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THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

There is a great deal of force and truth in the saying, "I care not who makes the laws, so long as I have the making of the ballads." The ballads and songs have as much to do in making history as in recording it. Long before the author of "Progress and Poverty" was born, poets insisted on the nationalization of the land, and their songs have kept the idea alive. Many of these songs, in spite of their excellence, have become very rare, and are in danger of being lost. We might instance Col. Duganne's poems, now out of print, although some of his songs were the chief means of getting the Homestead Bill through the U. S. Congress, after years of opposition. We are told how, for years before the war for the Union, repeated efforts were made to get the United States Government to apportion the public lands into homes for the settlers. But every effort failed, until in one debate, Congressman Florence, who favored the measure, excited interest by quoting in Congress the following poem of Duganne's:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,
Saith God's most Holy Word;
The water hath fish, and the earth hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth,
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
While millions of acres want hands!

"Sunlight, and breezes, and gladsome flowers
Are over the earth spread wide,
And the good God gave these goods to men—
To men who on earth abide;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot, where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands;
Oh! millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"'Tis writ that 'Ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn'
But, behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
That have all earth's burden borne;
The land is a gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his Word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold,
And rob the earth of its fruit and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

"'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day—
'Tis a lie that the word of the Lord disowns—
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight, till the people rise,
And swear, while they break their bands
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands."

VARIETIES.

There are 13,000 kinds of postage stamps.
There are 700 German papers in the United States.

An electric lamp on the Isle of Wight can be seen forty-five miles, and a paper can be read by its reflectors fourteen miles.

Dr. Parker, the eccentric pastor of the City Temple, London, is making a crusade against old methods of worship and exhortation. In his sermon, or rather address, on Sunday last he declared that preaching was no longer an effective instrument of the Gospel. The preachers, he averred, were living in a fool's paradise. They were dwelling in theology instead of dealing directly with the daily life of the people. Dr. Parker recently invited correspondence from all classes of people for the purpose of learning what the public thought of the efficacy of pulpit ministrations. His remarks were inspired by the result of this inquiry.

Queen Victoria's crown is the handsomest in the world. It was made by the queen's order in 1838, and contains 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 large diamonds, 4 large pear-shaped pearls, 273 round pearls, 4 large rubies, one of which is of extraordinary size; 1 large sapphire and 15 smaller ones, and 11 emeralds. The crown has a crimson velvet cap, bordered with ermine, and weighs 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy weight. In the centre of the crown is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najero, near Vittoria, in 1367. Henry V. wore this ruby in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

PRAIRIE PHILOSOPHY.

Contributed to the Westminster
Review by Wm. Trant.

And yet (so freakish is prairie philosophy) the great globe itself becomes small again when its people are considered. Wilkie Collins and many others have remarked that the world is not so great but we meet the same faces over and over again. Every traveller knows this to be true. Once in the jungle of Gujerath I and another, chance met, were the only wayfarers at a dak bungalow. On comparing notes about the old country, as Britishers always do in such cases, we discovered we were near relatives who had not met since childhood. Fourteen years afterwards I accidentally met in the streets of Mexico city a person who proved to be equally related to the two of us, but unknown to either. I have travelled on many occasions in the great ocean steamships in both hemispheres, and never once without meeting either an old schoolmate, or an old friend, or an acquaintance of one sort or another. In almost every city I have visited there have been similar rencontres, and the Great Lone Land has not proved an exception. "Comme au sein du grand ocean, un bois flottant en rencontre un autre, ainsi les etres se rencontrent un moment sur la terre" was written a very long time ago. After all, this is not surprising. There are very few persons on the face of the earth, all things considered; and when the large portion that a man cannot meet (say the dwellers in the interior of Africa and such places) is subtracted from them, there are so few left, and these in such a limited space, that all our orbits must intersect somewhere or other. The population of the globe is set down at 1,500,000,000; the number of square feet in the Isle of Wight is 4,181,760,000, so that allowing nearly two and three-quarters square feet to each individual, the population of the whole world might stand easily shoulder to shoulder on the little island opposite Southampton Water. Persons who live in towns forget the plains. The reason there are so few people on the prairie is that there are so many in London.

The vast territories of Canada, too, have been so easily overcome by the surveyor that their limits seem not far apart. Americans are proud of their system of planning their cities in blocks, so arranged that, given the number of the house and name of the street, no inquiries are necessary to find the place required. No. 1000 North Twenty-second street, or No. 1000 Fifth avenue, do indeed sufficiently indicate the whereabouts of particular spots. But imagine an empire stretching from the latitude of Constantinople to the ice-fields of the Arctic Seas similarly "blocked out." Imagine Europe so mapped out that a person in Paris could go direct to a hut in Russia without once inquiring his way. Yet, such is the case in Canada. The whole region has been parcelled out into square and uniform lots, distinctly marked on the following plan:—All the land is divided into "townships" six miles square, the eastern and western bounds of which are true meridian lines, forming eastern and western boundaries of the ranges, while the northern and southern sides follow parallels of latitude. The co-ordinates, latitude and longitude, therefore, are not "imaginary lines," as our geographies teach us, but are indicated by substantial posts, clearly marked, so that he who runs may read. Each township contains thirty-six "sections" of 640 acres, or one square mile each, which are again subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres, that is, half a mile square each. A road allowance is made around each section, making a network of public roads one mile apart. The quarter sections are marked as above indicated, so that, given the necessary description, any particular quarter section is easily found. The whole prairie is furthermore divided by five "initial meridians," which serve as base-lines. The first of these is near the true meridian of 97° 30', about twelve miles west of Winnipeg; the second a short distance west of the western boundary of Manitoba, in longitude 102°; the third across Assiniboia, near Moose Jaw, in longitude 106°; the fourth passes through the Cypress Hills (longitude 119°); and the fifth is the longitude of Calgary, 114° west of Greenwich. Between these meridians, the ranges are numbered consecutively from east to west, while the tiers of townships are numbered continuously from the United States boundary northward as far as they go.

To designate any particular spot, therefore, all that is necessary to know are the initial meridian, the range, the township and the section. Thus, if a person have the proper figures entered in his note-book, he could, unaided by anything but a pocket-compass and some gumption, ride or drive to any particular spot in this vast prairie, without asking any one, perhaps without meeting any one. Let any one start, say at the first initial meridian, and examining the posts as he goes along, make for the S. W. quarter of section 2, township 19, range 5, west of initial meridian 2 (or, as it is written, S. W. of 2.19.5 W. of 2), and he will find at the end of his journey the log shanty in which I am now writing this article, situated at the head of a pretty ravine, leading to a lovely coulee that opens into the grand Qu'appelle Valley, not

far from the picturesque Crooked Lake. Should he have come while I was writing this particular sentence, he would have found the Fahrenheit thermometer hung by my door registering forty degrees below zero. He would have travelled some hundreds of miles, and, perhaps, have counted them by the quarter section posts that he passed. Were it not for these division marks many of us who are lost on the prairies, as we often are, would be unable to find home again. Most men, however, know their own address, and when a man is lost all he needs to do is to wander until he finds a post, pull out his compass, read the signs on the post, and he knows exactly the direction he should take to relieve the anxiety of his friends. One of my neighbors went out for an hour's rabbit-shooting, and was lost for two days for want of knowing this simple fact.

There is great misconception as to the status of persons who select the prairie as a home. The emigrant ships carry such great numbers of laborers from all nations—scum they are often called—and the emigration agents and their publications are so specially concerned about artisans and farm hands that it is often hurriedly concluded no one but such persons become Canadian settlers. There could not be a greater mistake. Outside the small communities specially formed by philanthropic enterprise quite the reverse obtains. An old South African diamond digger once said to me: "Strange as it may appear, it is not the navy but the city clerk that makes the best settlers." There is a great deal of truth in this; nor is it surprising. I cannot imagine a more pitiable existence than that of a London clerk; poor pay, long hours, dreary work, and nearly all the offices of life performed by himself, as he passes his miserable bachelorhood in a lonely garret. He would be a strange mortal indeed who would not throw off his seedy but well-brushed clothes, his shabby gloves, and shabby hat, and, donning the careless costume of the prairie, enjoy the fresh air, the invigorating life, the absence from restraint, the freedom from servitude that are the privilege of the denizens of the plains. It is quite common to meet among Canadian settlers a class of persons the very last that are supposed in the old country to be there. A dean's son, a peer's brother, country gentlemen, persons trained to a professional career, are all to be found among the settlers in the Canadian North-West. In the settlement in which I live one only has been a workingman. He was a stonemason. Two others are experienced farmers. Of the rest two have been commercial travellers, one a draper's assistant, one an article lawyer's clerk, two assistants in business establishments, one a surveyor, and three were clerks. These constitute the settlement. They reside at distances of half a mile from each other, stretching from the east and south of my shanty. In all other directions I have not a neighbor for sixty miles. There is not a doctor within thirty miles away, I have sometimes to place my correspondence under a stone on a trail, mark the spot with a log, and trust to a passer-by who knows the signal. The reason of this fitness for a position for which one would imagine them unfit seems to be, paradoxical as it may appear, their entire ignorance at the outset of their new conditions. They thus speedily adapt themselves to their fresh surroundings, and rapidly assimilate their changed life, as a grain of wheat put into virgin soil grows without tillage. These persons come out with but few preconceived notions, and they take to their work naturally. Your English or Irish agricultural laborer, on the contrary, comes bristling with his English or Irish ideas, both of farming and of living. He endeavors to make all his surroundings bend to these, with the result that he botches his farming, and lives in discomfort. The great difficulty that is being encountered by the crofter emigrants is that they cannot throw off their crofter customs, their crofter methods, and adapt themselves to the freer Canadian life, and the newer Canadian plan of farming. Thus it is that probably few of them—except those that have the pliability of youth—will succeed. When a person leaves an old country for a new one, he must be born again, so to speak, and enter on his chosen career untrammelled by anything that has gone before. His new birth must be "a sleep and a forgetting," in order that his new life shall be a success and a joy.

In no matter will a settler find this so asserted as in the social relations of a prairie settlement. There are no social inequalities on the prairie. There is no bowing to the squire and touching the hat to the parson. Whatever a man's position and conditions of life may have been in the old country, he will find himself treated as an equal in the new one. The stonemason above mentioned worked at his trade in Cornwall four years ago. He is now a justice of the peace, and, although a farmer, may be still hired as a stonemason at the ordinary wages of his trade. It is not so in England, but, as Carlyle would say, "quite the opposite of 'so.'" It is only an M. P. that any one can be in England; J. P. is reserved for "men of position." A friend of mine is a labor representative in the British House of Commons. Not long ago one of his constituents, a wealthy pawnbroker, was desirous of the social distinction J. P., and he applied to the M. P. for assistance in the matter. The high functionary who distributes such honors said, however, that he must draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at pawnbrokers. The disappointed suitor, therefore, received from his representative the following laconic and playful letter: "Although a P. B. cannot be a J. P., there is nothing to prevent his being an M. P.; if, therefore, you will give me your business you can be-

come an M. P., and I can become a P. B." And thereby hangs a tale. To pursue my illustrations: the storekeeper with whom our settlement deals is our representative in the Legislative Council, and the keeper of an hotel is our member in the Dominion Parliament. Some Government officials and a few settlers, who consider themselves high and mighty, have servants, who live apart from them, but they are regarded with scorn; and many a farmer whose hired servants live in his house, and share his table, refuses to allow his daughters to be hired where they are not similarly treated. A Quakeress friend of mine, whose son, describing his day's work in Canada, spoke of a pig-stye he had built, wrote to him, "If thou hadst been content to earn thy living in England by building pig-styes, thou needest not have gone to Canada." In England, however, Mrs. Grundy would not have allowed him to build pig-styes. When I first came out here I was paid the compliment of being elected treasurer and member of a committee for arranging the celebrations on Dominion Day, our one great national festival. My first and principal duty was to carry logs for the other committee men to stake out a race course. People in an old country, with aristocratic traditions, cannot realize the "dignity of labor," as it is realized in a colony; and yet how many persons for pastime do precisely the same sort of work that settlers do from necessity. Every man out West requires firewood, fencing, and logs for building purposes. Tree-felling and wood-chopping are thus almost daily occupations for nearly every man, be he M. P., J. P. or judge. In England such work would be regarded as the calling of a mere woodsman, a person low down in the social scale, earning a few shillings a week; and this in a country, too, where precisely the same sort of work is the favorite pastime of one of its most brilliant statesmen. The settler constructs his own fence, digs and manures his own garden. How many "amateurs" of position do the same things in England for mere amusement? The settler grooms his own horses. How many younger sons of great houses offend the stern parent by discovering a practical love of stable work? In Canada no useful work is considered menial. In England all manual labor is considered menial—when it is paid for. And not only that, but how it is paid for; for instance, look at the difference between sixpence for carrying a portmanteau and the salary of the Under Secretary who carries a despatch box.

In prairie society the crimes and misdemeanors are very little ones. The irrepressible chatter of Mrs. Grundy is responsible for nine-tenths of them. Having little else to talk about, the settlers talk about each other; and as neighbors seem to be a race of beings sent specially into the world to be slandered and calumniated, and to slander and calumniate, it is generally their faults and not their virtues that are discussed. The area of life is so limited that these trivial faults and shortcomings stand out more prominently than in crowded cities. There are no big crimes to talk about, and therefore little sins stand boldly forth. These sins of the prairie, like small virtues, are too insignificant for notice in towns. In large cities persons are not of sufficient importance to have their every action discussed. Thackeray, writing of London, says: "Nobody has time to miss his neighbor who goes away. People go to the Cape, or on a campaign, or on a tour round the world, or to India, and return with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in his own individual speculations, studies and struggles; so selfish does our life make us—selfish but not ill-natured. We are glad to see an old friend, but we do not weep when he leaves us. We humbly acknowledge, if fate calls us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom." Quite the contrary obtains on the prairie. The absence of a settler for a day is an event, and his return with an account of his adventures is anxiously awaited. Every person's smallest performance is duly noted, and even motives are critically scanned. Farmer A.'s pig dies and lips curl with scorn at his mismanagement. Lucy B. has a new dress and Sarah C. a new bonnet, all the way from Toronto, and at once newly decked they visit each of the settlers and discuss the style and the cost. D. had wheat from the Government, and "whenever will he pay for it?" E. drives to the town every week for his mail, which is proof positive he is corresponding with a lady in England; one settler trades with another, and the universal verdict is that he has been taken in. Nay, to smaller matters still does the system extend. F. was so ignorant of farming when he "came out" that he tried to yoke his oxen to the handles of his plough, as being most like shafts he could find on the implement, while G. does not now wear his eye-glass when he is forking manure, and H. has not yet forgiven the order to "send a dozen post-holes" with which he was favored on his first arrival. These last, however, are specimens of humor, for wit is very scarce on the prairie, and the tiniest joke is relished with as much gusto as the little witticisms that fall flat everywhere—except in the British House of Commons. There is one little sin, however, of which the inhabitant of the prairie is perforce entirely innocent. A man cannot assume a worldly position that he has not. His acreage under crop is known, the cost of everything is known, to whom he sells and at what price are known, as also is his expenditure on everything he buys, from his groceries to his tobacco pipe. He can, therefore, be "reckoned up" to the uttermost farthing, and no man can pretend to £500 a year if he has only £100.

(To be Continued.)

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOHN PELTER AS MENTOR.

It is astonishing how the profession of Love—that is, the love of man for woman, or vice versa—being of such endless variety, should be described by poets and philosophers as of only two or three kinds, or even "lumped" (as Pope, for instance, lumps it) into one. Monomania, fever, atrophy have each their name and place in medical science; but all these diseases, and many others, are in psychology spoken of as one, as though no difference existed between them. There is, it is true, an admitted peculiarity in the case of what is called a Platonic attachment; but this term is seldom used, except in irony, and I am inclined to think that those who so make use of it are right. I have never known a Platonic attachment where the lady, at least, would not have married the gentleman if she could. Of course, there are some young persons who, being denied by their beloved objects, immediately go and hang themselves; but these are fortunately exceptional cases, which do not materially affect the census returns. A more numerous class plunge into dissipation; a remedy which, though (besides other serious objections to it) it may kill as well as cure, has undoubtedly been found to be efficacious. Others have the good fortune to see some other nice young woman the next day or the next month after the disappointment, and get over it by marrying her. Without any trespass upon that dangerous ground of Platonic attachment, a man may adore a woman with honesty and honor, whom it is utterly out of the question that he should marry, from whom it is impossible that he should receive any greater favors than a clasp of the hand or a kind word.

It was some absorbing feeling of this sort which filled Walter Litton's soul with respect to Lotty; he could not free himself from its influence at pleasure, and though he could forget it—that is, the smart of it—in occupation, it pervaded even the work of his hands. It is certain that his present picture profited by this. Love, "the more ideal artist he than all," had given a spirituality to the expression of Philippa, Edward's queen, which Miss Nellie Neale, and perhaps even Lotty herself, did not possess; it was, in fact, a glorified likeness of the latter, a likeness that might easily escape the eyes of such as were but slightly acquainted with her, or had not seen her under circumstances calculated to evoke her deeper feelings, but which would strike most forcibly those who knew her best. Without, of course, recognizing the source of his friend's inspiration, or even being aware of what it was, Mr. John Pelter perceived that this portrait was far in advance of anything that the young fellow had yet achieved; and he told him so, after his peculiar fashion, puffing at his pipe, and regarding this chef-d'œuvre with his huge flax-covered head sloped to the critical angle.

"My dear Watty," said he, "I don't wish to flatter you, but that's the most like a human creature of anything that you have yet turned out."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Walter, well pleased with this moderate praise, which, indeed, in Jack Pelter's mouth, implied far beyond what it expressed. A huge good-natured giant was Jack, who knew much more of his profession, though he seldom used the slang of it, than many a man who can discourse of "his art" by the hour, and leave his hearers in the most inextricable entanglement; a man, it was true, who cared little to be known by the world at large, so long as he was known by the dealers, and was supplied by them with the funds sufficient for his not extravagant needs, but who worked as honestly, after his lights, as Raphael, whose cartoons he believed to be the most valuable bequest that any living being has left to posterity.

"Yes, Watty, this is a great advance upon your 'Drunken Organ-grinders'—I beg your pardon, your 'Brigands Carousing.' The young woman's foot here is out of drawing, and I daresay the other would be, if it wasn't covered by her train; but the picture is good, sir—it's good." And Mr. John Pelter stepped back from it slowly, upsetting "Penadon Church" as he did so, and once more regarded it with fixed attention. "You must not lump any King Edwards with a lot of this kind," continued Jack, "or else you'll spoil it."

"But Queen Philippa must be kneeling to somebody," urged Walter.

"Then don't let her be Queen Philippa at all. That high head-dress may very well be taken for a fool's cap; and if you write 'Forfeits' under it the whole thing will explain itself. 'Who is the owner of this pretty thing? Let her kneel in one corner, dance in another,' and so on. There; don't be affronted; I'm only joking, so far as regards the title. The girl must kneel alone, that's certain. Chuck your Pinnock's England overboard, cut away the rest of the canvas, and call her 'Supplication.'"

"Upon my life, Jack, I think that a good idea."

"Of course it is. Send out for something to drink its health in. 'O for a draught of vintage full of the warm South,' something delicate and tasty, and redolent of the subject! Jenny!" roared he from the top of the stairs, "fetch a pot of stout."

Over this refreshment they discoursed the future of the immortal work.

"That must not go to the Gallery, or any

of those places, Watty," said Jack, whom the generous liquor had rendered still more eulogistic. "You must have a shy with it at the big shop."

"I am sick of trying there," answered Walter despondently.

"Sick of trying! Why, you have not got a gray hair on your head! If you were my age" (Jack was about thirty) "you might talk of blighted hopes."

"But you have been hung, and in good places too; and yet I have heard you say that you had just as soon your pictures went to the Gallery, or straight to Pall Mall!"

"Well, well; that's because I wanted the money," interrupted the other, with irritation. "Don't you mind about me. If I said I don't care about fame, perhaps I was wrong, or perhaps I lied. Your case, at all events, is different. Follow my advice, Watty, my boy, and send 'Supplication' to run its chance with the committee. They do sometimes take a thing on its own merits. Remember how Campbell was hung last year, through Mac Collop, R.A., taking him for a fellow-countryman. 'Death by misadventure,' as somebody said of it, when all the newspapers were down upon his daub."

"You are very encouraging," said Walter, smiling; "but nevertheless I will try the big shop."

In spite of Walter's pretended irony, there was great encouragement in Pelter's recommendation. Jack was not above the weaknesses of his calling, and could abuse a brother artist—who was successful—as roundly as any one. But he was singularly just and honest in the main. His tenderness for his young friend was great. It is not too much to say that his hopes for his success were higher than for his own; for he was one of that increasing class who are not ambitious either of fame or fortune. As long as he could earn a competence, he was satisfied with the result of his own labors; and a competence with him meant something very modest indeed. It is not a good sign in our social life that so many men, even in comparative youth, are becoming indifferent to great gains and high distinction: if such sentiments were universal, the production of anything really great in any line of life would be rendered impossible; but it is only the natural rebound from that excessive struggle to get a head and shoulders above their fellows which distinguished the last generation, not altogether to its credit. In that contest friendship too often went to the wall, and every generous impulse was trodden under foot, in order that self should rise supreme. There is no better excuse for indolence than the spectacle of successful diligence standing all alone upon its pedestal, without friend or lover, a mark not only for envy, but for deserved contempt; and Mr. John Pelter had seen, or fancied he had seen, not a few eminent gentlemen of his own profession in that isolated position. For his own works, he had no ambition; no desire for fame, and very little even for profit; but for those of his friend he allowed himself some hopes. He liked the young fellow dearly, and had a genuine admiration for his talents, which he wished to see made use of to the best advantage. Perhaps he had a secret conviction that he had missed his mark in the world, and was solicitous that Walter should have better fortune.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACADEMY CIRCULAR.

A great many people are under the delusion that pictures are accepted or rejected in the Royal Academy solely on their own merits; that the Hanging Committee know nothing about them, and that they are adjudicated upon without any personal reference to the artists. There is a natural and wholesome desire on the part of the public to believe this, but how very far from the truth are they?

Walter Litton knew very few R.A.'s, and none who were upon the Hanging Committee of that year. No member of it was inveigled into the second floor in Beech street, and persuaded to cast his eye upon "Supplication," in order that, when he saw it again upon a certain momentous occasion, recognition might follow. Jack Pelter would have done him that good turn—for he was one of those who will do for a friend what "wild horses" would not have compelled him to do for himself—but Walter declined the offer.

"My dear Jack," said he, "you are most kind; but I would rather the thing stood on its own hook."

"I want it to hang on the Line," was Jack's only rejoinder.

"Well, I hope it will, or, at all events, somewhere. It may be very foolish of me, and very sanguine, but I have great confidence."

"In the committee?" broke in Pelter.

"Then you must be very foolish and very sanguine indeed."

"No; in the merits of the picture."

"Gad, how I wish I was your age!" sighed Jack. "Do you think it will be bought for the nation?"

"I don't wish it to be bought at all."

"Oh, I see! you want to keep it for your diploma picture."

But though Jack was thus cynical with his friend, he had a high opinion of the excellence of this particular piece of work, over which Walter expended a prodigious amount of time and pains. Every detail was wrought up to the highest pitch of perfection of which he was capable, and he was never tired of touching and retouching; he did not retouch the face, either because he was satisfied with it, or because he distrusted his ability to effect improvement. He would even do this when his model was in the room, forgetful of her presence, and of the money per hour it cost him; and upon one or two occasions, he noticed that she also had her fits of abstraction. Then it struck him that her face had grown paler of late, and her large eyes less lustrous, and his tender heart reproached him for his indifference.

"We have been working very hard at this picture, have we not, Red Riding-hood?" said

he kindly. "Don't you think you would be the better for a little holiday?"

"Not so far as I am concerned, sir. I am not at all tired."

"You look so," returned he, regarding her in really quite a paternal way; "very fagged and out of sorts. Are you quite sure you are well?"

"Yes, sir; I am well enough."

"But you may not be a good judge of that. I shall go round this afternoon, and speak to your father about you, little one."

"Oh, pray, sir, don't speak to him!" returned she with sudden vehemence. "Indeed, indeed, there is nothing the matter with me—nothing, at least, to speak of. There is no need for any holiday. Besides, father has bills to pay, which were not settled at Christmas, and it would vex him if I fell out of work just now."

"Oh, I daresay we can manage about the bills! You have been one, two, three, four months eternally kneeling upon that cushion; and so far as this picture is concerned, I can get on very well by myself now. Yes, yes; you must have a holiday."

"As you please, sir," answered Nellie humbly; "that is, so far as the sittings are concerned. Indeed, I have felt that I have been picking your pocket for the last six weeks."

"Picking my pocket, Red Riding-hood! Why, how was that?"

"Well, sir, I have seen that I was of little or no use. You don't know how absent and thoughtful you have become; I might just as well have been at home as in your studio, for all the good I have been to you for this last hour, for instance. And then the picture isn't like me, not a bit. It was at first, perhaps, just a little; but you have been thinking of somebody else all along, and been painting her instead of me."

The color rose to the very roots of Walter's hair, but he answered laughingly: "And has that offended you, Red Riding-hood, all along?"

"No, sir; indeed I didn't notice it at first. But it seems wrong that I should come here and take your money, when you could get on just as well without me."

"And that's what makes you look so pale and sorrowful, is it? You must certainly have a very tender conscience. However, let me tell you, for your comfort, Red Riding-hood, that I cannot get on without you. I have got used to you as a sitter, and when folks have come to the age of your grand-mamma, they are averse to change. Perhaps you have sat long enough for Philippa; but you have plenty of expressions beside that pleading one, which you have worn so long that I do believe it has made you down-right miserable. Mr. Pelter has recommended me to take the game of forfeits for a subject, which will require you to be full of fun; and, after a month or two of that, I shall expect you to be in tearing spirits."

When Walter and his friend were smoking their pipes that evening, the former spoke of his model's altered looks, and of the talk he had had with her. "I could make nothing of it, except that she must really have taken it to heart that the picture is not a portrait. I wish you would take her for a bit, Jack, and put her in good spirits."

"I am doing a veteran in boots and a beard," said Pelter dryly; "and I should recommend you to paint a veteran for your next picture—Miss Nellie's great-aunt, for instance."

"Nonsense! I am really serious in asking your opinion, for I am sure the girl is out of sorts about something; not ill, I think, but wretched in her mind. What the deuce can be the matter with her?"

"I am afraid Red Riding-hood's grand-mamma is turning out to be a wolf, in spite of herself, Walter."

"I don't understand you, Pelter."

"Don't you? It's a very old story, my good fellow. I don't for a moment imagine you want to devour her, mind, though she would be a dainty morsel for some people. But I have a suspicion she wants to be eaten."

"You don't mean to say that the girl has fallen in love with me?"

"I am not sure; but there is no accounting for tastes, and she may have done so. I am glad, for her sake, at all events, that you are a gentleman—and not a man of honor."

"I hope not, indeed, in the sense you mean," answered Walter, reddening. "But it seems to me your view is a very coxcombical one."

"It would be, if I had suggested she had fallen in love with me," returned Jack. "But that she has fallen in love with somebody is certain: down-cast eyes, pale cheeks and sighs are all signs."

"I think what you suggest is quite as likely as that she should have fallen in love with me," said Walter gravely; "but she is certainly very unhappy. After what you have said, I would send her away to-morrow but that she says her father is so hard up."

"You are too emotional," said Mr. Pelter; or, in other words, a soft-hearted young fool. Also, I wish you would drink a little fairer. Please to ring for another jug of beer."

As a matter of fact, however, not only had Mr. John Pelter had his full share of the beer, but he had no reason to plume himself upon hardness of heart. To his personal friends he was devoted, and when Litton's picture was in due time sent into the big shop on approval, Jack was far more anxious about its fate than Walter himself. Indeed, Walter exhibited an indifference in the matter, which, considering what the other knew of his character and antecedents, was inexplicable to his friend.

He showed despondency, sitting almost idle for whole days alone—for he had, for the present, dispensed with the services of Nellie Neale—but not those symptoms of solicitude for the success of his great work with which Jack was so well acquainted in other cases. The cause of this was curious, yet by no means unknown in the profession to which he belonged. He missed his picture. This is peculiarly an artist's grievance. The novelist can both have his cake and eat it: his book—the writing of which has given him so many hours of pleasure, and with the characters whereof, even though he may have failed in making them real to others, he has been living for months in as close a relationship as with those of his household—remains to him after it is written. But when the painter has sold his picture, it is gone forever. Walter missed his picture, though the face it mirrored haunted him like a ghost. He had another picture on his easel, but his heart was not in that as it had been in the predecessor;

he was equally painstaking, equally conscientious with it, and yet he did not need Jack's ominous silence—his omission to point out its defects—to convince him that it was a failure. At times so errant was his mind that he saw both pictures—their lines and hues mingled together, like a dissolving view. Under such circumstances, to paint was useless, and he gave himself up to his own morbid thoughts.

Where was Lotty now? He had seen nothing of Selwyn for months, nor heard of him, and so far, as he bitterly reflected, that was a good sign. In prosperity the captain was more likely to forget his friends than if he had need of them. On the other hand, since he owed him money he might be ashamed to come; they might be very, very poor. He had seen in the paper that Selwyn had sold out of the army, and now he must needs be living on his capital, if his creditors had left him any to live upon. And when that was spent, what could they do then? To what wretchedness might not that innocent, angelic creature be reduced by this time—and thanks to him! At this idea—the picture of that fair young face, white and wan with physical woe—he would start up from his chair, and pace the room like a madman. The very postman's knock, though letters seldom came for the lonely young fellow, would suggest all sorts of hideous apprehensions; there might be news that Reginald was in prison—he had himself said it was more than probable—and Lotty alone and starving. One day, when there had been a letter for the first time, he heard Pelter's loud voice upon the carpetless stairs, exclaiming, "Oh, this is for Mr. Litton!" and then his friend's heavy tread coming up-stairs three steps at a time. Jack knew something, though by no means all, of his solicitude upon the young couple's account, and sympathized with it. He stood now at the open door, with a very grave face, and, in a solemn tone, exclaimed, "Walter, here is a letter for you! I have opened it by mistake."

"A letter," said Walter: his hand shook as he held it out for the missive. "No bad news, I hope, of—of Selwyn?"

"No; it's only a circular—a circular from the Academy, my lad," cried Jack with a joyous whoop. "It's to tell you that Wednesday is Varnishing Day, and, therefore, that your 'Supplication' has been accepted."

Then his two great hands seized Walter's, and wrung them in expressive silence.

"I am not a good one at congratulatory speeches, Watty, old fellow, but I am downright glad."

O blessed time of youth and friendship, O happy hand-clasps, only second to the first kiss of love; what glories must be beyond the gates of the grave that shall recompense us for your loss!

CHAPTER IX.

A FIRST BID.

If the painter, as we have shewn, is in one point at a disadvantage as compared with the author, in another he is much more fortunate. "The Exhibition," as the annual show at the Royal Academy, notwithstanding its many rivals of the same name, is still called, is an institution that in literature has no parallel, and which is of the greatest possible merit to the young artist. Of course, true merit will make its way in the end in any calling; but a man may write the best book in the world, and even publish it (though that is not so easy to one unknown and poor), and yet be some considerable time before he can persuade the world to read it; but when a painting has once got admittance within the Academy walls, all has been done for it in the way of introduction to the public that it can possibly need.

So young Walter Litton had really cause to congratulate himself in that the gallery gods had relaxed their brows, and resolved to hang instead of banishing him, as before. Had such a stroke of good fortune happened to him in the previous year, it would have rejoiced him exceedingly: he would have felt it to be the very accolade of his knighthood, a most refreshing spray from the fountain of all honor. But now matters were very different with him; fame had ceased to be his deity; and the news that his friend had brought him was hailed rather because it was not that other news which he had feared to hear than upon its own account, as a relief rather than a triumph.

Whether "Supplication" was really a good picture or not, this present writer, who is, he confesses, one of those ignorant Philistines who only know what they like, must be excused from positively asserting. "If you want to know whether a diamond is a good one," said an eminent R. A. in his hearing, "you go to a jeweller for his opinion; and if you want to know whether a painting is good or bad, you must go to a painter for the information: to buy one upon your own responsibility is an act of madness; to pass your opinion upon it is an impertinence." The newspapers were silent, greatly to Mr. John Pelter's disgust, with the exception of a few lines of praise that he himself got inserted in the Art Critic, and the inspiration of which Walter immediately detected, though he did not say so, for his friend's sake. It annoyed honest Jack immensely that there seemed so little chance of seeing that red star in the corner of Litton's picture which has lit up the despondent gloom of so many a young painter and make his darkness day. After the first month most pictures that are fated to sell are sold; and more than a month had passed since early May. Some weeks after this date, notwithstanding, there came a letter to Walter one evening—when the two friends were together as usual—from the Academy official, to ask what price he had put upon his picture; and this, after a moment's hesitation, he placed in Pelter's hand.

"Well, better late than never, my lad," cried the latter joyfully. "This is as it should be. I had begun to think that all the world was blind."

"They have not seen with your kind eyes, Jack," said the other gravely; "that is all."

"Well, they see now, and that's something," answered Pelter impatiently. "But why does this bungling fellow write to you instead of telling the man or the woman—for I'll take two to one it's a woman. There's true religion in that picture, Walter; I don't mind telling you, now that you have found a purchaser. It's some woman with good eyes in her head, and a good heart, and, I hope, a good balance at her banker's, who wants it. Well, I say why didn't the fellow tell her your price at once?"

"Because he didn't know it," said Walter quietly.

"Not know it! Why, didn't you fix it a hundred pounds yourself?"

"No, Jack; that was your price, not mine. I didn't mention any price; indeed, as I told you long ago, I don't think I care to sell it."

"Not sell it! Then why the deuce did you paint it?"

To paint a picture without the intention of getting rid of it, and as soon as you could, was, in Jack's eyes, the act of a lunatic.

"I painted it for my pleasure."

"Oh, did you, begad? Then you are nothing better than an amateur." The epithet had the same force with Mr. Pelter as though he had called a benighted clergyman of the Church of England a ranter. "Of course, you can do as you please, if you are rich enough. You can paint a dozen pictures, and hang them up in your room, so that wherever you turn you can see yourself, as it were, in your own looking-glass. One may be as vain as one pleases, or anything else one pleases, if one is rich. And yet I thought I heard you the other day complaining about shortness of cash; to be sure, it did not affect yourself, but only stood in the way of what was, after all, perhaps a Quixotic scheme of benevolence in connection with an old cobbler."

"I am not rich, my dear fellow," interrupted Walter gravely; "but when a man spends everything upon himself, as I once heard you observe, he can make a little money go a good way."

"I didn't say it of you," growled Pelter, touched with the other's resolute good humor. "No; I am sure you didn't, though, for that matter, I am just as selfish as other people. You are quite right in suggesting that I cannot afford to keep my pictures, and yet I propose to keep this one. If you ask me why?"

"Not I," struck in Jack savagely. "I am not a woman, that I should wish to pry into any man's secrets."

"There is no secret," said Walter hastily; "it is perhaps, after all, but a foolish sentiment."

"Of course it is. I know that much without your telling me," answered the other contemptuously. "But you will find such sentiments costly even for a rich man."

"I wish I had never sent the picture there at all," sighed Walter. "I don't mean that your advice, Jack, wasn't wise as well as kind," added he quickly, laying his hand on the other's arm; "but I never thought this would have happened—that anybody would have wanted to buy it."

"Well, I never like talking about what I don't understand, so we'll say no more about it."

By the last post that night there came another letter for Walter.

(To be Continued.)

Are the Main Drains and Sewers of Our Cities Flushed as often as They Should Be?

We recently had the opportunity of conversing with a Sanitary Plumber of one of our largest cities regarding city drains and sewers, and knowing that gentleman to be thoroughly posted on the subject asked him the question,— "Are the main drains and sewers of our large cities flushed as often as they should be?"

"Well, sir, that is a most important question and very few of our citizens ever give the matter a thought," replied the Sanitarian.

"This ought to be a question of great import to all good citizens who are interested in the public health," we ventured to say.

"Yes," said the Sanitarian, "the health of all large cities and towns depends in a great measure upon the good working of sewers and drains, and I must add, our authorities are not sufficiently alive to the great necessity of frequent flushings and disinfection. It is owing to this criminal negligence that so much disease prevails in large centres of population. We hear our doctors speaking of Fevers, Diphtheria, Blood poisoning and sickness generally—well sir, it is the result, of not only filthy and poisonous sewers and drains, but of ill-constructed and improper traps. The sanitary regulations of our city are fairly good but the laws are not enforced rigidly enough."

Here is a state of things that must surprise the most careless and indifferent, and lead to serious contemplation and thought. The inhabitants of our large cities and towns, being thus assured that sanitary laws and regulations are not properly enforced, should with great care look to the safety of themselves and families. Great care should be taken of those who are not strong and robust, and of those who are predisposed to disease.

The loving wife and mother on whom so many cares devolve in the management of home and children, may be weak, languid, morose and sleepless; her brain power has been strained to such a degree, that she has become a victim of melancholia. It may be that the bread-winner of the family has been overworked, and that nervousness has laid hold of him. His step is feeble and unsteady; his hand is trembling, and his whole system out of gear. Some loved son or daughter, or brother or sister may suffer from some of these ills, or it may be from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Neuralgia or Rheumatism.

Reader, if any suffer from the ailments just mentioned, their position is a terribly dangerous one in view of the unsanitary condition of our large cities and towns. They are fit subjects for any prevailing fever and disease, as they do not possess the vitality to resist them.

You can ensure their safety and health in one way—simply by making use of Paine's Celery Compound. It is a builder of nerve, brain and body, and at the same time purifies the whole system. Sluggish and impure blood is made to course through the body, as nature intended, and the whole system of digestion is rendered easy and natural.

Paine's Celery Compound, aided by moderate exercise and frequent bathing, will give to man or woman that perfect life and vigor that no other remedy on earth can bestow. Physicians in Canada and United States prescribe it daily and recommend it to all.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

A **Pillow** filled with dried hop leaves is said to induce sleep.

Mildew will readily disappear in a dilute solution of chloride of lime.

Blood stains should be saturated in kerosene oil, and washed out in warm water.

Strawberries have the reputation of ameliorating and even curing gout and rheumatism.

Delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs can be set by soaking for ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessert spoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Enormous dry palm leaves, with the edges in shreds, have lately come into favor for disposing about rooms; and a novelty in fireplace screens is a gigantic web, with a proportionate spider asserting his rights.

Mirrors, with quaint, old frames, are slowly coming into fashion again, as the fancy increases for old world furniture. They are sometimes softened on one side by a draped length of rich material, or left unadorned.

To Flavor Jelly.—Lemon peel and juice, nutmeg, sugar, and, if allowed, a little wine or brandy, are the usual invalid flavorings for jelly. Essences, delicious for people in health, should not be given without medical permission, as they are apt to disagree.

Grease on cloth should be rubbed well with fuller's earth, or yet with benzine, or, again, with purified ox-gall mixed with yolk of egg. When nothing else can be obtained, common wheat flour should be made into a paste with cold water, and when dry rubbed on to a grease spot.

Tooth Wash to Remove Blackness.—Pure muriatic acid, one ounce; water, one ounce; honey, two ounces; mix. Take a tooth-brush, and wet it freely with this preparation, and briskly rub the black teeth, and in a moment's time they will be perfectly white; then immediately wash out the mouth with water that the acid may not act upon the enamel of the teeth.

The Healthful Properties of Fruit.—It would seem like a paradox to say that fruit both warms and cools the body, but such is the case. In summer its acids temper and equalize the heat; in winter its sugars warm. Sugar and acids, in fact, are so equally balanced in this food, formed in the great laboratory of nature, that neither preponderates unduly or to the detriment of the other.

Stained Garments.—Before any garment is wetted it should be thoroughly examined to see if there are any spots or stains which need special treatment. All stains made by acids should be treated with some alkaline preparation; while almost all fruit stains will readily yield to boiling water, which should be poured through them to prevent the stain spreading as it might do if they were dipped into the water.

Don't Trifle with Your Eyes.—Many people are troubled with itching eyes and try all sorts of washes. The eye is one of the most valuable organs of the body. Unfortunately for careless humanity, it is also one of the most delicate. It does not pay to trifle with it. The best way to treat itching is to use a cool, weak salt water wash every few hours. If this does no good, go to a physician who makes a specialty of eye diseases.

An Eminent Physician, in writing about drinking water, says: "If, in any hotel or boarding house to which these lines may come, there should occur a single case of typhoid fever or diphtheria, test the drinking water or have it done. A few pence will buy an ounce of saturated solution of permanganate of potash at a chemist's. If, when a drop of this solution is added to a tumbler of water, its color changes to brown, it is unfit to drink; if it remains clear or slightly rose colored after an hour, it is, broadly speaking, safe."

The Hair and the Health.—Physicians assert, and it seems at least reasonable, that the condition of the hair is an index to the health of the owner; that a scanty growth indicates impaired vitality, that where the hair is thick, glossy and rich in color, it indicates bodily vigor and health. Another alleged cause for the scanty growth is the custom of keeping the head closely covered, and this is supported by the fact that the peasant women of Europe, who work all day in the fields with little or no covering to the head, have the most luxuriant growth of hair.

How to Soothe the Nerves.—If you are worried and nervous, and feel as if you should fly into a thousand million pieces (writes a correspondent), sit down and fold your hands, close your eyes, and repeat mentally the word "Peace, Peace, Peace," and you will be surprised to find how soon the anxious fretted feeling will disappear. A friend who has often tested this experiment says that he defies any one to continue to feel nervous in this position. Peace is the open sesame to all good gifts. Restless, unhappy people and nervous invalids do not know how it would smooth out their tangled way and lessen the waste of the vital forces if they were to devote an hour at a time saying mentally "Peace."

What to do with Old Carpets.—This is one dreadful phase of "using things up in the spare room," i.e., the cutting up the old carpets from drawing room and dining-room for bedrooms. Such carpets always must look out of place, and really, especially for spare rooms, where the wear is not continuous—the plan is not even economical. Nothing is more surprising than the price realized by old carpets—if good to begin with. I would, therefore, advise old carpets from large sitting-rooms being sold, and the price going towards matting or carpets—clean, fresh and sanitary, as all should be in a bedroom—instead of wasting money on turning, patching, and contriving carpets, full of the dust of ages, and which must utterly spoil the bedrooms they are destined for.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

London has 15,000 sandwich men. Ceylon coolies live on \$1 a month. California Chinamen won a strike. Pastors in Germany get \$400 a year. New York has women watch makers. California has a woman's press club. San Francisco has a woman bill-poster. Chinese immigration is rattling Russia. Pittsburg has thirty-three rolling mills. Vanderbilt is building a \$2,000,000 palace.

A diamond dug in South Africa is worth \$300,000.

Laborers libraries and reading rooms are increasing.

The world's silk production in 1889 was 11,706 tons.

The Pennsylvania mines are half Uncle Sam's coal.

London unionists have been assessed \$5 a man for strike.

A Florida orange tree dropped 8,000 oranges in a year.

Boston cigarmakers sent \$1,000 to the Binghampton strikers.

At Pittsburg natural gas saves 8,000,000 tons of coal annually.

First grade cooks of St. Paul get \$100 a month; second \$75 and third \$50.

Cleveland clothing cutters and trimmers want nine hours and no reduction in pay.

Each charge for one of Krupp's guns costs \$1,500. The barrel is fourteen feet long.

The San Francisco moulders are out seven months. Only three returned out of 212 strikers.

The Ohio law compelling payment of wages every two weeks has been declared constitutional.

The coopers' dispute in the North of Scotland has been amicably settled, the men accepting 11d per barrel instead of 1s asked for, with 33s per week during nine weeks of the herring fishing season.

Several firms of Liverpool team owners have conceded the demands of their carters, and about 700 union men are at work. The dock laborers have refused to unload carts driven by non-union men.

Statistics show that 100,000 persons are out of employment in Lombardy, 60,000 in Piedmont and 50,000 in Romagna and Southern Italy. The condition of most of these unfortunates borders upon destitution, and the results of the industrial stagnation are likely to be very serious.

The dwellings for the workmen to be built by the Government in North Berlin, Germany, are to cost £200 each, and are to be purchasable at £150 and a payment of a crown weekly until the whole sum is paid. If the experiment succeeds the work will be extended. The Railway Minister is arranging cheap fares for workmen.

In view of the large number of workmen preparing to emigrate to America in consequence of the McKinley bill, the United States Consuls in the different cities are giving the widest publicity to the provisions of the contract labor law. It is said, however, that this law is being openly violated by the agents of American manufacturing establishments and especially cotton and woollen goods manufacturers.

There is a strike among the women employees of the New York Store, a large dry goods establishment with 400 clerks, recently re-opened in Indianapolis. The trouble is caused by an order that the clerks should enter and leave the store by the rear doors. About twenty-five of the number complied with the new rule and quit work. Others refused to leave by the rear door and the manager was compelled to order the opening of a front door for them.

The members of the Liverpool Coalowners' Association decided to make no concessions to the men, but to import others. The men afterwards met and resolved to continue the strike. The coal merchants, however, at another meeting conceded the men's terms, and work was resumed. The coal merchants are not members of the Coalowners' Association. About thirty other masters have conceded the terms asked for, and altogether about 1,500 men have resumed work.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., in a speech at Sheffield, England, said he believed the new United States tariff law would disappoint its framers and prove oppressive to American consumers, especially farmers. Austria, Germany, Belgium and France, he said, would suffer most from the law. He had no doubt, however, that England would overmaster the dear labor of America, and if the Canadians proclaimed free trade they would be masters of the situation.

The London papers say that by securing the adoption of the piece-work system instead of the hourly system, the Dockers' Union has won a great victory. But the union has received a severe blow in another direction by the employment of the dock companies of regular gangs of laborers at weekly wages. By the new arrangement the men are paid whether they work all the time or not, and the companies have received hundreds of application in excess of the number required. While union men are employed, non-union men are also accepted.

A Washington despatch to the Toronto Globe says: "The Treasury Department is having a great deal of difficulty in enforcing the Alien Labor law. There was considerable trouble last fall because of laborers who crossed the river at Detroit, working during the day in the United States and returning home at night to their homes in Canada. Now complaint has been made to the Treasury Department because laborers in the employment of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been engaged to repair the track of that railroad for the short distance of six miles, which

it runs in the State of Vermont, from Richfield Springs to the terminus point again in Canada. It seems that recently a number of laborers were brought in from their section in Canada to repair this portion of the Canadian Pacific track in the State of Vermont. Before the Treasury could act on this complaint the section hands of the Canadian Pacific had returned to their station in Canada. The probability is, however, that if similar attempts shall again be made a formal protest will be entered against the violation of the Alien Labor law by the Canadian Pacific.

At the annual session of the Sailors' and Firemen's National Union held last week, in London, Mr. John Rogers, of Liverpool, moved: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the time has arrived for the federation of all Seamen's Unions, and instructs the Executive Council to proceed in the matter at the earliest possible moment, and the delegates present from New Zealand, Australia, the United States, and other foreign parts be requested to bring the subject before their various unions." Mr. James Bean, Wallsend, seconded, and, after discussion, the resolution was carried unanimously.

SYDNEY, N.S.W., Oct. 19.—The employers' representatives have written a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor, who sought to arrange a conference between the employers and the strikers, in which they decline to meet the strikers. They say the strikers broke their agreement and coerced the free-men, to whom the employers owe a debt of gratitude, but while refusing to dispense with the free-men, as the Unionists demand, they express a willingness to forget bygones and to receive the strikers back on the terms in vogue before the strike in order to restore the commerce of the colony. This offer involves no animosity toward the men's union, the employers themselves having unions, being convinced that the strikers made an unhappy mistake and that the majority are willing to resume work. The letter asks the Governor's influence to settle matters.

The corn porters employed by the Allan and Wilson Hill Steamship Companies at London, have struck for "obligation money" and "stetch money." They appear to be exasperated at the charges made against them by the owners, and seem determined to fight the matter out. They allege they are justified in their present demands owing to the bad quality and dirty condition of the grain in these steamers. Messrs. Allan Bros. & Co. have telegraphed to Mr. Mann: "Carmen still refuse to discharge Tower Hill and Grecian. Former has been idle a week. Will you personally investigate, and if necessary call in independent expert?" In reply they have received a telegram from Messrs. Mann and Tillett accepting the offer made by them respecting the disputed cargoes as reasonable. Messrs. Allan, in a letter to the press, state that they pay on the average 5s a day for eight hours' easy work for unskilled, uncharacterized men. Unless a change is effected their boats will return to Milwall Docks. Mr. Morgan, secretary of the Joint Docks Committee, said to-day that the state of things was so bad at the Albert Docks that Messrs. Tillett and Mann cannot control the men, who strike without the sanction of the leaders. The Committee find it impossible to work amicably with the Union. Mr. Beckett Hill, of the Wilson Line, says: "We do not mean to stand this any longer. The Shipowners' Association is only waiting for the cold weather. We shall then open the register and form a Free Labor League, contributing to its sick fund; lock out the Union men, and employ only free labor."

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. J. RYAN, 20 St. Philippe street.

McRae & Poulin, MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes, Ladies' Mantles A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut in the Latest Styles. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

M WRIGHT

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

2124 NOTRE DAME,

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

M. WRIGHT, 2124 Notre Dame St.

IF YOU WISH TO SAVE YOUR MONEY

GO TO THE Workingman's Store

2203 Notre Dame Street.

You will find there a large assortment of FALL GOODS very cheap.

BLANKETS

Worth \$6.00 per pair are sold for.....\$4.50
" 4.50 " " 3.50
" 3.50 " " 2.50

FLANNELS

Worth 30 cents a yard are sold for 20 cents.

All Woollen Goods and Knitted Goods are Sold at

HALF PRICE

— AT THE —

WORKINGMAN'S STORE,

2303 NOTRE DAME STREET (3rd Door East of Mountain Street).

C. P. CHAGNON, Prop. Successor to N. LARIVE.

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IF YOU WANT GOOD

PRINTING

— TRY —

THE ECHO

ESTABLISHMENT

329 St. James Street,

MONTREAL,

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT

The Echo Printing Office

IS THE RIGHT PLACE

— FOR —

COMMERCIAL

AND

GENERAL PRINTING

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Labor Societies

WHEN YOU GIVE

ORDERS FOR PRINTING

Do Not Forget

THE ECHO

The Recognized Journal of Organized Labor for the Dominion of Canada.

Our Prices are Very Reasonable.

The Echo

Published by
The Echo Printing and Publishing Co

DAVID TAYLOR, MANAGER.

Subscription: - One Dollar Per Year.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies - 3 Cents.

THE ECHO has received the endorsement of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress and the Central Trades and Labor Council of Montreal.

THE ECHO is published every Saturday morning at the office, 229 St. James street, and delivered in any part of the city or mailed to any address in Canada or the United States at \$1.00 per annum.

ADVERTISING RATES:

For 12 lines (one inch) or less, first insertion, 10 cents per line; subsequent insertions, without change of type, 5 cents.

Display or contract advertisements are taken at special rates, which will be made known upon application.

Business notices published in local columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.

All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, October 25, 1890.

CHILD LABOR IN COTTON FACTORIES.

In the Witness the other day there appeared a communication on the above subject from Louis Simpson, Valleyfield, Mr. Simpson's remarks are directed chiefly against Mr. S. Carsley and Mr. Grafton for the stand they took and the remarks they made in protesting against Mr. J. K. Ward's proposal to have the age limit lowered so as to enable children of twelve years to work in cotton factories. In taking up the question again this week we have no intention of defending Messrs. Carsley and Grafton—these gentlemen are quite capable of taking care of themselves. What we wish to say in reference to the communication is this, that no notice of the other higher and nobler view of the question is taken by the Witness correspondent. His views are of a narrow and contracted nature, and evidently those of an interested party—interested we mean in the sense of maintaining low wages and high dividends. He has no disposition to look at the moral and physical wrong which children of such tender years must suffer through such premature work. It is all very well for him to say that work in a "well regulated" cotton factory is healthy employment, but we have the assurance of scores of higher authorities than he that the noise and clatter of machinery is fatal to the nerves of a child. It has been proved by medical statistics that two-thirds of the children working in factories suffer from nervous diseases of various kinds, and the gentleman has only to look around his own factory to gather from the stunted growth, slender physique and contracted manhood of many of his employes sufficient evidence to prove the evil effects of too early training in a cotton mill.

The moral aspect of the case is another thing. From our experience in factories and workshops we find that children of older growth are not always careful about what they speak, or the language they use, in the presence of children. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and it is desirable that such young children should not be given the opportunity of learning evil from being thrown amongst a promiscuous lot of people older than themselves, who, no doubt, ought to know better, but who still are wanting in discretion, and given to the use of language not good for children to listen to. Keeping children away from school, even for a limited time, is a gross injustice to them. They are just arriving at an age when impressions hold fast and when they are beginning to grasp the meaning of what is being taught them in the school-room and its important bearing on their future welfare.

It may have been all right in his great-grandmother's day to rest sweetly contented with half a loaf, but that age has now gone past. Workers of

the present day demand their full share of the loaf—let those who do not work go lacking—and discontent will prevail until such time as they receive it. Mr. Simpson is probably in the position to secure a full supply of the necessities of life and some of its luxuries also, and therefore occupies a vantage ground in preaching sweet contentment. But tell us, pray, why those under him should want in order that he receive a disproportionate salary or pocket heavy annual dividends. The exactions of big corporations are often on a par with the exactions of the usurer—they cannot rest satisfied with a fair return for their outlay, and it is the working class who suffer first and last at their hands. The cotton industry is sufficiently protected without adding the slavery of our children. Contented with reasonable interest on the capital invested, the stockholders would be in a position to pay better wages to the fathers of the children, who in return could afford to feed them properly, clothe them decently and educate them sufficiently to give them a chance in the race of life.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

A notable event has just taken place in England and shows the rapid strides the labor platform in politics is making there. There was a vacancy in the Eccles division of Lancashire for the Imperial Parliament, and the constituency, which is largely composed of miners, wanted to know from the candidates, first of all, whether or not they were in favor of the proposed eight hour law. The Home Rule question occupied for once a subservient position, although Mr. Gladstone had, in a letter to the Liberal candidate, very shrewdly endeavored to focus attention in that direction. The issue was squarely put and Mr. Roby, the Liberal candidate, who favored the proposal for an eight hour working day, has carried the election by a majority of 205. The result is a great triumph for the new unionism, more especially when it is considered that, in the previous election the Conservative candidate secured a very decided majority over a united Liberal party. Now the present election has been gained by the Trades Unionists over the combined forces of the Conservative, Liberal Unionist and Liberal parties. From this we see that the advocates of the eight hour system will in future place their demand in the front, and if a Liberal candidate is not prepared to go with them they will abstain from supporting him, or if a Conservative pledges himself to espouse their cause they will vote for him. The English papers unite in crediting the victory to where it belongs and fully recognize the significance of the victory for the labor cause.

DISCONTENT AMONG AUTHORS.

British authors are now seeking for a larger share of the profits made by publishers on the product of their brains. The question was brought prominently before the public in a speech on "Commercial Morality" delivered by Archdeacon Farrar before the Church Congress, recently sitting in England, and in doing so he has raised a hornet's nest about his ears. All sorts and conditions of traders fit his sayings and conditions to themselves, and even his own publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., are among those who feel themselves maligned. This firm has rushed into print with a statement of the transactions between the Canon and themselves, which, at first reading, seems very generous treatment on the part of the aforesaid publishers. From the figures furnished by Messrs. Cassell & Co. we find that the Canon received for his "Life of Christ," £2,005; the "Life of St. Paul," £4,333, and "The Early Days

of Christianity," £2,400. In the case of the first mentioned of these books the publishers claim that the copyright was secured for £600, and it was in consideration of the success of the book that they paid the author additional sums amounting in all to £1,405. Both the Canon and Mr. Walter Besant, the president of the Society of British Authors, have replied to the statement of Messrs. Cassell & Co. by a challenge to publish the other side of the balance sheet—to give what profits they realized from the numerous editions of the "Life of Christ," for instance—when the public will be in a better position to judge of the equity of the transaction. It is more than likely, however, that the publishers will decline to expose their books to the public gaze, and they are no doubt of the opinion by this time that the discussion has gone far enough. This little "strike" on the part of Canon Farrar and his fellow-authors go to show that mechanics and laborers are not the only classes who show signs of discontent at unfair distribution of profit, but that even a distinguished minister of the Gospel believes in obtaining from the capitalist the full return from the creations of his hands and brains.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As a mediator between stern justice and the offended majesty of the law the "People's Jimmy" takes the cake. If not a distinguished success as a political theorist and economist, he certainly reigns supreme as a go-between. His talent in this direction is so universally acknowledged that when any scapegrace becomes involved in the meshes of the law it is considered the correct thing by his friends and relatives to get "Jimmy" to intercede on his behalf with the powers that be. Some jealous minded people insinuate that the honorable gentleman's influence is only exerted according to the extent of the "friends" standing as ward politicians and hustlers for votes, but people who know better do not believe this. Oh, no! It all lies in the softness of his heart—or perhaps his head—and his aversion to see other people suffer. His tender Irish nature revolts at the idea of shutting up a man in prison, even though the offence might have been serious in the eyes of the law, so he worms himself around the Premier, the Recorder, the Chief of Police, or whoever else is concerned in inflicting the punishment. The oft-repeated tale of "respectable parents," "disgrace," and so forth, is worked upon these officials, and the effect may sometimes be seen in lighter punishment than would otherwise be inflicted. Jimmy is a good soul and everybody appears willing to oblige him. But, seriously, it is time that this intermeddling between justice and the law should cease. In many cases it amounts simply to gross impertinence, as no matter the position of the transgressor his evil doings should meet with their due reward.

* * *

The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of the United Kingdom, which held their annual session in Belfast, Ireland, lately, complained, and with good reason, of the large number of men killed every year in the railway service. Of late years the number of railway fatalities among servants has considerably decreased, as, about twenty years ago, it was nearly double what it is now. This is to some extent accounted for by improved facilities for carrying on the work, but the tale of death and injury is yet much too high. Shunting and the coupling and uncoupling of freight cars account for most of the accidents, and the Society is anxious that the public should understand how extremely dangerous, under existing circumstances, this work of coupling and uncoupling is carried on. The dangerous nature of the employment can

be daily seen in this city, and the wonder is that many more accidents do not occur. Familiarity with the work often make the men reckless, but in these days of improved methods it is work that should not have to be performed. The railway servants call for the extended use of the self-acting coupler and are of opinion that Parliament should make its adoption compulsory on all the railways of the United Kingdom.

* * *

From an incident recently reported in a Kingston, Ireland, paper it would seem that the Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, not content with appropriating the fishing, is now minded to turn the public out of Bushey Park altogether. A few days ago a shooting party in the park was organized by the Baron with fatal results to some 40 or 50 rabbits, which had previously been evicted from their holes by muzzled ferrets. A resident in the neighborhood, having looked on for some time at the sport, the Baron summoned the head-keeper, "Who is dat?" he is reported to have said. "Tell him to go away. I do not like shtrangers along wit mine shooting barty." The "shtranger," however, insisted that the park was as much his as the Baron's, and refused to "go away." We applaud him. Things are really coming to a pretty pass if a British taxpayer, having provided a park, keepers, rabbits, and even ferrets and muzzles for the delectation of a German Baron, may not just look on to see how His Transparency is enjoying himself!

* * *

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

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE HOURS OF LABOR.

The following important letter on the hours of labor has been addressed by Cardinal Manning to the Swiss statesman, M. Descurtins, author of a work entitled "The International Protection of Labor":

MY DEAR M. DESCURTINS,—I cannot tell you with what satisfaction I have read your book on "The International Protection of Labor." If I am not mistaken, you have been the first to bring home to the public conscience of Europe the condition of millions of persons whose life is one round of ceaseless toil. All political and diplomatic questions are subordinate in importance to those of which you have treated, namely, the labor of children and women, Sunday labor, and the hours of labor. Hitherto these questions have been regulated by the profit which the capitalists desire to secure and by production at a cheap rate.

Some years ago I was reproached with being a hard political economist for having said that married women and mothers who by the marriage contract had engaged to attend to family cares and the rearing of children, have neither the right nor the power to bind themselves by contract for so many hours a day, in violation of the engagement they had previously made as wives and mothers. Such a contract is ipso facto illegal or null. You have well brought out this moral law, without which we should have a horde instead of a nation. Without domestic life there can be no nation. It is the same in the case of men. As long as the hours of labor are only regulated by the master's gains, no working-man can enjoy an existence worthy of a human being.

The humblest worker, as well as the wealthy and the cultured, has need of some hours to improve his mind, and if he cannot obtain that time, he is reduced to the condition of a machine or a beast of burden. What sort of a nation will men who find themselves in this condition form? What can be the domestic, social, or political life of such men? And yet, it is to this that the individualism and political economy of the last fifty years lead us. Political economy, properly speaking, comprehends all that concerns the general wealth of a people. It embraces, limits and regulates all the interests and acts of men forming a society; it regulates them by the higher moral law which is that of nature and of God. It is necessary, above all things, to maintain the principles which govern the life of man and human society. The question of where to buy most cheaply or sell most dearly is a secondary one.

Such are the questions you have presented to the public conscience of Europe, and in doing that you are aided by Leo XIII. and the Emperor of Germany. I hope that the millions of our brothers who groan under the yoke of excessive labor will see their condition ameliorated.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE DRESSES for children now selling for \$1.20 at S. Carsley's.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

KITCHEN APRONS, HOUSEMAIDS' APRONS, TABLEMAIDS' APRONS.

Over 200 Dozen of these Aprons to be sold at regular wholesale prices.

KITCHEN APRONS FROM 20c

HOUSEMAIDS' APRONS FROM 15c

TABLEMAIDS' APRONS FROM 15c

All the 200 Dozen Aprons to be sold at WHOLESALE PRICES; without doubt, these are the cheapest Aprons ever sold in Montreal.

Take the Elevator to the 5th floor for all kinds of Aprons.

WHITE WOOL BOAS AT 12c
WHITE WOOL BOAS AT 15c
WHITE WOOL BOAS AT 20c
WHITE WOOL BOAS AT 25c
WHITE WOOL BOAS AT 30c

BOYS' OVERCOATS.
Notice the Prices!

BOYS' OVERCOATS ONLY \$1.25

BOYS' OVERCOATS WITH CAPES ONLY \$1.50

BOYS' REEFER JACKETS ONLY \$1.85

FUR DEPARTMENT.

We are now showing the largest assortment of FURS we have ever shown, and all marked cheap.

Black Fur Muffs only 85c, Mock Bear Muffs only \$1.25.

Black Boas, 3 yards long, only \$1.75. A large assortment of all kinds of Furs at

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

DON'T FORGET
OUR CHEAP SALE.

CHILDREN'S JERSEY DRESSES,
PRICES FROM 70c.

Buy your Dry Goods at

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S,
1781, 1783

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

Having come to our knowledge that certain unprincipled dealers have of late been offering to the public certain lines of Men's Socks at 25c and 40c per pair, which they claim to be Genuine "IRISH KNIT," we wish to caution those in need of the REAL IRISH KNIT GOODS against the above as being vile imitations. The only

GENUINE "IRISH KNIT"
are only to be had from us and are sold at the rate of 50c per pair or \$5.50 per dozen.

ALBERT DEMERS,
Importer of Genuine "Irish Knit" Socks,
338 ST. JAMES ST.

Having Received my Fall
Stock of

AMERICAN GOODS

I am now prepared to sell all
sizes of

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S BOOTS, Shoes and Rubbers

My prices are LOWER than any other Shoe Man in town.

Do not forget the address:

2076 Notre Dame St.

J. CORCORAN.

One Door West of Colborne street.

MR. THOMAS McELLIOTT
—AND—
MR. L. BRAHAM,

Late City Agents of the GLASGOW & LONDON INSURANCE CO., have accepted similar positions with the

EASTERN AND AGRICULTURAL.

The Combined Capital and Assets of these Companies is over \$3,000,000, and the Montreal Office is at 42 ST. JOHN STREET, MR. C. R. C. JOHNSON being the General Agent.

MONTREAL NEWS.

The members of the British Iron and Steel Institute, now on a visit to America, will arrive in Montreal next week. Arrangements are being made to give them a suitable reception.

A little girl, daughter of Mr. Maxime Gervais, 26 Champlain street, was seriously burned on Thursday, having set fire to her clothes. Dr. Ritchie was called and dressed her wounds, and the child is expected to recover.

The corpse of a woman who died of Asiatic cholera during the epidemic of 1834, was removed from the old cemetery on Papineau road to Mount Royal cemetery Thursday afternoon. The Provincial Board of Health took precautions to prevent any contagion.

George Cooper, the young man who was arrested by Chief Detective Cullen on a charge of embezzling from his employers, Messrs. King & Fennell, was not placed on trial. His employers, out of sympathy, consented to withdraw the charge, Judge Dugas giving his consent.

It is understood that arrangements have been completed by which the proceedings for the disqualification of Dr. Lalonde are to be abandoned, in consideration of his resigning his seat in the Legislature for Vaudreuil and pay \$1,200, the costs of the proceedings to date.

Painters' Union, No. 74, of this city, and their friends, spent a very enjoyable time Tuesday evening last, the occasion being their first annual ball, in aid of their sick and funeral benefit fund. It was held in the hall of La Gaité Francaise, Panet street, a large number being present.

Ville Marie Assembly of the Knights of Labor and Co-operative Assembly of Shoemakers held a social reunion on Wednesday evening in the Ville Marie Hall. Speeches were made by Messrs. Legendre, U. Lafontaine, G. O. Corribeau, J. P. Coutlee, J. E. Fournier, O. Fontaine, O. Leasard and M. Delage.

A social entertainment will be held in the Weber Hall on Halloween night, Friday, October 31st, under the management of Mr. M. Brennan, who is well known and very popular in labor circles. We have no doubt that an enjoyable time is in store for those who attend it, and those who have made no engagements for that night should take advantage of this opportunity to have a social time. The refreshments are on temperance principles and the music will be excellent.

Messrs. A. McKim & Co., advertising agents of Montreal, are preparing what will be the first comprehensive newspaper directory of the country. Canada is now quite large enough and its journalistic interests of sufficient importance to require its own annual Newspaper Directory and there are several new features of the proposed work which will make it a valuable hand-book for all seeking information concerning the Canadian press. We bespeak for this enterprising firm the hearty support and co-operation of Canadian publishers generally.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

Our local football team have the Eastern Championship well in their grasp. How's that for Point St. Charles?

If some of our civic representatives would take a walk through St. Gabriel Ward they would notice a light needed here and there.

The merchants of the Point will find the columns of THE ECHO the best means for judicious advertising. Send in an advertisement on trial.

The costly new edifice in course of erection for St. Matthew's congregation is now being hurried on towards completion, which is hoped will be early in next year.

It would be well if the officers of the Grand Trunk Boating Club kept an eye on persons who loiter about the boat house. Paddles have been disappearing lately.

Rumor says the "other section" of the Grand Trunk Dramatic Club are to produce "Hazel Kirke" next month. Better not attempt it, it is too much for amateurs.

The work on the Subway is progressing rapidly, and is expected to be finished by New Year's. The company are putting in the best of material and are sparing no expense to make it a first-class structure.

Workingmen! Voters of the Point! Watch the work done and votes cast by your representatives in the City Council. The elections will be here

soon and you require to know who of them look after your interests best.

The congregation of Grace Church (Episcopal) have been talking of building a new church over the crossing, the present one being far too small, the wardens not being able to accommodate many of the applicants with pews.

The lacrosse match between the teams from the Argyle and Holly snowshoe clubs on Saturday last was decided a draw, although the Holly boys scored one goal to their opponent's nothing. The Argyle's "weren't in it."

At the rate building has been going on during the past year, all the vacant ground in the present limits at the Point will be occupied in a very few years. They are mostly being erected by the progressive workmen of the Point as homes for themselves, and are first-class in every respect, having all the latest sanitary improvements. Those being erected by proprietors as tenements are also above the average style that are being erected in other sections of the city.

A sad accident occurred here on Tuesday afternoon. The two-year old daughter (Irene) of Mr. Simpson, 209 1/2 Magdalen street, was crossing Wellington to Congregation street, when she was knocked down by one of the carts working on the subway. The heavy wheels passed over the child's head, crushing it in and breaking her neck. The body was conveyed to her father's residence and Dr. McNeese summoned, but could afford no help, life being extinct. The inquest was held Wednesday morning, when it was shown that the Carter, Edward Moore, had done what he could to stop his horse in time to prevent the accident, and a verdict was consequently returned of "Accidental death, imputing blame to no one."

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS.

A Beginning to be Made on Monday Evening.

On Tuesday evening the principals of the different schools met to perfect arrangements regarding the organization of the night schools. The inscriptions will commence on Monday evening for five days at the following schools: Champlain, Fullum street; Belmont, Guy street; Plateau, St. Catherine street; St. Gabriel, Centre street; St. Peter, Rose and Panet streets; Olier, Roy street; Sarsfield, Wellington street; Montcalm, Craig street; Immaculate Conception, Rachel street. The following suburban municipalities are also to have night schools: Mile End, Hochelaga, Desery street; Maisonneuve, St. Henri, College street; Ste. Cunegonde, Vinet street; Lachine, Bordeaux, Sault-aux-Recollets. In all these schools inscription cards will be delivered by the principals to those applying for them. Intending students are requested not to await the last days. All the professors will be on hand to assist the principals so that there will be no delay. The drawing classes will be provided with a more numerous personnel and all necessary appliances will be supplied gratis.

WHAT WORKINGMEN WANT.

Reforms Demanded by the Trades and Labor Council.

Mr. Jos. Beland, M.P.P., left for Quebec on Saturday last for the purpose of laying before Premier Mercier the programme of legislation asked for by the Trades and Labor Council. This includes some important subjects, including measures for the appointment of women factory inspectors; to prohibit boys under 16 and girls under 18 working in tobacco factories; to amend the Electoral Act to give a vote to every man over 21 and earning \$300 per annum and to provide for a half holiday on election day; to render instruction free and obligatory; for the appointment of inspectors of scaffolding; for the granting to workmen a lien on the goods they produce; for the abolition of toll gates; for the appointment of a commission to arbitrate between masters and men; to prevent Government employees doing private work; for the establishment of a Provincial printing bureau to do all the Government work and to print the school books, which should be distributed free to pupils; to abolish the compulsory forfeit system for provincial works; to grant aid to workmen who desire to settle on Government lands; for the establish-

ment of reform schools in the country and to teach agriculture to prisoners; to provide that eight hours shall be a day's work on public buildings; and to forbid the giving of Government printing to printers who do not belong to the typographical unions.

LATE LABOR NEWS.

The London dock companies have issued notices that they will cancel the agreement with the Dockers' Union expiring November 3rd. It is their intention to employ free men and to ignore the Union leaders, but they will continue the present system with regard to piece work and other matters.

Two thousand of the striking lace factory employees of Calais on Tuesday sent delegates to the employers to negotiate for the adoption of a sliding scale of wages. The employers decline to accede.

Striking miners are leaving Ishpeming, Mich., daily, and nearly a third of them will seek work elsewhere. Many Cornish men are returning to England, where wages are higher and men scarce.

Since Saturday last nine men have been discharged from the Western Union Telegraph office at Chicago, it is alleged, without being given any reason for their dismissal. All of them, it is said, are members of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, and they allege that it was on this account that their services were no longer desired. Chas. S. Andrews, publisher of the Telegrapher, was one of those dismissed, and was informed, he says, when he demanded a reason for his discharge, that they had no reason to give. His paper in the last issue published a notice of an open meeting to be held on the Sunday following.

At a meeting of the Sunderland branch of the Shipping Federation it was stated that the central authority in London was arranging for a general lockout should the sailors persist in their hostile attitude. The Shipping Gazette says the shipowners' business is being ruined by the tyranny of the new unionism. The prospect of an immense federation of every trade remotely connected with shipping has convinced shipowners that something must be done promptly. The Times confirms the statement that enquiries have been started as to the practicability of a general laying up of vessels in British ports.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

A Story of Great Suffering from Cork County.

NEW YORK, October 22.—A London despatch to the Sun says: Telegrams from Skibbereen, County Cork, state that a heartrending scene was witnessed yesterday at the meeting of the Board of Guardians for the Poor Law Union of Schull. Believing that the guardians had the power of relieving the distress caused by the failure of the potato crop, a crowd of ragged farmers and laborers, some of them bringing their wives and children, flocked into the town from Mianhead, Cookhaven and other remote seaboard districts. Not a few were half naked, and all had a starved appearance. The sympathizing townsfolk formed the poor creatures into a sort of procession, which marched to the Board Room. Some of the visitors carried on sticks black cloth banners, upon which were written in rude characters: "Work, not charity, we want," "Thousands for coercion; not a penny for employment," and other similar devices. They besieged the Board Room and told pitiable tales of their sufferings. They declared most of their people were already half starved, and the only thing they could get to eat was diseased potatoes. They were anxious to get work, and would prefer that to any other form of relief. The guardians were compelled to tell their petitioners that the law did not permit the Board to grant relief in the form demanded, although if any of them claimed shelter, room in the workhouse must be found for them. There is grave reason to believe serious distress prevails in the remoter districts not only of Cork but of other counties, and the authorities are still engaged upon their preliminary inquiries.

ARISTOCRATIC ORGAN-GRINDER.

One of the most remarkable spectacles one sees in London is that of a man playing a barrel organ through the streets. He is sometimes accompanied by his wife, who gathers the pieces of money contributed by auditors. The organ is a particularly good one; it must have cost a small fortune, for it has five cylinders and discourses fifty tunes. But the most remarkable feature of all is the placard surmounting the organ and announcing that the man playing the instrument is the son of an earl, compelled by parental harshness to earn his living. The placard speaks truly, for this eccentric person is the Viscount Hinton, son of a noble earl. This eccentric individual quarrelled with his father fourteen years ago, and since then has led a life of vicissitude. He first took to vocalism in the London music halls and enjoyed fair success, until finally his voice failed him and he had to adopt other means for a livelihood. It occurred to him to turn troubadour; he secured a fine barrel organ on credit and proceeded to tour the highways and byways of the metropolis. His two children were adopted by the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland. The son is a subaltern in the Welsh fusiliers and the daughter is at school.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has issued the following circular addressed to the trade and labor unions of America:

FELLOW WORKMEN.—In pursuance to the provisions of the constitution of the American Federation of Labor it affords me pleasure to call upon the hosts of organized labor of America to send their representatives to the 10th annual convention to be held at Clauson's Hall, 96 Miami avenue, in the city of Detroit, Mich., December 8th, 1890.

In issuing this call it is but necessary to mention the fact that though the past has been full of success in our movement, it behooves us to gird on our armor, with renewed energy, devotion and self-sacrifice to continue the battle for the material, moral and social improvement, and the hoped-for ends the trade union movement of our time and country is destined to achieve.

The recent movement begun to reduce the hours of labor has been crowned with such success, the whole column of organized labor has advanced with such rapid strides for improved conditions, and the Trade Unions have received such an impetus from surrounding circumstances that the toilers of our country have become more and more convinced of the advisability and necessity of gathering within the fold of our organizations.

On the one hand the corporate and speculative classes have become more arrogant in their efforts to intimidate and crush out the spirit of the toilers by methods hitherto unheard of in labor difficulties; and on the other, the demand of the wage-workers to be larger sharers of the product of their toil has become so loud and impressive that the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Labor will, without doubt, be the most important gathering of labor's hosts within the annals of history. We cannot allow any retrogression in the natural development of our movement. The watchword of organized labor must be upward and onward.

I therefore call upon all national and international unions, state federations, central labor unions, trades assemblies, local unions and federal labor unions, which are affiliated to the American Federation of Labor and entitled to representation, to elect their full quota of delegates to attend the 10th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. The convention will be called to order at ten o'clock in the morning of December 8th, 1890.

Representation in the convention is upon the following basis: National and international trade unions one delegate for 4,000 members or less, two delegates for 8,000, three delegates for 16,000, four delegates for 34,000, five delegates for 64,000, and so on. State federations, central labor unions, trades assemblies, local trade unions and federal labor unions one each, respectively.

The per capita or delegate tax of the organizations must be paid up in full and the organizations must have received a certificate of affiliation at least thirty days prior to the convention, or the delegates will not be entitled to seats therein.

Accommodations have been secured at the Griswold House at \$2 per day.

WANTED.—A Live, Energetic Canvaser. Good Commission to the right man. Apply at the Office of this Paper.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world. Established 50 years. More made and in use than of all other Canadian Companies combined. Hundreds in use for 20 years, and still good. Patrons by the Higher Classes and Royalty. Pronounced the best medium priced Piano in America. In use in leading Institutions and Convents. Over 5,000 in use in Montreal.

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17 Chaboillez Square, NEXT THE FIRE STATION. Durable Goods, Moderate Prices.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

SPECIAL SALE!! Until the end of this month we offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS In our Dress Goods Department. REAL SCOTCH!! One lot of EXTRA WIDE, DOUBLE FOLD PLAIDS AND CHECKS, TWEEDED DRESS GOODS, SCOTCH EFFECTS, to be sold at only 27c, regularly sold elsewhere at from 30c to 38c, and our price only 27c for Extra Wide Double Widths. S. CARSLEY.

REAL FRENCH REAL FRENCH About the Greatest Bargains in Fine Goods that we have offered for years is a shipment of GENUINE FRENCH WINTER DRESS GOODS. All direct from the makers, and bought cheap—so cheap that we offer them at about what they cost to lay down in Montreal. At regular rates these goods would range from \$10 up to \$35 per Robe or Dress length. Your choice of this choice lot of FRENCH ROBES or DRESS LENGTHS, at from \$4.50 to \$30. A very large portion of them range at the following prices: \$8, \$10, \$11 and \$12. S. CARSLEY.

LOW GOODS. In addition to the Special Sale of FINE DRESS GOODS we offer the contents of TWENTY-FIVE CASES of LOW PRICED DRESS GOODS, varying from 9c to 25c per yard. S. CARSLEY.

COME NOW COME NOW Come now to the Special Sale of Winter Dress Goods, at reduced prices. And be sure and come to the right place, namely, S. CARSLEY'S.

Attend the Cheap Sale of Dress Goods

FUR DEPARTMENT LAMB BOAS from 12c each WHITE LAMB BOAS FAWN LAMB DO GREY LAMB DO SQUIREL GOAT DO \$2.25 BLACK GOAT DO GREY GOAT DO CUB BEAR DO \$7.25 BLACK BEAR DO GRIZZLY BEAR DO S. CARSLEY.

Don't Forget the Cheap Dry Goods sale

PRAIRIE FOX BOAS RED FOX DO BLACK FOX DO HAIR LYNX DO BROWN LYNX DO BLUE LYNX DO MUFFS TO MATCH ALL BOAS S. CARSLEY.

Bargains Offered in Dress Goods.

OPOSSUM CAPES ASTRACHAN CAPES ALASKA SABLE CAPES GREENLAND SEAL CAPES S. CARSLEY.

Remember the Dress Goods sale

NATURAL OPOSSUM COLLARS BLACK OPOSSUM DO GREENLAND SEAL DO NUTRIA STORM DO BEAVER STORM DO MANITOBA BEAVER DO BALTIC SEAL DO SOUTH SEA SEAL DO HAIR LYNX DO At S. CARSLEY'S

HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

OPAQUE WINDOW SHADES, 55c OPAQUE WINDOW SHADES, all sizes OPAQUE WINDOW SHADES, handsome designs OPAQUE WINDOW SHADES, plain and fringed OPAQUE AND LANCASTER CLOTHS, by the yds WINDSOR HOLLANDS, great variety. Measures Taken and Shades put up. Great bargains to be had in shades of all sizes kinds. Shades selling at less than half price and choice of several hundred, being laid on a separate counter. Must be sold. S. CARSLEY.

Attend the special Dress Goods sale

New Cheap blankets, \$1.97 per pair. Blankets, White and Colored blankets. English and Canadian blankets. Best makes, All sizes. Lowest prices. The show of blankets for this Winter's trade very fine. Every one can be suited with blankets ranging from \$1.97 to \$16 a pair. S. CARSLEY.

Special sale of New Dress Goods

White Honeycomb Quilts, 90c each Colored Quilts, 90c each White and Colored Quilts, very cheap Lace Bed Sets Lace and Cotton Pillow Shams New Comfortors A fine assortment than ever of every description of quilts and bed coverings. These lines of quilts are of wonderfully good value, and the comfortors are selling very fast. S. CARSLEY.

Secure some Dress Goods Bargains

NEW FURNITURE COVERINGS NEW HEAVY CURTAIN GOODS RAW SILKS TAPESTRIES FLORENTINES BROCATELLES REFS DAMASKS SATIN SHEETINGS STRIPED GOODS PLUSH VELOURS OATMEAL AND GRANITE CLOTHES FRENCH CRETONNES CORD and FRINGES GIMPS TO MATCH. New Goods received for Fall Trade. See the lines of Furniture Coverings and Curtains. The new Silk and Brocaded Florentines are especially worth inspection.

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

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die
In want, in hunger, in cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be lapped in its silken fold.

The "ninety and nine" in their hovels bare,
The "one" in a palace with riches rare!

"They toil in the field, the 'ninety and nine,'
For the fruits of our Mother Earth;
They dig and they delve in the dusky mine
And bring its hid treasures forth;
But the wealth renewed by their sturdy blows,
Into the hands of the "one" ever flows!

"From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;
But the 'one' own cities, houses, and lands,
And the 'ninety and nine' have empty hands."

—Rev. E. H. Gillette.

THE KING OF OUTLAWS

Crimson Career of "Red Rube"
Burrow, the Train Robber.

"Tis as easy to hold up a train as to rob a hen's nest."

That was the theory of "Red Rube" Burrow, the "king" of train robbers, who was shot dead lately by a deputy sheriff in the little town of Linden, Ala., while endeavoring to make his escape from the officers of the law. It was an original discovery on his part in the wilds of Texas and Alabama, for in all probability he had never heard that certain gentlemen living in the great centres of civilization had found out more than two-thirds of a generation ago that the feat of "holding up" not a single train but a whole railroad company had been discovered to be quite as easy and far more safe.

"Red Rube" robbed more trains than any man living or dead. He began his career with a resolute determination to stand at the head of the profession. The stories of the achievements of Jesse James and of Redmond had filled him with the ambition to write his name in the annals of criminal daring high above these desperadoes and he succeeded. He has gone out of the world, and more men killed and trains plundered stand to his credit than to that of any other outlaw in all our history. At one period in his crimson career the Governors of three States vainly exerted every stratagem to capture him, and railroads and express companies have sent on his track the best trained and most fearless detectives they could employ. He successfully defied them all until he was entrapped a few days ago in a house where he had sought shelter from a storm. He was as cold-blooded a scoundrel as ever lived and richly deserved the fate that overtook him.

His last battle with the officers of the law gives a good idea of the audacity and fiendish ingenuity of the man. At four o'clock in the morning he awoke from a real or pretended sleep and demanded something to eat from the two guards who watched him. Being told there was none he asked them to fetch from a corner in the room his small satchel, which they had neglected to search. Pulling back the spring he plunged his handcuffed hands into the bag and drew forth some crackers. His guards, one of whom was a negro, accepted his hospitality and all began to eat. Down into the bag went the steel-tied hands again and up came in them, not crackers, but two glittering pistols pointed at the heads of the guards. To the negro he gave the command:

"Untie me, and be quick about it."

He was untied.

"Now unlock the handcuffs on my wrists."

They were unlocked.

"Put them on that man."

In an instant they snapped on the wrists of the white deputy sheriff. The scene is without a parallel, even in the pages of criminal fiction. The next command to "open the door," was opened with equal alacrity. Burrow took the key, ordered the negro out at the point of a pistol and looked the door on the outside, leaving the other a helpless prisoner within. His other two custodians were asleep in the village, and one of them, Carter, had \$170 of Burrow's money. The negro, under threat of death, led the way to his room, and Burrow knocked loudly at the door.

"Who is that?" asked Carter. Burrow, in a whisper, directed the negro to answer. "Tell him to get up quick, that McDuffy wants him at the jail," Burrow commanded under his breath.

Recognizing the voice of the negro Carter opened the door.

"Where is my money? Give it to me at once," said Burrow, as he placed pistol at the heart of Carter. Springing back to the bed for his revolver, Carter and Burrow fired at one another the same instant.

The ball from Burrow's pistol struck Carter in the left breast. Burrow was shot in the bowels. The outlaw found his way to the street, shooting the negro through the shoulder as he passed him. Carter pursued Burrow and the two men fired at each other until their revolvers were empty. The whole village was aroused and Burrow was found dead in the street and Carter and the negro dangerously wounded.

This robber and assassin, whose name has been a terror to thousands of people in Northern and Western Alabama for years, was only thirty-five years old. He was born in Lamar County, Alabama, in 1855, where his father still lives.

"Rube was as good a boy as any man ever raised," said the elder Burrow to a reporter a year ago. And then the old man broke down and cried. "He was," continued the father, "a good worker. He ploughed and split rails and gave me little trouble. He never disobeyed a command in his life. He went to school at times and learned how to read and write and was tolerable at figures."

"When a boy of sixteen," said the outlaw to another reporter about the same time, "I went to Wice County, Texas, with an uncle. I went to farming and in a few years married. My father-in-law gave me some land and on this I farmed until 1886 without any unusual occurrences. When a boy I had read the life of Jesse James, and I always had an ambition to equal him in daring deeds. But when I married I settled down to quiet farming," "He talked," says the reporter, "as smoothly as a scholar." "My wife died," Burrow went on to say, "and I got in with a crowd of fellows in Texas who had robbed trains. They invited me to join them and I did not hesitate to do so, and I ain't sorry for it. The first trip I took with the boys was up into the Indian Territory. We went there to rob an Indian woman of a wad of money we knew she had, but we didn't get it. Coming back in the Panhandle we struck a Texas Pacific train taking water. We got on it and went through the passengers. There were four soldiers in the car, but they were worse scared than anybody else. We didn't get much, though—not quite \$200."

Burrow described in a cool, matter-of-fact way how a little later on they held up another train on the same road at Bend Brooke and took \$4,000 from the express car. The following week they worked the same road a third time, but only got \$400. Burrow seems to have thought of retiring then, for he went home and married a second time. He did not, however, lead the life of a reformed train robber very long, and, to use his own expression, he "soon wanted to get out again." This is Burrow's picturesque description of what followed:

"We got the boys together, took our Colt's shooting-irons and went for the same road again at Gordon, Bromley covered the engineer, while Nip, Jim and myself lifted the cash from the express and mail cars and got off without a hand being lifted against us. When Bromley got on the engine and covered the engineer, it happened that he was the same fellow we had struck before, and though he was mad, he did as Bromley told him."

Burrow was now famous, or rather infamous, as an outlaw. Large rewards were offered for his capture as high in the aggregate as \$7,000 or \$8,000, and half the sheriffs and marshals of Texas and Alabama were on the watch for him. But he was not in the least alarmed. On the contrary, the efforts for his apprehension seemed to stimulate him to fresh deeds of outlawry. In September, 1887, he and his "pal" Jackson robbed the southbound express on the Mobile and Ohio road, just south of Buckatana, getting \$11,000 from the express company and a large amount of registered mail. In the language of the "profession" it was a "neat job." Burrow and Jackson jumped on the rear end of the engine, drew their pistols on the engineer, made him stop five miles out and uncoupled. They then went through the mail and express car before the passengers knew what had occurred. Before this robbery it is estimated that Burrow's train plunder amounted to more than \$40,000.

The law officers and detectives were now hot and eager in his pursuit. Towards the latter end of October, 1889, the Sheriff of Blount County, Ala., heard that "Red Rube" and Jackson were at a farm near Brookville. With two men of the highest courage he rode within one hundred yards of the house and shouted "Hello!" The two outlaws immediately appeared in the doorway, but sprang back when they saw the guns levelled towards them. Burrow and Jackson reappeared in a moment with their rifles. Rube held one of the women of the house in front of him, and from behind her back took aim at the Sheriff, whom he warned not to approach. The officer and his aids hesitated, and "Rube" and Jackson began to retire towards the woods. At a distance of 600 yards the woman was released and Burrow opened fire on the Sheriff, and finally disappeared in the trees.

Next day a posse of fifty men were on the scene of operations. Burrow and his

companion had not made the slightest effort to escape. They were found in the centre of a field in a clump of trees. The officers formed a wide circle around them and began to close in gradually. When within two hundred yards the outlaws opened fire and Burrow sent a bullet through the forehead of one of the posse. This was answered by a harmless volley from the deputy sheriffs. Then Jackson fired. He clipped off a portion of the right ear of one of the posse. A second, third and fourth man fell dead or wounded in quick succession and the Sheriff and his posse beat a quick retreat.

The Sheriff next went to Birmingham for a supply of Winchester rifles and returned to the field with 150 men and a couple of bloodhounds. Arrived on the ground of the late conflict, the dogs soon struck the trail and the small army of deputy sheriffs were shortly in full gallop behind them. Suddenly a shot rang out and a dog came yelping back wounded.

"That's them. We can get 'em now. Close in carefully boys," cried the Sheriff. "Come on, I'm ready for you," was the defiant cry of Burrow as he appeared in full view.

One hundred and fifty men hid in a second behind as many trees.

"Rube" began firing. The bullet struck the tree behind which one of the deputies stood. Jackson fired and a tree saved another life. The posse fired, but no one was hurt.

"You fellows go and learn to shoot," Burrow tauntingly shouted, as he and his companion started to walk away. As he disappeared in the trees he cried out, "Good-by, boys; come and see me again."

The chase was abandoned for the day, and in the meantime Supts. Ager and Fisher, of the Southern Express Company, arrived, with nearly forty picked men, half a dozen detectives and three bloodhounds. The pursuit was resumed, but the force were thrown off the track by the plausible story of a mountaineer and Burrow had vanished.

Burrow's narrow escapes from capture were almost innumerable. While on a train going to Montgomery the suspicious actions of himself and his brother attracted the attention of the conductor, who telegraphed ahead to the police. Half a dozen officers disguised asked them when the train arrived at the station where they were going. Burrow, who saw through the disguise, replied that "they were looking for a cheap boarding house."

"All right. I'll show you to one," said one of the policemen, and the start was made for the station house. When within a short distance of it "Rube" gave a signal, and he and his brother started to run. The policeman fired and the brother fell wounded. A man who tried to stop "Rube" was shot through the chest. Burrow sought refuge in a negro's house that night in the outskirts of the city. The place was surrounded by officers next day. Levelling their revolvers at "Rube," they called on him to surrender.

"Not to-day," he replied, as he started for a swamp to the accompaniment of whistling bullets. He was untouched. Burrow differed from all other train bandits in the fact that he had no "gang." He did his work generally with the aid of one or two men. He is said to have been a splendid specimen of physical manhood, over 6 feet in height and weighing 175 lbs. Few men could outrun him and his marksmanship was superb.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 22.—Jake Burrow, a brother of the dead outlaw, Rube Burrow, is said to be preparing for another raid. A railway express messenger on a line running from Memphis to Butlington, received on Monday night a warning note, signed "One of the Gang," telling him not to go on his next run as Jake Burrows and his gang would play mischief with him if he did. It is said the gang has sworn vengeance on Rube Burrow's captors.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is in the history of thousands.

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion bitterly, "by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family. Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his daily toil, meets difficulty, and encounter danger; if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

There is only one thing I regret about my execution, observed the condemned murderer. What it is? The suspense.

KELLY'S MONTREAL SONGSTER!

A HIT EVERYWHERE.

No. 1-3 Cents.

Spare that Old Mud Cabin.
Only a Picture of Her Boy.
Slavery's Passed Away.
The Motives that are Framed Upon the Wall.
As I Sat Upon My Dear Old Mother's Knee.
If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow.
Paddy and His Sweet Potteen.
As We Wander in the Orange Grove.
My Molly is Waiting for Me.
The Song I'll Ne'er Forget.
Down Where We Roamed Together.
A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy.
Don't Run Down the Irish.
Paddy Shay.
Mr. McAnally and His Ould High Hat.
Jack Won't Forget You.
Where Did You Get that Hat?
Mother's Last Letter to Me.
I Love You Best of All.

No. 2-3 Cents.

The Same Old Walk.
I'll Come Back, My Darling, to Thee. Topical.
Peep Out of the Window.
My Mother's Dear Old Face.
I Believe It For My Mother Told Me So.
How I Got Even With O'Grady.
I Shall Have 'Em,
Robery's Fin Wedding.
Is That Mr. Kelly?
McClookee's Grand Soiree.
Hello, Kelly!
We've Both Been There Before, Many a Time.

No. 3-3 Cents.

Down Went McGinty,
No, Thank You, Tom.
Maggie's Back Yard.
My Little Irish Queen.
I Wonder If She's True to Me.
Up Comes McGinty.
The King of the Swells.
Three Leaves of Shamrock.
Michael Slattery's Spree.
I Loaned My Sunday Coat to Maloney.
My Sailor Jack.
Dreaming at the Window.
God Bless Our Home.
Save My Mother's Picture From the Sale.
The Freedom Cry of Erin.
A Link From the Past.
Dreaming As She Sleeps.
Only to See the Dear Old Place Again.

No. 4-3 Cents.

The Grifflatons Election.—Topical.
Globe-Trotting Nellie Bly.
I Went With Him.
There Goes McManus.
When Mother Puts the Little Ones to Bed.
McGinty's Wake.
Casey's Wife.
Recall That Sad Good-bye.
Horro for Casey.

No. 5-3 Cents.

Excuse Me, Excuse Me!
McGinty, the Swell of the Day.
Explain It If You Can.
I'll Paralyze the Man That Says McGinty.
The World Will Be Coming to an End.
Down on the Farm.
Leave That Old Cradle to Me.
My Father's Song to Me.
Ballyhooley!
Childhood's Happy Days.
If Our Daughters Could Seek as They Go, Parody
on: If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow.

No. 6-3 Cents.

Killaloe.
The Irish Spree.
Stepping Stones of Time.
Dan O'Brien's Raffle.
Ennisorthy.
He Never Deserted a Friend.
The Scotch Brigade.
Up Went McGinty.—New.
My Dear Old Irish Home.

No. 7-3 Cents.

The Whistling Oon.
He's On the Police Force Now.
The Old White Caubeen.
Don't Trifle With McGinnis.
Old Oaken Buckets.
You Will Never Know a Mother's Love Again.
Where the Pretty Shamrock Grows.
Little Annie Rooney.
The Three-Leaved Shamrock.
Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck.

No. 8-3 Cents.

Now I Come to Think of It.
I've a Little Yaller Watch.
These Words No Shakespeare Wrote. Topical.
Fair Columbia.
Where the Sparrow and Chippies Parade,
When the Robins Nest Again. New Parody.
I Say, Mike!
What Will They Spring On Us Next?

No. 9-3 Cents.

These Words No Shakespeare Wrote.
Remember Your Father and Mother.
Days Gone By.
Murphy Touched Me For Ten.
Major Casey, of Tammany Hall.
The Irish Sporting Man.
Clump; or, They Done Me Up.
Wishing I Was Home To-night.
Call Me Back Again. Parody.

No. 10-3 Cents.

The Montreal Baseball Club.
They Say They Do not Like It, but They Do.
If I Catch the Man that Taught Her to Dance.
Don't Let It Happen Again.
Hogarty's Auction.
Some Day I'll Wander Back Again.
Her Tears Drifted Out With the Tide.
Snuff on the Floor.
Magnum's Birthday Party.
Since Kelly Took an Oath He'd Have My Life.

No. 11-3 Cents.

The Burning Asylum.
No. 4, Second Floor.
That's the Reason Why.
I'll Tell You How It Was. There Were Four of Us.
McCarty's Buggy Ride.
That's the Reason Why.
The Latch of An Irishman's Door.
Don't Leave Me, Laddie!

No. 12-5 Cents.

James Kelly's Sister Song.
All Paddy Wants is Ireland.
You Spoke Unkindly to Your Mother Jack.
The Band Played Annie Laurie or To Hear Them
Tell It.
My Sunday Breeches.
The Kettle of the Latch Key in the Door.
The Girls of To-day.
Say, Have You Seen O'Houllhan.
"Jack," A Rolling Sea Song.
Little Fanny McIntyre.
Annie Rooney's Sister.
Give Me Back My Loved One.
Only Her Blessing, No More.
Denny Grady's Haik.
Neona.
Safe in Her Gettysburg Arms.

No. 13-5 Cents.

How Sweet the Name of Mother.
McGinty's Remains.
The Springtime and Robins Have Come.
The Heart That's True.
We Meet No More As Strangers.
Things I Would Like to Find Out.
She Framed That Loving Picture of Her Boy.
The Ship that Carries Me Home.
I Love You.
The Irishmen of To-day.
Hello! John Maloney.
Just a Little.
I'm a Cousin to Parnell.
Say, Won't You Come Out and Play.
At It Every Minute in the Day.
Little Annie Kelly.
Now You're Talking.
I Loved You Kate in Ireland.
McNally's First Day on the Force.
Sweet Summer Roses.

No. 14-3 Cents.

Measure Your Wants by Your Means.
That Ought to Fetch 'Em.
Since My Daughter Plays on the Typewriter.
Playmates.
My Mother's Mottoe.
Throw Him Down McClookee.
I Whistle and Wait for Kate.
Twelve Months Ago To-night.
It Used to Be Proper, but it Don't Go Now.
I Never Liked O'Hagen.

No. 15-3 Cents.

One of the Finest.
We Were Shipmates, Jack and I.
Get On to That Bouquet.
They've All Got 'Em.
Oh, What Has Changed You.
Learning Me, Fadden to Waltz.
The Convict and the Bird.
Little Annie Rooney Parody.
The Song that Breaks My Heart.
The Song My Sister Tried to Sing to Me.

No. 16-5 Cents.

The Irish Jubilee. (Lawlor and Thornton's great song.)
Upper Ten and Lower Five.
He Was a Pal of Mine.
They're After Me.
The Old Red Craze.
The Old Sunday Dinner.
He Ain't in It.
The Night Maloney Landed in New York.

No. 17-5 Cents.

"Faces."
Sailing. Parody.
Autumn Leaves.
Little Annie Rooney. Parody.
Always Show Respect, Joe.
Oh! Mamma; Buy Me That!
Our Girls.
Parody on Night Maloney Landed in New York.
Brown Kept One and Gave Me the Other.
They Ought to Have a Medal.
He Got It Again.

The Complete List of Songs mailed on receipt of 25 Cents. Don't fail to secure this offer. The Words and Music of any of above songs mailed on receipt of 40 Cents each.

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PHUNNY ECHOES.

A man in California is so mean that he wishes the landlord to reduce the price of his board because he had two teeth extracted.

Barber—Pretty short, sir? Customer—Well, yes, I am. Just put it down on the slate, will you? Much obliged to you for speaking of it.

Husband—I think I will run up to Saratoga for a week, just for a change. Wife—Will you take me, John? Husband—No; I am going for a change.

Ma, what is this coal pool I read about in the papers? asked little Johnny. I'm sure I don't know, was the reply, unless it is where the miners go in swimming.

Grandpa, said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snoring after dinner nap: if you'd give your nose a spoonful of paregoric don't you think you could put it to sleep to?

I don't want my mother to marry again, said a little one at breakfast. Why not? was asked with some surprise. Because, said he, I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another.

Grocer—Anything more I can sell you? Kind father of three—Well, let me see. I've got a quarter's worth of bread and ham, for you see I like to provide well for my family. Now give me a drop—say a gallon of rye for myself.

Mrs. Spook, when her pastor called the other day, hastened to find a Bible for him to read. She could only find a few soiled leaves up in the garret, which she handed to the pastor, remarking: "Why, really, I didn't know we were so near out."

Do you think, young man, he said, that you will be able to take care of my daughter, Flora, in the style to which she has always been accustomed? I think so, sir, answered the young man confidently. She refused to go to the picnic with me last week because she said she had nothing to wear.

I want to get a dog's muzzle, said a little fellow entering a hardware store. Is it for your father? asked the cautious storekeeper. No, of course it isn't, replied the little fellow indignantly, it's for our dog. The storekeeper has resolved to be more guarded in the future when he asks customers questions.

Hello, my little mon, said a gentleman from a window in the second story of a mansion to a little urchin passing by, who was gazing up with apparent wonder; I guess you think there is a little heaven up here, don't you, bub? Well, yes, sir, I should, if I hadn't seen the devil stick his head out of the window.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before? Young woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course! Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was. Young woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match. Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!

A negro preacher said to his congregation: My brethren, when the first man, Adam, was made, he was ob wet clay, and set up agin the palin's to dry. Do you say, said one present, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay and set up agin the palin's to dry? Yes, sah, I do. Who, den made de palin's? Sit down, sah! said the preacher, sternly; sich questions as dat would upset any system ob theology.

A Dutchman turned to a negro boy and asked him: Boy, do you think a nigger has got a soul? Oh, yes, I reckon they've got souls, said the boy. Well, boy, do you think you will be allowed to go to heaven? Yes, sir, I 'spec I will. I 'lows I'll get in. Now boy, whereabouts do you think they'll put a fellow like you in heaven? I dunno, sir; but reckon I'll get in somewhar 'tween de white people and de Dutch.

Ethel and Egbert were bidding each other a good-by the other evening, when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out, and left the two young people in sudden darkness. Weren't you awful afraid, asked Ethel's dearest friend the next day, when Ethel was telling the story, to be left alone in the dark like that? Yes, dear, I was, confessed Ethel, frankly. Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfectly helpless I was.

I love you like anything, said a young gardener to his sweetheart, pressing her hand. Ditto, said she, returning the pressure. The ardent lover, who was no scholar, was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto. The next day being at work with his father, he said: Father, what is the meaning of ditto? Why, said the old man, this is one cabbage head, ain't it. Yes, father, Well, this 'ere's ditto. Drat it! ejaculated the indignant son, then she called me cabbage head!

The Colonel's Hat.

Colonel Bangs is very bald, and in order to induce his hair to grow again he is using a "Hair Vigor" upon his scalp. A week or two ago he was summoned as a jurymen upon a case in the Circuit Court, and, upon the day of the trial, just before the hour at which the court met, he remembered that he had not applied the vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew upstairs, and into the dark closet where he kept the bottle, and pouring some fluid upon a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mishap the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was hot viger, but the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs decorated her shoes. However, Bangs didn't perceive the mistake, but darted down-stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the court room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone. He felt a little uncomfortable about the head, and he endeavored to remove his hat to discover the cause of the difficulty, but to his dismay it was immovable. It was glued fast to the skin, and his efforts to take it off caused him frightful pain. Just then he heard his name called by the crier, and he had to go into court to answer. He was

wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment. As he sat there with a guilty feeling in his soul, it seemed to him that that high hat kept getting bigger and bigger, until it appeared to him to be as large as a medium-sized shot tower. Then he was conscious that the lawyers were staring at him. Then the clerk looked hard at him and screamed, "Hats off in court!" and the Colonel grew crimson in the face. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again, and the colonel was about to reply when the judge came in, and, as his eye rested on Bangs, he said, "Persons in the court room must remove their hats." Bangs: "May it please your honor, I kept my hat on because—" Judge: "Well, sir, you must take it off now." Bangs: "But I say I keep it on because I—" Judge: "We don't want any argument upon the subject. Take your hat off instantly!" Bangs: "But you don't let me—" Judge: "Remove that hat this moment, sir! Are you going to bandy words with me, sir! Uncover your head at once." Bangs: "Judge, if you will only give me a chance to—" Judge: "This is intolerable! Do you mean to insult the court, sir? Do you mean to profane this sacred temple of justice with untimely levity? Take your hat off, sir, or I will fine you for contempt. Do you hear me?" Bangs: "Well, it's very hard that I can't say a word by way of ex—" Judge (warmly): "This is too much! This is just a little too much. Perhaps you'd like to come up on the bench here, and run the court and sentence a few convicts? You've got more audacity than a mule. Mr. Clerk, fine that man fifty dollars! Now, sir, remove your hat." Bangs: "Judge, this is rough on me. I—" Judge (in a furious rage): "Won't do it, yet? Why, you impudent scoundrel! I've a notion to— Mr. Clerk, fine him one hundred dollars more, and Mr. Jones, you go and take that hat off by force!" Then the tipstaff approached Bangs, who was by this time half crazy with wrath, and hit the hat with his stick. It didn't move. Then he struck it again, and caved in the crown; but it still remained on Bangs' head. Then he picked up a volume of "Brown on Evidence," and smashed the crown in flat. Then Bangs sprang at him, and, shaking his fist under the nose of Jones, he shrieked: "You mutton-headed scullion! I've half a notion to kill you! If that jackass on the bench had any sense, he could see that the hat is glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted to." Then the judge removed the fines, and excused him, and Bangs went home. He slept in that hat for a week, and even when it came off the top of his head looked as black as if mortification had set in.

How to Talk French.

The only way to talk successfully to a Frenchman, says a visitor to Paris, is not to ask him any questions, but to deal out solid information, and occupy all the time yourself. I had a trouble the other day at one of the Etablissements Duval. One of the ladies of the party wanted some frogs' legs, not on the menu, and wondered if the dish was out of season. Grenouille was 'frog—I was sure of that—just how to pronounce it was more doubtful—and 'jambes' was 'legs.' Calling the white-capped and white-aproned Marie, who was assigned to our particular table, I said, in my most elegant French:

Marie, avvy-voov lay jham—and hesitated.

We, mossou—h, she said, with a felicitous drawl.

No, Marie, said I, voo navy pah compree. Avvyvoo lay jham—lay jham—day grenvy? She blushed as if I had said something improper. She timidly held up a plate in front of her, and was evidently more terrified than ever. Marie, I said, regarday mw! She looked at me while I put my forepaws together, humped gracefully, and made a movement as if to plunge off a rotten leg into a green pond. I thought it was very neatly done, and I was relieved to see that she thought so too, for her horrified expression relaxed, she smiled and said:

Oh, we, we, mussoo, zhullah konnay!

You know, I answered. Well, it's high time; I'm hungry.

Oh, we, we, she answered, une klombe, a pigeon!

Before she could bring the bird I stopped her, and called in a loud voice for one of the heads of the place. He came forward smiling, and I told him what I wanted; but the idiot couldn't grasp the force of my remarks.

We have legs, mussoo, he gently said; what legs does mossou want? Whose legs?

In utter desperation I took out a pencil, turned over my bill of fare, and on the back of it drew the picture of a frog. It was a life-like frog, well filled in. Marie and the head man both came and glanced over, and even before it was finished showed signs that they recognized the beast.

Oh, we, we, certainmong?

Then they took my sketch and passed it around among the other waiters, who admired it very much, while Marie went off to execute the order. In five minutes she came triumphant, with a plate of—sheep's feet.

A DEGRADED CASTE.

The Women's Penny Paper says: There are in this realm of England from one million to one and a half million of bastards. They have done no wrong, yet they are treated worse than criminals. There is no redress for them. The father of bastard children enters holy matrimony, and the name and land and titles and honors of his family are saved. The mother may go into outer darkness. Illegal mothers may not be touched by the hem of a decent woman's garment; but illegal fathers may marry the virtuous and saint-like, and live and die in the odor of sanctity. The Bastardy Laws outrage every sense of right. When women once begin to look towards freedom, they will scatter to the four winds of heaven these unjust, degrading, and brutal laws.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The weather on Saturday last was extremely unfavorable for out-door sports, and as a consequence several events booked for that day did not take place.

FOOTBALL.

The principal event was the return football match between the Britannia and Montreal Football Clubs. Although the ground was totally unfit for anything like good play being shown, still the game throughout was not without interest and was closely and spiritedly contested to the close, when a draw was the result.

LACROSSE.

The Toronto-Shamrock draw was played on the grounds of the former on Saturday last. The Shamrocks took the first two games, but after that the "boys in green" appeared not to be in it, as the Torontos succeeded in taking the next four. Want of practice, owing to the state of the weather during the previous week had no doubt greatly to do with the defeat of the Shamrocks. This now practically ends the lacrosse season.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—The eighteen fine looking young men who are registered at Willard's are members of the famous Montreal lacrosse team. Saturday they played the Druids in Baltimore, and won by the narrow score of 5 to 4. They did not expect as good a game as their opponents put up, and it is not often they have to work hard to win. They are on a sight-seeing tour as well as giving fine exhibitions of lacrosse, and they are seeing a good deal of the country while they are here. The second game with the Druids took place on Tuesday and resulted in a tie—3 to 3. The final game of the tour will be played in Boston to-day.

THE RING.

NEW YORK, October 20.—"Sparrow" Golden, a local pugilist of some note, was beaten and knocked about the head by two men on the street here to-day. He was taken unconscious to a hospital, and his recovery is doubtful. John Anderson, of Brooklyn, said to be one of Golden's assailants, was arrested.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 20.—Tommy Warren picked up \$900 here easily to-night by defeating Ernest Beecher before the Columbia Athletic Club. The fight lasted a round and a half, when Warren landed his left over the heart and his right on the jaw, and Beecher was out. Warren wants to fight Ike Weir or Cal. McCarthy.

Jack Dempsey has signed articles to fight Bob Fitzsimmons for a purse and the middleweight championship of the world before the Olympic Club in this city.

NOTES.

Wm. O'Connor, the oarsman, has returned to Toronto from Australia.

The third Britannia football team was defeated by the third McGill team by one point.

The games of the Montreal Quilting Club were postponed until to-day at one o'clock.

The annual sports of the Ellick School took place on the M. A. A. Grounds on Saturday.

The Ottawa College boys on their home grounds defeated the McGill football team by 17 to 13.

The winnings of Senator Hearst's great three-year-old colt Tournament this year have been \$84,000.

Mr. J. R. Meeker won the Buchanan Cup at golfing last Saturday, and Mr. McDonald the prize presented by Mr. Peck.

The Crescent Lacrosse Club defeated the Sherbrooke Juniors by three straight, and the Maples defeated the Violets by three to one.

Redfellow, the Canadian horse, now running on American tracks, is good enough to win if he has a capable jockey in the saddle.

There are now three class lacrosse teams in the College of the city of New York, besides the 'Varsity team, and the outlook in that direction is certainly bright.

There have been over one hundred days of racing at the Chicago West Side Park this season, and the amount of money paid to winning owners aggregates upwards of \$226,000.

The Executive of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club have decided to give the champions for 1890 a ball in the Music Hall on the evening of November 14. The ladies of the town will be called upon to contribute the supper.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the St. Gabriel Quilting Club carried out the programme of their annual matches so far as they were able until prevented by darkness. They will be concluded to-day.

James A. Murphy, of Chicago, is credited with having won over \$20,000 when his filly Park Ridge won the first race at Morris Park last week. After the race he sold her to Dan Honig for \$1,500, and she won a race for the St. Louis turfman on the following day.

It's small wonder that people become fascinated by the betting ring when such extraordinary results are achieved there at times. At Morris Park, Wednesday, "Snapper" Garrison stated that he run a \$10 bill into \$12,000 in a week, and as he has begun buying horses again, this looks likely.

Parson Davies, who had charge of the affairs of Peter Jackson before the latter left for Australia, writes from San Francisco that the article which appeared in a New York paper recently, to the effect that Jackson declined to make a match with Frank Slavin in England, is wholly untrue. "As a matter of fact," he says, "Slavin backed out of two matches with Jackson in Australia. We were willing to make a match with Slavin in England, and Peter is ready to box with him now."

The annual fall handicap meeting of the Princeton University Athletic Association was held last Saturday afternoon and was remarkable for the fast time made in the 100 and 220 yards dash by Cary, of '93. Four experienced timers gave him 9 1/2 secs. as a record for 100 yards, which breaks the world's record made by Owen in Washington last Saturday week, and 22 secs. for 220 yards on a curved track, equalling the American record for the same distance straight away. The track is full length.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said Gaskill, "when capitalistic politicians openly advocate the employment of children under 14 years of age because their PARENTS DON'T EARN ENOUGH TO PROVIDE THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE FOR THEIR OFFSPRING. This is the kind of statesmanship which has enslaved labor and kept it in ignorance; which has made modern civilization a curse to humanity; which makes the poor poorer and the rich richer; which not content with seeing the father receive starvation wages would reduce them still further by making him compete with his child and thus create a race of slaves completely at the tender mercies of their capitalistic taskmasters. And these are the men whom we choose to make laws for us; is it any wonder that labor is ignorant, that it is poor."

"It may be poor," said Stephens, "but it is no longer ignorant; at least not ignorant enough to swallow this latest capitalistic remedy offered by the representative of a much protected industry as a certain cure for poverty. Arguments like he uses could perhaps have done him some good 200 years ago, but the present generation don't 'catch on' as easily as their grandfathers did. However, it is well that the man came out in his true colors."

"Just fancy, men working for four or five dollars a week," said Garlic, "and with this miserable pittance to provide for themselves and families; to buy food, pay rent, pay taxes, provide boots and shoes and clothes, to give liberally to the church, to stint and starve themselves in order that a few may live in idleness and luxury. Do you mean to tell me that the people would submit to this if they were in possession of their rights?"

"And what do you call the rights of man?" said Sinnett.

"I believe with John Swinton," said Garlic, "that a man has the right to life, the right to labor, and the right to the product of his toil."

"No one disputes that," said Sinnett. "You can live and you can work and you can get your wages, and what more do you want?"

"Hold on," said Phil, "and I'll tell you. The right to life gives you the unrestricted use of your faculties; it gives you an equal property in the land with all your fellows; it gives you an equal share of political right also with all your fellow-men, and I contend that the boarders in this ranch don't enjoy either the one or the other. To deprive men of property in land reduces them to slavery; to deprive them of their liberty, to a slavery yet more abject; to deprive them of their share of the political right is to take from them the only means of preventing the abstraction of their other rights. The equal share of the political right, enjoyed by a man in common with all the rest of his countrymen, therefore, cannot be said to be a right in contradistinction to other rights; it is the great right which comprehends all others, yet neither you or I enjoy it."

"You claim an equal right with all other men to the land in which you live," said Sinnett, "but what about the feller who holds the title to the land?"

"I'd let him hold the title," said Garlic, "but use the land as common property, unless indeed he could show that he had obtained his title from God Almighty, who alone has a right to invest anybody with property in land. But let us investigate this title of his. He holds it from the crown, and it's in order to find out where or from whom the Crown derived this right to the land. The Normans (pirates from Denmark and Norway) got possession of some cities in France and established themselves there under Rollo, the Great Duke of Normandy

in 912. Robert, the sixth duke from Rollo, had an illegitimate son called

William, by Herleva, the daughter of an officer of his household, who succeeded his father in the dukedom.

William having landed with his army in England, gained a victory over the English on October 14, 1066, and thereby subjugated the country. Partly by grant and partly by usurpation he obtained possession of all the land of England, which he in turn parcelled out among the other descendants of the left-hand thief who had come across the channel with him and stolen the country. Then these robbers constituted themselves a Government and legalized their wholesale theft by confirming the actions of their chiefs, and undertaking to pay a yearly rent for the use of their land to the crown. This tax was a small one and is paid on all freehold estates of England up to this date except such as was purchased out of others upon condition that these would pay it for them. It is an acknowledgment of the right of the crown to this stolen property—the land. Titles to land were of small consequence in olden times. Earl Warrenne, when the commissioners of Edward I. asked him to produce the titles to the land which he inherited from his ancestors, unsheathed his sword, and produced that as his title, saying: "My ancestors came in with William the Bastard, and won these lands by the sword, and by the sword I will defend them." Nobody thereafter disputed his title. Since then parliaments of all kinds have hedged in this right of the individual to the ownership of land, without, however, positively recognizing private ownership. The Duke of Argyle has, I believe, lately introduced a bill in the House of Lords which, if passed, will establish the right of the individual to the land, even as against the Government; but he evidently forgets that no Parliament at this late day dare pass an act of that kind. The titles under which land are held were born in sin and reared in iniquity and will never prevent the people from taking possession of their own, once the time arrives to do so. It is your duty, and my duty, and the duty of every right-minded man to hasten this day by demanding that no child under 15 years of age be allowed to work in factory, mine and workshop, but that instead it be compelled to attend a free school where, among other things, it may learn how, by legislative trickery and brute force, the laborer was deprived of his birth-right.

BILL BLADES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MAYORALTY.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—In the Star of October 8th is to be found an editorial headed "The Mayoralty," in which I can agree in every particular but one, that is, that the matter should rest or be left in the hands of the Board of Trade and the Chambre de Commerce. Very good suggestion from whence it came; but I would like very much to know who will be called upon to vote,—the people, I should judge.

Now, I have noticed that the labor element has, of late, taken quite an important part in public matters, and it seems strange that they should be forgotten on this occasion. If the Star has forgotten that there exists a Central Trades and Labor Council in Montreal, I deem it my duty, both as a citizen and an admirer of the manly stand which the labor organizations have taken in municipal affairs, to let it know that such a body exists and that they should not be ignored when any candidate is to be selected, as would appear they now are according to the article mentioned above.

Now the question arises, who are they who call for reform? I would say the rising generation. If so, it is not time that they should seek to be represented? I am satisfied, if such a course is pursued, that a man can be chosen to fill the position of chief officer of this city of ours who will meet with the approval of all with the exception of some old fogies or political tricksters whose ambition would never be satisfied even though they got the earth and the moon thrown in. As for the working class of people, I think I am justified in saying that they are of the opinion that it is nearly time that the position should seek the man, and that that distinguished personage, whoever he may be, must be selected according to his past record, and must also be able, in order to satisfy them, to point to something more than the taking out of jail some miscreant who, in justice to the son of toil, should be allowed to do penance for

being a law breaker. Such actions are not looked upon meritoriously in the eyes of honest and true workmen.

So, for reasons of this kind and others, I think it would be more judicious, in the interest of the public at large, to call a citizens' meeting at an early date, so as to give satisfaction generally.

For my part, Mr. Editor, I hope that the present generation will see that it is to their interest to be represented, whenever and wherever the opportunity offers. It is time for our grandfathers to rest; they have done good work, God bless them, and made the world the better of their coming. It is now time that the younger ones should shoulder the burden, or at least take up the work where their fathers left off, and taking lessons from the past, benefitting by modern ideas and not ignoring the signs of the future, should so work and shape their course that when their time comes to retire from public life those who follow shall be able to say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

JUSTICE.

SAFEGUARDS!

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—So long ago as September, 1888 appeared the following item of news in one of our city newspapers:

"Last July Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., was requested by the K. of L. Assembly to ask the Government to provide safeguards at the side of the canal in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Park, and also to extend the electric lights the whole length of the canal. Mr. Curran immediately attended to the request and both requirements are at once to be provided."

In reference to the above I would like to know what has the Government ever done in this connection? Last spring a number of bodies were found (after the water had been let out for repairs) in the canal in this vicinity. Now, if any attention had been paid by the Government to the request of Mr. J. J. Curran (for I presume he must have done as requested) some of those people might yet, for all we know to the contrary, be enjoying this life. I have myself seen on a Sunday morning, a very fortunate rescue from the canal in this vicinity of a person who had fallen in, and which would have been entirely avoided if the very commonest safeguards had existed in the place. In winter people cross on the ice here for "short cuts," and these same short cuts are very dangerous on account of the darkness. There should also be a railing of some kind all along the bank, and children and people not employed on the canal should be compelled to keep outside of same. "GRIFP."

FALSE ALARMS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—Only a short time ago a veteran fireman named Aumond was thrown off a hook and ladder wagon and killed. Now we have a young man belonging to the East End caught, at an early hour in the morning by Captain St. Pierre, of No. 8 Station, in the act of giving a false alarm; and then we have the spectacle of "the people's friend," our noble "Jimmy," coming forward to defend one who should, in view of past serious and fatal accidents, have been severely punished. If the young man O'Shea had been arrested for drunkenness he would have been brought before the Recorder in public and probably got at least ten days in jail. Instead of this, we read of him having a private trial and being let off with a paltry fine of \$20, which report says he paid with alacrity. Chief Benoit is right in saying that it is time to get the by-law altered so as to make the penalty much heavier, and in my humble estimation it is about time that our aldermen and politicians in general should cease interfering (presumably when a vote is concerned) in matters which should be left to the slow but sure process of the law.

FAIR PLAY.

THE POINT ST. CHARLES CARS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—1st. The worst service in the city is the Point service.
2nd. The dirtiest cars are the Point cars.
3rd. The slowest running is made by the Point line.
4th. The car you can never catch on St. James street is the Point car.
5th. The car you can always catch at the corner of McGill and Wellington streets if you walk from the Post-Office is the Point car.
6th. I will stop here, as there are no good qualities.

Is there any use asking for improvement? I believe the Toronto system of one-horse cars could be used on this line, as there are no grades to climb, and that by doing so and doubling the number (or adding to in some ratio) of cars, a much better service can be had without entailing any considerable extra expense.

A "DISAPPOINTED" ONE.

THE NEW HOODS for children just received at S. Carsley's are really beautiful, and the assortment is very large.

LARGE CROWDS attending the sale of dress goods at S. Carsley's.

Barry Sullivan was "resting" some years ago at a hidropathic establishment not far from London. To the surprise of all and the annoyance of some, he was the only gentleman who, against the custom of the house, appeared at the dinner table without evening dress. Complaints were made to the management, who asked Mr. Sullivan the reason for it. "Sir," he said, "I have spent nearly the whole of my life taking off and putting on clothes. I am here for rest, and will not change my dress for anyone."

In spite of his advanced age—he is in his 66th year—M. Blondin is not yet afraid to give his remarkable performance on the high rope, and never, if he can help it, will the intrepid gymnast use a net. After more than fifty years of hard professional life, the Old Wonder, as he is called—just as he was styled the Little Wonder when, at the age of four, he first began to astonish the French people by his remarkable feats of strength and agility—is thinking of retiring. He has a nice little property at Islington, bearing the title of Niagara Terrace, and he does not seek after engagements. Now and then, however, he is induced to emerge from his retirement.

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