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MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to O. FONTAINE, Corresponding Secretary, 391 Amherst street.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7628.
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Next meeting Sunday, April 17, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., 29 Basin Street.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Address all communications to H. J. BRINDLE, R.S., No. 11 St. Monique street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

No. 3852, K. of L.
Meets every first and third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square, at 7 o'clock.
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TORONTO NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Toronto, April 14th, 1892.

President Banton took the chair at last night's meeting of the Trades and Labor Council at 8.10. The regular meeting night would be that of Friday next (to-morrow) but that being Good-Friday the meeting was held last night instead. There was a very good attendance of delegates, who much regretted that neither the Legislative nor Municipal Committees had reports to present. Not so the Education Committee, and as usual its report was very good both as to matters dealt with and conclusions arrived at. Among other things it roundly condemned the Public School Board, and also intimated that Mr. Wm. Huston, M.A., and Librarian of the Provincial Legislature as well as a trustee of the High School Board, was present and desired to be heard. After the adoption of the report the president introduced the gentleman just referred to, and the warm reception he received clearly evinced his popularity with the membership of the T. & L. Council. Mr. Huston began by informing the Council that the High School Board had decided on awarding thirty free scholarships to successful pupils in the various schools of the city, and that, with the design of preventing favoritism the examinations for these scholarships would be from printed papers. This statement was received with applause. He then entered into a most interesting statement in explanation of why he opposed text books on grammar, geography, arithmetic and algebra on the free list in the schools. It was not on account of the cost, but because text books encourage machine methods of instruction by teachers, instead of a practical kind. Too many lessons are assigned to children to memorize at home in the evenings, and it is almost impossible to teach a pupil intellectually and usefully out of text books. "Text books," he explained, "put a premium on bad teaching, and lazy and mechanical teaching. All that is bad in teaching is promoted by text books. If a teacher's work consists only of assigning lessons then anyone can do that as easily as roll off a log. The teachers' work should consist of asking the pupils questions."

"How would you carry the system out?" questioned W. J. Watson.

"If I was inspector of the schools and had my way I would deprive the children of all text books after the summer holidays," replied Mr. Huston.

"But about the law?"

"The law does not compel the use of text books. It only compels the use of certain authorized books prescribed, if you use any."

"How would you teach geography?"

"I would teach all from the maps."

John Armstrong—"You do not think all the maps now used are correct? I saw one lately on which a river of New Brunswick had its source in Massachusetts."

"The geography and map makers are not always to blame," said Mr. Huston. "Boundaries of countries are continually changing and more accurate information obtained."

D. J. O'Donoghue—"Would the present teachers be favorable to such a change as you outline?"

Mr. Huston—"I have reason to believe that nearly all of them would—opposition would come only from 'machine' teachers."

Mr. Houston was thanked for his kindness in attending and for his address.

The special committee appointed at the last meeting to arrange for a conference of representatives of the unions found it impossible to get the work done in time and asked to be discharged, leaving it open to the Council to take any other action. The report was adopted.

Delegate Simpson then moved that the Council resolve itself into committee of the whole to consider ways and means towards bringing out a candidate, and argued at length in support of his resolution and in the nominating of a labor candidate.

Delegate R. Glockling in amendment, "that as it is impossible to have a consensus of opinion from the labor bodies before the election that no action be taken."

A warm discussion ensued during which both sides of the subject were intelligently considered. Delegates Howells, Watson, Simpson and others favored the placing of a candidate in the field as an educational movement, even though defeat was sure to follow. Delegates Cribben, March, R. Glockling, O'Donoghue, while personally in favor of all reasonable and judicious educational movements, held that it would be unwise to nominate a candidate without having first consulted with subordinate bodies, and that as nomination day would be the 22nd instant there was not time to do this—that in fact those who furnished the votes and the requisite funds as well could not be ignored in such a way. On a division Mr. Glockling's amendment was carried by a large majority. As a consequence there will be no labor candidate in the bye-election in Toronto.

A motion to condemn the City Council for paying the salary of Baxter, J.P., was withdrawn in order to give the Municipal Committee a chance to review the whole business.

On motion of Delegate O'Donoghue the Municipal Committee were instructed to investigate what authority Major Stewart, the drill shed contractor, has for using the sidewalks and boulevards of University street for piling brick and other material.

He also urged the Council again that union men should see that their interests are protected in the new Union station contract, and not be caught napping, as in the drill shed case.

After the transaction of some further business of an important nature the Council adjourned.

URIM.

ON THE MOVE.

There is a movement on foot to organize the plumbers and steamfitters of this city under the jurisdiction of the International Plumbers', Steamfitters' and Helpers' Union of America.

The Organization Committee of the Central Trades and Labor Council intend holding a public meeting for the purpose of organizing the machine wood workers of this city under the banner of the Machine Wood Workers' International Union of America.

The Early Closing Association of this city, represented by a committee from the three branches, waited on Mr. O. M. Auge, M.P.P., requesting him to prepare an early closing bill for submission to the Legislature. Mr. Auge promised to do so.

The regular meeting of the Central Trades and Labor Council will be held on Thursday, April 21. Business of great importance, which was held over from last meeting owing to want of a quorum, besides a number of reports from different committees will be laid before the meeting. Every delegate should attend.

The moulders of the city have recently been re-organized with a fair membership. It should be supported by every honest and intelligent moulder, as it is the only means by which they can secure adjustment of the many wrongs which exist in this city.

A number of the most active officers and members of Unions 226 and 18 favor the consolidation of both unions, as a means of bettering their condition.

The regular meeting of Maple Leaf Assembly 2965 will be held in their hall, 223 McGill street, on Wednesday, April 20, at 8 p.m. Business of the utmost importance. Every member requested to attend.

The coal handlers held a mass meeting under the auspices of Black Diamond Assembly, K. of L. last Sunday afternoon. There were over 150 present at the meeting, and there is every prospect of the Assembly being even more successful than last year.

D. A. 18.

They Discuss the Sanitary Inspectorship and Censure Mayor McShane.

At the last regular meeting of the D. A., 18, held on Thursday evening, April 14th, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"That this District Assembly 18, K. of L., sincerely hope that the City Council in appointing a Sanitary Inspector to take the place of the late Mr. Radford, will not appoint or elect anyone to the position who is not a thorough sanitarian in every sense of the word, and that all applicants for the position shall be subjected to a thorough examination before their application shall be entertained by the City Council."

Also this D. A. condemns the action of Mayor McShane in sending the city constables away to the west to guard the property of the monopolist and shoot down the poor workmen if needed.

QUEBEC NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, April 14th, 1892.

During the course of the week a paragraph appeared in the city papers stating that a labor organization in this city had some trouble with one of its officers who was some \$600 short in his accounts, that the matter was to be brought before the courts and that a warrant would shortly be issued for his arrest. Upon inquiry I have found that the ex-treasurer of the Trades Council had failed to account for \$296, money belonging to the Council and entrusted to his keeping; that after several attempts to obtain a settlement with him, all of which were futile, it was decided to take criminal proceedings against him, it being impossible to obtain justice through civil procedure. The organization not being incorporated, and therefore not being legally recognized, had no power to take a civil action for recovery of their moneys. It would be well to state here that although the said organization could not take these proceedings yet any body having an account or claim against the said body could obtain judgment against each and every member of the organization to the full amount of their account or claim. In this Dominion we are all equal before the law, of course; but this is a digression. The body in question sought to obtain redress and applied to the Police Court magistrate under Section 70 of the Dominion Larceny Act. They obtained legal advice, and acting in accordance with the advice received, the case was laid before one of the said magistrates, who informed the complainants that they would be called upon to prove the receipt of all of the sums of money by the ex-treasurer. This was done by the receipts and no doubt oaths of all those who had paid any portion of the said money to him the treasurer. It took some time to obtain the names and addresses of all those interested, and when this was done the president and secretary again applied. The story as told by them deserves publication. They proceeded to the Court house at 11 a.m. where they were joined by their counsel and they then went to the office of the Clerk of the Peace, but he could not be found, and after waiting a considerable time it was decided that the lawyer should see the Attorney General's substitute and that they should return in the afternoon. They returned at 1.30 p.m., and after some hunting around they eventually succeeded in discovering the last mentioned official, who told them that being excessively hurried he would introduce them to the Clerk of the Peace who would give them the necessary directions. He did so and left immediately, and the clerk then told them that they would have to apply to Judge Murray, of the Police Court. He had not as yet returned from dinner, but at 2.45 p.m. he entered his rooms, when they interviewed him. (It is also necessary to state here that he was not the same magistrate to whom the first application had been made. I will tell you more of this by and by.) After the case had been presented to him he informed the complainants that it was not a public offence, that it only interested directly the members of the organization in question, and amongst other things he likewise told them that labor organizations were another exceptional class of society. He said upon their being represented by counsel. The lawyer was sent for, and upon his arrival and some further explanations the magistrate discovered that it was twenty-five minutes to four, and further proceedings were adjourned.

As the man accused is still at liberty I presume that further reasons were found for deferring action for a later date.

I certainly have not got much to say regarding this celebrated question. Still, when a judge gets down to the level of declaring that there are exceptional classes of society, it becomes high time to hand the compliment back. Now I firmly and conscientiously believe that both the judges of the Quebec Police Court belong to an altogether exceptional class of the civil service. The universal aim to-day being, if possible, to get a man to do two day's work in one day, it would seem as if the judges in question had shifted the proposition around to that it takes two men to do one man's work. Only they apply it by the month, taking it turn about. Talk about economic administration of justice! Again, if it is a sound principle in law that in the case above al-

luded to the only parties interested are the sufferers then it would follow by natural deduction that in the event of a murder the only complaint that should be made or listened to would have to come from—the well the dead body—and the same party should, of course, be saddled with the expense of the prosecutions. Again, not so long ago, when a deputation of the Dominion Trades Congress waited upon the Dominion Government one of the questions touched upon the right of appeal to ssaemen. The answer was given glibly enough, that the Dominion made the laws but the Provinces enforced them. The following questions naturally come in right here: When, where and how? The answer to the first would be, when they have time; to the second, that the Province of Quebec is out of it; and how? Well, just the same way as section 70 of the Dominion larceny act was enforced in this special case. Still there are fools left who express wonder at men becoming Anarchists.

I see by the report of the new Major-General of the Dominion that Canada will soon take her place among the nations. How about a navy? When, with a million men under arms, properly drilled and disciplined, including artillery, infantry and cavalry, the conquest of the United States might be undertaken under a brave, able general. Military glory forever!

ATLAS.

COMING EVENTS.

The annual ball of Local Union No. 24, American Flint Glass Workers comes off in the Queen's Hall on Easter Monday evening. Elaborate preparations have been made by the Committee to secure the comfort and enjoyment of their guests, and if previous events under the same auspices are to be taken as an augury of success we may safely predict that the affair on Monday evening will be one of the social success of the season.

The programme of the concert under the auspices of Montreal Typographical Union is now in the hands of the public, and one glance at it is sufficient to show that the Committee have been successful in their efforts to provide a first-class entertainment. The names of Madame Lorge, Miss Cornell, Mr. A. G. Cunningham, Mr. Burnside, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Frank Drew, Mr. Arthur Ware and others are a sufficient guarantee of its high class character. For the hop to follow Blasi's well known orchestra will supply the music. The tickets are going very rapidly and as they are limited in number we advise those who intend being present to secure the necessary pasteboard at once and avoid disappointment.

The annual banquet of D. A. 19 will be held on Easter Monday evening in the Riche-lieu Hotel, at which there ought to be a large attendance of members of the assemblies under its jurisdiction and friends of organized labor. Last year's banquet was a great success, and there is no doubt the coming one will be, if anything, an improvement.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Phoenix Association of Brassworkers the following resolution was passed, ordered to be engraved on the minutes, and a copy sent to their late secretary, Mr. Blanchard, and to the press for publication:—"We, the members of the Phoenix Association of Brass workers L. A. 8120, desire to convey to Bro. Albert Blanchard our heartfelt sympathy with him in the great loss he has sustained through the death of his beloved mother."

A SHAMEFUL CONFESSION.

Manufacturers Say Child-Labor is the Main-spring of the Competitive System.

The Boston trade unions and labor organizations are fighting hard to get the 54 hour bill for women and children through the State Legislature, and the corporations are contesting it with equal earnestness. At the hearing last Tuesday it was brought out by both parties that a rapidly increasing portion of factory work is done in this State by women and children. The representatives of the corporations contended that unless they could work women and children a full ten hours a day their profits must cease, capital go to other States and the mills be shut down. Child-labor was compared to the heart and main-spring of the present system. The labor organizations pointed out that the corporations have made over every proposed bill, claiming that it would ruin their business, and yet the mills were still here and capital had not been driven away. Yet what a confession, that child-labor is the main-spring of profits to-day in manufacturing! The worst of it is, however, that it is probably true and must be true while competition lasts and the manufacturer is compelled to get his work done as cheaply as he can.—Special correspondent to The Voice.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SOCIAL THEORISTS TO ACT UPON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. BUNKER'S LETTER.

Two days after this Angela received a wonderful letter. It was addressed to Miss Messenger, and was signed Benjamin Bunker. It ran as follows:

HONOURED MISS.—As an old and humble friend of your late lamented grandfather, whose loss I can never recover from, nor has it yet been made up to me in any way—Angela laughed—I venture to address the following lines in secrecy and confidence, knowing that what ought not to be concealed should be told in the proper quarter, which is you, miss, and none other.

Everybody in these parts knows me; everybody knows Bunker, your grandfather's right-hand man; wherefore, what I write is with no other design than to warn you and to put you on your guard against the deceitful, and such as would abuse your confidence, being but young, ay, yes, and, therefore, ignorant of dodges, and easy to come round.

You have been come round, and that in such a shameful way that I can not bear myself any longer, and must take the liberty of telling you so, being an old and confidential adviser. Your grandfather used to say that even the Brewery wouldn't be where it is now if it hadn't been for me, not to speak of the house property, which is now a profitable investment, with rents regular and respectable tenants, whereas before I took it in hand the houses were out of repair, the rents backward, and the tenants too often such as would bring discredit on any estate. I therefore beg to warn you against two persons—young, I am sorry to say, which makes it worse, because it is only the old who should be thus depraved—whom you have benefited and they are unworthy of it.

One of them is a certain Miss Kennedy, a dress-maker—at least she says. The other is—I write this with a blush of indignant shame—my own nephew, whose name is Harry Goslett.

'Bunker, Bunker!' murmured Angela. 'Is this fair to your own tenant and your own nephew?'

'As regards my nephew, you have never inquired about him, and it was out of your kindness and a desire to mark your sense of me, that you gave him a berth in the Brewery. That young man, miss, who calls himself a cabinet-maker and doesn't seem to know that a joiner is one thing and a cabinet-maker another, now does the joinery for the Brewery and makes, I am told, as much as two pounds a week, being a handy chap. If you asked me first, I should have told you that he is a lazy, indolent, free and easy, disrespectful, dangerous young man. He has been no one knows where; no one knows where he has worked, except that he talks about America; he looks like a betting man; I believe he drinks of a night; he has been living like a gentleman, doing no work, and I believe, though up to the present I haven't found out for certain, that he has been in trouble and knows what is a convict's feelings when the key is turned. Because he is such a disgrace to the family, for his mother was a Coppin and came of a respectable Whitechapel stock, though not equal to the Bunkers or the Messengers, I went to him and offered him five-and-twenty pounds out of my slender stock to go away and never come back any more to disgrace us. Five-and-twenty pound I would have given to save Messenger's Brewery from such a villain.'

'Bunker, Bunker?' murmured Angela again.

'But he wouldn't take the money. You thought to do me a good turn and you done yourself a bad one. I don't know what mischief he has already done in the Brewery, and perhaps he is watched; if so it may not yet be too late. Send him about his business. Make him go. You can then consider some other way of making it up to me for all that work for your grandfather whereof you now sweetly reap the benefit.'

'The other case, miss, is that of the young woman, Kennedy by name, the dress-maker.'

'What of her, Bunker?' asked Angela.

'I hear that you are givin' her your custom, not knowing, may be, the kind of woman she is nor the mischief she's about. She's got a house of mine on false pretences.'

'Really, Bunker,' said Angela, 'you are too bad.'

'Otherwise I wouldn't let her have it, and at the end of the year out she goes. She has persuaded a lot of foolish girls, once contented with their lowly lot and thankful for their wages and their work, nor inclined to grumble when hours were long and work had to be done. She has promised them the profits, and meantime she feeds them up so that their eyes swell out with fatness. She gives them short hours, and sends them out into the garden to play games. Games, if you please, and short hours for such as

them. In the evening it's worse, for then they play and sing and dance, having young men to caper about with them, and you can hear them half a mile up the Mile End Road, so that it is a scandal. Stepney Green, once respectable, and the police will probably interfere. Where she came from, who she was, how she got her money, we don't know. Some say one thing, some say another, what ever they say, it's a bad way. The worst is that when she smashes, as she must, because no ladies who respect virtue and humbleness with contentment will employ her. Is it that the other dress-makers and shops will have nothing to do with her girls, so that what will happen to them no one can tell.

'I thought it right, miss, to give you this information, because it is certain that if you withdraw your support from these two undeserving people, they must go away, which, as a respectable Stepney man, I unite in wishing may happen before long, when the girls shall go on again as before and leave off dancing and singing to the rich and be humble and contented with the trust to which they were born.

'And as regards the kindness you were meditating toward me, miss, I think that I may say that none of my nephews—one of whom is a Radical, and another a captain in the Salvation Army—deserves to receive any benefits at your hands, the least of all that villain who works in the brewery. Wherefore, it may take the form of something for myself. And it is not for me to tell you, miss, how much that something ought to be for a man of years, of respectable station, and once the confidential friend of your grandfather, and prevented thereby from saving as much as he had otherwise a right to expect.

'I remain, miss, your humble servant,

BENJAMIN BUNKER.

'This,' said Angela, 'is a very impudent letter. How shall we bring him to book for it?'

When she had learned, as she speedily did, the great mystery about the houses and the Coppin property, she began to understand the letter, the contents of which she kept to herself for the present. This was perhaps for the theory implied rather than stated in the letter, that both should be ordered to go, for if one only was turned out of work, both would stay. This theory made her smile and blush, and pleased her, inasmuch that she was not so angry as she might otherwise have been, and should have been, with the crafty double-dealer who wrote the letter.

It happened that Mr. Bunker had business on Stepney Green that morning, while Angela was reading the letter. She saw him from the window, and could not resist the temptation of inviting him to step in. He came, not in the least abashed, and with no tell-tale signal of confusion in his rosy cheeks.

'Come in, Mr. Bunker,' said Angela. 'Come in, I want five minutes' talk with you. This way, please, where we can be alone.'

She led him into the refectory, because Daniel Fagg was in the drawing-room.

'I have been thinking, Mr. Bunker,' she said, 'how very, very fortunate I was to fall into such hands as yours, when I came to Stepney.'

'You were, miss, you were. That was a fall, as one may say, which meant a rise.'

'I am sure it did, Mr. Bunker. You do not often come to see us, but I hope you approve of our plans.'

'As for that,' he replied, 'it isn't my business. People come to me and I put them in the way. How they run in the way is not my business to inquire. As for you and your girls, now, if you make the concern go, you may thank me for it. If you don't, why, it isn't my fault.'

'Very well put, indeed, Mr. Bunker. In six months—the first year, for which I paid the rent, will come to an end.'

'It will.'

'We shall then have to consider a fresh agreement. I was thinking, Mr. Bunker, that, seeing how good a man you are, and how generous, you would like to make your rent, like the wages of the girls, depend upon the profits of the business.'

'What?' he asked.

Angela repeated her proposition.

He rose, buttoned his coat, and put on his hat.

'Rent depend on profits? Is the girl mad? Rent comes first and before anything else. Rent is even before taxes; and as for rates—but you're mad. My rent depend on profits! Rent, miss, is sacred. Remember that.'

'Oh!' said Angela.

'And what is more,' he added, 'people who don't pay up get sold up. It's a Christian duty to sell 'em up. I couldn't let off my own nephews.'

'As for one of them, you would like to sell him up, would you not, Mr. Bunker?'

'I would,' he replied, truthfully. 'I should like to see him out of the place. You know what I told you when you came. Have nothing to do, I said, with that chap. Keep him at arm's-length, for he is a bad lot. Now you see what he has brought you to. Singin', dancin', playin', laughin', every night; respectable ladies driven away from your shop; many actually kept out of the place; expenses doubled; all through him. What's more—bankruptcy ahead! Don't I know that not a lady in Stepney or Mile End comes here? Don't I know that you depend upon your West End connection? When that goes, where are you? And all for the sake of that pink-and-white chap! Well, when he goes, the other'll go too, I suppose. Rent out of profits, indeed! No; no, miss, it'll do you good to learn a little business, even if you do get sold up.'

'Thank you, Mr. Bunker. Do you know, I do not think you will ever have the pleasure of selling me up?'

She laughed so merrily that he felt he hated her quite as much as he hated his nephew. Why, six months before, no one laughed in Stepney at all; and to think that any one should laugh at him, would have been an impossible dream.

'You laugh,' he said, gravely, 'and yet you are on the brink of ruin. Where's your character? Wrapped up with the character of that young man. Where's your business? Drove away—by him. You laugh. Ah! I'm sorry for you, miss, because I thought at one time you were a plain-spoken, honest sort of young woman: if I'd ha' know that you meant to use my house—mine—the friend of all the respectable tradesmen—for such wicked fads as now disgrace it, I'd never ha' taken you for a tenant.'

'Oh! yes you would, Mr. Bunker.' She laughed again, but not merrily this time. 'Oh! yes—you would. You forget the fittings and the furniture, the rent paid in advance, and the half crown an hour for advice. Is there anything, I should like to know, that you would not do for half a crown an hour?'

He made no reply.

'Why, again, do you hate your nephew? What injury have you done him that you should bear him such ill will?'

This, which was not altogether a shot in the dark, went straight to Mr. Bunker's heart. He said nothing, but put on his hat and rushed out. Clearly these two, between them, would drive him mad.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PROOFS IN PRINT.

'It is quite finished now,' said Daniel Fagg, blotting the last page.

When he began to live with the dress-makers, Angela, desiring to find him some employment, had suggested that he should rewrite the whole of his book, and redraw the illustrations. It was not a large book, even though it was stuffed and padded with readings of inscriptions and tablets. An ordinary writer would have made a fair copy in a fortnight. But so careful an author as Daniel, so anxious to present his work perfect and unassailable, and so slow in the mere mechanical art of writing, wanted much more than a fortnight. His handwriting, like his Hebrew, had been acquired comparatively late in life: it was therefore rather ponderous, and he had never learned the art of writing half a word and leaving the other half to be guessed. Then there were the Hebrew words, which took a great deal of time to get right; and the equilateral triangles which also caused a considerable amount of trouble. So that it was a good six weeks before Daniel was ready with a fair copy of his manuscript. He was almost as happy in making this transcript as he had been with the original document; perhaps more so, because he was now able to consider his great discovery as a whole, to regard it as an architect may regard his finished work, and to touch up, ornament, and improve his translations.

'It is quite complete,' he repeated, laying the last page in its place and tapping the roll affectionately. 'Here you will find the full account of the two tables of stone and a translation of their contents, with notes. What will they say to that I wonder, I wonder?'

'But how,' asked Angela, 'how did the tables of stone get to the British Museum?'

Mr. Fagg considered his reply for a while.

'There are two ways,' he said, 'and I don't know which is the right one. For either they were brought here when we, the descendants of Ephraim, as everybody knows, landed in England, or else they were brought here by Phœnician traders after the Captivity. However, there they are, as anybody may see with the help of my discovery. As for the scholars, how can they see anything? Willful ignorance, miss, is their sin: pride and willful ignorance. You're ignorant because you are a woman, and it is your nature too. But not to love darkness!'

'No, Mr. Fagg. I lament my ignorance.'

'Then there's the story of David and Jonathan, and the history of Jezebel and her great wickedness, and the life and death of

King Jehosaphat, and a great deal more. Now read for the first time from the arrow-headed characters—so called—by Daniel Fagg, self-taught scholar, once shoe-maker in the colony of Victoria, Discoverer of the Primitive Alphabet, and the Universal Language.'

'That is, indeed, a glorious thing to be able to say, Mr. Fagg.'

'But now it is written, what next?'

'You mean how can you get it printed?'

'Of course—that's what I mean,' he replied, almost angrily. 'There's the book and no one will look at it. Haven't I tried all the publishers? What else should I mean?'

The old disappointment, kept under and forgotten during the excitement of rewriting the book, was making itself felt again. How much further forward was he—the work had been finished long before. All he had done the last six weeks was to write it afresh.

'I've only been wasting my time here,' he said, querulously. 'I ought to have been up and about. I might have gone to Oxford, where, I am told, there are young men who would, perhaps, give me a hearing. Or, there's Cambridge—where they have never heard of my discovery. You've made me waste six weeks and more.'

Angela forbore to ask him how he would have lived during those six weeks.

She replied softly: 'Nay, Mr. Fagg; not wasted the time. You were overworked—you wanted rest. Besides, I think, we may find a plan to get this book published.'

'What plan—how?'

'If you would trust the manuscript to my hands, Yes, I know well how precious it is, and what a dreadful thing it would be to lose it. But you have a copy, and you can keep that while I take the other.'

'Where are you going to take it?'

'I don't know yet—to one of the publishers, I suppose.'

He groaned.

'I have been to every one of them—not a publisher in London but has had the offer of my book. They won't have it, any of them. Oh, it's their loss—I know that. But what is it to me?'

'Will you let me try—will you trust me with the manuscript?'

He reluctantly and jealously allowed her to take away the precious document. When it was out of his hands he tried to amuse himself with the first copy, but found no pleasure in it at all because he thought continually of the scorn which had been hurled upon him and his discovery. He saw the heads of departments, one after the other, receiving him politely and listening to what he had to say. He saw them turning impatient—interrupting him, declining to hear any more—referring him to certain books in which he would find a refutation of his theories and finally refusing even to see him.

Never was discoverer treated with such contempt—even the attendants at the Museum took their cue from the chiefs, and received his advances with scorn. Should they waste their time—the illiterate—in listening unprofitably to one whom the learned Dr. Birch and the profound Mr. Newton had sent away in contempt? Better sit in the spacious halls (bearing the wand of office and allowing the eyelids to fall gently, and the mind to wander away among pleasant pastures, where there was drink and tobacco). Then there were the people who had subscribed. Some of them were gentlemen connected with Australia. They had tossed him twelve and sixpence in the middle of his talk, as if to get rid of him. Some of them had subscribed in pity for his poverty—some persuaded by his importunity. There was not one among them all, he reflected with humiliation, who subscribed because he believed. Stay—there was this ignorant dress maker. One convert out of all to whom he had explained his discovery; one, only one.

There have been many religious enthusiasts—prophets, preachers, holders of strange doctrines—who have converted women so that they believe them inspired of heaven. Yet these men made other converts; whereas he—Fagg—had but this one, and she was not in love with him, because he was old now and no longer comely. This was a grand outcome of the Australian enthusiasm!

That day Mr. Fagg was disagreeable, considered as a companion. He found fault with the dinner, which was excellent, as usual. He complained that the beer was thick and flat; whereas it sparkled like champagne, and was as clear as a bell. He was cross in the afternoon, and wanted to prevent the child who sat in the drawing-room from practicing her music; and he went out for his walk in a dark and gloomy mood.

Angela let him have his querulous way unrebuked, because she knew the cause of it. He was suffering from that dreadful, hopeless anger which falls upon the unappreciated. He was like some poet, who brings out volume after volume, yet meets with no admirers, and remains obscure. He was like some novelist who has procured a masterpiece—which nobody will read—or like some actor (the foremost of his age) who

depletes the house; or like a dramatist, from whose acted works the public fly; or like a man who invents something which is to revolutionize things. Only people prefer their old way!

Good heavens! Is it impossible to move this vast inert mass called the world? Why, there are men who can move it at their will—even by a touch of their little finger—and the unappreciated with all their efforts can not make the slightest impression; This, from time to time, makes them go mad! and at such periods they are unpleasant persons to meet. They growl at their clubs, they quarrel with their blood relations—they snarl at their wives, they grumble at their servants!

Daniel was having such a fit. It lasted two whole days and on the second Rebekah took upon herself to lead him aside and reprove him for the sin of ingratitude—because it was very well known to all that the man would have gone to the workhouse but for Miss Kennedy's timely help.

She asked him sternly what he had done to merit that daily bread which was given him without a murmur? And what excuse he could make for his bad temper and his rudeness toward the woman who had done so much for him?

He had no excuse to make—because Rebekah would not have understood the true one—wherefore she bade him repent and reform, or he would hear more from her. This threat frightened him, though it could not remove his irritation and depression; but, on the third day, sunshine and good cheer and hope, new hope and enthusiasm, returned to him. For Miss Kennedy announced to him with many smiles that a publisher had accepted his manuscript; and that it had already been sent to the printers.

'He will publish it for you,' she said, 'at no cost to yourself. He will give you as many copies as you wish to have for presentation among your friends and among your subscribers. You will like to send copies to your subscribers, will you not?'

He rubbed his hands and laughed aloud. 'That,' he said, 'will prove that I did not eat up the subscriptions.'

'Of course'—Angela smiled, but did not contradict the proposition—'of course, Mr. Fagg. And if ever there was any doubt in your own mind about that money it is now removed, because the book will be in their hands; and all they wanted was the book.'

'Yes, yes; and no one will be able to say—'

'You know what? Will they?'

'No, no; you will have proofs sent you.'

'Proofs'—he murmured—'proofs in print!—will they send me the proofs soon?'

'I believe you will have the whole book set up in a few weeks.'

'Oh, the whole book! My book set up in print?'

'Yes. And if I were you, I would send an announcement of the work by the next mail to your Australian friends. Say that your discovery has at length assumed its final shape, and is now ripe for publication, after being laid before all the learned societies of London; and that it has been accepted by Messrs. —, the well-known publishers, and will be issued as soon as this announcement reaches Melbourne. Here is a slip that I have prepared for you.'

He took it with glittering eyes and stammering voice. The news seemed too good to be true. 'Now, Mr. Fagg, that this has been settled, there is another thing which I should like to propose for your consideration. Did you ever hear of that great Roman who saved his country in a time of peril, and then went back to the plow?'

Daniel shook his head.

'Is there any Hebrew inscription about him?' he asked.

'Not that I know of. What I mean is this: When your volume is sent, Mr. Fagg—when you have sent it triumphantly to all the learned societies and your subscribers, and all the papers and everywhere (including your Australian friends), because the publisher will let you have as many copies as you please—would it not be a graceful thing for future historians to remember, that you left England at the moment of your greatest fame, and went back to Australia to take up your old occupation?'

Daniel had never considered the thing in this light, and showed no enthusiasm at the proposal.

'You do not go back empty-handed,' she said. 'You will have a fine story to tell of how the great scholars laughed at your discovery, and how you got about and told people, and they subscribed, and your book was published, and how you sent it to all of them—to show the mistake they had made—and how the English people have got the book now, to confound the scholars; and how your mission is accomplished, and you are at home again—to live and die among your own people. It will be a glorious return, Mr. Fagg.'

'It may be,' the siren went on, 'that people will pay pilgrimages to see you in your old age. They will come to see the man who discovered the Primitive Alphabet and the Universal Language. They will say, "This is Daniel Fagg—the great Daniel Fagg, who proved the truth of the Scriptures by his reading of tablets and inscriptions; and who returned when he had finished his task, with the modesty of a great mind, to his simple calling."

'I will go,' said Daniel, banging the table with his fist, 'I will go as soon as the book is ready.'

(To be Continued.)

LEADING DOUBLE LIVES.

In a recent number of the 'Strand Magazine' that eminent detective, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, recounted the adventures of a professional beggar, who plied his quest for alms all day long in the City, dressed in mendicant garb, and retired at night to a well-appointed villa in the suburbs, where he was known to his wife and family and the neighbors as a highly respectable merchant.

Some people might think that Mr. Conan Doyle had gone out of his way to look for the main incident of his ingenious story, and that the whole thing was improbable. The writer is able to bear testimony that this is not so, for he has had personal experience of men leading double lives in much the same fashion as the "man with the twisted lip."

The head waiters in some of the populous City luncheon resorts are, "quite the gentleman" in private life. The writer had an instance of this brought strikingly home to him a year or two ago. A change of residence from one side of London to another entailed as one of its results a total change of fellow-passengers in the morning train to the City.

A few days after the move a gentleman got into the first-class carriage in which the writer was and took the opposite seat. He was elaborately dressed, wore expensive watch chain and jewellery, and had the air of a swell stock-broker or successful company promoter. But for all that, sure enough he was the waiter who was in the daily habit of serving the author of these lines with his chop and "half bitter," drawing with great regularity the sum of one penny as a tip for so doing.

"Well, Fred," said the writer, "I didn't know you lived down this way."

Fred simply stared, as a man does who resents a liberty, and unfolding a copy of the 'Times,' quietly remarked: "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir."

The writer, reproved, curled up into his shell; but, determined not to be beaten, returned to the charge later in the day at luncheon time, when the pompous first-class passenger of the morning was flying around with three plates of "hot roast" in one hand and a couple of tankards in the other, the swagger suit of mufti having been exchanged for regulation swallowtail and napkin.

"Hope you're in a better temper, Fred," said the writer.

"Best of tempers, sir; do anything for you, sir; just glad to oblige. What is it, sir?"

"Why didn't you answer me this morning in the train?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Fred. "Very bad memory, sir; never remember anything that has not to do with my business, sir."

There was the slightest accent on the word my, which prevented further inquiry, and though Fred and the writer often travelled to town together after this, it was always as strangers. The coldness of the morning trip was, however, quite obliterated by the unctuous civility with which the waiter did his duty at luncheon time.

Another knight of the napkin, who for a number of years worked at a restaurant near the Stock Exchange, was several times noticed by some of his daily customers occupying a seat in the stalls on the occasion of a new play at a fashionable theatre. It transpired that the man was a bachelor, and lived in chambers in that lair of military swiftness Charles Street, St. James's, whence he used to issue forth every night to spend his accumulated pennies in West End amusements. He would, however, never enter a music-hall, but confined himself to theatres in which high comedy was given.

Once there came to reside in one of the best houses in a small Surrey village a most respectable family, consisting of husband, wife, and two daughters. The head of the well-kept establishment was supposed to be "something in the City." As time went on the surrounding gentry called, the parson rejoiced in having found a never-failing source of charitable subscriptions, the young ladies taught in the Sunday school, and the gentleman was elected churchwarden, to the duties of which position he gave sedulous attention.

One day the vicar's son happened to be present at Sandown Park races, and to his astonishment saw his father's valued parishioner in Tattersall's ring. The worthy churchwarden was shouting the mysterious jargon of the race-course at the top of his voice, interlarding such phrases as "Five to four on the field," "I'll lay a hundred pound to five Rosy Cross," with an occasional bit of strong language; while the hands which reverently carried round the alms bag on Sundays were busy filling up a bookmaker's satchel with the sovereigns of the sporting public.

There was no doubt about it; the reputable churchwarden was a betting man of the ready-money bookmaker class in a large way of business. The vicar always regretted his son's dis-

covery; for the family, hearing of the rumors that got about, shortly afterwards left the village, taking their well-filled purses elsewhere.

Not long ago one of the "roll, bowl, or pitch" operators who invite frequenters of the riverside at Putney to try their hands at the coconuts at the rate of "three shies a penny" was known in private life to be a man of taste and refinement. On one occasion his intense excitement during the University Boat Race was popularly accounted for by his having a son in the winning boat. Be this as it may, there is no question that the three-shies-a-penny man is the possessor of one of the best collections of autographs in existence.

As a final instance can be cited the well-known "Bones"—the ever-popular favorite of the children of all ages who throng the beach at Margate. When "Bones" retires, as the shades of evening fall, it is to the seclusion of a smart and well-furnished villa, where, with the cork washed off, he is conveyed into the master of a well-appointed home, with respectful servants and an appreciative family circle.

A Little Glean of Sunshine.

Even into the life of a grimy railroad engineer, whose existence is one of almost constant danger, there sometimes falls a spark of light, and a ray of human sunshine illuminates his smoky cab, penetrates his greasy blouse, and finds its way deep down into his heart.

The Oakland (Cal.) Enquirer tells a little incident that happened at the arrival of an overland train on the Central Pacific railroad. The great iron monster attached to the train was throbbing and puffing after the long and sinuous trip over mountain sides and rocky defiles, trembling trestles and marshy stretches. The din in the depot was deafening, but out of the chaos of sounds a sweet girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little, golden haired beauty, scarcely six years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant, impulsive way she welcomed her fond parents back.

At last she took her by the hand and proceeded toward the waiting ferry boat. As they passed by the engine belonging to the train the little one broke away, ran up to the big, black machine and patted the driving wheels affectionately with her little white hands. Looking up at the smoke-stack, she said: "You good, big old iron horse, you have brought back my papa and mamma safe over the fearful mountains to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me because I am so little; and you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully toward the grimy engineer, who was leaning out of the cab window; "I love you both." Then she kissed her hand to him and was gone like a ray of sunshine.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down into the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant, and all at once the depot was dark and lonesome. When he turned his head into the cab there were two light spots on the cheeks of his dust-begrimed face.

Two Mothers.

A famous surgeon told me that he went once to see a lunatic in a private asylum, and that, in passing through a corridor, he was thus accosted by one of the patients: Take off your hat, sir. Why should I? asked my friend. Because I am the son of the Emperor of the French. Oh, I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, apologized my friend, taking off his hat. On revisiting the asylum a month or so later, he was again accosted in the same corridor by the son of the Emperor of the French, and in the same words: Take off your hat, sir. Why? again asked my friend. Because I am the son of the Emperor of Germany. Of the Emperor of Germaay? Surely, when last I had the honor to see your Royal Highness, you were the son of the Emperor of the French? Ah, well—yes, he stammered. But recovering at once from his embarrassment, he added brightly: That was by another mother.

American Labor the Cheapest.

A prominent English manufacturer of boots and shoes arrived in New York recently, and the sole object of his trip is, he says, to learn how to make footwear more cheaply. "The English people are just beginning to admit that America can beat the world at making shoes," he continued, "and what with your high rate of wages and other heavy expenses, we wish to know how you can possibly do it." The solution of the problem is not difficult to find—machinery and harder and quicker work. The American workman is undoubtedly smarter than his English brother, and can turn out a great deal more work in a given time, and one who has visited factories on both sides of the Atlantic will unhesitatingly confirm this statement. Then, the English manufacturer who buys American machin-

ery is fond of hiring boys to run it, under the delusion that this is economy, in addition to which the English workmen are opposed to machinery, as they think that it means less employment for themselves.

THE "POOR WIDOW."

"Think of the poor widow whose all is invested in mortgages or land. Would you be so cruel as to ruin her by taking away the selling value of the land on which her mortgages are placed?"

The "poor widow" plays quite an important part in political economy. It is not business or right, but sentiment that prompts the question. No change, however beneficial to the community as a whole it may be, can be made without injuring some one. Railroads are good things, yet their building ruined thousands of owners of stage lines, depopulated towns and brought to ruin many a manufacturer. Still the damage done was and is more than offset by the advantages gained by the majority of mankind. A street needs to be opened. To do so an old homestead must be torn down—perhaps an old house hardly worth tearing down. But around it are many pleasing associations to its owner, for which he can never be compensated. The only question asked is, will the new street be a benefit? If so, out go the tenants and through goes the street.

But there is still another answer to the "poor widow" question. Under the operation of the single tax the men of the nation will have such steadier work at such good pay that the provident will be enabled to provide for the possible widows and orphans. And if, in the course of Providence, the mainstay of the family is taken away before he can provide for his loved ones, the fund provided through this single tax could be put to no better use than aiding the unfortunate widows. The state does that now, and there is no reason to believe, in whichever way taxes may be collected, that it will allow its poor to suffer. There is this great difference, however, in the way the poor fund is now expended and the way it could be under the fiscal system brought into existence by the operation of the single tax. Now, what is given is charity. Then, what would be given would be the recipients' by right, for their presence helped to make the fund.—Detroit News.

Origin of Leap Year Proposals.

The custom of permitting the fair sex to assume the rights and prerogatives appertaining to their brothers once every four years is a very ancient one, and when it originated is not definitely known. The first statutory recognition of the custom, however, was a law passed by the Scottish Parliament in the year 1288, 604 years ago, which statute provided as follows:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megestie, ilk forthe year, known as Leap Year, ilk Maiden ladye of baifh high and low estait shall haie liberte to bespeak ye she likes, albeit, gif he refusees to taik hir to be his lawful wedit wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane dundis or less, as his estait moit be, except and awis gif he can maik it appeare that he is betrathit ane ither woman, that he then shall be free."

In 1321 France enacted similar laws, and before Columbus set out on his voyage of discovery Genoese and Florentine maidens "of baith high and lowe estait" had all the privileges in that line which their Scottish and English sisters enjoyed.—St. Louis Republic.

LABOR AND WAGES.

A new typographical union (French) has been formed in Quebec.

Rev. Mr. McCormick delivered an address in Train's Hall, Kingston, Ont., on "The Unemployed." By this term the speaker meant men who were willing and anxious to work but could find none to do. There were thousands of this class in Britain, France, Austria, the United States and Canada. What were then the causes of such widespread misery as the result of enforced idleness? Some said the liquor traffic, others landlordism, millionairism, and boodles; but the real cause of the trouble was misgovernment. The speaker thought the first duty of any government was to see that its people were provided with work. As to the cause of "the unemployed" in Canada it could not be over-population, as there was plenty of room for all. Canada, he thought, ought not to be made a dumping ground for all the pauperism and vice of other countries, but wisely governed, she ought to provide a home for millions of the honest industrious classes of other lands. He maintained that every municipal corporation should see that every willing worker within its limits be supplied with work, and that no rates be collected from a man who could not find work.

S. Carsley has just received his first spring consignment of sunshades and umbrellas.

Children's White Kid, Cotton and Silk Gloves for First Communion, can be had at S. Carsley's.

Mr. J. Beard, of Auburn, N. Y., has instituted extradition proceedings against the man Dent, who is under arrest at Toronto charged with swindling Mat Evans out of \$3,000 on an apple buying deal. If the prisoner escapes on the charge the Auburn man will endeavor to take him across the line and secure a conviction for a \$400 forgery committed in 1885.

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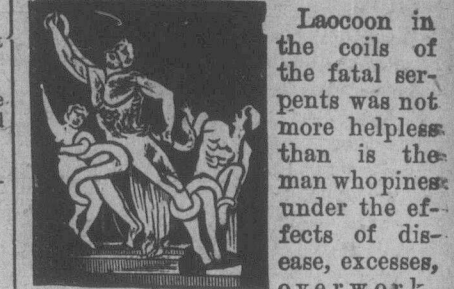
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SPREAD OF THE EIGHT HOUR MOVEMENT.

The late Mr. Bradlaugh, in December, 1890, moved, in the British House of Commons, for a return showing any laws or regulations affecting the hours of adult labor in the colonies of the Empire, and also showing in each colony the hours worked per day and wages paid in the various industries. The Colonial Office has taken nearly a year and a half to collect the requisite information, which has just been issued in the form of a parliamentary paper. Much interesting information can be gleaned from the return, which, on the whole, shows that there is a disposition in most of the colonies to regulate the hours of labor, Canada and Newfoundland being among the most backward in this direction. The Dominion Parliament, according to the return, has not passed any general statute limiting the hours of adult labor, neither have any of the provincial legislatures, and the average working day, as determined by trade custom, is set down at about nine hours, a conclusion which we do not believe the facts warrant. Sixty hours per week is within the mark in most trades, unless when depression in trade exists, while those engaged in what are commonly called unskilled occupations have to endure a little more. In Newfoundland there are no laws or regulations whatever affecting the hours of adult labor, which are largely controlled by custom, the prevailing work day extending in summer from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., allowing one hour each for breakfast and dinner; in winter from 7 a. m. to dark, allowing one hour for dinner. In both Western and South Australia the legislatures have made no provision for regulating the hours of adult labor. The length of the workman's day varies, but the rule is for mechanics to do an eight hour's day. In New South Wales a forty-eight hours' week has been secured in many industries by Trade Union effort, conspicuous examples of which are all workers in metals, timber workers, the general building trades, printers, seamen, &c. Some trades have even less than forty-eight hours per week, the time of municipal employees being restricted to forty-four hours, which provision also affects miners. The working hours of State railway employees in New South Wales varies from forty-four to fifty-five hours per week. The leather

workers are not so fortunate, their hours varying from fifty to fifty-four, the woollen workers being no better than their brothers of other lands who toil sixty hours, while unorganized men, such as shopmen, bus and car drivers, conductors, &c., have to slave seventy hours per week. These figures are particularly interesting for the reason that, politically speaking, New South Wales is perhaps the most advanced of all the colonies. One feature in the returns from this colony is the entire absence of unnatural overwork, that is of extending a day's labor to 15, 16, 17 and even 18 hours, so very common in Canada.

A very beneficial eight-hour law for women is in force in New Zealand, which is applicable alike to those in shops, workrooms and factories. No female can be employed for more than four and a-half hours at a stretch without an interval of at least half an hour for a meal, and holidays are also secured to them on Saturday afternoons after 2 p. m., on Sunday and on the customary public holidays and festivals. In this colony there is also an eight hour act for machinemen connected with the mining industry, but there is no legislation otherwise affecting the hours of adult labor, although by common consent and practice eight hours have been for many years recognized as the duration of a day's work for wage-earners.

The only laws or official regulations affecting the hours of labor in Queensland are those in force in the Government workshops of the railway department, in which a forty-eight hours' week is enacted. In ordinary occupations the normal day's work ranges from seven to twelve hours, but there are occupations, such as barbers, barmaids and barmen, who work from 15 to 17 hours per day.

The Cape of Good Hope and Natal have no laws regulating the hours of adult labor, but in Cape Town the average working day, as fixed by trade custom, seems to average from eight and a-half to nine hours. This custom apparently includes retail stores as well as factories and general industries.

In 1890 the colony of Victoria adopted a legislative eight hour day for females, subject, however, to a provision that the Government may suspend the operation of the Act to meet the exigencies of trade. Most of the trades of Victoria are organized, however, with the result as a rule that the hours of men are strictly limited to eight.

In Tasmania several futile attempts have been made to pass an eight-hour law, but the Upper house has invariably stood in the way. There is a ten-hour enactment for women in force, although to some extent nugatory through a provision exempting saleswomen employed in retail shops, whose hours may be prolonged on Saturday evenings, just the night on which they should be at liberty if it is expected of them that they should religiously observe Sunday.

The moral of the whole report is that wherever the forces of labor are thoroughly organized the best results to the wage-earner are obtained, and if his highest aims are to be reached it will be through a federation of every organization in the country. A workman outside the pale of his union is a monument of selfishness; he accepts all the advantages arising out of the mere fact of its existence without contributing one iota for the benefits received, and is generally the first to squeal if the screw is applied. If it is wrong for the individual to stand outside the organization, it is equally so for the union to remain apart from the federation; therefore it becomes the duty of every man to see that his union is represented among the amalgamated trades.

What has become of Mr. Taylor's alien labor bill? The debate on it was adjourned some ten days ago. Will it ever be taken up again?

CIVIC NOTES.

His Worship the Mayor called a special meeting of the City Council the other day for the purpose of "settling" the water rate question. All any one can say of the meeting is that the "point of order" man was there; the "funny" man was there, and the only "honest and sober" man in the city was there. A great deal of speech making was indulged in, and, as usual, the matter was laid over. This water question is an awful bore for some aldermen. It has now been before the City Council six years, and is as near a settlement now as it was the day the first petition was handed in by the Trades and Labor Council. The aldermen have found out, we suppose, that the men who neglect the interests of the citizens most are always returned by an increased majority. Keep right on, gentlemen, the awakening will come some day with a vengeance.

The Water Committee has fallen in line with the Health Committee, and are showing the Montreal public how not to do business at a committee meeting. A session was held the other day, which was a disgrace to the committee and to the people who sent such men to represent them in the City Hall. Ald. Thompson wanted the committee to dispose of Mr. McConnell's resignation at that meeting, as all the members of the committee were present. So did Ald. Stearns. But no, the other gentlemen had not yet had time to study the question! and took the line laid down by the City Council in all its business and laid it over till next Tuesday. The taxpayers need not trouble themselves about the matter, as, if we are to judge by the past work of civic committees, a settlement will be reached some time in the next century.

The Health Committee have not yet found sites on which to build incinerators. The point of order referred to the City Attorney by the Council over two weeks ago has not yet been decided; a successor to Mr. Radford as Sanitary Inspector has not yet been appointed; but we forget—all these things will be attended to when the aldermen come back from Chicago.

There is one consolation in all these things, and that is the patriotic manner in which the Light Committee dealt with the electric pole question for St. Jean Baptiste Ward. Application was made by some private company for permission to erect poles in that ward to supply the people with the electric light at a cheaper rate than gas. This application was backed up by the aldermen and citizens of that ward, and, of course, every one expected that the permission would be granted. But, no! the committee was equal to the occasion. What? Erect poles in St. Jean Baptiste Ward and spoil the beauty of that locality? Well, now! who ever heard of such a thing? It is all right to let the Royal Electric Company have poles on St. James, Notre Dame, St. Lawrence and other important streets in the centre of the city, but a private company in St. Jean Baptiste Ward, never! The same action would be taken if the Royal Electric Company made the application. Why, certainly.

If our Quebec correspondent is correct in his narration of the circumstances attending the effort to bring a defaulting treasurer of a labor organization to justice, and we have no doubt he is, then there is a danger that the blind goddess will miscarry, the culprit go unpunished, and, worst of all, will be able to jeer at those he has defrauded. We have always been under the impression that the Dominion Larceny Act covered just such cases as this, indeed we had been advised to that effect by a Q.C. of high standing, now retired to the unruined shades of

the Bench, in a case somewhat similar occurring here. In this eminent barrister's opinion there was no difficulty whatever in the way of any member of the organization bringing a criminal charge against the defaulter, but it never came to that point, as the party in question, on the opinion being placed before him, at once made restitution. If the law is not clear on the subject, as we have been informed, it is undoubtedly time that trade unionists take steps to have it made so. The hard earnings of honest labor should be made safe from the vampires who sometimes find their way into the confidence of workingmen. This is a question which might fitly be taken up by the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, and we hope that some of the delegates will move in the matter.

Not unwisely we think, Toronto Trades and Labor Council has passed a resolution not to place a labor candidate in the field at the forthcoming bye-election. Through refraining to do so, the labor bodies will be able to concentrate all their energies in defeating the most objectionable candidate, which, being accomplished, would reflect credit on them and further increase their influence.

RIENDEAU HOTEL,
58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.,
MONTREAL.
The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.
European and American Plans.
JOS. RIENDEAU, Prop.

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MERCHANT TAILOR.

Highland Costumes,
Ladies' Mantles
A SPECIALTY.

Our Tailorings are Artistically Cut
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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street
MONTREAL.

Old Chum
(CUT PLUG)

OLD CHUM
(PLUG)

No other brand of
Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

D. Ritchie & Co.

Oldest Cut Tobacco
Manufacturers
in Canada.

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Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb. Plug, 10c.
1/2 lb. Plug, 20c.

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NEW PELERINES!

Every new shade in Ladies Pelerines now in stock.
Fawn Cloth Pelerines, with Applique Trimmings.
Fawn Cloth Pelerines, Trimmed with Jet.
Fawn Cloth Pelerines, Handsomely Embroidered.
New Cloth Pelerines, with Single Yokes.
New Cloth Pelerines, with Double Yokes.
New Cloth Pelerines, with Treble Yokes.
Everything new in Pelerines at
S. CARSLEY.

NEW JACKETS.

RECEIVED TO-DAY
Another large shipment of
New Black Jackets
New Navy Jackets
New Colored Jackets
The leading Colors in Jackets for the season are
All shades in Fawn
All shades in Gray
All shades in Drab
Plain Tweed Jackets
Plain Cloth Jackets
Fancy Tweed Jackets
Fancy Cloth Jackets
Suitably and Handsomely Trimmed
S. CARSLEY.

NEW JACKETS.

FASHIONABLE LENGTHS
In Ladies' New Spring Jackets.
The Largest and Best
assortment of the latest novelties in Ladies' Spring Jackets in the city. All bona fide new goods.
EVERY ONE EXCLAIMS
When they have seen the stock of new garments that it is the best collection they have ever seen. For the truth of this statement, a general invitation is extended to every one to call and see for themselves.
S. CARSLEY.

NEW MANTLES.

NEW SILK GARMENTS
Lined throughout with Silk, Suitable for April wear.
ELDERLY LADIES MANTLES
In all sizes, from 30 to 50 inches bust measure. Special attention has, this season, been paid to Mantles for Elderly Ladies, and we have garments now to suit the most fastidious tastes.
NEW CLOTH MANTLES
Trimmed Lace and Jet. Every New Style.
S. CARSLEY.

NEW DRESS NETS.

Chenille Embroidered Dress Nets.
All colors Embroidered on Black Net.
Gold and Silver Spangled Dress Nets on Black, White and Cream grounds.
Tinsel Embroidered Dress Nets.
DRESS NETS.
In all Plain and New Colors.
Spanish Lace Flouncings,
Spanish Lace Half Flouncings,
Chantilly Lace Flouncings,
Chantilly Lace Half Flouncings,
Irish Crochet Half Flouncings,
In Cotton and Silk.
S. CARSLEY.

NEW CHIFFONS.

Embroidered Chiffons in all the following Colors, 14c yard.
Heliotrope, Rose Pink, Coral,
Pale Blue, Grey, Fawn,
Cardinal, Yellow and Cream,
Band Chiffons, 10c yard
In All Colors.
Chiffons for Neckties,
Chiffons for Dress Trimmings.
Chiffon Half Flouncings
Dress Chiffons, 45 inches wide
In All Colors
Ladies' Brocaded Windsor Scarfs
Ladies' Crepe Windsor Scarfs
In All Colors.
S. CARSLEY.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

SEVERAL HUNDRED DOZEN.
Ladies' Printed and Hem-stitched Lawn Handkerchiefs, only 5c
Scotch Lawn Handkerchiefs, 2 1/2c
White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 4 1/2c
White Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 12c
White Initial Handkerchiefs, 10c
THOUSANDS
Of dozens of Ladies' Handkerchiefs to select from.
Fine Qualities in
Pure Linen Handkerchiefs
Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs,
Plain and Embroidered.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779,
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"If you people would like to get a thorough insight into the workings of the competitive system you ought to get into the office of some of our leading dealers or manufacturers for an hour or so during the busy time of the day," said Phil. "I recently had occasion to call at the office of a friend of mine who is a large employer of labor and who was about to order some fancy wood mountings for some contrivance or other which he manufactures. He stood at the telephone as I entered, and I could not avoid hearing what he said, although at first I paid but little attention to it. This is, however, what I heard:

'Central, will you give me number so-and-so, please?'

'Is that Jones & Co.; Is that you, John? This is Kinkum that's speaking, and I want you to give me your best price for five hundred mountings in natural cherry.'

'After a while I heard him repeat slowly while jotting down the figures: 'Five dollars and fifty cents'

And then:

'Is that the best you can do, John? All right, thank you; good by.'

Again he applied himself to the telephone:

'Hello, Central! Ten, twenty-four.'

'Is that Blank & Co.? Mr. Blank in? Ask him to speak. Is that Mr. Blank? This is Kinkum, and I want your best price for five hundred mountings in natural cherry.'

'This time the answer was 'four dollars and seventy-five cents,' which was also jotted down. Once more the telephone rang:

'Central! Two, nought, four.'

'Is that Makem & Skinem? Is Mr. Skinem in? Oh, is that you? I want your best price for five hundred mountings in natural cherry.'

Presently the answer was repeated, and jotted down again:

'Four dollars.'

'I am sure that he called up at least half a dozen firms more, and their figures varied from five to seven dollars per mounting; Makem & Skinem were the lowest, and they got the order. I told you that Kinkum is a personal friend of mine, and I knew that he disliked both Skinem and his partner, and consequently I was a little surprised to see him place his order with them, more particularly since young Jones, of Jones & Co., is the sworn friend of Kinkum and an almost inseparable companion of his. I questioned Kinkum about it.

'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you. You see, Cutrate & Co. are selling these self-same fixings of mine for a dollar and a half less than my lowest figure. Now, I know that they can't manufacture the iron work on them any cheaper than I can, and if any saving could be effected it would have to be on the wood mountings. Heretofore I bought these from Jones & Co. for five and one half dollars each. It paid me well enough at first, but when Cutrate & Co. began to cut prices, I had to do the same, and I found myself losing money on the transaction; it was like changing a quarter and having an occasional twenty-cent piece palmed off on you into the bargain. Now, however, I'll be able to meet these fellows and even go them one better. I don't like Makem and I've got no use at all for Skinem, but I can't afford to lose this trade to please Jack Jones; you see, this order alone saves me seven hundred and fifty dollars, and that is just so much earned.'

'I had got interested in what he said, because Jones is a personal friend of mine too, and I didn't half like the idea of him having to lose this order, so when he'd finished I took my leave and strolled round to Jones's office. Jack was in, and wheeling up a chair, bade me sit down. On the road I had

been turning this matter over in my mind, and thought that I had found a plan which, if adopted, would enable Kinkum to still place his orders with Jones & Co. at five and a half dollars per mounting and yet lose nothing in the bargain.

'How is it,' said I to Jack, 'that you can't compete with Makem & Skinem in the manufacture of those cherry mountings of Kinkum's? I've just been over there and heard him get a quotation of four dollars for what you charge five and a half, and of course they got the order. Haven't you got the same appliances they have, or do you pay more for your wood?'

'No,' said Jack, 'I buy my wood as cheap as they and we've got even better machinery than they have, but I pay fifty per cent. more wages than what they do. You see, Makem & Skinem are just what their names imply and they've got wages down to starvation point, and that's what enables them to sell these and other things so much cheaper than we do; the material in these things don't amount to much, it's the labor on them which makes them expensive. I don't like to do it, but if this thing keeps up, we'll have to cut wages down to their standard.'

'But,' said I, 'why don't you and Makem and Bank & Co. and all the other firms in your line meet and fix upon a uniform price on all your staple goods so as to avoid this keen competition?'

'Pshaw,' said Jack, 'we've tried that. We've met, not only once, but a dozen times, and we've adopted a uniform discount and enacted by-laws and all the rest of it, but the combination never lived long enough to see its by-laws printed. To form an arrangement of that kind and to ensure its successful working requires money, a great deal more money than any of us have to spare. Every member should be required to make a cash deposit of five or ten thousand dollars which should be forfeited in case he breaks the rules of the association; that's the only thing that will ever make fellows like Makem live up to an agreement.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'why don't you exert yourself a little to have your men organize and have a uniform rate of wages in your trade? That in itself would be relief to a certain extent.'

'Yes,' said Jack, 'that would be relief with a vengeance. If I'd organize them they'd take the whole business, and give me more relief than I'd care to have. No, sir, and Jack hit the table a blow with his fist, 'wages will have to come down. My men will have to be content with what Makem's men are getting, and some of them will have to make way for boys and women. I did at one time believe that they would organize and make Makem pay the same wages that I do, but they won't. Since they won't equalize wages that way, then I'll equalize 'em by cutting their pay,' and with this Jack walked out of the office to have a talk with his foreman, while I sauntered home. I cannot honestly find any fault with Jones—no, not even if he was to cut the wages of his men. I know that under present circumstances he will be compelled to do so. I don't blame Kinkum for placing his order with Makem & Skinem, neither do I blame Cutrate & Co. for underselling Kinkum, because all this is the inevitable outcome of competition; but I can't help but think that, if only the men and masters of any or all trades were organized and met annually to fix wages and discount sheets governing their particular trades, how much more comfortable this would be for all of us? Canadian manufacturers, as Jack said, haven't the money to make large deposits into a guarantee fund, neither is this necessary for the proper working of any trade. Let the masters organize, and let the men organize thoroughly, so that every man who works at the trade is enrolled. Let these two organizations elect a joint board of ad-

ministration upon which masters and men are equally represented, and let this board adopt a scale of wages and a uniform discount sheet, and let it frame such rules as will best serve the interests of all engaged in that trade. Let the masters bind themselves to employ none but union men, and let the men bind themselves in turn to work for no master who does not belong to the association and obeys its rules and regulations. Such a combination in any trade would be invincible, and would at once secure to the man a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and to the employer a fair return on the capital invested.'

BILL BLADES.

The number of unemployed in the city of Chicago at the present time is simply appalling. Men are going from house to house begging for chores to do. Many offer to work half a day for a meal. Thousands are lured to the city under the impression that the location of the world's fair will give work to all who are in need of it, but this is a mistake as most workmen who come here find out to their loss. The Chicago Herald, a corporation daily, puts the number of unemployed at 100,000. With so many looking for work it is evident that those contemplating coming here in search of employment are taking great risks upon themselves. Our advice is—stay away.

"Nothing is more terrible than to see the rich living off the poor. One can hardly imagine the utter heartlessness of a man who stands between the manufacturer and the wretched woman who make their living—or rather retard their death—by the needle. How a human being can consent to live on this profit stolen from poverty is beyond my imagination. These men, when known, will be regarded as hyenas and jackals. They are like the wild beasts which follow herds of cattle for the purpose of devouring those that are injured or have fallen by the wayside from injury.—L. A. Bunke.

What the Telephone Can Do.

The London Electrical Engineer tells an interesting and amusing instance of the efficacy of the London-Paris telephone. The Salvation Army band was marching from the Royal exchange playing the "Marseillaise," when an idea struck the men present in the telephone room. The windows and doors were thrown open and the attendant at the Paris end was asked if he could hear anything. The response (in French) was immediate, "Yes, I can hear a band playing the 'Marseillaise.'" That a band of music playing in the streets of London could be plainly distinguished in Paris is, we think, a sufficiently striking marvel of the nineteenth century science.

OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE

THE CIGARMAKERS.

To the Editor of The Echo.

SIR,—I noticed in your issue of last week an appeal for the amalgamation of the two Cigarmakers' Unions of this city, saying that a month ago the officers of both unions were good, thus implying that the present set are no good; also that it would be better if No. 226 would send in its charter and go in with No. 58, and that those who came here from other places are disgusted and leaving as fast as they can. Your correspondent also states that nothing is done by Advertising Committee, because, I suppose, there are two unions. Now I would like to know if this member of No. 226 knows what he really wants or what he is talking about. I would agree with him that the present officers are no good (that is, compared with those of last term) for the good officers of last term fixed things so that some had a good time, and good men have now to pay for it.

Now let me see about the charter of 226 and what good it would do to send it in. About two years ago this talk of sending in the charter of 226 was started in a saloon by the only great man in Montreal who I suppose bought the drinks and said what a grand thing it would be. Some members pulled their cards because they could not get the office they wanted, and thought, like this great head that 226 would "bust" through their withdrawal. But did it?

Now about those members coming here from other places and the injury it has done them and the members here. Who brought

them, and who signed that famous circular? Why the good officers of 58 who this member so much admires, and if your correspondent looks in the February journal he will find that these same officers report sixty jobs open in a shop here! and this is done after the repeated refusal of the members of both unions to allow the Journal to be used for the purpose. Those good officers of 58 when asked by the officers of 226 for a joint meeting to get a Blue Label Committee so that something would be done for the unions did not show up, and gave as their excuse that 58 had a committee already. When, however, the committee met in the shop to sign those circulars they were there in jig time during dinner hour, so that it would not cost the boss anything, and signed like little men.

I do not wish to be spiteful and will have no more to say upon this subject, but if your correspondent don't like the way 226 is now run, why don't he draw his card and go into 58; that's what I would do if dissatisfied.

Yours, etc., K. E.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

OUR GLOVE DEPARTMENT!

Easter Gloves. Easter Gloves. A USEFUL PRESENT WITH EVERY PAIR.

This day (SATURDAY) we will give to each and every customer purchasing at our establishment a pair of Kid Gloves, at 50c and upwards, a nice useful present.

WELL KNOWN.

It is well known that JOHN MURPHY & CO. keep the best assorted stock of Kid Gloves in Canada. Over 15,000 pairs to select from.

A FEW SPECIAL LINES.

The 4-button "Marquette," at 75c pair.
The 4-button "Triomphe," at \$1 per pair.
The 4-button "Empress," at \$1.25 per pair.
The 4-button "A 1 Derby," at \$1.50 per pair.
The 4-button "Suede," at 75c per pair.
The 4-button Suede "Le Loyal," at \$1.25 per pair.
The 4-button Suede "Newport," at \$1.50 per pair.

All the above lines in latest shades and colors.
The Lace Hook Kid Gloves in New Colors.
Suede Mousquetaire Gloves, in 6 and 8 button lengths; all Colors, from 75c up.
The Biaritz Glove, in useful Spring Shades, with white stitching.

THE Place to buy GLOVES of EVERY Description is JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S

Gent's Furnishings.

EASTER TRADE. EASTER TRADE. NEW AND HANDSOME NECKWEAR. STYLISH COLLARS AND CUFFS. NICE WHITE SHIRTS. MEN'S SPRING COATS.

MEN'S MELISSA COATS.

PRETTY UMBRELLAS. All the above Goods at Lowest Prices.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783 Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter Terms Cash and Only One Price.

Every Workingman SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY, ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

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

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

J. E. Townshend,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine St. } ONLY!
Corner St. James Street.

Bell Telephone 1906.

Established 1862.

CHAS. A. BRIGGS,

2097 Notre Dame St.

PRACTICAL

Hatter and Furrier.

A large assortment of the LATEST ENGLISH and AMERICAN Styles on hand at the

Lowest possible Prices!

IMPERIAL

INSURANCE CO'Y (Limited) FIRE.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000

Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

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

Canadian Branch Office:

COMPANY'S BUILDING,

107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

E. D. LACY,

Resident Manager for Canada.

Strachan's

Gilt Edge

Soap

Is an absolute necessity in every well regulated Home.

A PERFECT ARTICLE!

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

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

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

All the best Grocers sell it.

McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

Another serious outbreak of the foot and mouth disease has occurred among cattle near Sittingbourne, in Kent.

An eccentric female anarchist named Wabnitz, who was recently operating at Berlin, has been arrested at Frankfurt.

A leading Roumanian organ, the Romanula, says rumors are current in Roumanian circles of the abdication of the King of Roumania in favor of the Crown Prince.

Emperor William and the Empress are going to Dantzic on May 15, by sea from Stettin, escorted by the Baltic squadron. Rumors are current that the Czar will meet them there.

Three boxes recently landed at Malmö, Sweden, labeled "machines," were found to contain 2,400 copper shells filled with powder and fulminate of mercury. During an enquiry at the custom house one of the shells exploded, wounding an official.

The Chronicle's correspondent in the Russian famine districts, who has been visiting Begecheff, writes that he saw Count Tolstoy's daughter open in a single day letters containing cheques amounting to 3,000 roubles. Most of the letters were from America and England.

A man named Hamilton, residing at Melksham, in Wiltshire-on-Avon, was engaged to be married to a young lady of that place. He, however, became convinced that the uncle of his fiancée was seeking to influence her to break the engagement. Hamilton brooded over the matter and finally determined to kill the uncle. He procured a revolver and accused the uncle of taking advantage of his relations to the girl to prejudice her against him. But few words were exchanged when Hamilton drew his revolver and shot and killed the uncle. Hamilton fled to Warminster, where the police found him. A sergeant attempted to take him into custody, but Hamilton made a desperate resistance. Finding the policeman was getting the better of the struggle, Hamilton drew his revolver and shot the officer dead. Other officers seized him before he could fire again and overpowered him.

In accordance with the resolutions of the Ulster Loyalists convention, held on Saturday last at Belfast, committees are being formed in every parish or other district of Ulster, the members of which are pledged as follows: First, to unswerving loyalty to the throne; second, to protest against any measure that would either cut them off from or interfere with their inheritance in the Imperial Legislature; third, to declare their utter and unchangeable distrust of, and hostility to, an Irish Legislative Assembly, their determination to take no part in its organization or proceedings, and passively to resist its laws and its taxation as having no binding force on them; fourth, to appeal to the Nationalist leaders to resist from pressing a proposal which must inevitably produce disturbance and arrest the progress of the country, and to the English and Scotch electorate to pause before committing the two islands to a struggle certain to be disastrous to the interests of both.

American.

On Monday evening an instructor and ten boys connected with the Boston farm school at Thompson's Island were capsized in a sail boat and the instructor and eight of the boys drowned.

The loss of life and property by the floods on the Tombigbee river has been confirmed. The loss of life is variously estimated at from 50 to 200. The losses of live stock and crops are enormous.

Two distinct earthquake shocks were felt throughout Central New York on Tuesday morning. The first occurred at 11.23 and lasted thirty seconds. The second occurred two minutes later. The shocks were accompanied by a rumbling noise as of distant thunder.

A Washington special says: Cyrus W. Field, jr., of New York, is to be given a place in the foreign service. Mr. Field's effort to secure employment for himself are rendered necessary, he says, by the financial reverses which the head of the family has recently suffered.

The existence of a band of firebugs in Brooklyn has been discovered. Two men are in jail. Their names are John G. Steinbrenner and Hermann Albrecht. One of the accomplices of the gang has made a full confession. This confession implicates the gang in several incendiary fires which have puzzled the Brooklyn police and fire marshal during the current year.

Canadian.

A brother of the late Hon. G. Bresse, proposes to start a boot and shoe manufactory in Fraserville.

Twenty-two candidates to study medicine in Laval University have presented themselves for examination.

Patrick Doyle, for many years assistant agent, has been named chief Dominion Immigration Agent at Quebec, in succession to the late Mr. Stafford.

Oliver Robitaille, head messenger in the Quebec Parliament buildings, dropped dead on Tuesday. He had been over 20 years in the civil service and was universally respected.

The members of the Toronto Board of Works have gone on a trip to several cities in the United States to inspect the different electric street car systems. It is expected their report will recommend the adoption of the trolley wire.

Plenty of Work.

Charity will stave off starvation for the time, but no amount of charity nor a thousand years of charity organization will afford an effectual remedy for this wretched liability of a vast stratum of our people to sink into starvation and domestic ruin with any change of the weathercock and any temporary fluctuation in trade. To say that this liability is inevitable and must continue a permanent factor in our social system is only to betray a total ignorance of the past, an utter blindness to all the signs of the present and an incapability of gauging all the probabilities of the future. To say there is no work to be done is the very infatuation of blindness while a hundred thousand homes are destitute of every convenience of life and their occupants are chronically half clad and half starved.

I have been during the past few days into scores of homes, but when last evening I stepped into a passage with a mat on the floor it struck me at once as an indication of respectability that I had met with nowhere else. A hundred thousand homes without a door mat, and yet every now and again the mat makers of London raise an indignant cry that their trade is being ruined by the mat making in one or two of our London prisons. You can walk miles in and out of poor people's homes in many quarters of London and never tread on a bit of carpet. Thousands upon thousands of homes are without a decent chair, without a bedstead, without a sheet or a blanket that you would care to touch without a pair of tongs. They have no books or pictures, no furniture of any kind to speak of, no second suit of clothes or second pair of boots, no food in the cupboard and scarcely any utensils for cooking if they had.

All this is true, and yet there is nothing to do! and if our prison governors choose to send out into the world a few extra door mats or a few rolls of cocoa matting there is a cry, Stop this for heaven's sake or we shall all be ruined! There's work to be done and there are the people who ought to be doing it. The one question to which every earnest reformer should turn attention is as to how the people are to be set going.—London Daily News.

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The tune to which this song is sung is "Marlbrouck," which was once a national air in France. In "Marlbrouck," the death and burial of Queen Anne's great captain are burlesqued, and, in what some French critics have considered its scathing satire, the disasters of Blenheim and Ramillies are believed to have been avenged. But the fact is really the reverse, for if read appreciatively, "Marlbrouck" expresses the widespread terror occasioned by the mere name of Blenheim's hero, and the exultation of the French when they heard of his death. The "complaint" is supposed to have come from the Walloon country, and it was unknown in the French capital until 50 years after Marlborough's death, when a Picardy peasant woman, coming up to Versailles to nurse the baby Dauphin, brought it with her and sang her little baby charge to sleep with the old jingling rhyme. From this "Marlbrouck" became popular in Paris, and ultimately it reached these shores. The tune being a catchy one, we discarded the French words and wedded it once and for all to our Bacchanalian chant of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and so a song written in savage ridicule of England and one of her bravest generals became one of the most popular airs to which the latter's countrymen pledge jovial cups.

The Tear Handkerchief.

The Tyrolese, who are singularly careful in preserving old and quaint customs, have one beautiful practice. When a young woman leaves her mother's house to go to the marriage altar, says the Ave Maria, she is presented with a handkerchief, which has been duly blessed by the parish priest. This is called the tear handkerchief, and its first use is to dry the bride's tears as she leaves the home of her girlhood. When she pronounces her marriage vows she holds this bit of cambric in her hand; and when she is taken to the home which is to be henceforth her own, it is put away among her most sacred treasures.

Years pass, bringing joys and sorrows in their train. And when, at last, the bride of former days is laid in her coffin, with the benediction of the church upon her, the tear handkerchief is brought forth and laid upon her closed eyes, which are to look henceforth upon the blissful scenes of paradise.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The difficulty attending the formation of a senior league will probably be settled at a meeting which takes place on Wednesday next at the Windsor. The six big clubs have agreed to send representatives and the outcome will probably be the formation of a four-league club comprising Montreal, Shamrock, Toronto and Cornwall. At least that is what those who claim to be posted declare will be the result. And if playing lacrosse for revenue only is meant that is undoubtedly the most sensible arrangement, but if the spread and encouragement of the national game has anything to do with it then there might be something said on the other side.

Dave Brown, an old-time Montreal player, will play with the Staten Island club the coming season. Dave is a regular "Stonewall."

The members of the Montreal Juniors and Green Leaf clubs met on Tuesday evening and elected their officers.

THE RING.

Fred Johnston is not going to come to America to fight George Dixon unless several things are done by the parties on this side of the water to his satisfaction. He wants the directors of Coney Island Athletic club, under whose auspices the men have agreed to meet, to deposit \$250 with Richard K. Fox. He further demands, according to a special cable received at the police Gazette office, that Dixon's backers deposit \$500 forfeit to bind a match for \$5,000 a side, which is to be fought for, besides the \$5,000 purse the Coney Island Athletic club offers.

Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons have agreed to meet in the prize ring and fight to a finish for \$12,000 and a bet of \$1,000 each. This fight will occur at the club house of the club which of these three—Olympic, of New Orleans; California or Pacific, of San Francisco—offers the largest prize. The fight will be at catch weights.

ATHLETICS.

A glove contest took place at Morrisburg, Ont., on Saturday night between Bob Kearns, formerly of Montreal, but now of Cornwall, and Charles Corey, of Morrisburg, teacher of boxing. The contest was for four rounds, the stakes were \$100 a side and Kearns also bet \$50 that Corey could not stand up for four rounds. J. P. Tobin, of Cornwall, acted as referee. A good exhibition of sparring was given, Corey having decidedly the best of it. In the fourth round Kearns had a fall, and the manner of it certainly created suspicion in the minds of the audience. The rest of the programme included exhibitions by the pupils of the boxing school. Kearns has challenged Corey to meet him again in a fortnight and has put up \$200, which has been covered by Corey.

BASEBALL.

The various baseball clubs in the city are preparing for the coming summer and, as already stated, there will be lively times here during the playing year. The new league, comprising Farnham, Granby and Montreal, is a certainty, and judging from the interest taken here up to date the struggle between the local teams at least will be very keen. Of the clubs which will be in existence here none will be able to turn out such a strong nine as the Y. M. C. A. judging from the names down on the list. They will have a professional coach and intend to claim to any straggling championships. The winners of this eastern league will play off with the successful club of the Ottawa district league.

"The New York club will not pay a cent for the release of Kelly," said J. W. Spalding yesterday to a reporter. The directors are a unit on that point. While I do not see any urgent necessity for signing Kelly, still, if we could get him without the payment of a bonus, and he would agree to terms regarding salary and conduct himself satisfactorily to us, I should probably not oppose giving him a trial.—N. Y. Sun.

The leading amateur baseball club of London, the Alerts, has reorganized.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the professional sprint handicaps Saturday Sid Thomas, of the Ranelagh Harriers, has broken the amateur fifteen mile record at Stamford Bridge. He covered the distance in 1 hour 22 minutes 15.4 seconds.

Prof. Gustave Sundstrum, the swimming teacher of the New York Athletic club, has posted a forfeit of \$200, to be covered by Robert McGee, of Baltimore, who accepted his challenge for a one mile swimming race for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side and the championship of the United States.

Prospects for cricket in Ottawa city are the very brightest. The Ottawa club has within a few dollars of the thousand it intends expending on the new pavilion. The club will be stronger than ever, among the new players being J. S. Dickey, the famous Toronto bowler. White, one of the renowned Oxford 22, who is reported to be a crack, is

also in the city to play during the coming season, and L. Brittain, who coached the team in 1889, will again return to fulfil similar duties.

A meeting of the provisional committee of the new Canadian Cricket association was held in Toronto on Tuesday. The subject of the meeting was to consider the by-laws and constitution and put them in readiness for the general convention which takes place in Toronto on Tuesday evening next, April 19. The draught prepared by the secretary was gone over, amendments made and the documents put in shape.

John D. Cattanach, the noted professional athlete and wrestler, and instructor of the Providence, R. I., Athletic club, arrived in this city on Tuesday. He will go into training at once for the mixed wrestling match with W. H. Quinn, of Cornwall, champion of Canada, which takes place in Montreal in two weeks' time. The articles of agreement call for one fall catch-as-catch-can, one fall Græco-Roman, and, in event of each gaining a fall, the third to be the choice of the man who won his fall in the shortest time. Cattanach has a good record, and is the undisputed champion of the New England states.

THE VENOMOUS TARANTULA.

In an Encounter He Kills a Rattlesnake in Ten Minutes.

It is quite a common thing among the soldiers of Arizona to pit tarantulas against each other and bet on the fighting powers of their favorites. This fact undoubtedly suggested to the clerks in H. H. Tammen's curiosity store in Denver the idea of getting up a fight between a large and lively tarantula and a rattlesnake.

Before the fight began the odds were ten to one in favor of the snake, and there were few takers. The proprietor was not in at the time and the clerks had closed the store for the night, so there was not much probability of an interruption. The big snake was driven into one end of his cage and a partition let down to keep him safe, so the tarantula could be introduced.

The little sliding door at the other end, carefully protected by a closely-woven wire screen, was raised and the tarantula slipped into the compartment. Then the partition was pulled up and eager eyes peered through the glass sides of the cage to witness the result. The tarantula arose and bristled all over like a chestnut burr, the rattlesnake reared its head and thrust forth its forked tongue with the rapidity of lightning. Thus the two strange and deadly creatures remained for a moment gazing at each other. Suddenly there was heard the thrilling whirr of the snake's rattles and with the pliancy of a steel spring the snake threw himself into a coil with his head raised in the centre and vibrating rapidly from side to side. The tarantula was as immovable as if carved in stone.

Suddenly, with a motion almost too swift for the eye to follow, the rattler struck, but he missed his mark, for the tarantula, with the speed of lightning, bounded into the air, and, descending on one of the serpent's coils, sunk its fangs into the flesh. The snake instantly began thrashing around the cage and dislodged his foe.

Again the tarantula became immovable, and again the serpent coiled and struck, only to be foiled. Fire seemed to flash from the eyes of both the contestants, and both appeared to know that it was a fight until death.

There was now a tremulous motion visible in every limb of the tarantula, and it was evident that he was contemplating offensive measures. With a leap of a tiger he bounded upon his foe and once more sank his fangs into the body of the snake. This time it was in vain for the serpent to writhe and flounder for the tarantula clung to his enemy with the tenacity of a bulldog. The spider was bruised and beaten, but he held on with desperate courage, and gradually the efforts of the rattler grew weaker, until at last his coils relaxed, and with only a faint vibration of his tail he lay stretched out upon the bottom of his cage dead. The deadly venom of the tarantula had done its work.

The fight lasted only ten minutes, and was a most thrilling exhibition of ferocity and courage. The quickness of motion exhibited by the tarantula was marvelous, and through it he avoided being struck by the snake. The dead serpent was evidence against the clerks, and they had to confess to the proprietor that they had introduced the tarantula to the snake with a result none of them anticipated.—Arizona Great Divide.

When Your Umbrella wants re-covering take it to S. Carsley's. Satisfactory work guaranteed.

Mr. John Brown, a Toronto builder, is reported to have skipped out, leaving behind him an inextricable estate and a great deal of indebtedness. Mr. John Porter, of Montreal, who came to Toronto with a lot of money to invest in real estate, is said to be a loser to the amount of \$10,000 in a business transaction with Brown.

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AT SUNSET.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wrath—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That carries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Boston Globe.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Mr. Miser (to dentist)—You extract teeth free of charge, don't you? Dentist—Certainly not. Mr. M.—Then what do you mean by advertising teeth extracted without pain.

Well, little boy, what is your name? Shadrack Nebuchadnezzar Jones. Who gave you that name? I don't know. But if I find out, when I gets older they'll be sorry for it.

Creditor (to schoolmaster)—Can you settle my little bill, sir? Schoolmaster (absent minded)—Certainly. Send him round, and I'll give him the biggest thrashing he ever had in his life.

Mamma—And why don't you make the children leave off sliding down the banister? Nurse—Not for the world would I stop them, ma'am. They save me the trouble of polishing the railing.

Blinks—Lucky man, that fellow Jones. Winks—I don't see how you make it. Blinks—Why, he took out a life insurance policy for a thousand pounds and died six days before the company failed.

Professor—This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it, after all, a matter of heredity? The mother (severely)—No, sir. I'd have you to know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family.

Mrs. Gadd—How's your girl, Mrs. Gabb? Mrs. Gabb—Well, she's abominably dirty. She spoils everything she cooks, and she's lazy and impudent; but she has one good quality rarely met with. Indeed! What is that? She stays.

I can't hold this baby any longer, called out the young husband and father, it's getting too heavy. Pshaw, Edward, replied a muffled voice from the other room, you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and the baby is but a feather compared to what I was.

A little boy from London went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of milk and bread. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, Yes, ma, I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow.

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor on Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it till Monday morning, when Polly roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, Darling Susie, darling Susie! He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

A chemist was boasting in the company of friends of his well assorted stock-in-trade. There isn't a drug missing, he said; not even one of the most uncommon sort. Come now, said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke, I'm quite sure you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well stocked as you pretend to be. Why-not? replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. You shall see for yourself. So saying he left the room and returned in a few minutes, leading by the hand—his wife.

He Had Some Feeling.

One Billee, a ten-year-old, not one thousand miles from Detroit, is about the worst youngster on record, and, strange to say, his fond wether doesn't seem to know it half as well as the neighbors do. Not long ago she opened out on a man who had spoken his mind very freely to William.

Did you tell my son to go to the bad place? she asked with a flash in her eye. No, ma'am, I didn't, was the prompt contradiction.

Did you say he would go there some time? she continued.

No, ma'am, I didn't, and the man became hot. I suppose he told you I did, but it isn't true. I haven't much respect for the bad place, ma'am, but I've got enough sympathy for it not to wish it such bad luck as that.

Then he got around the corner quick.

A Cute Scotch Lad.

A Scotch lad had his leg injured at a factory and was treated for some time by the doctor without any favorable result. His mother had much faith in a local bone-setter and wanted her son to go to him, but the boy objected, preferring that the doctor should cure him. Finally he yielded to his mother's persuasion, and was taken to the town where the famous bone-setter resided.

The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it severely in order "to get the bone in," as the bone-setter expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was got in, and he was bidden to go home.

Didn't he do it well? said the joyous old lady as they started homeward.

Yes, he did, mother, said the lad. He pulled it well, but I was na sic a fool as ta gie him the sair leg.

He Had Been There.

I'm sorry to go, said a lady, after making a long afternoon call, but I promised to be home before tea.

Oh! do stay, and I'll explain it to your husband, replied the hostess, who had just been urging the same invitation.

Don't you do it! came her nephew's voice from the next room. Don't let her lead you into misdemeanors that you will be punished for afterward. She used to coax me in just that same way when I was a boy, and then I had to suffer for it.

Nonsense, Henry, said his aunt. That's nothing but a joke. Don't take any notice of it, Mrs. Bell, but stay to tea.

You see, when I was here in school, pursued the ruthless nephew, we lived out of town, and I was expected to be at home every night before dark. Once a week I used to run in to call on auntie, and she always persuaded me to stay for tea, and so go home in the evening; and when I said father would settle with me afterward, she used to say: Oh, just stay and I'll take the responsibility.

Well, didn't she take it? asked the visitor.

Yes, was the reply, she took the responsibility, but I took the whipping.

He Wanted His Rights.

I say, said a friend the other day, you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married, and don't understand much about the business. I should like to know whether a married man has any rights left, when he takes unto himself a wife?

Rights? Yes, lots. He has a right to pay all the bills—

Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box, every chest of drawers and portmanteau, and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars—

Hold hard. I know what you mean, Listen, young man. If your bedroom were two hundred yards long, lined from the floor to the ceiling with shelves, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a hook that wasn't full of hair pins, scent bottles, odd gloves, pieces of ribbon, odd feathers and artificial flowers, little bits of tape, and buttons galore, with pins and needles thrown in, so just accept the inevitable: Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper parcel, and hide it under the bed.

He grinned ironically, but passed on a sadder and a wiser man.

Fortunes That Have Been Made By Accident.

In connection with the diamond discoveries in South Africa, and the fabulous wealth which the mines have since produced the wide region of fiction offers no parallel instance of the extraordinary manner in which these rich finds have been made.

It is now a matter of history generally well known how a commercial traveller and trader, by the name of O'Reilly, in casually stopping at the house of a Boer near Pencil, Griqualand West, saw some children playing with a number of exceedingly pretty pebbles, and on asking his Dutch host whether he could take one, he was promptly told that he could do so, as "the children had plenty more of them."

O'Reilly took the stone to Grahamstown, where an expert examined it, and it was at once pronounced to be a diamond of the first water. It was sold to Sir Philip Wodehouse, the then Governor of the Cape, for £600, who afterwards resold it, as was stated at the time, for £5,000. This incident led to the discovery of the River Diggings, but it was not until about two years later that the great De Beer's mine was brought to light.

A Dutchman named De Beer had built himself the usual wattle and daub house on his farm, but it had been erected for quite a long period before some inquiring prospectors found that the rough cast used for the walls actually contained diamonds. The farm speedily changed hands for £2,000. It now, with its neighboring mines, produces over £3,000,000 of diamonds annually, the total wealth from this discovery to date being probably over £50,000,000 sterling.

However, the most curious instance of how unexpectedly hidden wealth can be revealed is connected with the discovery of the Wesselton mine, the riches of which were only found out less than two years ago. Wesselton is a farm situated not five miles from Kimberley, and has over and over again been thoroughly prospected by experts. It remained for a simple Boer to be the instrument in bringing the precious stones from Nature's storehouse to the eyes of the world.

Riding out at sundown to bring in his horses from the veldt, where they had been running all day, he saw a small animal called a meercat (it somewhat resembles a weasel, and burrows in colonies like rabbits) industriously scraping some earth from its hole. Some peculiarity of the ground thrown up led the Dutchman to fill his handkerchief with it, and after he had established his horses, by the dim light of a small light he examined the nature of the earth. To his astonishment and delight he found a three-quarter carat diamond in the sands.

Further search at the meercat's hole revealed other diamonds, and six months ago no less than £450,000 was refused for the farm. The great De Beer's Company recently acquired a quarter share in the same for £175,000, and since the accidental discovery above referred to, over 200,000 carats of fine white diamonds have been extracted from the mine.

Recently there has been great excitement at Vryburg, Bechuanaland, owing to a local hotelkeeper having, during the process of sinking a well behind his premises, discovered a small diamond in the soil. The neighborhood is being thoroughly explored, and who knows but what this accidental find in the well may not be the forerunner of other unlimited wealth?

AN ELEPHANT WITH TOOTHACHE

Philadelphia's Big "Bolivar" Has a Troublesome Molar Filled.

Although not holding the diploma of a dental college, Head Keeper Byrne, of the Philadelphia Zoo, is an expert manipulator of those instruments of torture, the probe and mallet. Having made a special study of the aches and pains of the lower order of animals, it is not surprising that he should have developed into an expert dentist. Before a small but admiring crowd of spectators he yesterday demonstrated his abilities in a most remarkable way.

For several days past Bolivar, the big elephant, has been suffering from an acute attack of toothache. So excruciating has been the pain that the big fellow was in a state bordering on frenzy. He stamped and raved within the narrow confines of his cage, while his loud trumpeting could be heard for miles, even awakening echoes along the corridors of the City Hall. The under keepers held their lives too sacred to lightly venture within reach of the crazed beast.

Bolivar and Mr. Byrne are the warmest of friends. On many occasions, when the big elephant had been acting in an ugly manner, a single word from the head keeper would reduce him to his normal state. But Bolivar had never been in such a rage, and even Mr. Byrne's stout heart quailed. But something had to be done, and he decided to do it. Procuring a large mallet, a chisel and a roll of zinc, Mr. Byrne quietly opened the door and appeared before his majesty, Bolivar. No sooner had the keeper spoken to his old friend than the elephant's demeanor underwent an entire change.

With a low, moaning sound, he passed his trunk gently over Mr. Byrne's face. The keeper caressed his big pet, the while talking to him in a low voice.

Suddenly he lay down flat on the floor immediately in front of the elephant, at the same time uttering a sharp command. Without a moment's hesitation Bolivar reached down his muscular trunk, grasped Mr. Byrne gently but firmly by that portion of his nether garment best adapted to such a procedure and slowly raised him to the level of the elephant's cavernous mouth.

The tension was very severe. There was an ominous sound, but fortunately it was only a suspender. The cloth was stout and did its duty nobly. Another word of command and Bolivar opened his huge mouth, exposing the decayed molar, the seat of all the trouble. Despite his perilous position, Mr. Byrne went to work calmly and systematically. With the chisel and mallet he began cutting away the decayed portion of the tooth.

Bolivar stood the ordeal with great fortitude. Not a sound escaped from his deep chest, although big, briny tears coursed

down his rugged cheeks and fell with a loud splash to the floor. Having gotten the tooth in shape for filling, Mr. Byrne dropped his chisel and began hammering the rolled zinc into the cavity. In ten minutes the operation was over and the keeper was lowered to terra firma.

It was fully a minute before Bolivar closed his mouth. An expression of seraphic joy beamed from his stolid face and his little eyes twinkled. Three or four times he opened and closed his mouth, as though to make sure that the pain was really gone. Then lightly bounding with gazelle-like strides to where Mr. Byrne was standing, he extended his trunk, and with its moist nozzle implanted a long, lingering kiss upon the keeper's ruby lips.

The next time Bolivar is troubled with toothache he won't kick up such a row about it.—Philadelphia Record.

Spanish Romance in Real Life.

A story which, if true, is (the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegram remarks) one of the most sensational on record, reaches Paris from the Spanish frontier. A farmer and his wife, living in Peralada, near Figueras, had saved up £80 in order to hire a substitute to serve in the army for their son, who had been called upon to join the colors. The parents, accompanied by their boy, set out the other day for Gerona in order to find the substitute, leaving their daughter Dolores to keep house in their absence. Meanwhile a local bad character, named Foulanou, who lived in the next house to the farmer, overheard the latter and his wife as they were conversing about the object of their proposed visit to Gerona. He also learned through his eavesdropping operations the amount of money raised, and heard the farmer's wife locking it up in a wardrobe. When the coast was clear of everybody but Dolores, Foulanou—his face covered with a mask—entered his neighbor's house, closed the door of it carefully after him, and going to the kitchen, there seized the girl, gagged her, and bound her to an iron post which supported a beam. Standing over Dolores with a knife, the robber made her point to the place where the £80 was secreted. As he was putting the money in his pocket the girl muttered some words of reproach, whereupon Foulanou said that, as she recognized him despite his disguise, she must die. She could, however, choose the manner of her death; whereupon the girl said she preferred hanging to being butchered by the robber's knife. The most sensational part of the story is its climax. Foulanou, in tying the rope which he intended for the maiden, got his neck hopelessly strangled in it, and was accidentally strung up himself. Then there arrived on the scene, like a true hero of romance, the lover of Dolores, who was so accompanied by a crowd of villagers and Foulanou's wife. The robber was released from his perilous position, restored to consciousness, and handed over to justice. The curtain fell as Dolores was lifted from the ground by her deliverer, while the robber's wife went off into a fit of hysterics.

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THE OUTGROWN LIMITATIONS OF UNIONISM.

Along the lines upon which it has so far developed, unionism has its limitation, and it is this: it is only remedial and not a cure for industrial wrongs. If organization in all departments of labor was so perfect that no employer dared dispute the demands of his employee; if wages all along the line were leveled up to such a standard of justice that no employer received more than current rates of interest on his investment and fair remuneration for superintendence, the ideal work of unionism would be accomplished. Any further advance in wages, if general, would only increase the cost of production and living in that ratio, and an advance that was not general, would, under the circumstances supposed work injustice to the trades not in advance of wages.

Such a perfect state of organization could not be maintained without a yearly expense of millions of money, and an incalculable degree of intellectual energy in educational work, but if maintained it could not touch the most obnoxious of the robberies which wealth and power now do, and then could inflict upon producers. Great manufacturers could then combine as now, to limit their production in order to enhance the price of their products; carrying companies and other monopolies could and would put the advance in wages upon the public in the form of increased charges, they could still buy legislatures and landlords, could still speculate in land, and then, as now, by keeping the price to the limit which the most able dare undertake to pay, force the great majority of working people to live as tenants and still entail upon us the evils of an irresponsible, homeless population, without local ties to encourage and strengthen character. The remedy for such evils as these must be legislative.

Unionism has won a thousand glorious victories, and will win more. Its rallying cry gathers under one banner the noblest hearted of those who toil; it lifts up the weak, supports the strong, rights the wronged and flings a grand defiance to the unjust and powerful, but without political harmony and actions it can cure nothing.

Its most formidable weapon, a strike is two-edged, and almost equally as destructive to friends as to foes. It is a species of war, and like all war, is unphilosophic and incalculably costly, and as a strike is like war, so unionism is like maintaining a standing army in time of peace. These things are true and like all truths can be evaded only on penalty of disaster.

There is many a hero in the ranks of unionism who has grown old in loving and devoted service in its cause, who is beginning to realize, that final victory can not be won without incorporating the idea of a political purpose; that it is not enough to be heroic, but that it is equally necessary to be philosophic and that unionism will not be that until it declares war upon the system of law which has developed the condition which makes its existence necessary.

By the counsel of many of the most able and disinterested of their leaders some of the most powerful and intelligent of our organizations have heretofore avoided the discussion of questions of a political nature; but for a few years past party ties have been rapidly weakening, under a growing conviction that if laboring men would make a back, either party would ride it. In addition to this, and in spite of any effort to limit its scope, unionism has been a great educational force, and a sun never rises that does not witness an advance in knowledge of economic questions along the whole army of the workers.

Evolutionary movement is ordinarily slow, but after years of imperceptible growth the century plant blooms in a night, or failing that, falls away into

decay. Is it not time for a similar development in unionism?

Political action will come sooner or later, our dream of industrial emancipation will fade into thin air, and when it does come it will move in the direction of the nationalization of those sources of wealth from which are drawn those immense fortunes which are used in corrupting legislatures, judges and public morals. It is much easier to say this and to understand that it carries with it the destruction of the polls of such crimes as class legislation, monopoly of the carrying trade, landlordism, usury and profit off the toil of another, than it is to define the exact method, but the exact method is the problem for which the conscience of the nineteenth century demands a solution under penalty of wage slavery for the masses, and laboring men who have set their ideal of manhood high, must address themselves to its solution.

Against such a line of legislation it is urged with great force that it would vastly increase governmental power and functions; but power in a government by the people is dangerous only when it is unchecked. When the people again feel that it is their government, the apathy which admits robbery will pass away. No one can doubt this who contrasts the honest administration given in the affairs of our great international union with the corruption of the public administration. But if this were not true, under favorable conditions, a public conscience would again develop, for the mass of men are now dishonest because of unjust industrial conditions; but, again, if this should fail, may we not as well trust ourselves with the government under fair conditions, as to continue to trust, under present laws, in the men who have so long despoiled us?—S. W. Harmon in *Machine Wood Worker*.

THE PARSON AND THE LABORER.

The Rev. Arnold D. Taylor (G.S.M.) rector of a parish in South Devonshire, has a short but outspoken article on "Hodge and his Parson" in the *Nineteen Century* for March. In Devon, the average wages are less than ten shillings per week, employment being very uncertain, especially in winter. For a married man with a family of five or six children, the amount available per head per meal (no allowance being made for beer or tobacco) is three farthings! While the rector does not agree with Mrs. Batson's summary statement that "Our laborer hates his employer, he hates his squire, but above all he hates his parson"—he admits that "there is a great feeling of dislike for the parson in some country places," and he states some of the causes.

"In a great number, I should say in the vast majority of country parishes, the squire, the parson, and the large farmers form a 'ring' which controls all parochial affairs, so that no outsider has a chance even of knowing what goes on, much less of exerting any real influence on the management of those affairs. This 'ring' practically is the vestry. Who ever heard of laborers coming to the vestry meetings and expressing their view of affairs? If they did come, what would be the good? Who would listen to them? And the parson is ex officio chairman of the vestry. He is the leader, in Hodge's eye, of this exclusive ring, and perhaps Hodge thinks he is mainly responsible for its existence. Hodge may be unjust in this. But who can wonder at his suspicions, when he never sees the parson insisting on having the laborers' side heard, or arranging the vestry meetings so that they can attend. The sooner the vestry is replaced by a council of some kind, in which Hodge shall find himself on an equality in voting power with any other inhabitant of the village, and the chairman of which shall not be the parson, unless

he is freely elected to that post, the better for everyone."

"Again, who is generally the leader of the Primrose League in a parish, or at least one of its most active agents? The parson, or more often, perhaps, his wife. Hodge knows what the Primrose League is, very well, and its objects. He knows it exists to keep him in his state of bondage, if it were possible so to do. Is it not pretty certain that every gift from one who is an active member of that League, or who is in open sympathy with it, is suspected? How can Hodge feel, and would he not be a hypocrite if he expressed any gratitude for such gifts?"

"Then, again, does not Hodge remember the use made in schools and confirmation class of the Church Catechism? Is not that generally used to enforce on him that it is his duty to remain in the position in which he was born, and to look to and obey the parson and the squire, and everyone in the place who is better off than himself? Yes, he remembers well enough. I believe that that teaching is a gross perversion of the words of the Catechism. The men who drew up the Catechism meant 'shall,' and not 'has,' when they wrote 'that state of life into which it shall please God to call me:' they meant 'betters' when they wrote 'betters,' and not 'those who are better off than myself.' But whether I am right or wrong about this, Hodge knows and remembers the use which is made of this 'further instruction' which the Church declares to be necessary for her full membership.

"The truth is that all that the parson does is tainted in Hodge's nostrils. Hodge sees in all that is done for him only sops to keep him quiet, and if possible contented, where, and as, he is. He thinks that parsons are very "deep customers" who hide under an appearance of sheepish—no, not sheepish, but lamb-like—innocence and charity a determination at all costs to keep things as they are, to oppose all reform, and especially to oppose all efforts on the part of Hodge himself to obtain a voice in the management of parish affairs, a share in the land of his own country, or in its increasing prosperity. Hodge wants more independence."

"Complaints are made that none but the old and feeble remain in our villages. Why is this? It is because town life is more interesting and progressive. Supply the elements of interest and progress to villages and they will not then be emptied. Bagehot has pointed out how in the past a progressive freedom has grown only with public discussion. This element must be given to village life, or rather, as our furthest ancestors on English soil would say, must be given back to it. In how many villages, even as things now stand, are the elections of churchwarden or overseer or parish representative in the diocesan conference carried out in the evening, when working men can attend? . . . What these men meet is not charity, but justice; not tidy footpaths and gabled roofs, but manhood; and manhood can only come to us by having a man's work to do. And a freeman's true educative work is not to cheer his squire's name at a harvest home, even though he be a good squire, so much as to learn independence through a share in the responsibilities of Government."—From "A Social Policy for Churchmen" in the *Economic Review*.

GIVE US BREAD.

"Give us bread or give us blood!" "Let us work for we are starving! Our little ones cry with hunger!" Give us living wages for honest toil!" Thousands of frenzied, gaunt rioters in Berlin are raising these first two piteous cries to heaven, among the palatial homes where plenty is so lavish that it runs over and becomes waste; even against the doors of the emperor's pal-

ace the hungry mob surged with all the desperation of despair; nearer home, in Indianapolis, the wires tell the story of more toilers, goaded to savagery by the gain-all-and-grind-down policy of wealthy corporations, threatening blood shed because their demand for an honest day's pay for an honest day's work is denied. All over the world, in city, town and mining hamlet are other men toiling away, perhaps still, but nursing wrongs in their hearts that need but the slightest touch to spring into a flame of devouring wrath that shall sweep the world with a bitter vengeful recompense for long years of endurance. And who is to blame? While corporations make from 1,000 to 10,000 per cent. on the capital invested, and grudge the man to whose muscle and brains these profits are largely due, the wages to keep a comfortable roof over his head, while a favored few waste thousands wantonly for a few hours amusement, and at their very doors Lazarus, worn out with hard work, cruelty and starvation, dies, vainly faltering his awful woe to thin, unhearing ears, so long will mobs and riots prevail; so long will the social fabric rest on a seething volcano, ready to spread ruin and desolation at any moment. This is a crisis in the world's affairs when the hundred-millionaire must change his heart and his ways. The cry of little children for bread, the tear of the homeless wanderer, the sullen look of utter discouragement in the eye of the toil-worn laborer, all cry to heaven for relief. And it will surely come, for never to such scenes, as are being enacted in various parts of the civilized world to-day, is the eye of heaven blind.—Cincinnati Post.

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