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MEETINGS.

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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 JOS. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

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No. 7628.
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Next meeting Sunday, May 17, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 222 St. Antoine street.

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

BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.
Address all communications to WM. JARVIS, Secretary, 111 St. Dominique street.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
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THE EIGHT HOUR STRIFE.

(From a Sermon by the Rev. Thos. Dixon.)

Organized labor is now in the throes of the world-wide struggle for an eight hour standard of a legal day's work. It is a movement of vast moral import. It is one of the world movements of the century. It embodies one of the grand ideas that give character to the nineteenth century in the catalogue of centuries—the upward movement of the whole mass of society. The heaven placed at the bottom of this social mass by Jesus Christ is now leavening the whole lump.

Strikes would become more and more things of the past. If the laboring man of to-day is ignorant and absurd in his demands, whose fault is it? Blinded by ignorance, stupefied by over-work, bound by the chains of hunger and fear of starvation, he strikes friend as well as foe.

It would improve the condition of woman. It would give her a better chance in life. Above all, it would lessen the burden of her life and make home a reality. Home is now a memory or a dream of the workingman or woman. It would give some hours of life to the divine work of building homes. To build a home is to build the Church, to build the State, the nation, the universal brotherhood.

It would improve the skill, efficiency and value of labor. The testimony of several large English firms is emphatic on this point. They have made the test. They have proven its success beyond serious question. They declare what they have lost in higher wages they more than regain in the new zeal and energy put into the work by the men. Interruptions were fewer; the men had better spirit, stronger hearts and arms.

It would improve the politics of the world. The policies of State of the coming century are certainly to be shaped in a large measure by the aspirations and demands of the under toiling world. Manhood suffrage is the event towards which the old world is being driven with resistless power to-day. The laborer should have time to read and study and improve himself as to his duties and obligations. He should be given opportunity for reflection. In those hours he would learn his own wants, his own rights, his obligations to others. He would learn to choose wise leaders, not ranting fools. He would choose conservative strong men to meet organized capital.

A fragment of the earth's people are divided into classes, with petty jealousies and traditions and peculiarities. These things are barriers between them and the heart of humanity. Workingmen do not form a class. They are the people. They are mankind. They are the only so-called class that are not a class. The historians have at last begun to write history. They have at last learned that the history of a state, a nation or an age is the story of the life of the common people. To reach them is to reach the world. To save them is to save the world. To fail to reach them is to lose the world. Yes, in this great dark, vulgar mass lies the destiny of the race.

To-day the eyes of all the thoughtful and prayerful are upon the laboring masses. The German Emperor calls the world together at Berlin to confer upon the subject. Even the Conservative Government in power in England has appointed a Royal Labor Commission composed of many eminent men. In America the social question in one form or another is tearing to pieces the traditional organizations of parties. The press throbs with the new thought. It is nothing short of a world-wide revival of vital Christianity in fields of thought hitherto deemed secular and given over to the devil. This whole grand movement finds its motive in the Christianity of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Carpenter, the Son of Man, the Son of God.

The time has come for the laboring man to hold up his head in the world! We should help him. We will thus reach his heart and life. The world is beginning to see through the shams and hypocrisies of conventional society. So-called society was shocked the other day in Washington by a young lady with a million sloping with a young blacksmith and escaping a gang of dudes. The man who could fit shoes to the heels of a refractory mule appealed to her affections more than the smirk and simper and grin of an idiot. We do not blame her either.

The conflicts between organized labor and organized capital are becoming more and

more bitter and brutal; bitter on the part of the laborer, brutal on the part of the corporations. The New York Central railroad, with its prestige, its superb organization, its millions and its influence with other corporations, succeeded in crushing the Knights of Labor in a deliberately planned and brutally led insult. When the job was complete Mr. Webb, with perfectly fenshish delight, proceeded to dance a jig on their quivering hide. The whole performance from beginning to the end, while it was legitimate war, was inhuman and brutal and only made the gulf that separates organized capital from the toiling millions wider, deeper and more utterly impassible. In the recent conflict at Morewood between the miners and the capitalists dozens of men were shot down in cold blood. The accounts we read were evidently sent out from sources friendly to the owners of the mines responsible for the butchery. We are told these men were rioting. If so they were guilty of a serious crime, for which they should have been punished by process of law. Instead of this they were shot down with Winchesters in the hands of hired assassins who were experts at the business and liked the pastime. They tell us that these men were destroying property and doing much damage, and yet when the smoke of the battle cleared away we find that the only serious damage done is in the broken heads, broken legs and riddled bodies of the men shot to pieces by those so-called guards. It was a sad day for the owners of mines in America when the command was given to fire at Morewood. It will be a long time before the echo of these guns will die away.

FEEDING A CROCODILE.

Among the most risky speculations of the commercial naturalist are the alligator and the crocodile. They will sulk and go into a decline on the least provocation or without any provocation at all, and being expensive to begin with, often prove awkward losses. They almost invariably sulk at first, we are told, and refusing to take food, would be likely to get into a bad way unless cured; and the curing of a crocodile's sulks is a surprising thing to see. We find, on reaching the ground floor, poor crocodiles laid by the heels and perfectly helpless, lashed immovably to iron rings and posts. His head is ignominiously sat upon by a sturdy man in shirt-sleeves, who presently pokes the end of a crowbar among the big teeth, and forcibly pries the mouth open into that position of comprehensive smile so familiar to the readers of children's natural history books. Then another man kneels before the unfortunate reptile and feeds him. That is to say, he takes a lump of meat weighing five or ten pounds or so, and dexterously pitches it into the esophagus, afterward firmly and decisively ramming it home with a long pole. This is the dinner of all naughty, sulky crocodiles, and, after having it served in this fashion regularly four or five times, the victim gives up sulking as a bad job. He will have to swallow it, one way or another, he argues within himself, and in that case he may as well take it, without being tied up, and sat upon, and insulted generally; beside which, he may as well enjoy the flavor as swallow all those catables without tasting them. Whereupon he reforms and becomes a respectable crocodile, taking (regular meals, and is in time) promoted to the Zoological Gardens, or a respectable menagerie.

The South Wales miners' conference, by a vote of 87 to 27, has resolved to continue the agitation for eight hours.

There was a terrible riot between Italian and American laborers in the employ of Alexander M. Graham, a Belmont county, Ohio, contractor, at Pike Creek on Monday. One man was killed, two others were fatally wounded and six to ten were more or less hurt. The trouble was begun by an Italian striking an American foreman on the head with an iron bar.

A terrible fight took place at Denver on Monday between a party of striking brick-makers and a gang of negroes engaged by F. N. Davis, proprietor of the brickyard to take their places. Davis, his son and seven negroes, all heavily armed, were going to work when they were intercepted by strikers and ordered back. Davis warned the strikers to get out of the way. The latter refused and Davis and his men opened fire. Two strikers were mortally wounded and sixteen others were more or less hurt. The Davis party were all arrested. Davis says the strikers had guns, but they all deny it.

CALIFORNIA IN '49.

Some of the Features of Living There During the Gold Excitement.

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during the chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco to squander them in a night at the gambling-tables. Scarcely a woman was anywhere to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives, there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society, I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst form of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Cristian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.

With those who made San Francisco their temporary abode gambling appeared to be the chief occupation and Spanish monte the favorite game. One house fronting on the plaza, a two-story frame building called the Parker House, rented for \$120,000 per annum the rental being paid mostly by gamblers. A single store of small dimensions and made of rough boards rented for \$2,000 a month. A canvas tent used as a gambling-saloon rented for \$40,000 per annum. Money was loaned on good security at 15 per cent, a month, and out of the loan the borrowers made fortunes in real estate operations.—Century.

JUST A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

The Possession of It Does Not Pay Very Well in the Long Run.

"It doesn't pay to know just a little about things," said one of those men who are always after "general information." "Judging from experience I thoroughly agree with the gentleman who said, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' For example, I have never been able to eat an egg with thorough relish—though exceedingly fond of them for their flavor—since I learned that the little spot on one side of the yolk, toward the butt end, is the germ of a chicken. You may cook an egg in what fashion you please, but whether it is boiled, poached or fried, you will find that germ always conspicuous, when once you know it is there, and you cannot eat the egg until you have carefully removed it. It would add considerably to my happiness if I could believe

today what I was taught in the nursery, that the white of an egg makes the bones of the subsequent fowl and the yolk the flesh, instead of knowing, as I do, that both are merely the food by the consumption of which the germ is developed.

"But that is only a very minor instance. My slight knowledge of pathological anatomy, amounting to the merest smattering, is a source of continual distress to me. Though an abstemious man, on the whole, I cannot indulge in a glass of any alcoholic beverage without realizing that I am subjecting my system to the action of a 'heart stimulant' which accelerates the pulsations of that organ injuriously. The slightest sensation of any sort about my chest causes me to imagine, despite myself, that the tubercular bacilli are beginning to get in their deadly work upon my pulmonary system.

"Presumably it is only a trifling intercostal rheumatism, but I am none the less uneasy. A similar feeling in the small of my back makes me think of Bright's disease. Supposing that I swallow an orange seed by accident, it occurs to me at once that there is a chance for its getting into a certain useless sac attached to the stomach, where, if it does, it will occasion inflammation that is necessarily fatal before long. I know that my intestines are a prey to certain vermicular parasites, as are those of ever one else; but they do not occasion me so much annoyance as the possibility, always existing, that painful concretions of lime may be forming in my bladder or my liver.

"A superficial knowledge of physiology takes much of the poetry out of existence and removes a large part of the gilding from the sublimity gingerbread, as one might say. Having acquired it, a man realizes rather painfully that he is largely an elevated animal after all, though hitherto he has imagined himself chiefly mind.

"Supposing that one's partner in the german is a thin girl, he cannot help figuring her out as an articulated skeleton and setting an estimated price upon her as a 'preparation' in that guise. This does not apply, however, when she is an acknowledged heiress.

"Imagination is always opposed to facts, and by as much as the latter are calculated to dispel agreeable illusions; they are destructive of happiness. Therefore I am inclined to think that however desirable knowledge may be respecting things with which one has no personal and intimate concern, it is most comfortable to know a very little about one's self and one's environment. 'Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.'—Washington Star.

Contract and Pauper Labor.

Nearly all of recent serious disturbances in the coal and coke regions in Pennsylvania have been brought about by the importation of pauper labor under contract by grasping corporations. Indiscriminate immigration will soon be stopped, but pauper labor under contract should be immediately put an end to by sending the contractors to jail.

The first step for labor in America is to purge American politics and render it possible for National questions to be discussed on their merits, irrespective of the benefits that may accrue or harm that may be done to tyrannical corporations that slowly but surely are taking America to its ruin. Not much can be hoped for by American labor till it absolutely prohibits, not so much for its own protection, but even in the interests of the foreign nationalities concerned, the immigration of contract and pauper labor. Till every nation is compelled by others to remove the causes that make enforced emigration a National necessity American labor will be worsted in its conflicts with capital.

Deprived of its safety-valve, emigration, the European boiler of depotism, class government and military domination would have burst long ago. Compelled to face the question of finding employment for those populations that have been swallowed by the newer countries. European people would ere this, by International Congresses similar to that held recently in Berlin, decided upon political and social reforms that would have tended to remove those causes that render emigration necessary. The present system means not only a danger to America, but the indefinite delay of dealing with European questions that America has no right to be held responsible for in any respect.—New Era.

The silk weavers of Levi Bros., Paterson, N. J., are on strike for an advance of wages.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

Paris was blockaded—famed—at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the house tops were few and far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated. People ate anything they could get.

Monsieur Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the boulevards, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling hungry and depressed, when he unexpectedly met a friend. He recognized Monsieur Sauvage, an old time chum of the river side.

Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at daybreak with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin bait and tackle upon his back. He used to take the train to Colombes, and to walk from there to the island of Maranthe. No sooner had he arrived at the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening. Here every Sunday he used to meet Monsieur Sauvage, a linen draper from Paris, but stout and jovial withal, as keen a fisherman as he was himself.

Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water, for half a day at a time and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they became friends. Some times they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same.

On a spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river, and these two fishermen enjoyed a foretaste of real summer weather, Morisot would say to his neighbor: 'Hein! not bad, eh?'

And Sauvage would reply: 'I know nothing to beat it.'

This interchange of sentiments was quite enough to engender mutual understanding and esteem.

In autumn, toward evening, when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the fleeting clouds over the water, when the river was decked in purple, when the whole horizon was lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illumined as with fire, when the russet brown of the trees was lightly tinged with gold, and the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, Monsieur Sauvage would smile at Monsieur Morisot and say, 'What a sight, eh?'

And Monsieur Morisot, without even raising his eyes from his float, would answer, 'Better than the boulevards, hein!'

This morning, as soon as they had recognized each other, they shook hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

Monsieur Sauvage sighed and murmured, 'A nice state of things.'

Monsieur Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered, 'And what weather! To-day is New Year's day.' The sky was clear, bright and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and pensive. Said Morisot, 'And our fishing, eh? What times we used to have!'

Sauvage replied, 'When shall we have them again?'

They went into a cafe and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another cafe. When they came out again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather; a soft breeze fanned their faces. Monsieur Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said: 'Suppose we were to go.'

'Go where?'

'Why, fishing!'

'But where?'

'To our island, of course. The French outposts are at Colombes. I know Col. Dumoulin; he will let us pass through easily enough.'

Morisot trembled with delight at the very idea. 'All right, I am your man.'

They separated to fetch their rods.

An hour afterward they were walking fast along the high road toward the town commanded by Col. Dumoulin.

He smiled at their request, but granted it, and they went on their way rejoicing in the possession of the password.

Soon they had crossed the lines, passed through deserted Colombes and found themselves in the vineyard leading down to the river. It was about eleven o'clock.

On the other side the village of Argenteuil seemed as if it were dead. The hills of Orgremont and Saumons commanded the whole country round. The great plain stretching out as far as Nanterre was empty as air. Nothing in sight but cherry trees and stretches of gray soil.

Monsieur Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above and said, 'The Prussians are up there,' and a vague sense of uneasiness seized upon the two friends.

The Prussians! They had never set eyes upon them, but for months past they had

felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, ruining their beloved France, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, invisible, all-powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore towards their unknown conquerors. Morisot murmured, 'Suppose we were to meet them,' and Sauvage replied, with the instinctive gallantry of the Parisian, 'Well! we would offer them some of our fish for supper.'

All the same they hesitated before venturing into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually Monsieur Sauvage plucked up courage, 'Come along, let's make a start; but we must be cautious.'

They went through the vineyard, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes upon the alert.

Only one strip of ground lay between them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry reeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of foot steps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone, quite alone; gradually they felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Maranthe hid them from the opposite shore. The little restaurant was closed, and looked as if it had been neglected for years.

Monsieur Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, Monsieur Morisot the second. And every minute they pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught of fishes. As the fish were caught they put them in a net which floated in the water at their feet. They positively revelled in enjoyment of a long forbidden sport. The sun shone warm upon their backs. They heard nothing—they thought of nothing—the rest of the world was as nothing to them. They simply fished.

Suddenly a smothered sound, as it were under ground, made the earth tremble. The guns had recommenced firing. Morisot turned his head and saw above the bank, far away to the left, the vast shadow of Mont Valerien and over it the white wreath of smoke from the gun which had just been fired. Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later followed by another explosion. Then others till every second as it seemed the mountain breathed out death and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it.

Monsieur Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. 'They are beginning again,' he said.

Monsieur Morisot, anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and shouted out: 'How idiotic to kill one another like that.'

Monsieur Sauvage: 'It is worse than the brute beasts.'

Monsieur Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said: 'And to think that it will always be thus so long as there are such things as governments.'

Monsieur Sauvage stopped him: 'The republic would not have declared war.'

Monsieur Morisot in his turn: 'With kings we have foreign wars; with the republic we have civil wars.'

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm common sense of reasonable and peace-loving men, agreeing on the one point, that no one would ever be free. And Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon balls French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness and bringing to the hearts of women, girls and mothers in France and elsewhere sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

'It's life,' said Monsieur Morisot.

'Say rather that it's death,' said Monsieur Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that some one was walking close behind them. Turning round, they saw four men, four tall, bearded men, dressed as servants in livery and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat and ferried over to the island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French if they had had good sport.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish which he had brought away with him.

'Not bad, I see. But we have other fish to fry. Listen and don't alarm yourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my movements, disguised as fish

ermen. I take you prisoners and I order you to be shot. You have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go.'

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: 'No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly and your secret will go with you. If you refuse it is death for you both and that instantly. Take your choice.'

They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river and said: 'Reflect, in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families.'

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent.

The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners, and a dozen soldiers drew up in line twenty paces off.

'I will give you one minute,' he said, 'not one second more.'

He got up leisurely and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said, in an under tone: 'Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way.'

Monsieur Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took Monsieur Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

Monsieur Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon the net full of fish on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies and a sudden weakness came over him. 'Good bye, Monsieur Sauvage,' he whispered.

'Good bye, Monsieur Morisot,' replied Monsieur Sauvage. They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot. 'Fire,' said the officer.

Monsieur Sauvage fell dead on his face. Monsieur Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled and then fell right across the body of his friend, with his face turned upward to the sky, his breast riddled with balls.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cords and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchmen and carried them down to the river.

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve and plunged feet first into the river.

The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down and the little wavelets, tinged with red, circled gently toward the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said, 'It is the fishes turn now.'

His eyes fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He picked them up and called out 'Wilhelm.' A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish towards him.

'Fry these little animals for me at once while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious.'

Then he began smoking again.

A Cute Yankee Trick.

The ingenuity of Americans is truly marvellous. Here is a story of an evasion of the McKinley tariff law, which is certainly amusing enough. A man living on the border of Mexico is said to have contrived to get the better of the duty imposed on eggs. He had a long shed constructed, one end of which was in Mexico and the other in the United States. In the Mexican portion a number of hens were fed on the cheap grain of that country. In the American end temptingly comfortable nests were placed. In this way the hens were invited to become smugglers in behalf of their owner, who, it is said, is a yankee from Maine.

She Would Sing Something Appropriate.

Will you kindly sing something appropriate, he said, after a somewhat prolonged pause in the conversation.

What shall I sing? she asked, running her fingers carelessly over the keys of the instrument.

Anything—something appropriate.

Something appropriate, she repeated, looking at the clock; then I will sing a lullaby.

A Good Reason.

Little Johnny Fizzletop has the habit of waking up every night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him:

Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night.

Well, I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept my teeth in a mug of water.

Teacher—In the sentence, your father calls you, what is the object of the verb calls? Johnny—I don't know, but I know what is the object of my father.

A STUDY IN THRIFT.

The wayfarer going along the Riviere di Lentini, stretched out there like a space of dead sea, and the sere stubble of the Plain of Catania, and the orange trees, always green, of Francofonte, and the gray cork trees of Resecone, and the lonely meadow of Passaneto and Passinatello—if he should ask, in order to divert himself from the weariness of the long dusty road under the sky hazy with heat, at the hour when the bells of the litter ring sadly in the immense country and the mules hang their heads and their tails and the driver of the litter sings his melancholy song in order not to let himself be overcome by the sleep of the malaria, 'Whose is this land?' would have the answer:

'Mazzaro's.'

And passing near a farm as large as a town, with store houses that seem like churches, and hens in flocks sitting in the shade by the well, and women screening their eyes with their hands to see who was going by, 'And this?'

'Mazzaro's.'

And on and on, while the malaria weighed upon your eyelids, and the barking of a dog aroused you suddenly passing by a vineyard that was endless and spread over hill and plain, motionless, as if the dust lay heavy on it, and the keeper of the vineyard, stretched face downward upon his gun, raised his drowsy head and opened one eye to see who it might be:

'Mazzaro's.'

Then came an olive grove thick as a wood, where the grass never sprouted and the harvest lasted until March. They were the olive trees of Mazzaro. And toward evening, when the sun was setting as red as fire and the country was veiled with sadness, there were met the long lines of the ploughs of Mazzaro going slowly homeward from the field and the oxen wading the ford heavily with their muzzles in the dark water; and there were seen in the distant pastures of the Canzaria, on the rough slope, the immense whitish patches which were the flocks of Mazzaro; and there was heard the shepherd's whistle echoing in the gorges, and the bell now ringing and now silent, and a lonely song lost in the valley.

All property of Mazzaro.

It seemed as if Mazzaro owned even the setting sun and the chirping locusts and the birds that went with short flights to hide behind the furrows and the cry of the horned owl in the woods. It seemed as if Mazzaro were spread out all over the earth and one walked over his body. Instead of that he was an ugly little man, said the driver of the litter, that you would not give a penny to look at; he had nothing large about him but his paunch, and no one knew how he filled it, for he ate nothing; the truth was, he was rich as a hog, but he had a head that was a jewel, that man.

Indeed with his jewel of a head he had accumulated all those possessions where formerly he used to come to dig or prune or reap from morning to night in the sun, the rain, the wind, without shoes to his feet or a rag of an overcoat; everybody remembered having given him kicks behind, the same persons who now called him 'your excellency' and spoke to him with cap in hand.

More than five thousand mouths, without counting the birds of the sky and the animals of the earth, that ate upon his land and without counting his own mouth, that ate less than any; he was contented with twopence worth of bread and a bit of cheese, swallowed in hurry and haste standing in a corner of the store house large as a church, in midst of the dust from the grain, so that one could not see, while the peasants emptied the sacks; or on top of a straw stack, when the wind swept over the frozen country at sowing time, or with his head inside a basket in the hot days of harvest. He did not drink wine, he did not smoke or use tobacco, although his plantations along the river side produced tobacco with large leaves as tall as a boy, such as sells at ninety-five lire. He never had had any woman to support but his mother, who had cost him twelve tari extra when he was obliged to have her carried to the graveyard.

It was that he had thought and thought, again and again, what property means, when he went without shoes to work on the land that was now his own; and he had experienced what it is to earn three tari a day in the month of July, to keep the back bent for fourteen hours with the overseer on horseback after you, that takes you with his whip if you straighten up for a moment. For this he had not let pass a minute of his life that was not employed in getting riches, and now his plows were numerous as the long line of crows that arrive in November, and other lines of mules that seemed endless carried seed for sowing. The women who crouched in the mud from October to March to gather his olives were countless, as countless as the magpies that came to steal the olives; and at the time of the vintage whole villages gathered about his vines, and as far as singing was heard in the country it was for the grape gathering of Mazzaro. At harvest the reapers of Mazzaro seemed

like an army of soldiers. To maintain all those people with biscuit in the morning and bread and bitter orange at breakfast and the luncheon and the lasagne in the evening there was needed money by handfuls, and the lasagne were dished in bread troughs as large as tubs. So now, when he rode behind the line of his mowers with whip in hand, he did not lose one of them from sight and kept repeating, 'Bend to it, boys!'

However, each year all those store houses, large as churches, were filled with grain, so that it was necessary to raise the roofs to contain it all; and every time that Mazzaro sold the wine it took more than a day to count the money, all in silver pieces of twelve lari, for he would not have dirty paper money for his goods, and went to buy the dirty paper only when he had to pay the king or other persons; and at the fairs the herds of Mazzaro covered the whole field and crowded the roads, so that it took half a day to let them pass, and the image of the saint, with the band of music, had to change their road and yield the way to him.

All this property he had earned for himself with his own hands and head, with losing sleep at night, with taking fevers from the malaria, with labor from dawn to darkness. When one is like that it means that he is made for property.

In this way, little by little, Mazzaro became master of all the property which formerly belonged to a spendthrift baron, and the latter parted first with the olive grove, then with the vines, then with the pasture and then with the farm, and finally with his palace itself, so that a day did not pass in which he did not sign a legal paper, and Mazzaro put below his worthy X mark. The baron had nothing left but the stone shield that formerly was over his door, and it was the only thing that he had not been willing to sell, saying to Mazzaro, 'This only of all my property will not do for thee.' And it was true; Mazzaro did not know what to do with it and would not have paid twopence for it.

'This is a fine thing to have the fortune that Mazzaro has,' people said; and they did not know what it had taken to grasp that fortune; how many thoughts, how many fatigues, how many falsehoods, how many perils of going to the galleys, and how that head that was a jewel had worked day and night, steadier than a millstone, to get riches; and if the owner of a neighboring field persisted in not giving it up to him and wanted to take Mazzaro by the neck, he had to find a stratagem to constrain the owner to sell and make him fall into the trap, despite of the distrust of the peasant nature. He would go and boast, for example, of the fertility of a land rent which did not even produce lupines, and succeeded in making the poor fellow believe it to be a promised land, so that he let himself be induced to hire it as a speculation, and afterward lost his rent, his house and his field, which Mazzaro took—for a piece of bread.

One thing alone grieved him, that he was beginning to grow old and he must leave the earth behind him. This is an injustice of God, he thought, that after having worn out your life in gaining property, when you have succeeded in getting it, so that you would like more, you have to leave it. And he would remain for hours seated on a basket, with his chin in his hands, looking at his vines that grew green before his eyes and the fields that waved with heads of wheat like a sea and the olive groves that veiled the mountain like a cloud; and if a half naked boy passed in front of him, bent under his burden like a weary ass, he would thrust his stick between the boy's legs for envy and murmur, 'Look who has length of days! that fellow who has nothing!'

So that when they told him that it was time to leave his property in order to think of his soul, he went out into the court yard like a madman, staggering, and went about killing his ducks and turkeys with blows of his stick and screaming, 'My property, come along with me!'—Translated for 'Short Stories' from the Italian of Verga by E. Cavazza.

The Vanderbilt System and Its Managers.

More than 7,000 miles of railroad are absolutely controlled and operated by the Vanderbilt family. The roads which are advertised as the Vanderbilt system are the New York Central and Hudson River, the Michigan Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, the West Shore, and the New York, Chicago and St. Louis. These six roads with their leased lines and the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, which has been purchased by the Vanderbilts, have 7,800 miles of line and represent a capital stock of more than \$150,000,000. Their bonded indebtedness will aggregate nearly \$300,000,000. These roads are under the absolute control and personal direction of Cornelius Vanderbilt. As his principal aids in managing this property Cornelius Vanderbilt has surrounded himself with four brainy men. They are Chauncey M. Depeve, John Noyell, Henry B. Ledyard and Melville E. Ingalls.—Chicago Herald.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

Many arrests have been made for intimidation in Liege and Charleroi and domiciliary searches have resulted in the discovery of a quantity of explosives. Gendarmes arrested three men in the Ougree forest, near Liege, on Sunday, while they were busy charging a bomb with dynamite. Another man belonging to the party was chased by the gendarmes until he jumped into the River Meuse and was drowned.

The miners and others who to the number of about 100,000 are now on strike in Belgium for fewer hours of labor and for electoral reform have, through their central organizations, demanded that the dock laborers of Antwerp shall boycott the coal laden steamships which are expected to arrive at that port shortly with English and German coal.

New York Typographical Union No. 6 is in favor of gaining control over the type setting machines before they would attempt to regulate the wages of the men operating these machines. The matter will be discussed at the meeting on the first Sunday in June.

The co-operative society organized by the Jersey Farmers' Union has more work than its members can do; their wages are now being paid weekly.

New York Waiters' Union No. 2 recently returned tickets for not bearing the union label of Typographical Union No. 278.

The Progressive Clothing Cutters' Union of New York joined the newly formed national organization and a charter has been procured. A proposition to return the charter of the American Federation of Labor will be discussed at the next regular meeting.

A new tailors' union has been formed in New York by the organization committee of the United Hebrew Trades. It has about fifty members.

The Workmen's General Benefit Union of New York has at present 3,710 members of whom 252 are women. During the last three months 590 new members were enrolled. The receipts were \$8,676.09, and \$8,993.79 were expended. The general fund amounts to \$9,329.59.

It is estimated that there are now in the United States over one million trades unionists.

The Journeymen Barbers' Union of Rochester, N. Y., has now 24 shops under its jurisdiction, and the organization has grown to double its former proportions.

The Grand Rapids, Mich., Street Railway Employees' Union has 300 members and a good sized bank account.

A charter was issued to a new local union by the International Typographical Union at Yonkers, N. Y., recently.

Union workmen are requested to pay no attention to advertisements appearing in daily papers offering glowing promises of work and fabulously high wages on the Pacific Coast. It is a fraud.

The delegates of Typographical Union No. 101 to the Boston Convention will demand that employers and printers not engaged in the business be excluded from active membership.

The machinists of Indianapolis are enjoying a revival of gigantic proportions, and additions by the score are being made to the union each meeting night.

The Central Labor Union of Cleveland, O., is discussing a proposition to establish a Labor Lyceum in that city where the unions can meet and not continually pay rent to the landlord.

The Clerks and Salesmen's Organization of New Brunswick, N. J., has succeeded in inducing the principal storekeepers of that city to close at 7 p. m.

The Kansas City, Mo., labor organizations have instructed all the union men to withhold their names from the city directory because it is printed in a rat office.

The leather workers of Philadelphia held a mass meeting last Sunday and their union gained 76 new members.

The Machinists' Union of Philadelphia have established a drawing school for their members.

The delegates of Typographical Union No. 13 to the International Typographical Convention have been instructed to advocate a nine hour work day throughout the jurisdiction of the International Typographical Union within one year from June 1, 1891; also to demand equal pay for both sexes.

The annual strike assessment of 10 cents for the general fund of the American Federation of Labor is due on June 1. All unions failing to pay the same are not entitled to benefit on the part of the Federation.

The bookbinders of England have asked for eight hours, but were refused by the bosses. They will continue to organize and then strike. They also ask for a regulation of the apprentice system and will shortly call for an international union of bookbinders.

The Edinburgh, Scotland labor organizations have federated and will take political action.

The National Executive Council of the Gasworkers' Union of Paris has taken steps to create an international organization of gasworkers.

The Executive Board of the London Trades Council has approved the prospectus of the Workers' Co-operative Productive Association proposing the establishment of a co-operative bakery in London.

Indications point to the fact that the coke strikers, although having had every obstacle to contend with, are on the point of winning their strike. Several firms have given in, and the strikers are returning to work. This week a number of imported laborers were induced to refuse to work, and the company thereupon levied on the goods of the evicted strikers for rent.

The London Clerks' Union endeavored to get direct representatives for clerks on the Labor Commission, but their efforts proved unavailing. They are also trying to obtain from the School Board of London a promise that the firms who pay fair rates of remuneration to their clerks should have preference in any work the School Board might have the disposal of. A further resolution was also passed by the union that each individual member should do his best to oppose Sir Reginald Hanson, in the event of his being selected to contest the City of London, on account of the disgracefully inadequate way in which he pays his clerks for overtime.

The London Pavers' Union has protested against the introduction of asphalt pavements.

The Trades Councils of Belfast, Derry, Sligo, Waterford and Cork, Ireland, have dropped the clause in their constitution against admitting the representatives of unskilled laborers, and the latter are now admitted on an equal footing with the men working at skilled trades.

The labor organizations throughout England Ireland and Scotland have adopted resolutions condemning the Parliamentary Labor Commission as a present composed.

Typographical Union No. 34, of Honolulu, reports that business is very dull in Hawaii, and the supply is far in excess of the demand. Only two white compositors have had steady employment during the last four months.

At a meeting of the Granite Manufacturers' Association of Barre, Vt., the terms of the granite quarrymen were rejected and the strike continues.

The journeymen brewers of several breweries in London are on strike because their demand for an advance to \$5.50 per week has been rejected by the bosses.

The Melbourne Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution declaring that they are anxious to effect a settlement of all labor troubles, and that means should be devised for the prevention of open ruptures, or where that may not be possible, for treating the difference and establishing permanently the relations between employer and employee.

A paper has been circulated among the employees of the different clothing manufacturers in Rochester, N. Y., to be signed by them, stating that they are no longer members of the K. of L. The scheme is meeting with little success, being generally refused. The persecution fund of the clothing manufacturers' combine is said to amount to \$150,000 at present.

The messenger boys of the Western Union and Commercial Union Telegraph Companies at Portland, Me., to the number of 25 and including all the messengers in the city, have struck for an advance in wages. They have been getting 2 1/2 cents per message and wanted 3 1/2 cents. The boys made from \$4 to \$6 per week.

A Canadian granite firm doing business at Green's Landing, Me., have declared a lockout against all American stonecutters, and are filling the men's places with Italians of the lowest grade, secured at the New York Barge Office. About 80 of these cheap laborers, under convoy of a padrone, were imported a few days ago, and the people of that section are threatening dire vengeance against the pauper importers.

The Liverpool branch of the National Union of British Dock Laborers has adopted the following: "That in the opinion of this meeting of dock laborers, the Trades Council should appoint a committee to ascertain the voting power in each parliamentary division affiliated with it, and to take steps to organize these voters with a view to the Trades Council nominating the candidates at the coming general election."

The Australian Labor Federation convened two meetings in Brisbane, one at the West End and the other at Woollongabba, at which workers' political organizations were formed. These political organizations are to be a part of the Labor Federation, adopting its platform. The organizations are intended to be self supporting, possessing their own funds, committees, secretaries and presidents; each constituency to nominate its own candidates, an exhaustive ballot to determine the choice. The Labor party in this way hope to work out reforms through the legislature.

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MONTREAL, May 16, 1891.

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.

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL AND LADY STUDENTS.

The question of the employment of women is an old subject. It has been discussed from almost every standpoint by the ablest writers of the day, and we find on looking backward that a great and important change has taken place in the position of women in regard to men and also in regard to her sphere in life. It is not so long ago since it was held to be an improper move for a woman to step outside of the home circle to take her place in the field alongside of men, but opinion has so changed that but little objection is now made to her entering whatever occupations she may see fit. Indeed, the only objection now made is not so much on her unsuitableness for a particular vocation or her inability to perform the duties, as it is upon the unfair competition man is subjected to on her account—women being generally willing to work for so much less than men, and the consequence is that her entry into any particular occupation has a tendency to drag down the wages of her male competitor or dispense with his services altogether. Women have made their way into almost every occupation of life, and it must be conceded that they have held their own in whatever they have undertaken. There are still some trades or professions, however, which endeavor to resist the encroachments of the ladies, notably among those which are ranked as the higher professions, namely, law, medicine and the pulpit, the members of which are, generally speaking, very diligent in recommending the suitability of other occupations (always outside of their own) for the employment of women. Among the two first-named professions—law and medicine—there is a spirit of close unionism existing which is ready to rise in arms against any proposal to introduce an element which might have a tendency to lower the fees of the professor, for this is the only argument which can be seriously brought against the admission of women to practice either as lawyers or doctors.

A case in point has been under discussion in this city during the past week. The Governors of Montreal General Hospital have decided by a bare majority to refuse the application of a lady student for permission to "walk the hospital," and by this refusal they have shown an utter want of consistency and exhibited a nervous timidity which, to say the least, is amusing. Their inconsistency is proved by the fact that they had previously

given the required permission to another lady, who, according to all testimony, acquitted herself with prudence and that nothing occurred during her season of study to offend against morals or shock maidenly modesty. Their timidity is shown by the mock-modest style of argument adopted by the opponents of the ladies, and which was really what swayed the opinions of the majority. The meeting was a unit almost in regard to woman's capability and fitness, but they were afraid that when certain explanations were being given in a mixed class there would be danger to the moral nature of male and female student alike. Divested of sentiment, we think there is very little ground for the objection itself. Methods have been pointed out whereby this could be avoided, and indeed these expedients were put in practice during the course of study of the lady who had already "walked," and resulted in no jar to the feelings. As we have said before, women has made extraordinary advances in recent years and this temporary snub from the Governors of Montreal General Hospital will only serve to increase her activity and urge her to demand still more strongly the recognition of her undoubted right to pursue the whole course of study necessary to make her proficient in the healing art, a profession which they are by nature well adapted to adorn.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

The lot of the poor debtor is not a happy one, and should he unfortunately come within the clutches of the law, and unable to pay, he is made to endure to the last extremity thereof. Our attention has been drawn the past week to a case of gross imposition perpetrated in name of the law and which shows the absolute necessity there is for some protection being given to the poor debtor from the harpies who, taking advantage of every turn and twist in the law, pile on unnecessary costs until the victim is completely broken down and the original debt is entirely lost sight of in the monstrous pile of costs reared upon its back. A very poor yet respectable man who, through inability to obtain steady employment, became unable to pay a small debt of two dollars which he had incurred for firewood. He was served with a summons and of course judgment went against him. His small wages were seized in the hands of his employer and the bill of costs amounted to \$13.45! It is hardly necessary to add anything further to this; the bare mention of the fact is sufficient to create a feeling of indignation in every breast that such a shocking outrage can be perpetrated in the name of law. Here is something for the Trades Council to work upon: Agitate for a poor debtor's act to curtail and limit the costs for collecting small amounts, or, better still, procure the enactment of a law placing the onus of giving credit on workingmen on weekly salary entirely upon the trader. There might be cases of individual hardship under such an act but the benefit to the working classes generally would be immeasurably superior. Men with no credit would endeavor to find the cheapest market and thus learn to lay out their hard won earnings more judiciously, and instead of as in many cases under the credit system having to pay twice value for the goods, would be enabled, with ready money in hand, to purchase a better article and also at a proportionately lower price.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To-day the City of Toronto will take in hand the running of its own street cars. As a matter of fact, it has not yet been decided to conduct the service permanently, as tenders have been called for, and nothing definite will be settled until the 25th of the present month when these come up for disposal. No alteration in the arrange-

ments for running the cars will be made in the meantime, but doubtless after the transfer has been regularly made improvements in the hours of labor of the employees and a system of cheap fares will be inaugurated. Those who favor the city taking over the car system permanently do not pretend to say that the service can be run more cheaply than it has been, but they do believe that a large portion of profit which now goes to a private company will flow into the coffers of the city treasury, and they do not for a moment doubt that the system can be run more systematically and with much more convenience to the public.

The street car employees of Toronto are agitating for a ten-hour day. A meeting was held last Sunday at which about 400 were present, including conductors, drivers, stable-men and change boys. A resolution was passed asking for the following terms: Ten dollars a week and ten hours per day for conductors; \$9 a week and ten hours for drivers, and fifteen cents per hour as the minimum wage for all other employees, except for Sunday work, which was stated to be worth twenty-five cents per hour. It was stated at the meeting that stable-men at the present time worked eighty-five hours a week for \$8.50! Comment is unnecessary.

It is estimated by the officials of the various railway lines centering in the City of Pittsburg, that their losses through the labor troubles in that vicinity during the past few months will aggregate \$25,000 per day, and it is believed if the strike in the coke regions were to continue for a year the total loss would foot up to between seven and eight million dollars.

At a meeting of the City Council yesterday afternoon the proposition to grant \$2,500 to provide champagne suppers for the Royal Society was carried by the casting vote of the Acting Mayor, Ald. Shorey. It will now be in order for the Trades Council to procure an injunction against the city to prevent this reckless miscarriage of the public funds. The Corporation cannot afford to give a poor man a dollar increase in his pay, but it can spend lavishly on the entertainment of men, the majority of whom may be said to be wealthy compared with the day laborer. The votes of the majority were probably influenced by the prospect of their sharing in the jollification themselves.

Union printers are wanted at Rutland, Vt., where frames are on the hook. Subs also stand a good show.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Trades and Labor Council meet in Ottawa to-day. Messrs. P. J. Jobin and L. Routhier, of Quebec, passed through this city yesterday on their way there. Messrs. U. Lafontaine, the president, and Geo. S. Warren also left for Ottawa in the evening. It is understood they will meet some members of the Cabinet on Monday to discuss future labor legislation.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The great Siberian railway which will more closely connect Europe with the teeming millions of China, Japan and Eastern Asia will be commenced this spring. The total length of the line will be 4,810 miles and the cost about thirty-two millions sterling. In case permanent bridges are built over the immense rivers Obi, Yenei, Lena, etc., the outlay will be still greater. The commercial and political importance of this undertaking is greater than most people suppose. It will not only help to open out the immense resources of Southern Siberia, but will enable Russia to compete more successfully for the Japanese and Chinese carrying and import trade. Goods that are now sent by sea to Europe will ten years hence be carried over land into Europe, and a good deal of the Chinese carrying trade will go into the hands of Russia. A large portion of the railway will run through millions of acres of the finest virgin soil, over immense rivers, in primeval forests which have never been cut and through countries abounding in mineral and vegetable wealth. When the line

is ready it will be possible to work the rich gold, silver, iron, copper and plumbago mines of Eastern Siberia, which have hardly yet been touched in consequence of the scarcity of labor and the absence of machinery. The rich and fertile regions of the Amoor and Usuri, which boast of a climate as fine as that of France, will then be open to colonists, and also millions of acres of land which are at the present moment almost unpopulated. By means of this railway Russia will be able to convert Vladivostok into a great naval and military station like Sebastopol, and if necessary pour several hundred thousand troops on the Chinese frontier in less than three weeks' time. And last and not least among the benefits which will accrue to mankind through this undertaking will be the possibility of visiting China or Japan in about a fortnight from Central Europe with all that comfort that is attached to railway traveling.

The Servant Question.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chambermaids. We never think of it as a thing desirable or perhaps supposable for our own, and this fact seems to damage most of our arguments for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold rightfully that it was "menial service." Now, if we draw the line at menial service for ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much vexed question seems to lie precisely there.—Harper's Bazar.

A Shrewd Speculator.

Some men are natural traders; they understand how to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, which is the secret of success, and above all they know how to barter goods they don't want for something they do. This trait develops, as a rule, very early in life, as many boys can testify from personal experience. A capital illustration of this trait is found in the St. Paul boy who approached the foreman of a gang of men who were paving the street with round cedar blocks which are used for that purpose in some western cities. Will you give me one of these blocks? he asked. Yes, replied the foreman, good naturedly, I'll give you one if you will tell me what you want it for. To cover it with carpet and make a hassock. What do you want with a hassock? I can trade the hassock to Mrs. Brown for a bird cage. Her bird is dead. But what can you do with a bird cage without a bird? I don't want the cage, but I can trade the cage for an oxidized picture frame. Well, of what use is the picture frame without any picture? But Mr. Oliver has a picture of General Sheridan, and he said he would trade me a hanging lamp for a good oxidized frame. So it's the lamp you want? No; I've no particular use for the lamp, but I can trade a good hanging lamp for a Persian rug, and the rug for a Mexican parrot, and Tom Higbie will give me his banjo for the parrot. It's the banjo I want.

A New Use for Matches.

I watched a train hand stagger through the coach with eyes closed and a tearful face—a case of cinder. He met a companion, who instantly felt in his vest pocket, poised himself, made one motion, and the suffering brakemen at once went back to his post relieved. "How did you remove that cinder?" I asked. "With a match," he replied, producing one, he split it to a point with his thumb nail. "This looks like a harsh way to treat so tender an organ," said he, "but it is entirely safe. Turning back the eyelid, the speck only needs to be touched by some dry substance—in this case the match—to adhere to it. We have to help one another so a dozen times a day." "But why not wait until stopping?" I inquired. "Too busy then. Besides, there is no need. It is as easy on a train in motion as on the ground when one is accustomed to it. After raising the arm for the operation, one needs to get the swing of the train. This car runs smoothly, so I did quick work."—Springfield Homestead.

An Example in Taxation.

A man died this week in a town not far from Springfield whose estate is estimated at from one to three millions of dollars in value. He paid taxes on less than \$160,000. Probably not more than one dollar in ten of his possessions paid any part of the taxes for the support of the town, county or state. In other words, the tax he escaped was paid by the real estate owners and by the poor in higher rents on taxed homes.

The sum actually taken out of the pockets of the poor or those in moderate circumstances by our unjust system of direct taxation probably costs our people far more than the burden alleged to be imposed by the tariff. If the 5 per cent. tax on collateral in-

heritances, now pending in the Massachusetts Legislature, had been a law, the State treasury might get at least \$50,000 from this estate. If it all passed to direct heirs, and the one per cent. tax on such inheritances of personal property were established, the State would get at least \$10,000.—Springfield Homestead.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

READ THIS

A beautiful Oil Chromo in gilt frame, given away with every Boys' Suit, at \$4.00 and over; we make this offer with the idea of increasing our sales in Boy's Clothing. We have without doubt the finest assortment of Boys' Clothing, and we are certain no firm can give better value, therefore with the above inducement, we expect a larger increase than ever in our daily sales.

We are showing for this season's trade, over 2,000 Boys' Suits all made to our special order, therefore we guarantee fit and best workmanship.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

For Boys' Tailor-made Clothing, come to headquarters, viz.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Boys' Sailor Suits, from 75c.
Boys' Tweed Suits, from \$1.30.
Boys' Velvet Sailor Suits, from \$3.65.
Boys' First Communion Suits.
Boys' Eton Suits.
Boys' Velvet Suits.
Boys' Kilt Suits.

All in endless variety at

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A large line of Ladies' Colored Jackets, to be sold at sweeping reductions. "Come and see them."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A large line of Ladies' Ulsters to be sold at sweeping reductions. "Come and see them."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A large line of Ladies' Dolmans to be sold at sweeping reductions. "Come and see them."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Children's Long Mantles to be cleared out at nearly half price.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Full lines of Children's Jackets at very low prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

500 Beaded Capes to be cleared at 85c., \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.40, etc., etc. Those are really much below wholesale prices.

Don't fail to come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S

For the best cash value and latest novelties in Dry Goods.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter
Montreal,

Terms Cash and Only One Price.

TRY

TAMARAC SYRUP

For Coughs and Colds.

25c a Bottle.

Dr. GUSTAVE DEMERS,

2193 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

LORGE & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers

21 St. Lawrence Main Street,

MONTREAL.

CANADA.
Province of Quebec, } Superior Court
District of Montreal. }
No. 758.

Dame Eliza Lane Quinn, of the City of Montreal, wife of Alexander Irvine Morison, Trader, of the same place, authorized a *cestui en justice*,

Plaintiff

vs.

Alexander Irvine Morison, trader, of same place,

Defendant

An action en *separation de biens* has commenced in this cause, at the City of Montreal, on the sixth of April instant.

Montreal, 6th April, 1891.

W. A. WEIR,
Attorney for Plaintiff

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

MISERERE NOBIS.

Paroles inédites de Cyrille Horsiot.

Du noble travailleur
Plongé dans l'indigence
Admirez la constance
O cruels oppresseurs
Habitant les mansardes.
Il méprise vos grandeurs
Et les vaines splendeurs
De vos palais de marbres.

Donnez, donnez, cruels tyrans
L'humanité vous le commande
Quelques travaux que vous demande
L'humble ouvrier souffrant.

Au fond de vos palais
Croupis dans la mollesse
Tous narguez la détresse
De l'honnête ouvrier
Qui depuis le berceau
Lutte avec désespoir
Pour chasser la misère
Qui le quitte au tombeau.

Le fruit de nos sueurs
Vous ravissez sans cesse
Pour combler de richesses
Vos dignes successeurs.
Et nous les producteurs
Accablés par les ans,
Laissons à nos enfants
Un avenir plein d'horreur.

Vos aïeux, vieille clique
Dans les siècles passés
Mailtraitèrent nos aïnés
Jusqu'à la république.
Mais pour venger nos pères
Si longtemps opprimés
Apparus sur la terre
Notre Dame Liberté.

Et vous race de vampires
Que l'on nomme millionnaires
Votre mission sur terre
Est de nous faire souffrir
En volant les richesses
Sous forme de transactions
Distribués aux nations
Par Dieu dans ses largesses.

De Paris au Pérou,
De Chine à Washington,
L'Être qu'on appelle homme
Est plus cruel qu'un loup.
Car pour un vil métal
Il peut livrer son père
Ses amis et ses frères
Aux régions infernales.

Au fond de ces enfers
Que l'on nomme fabriques
Ateliers et boutiques
S'étioilent tes filles, ô mère!
Ecoles de corruption
Liaenciées par des traitres
Que l'homme se donne pour maîtres
Au temps des élections.

Artisans, prolétaires,
Et vous nobles enfants

Qui cultivez les champs,
Unissez-vous en frères
Afin de protester
Contre les artifices
Que sous forme de justice
On veut vous imposer.

O sublime justice
Du divin créateur,
D'infâmes imposteurs
Te souillent et t'avilissent
Empruntant ton beau nom
Pour la vile besogne
Que cyniquement ils nomment
Le droit des nations.

LA REPROBATION.

(Paroles inédites de Cyrille Horsiot.)

Quels sont ces cris ces plaintes et ces murmures
Dont les échos font trembler la nature
Sont-ce les cris des lions du désert
Que la faim chasse de leurs sombres tanières.
Non c'est la voix de ceux que la misère
Dans ses tenailles fait souffrir et meurtrit,
C'est l'opprimé dans sa juste colère
Criant vengeance contre la tyrannie.

C'est le moment suprême
Frères où chacun de nous
Doit rompre les lourdes chaînes
Et secouer le joug
Imposé par la clique
De toutes les nations
Sur les êtres héroïques
De la création.

Tyrans cruels où puisez vous la gloire
Et les lauriers de vos sombres victoires,
C'est dans le sang de vos fils égorgés
Dans vos massacres envers l'humanité
Maudissez mères ces féroces panthères
Qui de vos bras arrachent vos enfants
Pour les livrer aux horreurs de la guerre
Brûlant vos toits et dévastant vos champs.

L'horrible usage qu'ils font de la science
Et du progrès propage nos souffrances
En appliquant l'art et la perfection
Ou d'infâmes engins de destruction
Gens plein d'astuce ils vantent les lumières
De notre siècle pour ses innovations
Quand des millions d'honnêtes prolétaires
Souffrent en silence la faim ou la prison.

Nous plaignons nous de l'affreuse misère
Les nous accusent de révolutionnaires
Nous font abattre par le fer et le plomb
Des janissaires payés par les nations.
Nous créateurs des richesses du monde
Que nous ravissent les fourbes et les fripons
Derrons nous donc subir jusqu'à la tombe
Leur joug cruel et souffrir tant d'affronts.

Du créateur implorons la justice
Que nous refusent ces puissants terroristes
Mettant à l'œuvre la plume et le canon
Pour aveugler ou détruire les nations
Peuple crédule dilate tes paupières
Ouvre les yeux, cesse de couvrir le front,
Adresse au Ciel de ferventes prières
Qu'il te délivre des griffes d'Harpagon.

"SCRAPS" FOR CIGARMAKERS

It may be well said that for an organization that has so much to contend with as the cigarmakers unions here, it is beyond a doubt the banner organization of this city.

I am surprised that the cigarmakers employed in a certain shop did not protest against the tyrannical rule lately introduced by the self-styled manager. Such officiousness ought to meet with a prompt resistance because it entails great hardship and inflicts undue punishment upon the majority. There are other ways of bringing habitual offenders to time without interfering with or harassing those who desire to do what is right.

The question is asked why does not "Scraps" show up the Moulders and Printers. They need a talking too as well as the cigarmakers. Well as far as the Moulders are concerned, they are certainly not "in it." They have for years tried to hold a charter, but their efforts so far has been a failure and there is not any reason to believe they will make an effort to organize again, though it has been told me by an ex-member, (who claims to have been an active member when the union was in existence) that if he wanted to organize a union he could, but there seemed to be no necessity for a Moulders union! "It was too expensive," he said, and it would interfere with our bosses. They do not reduce our wages and we get along as well as if there was a union. We know what is to our own interest." As for the Printers, I may say that, speaking to one of them last week, he was very much tickled at the manner in which "Scraps" is showing up the cigarmakers, and the way the union is being conducted in this city. He went as far as to tell me that when the Printers struck it was not for a reduction of wages like the cigarmakers. But he forgot to explain the inconsistency of their action in the late strike. They struck in a certain office in this city and called out their

members. It lasted for some time, and caused lots of trouble and expense in law suits, (which are not finished yet;) closed that shop which pays \$10.00 per week to week hands, 30c per 1,000 ems to news hands, to their own members, and keep shops open and allow their members to work in shops that pays \$9.00 to week hands and 25c to 28c per 1000 ems to piece hands. This is consistency from the Montreal printers point of view, but that is what they have decided on, and is what they are doing at the present time. This is the result of being well organized and an intelligent body. Don't strike for a reduction of wages. Oh, no! It does not sound so funny now, does it, you knights of the stick!

"SCRAPS."

[In his criticism on the conduct of the union printers of this city our friend "Scraps" is "just a little" astray of his subject, and it is quite evident that some of the long-tailed gentlemen, or those who, against the spirit of their obligation, fraternize with them, have had possession of his ear lately and has been trying to pick up a few crumbs of sympathy by the recital of an argument which has a very plausible bearing to a novice but to the initiated has no meaning whatever. We have only to say that "Scraps" has been falsely misled in regard to certain things which he alleges and that the majority of the members of No. 176 have been entirely consistent in their past and present course towards the establishment to which he evidently has reference. The trouble was forced upon the union and if it has received a temporary set back there are still enough staunch unionists left to wage a fight against oppression and grasping greed and to carry that fight to a successful issue.]—Ed. ECHO.

Young Student Physician (to charity patient)—I—I think you must have a—some kind of a fever; but our class have only got as far as convulsions. I'll come again in a week.

"PI" FOR PRINTERS!

Why is it that we so seldom hear a word of commendation for officers from the general membership who elect them? And why do some of the men in our midst refuse to do their fair share of the work? Are they afraid of those who stay away from meetings yet are always able to grunt out criticisms of the actions of officers who, to say the least, are doing something. Those fellows haven't wit enough to help themselves, even.

What about the picnic? Hope that committee will give a signal proof of ability in next report of progress—they can do it, if they half try.

The Boston session is nearly on. Is M. T. U. not going to try and help themselves to something?

We expect the "fine" system ought to work wonders.

How many chapel reports were in last quarter. I suppose the Board of Directors will tell in their next report.

Those in arrears, had better make terms—if they have any respect for themselves.

Some piece hands do like to see the bright summer sun come out, and stay out about 14 hours per diem. Of course they will thus be able in a few short (?) years to save enough to retire from the business on. So many Montreal comps, have done it, you know! Oh! yes! They're all in favor of 8 hours; from 8 to 8.

Why don't 176 make a better push for an apprenticeship law and members notify factory inspectors when they find urchins under age at the business.

Instruct your delegates at C. T. & L. council to move in the matter. Are they asleep? The "member" who prostitutes his unionism by taking the List of 176 to rats, and pointing out names on same, and who gives other "little facts" to the said gang, has forgotten a certain "obligation" he must have taken in the past. If there is one thing more than another I despise, it is the man (?) who plays sucker. No doubt, if he should lose his present lucrative position, some of his "fraternity" friends have already made provision for him. I am on his track. Got some evidence. With a very little more I will be in a position to bring him to book.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SOMETHING FOR THE TRADES COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—I would, through the medium of your paper, suggest to the Trades and Labor Council, the almost absolute necessity for an efficient apprenticeship law in this Canada of ours. Technical schools are, I dare say, very good in their way, but the true place for practical results to be attained is in the work shop. We often hear foremen of shops making statements to the effect that some men are not competent workmen, yet these same men favor boy or girl labor until the youths have had the experience of a year or so, when said youth want more pay they discharge him, or refuse the increase which amounts to the same thing, as he generally looks somewhere else for more pay—probably calls himself a journeyman. The want of a good apprenticeship law is lowering the standard of almost every trade in the country. If this is going to be a protected manufacturing country the sooner we recognize the importance of keeping up the knowledge (or improving it) of the future artisan the better for all concerned.

Worse than in Ireland.

There were in the United States in 1880 322,357 tenant farmers paying rent, and 702,244 tenant farmers, villeins or metayers, farming on shares, a total of 1,024,701 tenant farmers. The total number of tenant farmers in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales is 1,060,127.

If the 574,222 Irish tenant farmers should be compelled to share their crops equally with their landlords, as 702,244 American farmers must, such an outcry would go up to heaven as was never before heard in the world.

If the 414,804 English tenant farmers were required to do it they would take only from 36 to 48 hours in which to wipe out the whole system of land tenures. The greatest share ever asked of them was one-fourth.—T. E. Wilson.

Why the Mafia Exists in Italy.

The origin of the Camorra and Mafia murder leagues ceases to puzzle travelers who have visited the rural districts of southern Sicily. Nearly all the real estate of the coast plain from Syracuse to Cape Bianco is in the hands of a few aristocrats, who have deprived their tenants of their panes as well as of their circenses, of the right to hunt, to fish, to train fighting cocks, without a special license, as well as of the more urgent necessities of life. The streets of the inland villages generally resemble the gullies

of a parched out mountain river, and the houses are mere mud piles, roofed with flat stones and wattles of broom corn, and surrounded by rubbish heaps, where mangy curs and sore eyed children compete for scraps of animal refuse.

Laborers returning from a day's hard work, sit down to a meal of maize paste and salad, washed down with the water of the slimy village cistern. The profits of little truck farms barely satisfy the demands of the tithe collector, and indignation meetings are promptly suppressed, but midnight conventicles are less easy to prevent, and the starving villager would as soon defile the statue of Garibaldi as to betray a Capo Maso who had befriended him at the expense of an oppressive landlord.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

Cause of Corpulency.

It is very evident that corpulency is due to some peculiarity within the system which favors the increase and storage of fat, but the actual cause is yet to be determined. Physicians who have been corpulent, and therefore have had the most favorable opportunities for study and experiment, have all reached the same conclusions—namely, that corpulency indicates a degree of ill health—not of excellent health, as many people suppose. They also hold that one and very potential cause of the abnormal storage of fat is the lack of functional activity in certain important of the body, and particularly those concerned in freeing the system of waste products. In other words, when the system is choked up with waste less fat is consumed therein, and its accumulation is favored.—Boston Herald.

It was announced at New York on Monday morning by Chairman Decker, of the Lumber Trade Association Executive Committee, that eighty lumber yards belonging to members of the association had already complied with the terms of the agreement formulated for the concerted attack of the employers upon the labor unions and had locked out their union employees. The walking delegates do not estimate the number already locked out at more than 300, and say many of them were not members of the unions. Lumber is undoubtedly being delivered by some dealers to builders.

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. Patronized 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.

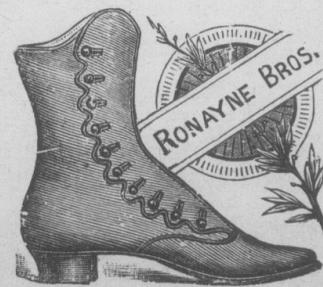
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WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.

(Near McGill Street, Montreal.)

Sole Agents for Knabe, Williams, and Bell Pianos, and Bell Organs.



A Good Looking
Good Wearing
BOOT OR SHOE

A Low Price,
ALWAYS READY FOR YOU

RONAYNE BROS.
17 Chaboillez Square,
NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

Next week we anticipate grand field days in the Linen Department.

Scotch Roller Towellings,
Scotch Bordered Crash,
Scotch Huckaback Towelling,
Linen Roller Towelling from 3c yard.

On Monday morning and following days we offer a grand lot of short lengths of Roller Towellings, etc., at very low prices,
S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame st.

LINENS! LINENS!

CREAM TABLE DAMASKS.

We excel all others in this particular make of Table Damasks. Every attention paid to getting such qualities as will bleach well and give the very best wear.

Cream Table Damasks, 23c Yard.

Come direct to S. Carsley's, Notre Dame street, for all kinds of Household Linens.
S. CARSLY.

STARTLING NEWS!

Nast color Fine Printed Satens, 11c per yard—ONLY—11c per yard.
This is the very best value ever shown in Canada.

Remember the price, 11c per yard—only—11c per yard.
Printed on Fine Satens, full 30 inches wide, all French patterns.
All Fast Colors.
S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame st.

ANOTHER BARGAIN!

300—PIECES—300

Beautiful Check Dress Gingham, full width, all fast colors.

9 1/2c.—ONLY—9 1/2c.

This line is equal to what other stores sell at 12 1/2c to 15c per yard.

ANY QUANTITY SOLD.

Any quantity sold—from one yard to 100 pieces. This is a great chance for storekeepers in other cities to buy cheap.
Remember the Price:

9 1/2c.—ONLY—9 1/2c.

S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame st.

STILL ANOTHER!

170—PIECES—170

Fine Check Dress Gingham, all fast colors—a great bargain.

5 1/2c.—ONLY—5 1/2c.

Now is the time to buy cheap Gingham and get made up before the hot weather comes.
Remember the Price:

5 1/2c.—ONLY—5 1/2c.

Come direct to S. Carsley's, Notre Dame street, for the largest assortment and the best value in Canada for all kinds of Dry Goods.

S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame st.

ABOUT FLANNELETTES!

It is a well known fact that S. Carsley always takes the lead in all kinds of dry goods. We are now offering the best value ever shown in Canada in Fancy Flannelettes.

Beautiful Fancy Stripes. Only 6 1/2c.

The pattern of this lot is better than any ever shown before at double the money.
Remember the price, 6 1/2c, only 6 1/2c.

S. CARSLY,

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

European.

President Pellegrini opened the Argentine Congress on Saturday. His message deals mainly with the finances. The political situation, he says, is hopeful, and in spite of the decrease in Customs revenue the state of the treasury is satisfactory.

Baron Rothschild, Sir Julian Goldsmith and Samuel Montague form the English committee to concert with Baron Hirsch and other continental Jews to assist the Russian Jews. No definite scheme of emigration has been arranged.

The registrars' returns show a serious increase in the death rate in England. This is largely attributed to influenza. Twenty-six members of the House of Commons have been attacked with the disease. Lord Knutsford has been ordered a complete rest, being threatened with influenza. Business in the War Office is hampered by the absence of officials. In Liverpool the epidemic is spreading rapidly. The disease has appeared among the prisoners at Tallmore jail.

The London Times, in an editorial on the Behring Sea correspondence, says Secretary Blaine's important concessions make possible arbitration. The award was given long before the Sayward case was decided, therefore it is scarcely necessary to discuss his last arguments. In the meantime the question of the close time for seals is most pressing and Mr. Blaine's delay is daily increasing surprise.

The St. Petersburg police have seized a secret printing press and a quantity of revolutionary pamphlets. Many arrests have been made in connection with the seizure.

Information has been received to the effect that friendly Manipuri have captured the Regent, and that the native commander-in-chief has yielded.

The Russian Bacon Company, with a capital of \$150,000, has been formed in London to work for 21 years, on a concession granted by Russia to an English syndicate, the Government curing factory at Griaza. It is stated that freight to England will be 9d per hundredweight cheaper than the rate from Chicago.

A conference at London on Monday of the McCarthyite members of Parliament resolved to call a convention in Ireland. The resolution adopted was to the effect that since Parnell has refused to comply with all suggestions as to releasing the Paris funds his colleagues are led to believe he is opposed to applying these funds to the relief of the evicted tenants.

The epidemic of influenza, from which Great Britain has been suffering for some time, is now ravaging London. All business is more or less affected by the absence from their usual daily work of numbers of people who have been confined to their homes owing to influenza attacks. In the House of Commons alone 41 members are on record as suffering from influenza.

General Broek, chief of the gendarmes at Warsaw, Poland, ordered that the Polish students' quarters be searched at a certain hour. He awaited the arrival of the police and discovered they had supplied themselves with revolutionary proclamations with the intention of manufacturing cases against the students. The matter has caused the greatest public indignation.

The Czar has ordered the Jewish banker Ginsberg to quit St. Petersburg and close his business for making an attempt to influence the Minister of the Interior to ameliorate the condition of the Jews by offering to devote a million rubles to charities.

Archbishop Walsh will shortly return from Rome to Ireland. He says he is fully satisfied with his interview with the Pope, and declares that only a general election will decide the fate of Parnell.

The returns from the election for municipal councillors held throughout Spain on Sunday last show that 2,753 Monarchists, 854 Republicans, 139 Independents, 31 Carlists and 4 Socialists were chosen.

The Belgian Government has threatened to expel General Boulanger from the country unless he is silent on political matters.

Three thousand Jews are in deep distress at Corfu. Barons Rothschild and Hirsch are sending them relief.

American.

Mrs. Johanna Miller was taken sick at New York three weeks ago, and was removed to the hospital, where her complaint was diagnosed as trichinosis. She died on Saturday from broncho-pneumonia, which developed from her other diseases. An autopsy was held to-day, when it was found that the trichinæ had permeated the entire system and muscles of the body. The woman's husband, now an inmate of the hospital, is also ill with trichinosis.

As a result of the recent Whitecap sensation near Ducktown, Tenn., the young bride, who was whipped by women whitecaps, has died after terrible torture. The women who did the whipping are under arrest, but their friends say they will never go to gaol, and a fight is imminent between the mob and the officers. The outcome will be more murder, as the inhabitants of the sections are a tough lot.

Lewis Hall and his son, Lewis Hall, jr., of Perryville, W. Va., got into a quarrel near Knox Creek with Samuel Steele and his son, Hiram. In the fight Lewis Hall, jr., was shot through the heart and instantly killed. Hiram Steele was pierced with seven bullets and died in a few minutes; Samuel Steele was mortally wounded, dying shortly afterwards, and Lewis Hall received four slight wounds, but escaped to the mountains.

Canadian.

It is practically decided that owing to the late period of the year at which Parliament met the annual camps of instruction for the militia force will not this year be held in June. It seems probable that the annual drills will be deferred until September, but so far nothing has been decided upon this point.

A drunken row occurred at Toronto on Saturday between Hugh Ryan and his wife, the result of which may be fatal to the latter, who was taken to the hospital in a critical condition. It is feared her skull has been fractured by the blow of an axe, but it is impossible to tell at present, owing to the swollen condition of the head. Ryan was arrested immediately after.

While being conveyed from the court house to the gaol at Cobourg on Saturday after being sentenced to life imprisonment, Andrew Maguire picked the lock of the handcuff which bound him to another convict and made a break for liberty. He was captured after a sharp chase at the edge of the swamp.

Mgr. Doucet, vicar-general for the diocese of Chicoutimi and parish priest of Murray Bay, died there at 2 p.m. on Saturday, aged 72 years.

The presbytery of St. Zephrin de Courval was entered by burglars on Monday the night, but though every room was ransacked, nothing was stolen. The cure heard them in the lower part of the house, but thinking that it was some one come to fetch the vicar to attend a sick person he paid no attention. An unsuccessful attempt was made to force open the safe.

At the annual meeting of the St. John, N. B., Relief and Aid Society on Monday the treasurer's report showed a balance of over \$34,000 on hand of the fund subscribed for the sufferers by the great fire of June, 1877. Nearly \$6,000 were expended in relief during the past year.

The Plymouth Brethren baptized twenty converts to their faith on Monday in the Red river at St. Andrew's, Man.

The steamer "Danube" arrived at Vancouver from the northern canneries on Tuesday morning, bringing the crew of the sealing schooner "Adele," which was wrecked on a small island northwest of Queen Charlotte.

The translation of the remains of the three Jesuit fathers from the vaults of Belmont cemetery to the Ursuline convent, Quebec, took place on Tuesday with great ceremony.

Later information increases the extent of the loss in Alliston, Ont., by reason of Friday's disastrous fire. There is not a grocery or dry goods store left in the place. Whole squares were burned to the ground. The loss is estimated at from \$400,000 to \$500,000. About ninety families are homeless, nearly all of whom escaped with but the clothes on their backs, and many of whom are in actual want and in the direst misery.

Marvels of Brussels.

The finest of all lace is Brussels. Belgium is the lacemakers' chosen home. One-fortieth of the whole population is engaged in it. The government supports 900 lace schools, to which children are sent as young as five years. By the time they are ten they are self-supporting. Brussels is a pillow lace. Indeed, Barbara Littman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines, and to them the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide requires 200 or 300 bobbins. A piece six inches has sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is hand spun from the best Brabant flax, in damp, dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand.

Naturally spinning is very unhealthy, and experts get high wages. The best yarn from a single pound of flax fetches over \$3,000. For filling flowers and leaves fine soft cotton is used. Grounds, too, are often made of it. Elaborate patterns are made in sections, and joined together by the most skillful workers of all. As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is requisite in everything connected with it.

Still, as months are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dingy in spite of the lace worker's best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur in a way to exasperate the wearer.—New York Herald.

There are over 10,000 miners on strike in Iowa, and the supply of coal is running short.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The annual meeting of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association takes place on Monday evening. The treasurer's statement shows that the sum of \$6,526.78 has been added to the capital account. The revenue of the Association proper was \$12,524.50, an excess over expenditure of \$3,695.31. The revenue of the Snowshoe Club was only \$80, wholly derived from subscriptions, and they have a debit balance of \$333. The total receipts of the Lacrosse Club were \$4,482.80, of which sum \$4,443 were received from the matches. Their revenue exceeded their expenditure by \$3,473. The Toboggan Club has a credit balance of \$53, the Bicycle Club a deficit of \$276, the Football Club a deficit of \$73 and the Cricket Club a deficit of \$12. The total revenue of the Association and its affiliated clubs was \$18,387 and the total expenditure \$11,860. Their assets amount to \$108,450 and exceed the liabilities by \$73,504, which sum represents the present capital of the M. A. A.

The St. Gabriel lacrosse club are putting in a three nights a week practice and expect to give a good account of themselves during the season.

The Shamrock Juniors have a likely lot of players this season, and will be able to place a rattling good team in the field.

A large number of the Montreal Club's friends will journey with them to Toronto on Queen's Birthday, when they play their first match.

W. H. Quinn, "champion of the Pacific Coast," has challenged McMahon, the champion collar and elbow wrestler, to a contest of three different styles of wrestling for a stake of from \$500 to \$1,000. His letter is dated from Magog, Que.

Dick Guthrie, our local middleweight, is after Jim Stevenson's scalp again. Stevenson, however, claims that his engagements with the M. A. A. will not permit him to knock out Dick at present, but if the latter will remain on ice until the fall Jim is willing to oblige.

Hugh Adams, the well known cover-point of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club, threw a lacrosse ball the other day 159 yards 2 feet. He is to make an attempt to beat this on Saturday, the 23rd.

The ladies in India have taken up "golf" with great enthusiasm at the expense of all other outdoor games.

M. W. Ford says he is not in good trim for an all-round competition, but he is willing to wager that he will jump 24 feet before another winter arrives.

The amount of money raced for in Italy last year was £32,000, as against £7,000 in 1881. This was distributed over fifteen meetings, the richest stake being the Roman Grand prize, £4,000 added, run for at the Lazio meeting, just outside Rome. It was intended to make this an annual event, but the scheme has fallen through.

Capt. Brewer, the noted wing shot, is going to Europe.

Two young men from Houston, Tex., are attempting to walk from that city to Chicago in 70 days.

Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, and H. O. Messier are matched to walk 1,000 miles for \$1,000 a side. The race will be a square heel-and-toe walk, and is now in progress in St. Paul.

The fight between Tommy Ryan and Charley Kennrie for the welterweight championship will probably take place in the same ring and during the same evening that Fitzsimmons and Hall battle for the middleweight championship.

Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, is to be a regular bonafide actor next season. He has signed to go with Edwin F. Mayo in a melodrama entitled, In Gotham. He will play the part of Tout, and will have an opportunity to show whether he has histrionic talent. The company will open its tour in the West in September.

The challenge game of billiards between Jacob Schaefer, the world's champion, and Eugene Carter, at Central Music Hall, Chicago, the other night, was easily won by Schaefer. The score stood: Schaefer, 800; Carter, 431. Though beaten, Carter had the best run, 111. Schaefer's highest was 104. About 2,500 spectators witnessed the contest.

Dalton, the American swimmer, who undertook the feat of swimming 16 hours consecutively in the English Channel, finished his task successfully.

J. B. Johnson, the ex-champion swimmer of the world and the hero of London bridge, is to attempt to dive from the Brooklyn bridge into the East River for a wager of \$250. Johnston is to make the attempt on Monday, May 13, between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m.

Charley Mitchell says that Jim Verall, who is matched to fight Austin Gibbons, is "a rare good un, and Gibbons will have to be clever to down him."

Jim Corbett, the California pugilist, denies that he says he would not fight Slavin within the next year and a half. He states that he will fight Slavin or anyone else if his hands will permit him to do so, after the Jackson fight.

Malcolm W. Ford, replying to a question for his opinion on fast runners, has this to say in the Turf, Field and Farm on the question: The fastest runner in the world among professionals is Harry Hutchens, who ran 131½ yards in 12½ seconds, and who has also ran 800 yards in 30 seconds. The first named performance is acknowledged to be the greatest sample of speed running that has been authenticated, for it shows the greatest number of yards travelled per second. Hutchens' 300 yard performance is a great showing of combined speed and strength, but it is not so good, so far as actual speed is concerned, as his other great record. It is not so easy to determine who is the fastest amateur, for there are John Owen, jr., who holds the best 100 yard record, 9 4-5 seconds; Luther H. Cary, who was beaten only about a foot when Owen made his record; Wendell Baker, who can travel in even time for 200 or 520 yards; C. G. Wood, of England, who has done 21 4-5 seconds for 220 yards, and lastly E. H. Pelling, of England, who has done 24 4-5 seconds for 250 yards.

John Whitman, who won the Police Gazette heavyweight teeth lifting championship last March, accomplished a rather remarkable feat at the freight station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at Laight and Varick streets recently. An empty freight car weighing 27,500 lbs. was resting on an incline on the tracks. Whitman put his shoulders against the car and pushed it along on the up grade for at least 30 feet. It requires ordinarily from four to eight men to move a car of this kind, and Whitman's feat caused considerable astonishment. Whitman, although weighing but 158 pounds, will try to push along a loaded freight car weighing 400,000. He has held 625 pounds suspended from his teeth, and can lift 800 pounds without harness.

"Jack Carey, or 'Cæsar,'" as he is familiarly called, is rated as one of the best long distance quoit pitchers in Brooklyn. Fifteen yards is his favorite distance, and with heavy quoits it takes an uncommonly good man to beat him. When, therefore, he was matched to play Joseph Hall, a ten yard man, for \$25 a side at his favorite distance, and on his own stamping ground, "Cæsar" was considered as being almost a sure winner. Then, besides, he had the aid of John McFarland, the New York and Brooklyn champion, as coach, and this was expected to be a few additional "points in his favor. The pitching for the first 20 points was close, the score standing at that time 20 for Hall and 17 for Carey. Neither man, however, delivered the quoits with any great brilliancy, in fact Carey's friends were very much disappointed owing to his many inferior efforts. Towards the latter part of the contest the Brooklyn lad showed considerable improvement, but Hall's staying qualities and steadiness proved too great a handicap for Carey to overcome, and at the finish the game stood: Hall, 61; Carey, 55.

Scheffler of Buffalo and Sid Farrar of New York are first and second in batting in the Eastern League.

Lillie Williams, the well known female bicycle rider, broke her collar bone by a fall in a race at Minneapolis recently.

A novel match has been made in England between a bicyclist and a carrier pigeon. The distance will be 1½ miles and the rider receives five minutes' start.

Guy Nickalls, the famous English amateur oarsman, who twice defeated Charley Poetta, has decided to come to America to compete against our fastest amateurs.

Joey Nuttal, the champion professional swimmer of Great Britain, did some remarkable swimming at Salford, Eng., the other day. He covered 156 yards in 1 minute 46 seconds, which is 2 seconds better than the world's record for 150 yards.

Just before leaving for Philadelphia the members of the Columbus Baseball Club selected Mike Lehane, first baseman, to be captain of the team for the remainder of the season. There was no dissatisfaction with McTamany, but it was deemed best to have a captain on the infield.

Ike Weir must have regained some of his old time fighting ability since he fought Johnny Gr. fin, for he stopped the "Kentucky Rosebud" in three rounds in Philadelphia a few nights ago. The "Rosebud" is the colored lad that the sports of that city wanted to match against Dixon.

There are persons that hold that Sullivan will yet have to fight Slavin. They assert that John L.'s refusal to meet the Australian in the ring will hurt his prestige so much that his drawing power as a theatrical star will fall off greatly, and it will be necessary for him to do something to retain his former standing.

Thirty-five hundred weavers have struck at Ghent.

The painters have organized a general strike at St. Louis, Mo. From 500 to 1000 men are out.

On Monday morning the Duluth Carpenters' Union, embracing all the carpenters at the head of the lakes, some 3,000 or 4,000 in number, resolved to strike on June 1 for an eight hour day unless their demand for a nine hour day be granted before that time.

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THE TOILER'S LAMENT.

How tired we grow of useless beating
Against the frowning walls of fate,
Which sphinx-like every hope defeating
Bids our bruised hearts in patience wait.

Like prisoned birds we vainly flutter
Against the bars of cruel wrong,
That stop our speech if we but utter
The words that make the soul grow strong.

With bodies bound—the rich man's debtor,
Robbed of our rights at every turn,
We lose the real to grasp no better
Than the poor pittance we can earn.

The laws are made to bind us tighter;
We ask for bread, but get a stone;
The world grows dark instead of brighter,
We reap but chaff where we have sown.

'Tis hard to bear the keen regretting
That follows from our vain despair,
At thought of losing all our getting,
Through growing greed and haunting fear.

—George Edgar Frye.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Tired, but never weary—a wheel.
When a woman wants to drive anything
out of the house she shoos it. A man usually
boots it.

Irate Father—I never gave my father im-
pudence when I was a boy—Son—Maybe
your father didn't need it.

It is stated that cows only live fifteen
years, but you can never get people who re-
side at boarding houses to believe it.

The sons and daughters of present day
railroad magnates will sometime proudly
boast of the hauls of their ancestors.

Sanso—He is not rich and yet he makes
a great deal more money than he spends.
Rodd—How can that be? Sanso—He
works in the United States Mint.

He called her little Sweetie
When the arrow pierced his heart,
But saw when he had married her,
She was a little tart.

Daily—They say that the art of chasing
silver is a very difficult one. Borrowit—I
know it is. I've been trying half the day to
find a man who would loan me half a dollar.

She has given up Spiritualism since she
married Farrar. Because he objected to it,
I suppose? Yes; for whenever she went to
table rapping Farrar began to get messages
from his first wife.

Gentleman Visitor (to best girl's little sis-
ter)—Your sister lets me kiss her. Now,
won't you let me kiss you? Little Sister
(loftily)—No; I don't allow all the gentle-
men to kiss me, as sister does.

No, he said, rising from the piano, I have
not been able to give much time to my mu-
sic lately. And the time you do give it,
cheerfully responded his rival, is simply
atrocious.

I see, George, said the roommate, to whom
he had been confiding, she isn't pretty, but
with all her faults you love her still. No,
said George, it ain't a still; it's a brewery
that her father owns that I'm after.

Mrs. De Gumps—I see by the papers that
an American girl, who is a student at Ox-
ford, has taken the senior wranglers' prize
this year. Mr. De Gumps—Oh, our Ameri-
can women can just beat the world on a
wrangle.

I am engaged to Mr. Gibbons. You are?
answered her chum. Now I understand
what he meant by saying if the worst comes
to the worst when I refused him. But I
thought then he only intended to commit
suicide.

A lady of our acquaintance was recently
telling what a famous nurse her sister was.
Why, said she, it makes no difference who
is sick or what ails them; she just goes right
to that house and stays there until the sick
ones are dead and buried.

YES, WE ARE "IN IT." THE MEN'S
FURNISHING LINE.—We are extensive and
growing purveyors of Men's Furnishing goods
to the public of Montreal and surrounding
districts. We can fit your head with a
fashionable and becoming hat, or we can fit
your feet with a comfortable pair of boots and
shoes. We are purchasing in larger quantities
than ever and always paying cash, taking all
discounts, therefore we are able and do offer
those lines to you at prices that cannot be
beat; a good many men in Montreal believe
this and any one might be convinced of this
fact if he could only see our three stores on
Saturday nights. Just here, however, we
would like to suggest to intending purchasers
the advantages of buying during the week
when they can find it convenient, as we are
always very busy on Saturday nights, our
counters being crowded. Customers cannot
see the goods to the same advantage. Nor can
they get so good attention from the clerks,
some of them being there for the Saturday
night's trade only, and are not so well posted
in the stock. We would therefore ask our
customers to kindly overlook any small de-
ficiency or inattention on our part as we are
trying our very best to meet the wants and
requirements of our patrons. Don't forget
where we are at John Allan's Grand Central
Emporium, 659 to 665 Craig street.

The Dreadful Habit His Wife Had.

Samantha, grumbled Mr. Chugwater,
fumbling in one of the bureau drawers, I'd
like to know where in the name of common
sense you keep my socks.

What pair do you want, Josiah? inquired
Mrs. Chugwater.

Any pair, if they are only mates. Here's
an odd gray sock and an odd black one, and
down here in the corner is an old pair of
last summer's socks, with holes in the toes.
I don't see why my things can't be kept in
order, the same as other men's.

If you had only told me—
Told you! Have I got to run to you, Mrs.
Chugwater for every little thing I want? Is
that your idea about how to carry on the
household business? If you'd just take
trouble enough to pile things in here so I
can find 'em when I want 'em it would save
me lots of bother.

Josiah, if you will let me—
Now, there's no use of your getting ex-
cited about this thing. If you know where
I can get a pair of half way decent socks
just say so and I'll hunt 'em up; and if you
don't know and will have the kindness to
put the fact in plain English I'll go out and
buy a pair. That's all.

If you hadn't tumbled those things all out
of shape, Josiah—
Tumbled them out of shape, have I?
What's a bureau drawer for, anyway? Is it
to hide things in, madam? If I don't find
what I want on top haven't I got to look
down under, I'd like to know? Any woman
that will pack and jam a bureau drawer full
of things and arrange them so you've got to
dig and claw all through the whole business
to get what you're after, and then don't get
it, hasn't got the right idea about arrang-
ing a man's haberdashery. If you know
where my socks are, Mrs. Chugwater, why
don't you say so, instead of standing around
like a stoughton bottle and doing nothing?

I could have found them for you in a
minute and saved you all this trouble if
you had given me a chance, said Mrs. Chug-
water, as she straightened out the tangle in
the drawer and brought to view from one of
the bottom corners five pairs of clean socks.
When you want anything of this kind here-
after; Josiah, if you'll just let me know—

The trouble with you, Samantha, growled
Mr. Chugwater, as he jerked a pair from
the top of the pile and went off to one cor-
ner to put them on, is that you talk too
much.—Chicago Tribune.

He was an American.

Waiter, said a man with long chin whis-
kers to the functionary that handed him a
bill of fare in a Madison street restaurant
yesterday, where do you locate the hyphen
in this soup?

Sah? answered the waiter.

I can't make out from the way it's printed
there whether it is English-pea soup or Eng-
lish pea-soup.

What is the difference?

There is a good deal of difference, my
friend. If it is made from English peas, I
do not want it. If it is made from good
American peas, I reckon I can stand having
it served up in English style, but I'm no
Englishman—I can tell you that right now.

Yes, sah.

And you will oblige me if you will just
find out whether this soup is for Angloma-
nians or whether it is called English to show
that it is not French or Portuguese.

Yes, sah.

The waiter disappeared in the direction
of the kitchen. He returned presently and
explained that the soup was made by a red
headed Irish cook from five or six kinds of
strictly American vegetables that had been
left over from the day before.

Then it is a darned swindle, said the guest.
Bring me some ham and eggs.

He Had Got a New Profession.

Young Mr. Inswim was hurrying blindly
along the street toward a drug store, with a
paregoric bottle in his hand, when young
De Trop hailed him.

De Trop—Hello, Inswim. I've scarcely
seen you for a year. Where have you been
keeping yourself since you were married?

Inswim—Oh, busy, busy all the time.

De Trop—I say. What are you doing
mostly?

Inswim—Got a new profession.

De Trop—No.

Inswim—Yep.

De Trop—What is it?

Inswim—Humorist.

De Trop—You don't say. I didn't think
you were much in that line.

Inswim—I ain't a very glittering success.

De Trop—What—eh—what—sort of work
are you in mostly?

And then young Mr. Inswim leaned over
and whispered softly in young De Trop's
ear: I'm spending most of my time trying
to humor a baby that's engaged in tooth
culture. And then he plunged madly on
again toward the soothing syrup shop.

The difference:
When a broker is "short" on his stock, we
confess
That it often his failure determines,
But a clergyman generally scores a success
Whenever he's short in his sermons.

RECORD OF STRIKES.

New York's Labor Movement For
a Year Reviewed.

The board of mediation and arbitration,
in its annual report just issued, says that
the number of strikes in New York State
during the past year was much greater
than in any preceding year since the crea-
tion of the board. In the building trades
particularly this has been the case, one or
more strikes occurring nearly every working
day throughout the year. Few of these dif-
ficulties lasted for a longer period than one
week, however, and many were settled
within a few hours. In the spring of 1890
the eight-hour question attracted the atten-
tion of all trades, and agitation was in-
augurated by the carpenters and joiners
throughout the country, the demand for
such reduction in hours of labor taking
effect about May 1. Before that date their
demands were generally conceded in the in-
dustrial centres of the State, and conse-
quently but few strikes occurred, and they
were speedily settled.

The greater part of the State board's
work the past year was performed in the
capacity of mediator. By conferences and
mature deliberation it brought together
employers and employees who had for the
time being drifted apart and had become
suspicious of and vindictive toward each
other, neither party being willing to effect a
settlement, lest such a course be construed
as an evidence of weakness.

With reference to the sweating system
the board has the following to say: "A
branch of industry carried on in the city of
New York that calls for special mention is
that of the manufacture of certain articles
of clothing, principally cloaks, shirts,
pantalons, etc., by a class of foreigners of
several nationalities, few of whom speak
the English language, and nearly all of
whom labor like slaves from twelve to
eighteen hours a day, receive a miserable
pittance and live in a squalor. The num-
ber of both sexes of all ages engaged in this
work is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000.
The chief cause of the degradation of this
class of labor is to be found in what is
known in the trade as the 'sweating sys-
tem,' which is carried on by contractors or
middlemen. These contractors are generally
of the same race and nationality as their
victims. They lived and have garments
made in the shabbiest and most wretched of
the tenement houses in the city, which are
destitute of proper light, ventilation and
accommodations. Into these tenement
apartments they crowd the horde who serve
them in making the articles for which they
have contracted at fair prices with the
manufacturers. It is difficult to find and
hardly possible to imagine greater wrong or
more degradation than is suffered by these
working people at the hands of the
'sweaters.' If it be possible to frame con-
stitutional legislation that will put an end
to this tenement-house abuse of a large
laboring class, together with that other
tenement-house abomination, cigar making,
a law should be passed to that end. Under
existing statutes and circumstances there is
no measure of relief at hand."

In the cigarmaking industry upwards of
100 strikes occurred during the year, most
of them being confined to the metropolitan
district, and in every case the question of
wages was the principal subject of dispute.
In several of these offers of compromise
were accepted, but the unions generally ob-
tained their demands.

Regarding the Rochester shoe troubles
the board says that its investigations and its
subsequent attempts to settle the dispute
developed the fact that the parties to the
controversy could easily adjust the differ-
ences leading to the strike, and that the
only obstacle to a settlement was the ques-
tion of the disposition to be made of the
former employees of the P. Cox Shoe Co.,
and of those who took their places.

The most important strike of the year
was that upon the New York Central and
Hudson River Railroad, investigation of
which was made by the board, and a special
report sent to the legislature early in the
session.

Pretty Daughter—Ma, may I go boating?
Fond Mother—Indeed, you shan't! The
idea! Who invited you? Daughter—Mr.
Bliffers. Fond mother—Oh! Yes, you
may go with Mr. Bliffers. He has a cork
leg, and if the boat upsets, just you hang on
to that.

I am sorry I didn't come and dine here a
fortnight ago, observed the customer, bland-
ly. Very good of you to say so, I'm sure,
said the landlord, beaming the beam of the
just and contented. Yes, went on the cus-
tomer, as if to himself, I should have liked
trying this fish when it was fresh.

Darling, he whispered. If you will only
marry me I can promise you a future of un-
bounded happiness. Wealth, jewels, and all
that money can buy will be yours! Sweet-
heart, she murmured coyly, laying her hand
tenderly upon the lapel of his Plymouth
Rock mackintosh. I'm something of an ad-
vance agent myself, but you are particularly
gifted in that line. Go up head.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by
the Boarders.

"The Street Railway Company, like all corporations or contractors who enjoy a monopoly, has things pretty much its own way," said Brown. "The City Council, which is supposed to look after the interests of the public, delegates its powers to run street cars to a private corporation, and then when the increase of traffic or the necessity of the people demand a faster service or an extension of the line, the members of the Council find themselves in the ridiculous position which they were forced to occupy last Monday in their conference with Mr. Lusher. That gentleman knows that his company holds the handle end of the whip, and by this time the members of that special committee will probably have found this out as well. Not only is the company not going to stick to its bargain in reference to running its cars on time, but the committee has actually agreed to lay the tracks for them if they would only condescend to so far accommodate the public as to run the cars through the subway to Napoleon Road. If this don't prove a lesson to our Aldermen their skulls must be even thicker than they are currently reported to be. The appointing of this special committee was regarded as useless by most men who know anything about the Street Railway Company, but no one expected it would degenerate into the screaming farce it did. Alderman Kennedy evidently was under the impression that something might happen to him if he stiffened up a little, and Maloe and Tansey didn't exactly seem to know what they really did want, while Conroy acted upon the principle that 'the least said the soonest mended.' Considering everything, Thompson and Prefontaine, who did what little fighting there really was done, may consider themselves lucky that they escaped at all, for the representative of the company was on his metal and told them plainly that he didn't come there to be insulted. The insult evidently consisted in both of these gentlemen telling him that the company did not live up to its agreement with the city."

"The fact of the whole matter is," said Phil, "the company has got the Council by the throat and is going to do as it pleases until its contract expires. If it chooses to run cars to Napoleon Road it will run them without asking anybody's permission, and if it don't it won't, and nobody has a right to ask for explanations. The company is a 'private affair' like all other monopolies and will be administered in the interests of its shareholders and not of the public, and the sooner you and others understand this the better; and if those soreheads who continually growl about the street car service don't stop their howling the chances are that no cars will be run at all, and the what will you do? With a Council which hasn't grit enough to take the bull by the horns and run its own cars, and a people who haven't sense enough to see that they would have a better and a cheaper service of this were done, the city would be in a nice fix. No, be thankful for small favors, for obligations the Street Railway Company evidently has none."

"The same applies to our scavengers," said Gaskill. "We pay the contractor handsomely for cleaning our streets and lanes and burning the ashes and garbage. The man is getting rich on it, but our ash barrels are full and our lanes are almost impassable. Not only does he not burn all the ashes but it now inspires that he don't even burn all the garbage, but dumps most of it in rear of the crematory, yet he is paid his full price. Not satisfied with their work, the Council now propose to make the householders clean the lanes themselves, so that the contractor may do even less than at present for

his money. The next thing will be that every family must burn its own garbage and pay for the carting away of its ashes, while the contractor will have control of the dumps and charge you ten cents a load for every load you send. As the contract price will remain the same whether the citizens or the contractor does the work, Mr. Mann will make a handsome profit. Whose cousin can he possibly be? In the larger cities of England the local boards of health do the scavenging, and as a result it is done well and cheap, but here every two-penny half-penny politician has a regiment of friends who must be fed at the public manger, and the result is that our public works are not only wretchedly done but come outrageously dear. What we want is paid Commissioners at the head of our civic departments who should do all the city's work which is now done by contractors and private corporations."

BILL BLADES.

POLICY VS. PRINCIPLE.

A careful perusal of the following article, taken from the current number of the Inland Printer, is recommended. It is from the pen of Mr. M. Stanislaus Murphy. To a great many in this city the article has a direct application, and those whom the cap fits will find themselves reflected true to nature and they will know just exactly how honest and true-principled men regard them:—

There is a common substance, whose component ingredients are formed principally for the purpose of putting a new surface upon sooty walls and ceilings which have become blackened and begrimed by time and neglect, and which is commonly known as white wash. Time and again this substance is brought into requisition and, after a thorough application, the old walls become whitened, shining with a new luster, and for the time being all blemishes seem entirely obliterated. But the effect is only temporary, for in a short time the preparation wears off, spots and imperfections once more come to the surface, and the white wash is again applied with the same effect. Surely, this must be a very useful article, and for the purpose described it certainly is.

But its use (or I might say abuse) is applied in other instances, where blackened walls give way to violated obligations, where soot-begrimed ceilings are supplanted by treachery and sacrificed principles, and it is here where the use of whitewash is being outrageously abused. Too much whitewash is being used in the typographical union to-day, and not a small amount of it is being injudiciously wasted. Its application in a great many cases is utterly ineffective, and unfruitful of any good whatsoever.

Who are the ones who appeal to us from time to time to have their obligations renewed, their records whitened and made clean, and what motive have they in doing so? Are they sincere and honorable in their intentions, or are their desires selfish and conscienceless? The ones who are forced to undergo the process of renovation before they can be received back into the fold were once members of the same organization to which they are again appealing for protection. They promised by a sacred obligation to abide by its laws, to uphold its principles, to defend its constitution, and thus affirming upon their honor as men were cordially welcomed and received into the union by their fellow-craftsmen who had preceded them.

For a time all went well, and they remained true to their obligations and to principle. But the test came, and they turned their backs upon the organization whose protective influences had sheltered them, and violated, without any compunction whatever, the sacred obligations which they but a short time since had solemnly affirmed. In the face of circumstances disastrous to the union and the cause of unionism,

when their fidelity and assistance were most needed, they treacherously enrolled themselves in the enemy's ranks, and for selfish reasons and a lack of manhood arrayed themselves with the oppressors of honest, organized labor. Many of their fellow-craftsmen, unshaken in their principles, and with a sacred regard for the obligations they had taken, with that sense of right and justice which every true union man possesses, were obliged to sacrifice their position, and many of them forced to leave happy homes to seek employment elsewhere. The sacrifice was great, but to remain honorable there was no alternative.

But circumstances often change as suddenly one way as another. Influences are brought to bear, and there appears a possibility of an office being redeemed. Then it is that the craftiness of the deserters becomes apparent. They at once begin to play policy. The wind begins blowing the other way and they are anxious to blow with it, and ten chances to one, after being given another opportunity, with a returning wind the majority of them will blow back. Like whitewash upon the blackened walls, the effect soon wears away, and the blemishes in their records once more come to the surface. They are union or non-union, according to circumstances. Their motto is policy first, principle a secondary consideration.

This is the class of men on whom whitewash is being foolishly lavished from time to time, in futile endeavors to cover up defects in records contaminated by falsehood and treachery, and in a great many instances we are rewarded by nothing but renewed exhibitions of cowardice and deceit on the part of the ones so favored. No thought of whitewash should ever be entertained in regard to some men. There is less danger in keeping them out of a union than there would be in admitting them. Outside their position is known, and we know what they are capable of doing. Inside our entire time would be spent in watching them. With a great many it is, "once a traitor, always a traitor," and the sooner we begin to realize this fact the less use there will be for whitewash in the typographical union. Men who join unions for policy's sake are dangerous. They are unreliable, and are with us only to better their conditions. We want men of principle, with a sense of honor and manhood so keen that, whatever influences may be brought to bear, their records shall forever remain unimpeachable, and their obligations stand as a barrier against which nothing can ever successfully prevail.

ENGLAND'S LABOR ENSLAVING SYSTEM.

That large quantities of produce are received in England and that very little is given in return is a fact that does not admit of a doubt; and it is one of the convictions of whose existence must sooner or later force itself upon the agricultural communities of the world. Were these latter now to arrive at the conclusion that they might as well mine and smelt their own ore, twist and weave their own cotton and make their own earthenware, and were they to say to the people engaged in doing this work for them in England: "Come among us and mine ore, make iron, spin thread and weave cloth," thus having the work performed at home, the effect would be that instead of feeding several millions of foreigners they would have but half a million of their own people to feed; and that instead of giving such prodigious masses of cotton, sugar, coffee, tea, lumber, dye stuffs and other raw products in exchange for a little coarse cloth and a very little iron, they would have nearly the whole of that immense quantity to apply to the purchase of improved machinery or to that of the comforts and luxuries of life. What, however, would be the condition of the people of England? Where would be the commodities to pay for the supplies which they would still need? Nowhere! for Great Britain has now nothing of her own to sell. All her accumulations and the major part of the supplies required for her own people and for the support of Government are derived from profits—from buying cotton, wool, corn and other raw products at low prices and selling them as cloth and iron at high ones; and from the moment those profits ceased to be made she would cease to have the power to

feed or clothe her people without a total change of system. Such a change would look to elevating the workman instead of depressing him, to developing his faculties instead of crushing him, to making him a man instead of a mere machine. Such a change, however, would require time, the tendency of the system for so long a period having been towards the brutification of the laborer and towards reducing him to a condition near akin to slavery.—Carey's "Social Science."

Amusing Science.

Take two glass jars, A and B, and a third, C, double the size. Fill A with fresh water. If you attempt to float an egg on the surface of the water in this jar you attempt an impossibility, for the egg will instantly drop to the bottom as the density of the fresh water is less than that of the fresh egg. On the other hand, float an egg in the jar B, filled with water strongly impregnated with salt, and endeavor to make it sink to the bottom! This is an impossibility, as the egg, in spite of every effort, will rise to the surface. Here the density of the salt water is greater than that of the egg. This experiment demonstrates how much more easily it is to float in salt than

in fresh water. Aided by the tests of the two glass jars, pour a certain quantity of the water in jar A and of the water in jar B into jar C, and after a little adjustment, you will obtain by this mixture a liquid having the exact density of the egg. The egg now will not be compelled to descend to the bottom, as in pure water, or float on the surface, as in the water strongly salted, but will remain suspended half way, and you can make it rise or fall by either a pinch of salt or by introducing a little fresh water.

All the Pittsburg lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers have voted in favor of asking an advance of fifty cents a ton in the price of puddling for the next scale year, dating from July 1. The request for the increase will be resisted by the manufacturers, who claim that the continued depression in trade will not permit of an advance in wages. On the other hand, the Amalgamated people assert that the enormous demand for iron and steel consequent upon the Columbian Exposition will not only push the mills to their fullest capacity, but naturally create an advance in prices, in which the workers have a right to share. The Amalgamated convention, before which the matter will come, will open on June 1.

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