosen to be great and grand
As kings,
Tho' ta'en by stealth, we're not to blame,
Thou know'st, O Lord! it is a shame
To say to us, of titled name,
Such things.

Lord, let us live in wealth's content,
And peace;
Lord, we are by Thy mercy meant
To rule mankind, and make our rent
Increase;
The birds that haunt the moors and hills,
The fish that swim in streams and rills,
The beasts that roam as Nature wills,
We own;
E'en, Lord, the minerals that lie
Beneath the earth's periphery,
Belong to us—Thou knowest why
Alone.

Lord, on the ragged rabble frown,
For they,
Are foes to us, Thy Church and Crown;
Lord, bare thine arm and grind them down
To clay!
O Lord! our God, we make their laws,
Which they reject with wild applause,
Be Thou a buckler to our cause
And caste;

They scorn our love, Thy Name and Word,
They reverence now nor Squire nor Lord,
Lord, them consume with fire and sword
At last!
Lord, they are poor and ignorant,
And worse,
Compared with us!—how different,
In manner, garb and lineament,
And purse!

Lord, never let them get or see
The power which lies in unity;
Keep us apart from them—for we
Are men!
Protect us from their greedy hands!
Protect us from their vile demands!
Protect us in our wealth and lands!
Amen! Amen!
—Dundee People's Journal.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The "Free Laborer."

The "free laborer"—so called because he is liable to be bossed within an inch of his life by his master without any prospect or possibility of redress—promises to become a very serious element in Canadian society. He is a nondescript hanger-on of the great army of industry—an individual who reaps where he has not sown and curses the individual who sowed for him—and his own future depends entirely in the success of the Trades-Unionism which he denounces with so much unnecessary vehemence. Consequently his position is an anomalous one, for if Unionism survives he will lose his temporary importance, and if Unionism dies he will lose his importance just the same, and along with it he will lose everything else that makes life worth having. Whatever Labor has gained within the last century it has gained by combination. The workman of years ago was a serf of the meanest order. He toiled from 12 to 18 hours daily in a noisome factory, and along with him his wife and his children labored in the same stifling atmosphere of dust and fluff and disease, for no single worker, however industrious, could earn more than enough for his own subsistence. The unceasing round of grinding Labor began in infancy, and from the age of five years the children of the people dragged in their weary, stunted existence and spent their joyless lives pent up between the high brick walls of huge workshops, where, in many cases they died as well as lived, worn out by the premature old age which came upon them when their childhood was only dawning. But gradually, even amid this hideous slavery, the workman learned the advantages to be gained by combination, and after long years of agitation and strife he achieved the right to be a little more of a human being and a little less of a mercenary animal than heretofore. Philanthropy and Christianity did nothing for him; what liberty he acquired was gained by the brute force of numbers and material pressure, and it has since been retained by the same influences. It was Unionism in the past which earned those privileges which make it worth the "free laborer's" while to be alive and without which he would be to-day what his great-grandfather was—something a shade lower than a dog and of less account than a horse; and it is the Unionism of the present which alone saves him from reverting to the hopeless slavery and degradation of his ancestors. The Unionist fights single handed the endless battle by which alone Labor preserves its liberty, and in sacrificing himself to raise the status of Labor he necessarily assists his enemy, the blackleg, as well as himself; and the latter reviles him for doing it, and grabs the plunder. And yet, if he succeeds in his effort to destroy Unionism he only insures his own destruction. Monopoly is no less grasping and unscrupulous to-day than it was years ago when that eminent philanthropist and public benefactor, Mr. Bright, declared himself ready to die in the last ditch to maintain the old system under which women and children died of exhaustion and hunger and ill-usage in the factories where he himself made his sanctified pile; and Christianity is no more Christian than it was then. The employer in England or Canada is moderately humane—by Act of Parliament; but the employer of the same race in Bombay, where that Act of Parliament is inoperative, has retrieved all the old horrors of slavery in its worst form. The monopolist of Canada is of the same brotherhood as the monopolist of London, who has his cash invested in the Zanzibar slave trade, and who farm the convict worked mines of Siberia. The love of money is incurable, ineradicable and unchangeable, and almost the only honest name to be found in history is that of Judas, who handed back the thirty pieces of silver and then hanged himself. Trades-Unionism is as essential for the defence of Labor now as it was in the reign of George the Imbecile and his worst predecessors, and the so called "free-laborer," who seeks to undermine it for his own passing advantage, is in the position of a rescued man who endeavors to throw his rescuer overboard on the ground that the boat which has saved him cannot afford room for two. And if he succeeds in his effort his reward is already awaiting both him and his descendants to the tenth generation, and his memory will be cursed by

posterity along with those of Gehazi and Benedict Arnold and many another gentleman of the same order.

CONVENTIONAL LIES.

THE ECONOMIC LIE.

It is certainly a great forward stride in the progress and happiness of mankind that the forces of nature can now be harnessed and employed in the performance of all brute labor. What distinguishes man above all other living beings is not his muscular system, but his brain. As a source of strength he is inferior to the mule and the ox, and if mechanical labor is all that is required of him, he is degraded to be a mere beast of burden. But machinery has not proved as yet the saviour; the liberator and the ally of the workman as was first hoped, but on the contrary, has made him its slave. Now, as much as ever before, does his value in the industrial arts depend directly upon his muscular strength, and he has thus become the weak, imperfect and abject competitor of machinery. Deprived of his share of the soil, he is not able to supply his wants by raising the products of nature; submission to the inevitable is his only resource. He only becomes aware of his fellowship with mankind by the duties laid upon him, for which he receives no privileges in return. When he is not able to exchange his labor for money, or when disease or old age put an end to his work temporarily or permanently, the community looks after him, in a way that gives him alms if he takes to begging, it lays him on the cot in the hospital if he has a fever, it puts him—some times—in a poor house, if he is too old and feeble for anything else; but how impatiently, how grudgingly, does it fulfil these duties? It offers its unwelcome guest more humiliations than mouthfuls. While it is satisfying his hunger and covering his nakedness, it is declaring that it is a disgrace to accept these benefits from its hands, and affects the most profound contempt for the unfortunates who are suing for its bounty. The laboring classes find it impossible to lay by anything for days of no work or of sickness and old age. How can they have a surplus when even the necessities of life are lacking? They cannot think of demanding wages above what they need to satisfy their most pressing wants, because, as the number of these disinherited beings is too large and is constantly increasing, there are sure to be plenty who would accept the r situations at any wages that would keep them from dying at once of starvation.

These circumstances are utterly beyond the control of the laboring man. He may toil with the utmost diligence, with the greatest exertion of his vital energies, he can never earn more than is sufficient to supply his most immediate wants—aside from the fact that the lowest wages now paid represent the expenditure of all the workman's energies. On the contrary; the more he works, the more intolerable does his position become. This sounds paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true. The more that the operative produces, the lower goes the selling price of his productions, while his wages remain the same if they do not become less. Thus he spoils his own market by straining every nerve, and depreciates the value of his own labor. This phenomenon would not occur if the production of the great manufacturing industries was regulated by the demand. Then over-production would never occur, the price of the articles would never be depressed by an over supply, and the producing laboring man would be paid higher wages for an increased amount of work. But capital perverts this natural operation of the forces of political economy. A man builds a factory and commences the manufacture of goods, not because that he has become convinced that a demand hitherto unsatisfied exists for the goods he is to produce, but because he has capital, for which he is seeking a profitable investment, and also because he has some neighbor who has accumulated wealth with his factory. Thus individual whims or want of judgment, instead of the laws of political economy, decide the investment of capital. The market is thus flooded with an over supply of certain manufactured goods because some man has been following a false trail in his mad chase after the Almighty Dollar. This mistake brings its own punishment, it is true. The manufacturer offers his goods at lower and

lower prices, until they no longer pay the expenses of production, and then he is financially wrecked. All the other manufacturers of the same article go down with him, and that branch of production is involved in a national or world-wide financial crisis. But the real victim is the factory employee. As the price of the manufactured article sinks lower and lower, his wages are decreased until the manufacturer has exhausted his capital. And when the unequal battle between supply and demand ends in the victory of the former, production ceases, then he is left entirely without bread, for a longer or shorter time as the case may be. These are the roles played by the manufacturer and the operative in the great manufacturing industries. The latter makes it possible for the former to accumulate a great capital. The capital seeks profits and believes they can be found in the opening of additional factories. This leads to over production and increased competition, with their train, depression of prices and reduction of wages closing with the crisis which deprives the operative of the opportunity of earning anything. Thus the industrial slave makes his master rich, while his own daily bread is reduced in quantity day by day, and finally taken away from him entirely. Can there be a more beautiful illustration of the way in which the existing conditions of the economic world conform to truth, justice and propriety!

DIVORCE BY CONSENT.

The other day a judge refused an application by a woman whose husband abandoned her twelve years ago, on the ground that she had not exerted herself to recover her affections and win him back; and unless there was proof that she had done so it was feared that a pernicious system of divorce by collusion or mutual consent might be inaugurated. It would be interesting to know why divorces should not be granted by mutual consent. As a rule, when people have contracted a reliable hatred, each other, they are bound to separate, a law which requires that a woman should be severely kicked, or starved and neglected for three years, before she can obtain release which she desires, and which her husband is perfectly willing to grant, is an idiotic beyond expression. If husband and wife are both quite tired of being together that is as good a reason as could be imagined why they should be parted, when the meddling State forcibly keeps them together nobody is any better for interference, and its grandmotherly pays no dividends. Its nominal object is to secure the happiness of all parties concerned; but as the State cares not a solitary rap for anybody's happiness, its explanation is absurdly thin. Divorce by mutual consent is declared to have prevented an unmixed evil wherever it has been tried; but then it never has been tried in any civilized country. Divorce by mutual agreement, supplemented by hard plying, is no doubt sufficiently common when lying, whether public or private, failure under all circumstances, and even in the most advanced communities is an absolutely essential element when people are weary of each other's society and wish to separate before a worse befalls them. The sanctity of unholy marriages is merely the tail-end of an exploded superstition, and the law has no more right to decree that any human shall be miserable, than it has to decree that he shall be damp and afflicted. The parsonical objection, "God hath joined let no man put asunder" is effere and out of date, for God is not the solemn sin-shifter who gabbles over marriage-service in an empty, nonsounding church, nor the dreary regent who shuffles through the civil formulae of dusty office, and where man takes the he must also assume the responsibility. And if divorce by mutual consent is a ghastly iniquity, too awful to be seriously considered in an alleged Christian country, we would be glad if this second Dan any other judge, would suggest a substitute. The natural antithesis of a sinful device would be divorce without consent of either party.—Melbourne Letter.

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TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXII.

BANISHED FROM EDEN.

Notwithstanding the reputation which Lady Selwyn had acquired for a prolonged toilet, she was the first person to come down to the drawing-room, where Walter had been "kicking his heels," as the phrase goes, while the others had been dressing for dinner. As a matter of fact, he had not been kicking his heels, but taking up book after book—profusely illustrated, and wholly unreadable, as most drawing-room books are—after the dissatisfied and changeable fashion of all too early guests; but in his case there was not only his "too earliness" to render him uncomfortable. It was impossible for him to avoid the conviction that, except to one person of that household, his presence had become unwelcome, and that it has been resolved upon by all the rest that this evening was the last that he should spend as guest beneath that roof. He was a high-spirited young fellow enough, and, under similar circumstances, would have put on his hat and marched out of any house in London, there and then, without inflicting his company further upon unwilling companions: he was not so fond of a good dinner that he would eat the bread of humiliation with it; but though very sore at heart, he could not make up his mind thus to leave Willowbank. I there was but one within its walls who was glad to see him, she, at least, he felt sure, was very glad; if to others he was an object of suspicion or dislike, to her he was a trusted friend. She had confided to him her troubles and would that very day have even taken counsel with him upon some important domestic matter had she not been overruled by her sister. He had no desire to know what it was—unless his knowledge of it might enable him to give her aid—but it was delightful to him to think that she had thought him worthy of such confidence. Possessing her good opinion, he could afford to despise the distrust of all the rest; and if he felt indignation against one of them, it was less upon his own account than because that one had rendered himself distasteful—nay, abhorrent—to Lillian. As for the old merchant, he only pitied him for his weakness in having been so deceived by his son-in-law, and dazzled with his fire-new title; and as to Lotty, though he felt she had become inimical to him, he well understood that she was no free agent, but a puppet in her husband's hands. It was impossible that he could ever be angry with her, or regard her otherwise than with tenderness and compassion; and if his feelings towards her had changed, it was that respectful devotion for her which he had once entertained, no longer existed, it was not from any conduct of hers, but simply that his allegiance had been transferred elsewhere. It was impossible any longer to conceal from himself that another now reigned in her stead; if he had had any doubt of it, the fact that he no longer felt any bitterness or disappointment about Lotty's having ignored himself and his service during the time of her elopement—that she had not even mentioned his name to Lillian—should have convinced him of this. He cared no more for her indifference or forgetfulness, but only pitied her woes. As she entered the room now, beautiful and elegantly attired, and smiling—though not with the frank smile of old—he experienced none of those sentiments which her presence had once inspired; she seemed to him no longer herself at all; the very words she spoke to him—some conventional apology for his having been left so long alone—were not her words; she was at the mouthpiece and the messenger of another.

"Reggie ought to be ashamed of himself for not having been down before, Mr. Litt n; he would finish his cigar, though I told him it was time to dress; but I have hurried over my toilet, in order to keep you company, so you must forgive him, for my sake."

"I would forgive him much more than that, Lady Selwyn, for your sake," said Walter; the words had escaped him without his reflecting upon their significance, and the next moment he was sorry he had so spoken, for poor Lotty's face grew crimson from chin to brow. "As to your toilet having been hurried," added he quickly, "I should never have guessed it, had you not told me so. May I compliment you—as an artist—upon the color of your dress?"

"It is Japanese," said Lotty, "and a present from papa. He is never tired of giving me little caudexes of that kind. Reginald says I am like the Prodigal, whose return was solemnized by having beautiful robes given to him; only, in my case, there is no one to object to it: dearest Lillian is not one bit jealous."

"I can well believe that," said Walter enthusiastically. "She has no thought of herself. Before your reconciliation with your father was effected, her heart and head were busy with that only; she scarce seemed to

live for herself; and even now it is your well-being—your happiness—which concerns her more than her own."

Lotty's pale face flushed, and in her eyes the dewy pearls began to gather, as she sighed: "I know it, ah, how well I know it! and if I could but see her happy—in her own way! O Mr. Litt n, if I had but the power, as I have the will, to serve you both!" Here she stopped, frightened, as it seemed, by her own words. "Hush!" whispered she, with her finger on her lip; "don't answer me; I only wish you to know that I am your friend. I can do no good, but you must never think that I mean to do you harm."

"I should not think that, even if you did me harm," said Walter softly. Her words had gone to his heart; not—just then—because of their significance, though they were significant indeed; but because this tender timorous woman had ventured thus to express her sympathy.

"Do not imagine," she went on, in hurried tones, "that Lillian has told me anything; alas! I have read her secret for myself. I can give you nothing but my prayers—not even hope. She is not a girl like me, ungrateful and undutiful, who would leave her father or her home—you must give her up, or she will suffer for it."

"Lady Selwyn!"

"Oh, I know, I know; it is easy to offer such advice as mine. But, since this can never be, be generous, and spare her all you can. I hear her step upon the stairs—pray, promise me." As Walter bowed his head, Lillian entered the room.

"I hope her ladyship has been affable, Mr. Litt n?" said she, smiling.

"My dear Lillian," exclaimed Lotty, "how can you be so foolish!"

"Indeed," answered Walter gaily, "I should scarcely have guessed, had I not known it, that there was any social gulf between us."

Then, as they all three laughed, Mr. Brown entered: "Come, come; tell me the joke, young people, or else I shall think you were laughing at me behind my back."

"Mr. Litt n has been complimenting me, papa, upon my magnificent apparel," said Lady Selwyn promptly; "and we all think it a little grand for the occasion."

"Not at all," said the old gentleman seriously; "I always like to see people dressed according to their rank."

"But the Queen does not put her crown on every day, papa," said Lillian.

"Well, this is not an everyday coincidence; we have honored guests to-night. And, besides," added he hastily, "my picture—yours and mine—has come home from the Academy, and such makes the date important."

"Now, I call that very pretty of papa," said Lady Selwyn. "Don't you, Mr. Litt n?"

"Indeed, I do," said Walter.

"Yes, yes; I shall always value that picture, young man, and, I may add, the artist who painted it."

Walter expressed his sense of the compliment, though, truth to say, the valedictory air with which it was expressed had rubbed the gift off sadly.

"I hope the other picture will please you equally well, sir, when it is finished."

"I have no doubt of that; I will leave directions with the housekeeper about it, so that you can send it home when it is done."

This was another blow to Walter; for he had secretly intended to keep the Joan in his studio till his patron had returned from abroad; he had felt that that would be a solace to him, and besides, when they did return, it would have provided an excuse for his paying a visit to Willowbank. His chagrin was such that the entrance of Sir Reginald into the drawing-room was quite a relief to him, since it at once gave a turn to the conversation.

"Your guest is late, Mr. Brown," said the baronet.

"Yes, yes," said the merchant, who had already pulled out his watch with some appearance of impatience. "I hope they understand below-stairs that our party is not complete."

This was a good deal for Mr. Brown to say, since it was his invariable principle—or so at least he had told Walter—to wait dinner for nobody. "Why should the rest of the alphabet have their meat done to rags, because Z is always behind-hand?" was one of his favorite sayings.

"My aunt is generally punctual as clock-work," observed Sir Reginald.

"So I should have inferred, from what I have seen of her character," answered the other.—"Ah, there's the front-door bell."

It was curious to see how fidgety was Mr. Brown, and still more so to observe, now that the cause of his anxiety was removed, and his expected guest had come, how he abstained from any demonstration of welcome. He re-

ained, as if by design, in the further corner of the apartment, when Mrs. Sheldon was announced, and the rest of the company stepped forward to greet her. At the moment, Walter thought this was for the purpose of observing how he himself should first meet the lady; that it was a sort of trap, laid for him, by which his host might be certified of some suspicion that he and the widow were old acquaintances. In that case, he resolved to shape his conduct by her own, which would doubtless have been decided upon beforehand. If she shrank from recognition it would be easy for him to ignore her acquaintance; but he would no more initiate deception.

Notwithstanding her recent bereavement, Mrs. Sheldon was not in widow's weeds; she refused, it seems, to wear the customary garb of woe for a husband who, in his lifetime, had treated her so ill; or, perhaps, she knew that crape was unbecoming to her. She was dressed in gray silk, trimmed with black lace; and in the soft lamplight of the drawing-room, looked quite bewitching. She embraced Lotty with great effusion, kissed Lillian on the cheek, nodded familiarly at Reginald, whom she had met before that morning, and then held out her hand to Walter, with a "What! you here, Mr. Litt n?" Both speech and action were so marked, so evidently designed to attract attention, that it seemed almost impossible they should have escaped Mr. Brown's notice; yet they did so. He could not, of course, but have heard and seen, but the circumstance did not appear to strike him as remarkable; doubtless, he concluded that Mrs. Sheldon and Walter had met during one of her recent calls at Willowbank, and therefore thought little of her claiming acquaintanceship with him. By the expression of the widow's face it was clear to Walter that her intention, whatever it was, had missed fire in the performance. The spectators, too, had evidently expected some result: the baronet frowned and bit his mustache discontentedly; Lotty, who had cast down her eyes, as though to avoid some unpleasant scene, looked up again with an expression of relief; Lillian, who had turned a shade paler as the newcomer addressed Walter, but had never taken her eyes off her face for a moment, wore a look of disdain. Quite unconscious of all this, Mr. Brown himself had at last come forward to greet his guest. He did so with warmth, yet, at the same time, as it seemed to Walter, with as little demonstrativeness as possible. His words were conventional enough, but his voice was unusually soft and low, and he retained the widow's hand in his much longer than is customary. Perhaps it was for this purpose that he had not greeted her earlier, since, when other people are waiting to shake hands with a lady, you can scarcely keep her fingers prisoners beyond a second or two. How often, or on what occasions, Mrs. Sheldon had been a guest at Willowbank, since her memorable letter had been received, Walter did not know, but she had evidently made the best use of her time with Mr. Brown. It was borne in upon the young artist at once that what Lillian had said he was old friend enough to be told, and which Lotty had objected to being revealed to him, was that a certain tenderness had sprung up between the old merchant and this newly-made widow. That Lillian should regard it with aversion was natural enough, and that Lotty, being under the dominion of Sir Reginald, this lady's favorite nephew, should not so regard it, was also explicable. He felt that those who were already his enemies in that house had recruited a new ally, more dangerous to him, perhaps, than any one of them, in the person of the handsome widow; for during their previous acquaintance with one another had he not shown himself proof against her charms; and had not her farewell words to him been such words of bitterness as only the tongue of a slighted woman knows how to frame! He had then been able to despise her charge that he had fallen in love with his friend's wife, but his heart now sank within him at the thought of how she might abuse another's ear with the same calumny; not Mr. Brown's, nor Selwyn's, nor Lotty's, but Lillian's ear. Had he been a wiser and a less honorable man, he would have known that he had it in his power to set himself right—and more than right—with Lillian, by simply revealing the cause of this woman's malice, but such an idea never entered his mind. He felt that there were overwhelming odds against him, and that, probably, though the first blow had missed its mark, he would undergo their onset that very night, but he had no thought of any resistance such as would compromise even the most cruel of his enemies. He had promised Lotty to "spare" her sister; that is, as he understood it, to make her no offer of marriage, since such a union must needs be utterly hopeless; and he had made a promise with himself to spare Lotty; that is, not to imperil by any revelation—however such might excuse his own conduct in Mr. Brown's eyes—the reconciliation that had been effected between herself and her father. His foil, in fact, had the button on, while those of his antagonists were bare.

Mr. Brown of course took Mrs. Sheldon into dinner, while Lillian fell to Sir Regi-

nald's lot, and Lady Selwyn to Walter's. The conversation was lively enough and, though not very general, still, more so than on the last occasion when he had sat at that table; for the baronet's sallies were seconded by his aunt, who, as the merchant admiringly remarked, was a "host in herself as well as a guest," a stroke of pleasantry that Sir Reginald applauded very loudly, and of which poor Lillian looked utterly ashamed. That the widow was "making the running" with the owner of Willowbank very fast indeed could not be doubtful to any one that heard her; but, nevertheless, the whole company was taken by surprise by Mr. Brown's suddenly saying—apropos of the contemplated trip to Italy—"And why should you not come with us, Mrs. Sheldon?"

It had seemed to Walter, whom this speech had positively electrified, that Lillian was here about to speak; but Sir Reginald, with his quick, "Ah, why indeed?" was before her, and she said nothing, only casting despairing look across the table to her sister.

"Well, well, that is a very tempting proposition, Mr. Brown, I own," answered the widow gravely; "but it will need a good deal of consideration."

That she intended to accept the invitation, no one present, except, perhaps, the host himself, who was very solicitous to extract an assent from her, had any doubt; but she declined for that time to give a definite reply. "It was a delightful idea," she said—"perhaps almost too pleasurable a one, it would be thought by some, to be entertained by one in her position"—and here she sighed, as though that allusion to her recent bereavement had set some springs of woe flowing—"but it would need very serious reflection before she could say 'yes' or 'no.' She would make up her mind by the next Sunday afternoon, when she had engaged to meet dearest Lotty in the Botanical Gardens at three o'clock."

"Dearest Lotty," instructed by a glance

from her lord and master, promised to be punctual to that appointment, and expressed her hope that Mrs. Sheldon's decision would be in the affirmative. Most of this talk had taken place during dessert, and again and again Lillian, from the head of the table, had looked towards the widow with significant glance, that even the youngest housekeepers can assume when they think that a change of scene will be desirable. But the other had steadily ignored it, and, in one of her endeavors to catch the widow's eye, Lillian caught her father's instead.

"Why should you be in such a hurry to leave us, my dear?" said he testily; "we are quite a family party; and neither Sir Reginald nor Mr. Litt n are three-bottle men."

Of course both gentlemen hastened to say that they had had wine enough.

"Very good," continued the host. "Then why should the ladies part company from us at all?—What say you, Mrs. Sheldon, to our forming ourselves into a hanging committee, and criticising the new picture that has just come home from the Royal Academy?"

"I should like it, of all things," answered she; "that is, if such an ordeal would be agreeable to the artist." It was the first time since their meeting that she had looked Lillian in the face, and she smiled as she did so very sweetly.

"It is not a very good time to judge of a picture," observed Walter; "not that he cared about that matter in the least, but because he saw that the proposition was, for some reason or other, distasteful to Lillian."

"But the less light there is, Lillian, the more your blushes will be spared," said Sir Reginald gaily.

"Oh, there's plenty of light," returned the host; "I have had reflectors contrived expressly to exhibit it.—Come along, Mrs. Sheldon, and pass judgment."

And with that, he gallantly offered his arm to the widow, and led the way across the hall into the breakfast-room, where the picture had been hung. The gas apparatus which had been made to throw its beams upon the canvases was soon lit, and certainly Walter's handiwork looked to the best advantage.

(To be continued.)

KELLY'S MONTREAL SONGSTER

A HIT EVERYWHERE.

Advertisement for Kelly's Montreal Songster, listing various songs and their prices. Includes sections like 'No. 1--3 Cents.', 'No. 2--3 Cents.', 'No. 3--3 Cents.', 'No. 4--3 Cents.', 'No. 5--3 Cents.', 'No. 6--3 Cents.', 'No. 7--3 Cents.', 'No. 8--3 Cents.', 'No. 9--3 Cents.', 'No. 10--3 Cents.', 'No. 11--3 Cents.', 'No. 12--5 Cents.', 'No. 13--5 Cents.', 'No. 14--3 Cents.', 'No. 15--3 Cents.', 'No. 16--5 Cents.', 'No. 17--5 Cents.' Each section lists song titles and prices.

P. KELLY, Publisher 154 St. Antonio Street, Mon

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The Anarchists Petraraja and Bernard have been expelled from Switzerland.

The British Government will henceforth cease to place any restrictions on the importation of Dutch cattle to this country.

The Czarewitch has arrived at Bombay on his tour of the East. Upon landing the Czarewitch was received with much pomp and ceremony by the British civil, military and naval authorities.

Patrick McCabe convicted of complicity in the plot to blow up the Glasgow gas works in 1883, died to-day in prison at Perth. He has been insane for two years. McCabe's friends allege his death was due to the cruelty of the keepers of the prison.

An explosion of gas took place on Tuesday in the Alhambra theatre at Hartlepool. The building was wrecked and several employees were injured. The explosion occurred shortly before the opening of the theatre for the evening performance. If it had happened a little later great loss of life would have resulted.

The Pope on Tuesday received the congratulations of the cardinals upon the fifty third anniversary of his first celebration of the Mass. In his reply he said he deplored the war of sects against the Church and reaffirmed the rights of the Papacy. The Pope looked well and appeared to have fully recovered from his recent cold.

Prof Stuart, of Sydney university, who was sent to Berlin to study the Koch treatment, says that after studying hundreds of cases he has concluded that the precise value of the Koch remedy cannot as yet be fixed. In advanced cases of consumption injections of the lymph have proved positively injurious, but in the earlier stages of the disease the lymph has apparently a beneficial effect.

Gregoire, the Anarchist journalist, who claimed to have concealed Padlewsky, the murderer of Gen. S. Iverskoff, has asked the French consul in Palermo to arrest him and have him transported to France in order to enable him to appear before the court and testify to the fact that he was not an abettor of Padlewsky's flight. The consul refused to grant Gregoire's request. Gregoire said Padlewsky was probably hiding in Sicily.

A Spanish royal decree issued to-day alters the customs tariffs and appoints a commission to take steps to bring about a series of reforms in the commercial treaties now existing between Spain and other countries. The object of the Government in making this new departure is to strengthen its electoral influence by promptly applying a policy of protection to the country and possibly to its colonies.

American.

John Galligan and John Johnson, miners, have been held up near Salina and robbed of \$6,000 in gold, which they had just secured from prospects near by.

Eugene Piquel, the cashier of the Lancashire Insurance company, who embezzled \$17,000 of the company's funds and fled to Switzerland in October, has been apprehended. Extradition papers will be sent on for Piquel.

John B. Trevor, who died suddenly in New York on Tuesday night, left an estate valued at over \$5,000,000. His gifts to the Rochester Theological Seminary aggregated about \$170,000 and to the University of Rochester \$120,000.

Smokeless powder is being manufactured at the U. J. torpedo station. The formula is a new one by Prof. C. E. Monroe, the Government chemist. A number of experiments show that it is not only smokeless, but also of higher explosive power than the ordinary powder.

Ellis F. Baird, who pleaded guilty to embezzling nearly \$40,000 from the Lincoln bank of Lincoln, Pa., and Franklin Hull, who was convicted of advising him in the embezzlement have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment each in the penitentiary. Baird was cashier of the bank and Hull was one of its depositors.

At the Chicago stock yards on Tuesday the wall of an old packing house, the property of Armour & Co., was being torn down, when suddenly the wall collapsed and fell, burying a number of men in the ruins. Mike Barry and an unknown man were taken out dead. Wm. Devine and John McInerney were fatally and several others seriously injured.

Canadian.

The schooner Sarah, of St. John, N. B., has gone ashore on the coast of Maine.

A quantity of pop corn and chewing gum has been seized at St. Catharines for contravention of the customs act.

The remains of the late Vicar General Laurent were interred in St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto, on Tuesday. The pontifical high mass for the dead was attended by Archbishops Walsh and Cleary, Bishops Dowling and O'Mahoney and about fifty

priests. The mayor, the city clerk and several aldermen were present as a deputation from the council.

Thos. Wheeler, caretaker of the Senate reading room, Ottawa, who was 66 years of age, and in the Government service since Confederation, dropped dead on Tuesday when in the act of preparing to go to church. Deceased was a native of New Brunswick.

An Englishman named Sharples, aged 40, working in the cotton factory, committed suicide lately in a peculiar manner. He built a framework of wood in his room, tied a piece of clothes line to the cross bar, fixed a running noose around his neck and jumped from his footstool. His feet hit the floor, but he doubled up his legs and when found was in a sitting posture. No cause can be assigned for the deed except dissipation.

PEN PICTURE OF OUR PRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM.

What is taking place to-day? Look and you will see cheerless homes; men and women struggling for existence and vainly seeking employment; others refusing to work because of insufficiency of wages; women throwing up employment that will not pay, to enter dens of vice, where soul and body are destroyed, and where all that is base and brutal in human nature is developed. Society shuts its eyes and affects not to see the terrible things in the very heart of civilization, as if by so doing it could shut out their destructive influences. Slowly, but surely, the poisonous elements of moral corruption are poisoning the atmosphere. The palace is no more exempt than the hovel. We have learned to guard against the dangers of infectious diseases by keeping the poison germs out, but against the greater danger of moral disease we raise no cry of warning. What would we think if we were told that in one of our populous cities yellow fever or cholera held high carnival, sweeping its victims off by thousands, while adjacent cities paid no attention to the evil in their midst? Yet this is what we are doing in the moral world. Vice in all its hideous proportions is holding high carnival, and the cultured and refined, absorbed in themselves and their trifling pleasures, narrow their vision to their surroundings and remain utterly indifferent to the moral decadence and death of others. We are yet to realize the brotherhood of the race, in all its profound and even terrible significance and know that the salvation of one is dependant upon that of all.—Mrs. Imogene C. Fales.

Time Works Wonders.

Miss Eligible (whose mother is a she dragon)—You've no idea, Mr. Desirable, how mischievous I was when I was small. Why, mamma, you remember how people used to fight shy of you because I was always sure to be with you and make things disagreeable?

Mr. Desirable—The deuce! Why, the situation is just reversed now, isn't it? That is—I mean—that—

An Affair of Honor.

You are a rude, unlettered boor, sir. Sir, you shall answer for this insult. What weapons will you choose? Anything you please, sir. Name the place, the day and the hour. To-morrow at 3 o'clock, at the north end of the high bridge.

I shall be there; but if any accident should detain me, you may begin first.

Young Wife (saying an affectionate good-by to her husband)—Now, darling, you can't enjoy a moment while you are gone, can you dearest? George (off for a few days yachting)—Well, m'dear, I can't tell a lie. Young Wife—Oh, darling, please do.

Mother (angrily reaching for her slipper and her darling boy)—Come here, you naughty, disobedient— Darling Boy (firmly crossing his hands behind himself)—Now, mamma, there's no use of your proceeding to extremities in this matter.

Local Pride.

Where are all the prominent citizens this morning? asked a tourist of the landlord of the Oklahoma house.

I dunno, prezizely, was the reply. You see, last night the boys took a boss thief out to the tree where they allus hang 'em, an' lo and behold! they found a new-comer had cut it down. The boss thief happened to know who done it. They're after him now, the horse thief lead ng the pursuit. He's got a heap uv local pride, even if he does steal. If they ketch the feller they'll be apt to string him up an' turn the boss thief loose. We air a people who like to encourage public spirit.

Storing Sunshine for a Rainy Day. Hi! Jimmy! Come down here! Let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns.

This from a 10-year old street boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie canal in an interior city.

The person addressed was a fellow street

boy standing on a raised footbridge over the same muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the footbridge and answered:

Naw. Can't. Got t' stay here.

Aw, come on down. What d'ye hang up there fur? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down.

Naw, can't do it.

Why not? What yer wants ter fool 'round up there fur? Ain't no fun up there.

Wal, was the answer that Jimmy drawled out, with as solemn a face as a cadet on parade. I can't come down nohow. I've got ter stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin so as I kin laugh when it rains.

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

Even should all the world's workers become unionists, the labor problem would not be solved by any means. The monopoly would not then have the power to keep down wages by playing the unemployed against the employed, but then, as now, it would be necessary to his existence that he should limit production and therefore limit the number of producers. With the monopoly of land, the source of wealth, and capital, the tool for its production, still at his back, his limitation could easily be maintained. Consequently, under universal unionism, individual pay might be higher, but as the unionist in work would be compelled to support the unionist out of work, the aggregate earnings of labor would probably not be increased and the advantage would be one of little value. Nor, while production is for profit and not for use, can things be altered for the better.

"Reading Makes a Full Man!"

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

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Begs leave to notify his friends and customers that he has removed from his late premises, corner of NOTRE DAME and ST. DAVID'S LANE, to

2124 NOTRE DAME,

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

M. WRIGHT, 2124 Notre Dame St.

THE Workingman's Store

N. Larivee's Old Stand.

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

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

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C. P. CHAGNON

Successeur de N. LARIVEE. 2008 NOTRE DAME STREET (2nd Door East of Mountain Street).

Farewell to 1890.

Farewell to the sorrows, troubles, trials and temptations of the past year.

Brace up and be cheerful for 1891.

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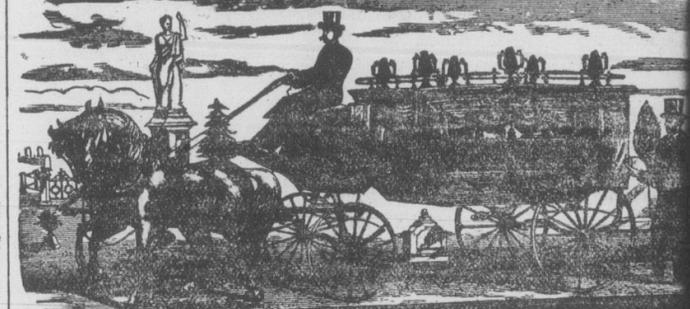
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I can fit you in any style and at to suit your pockets. Custom work a specialty.

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The Echo

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All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, December 27, 1890.

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

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The proposal of the Government to place a tax on mining companies is a step in the right direction. The mineral wealth of this country belongs to all the people, and not to a privileged few. The time is fast approaching when Governments will have to assume full control of working and developing all our mines to protect our people from the rapaciousness of those who now control them. While under our present system the miner is compelled to follow his precarious calling at starvation wages, the companies owning the mines, by limiting the output and through combination, are enabled to compel the consumer to pay an enormous price for what he requires. The laborer and the consumer are both bled for the benefit of the mine owners. Government control means greater safety to miners, better pay for labor performed, and a reduction in the price to the consumer. The principle to tax those who have monopolized natural opportunities and work them for their own benefit is a correct one and should be followed out until the whole burden of taxation is placed where it belongs, on the land.

A "new home" for fallen women has been lately opened at 102 East Sixty-first street, New York. Among other things, the inmates will there receive religious instruction and industrial training to fit them to lead honorable lives. What mockery! Recent statistics compiled by the authorities of the State show that in the city of New York alone over 20,000 sewing girls work for less wages than will provide them with the necessaries of life. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this; but it is a duty incumbent upon every honest man to demand that society shall not wait until stern necessity compels a woman to sacrifice virtue for bread. If these philanthropic ladies and gentlemen who opened this "home" in East Sixty-first street have the welfare of women and girls earnestly at heart let them do as Cardinal Manning, Lady Dilke and the Bishop of London and others did; let them organize the female workers of New York city into unions, so that by combined action they may be enabled to compel their flint-hearted employers to at least pay them sufficient wages to live upon. But to leave them helpless in this respect, and to provide homes for them

after they have "fallen," is simply discounting the devil. At a similar "home" in New York lately, a woman late in the day applied for admission, but was refused because she was not a "fallen woman." A few hours thereafter the same woman applied again: "I thought I told you that this was a home for fallen women only," replied the matron. "So you did, and I now claim its shelter as a fallen woman." And this in the nineteenth century, among a professedly Christian people, and in an institution whose inmates likewise receive religious instruction. No, homes for fallen women are not what is wanted; but we must place women in a position to have a home or the comforts of home, to prevent her falling. Much could be done by these philanthropists if they practiced a little of the Christianity preached by Bob Ingersoll: "Never buy a shirt until you have ascertained that the woman who made it has received living wages." This would do more good than the establishing of thousands of homes for fallen women and prove a practical lesson in religion.

The coal mining companies of Belgium have decided that there must be a reduction of the wages of their already wretchedly underpaid employees, which was to come in force January 1st. To counteract this movement the Miners' Federation has issued a proclamation that a general strike will be ordered unless Parliament so revises the constitution as to give the miners a much needed protection against the rapacity and arbitrary action on the part of the companies. The condition of the Belgian miner is indeed a deplorable one. Working at an extremely hazardous occupation for wages that would be scorned by the meanest laborer in this country, life is a long and desperate struggle for mere existence. In times past the miner was absolutely at the mercy of his employers, whose coercive acts were upheld by bullet and bayonet, strikers in many instances having been driven to work and forcibly kept at it by platoons of soldiers. Of late years, however, the miners have awakened to the necessity of combination to better their condition, and the result so far has been satisfactory, the men, realizing the force behind them, have been animated with courage to resist their oppressors. The Miners' Federation, a powerful and financially well equipped society, have appealed to the Parliament for legislation to restrain the companies in their action, but that body is so completely under the thumb of moneyed corporations and capitalists, being largely composed of this class itself, that little relief is to be looked for from this source, and the only remedy remains with themselves—a peaceful but firm resistance.

The Scotch railway men, driven to desperation by repeated failure to obtain redress from the companies for their grievances, have struck work, and as a consequence the whole of the railway system of Scotland is paralyzed. Trains have ceased running altogether, or are run at very irregular intervals through the instrumentality of clerks and other employees who have been pressed into the service. This must be a serious loss to the companies, as the revenue usually derived from the passenger traffic around the New Year holidays is enormous, the amount of travel on the Scotch railway lines at this particular season of the year being very great. Of course the public will suffer very much by the almost complete stoppage of traffic, yet they are in themselves a great measure to blame for the inconvenience. They have stood apathetically by and witnessed the hardships endured by the railway servants, their long hours of exhausting toil and small pay, and have scarcely raised a voice to protest against such slavery existing in their midst. The working hours of the

Scotch railway servant run from fourteen to sixteen hours per day, with occasionally a longer spell, and is it any wonder that they demand to have their working time more clearly defined. Time and again have the Association of Railway Servants petitioned the directors for shorter hours of work, but these petitions have always been relegated to the waste basket, and things were allowed to go on as usual. To anyone who knows the conditions under which the Scotch railway servant works will only wonder why they have endured so long. On duty from early morning till far into the night, with irregular meal hours, they scarcely ever knew the luxury of being off duty, as their minds were continually harassed with thoughts of something left undone from their multifarious duties and its probable consequences. This, combined with miserably small pay, at monthly intervals, in which their earnings were eaten up by a disastrous credit system was sufficient to drive them to desperation. The feeling amongst the men must be very unanimous, from the number reported on strike, nearly nine thousand, and its popularity is shown by the crowds who sympathize with them. No class of workers have more need of a working day fixed by legislative enactment than the railway servants, and it is to be hoped that the pressure brought to bear on legislators by the voters, through the inconveniences caused them by the strike, will be sufficient to procure for this over-worked class a reasonable limit to their daily toil. The demand of the men for a ten hour day is exceedingly reasonable, and is justified by the excessively harassing nature of their duties.

The firm of Chown & Cunningham, stove manufacturers, Kingston, have given notice to their employees that henceforth they will not tolerate Union men in their employ, for that is virtually what the notice means. A correspondent who interviewed the senior member of the firm, gives to the public the firm's reason why the notice was posted, and it is the usual one trotted out on such occasions, namely, that they do not wish "their business run by outsiders." This reason is a very plausible one, but it has really no existence in fact. The Moulders' Union do not attempt, nor do they desire to attempt, to run any man's business, but the whining wail is sent out because it is known to have effect with a gullible public. Employers there are, such as Chown & Cunningham, who are ready at times to grant to workmen the right to organize for their own protection. They will hail as a benefactor to his fellow-man, and as a philanthropist, the organizer, the journalist, the orator, the preacher or the politician who endeavors to instill into the minds of workers the advantages of Unionism, and will even admit the right of the wage-earner to strike when oppressed. But when a little "oppression" is attempted by themselves, when they wish by some underhand and unfair scheme to reduce the wages of their own employees, and the "public benefactor and philanthropist" steps in as mediator between employer and employed, he is met with the stunning remark, "we will have no interference from an outsider," or, "we wish to conduct our own business on our own lines," &c. Now it appears to us that, in this particular case, an unfair advantage is attempted to be taken on the men by Messrs. Chown & Cunningham, and our warrant for so thinking is contained in their own admission. They object to the limitation of the number of apprentices; they wish to increase the number of boys so as to flood this particular branch of industry—and what would the end be? A portion of the skilled labor would be driven out and the wages of those remaining would be reduced. To say that other firms,

through the employment of under-paid scab labor, are enabled to do this is no answer to its injustice. The cost of production may have something to do with it, but the real cost of production to the citizens, as a recent speaker well observed, should be measured by "a childhood free from factory life, womanhood which should know none but home work, a fatherhood which should find time to take its child on its knee, and a manhood which should be allowed to cast a ballot as conscience alone dictated." It is likely that the dispute will prove a protracted one, as the men are determined to resist to the bitter end this nefarious attempt to undermine their constitution and encroachment upon their wage-earning power.

On Wednesday last an effort was made by a deputation of Quebec merchants to bulldoze the Government into departing from the usual line of procedure in such cases and to get the Shiplaborers bill before the House. In this they tried to steal a march upon the Society and its friends, who were comparatively unprepared to refute the assertions of Mr. Turner and his lieutenant, Mr. Pelletier. The firmness displayed by the Premier and others, however, thwarted this little game, and the chances now are that the opponents of the bill will have an opportunity for a full discussion of the measure and placing on record their opinions in regard to the Society, its aims and objects, and the real and only substantial reasons for the decline of Quebec's shipping trade. In an article on the shiplaborers the Quebec Telegraph has the following:

The trade of the port of Quebec has been injured by:

First—The substitution of steam for sail, thus enabling the ships that carried the new power to go up the river to the head of navigation without danger.

Second—The substitution of iron for wood in the building of ships, thus doing away with one of Quebec's most flourishing businesses.

Third—The building of a network of railroads which carry the trade to the interior of the seaboard at New York, Boston, Portland, Halifax and St. John.

Fourth—As the trade centre moved further inland, to Montreal and Toronto, our merchants followed it. They saw the inevitable coming and they anticipated it.

Fifth—When our own merchants saw the trade of the port going to decay they became conservative and hesitated to speculate, fearing that, if they lost what they had, they could make no more. The result was they let things drift and grass soon began to grow where the stones should have been kept polished with the toil of travel.

Sixth—The absence of wharfage on the river front, thus forcing many large steamships to go on to Montreal without stopping to discharge that part of their cargo destined for this port.

These are the chief causes of the decadence of the port of Quebec, causes with which the Shiplaborers' Benevolent Society had no more to do than the loup garen had with the weather.

The bygone year has been fruitful of great movements among the workers of the world, movements which, if success had attended them all, would have had a marked influence in bettering the condition of the wage earner. That several strikes resulted unfavorably for the workers was not because of the unfairness or injustice of the demands made, but, in a great part, through the treachery of fellow-workers from whom nobler conduct might have been looked for. That the time will come when employers will be forced to recognize the claims of workmen to a more equitable proportion of the wealth created by their hands is beyond question, and the time would be greatly hastened if workers of every grade would unite together under their different occupations to form a united federation of the wage-earners of the world. In every hand combines and monopolies are being created by the capitalists, driving the people to desperation by their rapacity and greed, but the time is not far distant when

the people will rise with a newly awakened strength and crush these monopolies out of existence. We trust that with the advent of the New Year workmen all will be blessed with "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," so that they may be able to procure those comforts which go towards making a contented and happy home. To our numerous readers we wish in all sincerity "A Happy New Year."

In the town of Calgary, in the Northwest Territories, there is at present considerable talk over the boycotting of a medical man, Dr. Henry George, by the rest of the faculty. It appears that the six doctors of the ambitious prairie town some time ago formed an association, one of the rules of which was that they would not accept anything less than \$5 from a benefit or insurance society for a certificate of health. It is alleged that the doctor "ratted" by breaking this provision, and now the remaining members of the association refuse to have anything more to do with Dr. George. They met and passed a resolution expelling him from the club and further decided that no member should consult the backslider, or render him any assistance in his professional work.

JOHN MURPHY & CO ADVERTISEMENT

Ladies' Jerseys for NEW YEARS' PRESENTS. Nowhere in Canada can you find such a large assortment, all NEW NOVELTIES, and retailed at and wholesale prices.

LADIES' STYLISH JERSEYS, from
At JOHN MURPHY & CO

Ladies' Silk Blouse for NEW YEAR PRESENTS, all at SPECIAL PRICES for Holiday trade.

Ladies' Silk Blouses, \$2.65, worth \$3.50
JOHN MURPHY & CO

Boys' Department for NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS, very pretty Sailor Suits for prices 80c, 85c, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.20 according to size and quality.

BOYS' REEFER JACKETS

One case of Boys' Reefer Jackets, just to stock for the Holiday trade, price \$1.75 up.

Boys' Overcoats for NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. We are offering large lines of Overcoats at greatly reduced prices during NEW YEAR TRADE.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, from \$1.25
At JOHN MURPHY & CO

Read carefully the following list which we are selling at giving-away during the Holiday Season:

Knitted Wool Clouds and Fascinators from 20c up.

Knitted Wool Shawls at exactly Half prices from 25c.

Ladies' Knitted Shirts at Less Than sale Prices, prices from 50c.

Ladies' Cardigan Vests, Good Quality 50c.

Ladies' Cardigan Jackets, Good Quality 75c.

Children's Cardigan Jackets, Good Quality prices from 50c.

Children's Wool Hoods and Caps, 15c.

Tam O'Shanter's reduced to 25c.

Children's Jersey Dresses, in Endless prices for 80c.

Housemaids' Aprons, over 800 Cheap, prices from 22c.

A fine Assortment of Children's prices from 35c.

Ladies' Umbrellas, a large lot, stock for our Holiday Trade. Umbrellas with Fancy Handles from 75c up.

Our store for useful New Year

JOHN MURPHY
1781, 1783
Notre Dame street, corner
Terms Cash and Only One Price
Telephones—Federal, 580;

MONTREAL NEWS.

On Christmas eve the members and friends of the Dominion Quoting club held their first annual drive to Pelouin's hotel at the Back River, in a sleigh furnished by Messrs. Sharpe & Curtin. The evening was clear and cold, but the drive out was a very pleasant and merry one, the road being in fine condition, and they arrived at Pelouin's before 10 o'clock. The chair was fitted by Mr. David Taylor, president of the club, supported on his right by Mr. James Knox, secretary of the Montreal club, and on his left by Mr. R. Wilson. The vice chair was fitted by Mr. James Perry, supported on his right and left by Messrs. C Stewart and J. Bannan. Those present disposed of the variety of good good things which "mine host" of the hotel had provided for them, and served by attentive lady waiters. After full justice had been done to satisfying the "inner man," the chairman announced the following toasts: "The Queen," which was drunk with all honors; "The Dominion Quoting Club," responded to by Mr. R. Wilson; "Our Sister Clubs," responded to by Mr. James Knox for the Montreal Quoting club, and by Mr. James Perry for the St. Gabriel Quoting club, as that club had not sent out a representative. The company then returned to the ball room, where dancing, interspersed with songs, was resumed and continued till near 4 o'clock, when preparations were made for returning home, the city being safely reached about 6. About forty were present and enjoyed themselves heartily.

A most brutal assault took place in front of a saloon near the corner of Little St. Antoine and Craig streets, about 11.15 Thursday evening, the result of a drunken brawl. Several drunken men assembled in front of the saloon, and a drunken dispute led to a fight between two young men. They fought for over half an hour and a crowd of men, for whom such brutal sights seem to possess a morbid fascination, looked on approvingly. One of the young men, who was well dressed, apparently respectable, but unfortunately intoxicated, was brutally beaten and was left lying unconscious on the sidewalk with his face pounded to a jelly. He lay there until two young gentlemen, imbued with more humanity than the rest of the crowd, suggested sending him home in a sleigh. Two policemen then arrived on the scene and their efforts to find the assailant were futile, and consequently could make no arrests. The young man was taken to his home on St. Monique street in a sleigh. He is dangerously injured, and more may be heard of the affair later.

THE WATE TAX.

In addition to what has already been reported, Messrs. Keys and Warren, collectors for the Central Trades and Labor Council Water Tax Fund, acknowledge the following:

Previously acknowledged	\$1,338.75
N. F. & V. Guertin	1.00
Cash	25
John L. Jensen	1.00
Cash	1.00
Parent Freres	2.00
Un Am	1.00
Tracy	1.00
F. R. Mureau	1.00
J. P. Whelan	5.00
Cash	1.00
L. O. D.	4.00
Cresse & Descauries	1.00
A Friend	.50
G. Eadie	1.00
A Friend	1.00
C. P. Chagnon	1.00
J. Mitchell	1.00
J. Fitzgerald	.25
W. Barrett	.50
A. Misonneuve	.50
J. A. Curran, M. P.	2.00

Collected by T. Murphy—

Jos Desjardin	1.50
Alp Normandin	1.00
Louis Larose	2.00
Alp. Maisonneuve	.75
J. Edwards	2.00
Jas. Edwards	.50
Frank Smith	1.00
Alf. Jones	1.00
W. Robinson	.50
W. Hastie	.50
W. Wallace	.50
J. Rolson	.25
Rowland Arthur	.25
J. W. Morris	.50
Jas. Hanna	.25
A Friend	.50
Jas. W. Wood	.50
D. Meldum	.50
Jas. Barry	.50
H. T. Wittall	.25
R. McIntosh	.25
M. Downie	.25
J. A. derson	.50
Thos. Willis	.25
H. R. Williams	.25
J. Moffatt	.25
Jas. Lloyd	.25
W. Gilliland	.25
Jas. Mills	.25
John Liddon	.25
Thos. Murphy	.50

Collected by J. Storey—

Jas. Anthony	.50
John Downey	.25
R. Pike	.25
Thos. O'Reilly	.25
Alf. Dutton	.25
J. Goodson	.25
H. Carmichael	.25
D. Turnbull, Jr.	.25

IT PAYS TO STRIKE.

In commenting on the so-called wastefulness and foolishness of strikes, the Rev. J. M. Driver pointed out in a recent sermon a phase of labor movements that capitalists are apt to forget. Said he: "But the public is inconvenienced by strikes, you say. Exactly. But what does the public do or care for the convenience of the wage-workers? But, it is argued, the capitalists are better able to afford their half of the loss. Individually, that may be true. But for every group of three capitalists there is a group of ninety-seven workingmen. So, while 3 per cent of our people shoulder half the loss, the other half is divided out among the remaining 97 per cent of the population. Therefore, if the strikers were never victorious, and if vengeance were the only booty, strikes would not be altogether fruitless.

"But strikes are often successful financial ventures. John Stuart Mill declares that 'they are an essential part of our industrial system.' The readiness and ability to strike have brought many haughty employers to their knees with generous pay and humane treatment. Down to 1883 the Cigarmakers' International Union had completely won in 204 strikes, and partially so in twelve more. The strikes cost the cigarmakers \$286,444.67, while the gain amounted to \$2,300,000 per annum, an item in the last seven years of \$16,100,000, leaving a clear gain of \$15,813,555.33, with a perpetual clear gain of \$2,300,000 per annum. Of all strikes 61 per cent are successful. And the readiness and ability to strike is a capital liver tonic and regulator I am not championing or condemning strikes. I am only showing that as a rule it pays to strike, and the workingmen are not such fools as some people think they are. There is indeed a dark side to labor organizations, but it is usually on the side of the oppressive, capitalistic and monopolistic Egyptians."

PERSONAL.

It is said that Cardinal Newman will yet be canonised.

Stanley admits having been rejected by eight women.

George Lewis, the celebrated London attorney, never indulges his clients with bills. When he wants money he asks for a cheque, and usually gets one. But he never reveals what is done with the money.

Right You Are.

There is no real freedom or liberty in a country that denies to the producer of wealth the right to dispose of the fruits of his labor when and where he pleases unvexed by the tax-gatherer.

The festivities attending the Christmas season has brought along the usual crop of tragedies. In New York one Michael Gallivan, in a quarrel, shot and killed a young named James Cumming and seriously wounded another named Edward Hurley. The quarrel arose over a dispute in regard to money alleged to be due by Gallivan, who is a hack proprietor, to the other men who were at one time in his employ. Gallivan claims he was first assaulted by the two men, and when arrested it was found that his nose and several of his ribs were broken and some of his teeth knocked out. In St. Paul a triple tragedy was enacted—a colored man named Mickle having shot and killed his daughter, afterwards committing suicide. The husband and wife had not lived together for some time, and the man became enraged at being unable to make peace with his wife. In Canada two cases of fatal shooting occurred, one at Amherstburg in Ontario, and the other at Victoria, B. C. In the first mentioned instance the victim was a colored man named John Simpson, and there is mystery about the shooting. Three men have been arrested in connection with the crime. A man named David T. Fee, while walking quietly along a street in Victoria, B. C., was shot dead by another man, who escaped.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
No. 7028.
Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Dec. 28th, at 2.30.
P. J. DALTON, Recording Secretary.

J. ROSENTHAL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
196 ST. ANTOINE ST.
Fashionable Suits in West of England and Scotch Tweeds, at Bottom Prices, made up in the Latest Style and Good Fit Guaranteed.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

**A WONDERFUL AFFAIR!
THE JAPANESE BAZAAR!**

For a few cents you can buy both hands full of New Years Presents.
For less than a dollar you may purchase a bucketful.
For a dollar or two a wheelbarrowful can be obtained.
For anywhere between five and ten dollars a whole sleigh load can be had at
S. CARSLEY'S BAZAAR,
The Wonderful Affair.
Take either of the Elevators for the Japanese Bazaar.

CHILDREN'S COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

Children's Dresses Children's Dresses
Children's Dresses Children's Dresses
Children's Dresses Children's Dresses
Just the thing for your Little Girl
Just the thing for your Little Girl
Just the thing for your Little Girl
Pretty Children's Dresses, for \$1.35
Pretty Children's Dresses, for \$1.35
Pretty Children's Dresses, for \$1.35
Children's Winter Dresses, for 75c
Children's Winter Dresses, for 75c
Children's Winter Dresses, for 75c

LADIES' COSTUME AND HABIT DEPARTMENT.

Tailor-made Costumes
Tailor-made Costumes
Evening Dresses Evening Dresses
Evening Dresses Evening Dresses
Rich Dinner Dresses
Rich Dinner Dresses
Dress and Costume Making
Dress and Costume Making
In all its branches
In all its branches
S. CARSLEY.

Evening Parties Evening Parties

Evening Parties are in Full Swing
Evening Parties are in Full Swing
Silk Blouses for Evening Wear
Silk Blouses for Evening Wear
In All Shades In All Prices
In All Shades In All Prices
Just the thing for evening wear.
S. CARSLEY.

Dress Goods Department.

FOR
New Year Presents
New Year Presents
All-Wool Dress Goods
All-Wool Dress Goods
20c, reduced to 12½c yard
20c, reduced to 12½c yard
New Year Presents
New Year Presents
All-Wool Dress Goods
All-Wool Dress Goods
23c, reduced to 15c yard
28c, reduced to 15c yard
New Year Presents
New Year Presents
All-Wool Dress Goods
All-Wool Dress Goods
28c, reduced to 19c yard
28c, reduced to 19c yard
New Year Presents
New Year Presents
All-Wool Dress Goods
All-Wool Dress Goods
37c, reduced to 25c yard
37c, reduced to 25c yard

New Year Presents
New Year Presents
All-Wool Dress Goods
All-Wool Dress Goods
45c, reduced to 30c
45c, reduced to 30c

New Year Presents
Colored Satin in All Shades
Only 35c
Colored China Silk in All Shades
From 39c to 65c

New Year Presents
Colored Dress Silk
\$1.00, reduced to 55c yard
Colored Dress Silk
\$1.65, reduced to 95c yard

Black Silk Dress
57c
Black Satin Merveilleux
57c
S. CARSLEY.

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

S. CARSLEY,
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777,
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.



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The Mechanical Excellence**

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Pianos and Organs

OF NECESSITY implies the use of scientific terms not familiar to the general public. The public look at results. What are the results? In what, then, do the "BELL" Pianos and Organs excel? They excel in

TONE, TOUCH and DURABILITY.

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(Near McGill street, Montreal.)

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**Shoes & Slippers,
Moose Moccasins,
German Felt Shoes.**

**WOOL-LINED
Rubbers and Overshoes**

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NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

M. BACHMAN

Artistic Merchant Tailor.

**FURS AND TRIMMINGS,
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS,**
MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLE.

DRESS SUITS & UNIFORMS.

Cut and Make Guaranteed.
Repairing and Cleaning.

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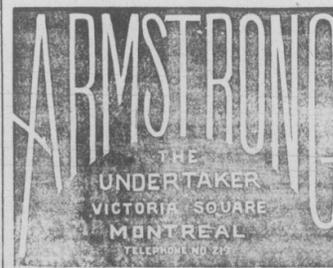
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FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000
Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

Agenies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.
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E. D. LACY,**
Resident Manager for Canada.



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It will pay you to advertise in THE ECHO. It circulates extensively in the homes of the most intelligent workingmen in the City of Montreal and other Towns and Cities throughout the Dominion.

Central China Hall.

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AFTER DINNER COFFEES,
BERRY SETTS,
FRUIT PLATES,
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SALAD BOWLS,
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TABLE LAMPS,
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CUTLERY, PLATED-WARE, &c.

GEORGE EADIE,
(Successor to L. DENEAU)

2023 Notre Dame Street.



**WHEN YOU WANT
A SLEIGH**

of any kind the place to buy is at
**LATIMER'S,
MCGILL STREET.**
ALL KINDS. ALL PRICES.

**THE FAVORITE OF OUR BEST
CITIZENS—The Troy Steam Laundry.**

WELCOMED IN THE HOME OF
the millionaire, as well as in the solitary lodgings of the young man who isn't one yet, but is going to be—The Troy Steam Laundry.

WELCOMED BY THE FASTIDIOUS LADY to whom a flaw in the perfect white or personal, table or general household linen, would make existence miserable—The Troy Steam Laundry.

WELCOMED BY THE HOUSEWIFE whose limited means will not allow her to engage help, and who is unable to bear the fatigue of the home wash—The Troy Steam Laundry.

WELCOMED BY THE GENTLEMEN to whom faultless linen is a daily aesthetic gospel, without which life would be quite unthinkable—The Troy Steam Laundry.

CORNER CRAIG and ST. PETER STREETS.

TELEPHONE 666.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

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ESTABLISHMENT**

329 St. James Street,
MONTREAL,

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92 SANGUINET ST.,
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(Cor. Sanguinet and Dorchester,
Bell Tel. 6243. Fed. Tel. 1647.
Wellington Basin, opposite
G.T.R. Offices. Bell Tel. 1404)

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

A general reduction of wages of 15 to 20 per cent has been announced to the silk ribbon weavers at Adam's mill in Paterson, N. J., making the average wages now about \$7 per week.

The labor organizations of London are demanding that the County Council should make the surface roads and omnibus lines the property of the community. A similar agitation is going on in Paris.

The Trades and Labor Assembly of St. Paul, Minn., has established a Labor Lyceum, where public agitation meetings are held every Sunday. On week days the different unions meet at the hall.

The strike of the switchmen in the yards of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Glenwood, Pa., is still on. Every side track between Pittsburg and Glenwood bridge is filled with loaded freight cars.

There may be a general strike of the 5,000 pottery workers throughout the United States, as the association of the proprietors of potteries has announced a reduction of wages amounting to 10 and even 15 per cent.

In most of the shops in St. Louis the workmen have half an hour of lunch from 9:30 to 10 a. m. When recently the manager of a large establishment attempted to abolish lunch time 800 people went on strike, and they carried their point.

The employees of the United States Rolling Stock Company in Anniston, Ala., numbering 1,000, have gone on strike. The company has not paid any of its employees for four weeks, and could give them no satisfaction as to when they could pay.

It is not so well known as it might be that Cincinnati has an industry which is now the largest of its kind in the world, viz., that of wood-working machinery. The products of the various firms engaged in it are shipped to every clime and nation.

The Farmers' and Laborers' Confederation of Illinois, in session in Springfield, has adopted resolutions declaring for the free coinage of silver; the election of President, Vice-President, Senators and Judiciary by the direct vote of the people; equal taxation of all kinds of property; and the purity of the ballot.

The number of work people engaged in American manufactures in 1880 was 2,730,000, and they average less than \$1 a day. In the same year we had 8,000,000 of farmers and farm hands, they received for their labor the average of \$289. Taken collectively, the great mass of American producers received each about 85 cents per day.

In Austria there is a law governing the working hours for men. By this law a man may not work in factories or shops more than eleven hours daily, not including rests. Exceptions can be made by permission of the Trades Minister, in conjunction with the Minister of the Interior. In urgent cases the consent of the local authorities will suffice.

In the Russian mines last year 712 men out of 310,000—or about one out of every 445—were mortally injured in accidents. This is a considerable decrease from the mortality in 1888, when one out of every 380 was killed. In the coal mines the mortality from accidents was about one in every 385, or 553 in a total of 213,158. Thirty-two deaths were caused by premature explosions of blasts.

A committee of potters in Trenton, N. J., waited on the manufacturers and secured from them a postponement for a fortnight of the reduction in wages of employees making sanitary ware, announced to begin on last Monday. In the meantime the employers and employees will hold a conference with the view of mutual agreement as to the basis of reduction.

Evictions of striking miners have begun at the Monongahela mines at Fairmount, W. Va. The men at the Montana and Despard works have joined the strikers and over 2,000 men are now out. The strike is against a reduction of 5 cents per ton. The mines are controlled by a syndicate, in which ex-Senator Camden, Governor Fleming and Senator Gorman of Maryland are largely interested.

Father J. P. S. Huntington is on a lecturing tour in the Southern States. On Saturday he addressed a rousing meeting of the carpenters and joiners in Memphis, Tenn. Among other things he said that the farmers and laborers could easily obtain what was due to them if they only clearly knew what they wanted. They should agree upon their demands and then elect legislative and executive officers to embody their demands in the statute books of the country.

The women employed in Radcliffe's woollen mills at Birmingham, Conn., have struck against a 15 per cent reduction of their wages. The goods manufactured in

these mills were protected by a duty of about 35 per cent before the McKinley bill raised the protection to 45 or 50 per cent. Now the proprietors seek to add to that a saving of 15 per cent upon the labor cost. Precisely where does the laborer come in for a share of this "protection of American labor?"

The Single Tax Society of Toronto, has passed a resolution condemning the use of Sunday street cars. The Trades and Labor Council, by a vote of 16 to 11, has reaffirmed its opposition to Sunday street cars, and the City Council, last night, finally resolved not to submit the Sunday car question to a popular vote.

The bituminous trade has grown greatly in the east this year. New England mills are taking coal from Clearfield, Cumberland and Pocahontas in place of anthracite, and one Maine railway which formerly burnt wood has this year taken 100,000 tons of soft coal. The increase all around is not less than 500,000 tons for the regions mentioned, and next year, with the reopening of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, it is not improbable there will be an additional call not less large than that of this year.

It is reported that a colony of about 25 northern farmers have purchased 3,000 acres of land in Cullman county, Ala., and will begin co-operative farming. There is to be a joint stock company with a capital of \$200,000, limited to 200 shares, and no person can have more than one share. The farm work is to be performed by the shareholders themselves and their families, and the profits are to be distributed as dividends. They expect to introduce manufacturing as soon as possible, as they have a forest of valuable timber and an inexhaustible supply of coal.

Advices from Italy state that the gravity of the situation arising from the wretched condition of the laboring classes is increasing. The great army of the unemployed grows larger every day and as it increases in size it grows more menacing. There are 40,000 idle workmen in Milan alone and the same relative proportion holds good for the other cities of Italy. At the same time the peasantry are in a half starving condition. Agitators are urging the suffering people to resort to violence to procure bread, and robbery and other crimes are rampant. A favorite form of theft is to despoil the churches. Forty churches in a single locality, that of Ferrara, have been robbed.

The Scotch railway strikers have succeeded in paralyzing traffic throughout the Glasgow district. Very few trains are running, and those which the railway officials have succeeded in running can only be taken out at irregular intervals. Pickets of strikers are trying to induce the few engine drivers remaining at work to join the ranks of the strikers. The Lanarkshire strikers are conducting their operations with much vigor. All the express trains are coming in late, arriving on an average about four hours behind time. The managers of the railway companies threaten to prosecute the strikers for breach of contract, claiming the men failed to give their employers proper notice before going out. The confusion resulting from the strike is affecting the collieries, furnaces and large interests of various kinds. The Singer Sewing machine works have shut down and will remain closed until the strike is settled. The Greenock men have joined the strike movement, but the Edinburgh and Perth men have refused to go out. All North British trains between Aberdeen and Edinburgh, including the London express, have ceased running. At a meeting of strikers it was announced that 4,500 men had quit the Caledonian, North British and Southwest companies. There is an absolute cessation of freight traffic and only a few passenger trains are running. The railway managers have given the men a day's notice to return to work and assert that they are able to get new men to fill the places of the strikers.

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

Musician—Id vas de Marseillaise dat make Vrance a republic; it was der Vatch on der Rhine vat give victory to Sherman; id vas Yankee Doodle vat free America, und Shon Brown's Body vat free her slaves Layman—How about the Boulanger march? Musician—Dot march save Vrance from Boulanger. Ven Boulanger hear id he do vat ve all do—he runned away.

Mrs. Liszt (soliciting subscriptions)—Can't I rely on getting your name for five dollars to send a missionary to the heathen? Mr. Scadds—Nope; but if your person will admit 'em to his church, I'll go down town to the slums and spend five dollars car fare in sending a hundred heathen to the missionary.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Phil Dwyer says he proposes to invest \$100,000 in horseflesh before the spring.

The Montreal lacrosse club are to send a team to New York to play an indoor game some time in January.

The McGill hockey team defeated the M. A. A. hockey team on Saturday in a practice match by three to one.

Preparations are already being made for a tour through Nova Scotia next season by one of the principal New York clubs.

There will probably be a meeting in the near future of persons interested in the formation of a New England baseball league.

Lynch, McQuade and Powers have been appointed on the league staff of empires for next season. Two more are to be selected.

It seems to be the general opinion that Kelly will be found playing in Chicago next season, under his old commander, Capt. Anson.

Tony Hamilton has won more money during the past racing season than any American jockey. His earnings are considerably over \$200,000.

The Olympic club of New Orleans at an expense of \$6,000, are re-arranging their amphitheatre for the Dempsey Fitzsimmons fight on January 14.

An all America cricket team is to visit England next season, and dates have already been arranged with nearly all the first-class county clubs.

Springfield leads in the Polo race, and barring accidents, should win the championship. Meridid is a close second and New Britain brings up the rear.

Mr. J. W. Robinson, formerly of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, won the featherweight boxing championship at the Boston Athletic club the other night.

Billy Mills, the speedy 100 yard foot runner, despite rumors of his presence in different parts of America, is still at his home in Watertown, broken down both in form and finances.

Jack Burke and Ted Pritchard have signed articles in London to fight for £1,000 a side and the middleweight championship of England. The battle will take place in twelve weeks.

Robert Bonner, owner of Sunol, denies that the phenomenal animal has ever done a quarter inside of 30s, but adds that her trainer, Marvin, believes she can do the distance in 24s.

Luther Cary didn't succeed in getting his 9½ secs. record from the A. A. U., but the Manhattan Athletic club has shown its belief in the truth of the performance by placing the feat on the club records.

A 60 yard foot race between Henry Ford, of Toronto, and Ben. Merrill, of St. Louis, for \$1,000 a side, interested Nevada, Mo., sports last week. A raft of money was wagered on the result. Ford won by six feet.

Harry Davin and Lon Myers may get together in a half mile race before long. The pair had some harsh words in New York recently, and Davin challenged Myers to a half mile race. Myers refused to accept at the time.

The New York bicycle club leads in the Wheelmen's Bowling League with 4 victories, 0 defeats, to 3 victories, 1 defeat, each for the Atalanta of New York, Brooklyn and Hudson county. The Riversides have lost five straight games.

A six day go-as-you please foot race started at the Natatorium, St. Louis, Mo. at midnight Sunday evening, under the management of Ralph Johnson. Among the starters were Frank Hart, "Old Sport" Campana, Norman Taylor and H. O. Messier.

The Brooklyn handicap of '91 will be worth \$20,000. This will make the event the most valuable event of its kind on the American turf. Entries for the race close on Jan. 1. The great American stakes for 2 year olds, five furlongs, guaranteed value \$20,000, also close on Jan. 1.

Ed. Skinner, the world famous foot runner, is now at Spokane Falls, Wash. Recently a local man named Corbett set himself up against Skinner in a 200 yard race for a stake of \$600 a side. Corbett showed himself nearly good enough for the old timer, but Skinner won by a foot.

The Executive Committee of the American Football Association has decided that either the Nonpareil club of New York or the Kearney Rovers of New Jersey should play the Longfellows of Brooklyn on or before the first Saturday in March, and that the East End club of Fall River should play the Fall River Rovers on or before the same date. The two winning clubs will meet in March.

Pat Kileen, winner of Friday night's heavy weight fight, lies dangerously ill at his home in St. Paul, Minn., the result of injuries received in the contest. When Referee Moore awarded the fight to Kileen in the second round on a foul Sheehy flew at his antagonist and threw him, biting him

twice. The wounds are much inflamed and serious results are feared from blood poisoning.

Even more than the usual interest is manifested in this year's Christmas Sheffield handicap run in England yesterday and today. Though the acceptances are fewer than for some years, the quality of the men as shown by the betting is exceptionally fine, and the event promises to be the best betting and contested handicap run for years. Report has it that the one time wonderful runner, Harry Hutchens, has regained his old form, and, though he is the scratch man, he has been made the favorite, the lookies refusing to lay more than 3 to 1 against him. Patterson, 86 yards in front, is second choice at 6 to 1, and Hawksley, on the 87½ mark, is next in favor at 7 to 1. Horrocks, starting from 87½, is fourth choice. Of course, the greatest interest in this country centres in the work of the Americans who will run. Eight speedy ones from this side entered, but only two will start—Billy Steuve of Seattle, Wash., under the alias of Jacob Ernest, and Mike Donlon of North Attleboro, Mass. Of the two men Ernest is the more highly thought of, and, with a mark of 85 yards, is being quite heavily backed. On him the hopes of Americans rest. He has been looked upon as a coming world beater for some time, and under the care of "Uncle Billy" Jones, England's famous trainer, he has been working faithfully at Drofield, a small village six miles from Sheffield. George Smith, the well known Pittsburg, and many other well informed Americans, believe Ernest is good enough to win. The other Yankee, Donlon, is not expected to pull off the palm.

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

He Tried a Conundrum.
It was 11:30, but the young man could not tear himself away. In one of the pauses in the conversation the sound of snoring in some of the upper rooms reached the cosy parlor, and his face lighted up with the joy of a sudden discovery. Miss Chuckster, he said, why is your house like a good line of railway? I cannot imagine, Mr. Hankinson. Because it is well equipped with sleepers. Ha! Very good, Mr. Hankinson. Do you know why you are like a railway from Potato Railway to St. Louis? No. Why? Because, answered Miss Chuckster sweetly, you don't seem to have any terminal facilities.

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

Somebody challenged Jones to fight a duel. Well, it's a go, replied that cheerful lunatic; but only on one condition. You know how near sighted I am. Well, to make things equal I insist that I shall be placed ten paces nearer my opponent than he is to me, for the fellow's got an eye like a hawk.

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ORGANIZE.

When labor grovelled in the dust
Beneath the Juggernaut of gold,
When, Greed, Monopoly and Trust
Held slaves in bondage as of old,
I heard a voice that woke the dead,
A clarion note that rent the skies;
One single word was all it said,
That magic word was Organize!

They organized in fits and starts,
Unmindful of this one great law—
That Unity is what imparts
Strength to the chain that hath no flaw.
But to prepare a chain that can
Hold fast the ships when storm arise,
We must get every workingman
In this broad land to organize!

From land to land, from sea to sea,
The gospel of our freedom spread,
Until resolving to be free
The weary workman raised his head,
And with the dignity of right
He looked the tyrant in the eyes
And said, "Your only law is might,
And ours the right to organize!"

Yes, organize, ye millions, who
Produce the wealth of this great land,
That keep in luxury the few
Proud idlers that usurp command.
Peace, plenty and prosperity
Will spring unbidden from the ties
Of brotherhood and unity;
Then organize, oh organize!

PHUNNY ECHOES.

You never really know a man's disposition until you have eaten a delayed breakfast with him.

Yes, my son, there is such a thing as a genuine surprise, no doubt; but it is not a surprise party.

Miss Henderson laughs just like a man. Too bad. I hate a woman who is guilty of manslaughter.

Jack—A friend in need is a friend indeed. Tom—Um—ye-es—if he doesn't need too much.

Tenant—But does the chimney always smoke like that? Landlord—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.

That's as true as I live, said the stock broker to a customer. Yes, but how true do you live? the customer suspiciously inquired.

She—I say, pet, what calamity would give you the most pain? He—As I idolize my wife, I should most of all regret her being left a widow.

Daughter—Why is it, ma, that a honeymoon is supposed to last only three months? Mother—At the end of three months the quarterly bills come in.

Teacher—And why do you suppose Joseph had a coat of many colors? Willie—I guess he'd been eatin' his Thanksgiving dinner 'thout a napkin.

Customer—I want to get a three dollar shirt for \$1.50. Proprietor—Yes sir, (Aside to clerk) James, show this man some of our \$1.50 shirts for \$3.

I have a beautiful wife. You have indeed. What, have you seen her? No; but I never saw an ugly man married yet who didn't get the pick of the flock.

She—Isn't Dr. Anderson very absent minded? He—Yes. That's why he never married. He went to kiss his sweetheart's hand once and vaccinated her instead.

Gus (reflectively)—So poor Will is gone! Well, the good die young! Harry—Cheer up, old fellow. Never mind about that. You're destined to live a long while yet.

Johnson—Did you know that John L. Sullivan is 32 years old? I am surprised. Jackson—I don't doubt it. I wouldn't doubt it if he were to tell me so himself.

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families. Father—That's all right, but I want you to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.

Maiden (who has been reading of the French way of conducting matrimonial alliances)—Mamma, you knew Papa quite well before you married him, didn't you? Mamma (sady)—I thought I did.

I hear the Bradleys are going south this winter. I thought they'd lost all their money? They have. That's the reason they are going. They can't wear their summer clothes all winter, you know.

Mr. Tangle—Maria, I'm going to make it warm for you. Mrs. Tangle—You are a perfect brute. I shall go right back to mother's— Mr. Tangle—Now, don't be too hasty, my dear, I'm going to buy you a sealskin sacque.

Lady (suddenly returned from Europe)—Patrick, what does this mean? I left you in charge of our residence while abroad, and I find the front yard filled with clothes lines and every line full of clothes. Our beautiful place looks like a Chinese laundry. You promised me that your wife would not take in washing. Patrick—We haven't taken in any washin', mum. We've only been takin' in hangin' out clothes.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

FARINA BALLS.—These are made precisely the same as the rice balls, using farina instead of rice. If the farina thickens more quickly, add two or three table-spoonful more of milk. These balls are more delicate than the rice balls.

STEWED CRANBERRIES.—Wash and drain one quart of cranberries; add one pint of cold water, cover closely and set to boil for ten minutes, then add one pint of granulated sugar, and stew for ten minutes longer, keeping them covered all the time. Cook in porcelain, and stir with a wooden spoon to preserve the color of the berries.

RICE BALLS.—Put half a cup of rice into one pint of milk, cook it in a farina boiler until the rice has entirely absorbed the milk. Add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, about five drops of onion juice and the yolk of one egg; mix and turn out to cool. When cool form into balls, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat.

CABBAGE PUDDING.—Chop up small enough white cabbage to fill a large baking pan when done. Put it in a pot of boiling water that has been salted, let it boil until tender, then drain thoroughly in a colander. In two quarts of the cabbage stir half a pound of butter, salt and pepper to taste, one pint of sweet cream and four eggs beaten separately. Add also a pinch of cayenne pepper; put in a pan and bake for half an hour.

MACARONI.—Boil macaroni in milk and water, half and half, salted to taste. When tender remove from the water and drain. Put large bits of butter in a baking dish, strew thickly with grated cheese. Put in a layer of macaroni, then more butter and cheese. Stir a teaspoonful of mixed mustard into a gill of rich cream and pour it over the macaroni. Set the dish in the oven and bake for half an hour. Serve at once.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Peel, core, and if the apples are large, halve them; if not, preserve whole. Add to one pound of fruit a pound of sugar, then place the fruit in a vessel and cover with just enough water to make sufficient syrup. Let it remain all night, then put on to boil; when nearly done take out the fruit and sun while syrup boils. Return to kettle and cook until done. Flavor with extract of lemon. If boiled too fast the fruit will drop to pieces.

BOILED RICE.—This is a very convenient article of food for hot weather, but one which very few people, says Good House-keeping, understand cooking, but it is used extensively in the South, and there considered indispensable as a breakfast dish. Wash the rice thoroughly three times, add a little salt, and to one cupful of rice, allow one pint of boiling water, cover close, and let simmer slowly, until perfectly dry, when each grain will stand alone; never stir, or use cold water.

STEWED SALSIFY.—Scrape salify roots, crown and all. Cut into inch long pieces and quarter. Throw them into boiling water that is properly salted, and cook until tender. Drain off the water until only a gill is left in the saucepan, then add a large piece of butter, a teacup full of sweet cream, salt and pepper, and a little flour creamed smooth with butter. If there is a half gallon of salsify you will use half a pound of butter, one large cup of cream, and a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Stew a few moments and serve in a hot dish.

RAISIN CAKE, ICED.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter and fourteen eggs. Sift and warm the flour. Pound and sift the sugar, wash the butter and cream it well; add the sugar gradually and beat very light. Beat the eggs constantly. Add the yolks to the sugar and butter, then gradually add the flour and egg white, alternately, until all is thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon and, just before pouring in the cake pan, add two pounds of the best raisins, seeded, cut in half and floured. Bake in a slow oven, taking care not to jar the cake when shutting the stove doors. A straw stuck in it will come out perfectly clean when it is done.

ROASTED SIRLOIN OF BEEF.—If the sirloin weighs twelve or fifteen pounds, two hours and a half will be sufficient to roast it in. Beef must hang at least two days; its flavor is so much improved thereby. Rub it with soft butter, sprinkle all over well with salt, black pepper, and a pinch of cayenne; dredge well with sifted flour, set in a pan in which there is a quart of cold water, and put the pan in the oven. Leave the door ajar until the meat begins to cook. Baste often with a larded mop and with flour, and cook slowly. On picking the meat with a fork if no red juice follows, it is sufficiently done. Beef should be cooked rare. It is more nutritious and juicy. It should be done a fine brown. Remove from the pan and keep warm while the gravy is being carefully skimmed. If it is not quite thick enough add a little cracker dust and boil up for a minute. Serve roast-beef with horseradish sauce, walnut catsup and freshly mixed mustard.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"The Contractors' Association don't believe in labor having a first lien on work done by it," said Brown. "I see they are bringing their influence to bear on the Government and members of the Legislature to give Brunet's bill the six months' hold." This is, to say the least, a narrow-minded move and one that I wouldn't expect from an association which numbers among its members men like Allard, Cochrane, Savignac and others whom I have always regarded as broad-minded men."

"Of course," said Phil, "every man looks after his own interests. I don't believe that the contractors would object to labor having a direct lien upon what it produces providing the contractor and material man were placed upon the same footing."

"But why should they," said Gaskill, "when their relative claims upon work done are of an altogether different character to that held by labor. Let me illustrate what I mean. Suppose one of us was a contractor, another a material man, and still another a laborer. I want to build a house, and agree with the contractor upon a price and tell him to go ahead. He engages laborers, and orders bricks, sand, lime, etc., from the material man. He is the middle-man in this case. He stands between me and the laborer, and between me and the material man, he does my work; and having laborers at his command, besides being a better judge of material and where to get it, he does it better than me. He devotes his time to building houses and therefore has proper appliances to save labor and time in the building of them, and he therefore does my work cheaper and quicker than I could do it; but his labor does not increase the value of the bricks, sand, lime, etc., left by the material man upon my building site. The economic power of this material has not been changed. It represents the inherent value of bricks, sand, lime, etc., as such, but in no greater or lesser degree than when this material had been in the hands of the material man himself. The ordering or buying of the material by the contractor has not increased its value to anyone except myself, and to me only to the amount of the cost of the removal from the material man's warehouse to my building site. If a thousand bricks at the kiln sell for \$7 and I pay 50c for carting them to my place, the bricks will be worth \$7.50 to me, but to anybody else they will not be worth more than \$7, because for that price they can be bought at the kiln. The bricks, sand, lime, etc., after passing through the hands of the material man and contractor have value inherent in them as material only, and the power to be exchanged for something else of a like value, but other powers they have as yet none. Now, let labor act and with this material create a dwelling, and straightway the economic powers of this material is changed. The bricks and material composing the house not only have the value and the power of exchange which they had after the material man and contractor got done with them before the house was built, but labor has given them the additional power to CREATE VALUE. I can grow rich by renting houses, but nobody will be found growing rich by renting bricks, mortar, nails and other material composing a house. And it is because of this fact that labor endows material with greater powers than either contractor or material man does, that labor demands a first lien upon what it produces. We don't want a lien upon the land which the house stands on, but we do want a lien upon the house itself—and a first lien at that."

"Well, how would your argument apply to agricultural laborers," said Sinnett. "If I hired a man to lay a drain on my land would he have a lien on the drain or on the land, and if on the drain how would he realize on it?"

"The thing is simple," said Gaskill. "You don't lay that drain for an ornament or for the sake of the drain. Your drain is for the purpose of improving your land by drawing off the superfluous water and thus making it more productive, it is an improvement on your land. If you wanted to sell the land the presence of the drain in it would prompt you to charge a higher price than if it was not drained and it would enable you to get more for it than the value of the same kind of land without a drain. It therefore belongs to the land and the laborer who constructed it should have a lien on the land and not on the drain. A man putting a fire-escape on a building practically adds to the building and should have a lien on it, and not on the fire escape."

"The principle is the same," said Phil, "and should be applied throughout. At present labor is away behind in its claim or else has no claim at all. Take the laborers' case on the Pontiac Railway years ago, or the case of the imported laborers on the Hereford line, where, through absence

of a claim of this kind the country was put to a lot of expense in sending the soldiers down to Hereford to preserve the peace. Where Canadian soldiers were forced into the humiliating position of protecting the property of swindling contractors against the fury of outraged and robbed labor. And our Government want to know why Canadian workmen emigrate to the States. Who the devil would stop in this country if he can get out of it; and if there are so many of us still here, it isn't because we like its laws or institutions, but simply because we are too poor to leave it. Give every workingman and habitant in this province one hundred dollars and free transportation to any point in the States east of St. Louis and the population of Quebec will decrease sixty per cent. in one week. Men are sick and tired of this province—tired of the meddling interference and constant wail of 'give, give, give,' of priest and parson—tired of its costly, slow and one-sided administration of justice—tired of its political jugglers and medieval legislators—tired of asking for justice and receiving sneers—tired of seeing their every right abrogated and trampled under foot and their best interests sacrificed to the interests of capital. So, far from loving their country, they are fast learning to hate it. Let the present policy of oppression and injustice continue and the French revolution on the Seine will be but a milk-and-water affair, with all its horrors, compared to the French revolution on the St. Lawrence. That was a struggle for principle, this will be one for existence."

BILL BLADES.

THE GROVEL OF THE DRAPERY TRADE.

Whenever Capital and Labor are at war, and commotion is in the air, and the parochial sycophant is in motion to uphold the cause of "law and order," the Australian draper comes to the front. Why grovel and drapery should invariably go together is a problem which can only be solved by deep scientific research, but experience has proved them to be inseparable elements. The lady-like female with the yardstick represents the one branch of industry that never was known to strike a blow in its own defence. It is underpaid and overworked and trodden upon, and it serves as humble target for bad language of all sorts and descriptions, and yet it is the only worm on record which never turns. It turns flat, and that is all. When employers and employed are at variance, and a great effort is being made to elevate the status of Labor, the gilded duke who flies round in the ribbon department always casts in the weight of his little soul with the cause of property. He has no property himself and no prospect of any, but the very name of Labor suggests perspiration and dust and brawny vulgarity, and all

these influences are antagonistic to the correct hang of his pants and the accurate adjustment of his coat-tail, and the altitude of his collar. Therefore the draper fills the ranks of the special constables, and humps bales and boxes and unclean bags on the wharf at a crisis, and breaks his back generally to prop up the cause of monopoly. He does these things partly because it is respectable to manifest his antagonism to that low and offensive thing, the ordinary every-day toiler, and partly because he would be sacked if he refused to do them. He exhibits no resentment at this state of things for he is a being apart; he belongs to Labor, but he refuses to recognize the fact lest he should burst his tie in doing it, and he affects to be an essential part of Capital and is kicked in consequence. He is neither man nor woman nor any other recognized institution—only a draper. He is the backbone of Australian "loyalty," the prop and stay of the Imperial Federation movement, and the principal support of the Primrose organization and the Social Purity Society; also, he hollers loud and long whenever the name of his beloved Queen comes to the front. He is a social mystery, for nobody knows what becomes of him when gets old, and nobody—so far as we can learn—ever saw a dead draper or attended the funeral of one. Probably he is sacked when he ceases to be young and beautiful, and then he either bursts or evaporates and fades away. No historian has recorded that a draper ever rose to eminence or did anything for the good of his country. One of the great names on the scroll of Fame is that of the negro flunkey who asserted the independence of San Domingo, but the weary little dude in the glove and sock department never did anything but oil his hair and look elegant. And yet the poor, servile, stunted he-milliner is a serious obstruction to human progress. His grovel is so far-reaching and complete, and his subservience so illimitable, that he is a public evil as well as a nuisance. He is incapable of elevating himself on account of his collar, and he is filled with an arrogant longing to suppress everybody else whose collar isn't up to the mark. He shudders when he hears that an individual in a woollen shirt and large boots has ventured to assert himself, and his soul revolts—at 30s a week—when he comes in contact with a low, coarse person who drives a cart and hasn't any eye glass. And, worst of all, he is utterly devoid of sympathy with any democratic sentiment or any progressive idea, because, unhappily, he knows no better, being only a draper.—Melbourne Bulletin.

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

Our Children's Plush Overcoats, in Divers Colors, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 are marvels and would be good value as charged elsewhere for \$9. and \$10.00. Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits at correspondingly low prices. Eaton Suit \$4.90, nothing in the West to beat it. A Large Assortment of Pure Woollen Underclothing marked 2½ per cent above Mills' quotations. 1,000 dozen Seamless All-wool Aberdeen Socks 15 Cents, commonly sold at 30 Cents, for this Great Sale only. Call Early and Quickly, to get a Good Choice, as this Great Sale—if it crowds still continue to come—will soon be over at the

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