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MEETINGS.

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TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, September 8, 1892.

The last regular meeting on Friday evening was a thoroughly business assemblage, with President T. W. Banton in his place, as he always is. After usual preliminary routine business had been attended to in an expeditious and business-like manner.

Delegate O'Donoghue read the report of the Legislative Committee, a very interesting document, the publication of which, however, must unfortunately be delayed until next week.

On a motion to adopt the report Delegate Francis approved and agreed with the report except in so far as it reflected on the Chinese. He charged that the Committee were prejudiced against the Mongolian, and held that the Committee had not the courage to recommend any remedy for the evil they complained of. Mr. Francis stands alone in his views on this subject.

Delegate Parr, Chairman of the Committee, tersely upheld the report, while Delegate Chas. March wondered at Delegate Francis' lack of memory or knowledge of how the Committee had often a remedy, and which was every time approved by the Council—that remedy was total prohibition of Chinese immigration into Canada.

After a number of delegates had delivered themselves in the strongest language of their opinions as to the untruthfulness of the statements of Sir Chas. Tupper, the report was adopted.

The Municipal Committee having announced that that Committee had no report to present.

Delegate G. Bradley expressed regret that the Committee had taken no action or had not done something towards strengthening the hands of the Engineer in his fight with the Street railway.

Chairman R. Glockling banteringly replied that the Committee had taken no action in the direction referred to merely because they had no definite or authentic information upon which to act; and he thought that if Delegate Bradley was in possession of any such information it was his duty to confide it to the Committee.

Delegate W. H. Parr, from a special committee on the establishment and advantages of state free employment offices read a progress report, and as it also contains matter of very great interest we propose to publish it in full next week.

This progress report was warmly greeted, and was unanimously adopted.

Secretary Cribben announced, on behalf of the Demonstration Committee, that a reception to the members of the Dominion Congress would be held in Central Labor Hall, and that the Metropole hotel had been engaged as headquarters for the Congress.

On motion of Delegate O'Donoghue, seconded by Delegate Emmett, it was resolved unanimously, "That, whereas the city of Toronto has contributed largely towards providing for the erection of a drill-shed in this city, and whereas the contract for the erection of said drill shed has been awarded many months ago, and that despite this fact, and although there have been and are at the present time large numbers of mechanics and laborers suitable for the work idle in the city of Toronto; and whereas, further, practically no progress is being made by the contractors in the erection of said drill shed, there being only some fifteen or twenty men mechanics and laborers employed on the grounds; be it an instruction to the Municipal Committee to interview the city members of the House of Commons, and ask them to prevail upon the Federal Government to press the contractors to proceed more rapidly with the work."

Delegate Francis moved "That the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress be recommended to adopt the system of prison labor as reported to the Toronto Council at the last meeting as a permanent solution of the difficulty."
Delegate O'Donoghue strongly objected to the use of the words "permanent solution" and

and Delegate March, having agreed with Delegate R. Glockling as to the words moved in amendment that the words "permanent solution" be stricken out, and the words "the best solution to our knowledge" be substituted. The resolution as amended was adopted.

Delegate Bradley moved, seconded by Delegate Francis, "that it be an instruction to the representatives of the Toronto Trades

Council at the Dominion Trades Congress to attempt to secure the recinding of the act respecting the law of Landlord and Tenant by the Ontario Parliament."

On motion of Delegate Dower, seconded by Delegate Parr, the representatives of the Council to the Congress be instructed to move that the Provincial Government be requested to establish a Printing and Binding Bureau, and the Council adjourned.

At the last meeting of Hamilton Trades and Labor Council the Legislative Committee recommended the establishment of the Ontario Government of a Provincial Printing and Binding Bureau; and also recommended that the delegates to the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress be instructed, when the undertaking of the Ontario Government to manufacture binder twine in the Central Prison was dissonsed, to support such action as will tend to minimize the evil resulting from the product of prison labor coming into contact with that of free labor. It is probable that the Council will bring forward a candidate in each ward at the next municipal elections.

The Mail of last Tuesday says that on the previous day notice was served on the city that Contractor Neelon would apply for an injunction restraining the city from taking steps to remove him from the new Court house and restraining Architect Lennox from acting for the city. It is also sought to have the question of the supply of stone decided and a new architect appointed. Owing to the existing dispute only a few men are at work on the building, and it is altogether likely no more work will be done this season.

URIM.

OUR AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

CHIRROP SWAMP, August 1, 1892.

The distress is worse in Melbourne than when I last wrote, thousands still out of employment and in a state of semi-starvation. It has got so bad that farmers go out in batches ever week shooting rabbits and hares; these they send down to Melbourne, the government carrying them free on their own railroads and are handed over to committees appointed by the different metropolitan municipalities who in their turn dole them out with the addition of a few potatoes to those seeking relief. Are the people devils or gods? if not the latter, circumstances will soon make them the former. Where will it all end?

At Broken Hill there is a big strike among the silver miners and as the place is isolated the men stand a good show of winning. From what I can see of it the mine owners are trying to get the men to go in for a general reduction in wages all round, but when the fact stares us in the face, that there has been for some time past more than twice the amount paid away in big fat dividends to shareholders than there has been received in wages by the miners it looks as though the men had justice and right on their side. Contributions, despite the number of unemployed, are pouring in on them from all quarters. Pickets are posted all round the mines; co-operative stores are started and instead of strike pay the men are receiving stores. It appears some of the mines are caving in (not the owners) and the surface of the earth is cracking and unless this is speedily looked to, it will cost the owners a large sum for repairs.

The Parliament of Victoria has before it at present a village settlement scheme to settle the people on the land in small blocks. This if passed I trust will do a great amount of good, as it will place people who are willing to work in a position to earn their own living, and under conditions if the bill is properly framed, that will by dint of energy and perseverance, place them in a position of comparative comfort. At any rate the worst it can do is to take a lot out of our over-crowded cities and make it better for those who stop in.

At the present time in Melbourne, strong, able-bodied men are offering themselves for 12s. (\$3.00) a week and keep themselves. Just imagine a man offering himself for about the same money that he would get very poor board for in Montreal, and living out here is no cheaper than with you and not near so good, for the Australians as a rule are not good cooks as either Canadians or Americans. And just here let me say that I must say of all the places and countries I have been in there is no place that I know of where the women are such good cooks as in America. I have been in board-

ing houses out here and paid at the rate of \$4.50 a week and that is about the average, and had to be content with plum pudding that would present in sticking to the roof of my mouth and potatoes boiled with a bone in them and afraid to move to fresh fields and pastures new for fear that the potatoes would be all bone.

The Knights of Labor and the Single Tax movements out here are having a steady, ever increasing growth, and lately the former is exciting a good deal of interest which in due time will bring a good harvest of new locals. Of course we meet with opposition from the conservative trade unionists, but now some of them are joining us and finding out the error of their way.

The agricultural districts are just commencing to look nice and green and from all appearances a good harvest will be the result. Plowing and sowing are just over and now the work that is going on is clearing new land. The trees are pulled down now and let lie all summer and in a measure they become dry, a strip all round the part cleared is then plowed to prevent the fire from spreading and in harvest a fire stick is put any place among it and it will burn off in a couple of days. Should the fire escape beyond the plowed land most disastrous would be the result, it might burn the grass for miles around and the cattle would then have nothing to eat. In case of fire, every able-bodied person turns out and gets hold of either a wet bag or a green bough of a tree and tries to confine the fire to as small a space as possible, if a wind is blowing they stand a small show, then terrible is the result, farmers in a whole district lose everything. Fires are often started by some person carelessly throwing down a match and other times by the action of the sun's rays through a piece of broken bottle lying on the grass on an excessively hot day, for you must remember we don't have any milk and water summers out here. Sometimes it becomes so hot that men can't work even in the shade, but these days are few and far between.

Those of our readers who remember Gilbert Allan, who used to work in the C.P.R. shops, will be pleased to know that he is doing well and his two boys are quite men, he holds the position of treasurer in one of our locals of the K. of L.

WM. W. LYCHT.

DOMINION CONGRESS.

EIGHTH ANNUAL SESSION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TORONTO, Sept. 8, 1892.

Organized labor in Toronto is delighted at the great success of the Labor Demonstrations in Montreal and Ottawa. We expect a big demonstration here also on Saturday, all the organizations vying with each other in that direction.

The Dominion T. & L. Congress received a most hearty welcome from His Worship Mayor Fleming and the City Council in the City Council chamber at 10 o'clock this morning.

The aldermen's chairs were filled by the members of the congress and the aldermen. A large number of prominent local labor men occupied places outside the charmed circle. The President, Mr. Banton, made the introductory speech. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mayor Fleming, Rev. Father Rooney and Rev. Stuart Acheson. Mr. Lafontaine returned thanks on behalf of the congress.

The Congress afterwards met in the chamber of the Legislature, kindly granted by Hon. Sir O. Mowat, Attorney-General, at 8 p. m. The credentials of 75 delegates were presented and reported favorably upon.

The President, Mr. U. Lafontaine, read his annual address, which was as follows:—
To the Delegates of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress:
FELLOW WORKERS,—

I feel specially honored in being permitted to preside over your deliberations, and to welcome you to this eighth annual session of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress in this city of Toronto, so well known for her devotion to the labor cause and her constant readiness to defend and protect the interests of labor.

FELLOW DELEGATES,—

With perhaps the exception of the Province of Ontario, where certain useful measures have been adopted, as stated in the Legislative Committee's report, the result of the past twelve months' work, in what relates to labor

legislation, has not been very satisfactory. Our legislators, as a rule, are ill-disposed towards the measures we propose. Our friends are few and our foes many. But we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged. It is our duty to pursue our course with renewed energy and activity until our efforts are crowned with success.

The necessity of having some one to attend the sessions of Provincial Legislatures, as well as those of the House of Commons, presents itself to your consideration. Men of experience should be selected to watch the legislation of these different bodies. Such action would be of undoubted benefit to labor.

Your President should be empowered to visit the different places where his presence would be useful, either in securing needed legislation or in promoting our welfare.

The time has arrived for this Congress to enlarge its field of operations, and to take an active part in all matters pertaining to the rights of labor.

All Labor Organizations of Canada, without exception, should rally around our Congress and give it all the aid and support necessary to attain its aims and objects.

Several important measures will be submitted to you for consideration. Among these the Chinese immigration question should receive your special attention, and a strong resolution should be passed condemning the importation of such an undesirable class of immigrants into Canada. We should concentrate our efforts to try and relieve our fellow workers of British Columbia from this plague.

I call the attention of our legislators to the brutal usurpation of the police as well as the military powers by private detective agencies. Late events have given bloody examples of the work of these agencies in a neighboring country, and steps should be taken to prevent such illegal interference in this land. The law provides, and is strong enough, for the protection of all citizens, without the State turning over its powers into the hands of irresponsible persons.

I suggest the appointment of a committee to draw up rules and regulations for the establishment of a Board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Existing laws on the subject have failed to give satisfaction; they should be reconstructed, so as to meet the views of the Congress, and be more effective. Such Boards are of great benefit to commerce and industry in England and other countries, and they could be made so in Canada as well. The Committee should report during the present session if possible.

The reports of the different Legislative Boards, as well as of the Executive board, will be submitted to you for approval.

The Committee appointed for the revision of the constitution is ready to report its work. Great attention should be paid to its adoption for it embodies the fundamental principles which are the basis of this great institution. Have the constitution as perfect as possible before adopting it.

You have also before you the Secretary-Treasurer's report, with all the necessary items. In point of number we keep our ground pretty well, but we should make an effort to give this body more power, both financially and numerically.

I call the attention of the Ways and Means Committee to the fact that the revenues are altogether inadequate to the expenses, and means should be taken to raise the funds necessary to allow this body to extend its sphere of action and usefulness.

I return my most sincere thanks to the officers of Congress for the help rendered me, and more especially to the Secretary-Treasurer for the efficient and able manner in which he has performed the duties pertaining to his office.

I now declare the Eighth Annual Session of this Congress open for the transaction of business and the adoption of such laws as will be beneficial to labor and mankind in general. May harmony reign in your midst, your deliberations be conducted with moderation, and your decisions be wise, just and conscientious.

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted by applause, and it was referred to a special committee, as were the reports of the Executive Committee and the Secretary-Treasurer. To enable several standing and special committees to proceed to the duties assigned to them, the Congress adjourned at 5.20 until 9 a. m. to-morrow.

Sir John Abbot, it is announced, will leave for England in a few days on important public business.

The Gypsy's Prophecy.

CHAPTER I.

On a certain day in August, in the year 1816, there dismounted at the door of the office of the Captain-General of Granada, from a lean and sorry-looking donkey with a rope fastened around its neck for a bridle, a gypsy some sixty years of age, clad in rags, and of grotesque appearance, by profession a sheep shearer, and by name Heredia, who coolly said to the soldier on guard that he desired to speak to the Captain-General.

Needless to say that this request met with a prompt refusal from the sentinel, and excited the laughter of the orderlies, and much doubt and hesitation on the part of the *ade-de-camp*, before it was known to His Excellency Senor Don Eugenio Portocarrero, Count of Montijo, at the time of our story Captain-General of the ancient Kingdom of Granada. But as this nobleman was very good-natured, and had heard a great deal about Heredia, who was famous for his wit, for his shrewdness at making a trade, and for his propensity for taking possession of the goods of others—with the permission of the cheated owner—he gave orders that the gypsy should be admitted to his presence.

The latter proceeded to His Excellency's office, taking a step backward for every two steps he took forward, which was his manner of walking on ceremonious occasions, and when he had entered the room he knelt down and exclaimed—

'Long life to the Holy Virgin, and long life to your lordship, who is master of the universal world.'

'Rise; leave off your flattery, and tell me what it is you want,' responded the count, with assumed sternness.

Heredia, at these words, assumed a serious air, and said boldly—

'Well, then, I have come for the thousand reals.'

'What thousand reals?'

'The thousand reals promised some time ago, by proclamation, to the person giving information of the whereabouts of Parron.'

'What! Did you know Parron?'

'No, senior.'

'Well, then—'

'But I know him now.'

'What do you mean?'

'It is very simple; I went in search of him. I found him, I know where he is—and I demand the reward.'

'But are you certain that you have found him?' cried the captain-general, his curiosity getting the better of his incredulity.

The gypsy burst out laughing, and answered—

'Why, of course! Your lordship is thinking to yourself, perhaps—'This gypsy is trying to impose upon me like all the rest.' May God refuse me pardon for my sins if what I say is not the truth. Yesterday I saw Parron.'

'But do you know the importance of what you are saying? Do you know that for three years past the officers of the law have been searching for this monster, this sanguinary bandit, whose identity has never been discovered, whom no one has ever yet seen? Do you know that not a day passes in which he does not rob, in different places in the Sierras, travellers whom he afterwards murders—for he says the dead tell no tales—and that this is the only way in which he can be sure of always escaping detection and arrest? Do you know, in short, that to see Parron is to meet death face to face?'

The gypsy laughed again and said:

'And does not your lordship know that a gypsy can do what no one else on the face of the earth can do? Can any one tell when our laughter or our tears are real? Has your lordship ever heard of a fox as cunning as we are? I repeat, general, that I have not only seen Parron, but I have spoken with him.'

'Where?'

'On the Tozar Road.'

'Give me the proofs of it.'

'Listen, my lord. A week ago yesterday morning my donkey and I fell into the hands of a band of robbers. They bound me hand and foot and carried me with them over rocks and precipices until we reached an open spot in which they had their encampment. A dreadful suspicion tortured my mind: 'Can these be the followers of Parron?' I kept saying to myself, 'for if they are there is no hope for me; they will murder me to a surety, for that devil is determined that the eyes that have once looked upon his face shall never look upon anything in this world again.'

'I was making these reflections to myself when a man, richly and showily dressed, presented himself before me, and, slapping me on the shoulder, said with a gracious smile:

'Friend, I am Parron.'

To hear this and to fall flat upon the ground were one and the same thing.

The bandit burst out laughing.

'I rose, pale with terror, threw myself on

my knees before him, and exclaimed, in as persuasive a voice as I could command, 'Blessed be your soul, king of men!' Who could fail to know you by that royal bearing that heaven has given you! Oh, that mortal mother should bear such a son! Let me embrace you, my child. May the poor gypsy die unabsolved if he has not been longing to meet you and to kiss that imperial hand and tell you your fortune. I am one of your followers, too. Do you want me to show you how to trade dead donkeys for living donkeys? Do you want to learn how to sell your old horses for colts? Do you want me to teach French to a mule?'

The Count of Montijo could not refrain from laughing heartily at the gypsy's words. Presently he asked—

'And what answer did Parron make to all this? What did he do?'

'He did just what your lordship is doing—he laughed heartily.'

'And you?'

'I, senior, I laughed too; but at the same time tears as big as oranges ran down my whiskers.'

'Go on with your story.'

'He then extended his hand to me and said:

'Friend, you are the only man of brains that has ever fallen into my hands. All the others have the confounded trick of trying to move me to pity, of shedding tears, of uttering complaints, and doing other stupid things that put me in a bad humor. You are the only one who has made me laugh, and if it were not for those tears—'

'Senior, they are tears of joy,' I answered.

'I believe it. The devil knows that this is the first time I have laughed in more than seven years. It is true that I have not wept either. But let us put an end to this. Hey, boys!'

In the twinkling of an eye I was surrounded by a cloud of blunderbusses.

I thought myself lost. 'Heaven protect me!' I cried.

'Stop!' exclaimed Parron to his men. 'You are not wanted for that yet. I have called you in order to ask you what you have taken from this man.'

'A donkey without trappings.'

'And money.'

'Three dollars, seven reals.'

'Very well; leave us.'

They all withdrew.

'Now tell me my fortune,' said the robber, holding out his hand to me.

I took it, reflected for a moment, saw that this was a case for frankness, and said to him in all the sincerity of my heart—

'Parron, sooner or later, whether you take my life or whether you grant it to me, you will die by the hangman's hand.'

'That I know already,' responded the bandit, with the utmost composure. 'Tell me when.'

I began to consider.

'This man,' I said to myself, 'will grant me my life; to-morrow I shall reach Granada and lodge information against him. The day after they will seize him; then he will be committed for trial.' 'You ask when!' I said aloud. 'Well, then, it will be some time in the course of next month.'

Parron shuddered, and I shuddered too, knowing that I might pay for my vanity as a prophet with a bullet through the brain.

'Well, then, gypsy,' answered Parron slowly, 'you will remain in my hands; if in the course of next month I am not hanged, I will hang you as surely as my father was hanged. If I die before the expiration of that time, you shall go free.'

'Many thanks,' I said in my own mind. 'You will grant me my life after I am dead.'

And I regretted that I had made the time so short.

'As he had said, so it was done. I was conducted to the robbers' cave, where I was at once put under lock and key, and Parron mounted his mule and rode hastily away through the forest.'

'Now I understand,' said the Count of Montijo. 'Parron is dead, the robbers have set you free, and you have come with the information.'

Quite the contrary, general. Parron is alive, and now comes the most tragic part of my story.

CHAPTER II.

A week passed by, during which I did not again see the robber chieftain. As far as I could ascertain he had not returned to the cave since the afternoon on which I had told him his fortune—a thing of which there was nothing strange, according to what one of my keepers told me.

'You must know,' he said to me, 'that the captain goes occasionally to visit the lower regions, and does not return until the notion takes him. At any rate we know nothing of his doings during his long absence.'

By this time, by dint of entreaties and in payment for telling them their fortunes—that they were none of them to be hanged, and that they would all reach a good old age—I had succeeded in persuading the robbers to take me out of the cave every afternoon and tie me to a tree, for the heat of my prison was suffocating.

It is needless for me to say, however, that

I had always a pair of sentinels by my side. One evening, about six o'clock, the robbers who had gone out on duty that day, under the orders of Parron's lieutenant, returned to the camp, bringing with them a poor reaper, somewhere between forty and fifty years of age, whose hands were tied behind his back in the way we see in pictures of our Lord, and whose lamentations were heart-rending to listen to.

'Give me my twenty dollars!' he cried. 'Ah, if you knew how hard I earned them. A whole summer spent reaping under the hot sun! A whole summer spent far away from my native village, far from my wife and children! This was the way I saved up the sum on which we were to live during the winter! And when I was going back to them, longing to embrace them, and to pay the debts the unhappy creatures have incurred to live, how am I going to lose the money that is for more treasure? Have pity on me, gentlemen! Give me back my twenty dollars! Give them to me, I entreat you, by the sorrows of the Holy Virgin!'

A burst of mocking laughter greeted the unhappy father's supplication.

I shuddered with horror, where I stood bound to the tree, for we gypsies, too, have wives and families.

'Don't be crazy!' cried one of the bandits to the reaper. 'You are a fool to trouble yourself about your money, when you have more serious matters to think of.'

'What do you mean?' said the reaper, not comprehending how there could be a greater misfortune than that his children should be left without bread.

'You have fallen into the hands of Parron!'

'Parron! I don't know who he is. I never heard his name before. I come from a great distance. I am from Alicante, and I have been reaping in Seville.'

'Well, my friend, "Parron" means death. Everyone who falls into our hands must die. Make your last will, therefore, in two minutes, and in two minutes more commend your soul to God. Ready! Present! You have just four minutes.'

'And I will make use of them. Listen to me for pity's sake.'

'Speak.'

'I have six children—and an unhappy widow I shall call her, since I am going to die. I see in your faces that you are more cruel than wild beasts. Yes, more cruel, for beasts of the same species do not devour one another. Ah, forgive me! I don't know what I am saying. Gentlemen, some of you may be a father. Is there no one among you who is a father? Do you know what it is for six children to spend a winter without bread to eat? Do you know what it is for a mother to see the children of her love die before her eyes, saying, "I am hungry"—"I am cold"? Gentlemen, I only want to live for their sakes! What is life for me? A series of labors and privations! But I must live for my children's sakes! My children! Children of my soul!'

And the father dragged himself along the ground and raised his face to the robbers. Such a face! It looked like the faces of the saints thrown by Nero to the tigers, according to the way the priests describe them in their sermons.

'The bandits must have felt something stir within them, for they looked at one another, and seeing that the same thought had occurred to them all, one of them ventured to speak it aloud.'

'And what did he say?' asked the captain-general, profoundly moved by the gypsy's story.

He said, 'Gentlemen, Parron will never know of what we are going to do.'

'Never, never,' responded the bandits, in trembling accents.

'Be off with you, good man,' then said one of their number, in whose eyes the tears were standing.

I, too, made signs to the reaper to lose no time in taking himself off.

The unfortunate man rose slowly to his feet.

'Quick—be off with you!' they all repeated, turning their backs on him.

The reaper mechanically stretched out his hand.

'Are you not satisfied cried one? 'Well, if he does not want his money! Be off—be off. Don't put us out of patience!'

The poor father turned away weeping, and soon disappeared from view.

Half an hour passed, spent by the robbers in swearing to one another never to reveal to their captain the fact that they had granted a man his life, when suddenly Parron made his appearance, bringing back with him the reaper seated behind him on his mare.

The robbers drew back in terror at the sight.

Parron dismounted quietly, took down his double-barrelled gun, and pointing it at his comrades, said—

'Fools! scoundrels! I don't know why it is that I do not kill you all! Quick! give this man the twenty dollars you robbed him of!'

The robbers took the twenty dollars and gave them to the reaper, who threw himself

at the feet of the personage to whom the bandits all yielded obedience, and who had so good a heart.

Parron then said to him—

'God be with you! But for your information I should never have found them out. You see now that you dis-trusted me without reason. I have fulfilled my promise—you have your twenty dollars. Off with you, then?'

The reaper embraced him repeatedly, and went away joyfully.

But he had not gone fifty paces before his benefactor called to him again.

'How can I serve you?' he asked, anxious to be of use to the person who had restored his family to happiness.

'Do you know Parron?' Parron said to him.

'I don't know him.'

'You are mistaken,' replied the bandit. 'I am Parron.'

The reaper looked at him in amazement. Parron then levelled his gun and discharged both barrels into the body of the reaper, who fell in a heap on the ground.

'Curse you!' were the only words he uttered.

Notwithstanding the terror that darkened my vision, I noticed that the tree to which I was fastened shook slightly and that my bonds were loosening.

One of the balls had rebounded from the reaper's body and struck the cord by which I was fastened to the tree, severing it.

I concealed the fact that I was free, and waited for an opportunity to make good my escape.

Meantime, Parron, pointing to the reaper, said to his followers—

'Now you may rob him! You are fools! wretches! To allow that man to go as he did, shouting along the highways! If instead of me the soldiers had chanced to meet him, and had learned from him what had taken place, he would have led them to our hiding place, as he led me, and we should now all be prisoners! See what are the consequences of robbing without killing! But enough of preaching. Take and bury the body before it stinks.'

While the robbers were digging the grave and Parron sat down with his back turned to me to take some refreshments, I retreated cautiously, step by step, from the tree, and lowered myself into the nearest ravine.

Night had now fallen. Protected by the darkness, I hurried quickly out on the other side, and by the light of the stars descried my donkey peacefully grazing there, tied to an oak tree. I got on his back and never drew rein until I arrived here.

'Therefore, your lordship, give me the thousand reals, and I will give you in return the description of Parron, who has kept my three dollars and a half.'

The gypsy gave the bandit's description, received the promised reward, and went out of the office, leaving the count amazed at what he had heard.

It now remains to be seen whether the prophecy of Heredia with regard to Parron's future fate was fulfilled or not.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight after the scene we have just described, at about nine o'clock in the morning, a crowd of idlers had gathered in the streets of San Juan de Dios and San Felipe, in the aforesaid city of Granada, to witness the assembling of two companies of militia, who were to set out at half-past nine in search of Parron, concerning whose hiding place and appearance, as well as those of the companions of his evil deeds, the Count of Montijo had at last received authentic information.

The curiosity and the excitement manifested by the people were extraordinary—and no less extraordinary was the solemnity with which the soldiers took leave of their families and friends before starting on their important undertaking. Such was the terror which the name of Parron had spread throughout the whole of the ancient kingdom of Grahada.

'We are now going to form in line,' remarked one of the soldiers to a companion, and I don't see Corporal Lopez.'

'That is in truth strange, for he is always the first to arrive when we are going in search of Parron, whom he hates with his whole soul.'

'Why, don't you know what has happened?' said a third soldier, joining in the conversation.

'Hello! It is our new comrade. How are you getting on in the company?'

'Admirably!' returned the person addressed.

The latter was a man with a very pale countenance, whose distinguished bearing accorded ill with his private's garb.

'You were saying—' said the first speaker.

'Ah, yes! that Corporal Lopez is dead,' responded the pale soldier.

'What is that you are saying, Manuel? Impossible! I saw Lopez this morning. I was as close to him as I am now to you.'

The person called Manuel answered coldly—

'Well, half an hour ago Parron killed him.'

'Parron? Where?'

'Here! In Granada! The body was discovered on the Dog's Hill.'

These words were followed by a silence, which Manuel broke by whistling a patriotic song.

'That is the eighth soldier in six days!' exclaimed a sergeant. 'Parron seems determined to exterminate us. But how does he happen to be in Granada? Were we not going in search of him to Sierra de Loja?'

Manuel left off whistling and said, with his accustomed indifference of manner:

'An old woman who was a witness to the crime states that after he had killed Lopez he declared that if we went to look for him we should have the pleasure of finding him.'

'Well, comrade, you are blessed with a wonderful amount of coolness! You speak of Parron with an air of contempt—'

'Why, what more is Parron than a man?' replied Manuel haughtily.

'Form in line!' several voices here cried simultaneously.

The two companies formed in line, and the calling of the roll began.

At this moment the gypsy, Heredia, chanced to pass by, and stopped, like everyone else, to admire the fine appearance presented by the soldiers.

Manuel, the new recruit, was noticed to tremble slightly and fall back a little as if to conceal himself behind his companions.

At the same moment Heredia's glance lighted upon him, and giving a cry and a spring as if he had been bitten by a snake, he took to his heels and fled in the direction of the street of San Jeroaimo.

Manuel levelled his musket and took aim at the gypsy.

But one of the soldiers threw up the muzzle of the gun as he pulled the trigger, and the ball fell harmlessly to the ground.

'He is mad! Manuel is mad! One of the soldiers has lost his reason!' cried out the spectators of the scene.

And officers, sergeants, and peasants surrounded the soldier, who struggled violently to set himself free, and whom, therefore, they bound all the more securely, overwhelming him with questions, reproaches, and insults, to none of which he responded by so much as a word.

Heredia meantime had been arrested in the Plaza of the University by some passers-by, who seeing him run after hearing the shot fired supposed that he had committed some crime.

'Take me to the office of the Captain-General,' said the gypsy. 'I must speak with the Count of Montijo.'

'What Count of Montijo are you talking about?' his captors responded. 'Here are the soldiers, and they will know what to do with you.'

'It is all one to me,' responded Heredia. 'Only take care that you don't let Parron kill me.'

'Parron! What is the man talking about?'

'Come with me and you shall see for yourselves.'

So saying, the gypsy caused his captors to lead him before the captain of the militia, and, pointing to Manuel, said—

'Commandant, that is Parron, and I am the gypsy who gave his description two weeks ago to the Count of Montijo.'

Cries of 'Parron! Parron is taken! Parron was a soldier!' were heard on all sides.

'There can be no doubt about it,' the commandant was meantime saying to himself, as he read the description furnished by the Captain-General. 'How stupid we have been! But who could have thought of looking for the bandit chief among the soldiers who were going to capture him?'

'What a fool I was!' Parron was at the same time saying to himself, as he looked at the gypsy with a gaze like that of a wounded lion; 'he is the only man whose life I have ever spared! I deserve what has happened to me!'

The following week Parron was hanged. The gypsy's prophecy, then, was literally fulfilled.

'Which, be it observed, does not mean that we are to believe in the infallibility of such prophecies; much less that Parron's conduct in killing every man who happened to fall into his hands was deserving of approval. It signifies merely that the ways of Providence are inscrutable to human reason—a doctrine than which, in my opinion, none could be more orthodox.'

A special agent of the National Bureau of Labor Statistics, who had just returned from an official investigation of labor in Pennsylvania, in a conversation is reported as giving utterance to the following, which, if true, reveals a surprising state of affairs: "Show me a place in Russia where the people are miserable and starving, and I will match it in Pennsylvania. Show me a community in Europe where the poor have lost all hope and are only waiting for death to release them from their sufferings, and I will match it in Pennsylvania."

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

Kansas City has 26 union printing offices. Philadelphia building trades have amalgamated.

New York printers are collecting money for Homestead workers.

The last great iron and steel strike was in 1872, and cost \$12,000,000.

The bookkeepers and office men of Grand Rapids, Mich., are organizing a union.

Philadelphia printers have adopted the six day law, with a \$5 fine for violation.

Mexican bricklayers lay 500 bricks in 11 hours; American, 2,500 in nine hours.

Eighty-four thousand carpenters will not handle a nail manufactured by Carnegie.

The Pinkertons claim they can concentrate 2,000 men at any point on 48 hours' notice.

The commercial telegraphers of the United States are engaged in forming a national brotherhood.

The Central Labor Union and Builders Trades Council of San Francisco are about to consolidate.

The Sheet Iron and Cornice Workers International Association shows a total membership of 24,861.

Cleveland Typographical Union No. 53 is renewing its attack against the Leader printing company of Cleveland.

Cigarmakers' local union No. 2 imposes a fine of \$2 on members refusing to take part in Labor Day demonstrations.

Striking Chicago boiler-makers are talking of starting a co-operative shop, and have been promised support by many unions.

The printers lockout in Des Moines, Ia., for demanding an apprentice system proved short-lived, as a majority of the employers have signed the scale.

The Battle Creek Council has resolved that the bridge to be built in that city shall not be constructed of Carnegie iron or steel under any circumstances.

A writer from Pittsburg says that nine men have been recently killed by the machinery in the Homestead mill, one man going clear through the rolls.

New York Central Labor Union has issued a call for a convention on November 4th, to devise ways and means to check monopoly and overthrow plutocracy.

It has leaked out that the great strike of the New York Central several years ago cost the Vanderbilts \$2,000,000, and of this sum the Pinkerton brothers got \$15,000 for "meritorious services."

Boston District Telegraph boys struck on Monday, organized and applied for a charter from the A. F. of L. on Tuesday, won the strike on Wednesday and went to work on Thursday. They're not very slow.

The Trades and Labor Assembly of Chicago declines to patronize the Chicago Musical Union, who demand \$7 a day per man, for the reason that the union only asks \$5 from other civic bodies for the same service.

Tanners and carriers of Milwaukee are still on strike and firm as ever. Over 900 men have been out for the last six months. They are fighting a noble fight, and have a great army of capitalists arrayed against them.

In the Central Labor Union of New York a resolution was offered to call a congress of all labor organizations in the country to discuss the new aspect of the labor movement brought about by the undisguised use of civil and military power by the capitalists for subduing striking workmen.

The New York Theatrical Protective Union has decided upon the following scale. For machinists, \$30 a week, and when traveling \$35; assistant machinist, \$20, and when on the road \$25; property men and assistants, \$35; property men when traveling, \$25, and their assistants, \$20; electricians or gas men, \$21; stage carpenters, \$3.50 per day; stage hands, \$1.50 for each performance. Double rates for overtime and Sunday work and 50 cents an hour for rehearsals.

EUROPEAN.

Labor unions of Queensland have resolved not to recognize Queen Victoria.

The Congress of Miners in Germany have started a paper, an official organ.

Printers' International Congress, representing the whole world, will shortly meet at Berne, Switzerland.

Italy has a new labor paper, whose motto is: "Workmen of all countries, unite!" It is called *The Class Struggle*.

CANADIAN.

About 50 of the 80 or more motor men and conductors employed by the Hamilton Electric Street Railway Company went out on strike at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. The men left their cars standing on the tracks all along the lines of the company, and the directors are now making a great effort to move them. About 30 of the

employees refused to strike, and these with a few unskilled men are trying to keep some of the cars running. On some of the cars the Messrs. Griffin and other directors are acting as conductors, but as yet they have been unable to move traffic to any extent. The strikers claim that the company have been working them 15 hours a day during the week, while the agreement with the city was that the men were not to be compelled to work more than ten hours a day. It is also said the company refuses to pay the motor men and conductors for overtime, as was stipulated. The managers of the company were approached by a committee from the street railway employees' association yesterday, but the latter were refused a hearing, and every man who approached them on the subject was discharged on the instant. The strike is for ten hours a day, extra pay for overtime and reinstatement of the discharged union men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ohio volunteers are climbing out of service as fast as possible. They recognize the beauties of swell officers' thumb-hanging treatment.

The feeling of the working classes in New York over the recent disturbances is developing into a bitter hatred for the monopolistic class of employers.

Thousands of people in New York sleep in the parks, unfinished buildings and on vacant lots. It is so stated by the police. Among them are many women.

Carnegie is going to break into the English Parliament. If the voters trip him up he can come back to this country and buy a seat in the United States Senate.

The Church of England congress has under discussion the industrial condition of women. Mrs. Annie Hicks and Miss Clementine Black are the leading agitators in the cause.

Cost of Racing in England.

L. H. Curzon estimates the horses at present devoted to the service of the English turf, including those in training, sires, mares, foals and yearlings, at 10,000. On these he puts an average value of £300 apiece, and on the £3,000,000 thus obtained he charges five per cent interest, making £150,000 a year for capital account. He then assumes that half the 10,000 horses are in training, and allows £156 per head for trainers' bills, making £780,000 a year, £10 per head for entries and forfeits, making £50,000 a year, and £25 per head for traveling expenses and jockeys' fees, amounting to an additional £125,000 a year. These sums make up a grand total of £1,105,000 as the annual cost, including interest of capital and expenses of the horses devoted to the service of the turf. No charge is made for the expenses of the stud farms. He puts the number of persons employed in the various capacities in direct connection with racing at 10,000, and the average earnings of these, including board and lodging, at £1 a week each, or more than £500,000 a year.

A thousand pounds, says Mr. Curzon, for riding a Derby winner has come to be looked upon as quite a common fee, and he states that over £5,000 on one occasion was paid to the rider of a Derby winner. The Saturday Review believes that £3,000 of this was given him by the owner of the colt and the rest by other people who had won largely in bets. As the author very truly states, jockeys receive many presents besides money, such as dog carts and yachts and cases of champagne. A famous jockey received, it is said, in two seasons, as many boxes of cigars as would have stocked a modest shop, and he was given seven gold watches (he always used a silver one) and seven finger rings set with diamonds.

Glass Has a Mysterious Origin.

There is little known in regard to the invention of glass. Some of the oldest specimens are Egyptian, and are traced to about 1500 years before Christ. Transparent glass is believed to have first been used about 750 years before the Christian era. The credit of the invention is given by the ancient writers to the Phoenicians, a party of whom were driven ashore near the mouth of the river Belus, and lighted a fire with kali, a plant which grew there abundantly. They noticed that the sand, when mingled with the ashes of this plant, melted into a vitreous substance. Among the first cities noted for the manufacture of glass were Tyre and Sidon. There is every reason to believe, however, that the world owes the art of glass making to the Egyptians, who carried the art to the highest perfection; and that the glassworks at Disopolis, capital of the Theboid, formed the first regular manufactory of it. Glass was introduced into Rome in the time of Cicero, and some of the most beautiful specimens were made before the Christian era. During the middle ages the Venetians were the most famous makers of fine glassware, and after them the Bohemians. Though the art of making glass and blowing it into all sorts of shapes was known so early, it was not used for windows until about A. D. 300.—Detroit Free Press.

All That The Traffic Will Bear.

Here is an illustration—taken from the Virginia (Nevada) Chronicle—that was going the rounds of the press several years ago, but it is good enough to reproduce.

A communitic person identified with the dangerous classes of the Comstock, and notorious for his disregard of truth and contempt to vested rights, has just returned from a visit to San Francisco. Monday morning he endangered the good name of the Chronicle by entering its editorial room. The Nihilist declared that he had 'a good thing on Stanford and Steve Gage,' but he supposed the Chronicle, like the rest of the corrupt and time-serving press would be afraid to publish it.

'Tell your story,' said the editor with dignity, gazing enquiringly at the boot of the Socialist, which was resting upon the editorial table. The boot remained there, however, while the following ridiculous narrative was delivered:

It's fine weather on the bay and everybody who can afford it takes a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were w'king along Kearney street, and when they got to the corner of Bush, the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow and remarked:

'Steve, it's top hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?'

'Have we time?' inquired Mr. Gage, pulling up his watch. So did the Governor who replied:

'There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have our horses; let's take a hack and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the dices.'

So they got into a coupe and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the Governor alighted.

'What's the fare?' asked the Governor.

'Only \$15, Gov'nor.'

'What!' yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

'Fifteen dollars,' repeated cabby, unbuttoning his coat and spitting on the hands.

'But, my good man,' protested the Governor, 'such a charge is exorbitant. The law confines you to a reasonable price for your services and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance.'

'Hang the law,' growled the cabby. 'My money bought and paid for this hack and horses, and as Governor Stanford said in his letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, 'the essence of ownership is control.'

'Hem!' coughed the Governor, looking at Steve, who began to grin. 'That's all well enough when applied to my railroads, but—'

'but—now if you charge us \$15 to bring us to the park, what on earth would you charge us to the Cliff House?'

'Five dollars.'

'From here?'

'No, from the city.'

'But it's twice the distance!'

'Yes, but it's a competitive point. Fifteen to the park, five to the cliff. No hogging about it. Through rates to the Cliff, local rates back to the park added, just as you fellows do when you charge \$300 for drawing a car-load of stuff from New York to Frisco, and make it \$800 if you drop the car at Elke, about 500 miles nearer New York.'

It was Steve's time to cough and the Governor's to grin.

'Well,' said the Governor with a sigh, 'take us to the cliff.'

At the Cliff House the Governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals and filled their lungs with sea breeze. Suddenly Steve clapped himself upon the leg and cried out:

'By Jove! Govenor, I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the sheriff is to sell at 3 o'clock. If we miss that a chance to save at least a thousand dollars will be gone.'

'Good heaven!' cried the Governor, snatching out his watch, 'let's hurry back at once!'

'Driver! oh, driver!'

'Yes, sir,' answered the cabby, who was leaning over the balcony parapet within earshot, 'here, sir.'

'We want to return to town immediately,' cried Mr. Gage.

'Ya-as, I suppose so,' said the cabby, slowly, chewing a straw, 'but I'll take my pay in advance if it's all the same to you, gents.'

The Governor growled somewhat between his teeth and tendered him \$5.

'Tain't enough,' said cabby, contemptuously.

'In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go?' snorted the Governor, 'How much more do you want?'

'Five hundred more,' calmly replied the hackman.

'Heh!' shrieked Steve and the Governor.

'Five hundred and not a cent less,' replied cabby.

'How, sir—er—damme, sir! how do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentle-

men four or five miles?' spurted the Governor.

'I base my charge on what the traffic will bear; same as railroads does,' replied the hackman, with a grin. 'If taters are sellin' in Los Angeles for 50 cents per bushel and at \$3 a bushel at Tuscon, you fellers charge the poor devil of a rancher \$2.50 a bushel to haul his taters to Tuscon and gobble all the profit.'

'Now, I ain't as hoggish as that. I heard Mr. Gage say if he could get into town by 3 o'clock he could make a thousand dollars. As they ain't no other hack here, I'm as good a monopoly for this wurst as any blasted railroad on earth, but ain't so greedy. I don't want all you can make by usin' my hack. I'm willing to get along with half.'

With a dismal groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pocket and counted the money.

'Now, see here,' said cabby, as he closed the door of his hack upon his victims, 'I've done for wurst what you roosters day in and day out have been doin' for years and made your millions by it. I happen to be able to give you a small dose of your own medicine for wurst, an' I don't want you to do no kickin'. I know you can send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles; but if you jails me I'll have to have your blood when I git out, an' don't yer forget it.'

Hereupon the hackman clapped the door to with a bang, and, climbing to his seat drove at a rattling pace to the place where the sheriff was about to sell out poor Smith Smith was a coal dealer who didn't have special rates.

When the Nihilist had finished this absurd and libelous tale he took his foot off the editorial desk laughed hoarsely, and departed for the nearest socialistic haunt.

OF COURSE THIS IS NOT CONSPIRACY!

The wholesale sales agents met Thursday last in Philadelphia to fix the price of coal to the local retail trade for September. The price outside of Philadelphia has already been advanced 25 cents a ton, and as the output of coal for September has already been limited to 3,000,000 tons, it is expected that a similar raise will go into effect here. This will make the retail price \$6 per ton, chuted in for all sizes except pea, which will probably remain unchanged.

The Wholesale and Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange is rapidly perfecting its organization and increasing its membership. The exchange has taken no action in regard to price, but it is its intention to do so as soon as the organization is completed. A majority of the members favor the adoption of an iron-clad agreement regulating the minimum price at which coal will be sold and imposing a heavy fine on every dealer cutting prices. To insure payment of the fine all dealers will be required to deposit \$100 with the treasurer, to be deposited with a trust company. Dealers who do not join the exchange and who persist in cutting the prices established by the exchange are to have their supply of coal cut off. Wholesale dealers cannot refuse to take their orders, but will plead shortage of cars as a reason for not filling them and this will force them to become members.

Members of the exchange claim that the price of coal to the consumer will be regulated on an equitable basis which will give the retail dealers moderate profit and that no effort will be made to squeeze high prices out of the consumer. Whether this is true or not the price of coal for September will be 75 cents a ton higher than it was all last winter, and the expectation of those who are in the trade is that coal will be considerably higher by the time cold weather sets in.—Philadelphia Press.

Reading Makes a Full Man.

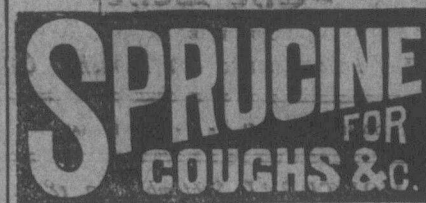
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Advertisers entitled to change of matter should send in their copy not later than Wednesday morning to ensure insertion same week.

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DOMINION CONGRESS MEETING

The Dominion Trades and Labor Congress is now holding its annual session in Toronto. The sittings commenced on Thursday, Mayor Fleming extending an official welcome to the delegates. The only business was the appointment of a Committee on Credentials by the president, Mr. U. Lafontaine. The president's address, which will be found elsewhere, points out several matters which he considers it would be well for the Congress to consider. Among the most important of these is the question of a further restriction on Chinese immigration, which has become a burning question in Canada. The delegates, we believe, are almost a unit in favor of not merely restriction but total prohibition of this undesirable class, who never can, from the nature of their existence, assimilate with Europeans. Quite recently there has been an alarming influx of Chinese into this city, and it is felt by the authorities that large numbers have come into the country without the payment of the license fee. It is more than time that some stringent measures should be taken to prevent their increase ere the evil of their presence becomes felt through the spread of disease. Only the other day officers who made the arrests of several Chinamen on suspicion of smuggling opium reported that the building in which the almond-eyed Celestials herded together was a den of filth, and recommended a visit from the sanitary officials. A vigorous protest from the Congress, backed by affidavits and an array of facts, which are readily obtainable, might have some effect with the Federal Government at the present time when the gaunt presence of the spectre cholera is so close at hand.

Another very important question likely to come up for discussion is the establishment of State boards of conciliation or arbitration for labor disputes. Boards of arbitration would, no doubt, become effective if compulsory and their awards binding, but otherwise their usefulness would amount to nothing. But we have always found that capitalists are averse to arbitration in any form, even of the go-as-you-please description, and what a howl would be raised if an attempt is made to make reference to them compulsory supporting the wage-earners could get Boards constituted. The capitalist argues that arbitration of the compulsory—or effective—variety is impossible under any circumstances, and the arguments he adduces to prove this statement are of the usual rickety

kind, warranted not to stand the application of any reasoning power. It is alleged that if the conclusion of an arbitration board is unfavorable to the employer he cannot be forced to carry on "his" industry at a loss, and in like manner, if the workers find that the decision is against them they cannot be rounded up by militia, armed with rifles and bayonets, and forced to labor at that which they abhor. These difficulties, however, may easily be surmounted by a well-considered Act; but parliaments as at present constituted will never deal seriously with such a matter. The monopolist has by far the best chance of success at present in all industrial conflicts, and he and his legislative tools are aware of the fact. A just measure of arbitration would interfere with the liberty of the subject, that is of the capitalistic subject—to pulverize his workers; the pulverized one has little or no liberty left to interfere with. And we scarcely wonder at capitalistic opposition to a just measure of arbitration, because it would remove long-enjoyed privileges of which he has had a full monopoly up to the present time and distribute these privileges fairly between both parties. With a just measure of arbitration in Canada and an honorable board of arbitrators industrial strife would come to an end and strikes and lock-outs would cease.

We hope that the deliberations of the Congress will result in procuring an increase of material prosperity for the wage-earner and the advancement of his social and political condition, besides helping to cement and build up Canada as a nation, which cannot fail to follow if the workmen are helped to a higher plane and taught to think over and work for their own interests.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION.

The most sanguine predictions of the promoters of the Labor Day demonstration were more than fulfilled. There was a splendid turn-out in the procession and a large and good-humored crowd at the picnic, which, by the way, was the most successful, bar none, of any ever held under the auspices of any society or body in this city. The sports were run with a promptness and celerity which was appreciated by the spectators, and for almost every event there was a large number of entries while in most of them competition was extremely keen. A very gratifying feature of the picnic was the orderly behavior of the vast crowd and the entire absence of any appearance of drunkenness on the grounds. This was undoubtedly due to the strictness with which the committee adhered to their resolution to allow no liquor of any kind to be sold on the ground, and although they may have lost financially through the adoption of such a resolution they will ultimately profit by gaining the countenance and support of the best class of citizens for their next undertaking.

Through what must have been a mistake, the funny man of the Witness was let loose to report the proceedings of the day for his paper, and the way he jumbled up things—through his efforts to keep under the comic side of his nature and give something like an intelligent description of what transpired—was something amazing. His conception of the walking delegate loitering in a carriage and smoking a prime Havana at the expense of simple-minded wage-earners is not entirely original. This caricature has been drawn time and again by other capitalistic papers than the one he represents, and yet the poor deluded fools of workmen fail to see their folly! Our comic friend evidently knows very little about walking delegates and their mission else he would not have fallen into the error of supposing every man who wore a plug hat in the procession one of the class whom he overwhelms with his cutting satire. If the

truth must come out, there is only one walking delegate in the city and he, poor fellow, had to hoof it with the majority. But the walking delegate is not the only one who suffers at the hands of this petty scribbler of the Witness. He sneers at everything connected with the procession and at everyone who took part in it, the little fellows who headed it even coming in for a share of his thinly veiled malice. We would advise the managing editor on another such occasion to avoid calling upon the funny man to write up the report.

A rumor is in circulation that Mr. M. P. Ryan, the present Collector of Customs, will shortly be placed on the superannuation list and that Mr. Robert S. White, editor of the Gazette, will succeed to the position. Mr. White's well-known urbanity and genial disposition should make the appointment a popular one among all classes, and as to his fitness for the post there can be question. Mr. White is an established favorite with his confreres of the press, who will no doubt, while regretting his severance from journalism, to which he is such a high ornament, be ready with their congratulations as soon as the appointment has been officially announced.

The Provincial Board of Health is evidently alive to the gravity of the situation at the present time, and have issued a proclamation, backed by the Provincial Government, that no immigrants will be permitted to land within the borders of the province. This may be a stretching of the powers, but just the same it is the proper course to pursue under the circumstances, and the people of this country will breathe all the easier knowing that their safety is being well looked after. It is not believed that there will be any conflict between the Federal and Provincial authorities over this usurpation of the former's powers, as the danger is too great to admit of delay in discussing questions of procedure.

Single Taxers will regret to hear that the Standard, the foremost exponent of that doctrine has ceased to exist, the last number containing the editor's valedictory, alongside of which are a few short words of farewell from Mr. Henry George. The paper was founded and carried on by Mr. George, who, however, severed all connection with it over a year ago, to propagate his theory of taxation from land values and well and ably has it performed its mission. Its editorials were generally trenchant in tone, while containing sound and unrefutable argument and were altogether of a high order of literary merit, so that by its non-publication a void will be felt in the world of letters. Mr. George in alluding to the suspension says: "The work that the Standard was intended to do has been done, and the larger field into which our movement has passed, there is no longer need for it. For the usefulness of a journal devoted to the propagation of an idea must diminish as its end is attained. Needed while it is the only means of presenting that idea to the public and keeping its friends in touch, that need ceases as the idea finds wider expression and journals of general circulation are opened to it."

The Machine Wood Worker truthfully remarks that if all Union men were workers scabs would soon be as scarce as vegetation in Sahara. The curse of unionism is the deadly apathy that at periodical intervals overcomes its members. The first symptoms of this apathy are non-attendance at meetings, which leads to growling and dissatisfaction if they hear of anything taking place that does not go down with them. Growling is rapidly succeeded by discontent and suspicion, all of which might be obviated if the dis-

contented had attended the meetings regularly and watched the course of business. Boys, don't neglect the meetings, you will always learn something at them good for you to know.

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 (CUT PLUG)
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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.
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Cut Plug, 10c. ½ lb. Plug, 10c.
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Sudden Disappearance

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

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

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CRUSADER
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FURTHER ARRIVALS
 OF LEADING EUROPEAN NOVELTIES
 Just to Hand comprising all
 the Latest Productions in
LADIES' OUT-DOOR GARMENTS.
THIS SEASON.
 Our Stock will exceed those of all previous years in
VARIETY, ELEGANCE AND VALUE.
 No pains have been spared in collecting every new and stylish garment from all European manufacturing countries.
 S. CARSLEY'S.

Mail orders carefully filled.

MANTLES!

Among the Novelties will be found a large assortment of

LADIES' BOX COATS

In all Fashionable Colors,
In all Fashionable Lengths.

NEW CLOTH COATS

In suitable weights for early and late Fall Wear,

All Handsomely Embroidered,
All Handsomely Braided,
And trimmed in all the latest and most fashionable styles.

Novelties in Black Cloth Coats,
Novelties in Colored Cloth Coats,
Novelties in all kinds of Coats.
S. CARSLEY.

Miss Vere—"Why, Mr. Bat, how many times more are you going to be 'best man' before you get married yourself?"
Mr. Bat—"Oh! not yet—there are plenty of good fish left in the sea yet."
Miss Vere—"Yes, but are you not afraid of the bait getting a bit stale?"

MANTLES!

LADIES

Desiring a Fashionable and Very Dressy Coat should ask for the

WATTEAU PLEATED COAT.

Produced in Black and All Colors.
A Large Variety of
LADIES' NEW SEASON'S COATS.
Trimmed with Fur.
Lined throughout with Fur.
LADIES' COLORED CLOTH COATS
With Fur Trimmings.
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With Fur Trimmings.
LADIES' CLOTH COATS IN ALL
STYLISH LENGTHS FOR
THE SEASON.
S. CARSLEY.

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Red Riding Hood Cloaks.
In all shades of Cloth.
New Cloaks for street Wear.
New Cloaks for Travelling.

PELERINES.

So much worn during the past season, will be greatly in demand during this, and we are now prepared accordingly to fill all demands. New Paletots in all styles.
New Mantles in all styles.
New Dolmans in all styles.
JUST RECEIVED,
A fine stock of Opera Cloaks.
S. CARSLEY.

Smith—"That cough will get you into trouble if you don't get rid of it."
Jones—"How so?"
Smith—"You ask so much the police will arrest you for not having a dog license."

DRESS GOODS.

FOLLOW THE FASHION.

By having a stylish and substantial Tweed Dress for the coming season. Now on hand a splendid stock of Tweeds in all the most fashionable shades and colors.
New Irish Costume Tweeds,
New Scotch Costume Tweeds,
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New Knickerbocker Costume Tweeds,
New Yorkshire Costume Tweeds,
Plain and Striped Costume Tweeds,
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Mail Orders receive careful attention.

FIRST BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT
THEN GO AHEAD.
 If you take cold and lose your health, you cannot properly attend to your business. If you do not attend to your business you will not succeed in it.
 If you wear Rigby Waterproof Garments, you reduce your chances of taking cold, with its attendant disastrous results, to a minimum. Ponder this over and form your conclusions, then act.

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.

"The New Forum, editorially dealing with the labor question, has this to say," said Phil: "It is with capitalism—with plutocracy—to say whether or not we shall have a peaceable solution of the war already on between capital and labor. If left to them, the great common people of this country will settle the question at issue by the ballot, and in doing so will take the reins of government into their own hands—re-possess themselves of the government, as they have the right to do." But will they be permitted to do so? That's the question. The men from behind the plows, from the mines, from the shops and factories, the men who build the roads and operate them, the men who dig the ditches, constitute the great majority in this country. They can wield an overwhelming power if they choose to do so, and it looks now very much like they were going to do it, too. But will the greed and selfishness of capital permit them to do it? That they will do it there is not a doubt, but can they do so peaceably? That's the question."

"I don't believe they can," continued Phil. "Capitalism shows, by calling out the militia and police in times of strikes to intimidate, overawe and shoot down laborers, that it intends to fight, and the reckless manner in which blood is spilt and lives are taken by 'constituted authority' in 'protecting' property at such times, proves conclusively that governments, as constituted at present, are the pliant tools of capital. It is this way in the States, in Canada, and elsewhere. Under such circumstances there can be but one answer to the question which the Forum asks; we will have to fight. You may possess yourselves of the reins of government and pass all the laws you like, yet, if they are antagonistic to the money interest, capital will override all of them or else corrupt the judiciary and have them declared unconstitutional; and if you force the issue further it will, by hiring Pinkertons or private watchmen, meet you with force just as the ranche owners of Wyoming are doing at the present time. The so-called Rustlers are in reality a sheriff's posse composed of law abiding settlers led by a Deputy United States Marshall to protect the settlers in their rights—they represented constituted authority and acted in a lawful manner. They were sworn in as constables and ordered to arrest several ranche owners for the murder of two settlers who had objected to the cattle kings taking forcible possession of their land. The law was clearly and admittedly on their side, but what did these capitalistic land thieves do? Did they submit? Not much! Armed with Winchesters, and led by one of their number who is an ex-officer of the United States army, they killed some and chased the rest of the sheriff's posse from off their territory. Did the governor call out the militia to uphold the majesty of the law or to protect the property of its citizens who in this case were poor squatters? Not a bit of it; he didn't take any notice of the whole affair, although the ranchers took possession of the disputed farms and hold them still. It makes all the world of difference whose ox is gored in matters of this kind and indicates what you may hope to accomplish in a constitutional manner. I believe that bullets, and not ballots, will, after all, have to settle this question. It is too bad that it is so, but everyday happenings show that organized capital with the military at its elbow will not quietly submit to organized labor with nothing but right on its side. If I had boys I would teach them how to shoot, because some day they will need it. Don't

throw up your hands in holy horror; I don't counsel violence, but I would like to see labor prepared for what I believe to be the inevitable. Take an unprejudiced and impartial survey of the great field of battle. Everywhere labor dissatisfied and struggling for recognition of its rights, and everywhere constitutionally gaining point by point, but as fast as beneficial legislation is enacted capital either boldly overrides it by brute force as in Wyoming, or else skilfully evades it as the Reading is doing in Pennsylvania, and labor is practically worse off in the end than at the beginning. It is a great deal more aggravating to have a good law and not see it enforced than to have no law at all. There is not a single law in the civil or criminal code of any country which has not at one time or another been overridden by corporate capital, and there is not a poor man in any country who is not compelled to obey the letter and spirit of every law enacted. There is not a single case on record where the military has been used to protect the interests of labor, no matter how just the cause or urgent its need, and there is no pretext so flimsy but this same power is successfully worked by capital, no matter how unfair or unjust its attitude may be. Now, all this can have but one ending, and I for one would like to see labor prepared for it."

"You are not the only one who thinks that way, and that line of thought is not at all confined to work ingmen," said Brown. "Among capitalists there are many men who are naturally kindly and naturally generous, and withal, gifted with intelligence enough to see things as they are. They read the signs of the times correctly and occasionally raise a note of warning or lodge a protest against the action of the majority of their class. Let me read to you an extract of what one of their number, James Brisson Walker, has to say about the Homestead affair in the last number of the Cosmopolitan:

That was a curious interview between the commandant of the militia, the gentleman born and bred—with an inheritance of belief regarding the rights to accumulate property, even if in so doing one crowded one's fellow mortal to the wall—and the iron workers who constituted the Homestead committee. Gold-spectacled, practiced in the art of snubbing and sure of the physical strength at his back, the officer was more than a match for the laborer, who in his turn was awed by his inherited respect for wealth and power. Chilled and overawed, the representatives of labor went down the hill from this unequal interview. The general in charge had neither the grace nor the will to recognize a labor association which embraced a membership large enough, if properly organized, to sweep out of existence the entire army of the United States. They must have reflected, as they went down the hill these representatives of labor, that if a militia organization carried such weight, permitted such freezing dignity upon the part of a citizen towards other citizens, it might possibly be well for their interests to have a few thousands of their own men enrolled in this same militia. There is nothing to prevent a body of American citizens from organizing themselves as a militia organization with proper arms and equipments. There are enough workmen in Pittsburg and vicinity to give a hundred regiments of the full complement of ten companies of seventy men each, with as many more left over for onlookers at parades. Six months of hard drill such as the enthusiasm of these men would permit would leave them equal to the best of the Philadelphia troops. Does anyone believe for an instant that, if there had been a hundred such regiments among the workingmen of Pittsburg, General Snowden would have declared that he could not recognize the existence of such a body of men as the Amalgamated Association?

I don't wish to add one word to what he says, except this much, that what he did say is well worth consideration."

BILL BLADES.

THE COLDNESS OF SPACE.

We rarely realize how easily the earth parts with its heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams out into its illimitable depths. Away out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degrees below the

freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the daily recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiated space is robbing us of our heat, and fighting with demonic power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill.

So, after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by 6 per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose it in space.—Harper's Magazine.

The Slaves of Ants.

Certain warlike species of ants, as *Formica sanguinea* and *Formica rufescens*, have subjugated a negro species, *Formica fusca*. Here, again, ants, while behaving like men, have never allowed themselves the abuse of force to which men are accustomed. They never enslave adult ants; they seize upon the pupæ, bring up the young, treat them gently, and thus turn them into docile and zealous servants.

The slave ants, who have never known the city from which they sprang, do all the inferior work of the community with eager alacrity, care for the larvae, carry their mistresses, feed them, barricade the approaches in case of siege, receive the victorious amazons with joy when they return from a fruitful expedition, and relieve them of the pupæ captured in the raid. They are so thoroughly on the side of their employers that it is believed they molest those who return from an expedition with empty mandibles.

As for these slaves, their labor is purely domestic. In some English ant hills, the slaves never leave the nest. In Switzerland some go aphis hunting, a business scorned by the warrior ants. The warriors always seem to consider the black ants who serve them as their property, and though they may allow themselves to be carried by their slaves, these soldiers, in their turn, do not disdain to carry their servants, for safety's sake, when changing house, or, in case of a siege, to drag them hastily down into the depths of the subterranean dwelling.

This system of slavery has certainly lasted for many centuries in the ant world, but it has not existed always, as is attested by certain survivals, because, in certain species, that pampered progenitrix, the queen, participates in the labors of the community exactly like a humble worker.

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From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the goods that leave our Mantle Department carry the tidings of its success. Every day the same story in a similar way is repeated from one end of the city to the other. That it deserves the record it has achieved, most ladies know. To those who have not yet experienced the pleasure and satisfaction of having their orders executed here, we simply say, call before fixing elsewhere this season and see how well we manage these things.

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 - New Linen Towels, from 35c per dozen.
- For the best values in all kind of Linens come to JOHN MURPHY & CO.

FOR THE BATH.

- New Bath Towels, from 10c each.
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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

Charles Leger, a boy employed in the Ottawa Citizen office, was accidentally drowned while bathing at Kettle Island, three miles below the city, on Sunday afternoon.

The attention of the Government has been drawn to the fact that European immigrants who arrive via New York are transported via the C. P. R. at Prescott without quarantine inspection.

A novel lathing contest has just been concluded at Winnipeg, Man., between an Icelander named Goodman, and a Toronto man named Taylor. It lasted one day and nine hours. The Icelander won, covering 340 yards, which ordinarily is three men's work, in a day. The Icelander drove 22,780 nails.

William Worth, a young man working in Caswell & French's steam mill, in Holland, near Rock Island, Que., was killed by a splinter from a log thrown off by the saw Saturday morning. The piece of wood entered his right lung, going nearly through his body. He lived only about ten minutes.

A Belgian miner, named Pierre Bouquet, was killed in a Picton county colliery Saturday afternoon. His partner had put in a mine and blown out the middle as usual and proceeded to bore a hole for the corner shot. Bouquet proceeded to further mine the corner without examining the coal, but the centre shot had fractured the wall of coal, which gave way, killing Bouquet.

Thomas D. Cheney, alias Henry L. Montage, the ex "A" Battery man, who is at present in Watertown, N. Y., gaol awaiting trial on a charge of forgery, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon. The attempt was a failure. Cheney had been talking suicide since the first day of his incarnation and made the remark that no one in his right mind would kill himself. The instrument employed was a razor used by the prisoners in shaving.

William Caldwell, of Pleasant Point, Ont., had occasion to leave home on Saturday evening. He did not return till after midnight and on entering his bedroom to retire, he noticed his wife kneeling by the side of the children's cot, apparently offering her evening devotion before retiring. Thinking that she had been waiting up for his return, he did not disturb her. After waiting a few minutes and noticing that she did not move, he went to her side, when he made the horrible discovery that she was dead.

Probably never in the history of Cornwall has the town been thrown into such excitement as it was on Tuesday, when three peaceful and law abiding citizens of Cornwall lay dying at the G. T. R. station, the victims of a revolver in the hands of a cowardly assassin, James Slavin, who committed the terrible deed, is better known by the name of "McMahon," his father and step-mother living in Cornwall. He was brought up in this town, leaving here about five years ago for the Pacific coast. He returned to Cornwall, and meeting several persons with whom he had formerly been acquainted, brandished a loaded revolver, and expressed a desire to shoot some one before he left the town. Washburn's circus was in Cornwall, and after the procession, which took place between 10 and 11 o'clock, a large crowd of people had assembled on the grounds which are situated near the G. T. R. station. The crowd was well sprinkled with drunken men, and many free fights took place, the combatants in each case being separated by the spectators. Special Constable John Davey was amongst the crowd doing his best to keep order, while Slavin was also around with a bottle of whiskey in one pocket and a .38 calibre self cocking revolver in the other. "McMahon" got into an altercation with a character known as "Black Diamond" Roach, and a clinch ensued, McMahon drawing Roach to the ground. In the meantime Lafesse, who is a peaceful citizen, interfered and in an instant McMahon's hand went towards his pocket, from which he whipped out his revolver. The first shot he fired into the sidewalk, and the second straight at Lafesse's breast and immediately the spectators who stood around horrified, heard Lafesse cry out: "My God! I'm shot! Send for a doctor!" McMahon rushed straight up the street, where he met Policeman Davey, accompanied by Louis Lafaise, and the two latter, who heard the shooting, grabbed McMahon, who held on to the revolver, pointed it straight at Davey's breast and fired, the ball passing through his heart, killing him instantly. A second afterwards he fired in Lafaise's breast, the ball striking him in the right breast and lodging in the shoulder.

American.

Hon. Daniel Dougherty died at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon at Philadelphia, Pa.

The Australian steamer from Butaritari, Gilbert Islands, at San Francisco, brings news of the seizure of the islands in June by Great Britain.

Fifty thousand workmen paraded the streets at Chicago Monday. The procession

was nearly double the size of any previous one on Labor Day in Chicago.

An epidemic of typhoid fever has broken out at the New York State hospital for feeble minded children in Syracuse, N. Y. Nearly fifty cases are raging and a dozen deaths have occurred.

The two barges, Onéata and Guiding Star, which broke away from the schooner City of Toledo, on Tuesday night, during the storm near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., are believed to have gone down with the two crews of sixteen men.

Under date of September 3rd, President Harrison accepts the nomination for President, officially tendered him June 30. The letter of acceptance is a formidable document of 8,000 words and reviews the work and policy of the present Administration.

The West Shore train No. 13, which left New York at 4.15 p.m. for Albany, jumped the track about one mile below Cranston, N. Y. The engine, tender and two baggage cars went into the Hudson River. The engineer, fireman and baggage master were drowned.

Catherine Horan, wife of the captain of the canal boats Hayden and Barnes, while stepping from Gare's Look to the deck of the Hayden, at Syracuse, N. Y., last night, with a lead pencil in her hand, stumbled and fell upon the pencil, which was driven through the eye full length into the brain. She died a few hours later.

European.

The eruption of Mount Etna is abating in violence.

Fifty houses were burned at Diepper near Cassel, Germany, Monday.

Four more bodies have been extricated from the ruins of the old Palazzo, which collapsed on Sunday at Naples. It is known many other persons were killed by falling of the structure.

The Lancashire Tenant Farmers' Association has issued a manifesto declaring that the agricultural depression is unprecedented, and demanding a permanent reduction in rents, the abolition of the law of distress and the formation of land courts.

Mr. Gladstone denies that he did not offer Mr. Labouchere an office because of certain incidents connected with Mr. Labouchere's position and occupation, and says that Mr. Labouchere's action in voting against the royal grants was no bar to his holding office.

The True Gentleman.

The true gentleman carefully avoids what ever may cause a jar or jolt on the mind of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment, his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving while he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean; who mistakes the point in the argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than when they find it.

The legal status of a "picket" has not been clearly defined in this country. In England the abstract right to "picket" an establishment on strike and use moral suasion on applicants for work is apparently recognized by statute, but threatening or molesting non-unionists is forbidden.

The All New Englanders defeated the Gentlemen of Ireland in the first cricket match by the following score: First innings, Ireland 89, New Englanders 120; second innings, Ireland 41, New Englanders 6, with 14 wickets to spare.

Jay-Eye-See now has the championship trotting and pacing records of the world, 2:10 trotting and 2:08½ pacing.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

Between four and five thousand people, among whom were the officers of the French visiting warships, witnessed the match between the Shamrocks and Montrealeers. The match was exceptional in this respect that there was a great deal of unnecessary rough play, accompanied by mean and contemptible fouling, which reflected anything but credit upon the players concerned. The referee was unfit for the position, and several of his rulings were manifestly unfair. The Shamrocks had a close call, indeed the narrowest shave they have had this season, although they finally won by a score of 4 to 3.

The Star and Gazette teams played a match last Saturday afternoon for the press championship. Just before the commencement there was a little dispute regarding the personnel of the teams and their relationship to the respective establishments represented, but finally matters went smoothly, and it is not likely the dispute will reach the executive of the C. L. A. Some of the players, unfortunately, depended more upon their slashing abilities than their merits as lacrosse players, and, as a matter of course, complaints of bruised ribs and sore arms were ripe after the game. As the "reg'lars" came in for the largest share of wacks, it gave rise to the suspicion that there was a deeply designed plot to enforce a lay-off in order to give the "subs" a howl. The unsatisfactory ending of the match, which resulted in a draw slightly in favor of the Gazette, shows the folly of commencing a game at such a late hour, especially at this season of the year. Among the players who distinguished themselves for the Gazette were Fraser, Peeney, Drew, Murphy and Drury, while the brightest among the Stars were Tate, R. Taylor and Maguire. The officials were Mr. Fairbairn, referee, and Messrs. H. Wilson and J. Moran, umpires. The teams were under Wm. Campbell, Star, and Dave Smith, Gazette.

The Toronto-Capital match was not wanting in excitement, at one period of the game a free fight taking place in which the spectators joined. It is alleged that the fracas was caused by the field captain of the Capitals deliberately hitting one of the Toronto players a blow with his fist. The match resulted in five goals to three in favor of the Capitals.

QUOITING.

A gold medal, presented by a member of the Montreal Quoiting Club, gave rise to a series of very interesting handicaps into which nearly the whole of the members of the club entered. The final draw was played off last Saturday, the players being Messrs. James Burns and Wm. Watt. Mr. Burns won by a score of 31 to 29, and thus becomes the holder of the medal.

THE RING.

The first contest of the series in the great pugilistic tournament at New Orleans took place on Monday evening. The contestants were Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer, who scaled respectively 137½ and 137½ pounds. McAuliffe was the winner in 15 rounds.

The next of the series took place on Tuesday evening, and was between Geo. Dixon, the colored Boston boy, and Jack Skelly, of Brooklyn, who, until before this event, ranked as an amateur. From the very beginning of the fight it was evident that Skelly had flown at too high game. Dixon fought all round him, and after a severe punishment, Skelly was taken off in the eighth round.

The third and principal event of the tournament came off on Wednesday evening, when excitement was at the highest pitch, and the Olympic Club House was packed with a seething mass of humanity anxious to see the great struggle between the redoubtable John L. and Corbett. Punctually on time the men appeared and for several rounds both sparred cautiously for an opening. When fighting did begin in earnest it was Corbett who did it all and landed with telling effect on the big fellow's face and body without receiving anything worth mentioning in return. From the opening rounds it was a foregone conclusion that unless Sullivan could get in one of his heavy right-handers it would be all up with him, and as he failed to do this and Corbett kept hammering away judiciously, until the twenty first round until a favorable opening when he sailed in and finished off the big chap in great shape. After the twenty-first round Sullivan was counted out and Corbett declared the winner, receiving quite an ovation from the crowd.

A CHAMPION HIGHLAND DANCER.

Mr. Fred Riddell, the well-known Highland dancer and piper, recently arrived back in town from a tour in the neighboring Republic, when he travelled as far west as Milwaukee. While on his tour Fred took in the leading Caledonian games, at most of which he was very successful, winning no less than fifteen first prizes, fourteen second and ten third. At the recent Caledonian games held here he also carried off the dancing events besides securing a place in the

pipering contest. This is a good season's record, although if merit alone had determined the record would have been still better, but in many instances local prejudices stood in the way of securing first place. However, Fred is very well satisfied with the success he achieved, which is certainly very creditable indeed, but predicts that he will do still better next season.

THE POLICE GAMES.

The annual Police games on Wednesday afternoon were well attended, and were a gratifying success in every way. The various events were keenly contested, but by far the most exciting feature was the tug-of-war between four men of the Toronto force and four of Montreal. After a very hard struggle the Montreal men succeeded in retaining their supremacy by two pulls to nothing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new bicycle is talked of in England in comparison with which the safety is as the ordinary to the present low wheel.

There are 240 entries to the Great Eclipse stakes to be run at the spring meeting, 1893, of the New York Jockey Club.

Jim Hall and Ted Pritchard intend to give sparring exhibitions in England and then come to America together.

George Bubear has returned to England and is seeking a single scull race with W. G. East, to whom he forfeited the championship while in Australia. Bubear has a four-oared crew he may bring to the World's Fair, which can pull the distance in record time.

Budd Doble is the first reinsman to drive three trotters to the world's record. They are Dexter, 2:17½; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, and Nancy Hanks, 2:7½.

Austin Gibbons, the lightweight "pug," has arrived in England.

Six Canadian trotters and ten pacers have taken records of 2:30 or better this season.

Ted Pritchard claims that his defeat by Jim Hall must be attributed to the fact that he was training 14 weeks, and went stale.

Ten thousand people saw Hanlan and O'Connor defeated by Gaudaur and Hosmer in a double scull rowing race on the Genesee river at Charlotte, on Lake Ontario, Monday evening. The course is said to be three miles long. The winners' time was 14:50.

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Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale
Cream Soda Cider, &c
GLADSTONE!
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To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.
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Is undoubtedly the BEST of
Cough Remedies. **25c** A Bottle.
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Red Spruce Gum Paste.
The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations.
25c a Box.
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FURNITURE,
Upholstering, Bedding, Stoves, Etc.
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In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.
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Of all Grades and Standards.
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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS,
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lb. and 8 lb. each.

GLENDINNENG'S
"LEADER" Stoves
Embrace every requisite
Necessary to
Delight the good housewife.
In manufacturing them
Neither time or money is spared,
Nothing overlooked. Our
Endeavor to make a stove second to
None, and the popular verdict is we
"GET THERE!"

What say you, Sir Knight (or his wife)?

Sale rooms:

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

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray haired king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah, truest soul of womankind
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!"

—"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears;
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen;
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

It is curious how a woman who screams
at a mouse is not startled by a millinery
bill that makes a man tremble.

A citizen of Cork being asked one morn-
ing how he came by that black eye, an-
swered that he slept on his fist.

Magistrate—I hope I shall not see you
here again. Old Offender—Not see me here
again! Why, you ain't going to resign your
office, are you?

Magistrate—Were you intoxicated when
you committed the assault? Prisoner—I
must have been, your honor, for t'other fel-
low's twice my size.

Doctor—Unfortunately your circulation
is not as good as it might be. Newspaper
Proprietor—No; but, thank goodness, the
advertisements are coming in.

Wife—Nothing for me? Then you have
forgotten that this is my birthday. Hus-
band—Not at all. Only I didn't wish to
remind you that you've grown older.

Customer—Look here, I haven't these
trousers a week, and they bag at the knees.
Tailor—That is not my fault, sir; you
shouldn't be so ardent in your proposals.

Smith—That ought will get you into
trouble if you don't get rid of it. Jones—
How so? Smith—You bark so much the
police will arrest you for not having a dog
license.

A small boy in Battersea made a sensa-
tion for a short time by quietly transferring
a card bearing the words, "Take one" from
a lot of handbills in front of a shop to a
basket of oranges.

A Business Head—Lady—I wish to get a
birthday present for my husband. Shop
Assistant—How long married, madam?
Lady—Ten years. S.A.—Bargain counter,
to the right, madam.

How do you like married life, Emily?
Oh, immensely. Really? Yes, really.
We've been married exactly a month now,
and we've had ten quarrels, and I've got the
best of it every time.

Aged Lover—You treat me as if I were a
dog. Coquette—Oh, no, I don't. I like
dogs. I pat them on the head, take them
out walking, and I even let them kiss me;
I don't treat you that way, do I?

Friend—You took your son into your es-
tablishment some months ago, to teach him
the business, I understand. How did it
turn out? Business Man (wearily)—Great
success. He's teaching me now.

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, admitted
the abilities of a criminal who was un-
doubtedly an accomplished murderer, for
the judge said: Y're a clever chiel, but y'll
be nane the waur of a hanging, my man.

Servant, delivering message—Mr. Brown
sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam with
the request that he will shoot his dog,
which is a nuisance in the neighborhood.
Gazzam—Give my compliments to Mr.
Brown, and ask him to kindly poison his
daughter or burn her piano.

Of course, Miss Gulpure, said Mr. Cash-
mere, tenderly, as he let his hand lie un-
re- sistingly in hers, I fully understand that

you have asked me to be yours, not because
I am rich and popular, and not because it
is leap year, but from a genuine affection
you have for me; but before accepting your
proposal finally, I have one question to ask.
What is it, dearest? she inquired, as she
folded her strong arms about him. What
is it? I would like to know, he hesitated,
if, after we are married, you are to be Mrs.
Cashmere, or am I to be Mr. Gulpure?

Truthful Hannah.

Now, Hannah, when I do not wish to see
any one that calls, I expect you, so say, Not
at home, said the model mistress.

But wouldn't that be a lie, ma'am? asked
Hannah.

Not at all. It means Not at home to you,
which is quite different from saying that I
am out. Do you understand?

Yes'm, said Hannah, I think I see what
you are driving at.

She soon had an opportunity to put her
new learning into practice. A lady called
whom Hannah's mistress did not want to
see, and the girl met her with the very bear-
ing and front of truth as she said:

Not at home to you, ma'am.

A Reminiscence of the Late Census
Census-taker (to the queen of a certain
kitchen on Maryland avenue, Baltimore—
What is your name?

Queen of the Kitchen—My name's Ma'y
'Liza Jones.

Census-taker—Where were you born?
Ma'y 'Liza—I was born in Glou'ster Cote
House, Pagnia,

Census-taker—How old are you?
Ma'y 'Liza—I reckon I's 'bout twenty-
three years ole.

Census-taker (examining the elderly
black countenance before him with a puz-
zled expression)—Were you born before the
war, or since the war?

Ma'y 'Liza (indignantly)—I was born 'fo'
de wah, I ain't no sence de wah nigger.
Dese here sence de wah niggers ain't no
'count. It's a 'fo' de wah nigger.

Census-taker—Are you married?
Ma'y 'Liza—I reckon I is; I got a mar-
ried daughter where got one child.

Census-taker—How long have you been
married?

Ma'y 'Liza—I speak I been married 'bout
twenty years. I got seven chillen, an' all
dem's grown.

Census-taker (reading aloud)—Mary
Eliza Jones. Born before the war at Glou-
cester Court House, Va.; aged 23 years;
been married twenty years, and the mother
of seven grown children.

Protection Pudding.
What do you call this, Mary? demanded
the husband as the wife served him his de-
sert, something in a saucer that he was to
eat with a spoon.

Protection pudding, answered the wife,
made after a receipt that Mrs. Harrison
gave me.

What Mrs. Harrison? The President's
wife?

No, nor no relative of hers; else her hus-
band would have an office, wouldn't he?

Well yes, I suppose so. But what Har-
rison is it?

Mrs. Charles Harrison, James.

Mrs. Charles Harrison? Who's Mrs.
Charles Harrison?

Why, James, you've seen her fifty times.
She irons your shirts and things.

The husband said nothing more for a
minute. Meanwhile he made an investiga-
tion, prying about in the saucer with his
spoon.

Protection pudding, after a colored wash-
erwoman's receipt! he muttered after a
while, and then, looking up, he demanded:
Say, wife, what is this pudding made of?

Made out of dried apples, James—dried
apples, eggs and sugar. Receipt came ori-
ginally from the American Protective Tar-
iff League.

Pshaw, Mary, what are you talking
about?

It's so, James. Mrs. Harrison went to a
political meeting where somebody told her
and the other darkies how much the Gov-
ernment had done for the poor people of the
country by passing the—the—what was it,
James, that the Government passed, any-
how?

The McKinley bill? Is that what you
mean?

Yes, James, that's it. Well, after the
speaking was over, a white woman stood
up and asked the colored ladies to stay a bit,
and form a protection club. They all staid,
of course, and when the women had the
halt to themselves, the white woman told
what she wanted.

My dear friends, said she, we are only
women, you and I, but we can do something
for our country in the campaign that is just
opening, if we only will. We can throw the
home influence in favor of that great party
which has done so much for the cause of
liberty, humanity, and American industries.
Let us form a protection club, the funda-
mental principle of which shall be that it is
the duty of Americans to stand by America,
to wear American goods, to eat American
food!

And they formed the club, of course?

Yes, indeed, James, and the white woman
sent the secretary a big bundle of Protec-
tion Cook Books the next day, and one of
the receipts is what I have followed in
making this pudding. Soon Mrs. Harri-
son told me about it I said at once to Jen-
nie, hurry home and get your cook book.
My husband's the greatest protectionist in
America, and he'll be delighted to have me
make him a protection pie or pudding. I
took the pudding receipt because it was easi-
est made.

But why do you call it protection pud-
ding?

The cook book calls it that. It says that
everything that goes into it is protected.
Here's the receipt:

PROTECTION PUDDING.

Dried apples, protected, 2 cents a pound.
Eggs, protected, 5 cents a dozen.
Milk, protected, 5 cents a gallon.

Take two large bowls soaked and dried
apples, ten fresh eggs and three quarts of
milk. Beat them all up together and bake
in a hot oven until fit to eat.

Say, Mary.

Well, James, what is it?

Mary, I've lived with you twenty five
years, and have eaten everything that you
you've ever cooked for me, and have never
made a wry face at anything, but I can't eat
protection pudding. I'm a protectionist,
and am willing to stand by the dried apple
industry with my pocketbook, but I never
ate a piece of dried apple in my life, and
never will. Say, Mary, you just buy a dol-
lar's worth of dried apples every week and
burn 'em up. That'll ease my conscience
and won't hurt my stomach.

Then James walked around to Mary's
chair and gave her a kiss. As he strolled
down town, smoking his cigar, he caught
himself wondering if it wasn't carrying pro-
tection a little too far to put a tax on dried
apples.

Seems to me, said he, it ought to be just
the other way; a man ought to get a bounty
for eating them.

The She-Devil of Chaleur.

Several writers, among them the eminent
Samuel de Champlain, tell awful stories of
the work of a supernatural monster that
formerly inhabited the islands of the Bay of
Chaleur. To the Indians of the Chaleur re-
gion of this terrible being, which always
appeared in the form of a woman, was
known as the gou-gou. As printed, the
word is usually divided, and pronounced
with a quick, guttural sound, not wholly
unlike the goo-goo of a baby.

This monstrous Amazonian, the legend
tells us, lived on human flesh. She caught
Indians by the dozen and stowed them
away in pouches at her hips, the pouches
being large enough, so an old Indian told
Champlain, to hold fifty ponies. Hundreds
of the Indians living around the bay de-
clared to both Willis and Champlain that
they had often seen the horrid monster step
from island to island, and that her head
was higher than a cloud. From what they
say, Champlain writes, I should say that
Chaleur is the dwelling place of some devil
that torments them in the above named
manner.

A Strange Spanish Industry.

The Paris ginger bread fair, as it is called
which is held every spring in the Faubourg
St. Antoine and the place de la Nation, is
notorious for the number of natural and ar-
tificial phenomena exhibited there to the
public, says the London Standard. This
year their number has been greatly in-
creased by the arrival of about twenty cul-
de-jatte, who are wretchedly lodged in huts
on a piece of waste ground in the Cours de
Vincennes. These cripples, whose minute,
shrivelled up legs are curled up on the boards
on which they sit, form a colony, which
calls to mind the Cour des Miracles of for-
mer times. Every morning they all issue
forth, propelling themselves with their
hands, to take up their places at the fair,
there to await the pence that may be thrown
to them by the compassionate passers-by.

Their aspect is so pitiful that it is said
many of them make a real harvest, which,
however, of course, goes to the beggar far-
mer. It appears that twenty or thirty
years ago the cul-de-jatte were almost un-
known in France and that these deplorable
looking cripples are the product of what
may be called an industry. Almost all these
numerous deformed little creatures come
from Spain, and more especially from Tolo-
sa, or in the neighborhood situated at about
fifteen miles to the south of St. Sebastian.
They are the outcome of the abominable
practices of beggar farmers, who seek their
victims among the children of the peasants.
When there is a weakly boy in the family
they persuade the parents that he can never
be anything but a burden to them unless
they consent to have him transformed into
a cul-de-jatte, and promise to pay them a
trifle a day so long as the cul-de-jatte is left
with them.

The operation to which the unfortunate
creature is subjected is as effectual as it is
simple. The legs of the child are so tightly
compressed that the circulation of the blood

in them is stopped. Little by little the legs
wither away and the cul-de-jatte is manu-
factured. In 1867 M. Waldeck Rousseau, the
minister of the interior, prohibited the intro-
duction of these Spanish culs de-jatte into
France, but it is estimated recently that
three hundred or four hundred of the poor
creatures cross the frontier every year. They
are now seen in almost every town in France
and have got as far north as Belgium. To
be a cul de-jatte must be a very profitable
trade for the beggar farmers who manufac-
ture them and bring them from Spain, as
these traders pay the parents of the poor
cripples a pittance of only fifty centimes to
one franc a day for their hire.

How to Tell Iron From Steel.

A writer in the Glasgow Engineer, in
pointing out some of the most practicable
data in testing iron and steel, lays down a
simple rule to start with—namely, that in
any case where a fracture of iron gives long,
silky fibres of a leaden hue, the fibres cohe-
ring and twisting together before breaking,
it may be considered a tough, soft iron.
Further, a medium, even grain, mixed with
fibres, is a good sign, while a short and
blackish fibre indicates badly refined iron,
a very fine grain also denoting a hard and
steely iron, which is apt to be cold short and
hard to work with a file. Again, coarse
grain with a brilliant crystallized fracture
and yellow or brown spots, denotes a brittle
iron, cold short, working easily when heated
and welding well.

Nitric acid will produce a black spot on
steel—the darker the spot the harder the
steel—while iron, on the contrary, remains
bright if touched with that acid. Good steel
in its soft state has a curved fracture and a
uniform gray lustre, but in its hard state a
dull, silvery, uniform white; again, good
steel will bear a white heat without falling
to pieces, and will crumble under the ham-
mer at a bright heat, while at a middling
heat it may be drawn out under the ham-
mer to a fine point.

Scientific Pearl Making.

An ingenious American has applied for a
patent for making real pearls by artificial
means. The material of which the oyster
makes its pearl is certainly cheap and plen-
tiful enough. If you take the shell of a pearl
oyster and scrape or grind it off the outer
coat you find a sheet of about one eighth of
an inch in thickness of the precise substance
which the oyster deposits around any foreign
body, as a grain of sand, etc., which gets
caught under its mantle, thus producing the
pearl of commerce. Why not, says the ex-
perimentalist, take this sheet of naacre, dis-
solve it in acid, and then deposit the pearl
in layers about a shot or pea suspended in
the solution, thus copying the process of Na-
ture?

Unfortunately, the pearls thus obtained
are mere lumps of carbonate of lime, which
entirely lack the iridescence which in the
pearl production is indicated by an extraor-
dinary treasure which was lately shown at
the Smithsonian Institute. This was a
pearl the size of a pigeon's egg, of an exqui-
site rose color, and the receptacle containing
it was the original fresh water mussel in
which it had been formed. The nucleus of
this gem beyond compare was nothing more
or less than an oval lump of beeswax, which
had been placed a few years ago between the
valves of the mollusc, which, to protect itself
from the irritation caused by the presence
of the foreign body, at once proceeded la-
boriously to coat it with the pink naacre it
secreted for lining its shell. The mussel
was kept in an aquarium while engaged in
its lengthy task. It belongs to a species
common in American rivers, and it is sug-
gested that the success of the experiment
opens to everybody the possibility of estab-
lishing a small pearl factory for himself by
keeping a tank full of tame mussels and
"humbugging" them into making "great pink
pearls" for him.

This latter method certainly seems more
promising and feasible than the former, but
despite the existence of both, we do not
think there is any great fear of the value of
pearls (which has lately been enhanced by
their scarcity) being seriously affected
thereby.

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BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892:
7th and 20th JANUARY. 3rd and 17th FEBRUARY. 2nd and 16th M
6th and 20th APRIL. 4th and 18th MAY. 3rd and 17th AU
1st and 15th JUNE. 6th and 20th JULY. 8th and 19th OCTOBER.
7th and 21st SEPTEMBER. 5th and 19th DECEMBER.
2nd and 16th NOVEMBER.

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LABOR DAY!

Its Enthusiastic Observance

BY THE WORKINGMEN OF MONTREAL.

Thousands of Toilers Line up in Parade

AND A VAST CROWD AT THE PICNIC.

The great festival of Monday last in honor of Labor will for a long time remain green in the memory of those who participated in it. The weather in the early part of the day was all that could be desired, and at an early hour the processionists began to rendezvous at various points near the Champ de Mars. By about nine o'clock all was in readiness for a start, but there was a slight delay in waiting for the platoon of police who were to lead, and it was not until half after that hour till the signal was given by the marshals and the procession began to move. Following the police came a large express drawn by four horses containing the K. of L. Juvenile Band who played a lively quickstep. Naturally a little nervous on a first public appearance, they gained confidence later on, and on the whole did remarkably well. They were heartily cheered all along the route, and the encouragement everywhere received ought to stimulate the boys to greater efforts at improvement. They have a competent instructor in the person of Mr. Barley, who has succeeded wonderfully well with the crude material under his tuition. Following the band came the Sons of Organized Labor, numbering nearly five hundred, many of whom carried bannerets inscribed with appropriate mottoes. Among the mottoes were: "Our Fathers Lead, we Follow," "Give us Free Education," "We Demand a Full Share of the Wealth we Create," "Down with Monopolies," "The Land for the People," "Keep Away Pauper Immigrants," "An Injury to One is the Concern of All," &c., &c. It would be next to impossible to enumerate all the Unions and Assemblies in the procession and describe their handsome banners and appearance, but the strongest numerically were Black Diamond and River Front Assemblies, K. of L., Cigarmakers' Unions 126 and 58, Flint and Green Glass Workers and the Plasterers. Among those who attracted a great deal of attention all along the route was a large delegation from the Railway Porters' Union. They were headed by a splendid brass band (colored) from Detroit, and were heartily cheered at every point of the route. It was estimated there were from five to eight thousand in line, and it took the procession nearly an hour to pass a given point. The Trades and Labor Council brought up the rear, and walking with the President was Mayor McShane and other notables.

On the procession arriving at the Exhibition Grounds the various unions opened out ranks and allowed the Trades Council to pass through, the air being filled with the clash of music from different bands and the cheering of thousands of processionists and spectators. Shortly after entering the grounds the long programme of games was commenced, the officials being Norman Fletcher (starter), Wm. Snow, David Taylor, A. T. Lepine, M. P., Jos. Beland, ex-M. L. A., J. P. Clarke, President Shamrock Club, and

- B. Feeny. The following is a list of the events and the winners:
1. THROWING 56 LB.—1, Pair Pants to order; 2, Silver Pickle Jar; 3, Box Blue Label Cigars (50); 4, Smokers' Set.
 - 1, T Morrow, 23 feet 2 1/2 in; 2, J Storey, 22 ft 8 1/2 in; 3, J Leduc, 21 ft 11 in; 4, S R Keefe, 20 ft 9 in.
 2. PUTTING THE 16 LB. SHOT.—1, Half Ton of Coal; 2, Meerscham Pipe; 3, Fancy Nickel Clock; 4, Fancy Rocking Chair.
 - 1, T Morrow, 37 ft 3/4 in; 2, J Whitty, 36 ft 3 in; 3, H Tracey, 35 ft 10 in; 4, W Spearman, 34 ft 10 1/2 in.
 3. HOP, STEP AND JUMP.—1, Case of Self Raising Flour; 2, Load of Kindling Wood; 3, Merscham Cigar Holder; 4, Box of Soap.
 - 1, H Phillips, 42 ft 5 1/2 in; 2, P Whitty, 41 ft 6 in; 3, T Canniff, 39 ft 1 in; 4, P Canniff, 38 ft 7 in.
 4. BOYS RACE (12 years and under) 75 yards.—1, Felt Hat; 2, Pair Shoes; 3, 5 lb. Box of Cream Mixtures; 4, Pair Slippers; 5, Rolled Gold Chain.
 - 1, J O'Neill; 2, F Mahon; 3, H Brachan; 4, H Clarke; 5, P Hayos.
 5. VAULTING WITH POLE.—1, Black Walnut Parlor Clock; 2, Felt Hat; 3, Gents Silk Umbrella; 4, Gents White Shirt.
 - 1, H Smith, 8 ft 1 in; 2, T Tracey, 7 ft 3 in; 3, W Flower, 7 ft 3 in; 4, C Canniff, 7 ft.
 6. 100 YARDS OPEN.—1, Silver Medal; 2, Pair Pants to order; 3, Merscham Pipe; 4, Pair Cuff Buttons.
 - 1, T Moore; 2, J Kairns; 3, W C Jenkins; 4, J Lamb.
 7. QUARTER MILE Open to Members of Labor Organizations.—1, Ton of Coal; 2, Load of Wood; 3, Pair of Pants; 4, 10 lb. Coffee; 5, Pair Shoes.
 - 1, M Durcan; 2, A Williams; 3, J Murphy; 4, D Dent; 5, Thos Hazle.
 8. GIRLS RACE 75 yds. 12 years and under.—1, Pair Kid Shoes; 2, Silver Brooch; 3, 1 Doz Photo Cabinets; 4, Fancy Photo Frame; 5, Fancy Brooch; 6, Pearl Cross.
 - 1, Mary Kennedy; 2, M A Guy; 3, A Parker; 4, Jennie Kilgour; 5, C Gagnon; 6, L Bradley.
 9. 100 YARDS Presidents of Labor Organizations.—1, Silk Hat; 2, Half Ton of Coal; 3, Fancy Picture Nubian Boy; 4, Pair Gents Fancy Slippers.
 - 1, J Carroll; 2, J Bourdon; 3, A Friedlander; 4, W Darlington.
 10. QUARTER MILE OPEN.—1, Pair Pants to order; 2, Gents' Shoes; 3, Felt Hat; 4, Box Soap.
 - 1, J R Strothers; 2, A J Bowles; 3, J Kearns; 4, E Lamb.
 11. 75 YARDS, Open to Members of Juvenile Band.—1, Silver Cup; 2, Silver Medal; 3, Fancy Flannel Shirt; 4, Lemonade pitcher.
 - 1, W Darlington, jr; 2, C Parker; 3, C Darlington; 4, John Kennedy.
 12. 100 YARDS Three Legged Race.—1, 2 Boxes Blue Label Cigars; 2, 2 Pair Slippers; 3, 2 Gold Rings.
 - 1, Connolly and Paquette; 2, Kelly and Graham; 3, Strothers and Phillips.
 13. HALF MILE OPEN.—1, Silver Cup; 2, Felt Hat; 3, Pair Boots; 4, Fancy Album.
 - 1, A T Sykes; 2, F Noseworthy; 3, W Thompson; 4, R J McBride.
 14. 120 YARDS HURDLE.—1, Silver Pickle Jar; 2, Pair Shoes; 3, Pair Pants; 4, Fancy Folding Chair.
 - 1, A E Courtemarch; 2, T Moore; 3, J Lepage; 4, T W Mathews.
 15. 50 YARDS Open to Wives of Members of Labor Organizations.—1, Sewing Machine (Williams); 2, Case Baking Powder; 3, 10 lbs. Tea; 4, Fancy Cheese Dish; 5, Ladies Lace Umbrella; 6, Preserving Pot; 7, Granite Teapot.
 - 1, Mrs Fraser; 2, Mrs Power; 3, Mrs Mooney; 4, Mrs Rogers; 5, Mrs Brown; 6, Mrs Roach; 7, Mrs Jackson.
 16. HALF MILE, Open to Members of Labor Organizations.—1, Silver Watch and Chain; 2, Load of Coal; 3, Silk Hat to order; 4, Pair Pants to order; 5, Pair Seamless Ox Boots; 6, Pair Boots.
 - 1, F Noseworthy; 2, M Durcan; 3, J Murphy; 4, D Dent; 5, E Ellicott; 6, G Ashby.
 17. YOUNG LADIES RACE, 100 yds.—1, Piano Stool; 2, Ladies Silk Umbrella; 3, Pair Kid Button Shoes; 4, 1 Dozen Photo Cabinets; 5, Handpainted Fan; 6, Fancy Jockey Cap Perfume Box.
 - 1, Miss L Hammond; 2, Miss K Fraser; 3, Miss J Bradley; 4, Miss E Rolston; 5, Miss A Hall; 6, Miss M Hammond.
 18. HACKMEN'S RACE (Organized Carters)—1, Set Saddle Bells; 2, Set Shaft do; 3, Set Back do; 4, Set Back do; 5, Whip.
 - No competition.
 19. EGG RACE, Young Ladies, 75 yds.—1,

Fancy Album; 2, 1 Dozen Photo Cabinets; 3, Plush Napkin Set; 4, Pair Fancy Slippers; 5, Fancy Bottle Perfume; 6, Framed Picture of Queen Victoria.

1, Miss K Fraser; 2, Miss L Bradley; 3, Miss N Hammond; 4, Miss H Bell; 5, Miss E Rolston; 6, Miss M Hammond.

20. 1 MILE, Open to Members of Labor Organizations.—1, Gold Medal; 2, Load Coal; 3, Silk Hat; 4, 10 lb. Oady of Tea; 5, Gents White Shirt Collar and Cuffs; 6, Set of Underclothing.

1, A Williams; 2, M Durcan; 3, F Noseworthy; 4, E Ellicott; 5, D Dent; 6, J Murphy.

21. 100 YARDS, Committee Race.—1, Half Dozen Soup Spoons; 2, Tea Set; 3, Sad Irons; 4, Cruet Stand; 5, Statuary; 6, Stove.

No competition.

The lacrosse match between the Crescents and Glangarians for thirteenth handsome gold medals was a defence game for the visitors throughout, the Crescents winning by three straight.

The first and second prizes in the Bean guess was won by the same person on different guesses. The successful guesser's name was Mr. O. Langlois.

NOTES.

The Committee who so successfully managed the affairs were:

- J. A. Rodier, President.
 V. DuBreuil, Secretary.
 P. J. Ryan,
 P. C. Chatel,
 P. Howard,
 L. Z. Boudreau,
 A. Blondin,
 W. Sandilands,
 D. Rochon.
- The medals for the lacrosse match, the workmanship of Mr. Wm. McGilton, working jeweller, were exceedingly artistic in design and beautifully finished.
- Every visitor to the grounds commented upon the orderly manner of the crowd, every one seemingly bent only on enjoying themselves.
- Over one thousand dollars were taken at the gate, but this did not represent anything like the number of people present. There must have been twelve to fifteen thousand people on the grounds at one time.
- The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors in the Ville Marie Hall on Tuesday evening.

The steamship Scandia, from Hamburg, with 1,065 passengers on board, has arrived at New York quarantine station. During the voyage cholera broke out and carried off 32 victims—29 in the steerage, two among the crew and one cabin passenger. At the time of her arrival there were still seven virulent cases on board.

A writer from Pittsburg says that nine men have been recently killed by the machinery in the Homestead mill, one man going clear through the rolls.

Workingmen Attention.

We have orders on our books for 100 men for the city. 100 men for St. Faustin. 100 men for Cornwall. 100 men for Ottawa. 100 men for Brantford. "No office fees charged in advance." Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

100 POSITIONS in the city open. It costs nothing to call at our office and see what we have to offer. Orders are reported daily at 41 Chaboulliez square, 21 Bonsecours street, 2100 St. Catherine street, or Headquarters, 5 Place d'Armes square.

200 GIRLS WANTED. The best paying private families in this city. We never charge working girls any office or any other fee. We furnish places free. We have well known Montreal ladies in charge of our Girls' Department. Call and see what we can offer you at 5 Place d'Armes square.

WANTED, a reliable young business man (married) to manage a branch house of a well established cash business. Capital required \$300; six months trial. Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

\$12 PER WEEK and 5 per cent commission on gross receipts of a well established cash business. Partner and manager wanted. Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

SITUATION wanted by a young lady as Nursery Governess. Able to instruct in German, French and music. Good references. Particulars Ladies' Exchange, 5 Place d'Armes square.

SITUATION wanted by 2 pastry cooks, 3 nurse girls, 2 good reliable general servants, 3 table girls. References at 5 Place d'Armes square; telephone 9275.

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