

THE ECHO.

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SPECIAL LABOR DAY
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THE LABORER—HIS DAY AND HIRE.

Watchman, what of the day? The night has gone—a night of much woe that has sat for ages upon workingmen, as the shroud sits upon the hearts of the mourners. What of the night? has been asked these many centuries. But the day now dawns for the laborer. He is worthy of his hire. He has commenced to feel that there is dignity in his manhood. What means the discontent spreading over the civilized masses? Is it the leaven of revolution—the ghoul-like horror, for example, that laid liberty and monarchical despotism in the grave at one blow—such as ran into the untold horrors which were the real mainspring of its own early energy and final destruction? Not so. Observers have noted a steady progress of the masses of the people. The men to whom God gave life, liberty and hope to work on have gradually progressed from the blind groping of the semi-slavery which surrounded them for centuries. The farm laborer can read and count his beans. The laborer and the artisan have learned that patience is better than force; that votes are more cogent in reasoning with rulers than brickbats with policemen; that to squeeze the conscience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is easier and more profitable than to invade the bayonets and bullets of the soldiery. Intelligence and education has taken possession of the workingmen—the artisan knows well that he has the balance of power, that he requires to wield it only in a sensible manner and the great forces that control the civilized wheels of progress are his. The change has not come in a day, nor in a year. It is very gratifying, however, that it is at our doors now. Even in the British army—the great centre of despotism—there is a difference almost startling. When would a colonel have been sent to private life on half-pay for tyrannically enforcing the Mutiny Act of twenty years ago? True, the soldiers also were punished; but a light punishment theirs. All progresses. There is no standing still. God never made man to be a slave to his fellow, to his passions, to anything. It is the revolt of reason that to-day cries out: "Away with tyranny! Root out the oppressor!" Quietly but firmly the work must go on. Push it no further, however, than its proper limit—to all men do as you would that they should do to you. It was not the cruel doctrine of supply and demand Our Lord preached. He never advised Pharisees of any century to get men at starvation wages because there was enough and to spare of them. Nowhere in the whole of His teachings were men urged to pay laborers one dollar a day in summer when they were hard to get, and eighty cents a day in winter when they were starving and idle in scores. In His teachings He upbraids and punishes the unjust debtor who, when forgiven his own debt, took his debtors by the throat. It was a direct rebuke to the supply and demand theory. When He paid (in the parable) the penny to the workers in the vineyard He never considered the supply and demand regulation. He taught that the laborer is worthy of his hire. The world has taken many centuries to receive the lesson and profit by it. Is the light dawning at last? Is the spread of intelligence in the masses, the education and sobriety advocated by their leaders and the growing faith in organization going to bring about the great reforms dreamed of half a century ago by our grandfathers? Let us try. What can be accomplished in Europe with the power in the hands of the educated multitude of workers? The armies disarmed, the navies dismantled, the wheels of commerce given an impetus that must, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, people and Christianize this earth to its remotest corner. Think of the millions of men and millions of money to be saved—by a court of arbitration between nations. Who shall count the anguish and woe of war? Where in the masses is there ever a desire for war? Put aside the war-makers. Speed the day of our victory everywhere. But here in Canada. Who would have, twenty years back, dreamed of the celebration of Labor Day in Montreal—of the sitting down of tens of thousands once a year to honor labor? There are young men who recollect in their youth

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worse than prison discipline in working houses in this city—who recollect kicks and cuffs to the unfortunate youths in the apprentice stage at the hands of the tyrant. There are recollections of mean little combines against too independent workingmen by their employers to force them out of town. There are recollections of futile efforts at combination on the part of workingmen to resist wrong. This has passed off, never to return. There is now organization everywhere. True, public opinion is not of the sturdy stuff it in many respects should be. The time has come, though, when the combine is not all on one side. Capital has taught labor. The lesson has been severe. They are now almost side by side. They should not get apart. There is no reason why they should be one on top of the other in a bitter war. The remedy, when any trouble does come, is that which Great Britain seeks in her disputes—which Powderly himself seeks to settle the disputes in New York—arbitration. Speed arbitration. Let this day be observed with a heartiness and a sobriety which will honor the cause of the toiler. So long as he seeks the honest price of his toil he will have the sympathy of the world with him. He must keep the law—must never approach that limit of tyranny, oppression or injustice on his part from which he seeks escape by combination. These adhered to, a fair day's work for a fair day's wage must always be a winning cry. Be true to your God, yourselves and your country. Celebrate the day as good citizens. Who shall say there is not the highest honor the greatest dignity in honest labor?

JAMES HARPER.

THE PINKERTON POLICE.

The workingmen of the United States have reason to congratulate themselves on the check the authorities at Albany seem inclined to give to the Pinkertons. This firm of private detectives has organized a force of police, which is always at the disposal of the employing corporation when it is necessary to intimidate or coerce a body of men, who, in their struggle for better terms, are forced as a last resort to strike. Indeed, a Pinkerton policeman is never heard of in any other connection. Possessing no interest in the community to which they are sent, being thoroughly out of sympathy with the workingmen, with arms in their hands, they have repeatedly used their temporary strength to insult, injure and even to slay men whose only sin was to differ with a rich employer as to the terms on which they could be expected to work. The incidents at Albany, where lately three men were shot and seriously hurt by these so-called peace preservers, are but additions to a long list in which workingmen citizens have been the victims. There is nothing like this Pinkerton force in any country outside of the United States. It has been objected to time and again by the press of the country, and while it exists and operates as it has done at the capital of New York state will be a menace not alone to the laboring classes but to the well-being of the citizens generally. Its existence is a libel on the railroad workingmen and its employment an outrage. The local police authorities declare that its presence is not necessary to preserve order, and have shown their strength and ability to keep the peace by rescuing from an infuriated crowd one of the Pinkerton men who had provoked a conflict by firing his revolver into an unarmed assemblage. The employment of these men should not be allowed. Their interest is not to allay but to excite disturbance, for the fiercer the excitement and the greater the antagonism they can arouse the longer is the strike likely to last, and the greater the length of time they will be able to draw pay for.

Smoke the Union Cigar Picnic, 5c.

Workingmen! Do not be ashamed of your inheritance of labor. Turn out every one and show to political schemers and capitalists the votes you can control at the ballot box and your strength in a righteous fight against oppression. One of the grandest sights ever witnessed in Montreal will be the monster parade on Labor Day. Let there be no recreants from the ranks.

POETRY.

WHAT WE WANT.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain,
The common clods and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped?
What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we have hoarded?
We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;
We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board;
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man.
The fruits of his toil God promised when the curse of toil began.
Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and the sacred word,
In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet here of the Lord.
We are tired of useless waiting; we are tired of fruitless prayers.
Soldier and churchman and lawyer—the failure, is it not theirs?
What gain is it to the people that a God laid down his life,
If, twenty centuries after, His world be a world of strife?
If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes,
And steel in their hands, what profits a Saviour's sacrifice?
Ye have tried and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried—
Not wholly the fault of the ruler; not utterly blind the guide.
Mayhap there needs not a ruler—mayhap we can find the way.
At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye have led astray.
What matter if king or counsel or president holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondman's chain?
What careth the burden bearer that Liberty packed his load,
If hunger presses behind him with a sharp and ready goad?
There's a serf whose chains are of paper, there's a king with a parchment crown;
There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field and town.
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent;
And the Baron's toil is Shylock's with a flesh and blood per cent.
The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a narrow room;
The child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes all day at the loom.
The soul must starve, for the body can barely on husks be fed;
And the loaded dice of the gambler settle the price of bread.
Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed him of learning's light;
But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews have all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride and caste!
The Giant is blind, but thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

—New York Independent.

HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO BE A MAN.

1. Why are you a non-unionist?
2. Is it because you are too shiftless or too stingy to join a union?
3. Are you willing to accept the shorter hours and better pay secured by trade unionists, without having done anything to help in the work, and if so, don't you think your conduct extremely bad?
4. Are you ashamed to look in a mirror, or an honest man in the face?
5. Don't you know that but for trades unionism you would have always had to work longer hours than you now do, and for less pay than you now receive?
6. Don't you think such sponging as you are doing is contemptible?
7. Don't you think it is right for us to call you a rat or a scab?
8. Don't you think the condition of us wage-workers would have been better if you and all other duty shirkers had never been born?
9. Are you not ashamed to go on the public streets in broad daylight?
10. Have you ever wondered how it would feel to be a man?
11. Don't you think it would be a good idea to jump right up and join a union?
12. Don't you think you will respect yourself more if you do your duty as a man, a wage-worker and citizen?
13. Will you put it off from day to day and from year to year, as you have done, or will you join now?
14. Do you blame any man for refusing to work with black-sheep, scabs and rats?
15. Don't you think that the time will soon come when no non-unionists will be employed?
16. Do you think those who have borne the brunt of the battle will be anxious, or even willing, to enroll you, in their ranks after your help is no longer needed?
17. Don't you sometimes wish you deserved to be recognized as a loyal comrade by all fair-minded men?
18. If you need information about labor societies, or even encouragement, why not seek for it where it will be willingly given you?
19. Have these questions roused you, and will you stay aroused, or will you slump right down again?
20. Do you think you can sneak into heaven as you have sneaked into your trade—by crawling under the canvas?
21. Don't you think the "other place" is especially adapted for crawlers, scabs, black sheep and sneaks?
22. Don't you think you had better swear off sneaking?
23. Are you unwilling to join a union because all its members are not angels?
24. Do you imagine they would accept you if they were?
25. Will you this day swear that henceforth you will try and be a man?

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WHAT COMPETITION DOES.

In a recent address delivered in Hartford, Geo. E. McNeil said: "How are we to introduce a better state of society? Henry George says that the single tax will abolish poverty. Others say Government ownership of mines and machinery, and protection, will solve the problem. Some believe in political action. But no one remedy is adequate. Conditions are better here than in any other country. It is said the civilization we enjoy is because of the competitive system, but I say it is in spite of that system. What is the competitive system? A manufacturer sends out an agent to sell his goods—boots and shoes we will say. He finds another manufacturer has put his goods lower. That means that his goods must be made ten cents a case lower. Another capitalist commences in the same line of business, and to secure a market puts his goods still lower. So the wages of the workmen have to go down to balance the competition. Every manufacturer of shoes must put himself down to the level of the lowest; 96 per cent. of the manufacturers may be good, honorable men, but the 5 per cent. fix the prices for the 95."
"Two organizations are at work for the solution of the problem. Trades unions and organized capital, the latter for the extension of trusts and the corruption of Legislatures and jurors. Go back to the time when children worked sixteen hours a day, and when factory diseases were tabulated and trades unions could only meet in secret. Now they are in the van. You see what they have accomplished without wealth and with only average ability. Why are wages higher here than in England? The protectionist says because of the tariff. That is absurd. Wages are higher in free trade England than protected Germany. It is because our habits of thought have lifted us to a higher level and we demand more of the comforts of this life. Now, what makes the mind broaden? It is leisure that builds us up. Those who work seven days in a week get seven days' support. It has been said that they who work the longest will be the richest. Were that true, the horse car drivers and the hewers and diggers would be millionaires, and the bankers and professional men be the majority of the pauper class. The reverse is the case. Those who work the hardest get the least; those who do the least get the most, and those who don't work at all get the surplus. And this will continue till men shall not build up great capital out of the hard-earned wages of cheap labor. But the time is coming when those who work shall share the profits, and those who don't work shall go without."

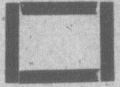
LOST.

The same old story has been repeated, and the uselessness and folly of strikes as a means of bettering the condition of the working people has again been demonstrated by the complete collapse and utter failure of all the strikes inaugurated by the different labor organizations for less hours and higher wages. In Chicago, the centre of the labor disturbances, the carpenters, after being out of work for five weeks, have returned to work after the bosses have refused to grant any of their demands except those for eight hours, recognition of the union, regulation of the apprenticeship system, employment of none but union men, the discharge of all scabs, thirty-five cents per hour until August 1, thirty-seven and a half cents per hour thereafter. The failure to get forty cents per hour should be a lesson to these poor misguided men not to follow the leadership of those horrid, loud-mouthed agitators. In Indianapolis the same miserable fiasco was the result, the carpenters, painters and plasterers being the only ones to secure the eight-hour work-day at the same wages they had been getting for ten hours, after having been out of work three whole days. The employing builders of New York city were so solicitous for the welfare of their hands and so unwilling that they should be thrown in the way of temptation by the idleness consequent upon a strike that they insisted the men should work but eight hours per day. San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Milwaukee, and dozens of other places had employers so deeply imbued with the milk of human kindness and a desire to elevate the condition of the working people that they forced the shorter work-day upon those who were dependent upon them for their daily rations. There is one striking peculiarity in regard to the matter, though, and that is that only in such cities as were thoroughly organized were the bosses so liberal. The entire lack of disturbance which characterized the movement was owing, no doubt, to the wise and conservative action of the bosses for which they are to be commended. The country at large is to be congratulated on the result and it is hoped that the men who have escaped so lightly will appreciate their kind treatment and refrain from making any more such foolish moves in the future.

LUCKY MULES.

The street car drivers in Louisville work about fourteen hours a day. The mules only work four or five hours. By all means give the mules a chance, and let the poor driver stay away from his family for fourteen hours. The street car lines here sold the other day for \$4,000,000. The poor workmen, and not the mules, made most of this for the corporations. "Talk about the eight hour law," said a driver of the street railway company, yesterday, "the employees of the company have nothing like that, but the mules beat it by a long shot. Now, those mules," he further remarked, pointing to some sleek, long-eared fellows, munching in their stalls, "only work four and a half hours a day. They work hard enough then, and it worries them. Think of it, a pair of mules are out for an hour and a half, and make one trip of eleven miles. They make three trips a day or thirty-three miles. It is fast travelling to make eleven miles in ninety minutes and have to keep it up. Often they have loads to pull, sometimes seventy or eighty people. Oh, the mules work hard enough for four and a half hours. They don't have to organize to get it, either."
Pretty soon the mules in Louisville will get a rest. The street car companies own 2,300 of them and will have no use for them when the put in electric cars. It is hoped when mules go, the street car syndicate will give the poor drivers less hours and more pay. The life of a street car driver is not much happier than that of the mule.—New Era.

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HUMOR IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The fund for ingenuousness and humor locked up within the four walls of an ordinary day school is, says Mr. H. J. Barker, H. M. Inspector of Schools, in Chambers' Journal for August, practically inexhaustible. The schoolroom walls, indeed, remain the same; but the generations of children—like a stream speeding betwixt its banks—are ever shifting and changing and disappearing, and each juvenile generation affords its sure quota of amusement. Thus, it is no great task for me to cull a number of interesting specimens—both oral and script—from my examination notebook. Questions in geography, based upon "boring a hole through the middle of the earth," are very favorite ones with examiners in testing the earth-knowledge of the lower classes of a school. Such questions are put with the special object of eliciting whether the children have exact and abiding notions of the size and shape of the earth. A certain examiner put the favorite question in this form: "If I made a hole right through the centre of the earth where should I come out?" And one little lad, whose wit was readier than his geographical knowledge, and who was quite above such commonplace answers as "Australia" or "the Antipodes," promptly replied, "Out at the 'hole, mister!"

The following literary selection is from a scholar's exercise on "Governments." With the exception of the introductory paragraph, which is of an ordinary character, I give the lad's complete effusion:—"It is not proper to think that the Governments of all countries are alike. It may surprise your fathers and mothers to learn that we read in our books that there are many kinds of Governments. Five or six I can count. In Persia the people call the Shah a despot. And your fathers and mothers will say that he deserves it. Why, if a man does anything wrong as not to please him, the Despot has only to say, "Cut his head off." And the police does it. Or if the Despot asks a woman to be one of his wives and she says, "I will not marry you," he only says "Cut her head off." And the police does it. But when this man who thinks as he is a king, comes to England, he cant do it. My mother remembers him once coming, and she says he had to behave himself, whether he liked it or not. "In France they have not now a king. Only a man as they chose for a Government, called a President. In our reading-books it tells you a lot about this country, only I can never think of it. Wives plough in the fields, it says, and the poor boys and girls have not got no English home. The men are too fond of Governments, and they have had more of them than any other country nearly. Napoleon was one, but there was lots of others. The city of Paris looks the finest place you ever see. There is a river runs straight up the middle, and lots of bridges drawn right across, and places sticking up, and bits of people walking up the side of the water. The Government this year is Prezident. These Prezidents have got queer names, but they are not kings nor Desspots. Our country has a Queen who cant do anything but what she ought to. She has been at the Government for nearly fifty years, and still she looks nice. Also Georges I., II., III., and IV., but there was VII. Henrys. There is also houses called the Houses of Parliament. One of these is full of Lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. No gentleman can get in there unless they know as he can make laws. But the Queen has to look them over, and see as they are made right. These Commons are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder one another as much as they can. They sometimes have sides, and then you see it on the placards, and you can hear men and your fathers a talking and quarrelling about it. Our country is governed a lot better than France, and Germany comes about next. Then there is a lot of others, and then comes Persia. Our country always comes first, whoever you like to ask."

Another essay has for its title "The Irish," the writer of which was a lad attending a school in one of the poorest districts of Lambeth. It is given verbatim as follows:

"The Irish are so called because they live in the island called Ireland. It is a beautiful country, which is chiefly noted for three principal classes of things, which is namely, its great greenness, its big bogness and its little shamrocks. It says in our lessons as green is the favorite color with all the Irish great and small classes. Shamrock is nothing but a little bit of green clover. But the Irish love it. They cant manufacture things in Ireland same as we can, from a traction engine to a sewing needle. But still the Irish manufacture the following classes of things very exceedingly, namely, Linin, bacon, shop eggs and whisky. The Irish are nearly as fond of bacon as they are of potatoes; and as for that there whisky, the Irish love it. The hearts of the Irish, the book says, are all very warm. If you was walking out in the country and you met a poor man, you could easy tell whether he was an Irishman; for if he was an Irishman he would perhaps be in a pashion and have a pig with him. There is one Irishman as nearly everybody nose on, which is Mr. Parnell. I have seen his picture in a many different papers, and it is always the same. He has a nice minister's face, and his eyes look straight out at you. I do like to see his face. Mr. Parnell does not dress same as the other Irish, and his eyes seem to draw you to him. He doesnt look as fat as he would like. Them Irish as is poor and lives about here have a queer way of speaking, like as if they had a side-tooth out and the wind was blowing through it. They seem to have a lot of wind inside of them. These poor men's faces have a lot of wrinkles on them, and they look funny at you like what gypsies do. The Irish women have even got warmer hearts than the men, for they will actually sometimes pull their husbands' checks in the street. But the Irish are one of the two finest classes of men in the world. The English are a big fatter; but the Irish can run about and fight the best. The Irish have produced nearly all our great soldiers, because father told a man in our house that when he once took mother to the Music Hall, there was an Irishman akicking up his eels all by himself on the stage, and singing a song which said, What was Wellington? why, an Irishman; what was General More? an Irishman; what was Sir Garnit Woolsey? an Irishman. And father said that he showed the people that everybody as had ever done anything worth menshening was Irishmen. Father said he left out Nelson, because he knew the people woodn't stand it. Then I said to father that if the man had have said as Nelson was an Irishman, that the people

ought to have called out as Mr. Parnell was an Englishman. Then my father laughed, and told me the man he was telling, as I was a fair coshen."

The following essay on "Winter" is an effort by a boy who was eleven years of age at the time of examination. He is one, alas! of too many. He came from a miserably poor home, for his father was dead and his mother had to support a small family of three by the labor of her own hands. The composition gives a touching insight into the home life and the hardships which the very poor have to undergo in their daily struggle for uncertain bread:—"Winter is the 4th season of the year, and therefore it is the coldest. It is so cold that we have fine red fires in the schoolrooms, big enough to boil a sheep on them. You never see such fires not even in the church. They are fires, them are, and no mistake. Whenever I see the schoolkeeper come in with that big scuttle of his, and tippie the coals on, I always think how pleased my mother would be only to have one of them lumps. Why, there's more coals in that one scuttle than there ever is in all our coal bin at home. I do wish that my mother was the School Board so as she could make good fires for her and me and my two little sisters. I never cry with the cold, not me, but our little Hannah does. But then I get so regular warm at school, that it seems to stick to me for ever so long. In the winter you have to pick up the bits of coals from the middle of the road after the carts have gone by. This is not stealing, because the coal man would never pick them up himself. When there is snow upon the ground the carts bump a good deal and jog more coals out, and besides you see the pieces plainer lying on the ground. Our Hannah has been very ill this winter. Whenever she coughs extra loud, I see the tears come to my mother's eyes. I see her look at Hannah, and then she always wipes her eyes and nose with her apron. I wish as my mother was the School Board. You seem to get thinner in winter, and your boots seem to get thinner, and you always feel a lot hungrier. Dont I like that toast and drippin which I have with mother when she gets home from her washing. She toasts three or four slices at the laundry fire where she works, and so shes only got to warm it a bit afore we eat it. But I shouldnt mind winter very much if it went for the chilblanes. Sometimes your toes feel as if theyre tickling one another, and sometimes as if theyre skorching one another. I feel regular mad with them sometimes. When shall I have some nice thick hard boots again same as what that gentleman give me at school a long time since. He has been to school once or twice since, looking at our feet under the desk, but every time he came my boots happened not to have no holes in, so he past me by. Perhaps he will come again afore long.

Smoke the Union Cigar Pic-nic 5c.

THE LIFE OF A LONDON SHOP GIRL.

The life of the girl who stands behind the counter of a fifth-rate shop selling ribbons, writes "Miss Mantalini," is a ceaseless grind. The work is niggling and trying in the extreme, but the perpetual standing is worse. It takes years to learn how to stand. Anybody fresh to the business will be utterly bowed down with fatigue at the end of a day's experience. Garroulds, of Edgware road, are the only people I know of who provide seats for their assistants. The Early Closing Association's efforts in this direction do not seem to have resulted in much. Most of these girls who work at fifth-rate shops are ill-fed as well as ill-paid. During the selling off season they have to work twelve hours a day. An interval of twenty minutes is allowed for dinner, and another of the same length for tea. Wretched food is put on the table—tough meat and watery potatoes. This, with a chunk of bread, is what they call dinner. The tea is always well boiled, so that all the goodness is got out of it. This, with more chunks of bread and plenty of margarine, is put on the table at five. The buyers eat their scrumptious morsels in another room. The show-room hands have a trifle better time of it than the girls behind the counter. They can steal a few minutes' rest in the day while the show-walker's back is turned. It is strictly against the rules to sit down at most places. I asked a show-room hand what became of the girls eventually; whether those who failed to get on remained in service all their lives. She said, "Most of them marry."

At some of the first-rate houses of the West-end the assistants are treated well. But here vacancies are at a premium. A girl can only get a situation in a good house through having a friend at court. "You can go and interview any lady you like here," said a Sloane street draper to me recently. "I always dine with my assistants, and whatever I have they have. There is half-an-hour for dinner, with ten minutes afterwards, and the same period for tea. At six o'clock we close. Sometimes it's later. The assistants are always at liberty to sit down when they are not engaged with customers." I had a chat with one of the show-room women at this place, and she told me that they were treated almost as visitors by their employer. The shopkeepers of London differ widely in their notions of how their assistants ought to be treated. Some of them get up balls and concerts for their amusement occasionally.

Smoke the Union Cigar Sokmer 10c

REMARKABLE END OF A TRIAL.

A charge of attempted murder and attempted suicide at the Old Bailey the other day had a singular termination. The prosecutrix, a young woman named Mary Ann Capper, made the acquaintance of the accused, William Stock, aged twenty-two, seven or eight years ago; and some months ago, when she, her sister, brother and father were compelled to go to the workhouse by destitution, the prisoner, who was only earning £1 per week, and was allowing his mother 10s of it, took them out of the Union and supported them out of the remaining 10s. On the 21st May the girl left to go to her married brother's, and the prisoner meeting her two days afterwards, begged her to return, stating he would put up the banns next day. She refused, whereupon he cut her throat and his own with a razor. The girl, in cross-examination, said she would marry the accused if he was released. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy, and Justice Grantham said he would only sentence him to one week's imprisonment, the result being that he would be at once discharged. He had hardly ever heard of such devotion as the prisoner had shown, and the Aldermen and Sheriffs and himself believed that the girl herself would recompense him for his devotion to her. He would hand her a sum of £10 to assist in providing a home for them both.

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The Echo.

LABOR DAY, SEPT. 1st, 1890.

THE CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.

From a small beginning the Central Trades and Labor Council has developed into a recognized power in civic affairs, as well as in local and Dominion politics. The idea of amalgamating the various labor organizations into a central body first originated with some members of Dominion Assembly, K. of L., in the winter of 1884, and although their efforts at that time proved futile the scheme commended itself to a majority of the various organizations. Held in abeyance for some time, the principle of central organization was not abandoned, and the first step towards that end was taken conjointly by Ville Marie and Dominion Assemblies, when, on response to a call from them, a public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall in February of the following year to consider the Statute Labor Tax. This tax, however useful and necessary at one period of the city's history, was deemed to have outlived its time. Its continuance in the civic statute book was held to be unconstitutional, as well as an outrage, as its non-payment was used as a means of depriving a large number of hard-working, intelligent citizens of their votes in municipal elections. Petitions were drawn up, numerous signed, and presented to the City Council asking for its repeal, but without effect. Some of the aldermen of the Council thought it "too presumptuous" in the working-class element to interfere with the laws governing the civic franchise. But the men who initiated the crusade against the iniquitous act were made of sterner stuff than their opponents imagined, and, despite of repeated rebuffs, the agitation was continued. Ultimately a test case was brought before the courts, which, after the proverbial law's delay, was ultimately decided in favor of the appellants and the Statute Labor Tax became a thing of the past. Although the initiative was taken by the K. of L., the burthen of the agitation was borne by the Central Trades and Labor Council, and to that body belongs the credit of the successful finish of the fight against a tax levied solely upon a class.

In November, 1885, another attempt at central organization was made. This time it emanated from Ville Marie Assembly and came in the form of a resolution offered by Mr. Urbain Lafontaine, printer, a well-known and highly respected member of Jacques Cartier Typographical Union. The resolution was to the effect that a committee be formed with instructions to issue an appeal to the various labor organizations asking them to assist in forming a central body, composed of delegates from the different societies, in order to protect their mutual interests and to exercise a strict supervision over legislative measures affecting workingmen. Accordingly, invitations were sent to the various organized bodies, and such was the hearty response given that, on the 12th of January, 1886, after a few preliminary meetings by the delegates chosen, the Central Trades and Labor Council was formed. The first president of the newly formed Council was Mr. Louis Guyon, of La Concord Assembly, K. of L., now the efficient Factory Inspector. Mr. Joseph Corbeil, of the Bricklayers' Union, was elected vice-president, and Mr. L. N. Genereux, of Montreal Typographical Union, No. 176, was chosen secretary. Succeeding presidents have been Messrs. Joseph Corbeil, and U. Lafontaine. The present incumbent of the presidential chair is



MR. JOSEPH BELAND, M.P.P.

Mr. Beland is a bricklayer by trade and has long identified himself with labor reform. On the increased representation being given to Montreal by Hon. Mr. Mercier, the Council determined to run its president, Mr. Beland, for St. Mary's ward in the labor interest, and his candidature met with a gratifying reception from all classes of politicians, the result being that he was elected over a very influential candidate by a majority of 87 votes.

Besides taking part in the adoption of other needed reforms, the Council were instrumental in securing important amendments to the obnoxious laws relating to the seizure of household furniture and personal effects, and just now they are engaged in an endeavor to solve the Water Tax question. From the energy the Council have hitherto displayed in their action with regard to other reforms, it is safe to predict that the City Council will be forced to abandon their dilatory, do-nothing policy, and effect a radical change by constituting a more equitable basis of taxation and easier system of collection. To strengthen the hands of the Council in their efforts to lessen the burdens under which the working classes labor it is, first of all, imperative that every workingman should belong to an organization and, secondly, to see that his organization is represented in the Trades and Labor Council.

THE WATER RATES.

The agitation for a reform of the system on which the water rates are collected in Montreal is one that surprises people, chiefly because it was not started long ago. For years, under the head of water rates, the people have been paying into the city treasury a sum much greater than was necessary to meet the expense of administration and interest on first cost of the water works. It is not an excuse for this state of affairs to state that the money thus collected was spent for the benefit of the people in other directions, and that it is immaterial whether, in collecting a certain amount, the city calls for it under the head of water rates or general taxation. This has been recognized in the City Hall, when, in estimating the sum chargeable against the water rates, the interest on that part of the city's debt held to represent the first cost of the water works has been put at a higher figure than is paid on the general civic indebtedness. In the treasury department there is no distinction between the receipts from water rates and those from real estate and business assessments. All are lumped together, and out of the total so much as is required to maintain and extend the water service is appropriated for the committee having it in charge. No attempt—no pretence at an attempt—is made to keep the accounts separate. The water rates are simply used to meet the current wants of the treasury, whatever they may be. In face of such facts those liable to pay water rates have a right to demand that they shall receive their share of the benefit that the city generally has derived from the reduction in the rate of interest on its bonds. The difference between six per cent. and three or three-and-a-half per cent. on that portion of the debt presumably represented by the water service, if the consumer were given the benefit, would make a difference in the water bills that many a poor man would appreciate. Besides this item of interest, there is also the generally admitted fact that more is collected as water rates than is expended in keeping up the service. Just what the difference amounts to cannot be said except by those well acquainted with the management of the city's finances. Be it great or small, however, the consumer should get the benefit of it. It should be the duty of the City Council to revise the whole water rates question on these lines, and it should be the duty of the labor organizations to insist on this being done. The workingman's interest in this is just the same as that of all other citizens, even the most wealthy; but the workingman has the strength of organization that other citizens do not possess, and so can make his voice heard and respected, where others are unheeded. It may be that, when the reform is made, the total amount the workingman will have to pay to the city treasury would not be reduced. Taxes have a way of finding their way down to the workingman's level, however they are levied. But he will then know, and all the citizens will know, that under the head of water rates he is only paying for water, and that all he has to give up for other municipal services is properly set down. This will be in itself an incentive to economy, and if it lets the people see that Montreal is not in truth a city of such low taxation as is sometimes said, the result will not hurt any one. What we want is that a stop shall be put to the collection of money for general purposes under the head of water rates, and that the water rates shall be the water rates and nothing more.

"Le Repos du Travailleur."

We cordially recommend to the notice of our readers "Le Repos du Travailleur," a souvenir of Labor Day, published by Mr. G. O. Corriveau. This is a sixteen page paper, and contains a large number of very interesting articles on the labor question. The first page is illustrated with the portraits

of the principal French-Canadian labor leaders and the portrait of Mr. L. O. David, the president of St. Jean Baptiste Society. The price per number is only five cents, and we hope that our confrere and friend, Mr. Corriveau, will receive from the working people all the encouragement he deserves.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS ON LABOR

Webster's primary definition of labor is: "Physical toil or bodily exertion, especially when fatiguing, irksome, or unavoidable, in distinction from sportive exercise; hard, muscular effort directed to some useful end, as agriculture, manufactures, and the like; servile toil; exertion." Not much of the dignity or manhood of labor in that, is there? And yet, no doubt, Webster only represented the general feeling with regard to labor at the time he wrote it. There was then but little thought of associating the two, dignity and labor; the latter was looked upon as essentially a painful thing, and the man who labored, no matter in what field, was looked upon as little better than the lower animals, and little wonder that this was so. Long hours of weary toil left him but little time for recreation or leisure for the improvement of his mental faculties, even had the pitiful sum he earned provided him with the means of gratifying more than his mere bodily wants. But, thanks to the exertions of noble, self-devoted men in the ranks of the workingmen, the idea that labor must of necessity be painful has passed away. True it is, there still remains a vast amount of work to be accomplished to altogether free the workingmen from the thralldom which, to a limited but certain extent, still environs him. But let us on Labor Day show our appreciation of those who in the past so manfully, and in spite of almost overwhelming difficulties, strove so far successfully to free labor from the hands which so long had held it down. And in the struggle now going on, and which apparently ever must exist between capital and labor, it will be well for the workingman to know just exactly the ground on which he stands; to know just exactly what he wants, and what he ought to have; and having done this, to make up his mind that what he wants he can have in time. The power is in his own hands; he has but to know his own mind; to throw aside political parties; to be no longer led by the nose by either of the existing parties, but resolve that if he cannot at present have a party for himself, he will make use of Conservative or Liberal as best may serve him, and no longer let the Liberal or Conservative make use of him. Let him first know just what he wants and be himself convinced of the reasonableness of his demands, and he can have them satisfied. I am but repeating in a very feeble way what Walter Besant has so well said in that book of his which everybody should read, but which should be read at least by every workingman, "An Impossible Story." In speaking of the "workingman," I include more than the manual laborer. The great forefather of us all, Adam, the first gentleman on the face of God's earth, was also the first laborer. Thus from the outset the great Creator of the world stamped labor with the hall mark of dignity. True it is, if we are to believe the account of the Fall given in Genesis, labor was imposed upon man, not, as some have supposed, however, as a punishment, but to mark and accentuate the difference between man before the Fall and man after it. But who is there at the present day, except the veriest lout and loafer, the tramp and altogether castaway, who would dare to assert that labor, within proper limits, is a punishment to man? Labor I take as meaning not merely manual labor, not the labor of the workshop only, but the labor also which is performed by the writer in his study, the merchant in his office, the clergyman in his pulpit, and even the actor on the stage; in fact, all work that tends to the progress of the world and the benefit of mankind, carried on possibly with the primary purpose of earning daily bread, but still with the above result. I know that many of us are inclined to resent the idea of ministers, actors, lawyers and others being regarded as laborers, especially when we think of the first-mentioned leaving their flocks without spiritual nourishment for two months of the year while they themselves roam the earth in search of mental pabulum and a renewal of physical strength for the other ten months of the year. I know that many of us wonder how they can reconcile their annual holiday with the earnest admonitions which they launch from their pulpits on the remaining Sundays of the year, but on Labor Day, at least, we can afford to be charitable and class them with laborers; at all events they are fond of quoting "the laborer is worthy of his hire," "we are all laborers in the vineyard," and so forth. As to actors I am inclined to put them on pretty much the

same plane as the ministers, with this difference that they work a good deal harder and possibly benefit mankind more in the long run than do the ministers. Of course, I am speaking of both professions as a whole and do not single out individual cases as examples of either professions. The lawyer, too, must be included in the catalogue of workingmen; however much we may abhor going to law, there can be no doubt of the fact that the lawyer is a necessity, torn it may be of the stupidity of our law framers or the ambiguity of our language, but a necessity he is, whatever he may be in the future, and that he works hard—those who know the most worthy members of the professions must readily admit. Including them all workers, whether of brain or of muscle, or perhaps of both, the world at large cannot help admitting the enormous debt which it owes labor, and I hold that every man who has in any way whatever contributed to the building of the stupendous monuments of labor which now cover the face of the globe has a right to be proud of his share, however small, if done in a manful way, with heart and soul. But, there can be no affinity between the dignity of labor and scamped work. The man who, professing to be a workingman, will allow a piece of scamped work to pass through his hands, or will so much as wink at such a thing, is the man who will drag the name of labor in the mire, who will cause the finger of scorn to be pointed at labor in the person of the workingman, and finally he is a man whom his fellow-workmen would do well to warn and possibly to shun. A workman who will persist in scamped work must be ostracised; he lowers his own manhood and the dignity of his fellow men. If it be true that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, it is just as true that bed work and much play will make Jack a dull boy, and a mighty poor one too, in the end. It has been the writer's lot to shake by the hand all manners and conditions of men, and he can truly testify that he has felt more pleasure in shaking by the hand a working coal miner, poor in worldly goods, but rich in all that goes to make a man, than he ever felt in shaking hands with an earl or a high church dignitary. Of course it does not follow that an earl or even a clergyman may not be a decent fellow. On the contrary, it must be confessed that the writer has also met many coal miners and workingmen of all classes who would have been a disgrace to any class, and who were in their way as depicable as any of those polluted creatures who have shamed many a fair name. But the point was this: that no work, however humble in itself, could detract from the native nobility of that worldly poor miner. He dignified whatever he touched, for like the man of whom most of us have read, "what e'er he did, he did his level best." To sum up these rambling thoughts on labor, the words of the poet may fitly be addressed to every workingman, work he mentally or work he physically:

"To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

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EXHIBITION * GROUND*

Programme of Games.

1. Putting the shot—1st, meerscham pipe; 2nd, felt hat; 3rd, gent's undershirt.
 2. Hop, step and jump—1st, pants to order; 2nd, meerscham cigar holder; 3rd, white shirt, collar and cuffs.
 3. Broad jump—1st, gold medal; 2nd, silver pickle jar; 3rd, gold watch chain.
 4. 100 yards—Boys, 12 years and under (members sons organized labor)—1st, boy's suit; 2nd, boy's suit; 3rd, secretaire; 4th, football.
 5. 100 yards dash (in heats)—1st, pair pants to order; 2nd, gold pin; 3rd, 1 dozen photographs.
 6. 100 yards (ladies)—1st, silk parasol; 2nd, album; 3rd, silk fichu; 4th, work box.
 7. 1 mile walk (handicap)—1st, silver cup; 2nd, gent's umbrella; 3rd, athletic shirt.
 8. 1/2 mile, open to members of labor organizations in good standing—1st, ton of coal; 2nd, felt hat; 3rd, one box soap.
 9. 100 yards, open to married ladies—1st, lady's shawl; 2nd, dress pattern; 3rd, lady's hand satchel.
 10. 2 mile—1st, silver cup; 2nd, silver medal; 3rd, gent's gold scarf pin.
 11. 1/2 mile—1st, gold medal; 2nd, silver medal; 3rd, meerscham pipe.
 12. 120 yards sack race—1st, meerscham pipe; 2nd, box union cigars (Sohmer); 3rd, flannel shirt.
 13. 1 mile (professional)—1st, \$8; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3.
 14. 100 yards, open to presidents of labor organizations—1st, crayon photo of winner; 2nd, gold-headed cane; 3rd, nickel clock.
 15. 120 yards (hurdle)—1st, silver medal; 2nd, gold ring; 3rd, silk foulard.
 16. 1/2 mile, open to city policemen—1st, parlor table; 2nd, gent's set underwear; 3rd, woollen undershirt.
 17. 100 yards, open to fat men (200 lbs. and over)—1st, fancy vest to order; 2nd, silver fishing reel; 3rd, tobacco jar.
 18. 50 yards, open to girls (12 years and under)—1st, fancy work box; 2nd, silk parasol; 3rd, silk handkerchief.
 19. 220 yards, open to members of labor organizations in good standing—1st, silver cruet stand; 2nd, silk hat; 3rd, box soap.
 20. 1/2 mile, open to members of Montreal fire department—1st, pants to order; 2nd, meerscham pipe; 3rd, white shirt.
 21. 100 yards (3-legged race)—1st, 2 pairs slippers; 2nd, 2 briar pipes; 3rd, 2 coffee pots.
 22. 100 yards (pipe race)—1st, meerscham pipe; 2nd, felt hat; 3rd, gent's umbrella.
 23. 100 yards, open to members of labor organizations in good standing—1st, silk hat; 2nd, "Gazette" for one year; 3rd, iron heater.
 24. Greasy pig—1st, pig.
 25. 100 yards, open to committee of organization—1st, gent's umbrella; 2nd, box baking powder; 3rd, fancy table; 4th, gold pin; 5th, revolver.
- Bean guess—Sewing machine.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Games to commence at 12 o'clock sharp. Games will be governed by Canadian A. A. Association rules. All events open to amateurs only, except No. 13. The committee reserve the right of making any alteration in the programme that may be deemed necessary. Decision of the judges to be final. None but members of organization committee, judges, representatives of the press and actual competitors will be allowed on the field. Entrance fee to Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 15, 17, 21 and 22, 25 cents; Nos. 4, 6, 8, 9, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23 and 25, free; Nos. 13 and 24, 50 cents; bean guess, 5 cents. Nos. 4, 8, 14, 19 and 23 will require a certificate of membership from their organization. Entrance fee to accompany each entry. Entries close on Saturday, August 30. Address P. J. RYAN, Secretary, 20 St. Philippe Street.

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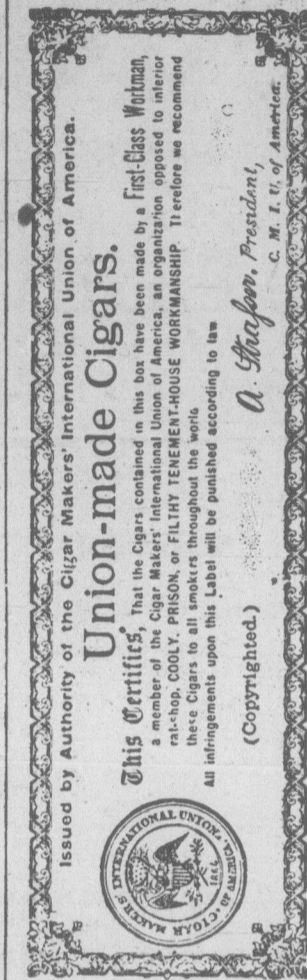
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OUR LETTER BASKET.

MUSICAL.—The key-note to good breeding is B natural.

FRED (Valois).—You are quite right. The net which has caught many a man is brunette.

T. J. (Montreal).—Too true, my boy. Charity covers a lot of sins and keeps them nice and warm too.

SAM.—The question you ask is far too deep for us. We confess we are not adepts in this branch of science. Try the Christian at Work or the Police News.

MIKE.—You don't require a poker to complete the Home Rule fad. A broom, with your wife at one end, is quite sufficient. Try the broom and you will be quite astonished how hard it is when properly wielded by the wife of your bosom.

DANNY.—What you want instead of wanting to be a swell is an ordinary amount of brains. Your case suggests that you will go through this weary world a brainless and chattering idiot unless you do something to fill up the vacuum in your cranium.

Mrs. M. (Lachine) says she has a large family of daughters to support on a limited income and asks us how best to husband her resources and to point out suitable occupations for them. The first step necessary, we think, is to husband the daughters.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

A RUSSIAN PATRIOT'S LETTER.

We have received a copy of the first number of Free Russia, published in London, and the organ of the English friends of Russian freedom. It gives the plan of the Russian party, and amongst other interesting reading, it gives an account of the execution of Bernstein, one of the incidents of the Yakutsk horrors, and of which George Kennan wrote so graphically in the Century. It publishes Bernstein's last letter as follows:

"My dear, my good friends and comrades—I do not know whether I shall be allowed to wish you good-by. I can hardly hope to do so. But in my thoughts I have said good-by to you one and all, and I have been deeply impressed during all this time by the friendship you bore me. Let us, then, say good-by mentally, dear comrades and friends, and let our last farewell be illuminated by the hope of a better future for our poor country, which we love so well.

"Not an atom of force is lost in this world. Therefore the life of a man cannot be lost. We must never regret such a life. Let the dead bury the dead. You are united by a moral link of the highest order with your unfortunate country. Do not say that your life is spent in vain because it is spent in the midst of suffering, in exile and in prison. To suffer the suffering of one's country, to constitute, to present a living reproach to the progenitors of evil and of darkness, surely this is a great cause, a noble work. If this should prove your last mission, you need not complain. You have brought your might to the altar of the struggle for the freedom of our people. And, who knows, perhaps you will enjoy better days. Perhaps you will live to see the happy moment when the country, enfranchised, shall open her arms to her faithful children, who loves her and whom she loves, so as to celebrate with them the feast of freedom. Then, friends, you will remember us, and this will be our great reward for all our trials. Never let this hope leave you any more than it will abandon me, even at the foot of the gallows.

"I embrace you warmly, with all my heart and all my soul. Yours ever,

BERNSTEIN.

With patriotism such as runs through every line of this letter, and it is no exception to the rule of spirit exhibited by these men and women of Russia, there is no such word as fail. They are bound to succeed in spite of the tyranny of the Czar. This man was carried to the gallows in a bed, and after the noose was placed around his neck, the bed was pulled from under him, and all for political offences.

Smoke the Union Cigar Pic-nic 5c.

A WIDOW'S COURTING.

Widower Smith rode up one morning to Widow Jones' door, and gave the usual country signal that he wanted to see somebody in the house by dropping the reins and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. "Good morning" was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said. "Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing any way, do you?" "Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me, doesn't know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to part with one if we can come to terms." So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan, then at the widow; at Brindle, then at the widow again, and so through the whole lot. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday, and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever. "That ere Alderney cow is a pretty fair creature," but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow. "That ere shorthorn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—" another look at the widow. "The Alderney cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment. "Old Roan is an old milch, and so is Brindle, but I have known better." A long stare followed this speech and the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out, "Lo, Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so." The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day in church for the first time; and as soon as they were published three times, they were married.

Smoke the Union Cigar Sohmer 10c

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For one week from Monday, September 1st. On that date we shall display 500 Pieces of the Finest and Newest Lines of Tweeds and Worsteds ever offered the Montreal Public. Remember! English, Scotch, French and Canadian Goods, bought in the best markets, and will be sold at prices which must bring a rush.

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FALL OVERCOATS! In no other house can you find any to compete with our selection this season. We offer you Nice, Stylish, Well fitting Overcoats for \$7.50 and upward.

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Nordheimer's Building, 209 & 211 St. James Street.

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WHY BOYS CANNOT LEARN TRADES.

In a recent issue of the Philadelphia Union, a contributor makes some very sensible remarks on the apprentice question, which are full of truth and sound logic. He answers the men who cry over the good old times that were, but who alone are responsible for the bad times that are, and who have a stock complaint against trades unions. This is that the trades unions have killed the apprentice system; that it is no longer possible for a boy to learn a trade, except, in the trade schools. The supply of skilled workmen has been kept up by the importation of foreigners, they say, and when this resource fails the country will be without skilled workmen unless the trade schools supply the deficiency. The fault of all this, it is argued, lies at the door of the trades unions; the trades unions do not hesitate to admit foreigners into their ranks, and the foreigners are the foes of the apprentice system.

This is about the gist of the complaint. Is it founded on fact? No. Emphatically no. There is no foundation whatever for such a complaint. If the apprentice system be dead the employers killed it. Apprentices ceased to exist the moment they ceased to be profitable to the master. There it is in a nutshell.

Employers do not want apprentices. They hire boys simply to work—not to learn a trade. They teach boys to do a certain little thing and the boys never learn more as long as they remain in the shop. The apprenticeship system entailed responsibilities upon the master as well as the apprentice. The employers in these days of labor-saving machinery have no need for such apprentices and cannot be induced to shoulder the responsibilities the old system created.

No, the trades unions do not oppose the taking of apprentices. It is the employment of boys as cheap labor and not as apprentices that they refuse to countenance. It is with them simply a matter of self-protection against employers' greed. Enforce the old law of indenture, and the opposition to trades unions would vanish. Trades unionists are not acting blindly in the matter. They see the situation clearly. They have boys of their own whom they would have learn trades, but where are the masters to take these boys as apprentices? A machinist, for instance, is not foolish enough to send his son to a shop where he will learn to make a certain nut or bolt and nothing at all about the art of machine construction.

The state of affairs so much deplored is simply a stage in industrial evolution. No man can change it. It is useless to complain against it. Trades unions do the best they can for themselves as the world moves. The future does not much trouble the man who is doing his best in the present.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

Silk is now manufactured from paper pulp. Ireland loses 60,000 people yearly. Uncle Sam has 9,000 female doctors. Massachusetts has 160,000 Canadians. Servants and cooks at Tacoma make from \$20 to \$40 a month.

The Critic says not fifty authors in the world make \$5,000 a year.

A \$2,000,000 eighteen-story Masonic temple will be erected at Chicago.

Twenty bales of human hair from China recently arrived at Marseilles.

Printing on Sunday is prohibited in Austria, and they have no Monday papers.

The Boynton Furnace Company, New York, lost the contract for twenty-four first-class new buildings last week for refusing to employ union men.

The delegates of the striking cigarmakers of Binghamton have been guaranteed an assistance fund of \$10,000 by the Cigarmakers' and other unions of New York and vicinity, as they also secured the aid of the Central Labor Union and Central Labor Federation. They are jubilant and declare that success cannot fail to crown their movement for higher wages.

Smoke the Union Cigar Pic-nic 5c.

A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT TYPE.

A newspaper written by hand is published at Prince Albert, a small hamlet in the centre of the Northwest Territories, and is called the Prince Albert Critic. Its size is four pages, four columns to the page. The paper has a circulation of several hundred copies, and is a specimen of what can be done by an enterprising journalist without a font of type. The matter, instead of being set in type, is written in ink with an electric pen on prepared paper, the rest of the issue being imprints of the original sheet. The paper is newsy, for its size, contains quite a number of advertisements, and is the official paper of the hamlet.

Smoke the Union Cigar Sohmer 10c

Our Poet has been turning his thoughts in the direction of epitaph writing. Here's a couplet.

Little Johnny peeped for fun Into the barrel of a gun— No more he yearns for things material, But roams amid the realms ethereal.

Happy James no more will know Anguish, pain or sorrow; He kissed our girl—we saw him—so His funeral's to-morrow.

"Merciful goodness!" shrieked a fond mother to her only masher son, "what in the name of wonder are you doing with my new summer bonnet in your button-hole?" "Aw, a thousand pardons, ma," lisped her hopeful. "I weally fancied it was a button-hole bouquet."

"Do you realize, young man," said the parson to an unconverted sinner, "when you retire to rest at night that you may be called before dawn?" "Why, of course I do," responded the sinner. "I'm the father of a three-week old baby."

First Printer—What are you saving your money for, Bill?

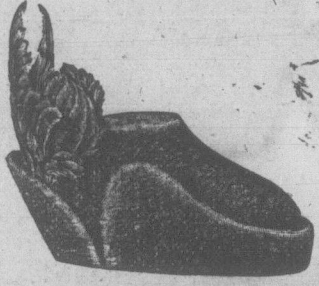
Second Printer—I'm going to get my wife a new hat.

"What! you ain't reformin', are you, Bill?"

"No; but I'm bound to give my wife a display head for once in her life."

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Sold Everywhere 50c. a Box.
WALLACE DAWSON
169 St. Lawrence Main Street.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Gladstone never travels on Sunday.
France has seventy-six millionaires.
Haverhill (Mass.) makes the most shoes.
A match machine cuts 10,000,000 sticks a day.
An electrical mining machine mines 180 tons a day.
It is said that there are 75,000 women typewriters in the States.
Five of the Haymeyer's have been insured for \$100,000 each.
The United States and Canada has 4,000,000 organized farmers.
The United States have twenty-nine of the forty-seven bridges over 400 feet long.
Owing to the spread of influenza, it is stated that the consumption of beer in Bavaria has fallen off.
On Labor Day a monument will be erected at Scottsdale, Pa., to labor leader William Muller.
The Mayor of Keytesville, Mo., was arrested for throwing paper on the street. He fined himself \$1.
It is curious that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Walter Scott.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered some thousands of German factory children to be sent to the seaside at the expense of the State.
The Leeds, England, town council recently unanimously agreed to increase the pay of the burgh police by an average of about 5s a week.
Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, is credited with being an omnivorous reader of American newspapers, and he is reported as having recently said: "I like the snap of the American writers."

Surgeon Parke told the British Medical Association that in the course of his African travels he came across a tribe whose women were so beautiful that they would if brought over to this country create a sensation.
This year's production of coal in the United States will be about 140,000,000 tons. There are 12,000 square miles of coal land in England and 192,000 in the United States. The English output is about 130,000,000 tons per year.

A new machine promises to fill and roll cigars. They say only 14,000 men will be needed to do the work that now employs 58,000 skilled hands. Experts by hand make 500 a day. The machine manufactures 2,000 in ten hours.
At the British Medical Association's closing meeting in Birmingham, a resolution was adopted declaring hypnotism to be worthy of careful and systematic investigation to ascertain its value in the treatment of disease, and denouncing its use as an amusement.

The Duke of St. Albans must be a man of some conscience, for Mr. Sala relates that he actually tried to earn his salary as Master of the Hawks. He imported a number of highly trained hawks from Germany; but finding that the expense of the stud amounted to about three times his official salary he relinquished the attempt. Since then the annual £965 has been taken without any qualms.
What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened at his knee by gold and silver chains; hose of one color on one leg, and another on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was a correct thing in the reign of King Edward III.

The influence of the ages of parents upon the vitality of children has been investigated by M. Joseph Korosi, of the Buda Pesti Statistical Bureau. From about 30,000 data he draws these conclusions: Mothers less than 20 years old and fathers less than 24 years old have children more weakly and more liable to pulmonary disease than parents of riper age. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from 25 to 40 and whose mothers are from 20 to 30. In the best marriages the husband is older than the wife, but a woman of 30 to 45 will have stronger children if her husband be a little—not as much as five years—the younger.
At the meeting of the Provincial Bank of Ireland in Dublin, recently, exception was taken to the rule prohibiting clerks whose salaries are under £150 from getting married. The recent discussion in the newspapers was referred to, and several shareholders argued that the clerks should not be prevented from settling down and having homes of their own. Mr. Dickson, M.P., supported the rule as preventing improvident marriages by young clerks of small means, and the chairman, Mr. Whatman, added that the directors would not think of preventing a clerk from marrying a woman of means. Indiscriminate marriage, however, should be restrained. Nothing was done in the matter.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson is said to be the richest actor in America, perhaps in the world, and is certainly a millionaire. He only plays about two-thirds of the season, but makes money whenever he does play. He has a plantation in Louisiana, a farm at Hoboken, N.J., and is building a country seat at Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Mr. Jefferson owns a whole safe deposit vault full of interest-bearing securities, which keep adding to his capital every year. He has also spent a great deal of money on works of art, and has a fine collection of pictures. His taste in this direction may be accounted for by the fact that he is himself an amateur painter in oils of rare gifts, and would undoubtedly have made as good a professional artist as he is an actor.
The newest occupation for women is that of "conversation crammer," whose business it is to coach up ladies for afternoon or dinner parties. The object of the crammer is to provide a short and easy way to the art of conversation. If a lady is going to a dinner where there are to be members of Parliament and politicians, and has not time to get up the latest debate or the latest development of political affairs, she sends for the crammer. She passes an hour or two with the person, gets all the points of the subject on which she wishes to talk, and goes out to dinner superficially prepared for conversation on the question of the hour. The acquirements of the lady crammer are universal. She will learn her pupils to talk on the latest fashions, the latest play, or the newest music. Posing she makes a special study, and the result is that a lady who employs her services can talk on the Royal Academy Exhibition without ever having been near it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The labor question: "Is it six o'clock yet?"
Fire and brimstone left Sodom without a house and Lot.
It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.
Troubles sometimes come singly. All children are not twins.
The ballet girl doesn't kick at what she is paid, but for what she is paid.

A Long Branch belle has a girdle made of silver dollars. What a waist of money.
Stern Parent—"Young man, can you support a family?" "Please, sir, all I want is Sarah."
"Oh, I wish I'd been a man!" cried Mrs. Bjanson. "I wish to heaven you had!" retorted Mr. Bjanson.
A woman can disguise her wrinkles, debts and deceptions from a man, but she can never hide them from another woman.

Wickars—"They tell me, Professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Professor Polyglot—"All but two—my wife's and her mother's."
Mistress—"I am surprised, Bridget, to see you straining the jelly through one of the fine napkins." Bridget—"Ye needn't mind, mumm. It isn't a clean one."

A thoroughgoing tetotalter has recently remarked to us confidentially that the only objection to a gospel temperance tent is the fact that the ropes will get tight.

What is it the German philosopher says? "A handsome woman is always right." "That was the way he said it. I suppose he meant that pretty girls are never left."

Excited Citizen—"Officer! Officer! A man has just jumped off that pier." Policeman (who can't swim)—"Well, there ain't no law agin bathin' with clothes on, is there?"

According to a south paper, there is a gentleman writing a book entitled "Two years in a kennel." Perhaps he has been one of those men we are frequently told about as having gone to the dogs.

Papa, who used a bad word when he tore his trousers—"I forgot myself then, Sammy. It was wrong of me to say such a word." Sammy—"Oh, you needn't apologize, papa! I often use it myself."

A story is told to illustrate Darwin's freedom from scientific bigotry. Having been told that music had an influence on plants, he procured somebody to play a bassoon for several days close to some growing beans!

Editor of Agricultural Paper—"Look here; here's a man who asks the silliest questions!" Assistant—"How about it?" "Why, he asks me the best way to cure hams, and doesn't state in his note what's the matter with them!"

The time may come when politics will mean all that is noble and good; when a small boy will give his little sister the bigger half of the apple; when a tramp will work and a stray dog won't bite; but the day will never dawn when a fly can tickle a drowsy man's nose without making him jump.

The latest instalment of Joseph Jefferson's autobiography in the *Century Magazine* contains a touching story of the relations between Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste," and poor Artemus Ward, then rapidly dying. A strong attachment had sprung up between them, and the devotion of his new-found English friend was touching in the extreme and characteristic of Robertson's noble nature. Just before Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said: "My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff." "Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug; "there's a dear fellow. Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time. "I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it," said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterwards.

TRIALS OF A YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN.
He (feeling his way)—"An honorable man should marry only for love."
She—"Certainly, O! certainly—if he can afford it."

WELCOME TO IT.
Servant—"The butcher is at the door, sir, and says he wants his bill."
Howard—"Return the bill to the gentleman, Mary, and express my regrets at keeping it so long."
HARD LUCK.

"Why so down-cast?"
"I lost a magnificent umbrella yesterday."
"Leave it in the car?"
"No; I met the owner of it on the street and he recognized it at once."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.
Father—"Don't you ever let me see you sitting in a hammock with a young man again."
Dutiful Daughter—"All right, pa. I'll have it removed to a place that isn't overlooked by your study window."

LOVE AND BUSINESS.
Ethel—"Did Harry seem very much put out when you told him you didn't love him well enough to marry him?"
Agnes—"No, the brute. He merely said, 'Well, business is business,' and left the house."

HE MISUNDERSTOOD.
Patient—"Doctor, that plaster on my back doesn't seem to do me any good."
Doctor—"Is it porous?"
Patient (in astonishment)—"No, sir; its as solid as any other fellow's back."

VEXED WITH A "DEVIL."
A minister in a Scotch town was greatly incensed at the attentions paid to his only daughter by a young printer, and occasionally took very harsh measures to prevent the youthful lovers meeting together. One Sunday, on going into the pulpit, he discovered the professor of the "art preservative" sitting in a conspicuous place in the front of the gallery, and so determined to improve the occasion. After the preliminary exercises the minister stood up to deliver his sermon, and rather astonished the congregation by saying: "My friends, as usual I came with a text prepared and thought out, but since coming into the pulpit I have seen occasion to change my mind and I shall now speak to you from the words, 'My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil!'" It is said that the sermon delivered on that occasion had the effect of putting a stop to the clandestine courtship.

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AN ECHO FROM THE DOCKS.

"I hear that some of the printers, with an eye to the interests of those who are yet standing bravely out against a reduction of their already small wages in the dispute with the Herald, are about to issue a Labor Day edition of THE ECHO on an enlarged scale."

"Yes, that's so, Tom," answered Bill Cheeseboard, a stalwart specimen of a holder, who works at one of our ocean liners, "and, what's more, they are going to continue issuing it weekly as soon as the labor element signifies its willingness to contribute to its support, which is a dollar a year, in advance."

"By golly, then," rejoined Jack Hookrope, "they cannot begin their work too quick, and, as the Salvation Army says, 'Open fire right and left at the devil's army and storm their fortresses with red-hot shot.'"

"What do you mean, Jack," says Tom Dunningwood, "by the 'devil's army'?" You must be a bit of a Salvationist yourself."

"You never were further away from the mark, Tom, in your life. What do I want to be a Salvationist for? I'm a thorough out-and-out Socialist, and a worker in the cause of labor reform. I don't expect to get my living by chanting and ranting and praying to the Lord with a hypocritical face, as long as a wet day, for the public to feed me. I want to work for my living and get the just fruits of my labor without whacking up with the lazy drone who has sworn against doing an honest day's work."

"Hold on, hold on, Jack; go easy. The boss will hear you, and, as sure as fate, will fire you. His excuse will be that you are a disturber, and, another thing, you are not keeping to the question. I want to know who are the devil's army?"

"It's merely a term of mine, Tom; a title to single out all those people who claim to be straight, orthodox Christians, professing one thing and practising another, going to church on Sundays with a drawn-up face and a Bible as big as a cheese, while all the time they are planning how they will squeeze the workingman's wages and enslave the unwary."

"By Jove," says Bill, "You will be put down as a red-hot Anarchist and a disturber of the public peace if you come out that way. Be more discreet in your expressions, especially around the docks, you know that some of our fellows are only too glad to carry yarns to the boss to curry favor. Can't you see them lounging around the corners waiting for the bosses to bring them into the saloon and whisper in their ears sweet little yarns. From them it goes to the stevedore, and you are spotted, and the first time you lay yourself open in the least you are bounced. Just look at the great strike now going on in New York State where some of our prominent members were made to take a walk for no other reason than that they belonged to labor organizations and expressing themselves as you are doing. It's not necessary to tell the boss your opinion of the unjust social system or to commit yourself. There are plenty to carry him the news, so I advise you, Jack, to be more careful. Let us work more secretly and underhand."

"That's all right enough, Bill," says Jack, "but do you consider that we will make any headway or progress in the labor movement if we keep on plodding with our head under a tub? If our principles are just and Christian-like, why should we be afraid to discuss them publicly and teach others who are ignorant of what is to their interests? It's in the highways and byways, on the docks and up-town that we ought to have our missionaries preach against the rotten corruption that is practised by one set of men against another. What strides would Christianity make if it had not its agents broadcast on the four quarters of the globe, openly and publicly making converts of its cause? I guess we should follow their example and be even ready to make sacrifices in its cause."

"I think you are rather hard on society in general," says Tom, who is naturally of a more contented disposition than the majority of his associates.

"No, no," chimed in Bill, "you do not grasp his meaning. What Jack says is quite correct. He merely wishes to see a fairer and more honest form is used in our social system, and I am of the same opinion, although it's plainly to be seen that we ourselves are to blame for the condition we are in. We are not half organized or half educated. We allow sharp, speculative individuals to step in and reap the reward of our toil. We allow stevedores to compete against each other to be our task masters. They make our wages according to their contract, regulate the number of men to be in a gang, and they have to keep the steam winch going, and, as you have seen, we often get more than abused if there is any stoppage."

"Yes, that's so," says Tom, "but there has to be stevedores; there have always been, and I guess will continue to the end, at least as long as you and I live."

"Is that your opinion? If it is, it's not mine by a long chalk," rejoined Jack, who was waiting to get in his spoke. "The system of stevedores will last as long as we are willing to let them last; just the same as anything else. Mind you, I have no hard feeling against a stevedore personally. It is the system that galls me. It's far from being square and fair for one man to get so much per ton for unloading and loading cargo, and then go to work and hire men to do the work at so much per hour and run the life out of them to get the job done in the quickest time possible. The quicker the gang does the job the more the stevedore makes out of his bargain with the ship owners or agents. But it's vice versa with the men—the quicker they do the job the less they get."

"Yes, by golly, that's so," says Bill, "and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. It nettles one to see and hear bosses cursing and driving men, just the same as you see cattlemen driving cattle aboard to be loaded. I have even seen them brutally assaulted for daring to give any chin to the boss. Yes, and for even daring to ask for their right time after they were enched out of it. There used to be hard times on these docks, some fifteen years ago. Unless a man was a scrapper, I wish you luck, he'd get more than hustled out of his time. Then there were three or four different rates of wages going. A new man, let him be as big as a hense, if he never worked at the ship before, he'd get twelve and a

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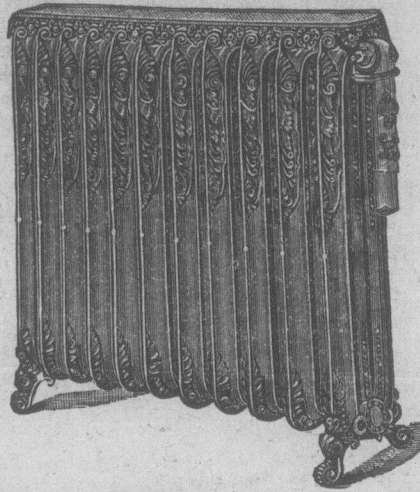
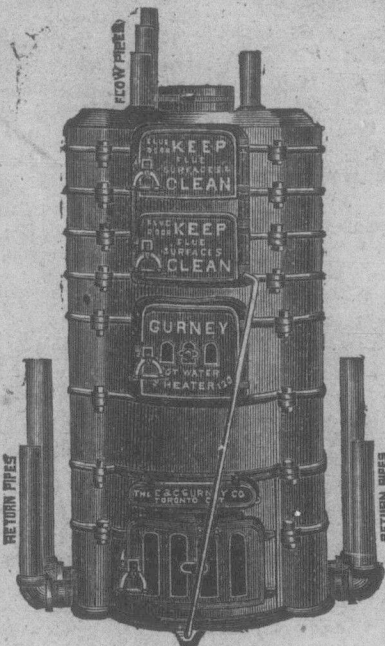
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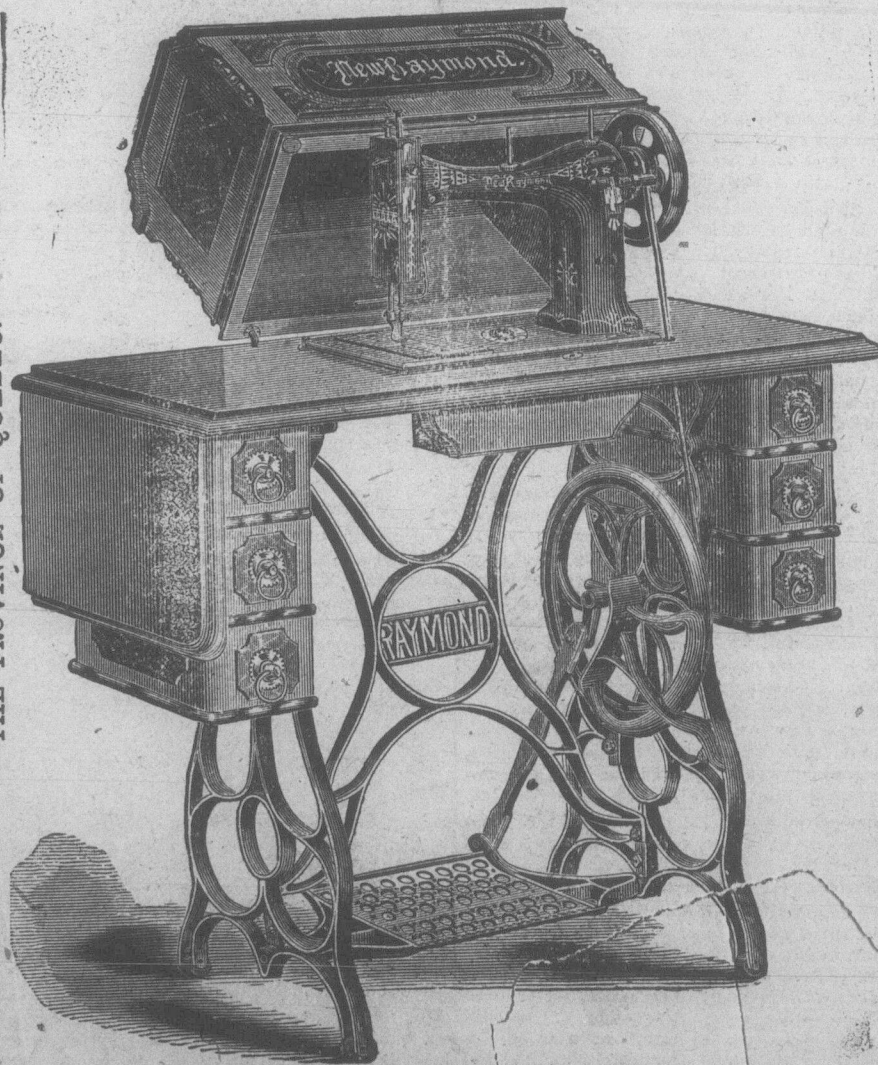
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half cents an hour, some were getting fifteen, some seventeen, some twenty, and some twenty-five."

"I'd as good times and better pay than than I have now," says Tom. "I had my twenty-five cents all round, and made better time. Now I have only twenty cents, the same as the green horn that comes along to-day or to-morrow. What has your Knights of Labor done to improve my condition?"

"Stop right there, Tom. You can only see out one eye and look at one side of the question. Another thing, you are talking out of the leg of a boot," answered Jack. "You are only studying your own interest, the same as the stevedore is. The principle, or at least one of them, that the Knights of Labor teach is equal pay for equal work, equal rights to all and special privileges to none. What more right had you to receive twenty-five cents an hour down the hold, slinging pig iron, than the man on the wharf, under a hot, burning sun, carrying it away? I guess the man on the wharf hoisted more than you, yet he only probably got fifteen cents an hour. If he came down the hold to be a partner of yours shovelling coal into the same tub, did he not do the same amount of work as you did? I guess if he didn't you'd look sideways at him. Then what right had you to expect more than him?"

"Yes, that's all right," exclaimed Tom. "but what about stowing box meat, lard, cheese, and the different kinds of cargo that we have to handle? What does the greenhorn know about that?"

"My dear friend, Tom, your reasoning is all one sided. Has the greenhorn not to horse as hard as you on the dock in getting the cheese, lard, and box meat along as you in the hold? I bet you, you wouldn't swap places with him?"

"No, I guess not," says Bill. "But what do you think of the candidates for Mayor?" says Tom, turning the conversation as one of the bosses had approached within gunshot. "I see by the papers that the People's Jimmy is going to be run for the position, as also Dr. Guerin and a few more, also that Jimmy is going to settle the Water Tax dispute when he comes from the salt water, the same as he settled the night schools—that is got them adopted by Mercier."

"That's all rot, Tom; there's where you fellows are in the dark. The Knights of Labor pushed that through, although Jimmy tried to get the credit of it to himself. I heard one of our members tell him so right to his own face, and he shut up. It's not my intention," continued Jack, "to condemn Jimmy for all that, but my opinion is that he is pulling all wires, and if he does not take a tumble may get badly left before long. The trouble with Jimmy is, he thinks he has a patent right to any public position that his ambition leads him to. Of course I speak only as a workman, and view his career as to what he has done in the interest of labor and in the passage of progressive reforms. Jimmy, in my opinion, is a thorough party man, and he goes with the party that drives the most grist to his mill."

"Well, what do you think of Dr. Guerin's claims to the position?" asked Tom.

"My opinion is," replied Jack, "that his principles are broader; that is, I mean that he believes in equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Of course he is an untried man, and that may stand against him."

"I don't think it will by the Labor Party," answered Bill, "for I see that they are busy at work in his interest, that is to induce him to accept the candidature. As for being an untried man in the labor cause that is a mistaken idea. Of course he never assisted much by words or speeches in public, but by his purse, and that's what tries a man. However we will see when the time comes."

"Come along; where is them roosters of mine?" shouts the boss. (Exit conspirators.)

CROWBAR

(To pinch them up a little).

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THE TWINS.

(From the Répos du Travailleur.)

It happens often that the birth of twins brings joy to the family, and that is what happens to-day in the great family of labor, which sees born the same day two fine boys—two newspapers, one called the Répos du Travailleur, destined to die the day of its birth, but leaving behind it pleasant memories. The other, THE ECHO, happier than its little brother, has every intention of living, and has all the qualifications necessary to bring about the prosperity of its family, the family of labor.

If the baby does not receive, in its infancy all that its parents should give it, it will certainly suffer the same fate as its brother, who to-morrow will be no more; but if, as we have reason to hope, it gets the support it deserves, it will grow, become the pride of its parents, and when it reaches maturity, will be able to return tenfold the assistance its parents have given it.

Workmen of Montreal you know the circumstances under which this journal is published. It is not necessary to tell you the story again. You know the result of the Herald strike, thanks to the cowardice of some confederates. It is your imperative duty, therefore, to assist in securing the prosperity of THE ECHO, which we have great pleasure in recommending to the public. THE ECHO will commence its regular publication the first week in October, and will appear once a week with a series of articles from the best writers on the labor question. The subscription to the paper is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to THE ECHO, P. O. Box 1134.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

"THE ECHO."

On Saturday, 4th October, it is proposed to issue THE ECHO in regular weekly form. There is no denying that there is room for a publication of the nature proposed, and we believe and hope it will meet with the cordial support of workmen generally, in whose interests it is published. The proprietors and conductors established. The proprietors and conductors have been life-long Unionists and it will be their aim to advocate and enforce the principles of organized labor in the conduct of their journal.