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Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.
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FREE LABOR.

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P.

Now, I can understand a free swallow or a free beaver, but a free laborer seems rather to pass my understanding. A swallow flies by nature, a beaver builds his dam without the aid either of plumb line or political economy, a man is forced to labor by necessity, never, I believe, by choice. Free labor is supposed to be by its advocates (generally wealthy men) to be the inalienable right of a free man to sell his labor for what it is worth.

That is just the point. I too agree that a man should be able to sell his labor at its full value. Some labor, of course, is sold much above its real worth. A Judge, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a successful lawyer, a ladies' doctor, a ballet dancer, and a jockey all seem to me to be able to dispose of their labor at more than its real value. When we come, though, to miners, hedgers, sailors, furnace-men, and railway servants it appears to me they always sell their labor at much less than its real value. I am strengthened in my opinion by the fortunes I see made from their labor day after day. It is a common saying that labor makes wealth, as indeed it does. When, though, did anyone ever see a man get rich by sheer hard work. If work did it what fortunes we should see in the docks amongst the laborers! Carters ought to have a balance at their bankers; hammermen should tip-tilt their noses at any investment under 10 per cent. Strange, though, it is not so. A man may slave with hammer, pick, pen or paint-brush all his days and not grow rich, even though he be industrious. Close attention even to business will not make men rich in these days.

Nothing but speculation will do the trick with speed. I heard a story of a man who went to Newcastle with a fit of delirium tremens coming on, and in that state ordered a 1800 or 2000 ton of iron to be delivered at Glasgow every three months. The fit passed off, the iron came in, my poor boozier scratched his pate, and wondered why and where and how and when he ordered it. However, he goes into the market and disposes of it. Again, the consignment comes, and my friend, not knowing what to do, again disposes of it, and so on until the agreed on time had expired. Then he makes out his accounts, and finds he has made £30,000 on the transaction. Now, what is the connection, you may ask, between this drunken, speculating sot and the free labor that one hears so much of now-a-days? Just this, if labor really were free, and could dispose of itself at its real value, would it be possible do you think, for the results of labor to be squandered or gambled with so recklessly? What a man makes himself with toil and trouble that he guards, and prevents others from making docks and churches of.

Free labor is unknown, in England or in Scotland. The labor of the men who made the £30,000 the drunkard filched in his boozing fit was not free at all, but, on the contrary, slave labor, or rather labor driven to work by stress of starvation. This cry of freedom for labor means that those who today live on the slavery of labor see that, through combination, labor is escaping from the thralldom of its fictitious "freedom"—freedom like the freedom of a mouse in the receiver of an air-pump. In the old days in Botany Bay, when an old "lag" or "lifer" behaved well they branded him (not brutally but with a sufficient number) and bound him to some squatter without wages till death did them part. This was called making a man a free laborer.

Name of ill omen, and one which the working classes should remember. Plausible enough, no doubt, to say. The interest of the public must be considered first. Strikes are disagreeable. It is impossible that one section of the people shall interfere with trade and the convenience of the rest. Worst of all that any part or section shall say to any man, "You shall not take the job until you join the Union. Plausible enough to talk of the tyranny of Trades Unions. I want to know, thou h, what the working classes are to do? On the one side Morley and Gladstone tell them to combine, and not come whining to the State (their own State, be it remembered, kept up by their labor.) On the other hand, Salisbury, Balfour and the ship-owners (Liberal and Tory) tell them they shall not combine, or, if they do, they will not be employed. Both parties I have mentioned equally agree, whether Union or non-Union, if they in a strike, pushed on by hunger, come in conflict with authority, to shoot them down. What is this

tyranny of Union we hear so much about? Do we not say to a child, "Eat that and this. refrain from that?" We say so because the child has not strength of himself to resist temptation. In the same way the Unions say the collective wisdom and experience of a trade outweighs the individual discretion of a man. They find that in a trade where men, for instance, make their individual bargains for their labor with their employers some men cannot earn a living wage at all. Therefore, so far from a man being free to sell his labor, practically he cannot sell it at all, but is obliged to take anything the employer likes to give him for it. This, of course, is very advantageous to employers. If they had their will they would (and even do) treat labor like a mere commodity, to be bought and sold just in proportion to its competition value at the moment. Almost all the miseries of modern life arise from the acceptance of this theory, even in part.

Labor is not simply a commodity, amenable to mere offer and demand. That to some extent it has been so accounts for the gigantic fortunes and gigantic misery everywhere around us. Labor, though, has something in it different entirely in its essence from that of any jute, pig-iron, rags, bones, fireclay, sawdust, or other marketable stuff whatever. To be fairly sold it must in the selling leave a living margin to the seller. If on one hand wealth is free to offer and to tempt, and on the other poverty is free to take and to be tempted, inevitably ensues—wages are driven down to subsistence and to reproduction point. The merry days of jovial, Ricardo and of light-some Malthus, and their imaginary iron law, would be nothing to it. What does all this show of commiseration for the hypothetical free laborer, the man who wants to work for a starvation wage, if the other fellows did not stop him, mean? If all this injury is being done, or going to be done to the working classes by Trades Unions, how is it that the clamour comes from the employing classes, not from the so-called free laborer himself?

For years and years employees have complained of the rate of British wages. All the time the non-Union man has profited by the Union effort, even if outside of it. Unions have kept wages up, and hence the cry of freedom for labor from those whose whole endeavor has been to lower wages, and in so doing take away from labor the semblance of real freedom it has. No man is free to sell his labor if he knows that two weeks' idleness means the workhouse. No man is free to sell his labor if he knows that by accepting a low rate of wages he damages the interest of his class. No man in so disposing of his labor really benefits himself in the long run, for in the end he finds himself deserted by the employers who have made a tool of him to beat his fellows with. They serve him as the Spaniards served traitors who sold their towns in the old days—set them on a horse dressed in fine uniforms, parade them through the town with a band playing, spread a banquet for them, line their purses with gold, and shoot them at evensong. Surely, though, it's monstrous if a man, cry many, who has a sick wife and hungry children, that he should not jump at and accept a job at good wages, no matter what Tom, Dick and Harry say. So it would seem at first sight. Tom, though, and Dick and Harry have wives and children too, and if by their efforts and self-sacrifice wages have been raised, surely they have a right to say that through the inconsiderate action of a few their lifelong work shall not be nullified. From the earliest ages of the world the rich have always struggled against the combination of the poor. The reason is self-evident; singly the poor man can make no bargain with the rich; fate has thrown beforehand his hungry children and his wife into the scales. Combined, the battle becomes equal. Hence the cry of protection to the honest working man who wants to sell his labor on his own terms means down with Unionism. What is the legal power of a Trades Union? May it only receive subscriptions and act as a Benefit Society? Or may it picket, boycott, and say to the employer you shall not employ any one but on our terms? My object is, and always will be in these cases, to put the matter plainly. Hypocrisy is the national failing of England and Scotland. A middle course gives us a middle cause—something that is not right nor yet quite wrong; something neither bread nor wine, but just between the two; religious atheism, drunken sobriety, hot ice, and marvellous strange snow. I fear me I shall never do for these men. Either a Union has full power to exercise pressure of all kinds (of a legal kind) or it is a Benefit Society. As far as I can see there is no middle course. If honest, well-disposed,

but feeble-minded men think it a good thing to put off the evil day of the inevitable coming struggle between capital and labor, why, they are free to do so. I myself prefer to have the tooth out suddenly if it must come, and not sit shivering in the dentist's torture chair, asking if it will hurt much. Labor to be free must be well combined, and thus in combination sell itself by the class and not by the man, or else the weaker will go to the wall. The free labor cry means that the capitalist classes are on their side combining to crush out the last vestiges of labor's freedom, to make men free as bales of jute are free, to be bought and sold. If, as I have often said, all wealth is produced by labor, then, indeed, one would imagine that labor might be allowed full power to make what terms seem good to it, and in what way it shall produce. Think not I wish to see the fight prolonged for ever. Regarding, as I do, labor and capital, and as two oarsmen in a boat, each pulling to forward the boat on different sides, but labor as a galley slave chained in a galley of his own making, forced to pull with oars not his own choosing, and to carry capital (made like the galley oars, and all out of labor's sweat) a dead-weight in the stern, pushed on to row, moreover, by the spectre of hunger in the offing—taking this view, naturally I think the sooner the forces of capital and labor come face to face the better for all concerned. Labor shall be free—not free to sell itself on any terms for bread (as at present) but free to combine to sell itself on its own terms. If not, though it produces capital, it is a slave, and the production not a free, but merely an involuntary act. All that has happened in the last two years goes to point out that the tendency of every branch of labor, skilled and unskilled, is to combine, and that the free—that is non-Union—men are in the main the offal and scum of labor—drunkards, corner men, and loafers, who hitherto have been the fund from which the capitalist classes have drawn to keep down wages. Now the time has come for all labor to be really free—that is combined. Let it be, therefore, understood free labor means those who elect to remain outside the ranks of union, untouched by modern thought; those who base all happiness on the present pot of beer, and fail to grasp the means of self enfranchisement. If, then, the capitalists think by espousing the cause of men they must themselves despise, that free labor is a broken reed indeed, we shall see society in the future divided into two classes—the on the one side working men, and on the other the capitalists, pimps, loafers, drunkards and free laborers.

Through the Tunnel.

A railway mail clerk, who has a car to himself, left it for a moment to run forward and speak to the engineer as the train stopped for water at a station in the Allegheny mountains, just west of the great tunnel. When the boiler was filled and the train started he sprang for his car.

The entrance to the car was on the side, and a solitary handle offered itself to the grasp of the passenger. As the clerk seized this hurriedly and pulled himself up he discovered to his horror that the door had jarred shut and could not be opened from the outside.

At that moment the train shot into the tunnel. The man shrieked for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car lest he should be dashed against the jagged wall, as he was carried into the darkness.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere almost stifling, the helpless man's predicament can be better imagined than described. When the train came out into daylight again the engineer looked back, as usual, to see if the train was following, and discovered the mail clerk in his perilous position.

The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and the engineer and conductor hastened to the man's rescue. He was all but demented, and on being assisted to the ground fell unconscious.

For six months afterward he was under a physician's care, and when he had recovered from the shock he said:

"The tunnel seemed at least ten miles long, and my head, I thought, was hollow, with the smoke rushing in at my mouth and nostrils and pouring out again through my ears. Whenever I think of it my brain reels and I feel myself crouching, just as I crouched against the outside of that car, while being dragged through that horrible darkness."—Washington Star.

How to Make Money.

A man who is wise, careful and conservative, energetic, persevering and tireless, need have no fear for his future. But there is one other thing. He must have a steady head, one that weather the rough sea of reverses from which no life is altogether free, and one that will not become too big when successes attend his efforts. Keep out of the way of speculators. Take your money, whether it be much or little, to one whose reputation will insure your good counsel. Invest your money where the principal is safe and you will get along. But don't forget the acorns. It is from little acorns that great oaks grow. See that you begin aright early in life. Save your money with regularity. By so doing you will more than save your money; you will make money.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Valuable Possession.

We can have no more valuable possession than a good hereditary—an inheritance of longevity, and if this has not descended to us, it is generally because ancestors, more or less remote, have squandered it.

Such an inheritance gives constitutional vigor, keeps its possessor safe amid almost every form of microbial disease, secures the needed recuperative energy in case of attack, makes life worth living up to the normal end, renders old age green and sunny, and keeps up intellectual activity to the last. Mr. Gladstone in his ninth decade, is more than a match for most men at fifty at their best. No one would guess from the latest products of Dr. Holmes' pen, or from his genial spirit, that he had been for two years an octogenarian.

After all, care is necessary to the prolongation of life; not anxious care, but care to avoid harmful transgression. Mr. Gladstone still keeps up vigorous exercise and Dr. Holmes uses his great knowledge of the laws of health and life to keep himself not merely alive, but in good working condition.—Youth's Companion.

A Good Fee.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipients of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum. The fees themselves are apt to be slight, and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his wedding experiences, but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which, he says, lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given to him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftiest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the officiating clergyman was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said: I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago, Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes, and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; you always have.

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

Where is my fee? demanded the clergyman. I hear it has been put into your keeping.

It's on the dining room table, faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labelled respectively, currant jelly, chili sauce, sweet pickles, and last but not least, raspberry jam.

We had a good laugh, of course, says Mr. Lathrop, but we also had some of that fee the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better.—Youth's Companion.

The Typothets of America have selected Toronto as the place for the next meeting, to be held in August, 1892. W. O. Sheppard, of Toronto, was chosen president at the Cincinnati meeting.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Two millions of people, or thereabouts, live in the East End of London. That seems a good-sized population for an utterly unknown town. They have no institutions of their own to speak of, no public buildings of any importance, no municipality, no gentry, no carriages, no soldiers, no picture-galleries, no theatres, no opera—they have nothing. It is the fashion to believe that they are all paupers, which is a foolish and mischievous belief, as we shall presently see. Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. It is even neglected by its own citizens, who have never yet perceived their abandoned condition. They are Londoners, it is true, but they have no part or share of London; its wealth, its splendors, its honors exist not for them. They see nothing of its splendors; even the Lord Mayor's show goes westward; the city lies between them and the greatness of England. They are beyond the wards, and can not become aldermen; the rich London merchants go north and south and west; but they go not east; no one wants to see the place; no one is curious about the way of life in the east. Books on London pass it over; it has little or no history; great men are not buried in its church-yards, which are not even ancient, and crowded by citizens as obscure as those who now breathe the upper airs about them. If anything happens in the east, people at the other end have to stop and think before they can remember where the place may be.

The house was old, built of red bricks with a "shell" decoration over the door. It contained room for about eight boarders, who had one sitting-room in common. This was the breakfast-room, a meal at which all were present; the dining-room—but nobody except his lordship and wife dined at home; the tea-room—but tea was too early for most of the boarders; and the supper-room. After supper tobacco was tolerated. The boarders were generally men, and mostly elderly men of staid and quiet manners, with whom the evening pipe was the conclusion and solace of the day. It was not like the perpetual incense of the tap-room, and yet the smell of tobacco was never absent from the room; lingering about the folds of the dingy curtain, which served for both summer and winter, clinging to the horsehair sofa, to the leather of the chairs, and to the russet tablecloth.

The furniture was old and mean. The wall-paper had once been crimson, but now was only dark; the ceiling had for many years wanted whitewashing badly; the door and windows wanted painting; the windows always wanted cleaning; the rope of one of the blinds was broken; and the blind itself not nearly so white as it might have been; was pinned half way up. Everything was shabby; everything wanted polishing, washing, brightening up.

A couple of arm chairs stood, when meals were not going on, one on either side of the fire-place—one being reserved for his lordship, and the other for his wife; they were, like the sofa, of horsehair, and slippery. There was a long table covered by a faded red cloth; the carpet was a Brussels once of a warm crimson, now worn threadbare; the hearth-rug was worn into holes; one or two of the chairs had broken out and showed glimpses of stuffing. The sideboard was of old-fashioned build, and a shiny black by reason of its age; there were two or three hanging-shelves, filled with books, the property of his lordship, who loved reading; the mantle-shelf was decorated by a small collection of pipes; and above it hung the portrait of the late Samuel Bormalack, formerly a Collector in the great Brewing House of Messenger, Marsden & Company.

His widow, who carried on the house, was a comfortable—a serenely comfortable woman, who regarded the world from the optimist's point of view. Perfect health and a tolerably prosperous business, where the returns are regular though the profits are small, make the possessor agree with Pope and *Candide* that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Impossible not to be contented, happy, and religious, when your wishes are narrowed to a tidy dinner, a comfortable supper with a little something hot, boarders who pay up regular, do not grumble, and go to bed sober; and a steady hope that you will not get "something," by which of course is meant that you may not fall ill of any disagreeable or painful disease. To "get something" is one of the petty euphemisms of our daily speech.

She had had one or two unlucky accidents, such as the case of captain Saffrey, who stayed two months, and drank enough beer to float a three-decker, and then sailed away promising to pay, and would have done so—for he was an honest man—but had the mis-

fortune to fall overboard while in liquor. But her present boarders seemed most respectable, and she was at ease.

Of course, the persons of greatest consideration among them were the noble pair who enjoyed the title. Rank is respected, if you please, even at the East End of London, and perhaps more than in fashionable quarters, because it is so rare. King John, it is true, had once a palace at Stepney; but that is a long time to look back upon, and even the oldest inhabitant can not now remember to have been kicked by the choleric monarch. Then the Marquis of Worcester had once a great house here, that time the sainted Charles was ripening things for a row Royal. That house is gone too, and I do not know where it used to stand. From the time of this East End marquis to the arrival of Lord and Lady Davenant, last year, there have been no resident members of the English aristocracy, and no member of the foreign nobility, with the exception of a certain dusky Marquis of Chouffleur, from Hayti, who is reported on good authority to have once lived in these parts for six months, thinking he was in the politest and most fashionable suburb of London. He is further said to have carried on with Satanic wildness in Limehouse and the West India Dock Road of an evening. A Japanese, too, certainly once went to a hotel in America Square, which is not quite the East end, and said he was a prince in his own country. He stayed a week, and drank champagne all day long. Then he decamped without paying the bill; and when the landlord went to the Embassy to complain, he thought it was the ambassador himself, until he discovered that all Japanese are exactly alike. Wherefore he desisted from any further attempt to identify the missing prince for want of the missing link, namely some distinctive feature.

The illustrious pair had now been in the House for six weeks. Previously they had spent some time in Wellclose Square, which is no doubt well known to fashionable readers, and lies contiguous to St. George's Street. Here happened that accident of the back-slapping so frequently alluded to by her ladyship. They were come from America to take up an old family title which had been in abeyance for two or three generations. They appeared to be poor, but able to find the modest weekly sum asked by Mrs. Bormalack; and in order to secure her confidence and good will, they paid every week in advance. They drank nothing but water, but, to make up, his lordship eat a great deal, especially at breakfast, and they asked for strange things, unknown to the English households. In other respects they gave no kind of trouble, were easily satisfied, never grumbled, and were affable. For their rank they certainly dressed shabbily, but high social station is sometimes found coupled with eccentricity. Doubtless Lord Davenant had his reasons for going about in a coat white at the seams and shiny at the back, which, being made of sympathetic stuff, and from long habit, had assumed the exact shape of his noble back and shoulders, with a beautiful model of his illustrious elbows. For similarly good and sufficient reasons Lady Davenant wore that old black gown and those mended gloves and —; but it is cruel to enumerate the shortcomings of her attire.

Perhaps on account of this public character, the professor would rank in the House after his lordship. Nothing confers greatness more quickly than an unabashed appearance upon a platform. Mr. Maliphant, however, who had traveled and could relate tales of adventure, might dispute precedence with him. He was now a carver of figure-heads for ships. It is an old and honorable trade but in these latter days it had decayed. He had a small yard at Limehouse, where he worked all by himself, turning out heads in the rough, so that they might be transformed into a beautiful goddess, or a Saucy Poll, or a bearded Neptune as the owners might prefer. He was now an old man, with a crumpled and million-lined face, but active still and talkative. His memory played him tricks, and he took little interest in new things. He had a habit, too, which disconcerted people unaccustomed to him, of thinking one part of a reminiscence to himself and saying the rest aloud, so that one got only the torso or mangled trunk of the story, or the head, or the feet, with or without the tail, which is the point.

The learned Daniel Fagg, wrapped always in contemplation, was among them but not of them. He was lately arrived from Australia, bringing with him a discovery which took away the breath from those who heard it, and filled all the scholars and learned men with envy and hatred, so that they combined and formed a general conspiracy to keep him down, and to prevent the publication of his great book, lest the world

should point the finger of scorn at them, and laugh at the blindness of its great ones. Daniel himself said so, and an oppressed man generally knows his oppressor. He went away every morning after breakfast and returned for tea. He was believed to occupy the day in spreading a knowledge of his Discovery, the nature of which was unknown at the boarding-house, among clergymen and other scholars. In the evening he sat over a Hebrew Bible and a dictionary, and spoke to no one. A harmless man, but soured and disappointed with the cold reception of his Great Discovery.

Another boarder was the unfortunate Josephus Coppin, who was a clerk in the great brewing-house of Messenger, Marsden & Company. He had been there for forty years, being now fifty-five years of age, gray, and sad of face, because, for some reason unknown to the world, he was not advanced, but remained forever among the juniors at a salary of thirty shillings a week. Other men of his own standing were Chief Brewers, Contractors, and Chief Accountants. He was almost where he had started. The young men came and mounted the ladder of promotion, passing him one after the other; he alone remained upon the rung which he had reached one day, now thirty years by-gone, when a certain thing happened, the consequences of which were to keep him down, to ruin his prospects, to humiliate and degrade him, to sadden and embitter his whole life. Lastly, there was a young man, the only young man among them, one Harry Goslett by name, who had quite recently joined the boarding-house. He was a nephew of Mr. Coppin, and was supposed to be looking for a place of business.

But he was an uncertain boarder. He paid for his dinner, but never dined at home; he had brought with him a lathe, which he set up in a little garden-house, and here he worked by himself, but in a fitful lazy way, as if it mattered nothing whether he worked or not. He seemed to prefer strolling about the place, looking around him as if he had never seen things before, and he was wont to speak of familiar objects as if they were strange and rare. These eccentricities were regarded as due to his having been to America. A handsome young man and cheerful, which made a greater pity that he was so idle.

On this morning the first to start for the day's business was Daniel Fagg. He put his Hebrew Bible on the book-shelf, took out a memorandum-book and the stump of a pencil, made an entry, and then counted out his money, which amounted to eight-and-sixpence, with a sigh. He was a little man, about sixty years of age, and his thin hair was sandy in color. His face was thin, and he looked hungry and under-fed. I believe, in fact, that he seldom had money enough for dinner, and so went without. Nothing was remarkable in his face, except a pair of very large and thick eyebrows, also of sandy hue, which is unusual, and produces a very curious effect. With these he was wont to frown tremendously as he went along, frightening the little children into fits; when he was not frowning he looked dejected. It must have been an unhappy condition of things which made the poor man alternate between wrath and depression. There were, however, moments—those when he got hold of a new listener—in which he would light up with enthusiasm as he detailed the history of his Discovery. Then the thin, drawn cheek would fill out, and his quivering lips would become firm, and his dejected eyes would brighten with the old pride of discovery, and he would laugh once more, and rub his hands with pride, when he described the honest sympathy of the people in the Australian township, where he first announced the great Revelation he was to make to the world, and received their enthusiastic cheers and shouts of encouragement.

Harry Goslett was his last listener, and, as the enthusiast thought, his latest convert.

As Daniel passed out of the reading-room, and was looking for his hat among the collection of hats as bad as was ever seen out of a Canadian backwoods, Harry Goslett himself came down-stairs as if there was no such thing as work to do or time to keep. He laughed and nodded to the discoverer.

'Oho! Dan!', he said; 'how are the triangles? and are you really going back to the Lion's Den?'

'Yes, Mr. Goslett, I am going back there! I am not afraid of them; I am going to see the Head of the Egyptian Department. He says he will give me a hearing; they all said they would, and they have. But they won't listen; it's no use to hear unless you listen. What a dreadful thing is jealousy among the learned, Mr. Goslett!'

'It is indeed, my Prophet; have they subscribed to the book?'

'No! they won't subscribe. Is it likely that they will help to bring out a work which proves them all wrong? Come, sir, even at your age you can't think so well of poor humanity.'

'Daniel!—the young man laid his hands impressively upon the little man's shoulders — you showed me yesterday a list of forty-five subscribers to your book, at twelve

shillings and sixpence apiece. Where is that subscription money?'

The poor man blushed, and hung his head.

'A man must live,' he said at length, trying to frown fiercely.

'Yes, but unpleasant notice is sometimes taken of the way in which people live, my dear friend. This is not a free country; not by any means free. If I were you, I would take the triangles back to Australia, and print the book there, among your friends.'

'No!' The little man stamped on the ground, and rammed his head into his hat with determination. 'No, Mr. Goslett, and no again. It shall be printed here. I will hurl it at the head of the so-called scholars here, in London—in their stronghold, close to the British Museum. Besides—here he relaxed, and turned a pitiful face of sorrow and shame upon his adviser—'besides, can I forget the day when I left Australia? They all came aboard to say good-bye. The papers had paragraphs about it. They shouted one after the other, and nobblers went around surprising, and they slapped me on the back and said, 'Go, Dan!', or 'Go, Fagg,' or 'Go, Mr. Fagg,' according to their intimacy and the depth of their friendship—'Go where honor and glory and a great fortune, with a pension on the Queen's Civil List, are waiting for you.' On the voyage I even dreamed of a title; I thought Sir Daniel Fagg, Knight or Baronet, or the Right Reverend Lord Fagg, would sound well to go back to Australia with. Honor? Glory? Fortune? What are they? Eight-and-sixpence in my pocket; and the Head of the Greek Department calls me a fool, because I won't acknowledge that truth—yes, TRUTH—is error. Laughs at the triangles, Mr. Goslett!'

He laughed bitterly and went out, slamming the door behind him.

Then Harry entered the breakfast-room, nodding pleasantly to everybody; and without any apology for lateness, as if breakfast could be kept about all the morning to suit his convenience, sat down and began to eat. Jonathan Coppin got up, sighed, and went away to his brewery. The professor looked at the last comer with a meditative air, as if he would like to make him disappear, and could do it, too, but was uncertain how Harry would take it. Mrs. Bormalack hurried away on domestic business. Mr. Maliphant laughed and rubbed his hands together, and then laughed again as if he were thinking of something really comic, and said, 'Yes, I knew the sergeant very well, a well set up man he was, and Caroline Coppin was a pretty girl.' At this point his face clouded and his eyes expressed doubt. 'There was, he added, 'something I wanted to ask you, young man, something—here he tapped his forehead—'something about your father or your mother, or both; but I have forgotten—never mind, Another time—another time.'

He ran away with boyish activity and a school-boy's laugh, being arrived at that time of life when one becomes light of heart once more, knowing by experience that nothing matters very much. There were none left in the room but the couple who enjoyed the title. His lordship sat in his arm-chair, apparently enjoying it, in meditation and repose; this, one perceives, is quite the best way of enjoying an hereditary title, if you come to it late in life. His wife had, meanwhile, got out a little shabby portfolio in black leather, and was turning over the papers with impatience; now and then she looked up to see whether this late young man had finished his breakfast. She fidgeted, arranged, and worried with her papers, so that any one, whose skull was not six inches thick, might have seen that she wanted to be alone with her husband. It was also quite clear to those who thought about things, and watched this little lady, that there may be meaning in certain proverbial expressions touching gray hairs.

Presently Harry Goslett finished his coffee and paying no attention to her little ladyship's signals of distress, began to open up conversation on general subjects with the noble lord.

She could bear it no longer. Here were the precious moments wasted and thrown away, every one of which should be bringing them nearer to the recognition of their rights.

'Young man,' she cried, jumping up in her chair; 'if you've got nothing to do but loll and lop around, all forenoon, I guess we have, and this is the room in which we do that work.'

'I beg your pardon, Lady Davenant—'

'Young man—Git—'

She pointed to the door.

CHAPTER II.

A VERY COMPLETE CASE.

His lordship, left alone with his wife, manifested certain signs of uneasiness. She laid the portfolio on the table, turned over the papers, sorted some of them, picked out some for reference, fetched the ink, and placed the penholder in position.

'Now, my dear,' she said, 'no time to lose. Let us set to work in earnest.'

His lordship sighed. He was sitting with his fat hands upon his knees, contented with the repose of the moment.

'Clara Martha,' he grumbled, 'can not I have one hour of rest?'

'Not one, till you get your rights.' She hovered over him like a little falcon, fierce and prescient. 'Not one. What? You a British peer? You, who ought to be sitting with a coronet on your head—you to shrink from the trouble of writing out your Case? And such a case!'

He only moaned. Certainly he was a very lethargic person. 'You are not the Carpenter, your father. Nor even the Wheelwright, your grandfather, who came down of his own accord. You would rise, you would soar—you have the spirit of your ancestors.'

He feebly flapped with his elbows, as if he really would like to take a turn in the air, but made no verbal response.

'Cousin Nathaniel,' she went on, 'gave us six months at six dollars a week. That's none too generous of Nathaniel, seeing we have no children, and he will be the heir to the title, I guess Aurelia Tucker set him against the thing. Six months, and three of them gone already, and nothing done. What would Aurelia say if we went home again, beaten?'

The little woman gasped, and would have shrugged her shoulders, but they were such a long way down—shoulders so sloping could not be shrugged.

Her remonstrances moved the heavy man who drew his chair to the table with great deliberation.

'We are here,' she continued—always the exhorter and the strengthener of faith—'not to claim a title but to assume it. We shall present our Case to Parliament, or the Queen, or the House of Lords, or the Court of Chancery, or whosoever is the right person, and we shall say, 'I am Lord Davenant,' That is all.'

'Clara Martha,' said her husband, 'I wish that were all we had to do. And, on the whole, I would as soon be back in Canaan City, New Hampshire, and the trouble over. The memoranda are all here,' he said, 'Can't we get some one else to draw up the Case?'

'Certainly not. You must do it. Why, you used to think nothing of writing out a Fourth of July speech.'

He shook his head.

'And you know that you have often said, yourself, that there wasn't a book written that could teach you anything up to Quadratic Equations. And self-raised, too!'

'It isn't that, Clara Martha. It isn't that. Listen!' he sunk his voice to a whisper. 'It's the doubt. That's the point. Every time I face that doubt it's like a bucket of cold water down my back.'

She shivered. Yes; there was always the doubt.

'Come, my dear,' she said, presently; 'we must get the Case drawn up, so that any one may read it. That is the first thing—never think of any doubt.'

He took up one of the loose papers that was covered with writing.

'Timothy Clitheroe Davenant,' he read, with a weary sigh, 'died at Canaan City, New Hampshire, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. By trade he was a Wheelwright. His marriage is recorded in the church register of July 1, 1773. His headstone still stands in the old church-yard, and says that he was born in England in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two—it does not say where he was born—and that he was sixty-two years of age at the day of his death. Also, that long time he bore—'

'Yes, yes, but you needn't put that in. Go on with your Case. The next point is your own father. Courage, my dear; it is a very strong Case.'

'The Case is very strong.' His lordship plucked up courage, and took up another paper. 'This is my father's record. All is clear; Born in Canaan City on October 10, 1776; the year of Independence, the eldest son of the aforesaid Timothy Clitheroe Davenant, Wheelwright, and Dinah, his wife—here is a copy of the register. Married on May 13, 1810, which was late in life, because he didn't somehow get on so fast as some, to Susanna Pegley, of the same parish. Described as Carpenter—but a poor workman, Clara Martha, and fond of chopping yarns, in which he was equalled by none. He died in the year 1830, his tombstone still standing, like his father's before him. It says that his end was peace. Wal—he always wanted it. Give him peace, with a chair in the veranda, and a penknife and a little bit of pine, and he asked for no more. Only that, and his wife wouldn't let him have it. His end was peace.'

'You all want peace,' said his wife. 'The Davenants always did think that they had only to sit still and the plumbs would drop in their mouths. As for you, I believe you'd be content to sit and sit in Canaan City till Queen Victoria found you out and sent you the coronet herself. But you've got a wife as well as your father.'

(To be Continued.)

Railway wrecks or attempts are recorded from London and Paris.

LABOR AND WAGES.

CANADIAN.

The Ottawa Journal stated on Monday night that about 400 men at work on the Gatineau Valley railway have not been paid for several weeks and that a strike will probably take place in a day or two. The men employed are nearly all Italians.

AMERICAN.

The Retail Clerks' Protective Association of Detroit has nearly 8,000 members, 500 of whom are women.

Typographical Union No. 53, Cleveland, O., has adopted a new scale which is to go into effect on Nov. 1.

The labor organizations of Omaha, Neb., have organized a political party and nominated a local ticket with Dr. J. R. Conkling at the head for mayor.

The Journeymen Bakers' International Union will send a representative to the Bakers' International Congress about to be held in Hamburg, Germany.

The union cigarmakers of Three Rivers, Mich., have written to the local unions that they no longer need assistance as their strike has resulted in favor of the union.

The Franklin Association of Pressmen and Assistants, L. A., 2228 K. of L., last week won a strike for the scale of wages in Clarke & Zingala's shop, 33 Gold street, New York.

The Amalgamated Brassworkers' Union, at its last regular meeting, tabled a communication from the People's Municipal League and endorsed the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party.

The Boilermakers' National Union has notified every employer in their trade throughout the United States that the journeymen boilermakers will demand eight hours, to go into effect on May 1, 1892.

The general executive board of the Atlantic Coast Seamen's Union, now in session in Boston, has agreed to co-operate with the American Shipping League in recommending to Congress the adoption of the Tonnage bill.

A bakers' union of New York has declined an invitation to a ball of another local bakers' union, stating that its members are of opinion that their condition as wage slaves is too miserable to allow them attend such entertainments.

The Connecticut State Federation of Labor is in session at South Norwalk, Thirty-eight delegates, representing 32 organizations, answered the roll call. The reports of the officers showed that during the past year twenty new unions were organized in the State under the auspices of the Federation.

The street cleaners of Fort Wayne, Ind., are demanding more pay because they were put on night work instead of working in the daytime. The labor organizations of that city oppose the demand, stating that the change from day to night was made by the politicians for the simple purpose of getting more money from the city treasury for election purposes.

The Printing Trades Council was reorganized last week at the rooms of Typographical Union No. 6 at 240 William street, New York. Thirteen organizations, unions and K. of L. assemblies were represented. The next meeting will be held on October 29, to which twice as many organizations as were represented at the first meeting will send delegates.

The special committee appointed by the miners' conference recently held at Columbus, O., reports that the disorganized and demoralized condition of the miners in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia Clay County, of Indiana, Illinois and large portions of other States, has been so marked that special efforts should be made at once to reorganize them.

EUROPEAN.

The ebony workers' strike at Mainz, Germany has been lost. A large number of the strikers left the city.

The miners at Genoa, Italy, 800 in number, have dropped their work upon a refusal of their employers to grant higher wages.

At Ilmenau, Friedrichshagen, Burg, Osterwick and Leignitz, Germany, the glovers are out on strike. Over 1,500 male and female operatives are involved.

The London fruit porters have scored a decisive victory by regaining the privileges which they had lost some years ago. All hands are now back in their work.

After a strike for five months for a reduction of hours, the cabinetmakers at Mayence, Germany, have resumed work at the old conditions. They have spent about \$10,000 for benefits.

The London master builders are threatening to import scabs from abroad to replace their workmen now on strike, but the strikers have sent agents to the Continent of Europe to counteract the move by the masters.

The weavers of Roubaix, France, who went on strike against being compelled to work on two looms at one time were beaten,

and they went back under their heavy yoke. There are weavers in this country who work on three and four looms and never went on strike against such a terrible task.

Mr. David Scott, senior labor member for Newcastle, N. S. W., has suffered a vote of censure by the Labor Electoral League for not voting with the party. The terms of the motion were: "That this meeting deeply regrets that Mr. Scott, M. L. A., cannot see his way to stick to the Labor party like tar to a blanket both in and out of the caucus.

The Labor party in South Australia intend putting forth their full strength to secure representation in Parliament at the next general election. And the most democratic method yet pursued is to be adopted in the choice of candidates. A plebiscite or poll of all members of trade and labor organizations is to be taken and the selected ones held ready for the general election or any by-election that may take place.

Interesting Industrial Items.

The recent lockout of cigarmakers in Hamburg, in which about 3,000 union men were involved, cost the union over \$100,000, and they were compelled to accept the terms of the bosses after a struggle of seventeen weeks. At present the union has more members than it ever had.

A number of organized bakers in London have formed a co-operative society under the title of "The Workers Co-operative Productive Society. Limited." They have been successful, and now the shoemakers, cigarmakers, hatters, millers, painters, tailors and cartmen are to follow their example.

The word "sweater" derives its name from the Anglo-Saxon word swat, and means the separation or extraction of labor or toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from them surplus labor without compensation, or extract a double amount of labor, either by lowering wages or working longer hours, is a "sweater."

Carroll D. Wright says: "It is probable that the time has arrived when every person in the United States who desires remunerative employment cannot find it. Five hundred thousand people must compete for 460,000 places. What I am saying has nothing to do with the great army of the unemployed, which through all ages has hung upon the outskirts of civilization. I am dealing simply with currents in the way of occupation."

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "So long as there are women in cities who buy their food only by selling their womanhood; so long as there are men in the rich coal fields of Illinois that must stand without, shivering at the door, with pick in hand and muscle ready for work, while wealth locks the door up against them and a shivering population; so long as in the iron fields of Pennsylvania men work twelve hours a day, with no time to court their wives and kiss their children, so long my hand and my heart are enlisted in any and every movement that gives fair promise for the emancipation of man by the emancipation of industry."

Mrs. Alexander Bremer, one of the Factory Inspectors of N. Y., affirms that children as young as 8 years are employed in mercantile houses from 10 to 12 hours a day, at wages often as low as \$1 per week, and seldom above \$2 per week. She believes that, all things considered, the work of these children is as hard as that of many employed in the factories, for 60 hours a week is the maximum permitted for the employment of children in factories, and the work of the inspectors insures some attention to sanitation. Mrs. Bremer thinks the worst feature in the case of young children employed in mercantile houses lies in their lack of opportunity for education and the impossibility of knowing aught of home life. It is not unusual for children thus employed to pass a whole week without a sight of their parents.—New York Recorder.

The headquarters of the International Cigarmakers' Union will be in Chicago after January 1, 1892. The membership of the organization is now over 25,000. In the past two years 46 new unions have been chartered and 28 dissolved. There were 254 strikes, 153 successful, 4 compromised, 48 unsuccessful. Strike benefits were \$48,792.12; out of work benefits, \$35,975. The general fund on hand July 1st was \$373,403.25.

An Electric Pile Driver.

Electricity has been successfully applied to a pile-driving machine in putting down the foundation of an annex to a paper mill near Paris. As the old section of the mill was supplied with an electric light plant lying idle during the day, it was decided to use the pile-driver. An Edison motor was mounted in the lower part of the pile-driver frame and transmitted power to a chain drum fitted to the fast and loose pulleys. By means of a suitable cut-out the current could be diverted from the motor to a resistance box when power for hoisting the pile-driver was not needed. The machinery weighed 1,100 pounds, and the height of fall ranged from sixteen to twenty feet. A current of sixty-three amperes and 100 volts was employed, and the generator was about 330 feet distant. The conductor was a copper wire, 0.2 inch in diameter.—Iron.

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MONTREAL, October 24, 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.

ST. ANN'S WARD.

The polling in St. Ann's Ward for alderman resulted in the return of Mr. M. F. Nolan by the handsome majority of 388 over his opponent, Mr. F. B. McNamee. The total vote polled was not a very large one, and shows conclusively that the electors were not greatly concerned about the success of either candidate. Their apathy may also be accounted for by the fact that no burning question is at present troubling the minds of the electors of this particular ward, and the fact also that from the time of Mr. Cloran's resignation Mr. Nolan was considered dead sure to come out ahead. Although he had several influential opponents working against him, the mass of the people were with him, and had his friends chosen to exert themselves his majority would have rolled up considerably higher.

We congratulate Mr. Nolan on having reached the goal of his ambition. It says much for his perseverance and energy that he was willing to risk a third defeat and its attendant costs. In dealing with questions of public interest we trust he will bring to bear those qualities which he has displayed in his electoral contests as well as in his business pursuits, so that the workmen, who supported him nobly on this occasion, may not have cause to regret their choice.

THE WIDOW FLYNN CASE.

Once more we appeal to the public on behalf of Widow Flynn. Her claim for compensation for the death of her husband was again and again decided in her favor in the lower courts of this province, and two separate juries awarded her substantial damages for the loss she sustained. These awards, however, were overthrown by a decision of a majority of the Supreme Court of Canada, on a technical point of law raised at the last moment by the counsel for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company who were the defendants. Through the kindness of Mr. J. C. Hatton, Q. C., (Mrs. Flynn's counsel) the case has hitherto been conducted, she of herself having no means whatever to undertake costly law proceedings; indeed, Mrs. Flynn is in very poor circumstances since the death of her husband, and but for the exertions of her friends in securing her needlework, herself and little girl would have been at times hard pushed for the necessities of life. The appeal in Mrs. Flynn's case comes before the Privy Council of England in November, and a large amount of money—something like \$2,500—has to be deposited as se-

curity for costs prior to its being taken up. Will the public assist her to raise this amount? This company, which has received millions of the people's money in subsidies, has used its long purse to drag a poor widow woman from one court to another after a jury of her countrymen had awarded her a moderate sum by way of compensation for the death of her husband, which was the result of neglect on the part of the company's servants. The company have not so much sought to dispute the justice of the claim itself, but they have shown their ruthlessness by raising every possible legal quibble to the award of the juries coming into force, and it was on one of these legal evasions of the true issue that the company obtained a judgment in their favor from the Supreme Court. This judgment is held to be bad, and a severe straining of the law, by men of great prominence in the legal profession, which, if left unchallenged, would establish a precedent inimical to the interests of employees; therefore Mrs. Flynn's friends are taking it to the highest court of the realm. Mr. Hatton, who has made many personal sacrifices in connection with the case, is now in England looking after the interests of his client, and nothing will be left undone by him to secure justice for her.

This short statement would not be complete without referring to the motives which, the company say through their lawyers, have actuated them in fighting the poor widow with all the machinery of the law, which the power of their long purse enables them to control. All their movements have been governed by principle. They had no desire whatever to deal harshly with the woman who had lost her protector through the carelessness of their servants. Oh, no! Yet this invasion of a public principle which they undertook to defend did not prevent them looking sharply after private interests as well. For the second time in the history of this sad case the bailiffs have entered the home of the widow to seize her effects, the last occasion being after the judgment of the Supreme Court when some \$700 costs were sought to be liquidated by the seizure of about as many cents' worth of household goods—noble act of a powerful company.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The night schools will be opened to the public on the third of next month. With the exception of slight changes in the composition of the teaching staff and their remuneration, the arrangements will be the same as last year. We hope that the schools will be taken advantage of to the fullest extent by those in need of instruction, who, by their conduct and punctuality of attendance, will demonstrate the demand for increased educational facilities raised by the working classes and at the same time justify the liberality shown by the Quebec Government in providing free education for all who desire it.

Every encouragement and support should be given Ald. Stephens by the citizens in his effort to pass the proposed by-law in regard to level crossings. With the present system of gates there is absolutely no protection for children at the railway crossings along the line of St. James street, and we are surprised that anyone, looking back at the record of "accidents" which have taken place at these traps should offer any opposition whatever to the reasonable proposals of Ald. Stephens. The Grand Trunk Railway must have a strong pull on the City Council if it succeeds in stopping the passage of this by-law, which ought to have been in existence long ago, when several deplorable accidents could not have happened.

The carpenters' strike in London (Eng.), which was initiated some six months ago for shorter hours of labor, has at last come to an end, and on much

better terms than we anticipated some few weeks ago could have been obtained. The men have all along contended that the quickest and best way to settle the dispute was by arbitration, but this the combined master carpenters absolutely refused, and instead relied upon the starving process to reduce their workmen to submission. This policy having failed after a long trial they have reluctantly agreed to the course originally proposed by the men, who have resumed work pending arbitration of the whole matter in dispute. The strike has cost over \$250,000 in hard cash without taking into consideration the loss of trade and the removal of business to places outside. All this, besides a great deal of bitter feeling, might have been obviated had ordinarily prudent counsel prevailed with the masters at the beginning of the trouble, and the acceptance of arbitration would have come then with a better grace than it does now after so much privation and misery has had to be undergone. Whatever may be the result of the arbitration, we believe the men will abide loyally by the decision. During the conflict they have shown a fortitude and adhesiveness to one another and to their cause which is remarkable in the annals of labor troubles, the percentage of scabbing, notwithstanding the protracted struggle, having been exceedingly small.

The new leader of the British House of Commons, Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, addressed his constituents at Manchester the early part of this week. His speech was mostly taken up with a defence of his Irish policy, and had a good deal of the nature of special pleading about its composition. Of course his defence of coercive measures was acceptable to the Tories, but the forthcoming general election will demonstrate whether the people of England and Scotland will any longer tolerate the disabilities under which their Irish fellow-subjects suffer. Referring to the general election, the speaker twitted Mr. Gladstone with counting his chickens before they were hatched, but his attempt to be funny at the expense of the G. O. M. did not provoke any enthusiasm even among his warmest supporters, who are evidently too conscious of approaching disaster to be able to laugh heartily. Following the cue given by his leader, Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the turncoat Radical, in a speech delivered at Sunderland a day or two after, predicted that Mr. Gladstone would be left in the cold, but "almost wished" it would be otherwise, just to show the country how much misery would follow in the trail of a Liberal regime. Seeing that the Conservative party have on hand such an accumulation of domestic legislative measures, which the country has cried for for the past four or five years, either shelved or abandoned altogether, it was perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's safest policy to throw mud at his quondam friends.

A decision has just been given in the Pennsylvania Supreme Court which is of very great interest to cigar-makers. The court unanimously refuses to recognize the exclusive right of the International Cigarmakers' Union to place its label on goods. A local union sought by bill in equity to restrain a manufacturer who had quarreled with the men from using a similar label on his goods, and the county court sustained a masters' report in favor of the injunction. The manufacturers appealed to the Supreme Court, and the decision is reversed, on the ground that the union is a personal and social organization, not a commercial one, and under the law of Congress, therefore, not entitled to own a trade mark. The label describes the cigars it accompanies as being made by first-class workmen, and adds that all cigars not having the label are of "inferior, rat shop, cooley, prison, or filthy tenement house workmanship," and has

a note therefore, "recommending these union cigars to all smokers throughout the world." The court's decision says: "This is an attempt to use the public as a means of coercion in order to find a market for their goods or labor. A first-class workman is one who does first-class work, whether his name is on the rolls of any given society or not. Filthiness and criminality of character depend on conduct, not on membership of the union. Legitimate competition rests on superiority of workmanship and business methods, not on the use of vulgar epithets and personal denunciations. The International Union in this case has an avowed purpose to do harm to non-union men, to prevent the sale of their work, to cover them with opprobrium, and they ask a court of equity to say they have a right to do so. We decline to say so."

It is a notable fact that, although the agitation for the adoption of the system of voting by a single official ballot was first started in the United States in New York City in 1886, this State has been one of the last to adopt even a semblance of that system. With various incidental features of difference, two-thirds of all the States of the Union have adopted the Australian system. Massachusetts was the first State to establish the system in 1888. A similar bill passed the New York Legislature the same year, but was vetoed by Governor Hill. The following year it was revised to meet his objections, but he again vetoed it. In 1890 it was again revised and again vetoed. But in the meantime surrounding States were adopting the system. The agitation at last assumed such proportions that it could no longer be defied with impunity and a compromise was offered by Governor Hill in the shape of a bill providing for separate official ballots for each party, and in addition a paster ballot to be furnished by the party machine to the voter, and easy of recognition when voted, so that it could be told pretty accurately how the voter cast his ballot. This was accepted as the best that could be secured under the circumstances and it is now the law. But the friends of real ballot reform have never ceased to agitate for the true system of voting the official ballot only, and it has been made by them a leading issue in this campaign.

WILLIAMS
PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

5000 Sold in Montreal.

21 Styles to Choose from.

SOLE AGENTS
FOR CENTRAL CANADA:

WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.,

(NEAR MCGILL STREET.)

Tuning and Repairs
done in an artistic manner
at reasonable rates.
Also Tuning by the year.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

GOOD NEWS.

ABOUT MANTLES.

We consider it good news to be able to state our Mantle Department this season furnishes employment for four extra hands in the salesrooms, and from six to ten extra mantle makers in the workrooms. In all, over twelve more than any previous season employed in selling and making Mantles and Jackets.

A. S. CARSLEY'S.

POROUS WATERPROOFS.

THE NEW WATERPROOFS!

A fresh lot of Novelties in the New Porous Waterproof.
Mantles and Coats for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, at

S. CARSLEY'S.

ABOUT UMBRELLAS

To be sold this week and following days, ten cases of Umbrellas, some beauties among them, all to go very cheap.

S. CARSLEY.

FUR DEPARTMENT!

LAMB BOAS! LAMB BOAS!
In all lengths and at all prices from 12c.
White Lamb Boas for 17c
White Lamb Boas for 20c
Icylene Boas Icylene Muffs
Icylene Capes.
Furs for Children Furs for Misses
Furs for Ladies
Black Hare Muffs at \$1.00
Black Hare Muffs at \$1.30
Natural Opossum Muffs
Alaska Sable Muffs
Raccoon Muffs Bear Muffs
S. CARSLEY.

FUR MUFFS

—AND—

BOAS!

FUR DEPARTMENT!

LADIES' FUR CAPES

With Storm Collars attached
New Styles of Ladies' Capes in a variety of
Furs
Storm Collars Storm Collars
New Shapes for this Season in Fashionable
Furs

FUR COLLARETTES

In Lynx, Hare, White Lamb,
Natural Llama
BOAS! BOAS! BOAS!
Stylish Lengths
Bear Boas Lynx Boas
Opossum Boas Raccoon Boas
S. CARSLEY.

WOOL DEPARTMENT.

Scotch Yarns Scotch Fingerings
Scotch Wools 3-ply Fingerings
2-ply Fingerings 5-ply Fingerings
4-ply Fingerings
All at Lowest Prices
Plain Colors, High Colors, and Mixtures
All the best makes and Fingerings for
Knitting
Ladies' Hose Gentlemen's Half Hose
And Underwear
Soft Finished Yarns and Fingerings
S. CARSLEY.

WOOL DEPARTMENT.

BERLIN WOOLS
Single and Double, Plain and Fancy Colors
Shetland Wools Andalusian Wools
Merino Wools
Snow Wools, Frost Wools, Flake Wools,
Saxony Wools, all Colors
Soft Wools for Infants' Garments
Wools for Cuffs, Wools for Gloves, Wools
for Shawls, for Fascinators, for Caps
and Hoods
S. CARSLEY.

Hosiery Department!

UNDERWEAR SALE

Going on more successfully than ever. Genuine Bargains in Scotch Underwear. Buy now a full winter supply whilst the Sale continues. The following are a few of the bargains:

Ladies' Heavy Merino Drawers, 50c
Ladies' Scarlet Lamb's Wool Vests, 95c
Ladies' Scarlet Lamb's Wool Drawers, 95c
Ladies' White Lamb's Wool Vests, \$1.15
Ladies' Shetland Lamb's Wool Vests, 88c
Tremendous Bargains.

S. CARSLEY.

BLACK GOODS!

S. CARSLEY'S

Is the best store in Montreal for all
kinds of Black and

MOURNING GOODS

S. CARSLEY,

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

POVERTY OR WEALTH.

Which Do the Workers Prefer.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the governed; that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

Thus speaks the American Declaration of Independence. However new and startling this language may have sounded in the ears of the aristocratic and kingly despots to whom it was addressed, to-day these truths have become a commonplace, accepted by all. I quote them not for what the passage contains, but for the sake of something which it does not contain. For surely to us, who hear so much of the rights of property, of capital, and of labor, of different rights for different classes, it must be strange that a Convention, in which sat many men as conservative as Hamilton, and at least one of the grandest democrats, Thomas Jefferson, should have neglected to set forth the rights of what these two respectively represented, property and labor. I may therefore be permitted to suppose that neither of them, at the time, conceived that either property, or capital, or labor had any separate rights, that the only rights which, in their opinion, had existence were the rights of men, and that they considered these rights to be equal rights, whether the man was a capitalist, a landowner, or a laborer. I cannot do better than follow so illustrious an example and take it for granted that all that concerns a Government is to preserve the equal rights of men, that the sole reason for the existence of any social system and of any Government is that through them these rights can be more efficiently preserved.

There can be little question as to what is the fundamental right for the maintenance and preservation of which men are aggregated into communities and instituted governments. It is: the equal right of every man to himself; that is to his life and liberty, and to the result of his labor, for clearly his labor is as much part of himself as his life and liberty.

That no man can have a better right to live than another; that no man can justly be made a slave; that no man can justly be dispossessed of the wealth he makes, or obtains by gift or exchange from those who made it, are all propositions which will be glibly assented to, and if, in polite society, any man were to express the opinion that our laws fail to recognize and daily uphold the violation of these rights, he would probably be considered a madman. Nevertheless, I venture to uphold that opinion and even to assert that any separate right claimed for capital, land or labor, any right which does not spring directly from the fundamental right which I have defined, must of necessity infringe upon this right. For if that postulate is true, then as no one man can have a better right to himself, as no man can have more rights than any other man, so can no body of men have more rights than any other body of men.

In these articles I shall therefore have nothing to do with the rights of labor, of property, or of capital, but shall deal with the rights of men alone, with the equal right of every man whether he is a laborer, a capitalist, or a landowner, and if in the course of this enquiry we come across any laws which have established rights in favor of any of these classes, limiting or infringing upon the fundamental and equal rights of men as men, then we may be quite certain that we have come upon unjust laws, upon laws which violate the primal reason for the existence of human soci-

ety, upon laws which should be abolished at any cost.

Let us then examine whether our laws do preserve the fundamental and equal rights of men, and first that of every man's equal right to his life. Clearly they do not, even if that right is held to be limited to the opportunities for satisfying the mere animal wants of men, even if all these attributes and necessities which distinguish man from animals are degraded. How many babies in all the older cities die from sheer starvation, because the starved and stunted frames of their overworked mothers are unable to provide the nourishment they require! Yet these babies have the same right to live as the eldest son of any king or duke. How many children die because the fetid air of the hovels in which they live, their coarse and scanty food, fails to maintain their vitality and makes fatal any little ailment which they may contract. And those who do arrive at man's and woman's estate, they have to look out for an employer, so as to be able to earn the bread they want. Whether they shall find one willing to employ them, whether they will get permission to earn their bread, does not depend upon them, but upon the will of other men. If no employment is given them, they must die; their right to live is clearly dependant upon the will of others; it is not only the right to live, but even the opportunity to live which may be denied to them. In all these cases the right of the many poor to live is manifestly less than that of the wealthy few, the equal right of the many is not recognized. Yet who ever heard of a herd of deer or buffaloes in which the many were lean and weak and the few fat and strong? Who ever heard of a tribe of savages in which the many were hungry while a few were overfed. Starvation there might be when food is scarce, but it is starvation for all alike, as with returning plenty, it is plenty for all alike. The equal right of each to his life is actively recognized by savages; but the conditions of our vaunted civilization deny it to the greater number of its members, and hence it is that while the average life of the wealthy classes exceeds 45 years, its average duration amongst the working classes is less than 30 years.

The denial of the equal right to life becomes, however, more glaring still when we look beyond the mere animal wants of men, when we consider those conditions and requirements which determine the value of life to civilized man. The opportunities for culture and refinement of late, the knowledge of our world, and of the thoughts which travel beyond: the delights of study and of communication with the great spirits of the past are all preserved for us by the community. Their preservation and collection is due to the existence of the community, as well as the fact that they are available for members of the community. Yet it is only a few in the community who can avail themselves to any extent of these opportunities for making their lives worth living; their poverty and the grinding necessity of devoting all their working powers to the satisfaction of animal wants, excludes most men and also most women from these necessary conditions of a higher life; robs them of their equal right to this higher life.

The second outcome of man's equal right to himself is his right to the possession of the wealth which he makes. Even this right our laws do not preserve for the majority of men, as a short examination of the facts will prove. Wages in England averaged about 15s a week at the beginning of this century. As employers do not on the average and for long periods pay wages which exceed the value of labor, that is the wealth which the laborer produces, we are on safe ground if we assume that at that period the wealth produced by every laborer was on an average not less than 15s worth a week, however much more it may have been. But the present century is pre-emi-

nently one of mechanical and chemical discoveries and inventions, and of the more efficient organization and division of labor; that is of advances, which have enormously increased the wealth-producing power of labor. It is to exaggeration to say, that to-day labor's power to produce wealth exceeds that of labor at the beginning of the century by at least fifteen fold. Every laborer can, and if permitted, does make on an average as much wealth in one hour as his great grandfather could in fifteen hours. If then 15s was the amount of wealth produced by each laborer at the beginning of the century, that value is 15s x 15s to-day, or £11 15s; and as every man is entitled to the wealth which he makes, £11 5s should be the average rate of wages per week in England to-day. If our laws preserve and guard the right of every man to the result of his labor, how is it that the average rate of wages in England falls short by so much of the average amount of wealth which every English laborer makes. Clearly our laws do not preserve that right; our laws permit the masses of the people to be deprived of the bulk of the wealth which they make.—Max Hirsch in the Commonwealth.

THE WIDOW FLYNN CASE.

The following additional subscriptions to the Widow Flynn fund have been notified:—

J. Rattray & Co.	\$10.00
J. J. Curran, Q. C.	5.00
Cash	5.00
Cash	2.00
B. E. McGale	5.00
Cash	2.00
Cash	2.00
A. Redlich	2.00
Cash	1.00
A. B. C.	2.00
Cash	2.00
A Friend	2.00
George Eadie	2.00
W. T. Costigan	3.00
A Friend	2.00
Henry R. Gray	1.00
Albert Demers	0.50
Brodie & Harvie	2.00
M. Pennington	2.00
Total	\$52.50

THE BARBER.

The barber is a treacherous creature. He is never to be depended upon. He has been known to cut his best friends. He is remarkably sharp in a business transaction, and he will shave you if you give him a chance, in fact, shaving may be said to be his business. The barber is a strapping fellow and is ever ready to razor row, I have frequently seen him take a man by the nose without the least provocation. He is generally honest in his judgment and sincere in pooh-poohing shams and delusions; but at the same time he is given to a great deal of shamming. The barber sees a great many affecting scenes. There is a great deal of parting going on every day in his shop. The barber is a very secret fellow. You will find locks everywhere about his place. He has little recreation, curling is his chief amusement. He always stands well in his profession, you will generally find him at the head. The barber's wife goes shopping, just like other women, though she ought to be able to get biscuits at her husband's establishment. She probably prefers to whisker round elsewhere. There are many more things I could tell you of the barber, but he is a great conversationalist and amply able to speak for himself. JOE MOINEAU.

Workingmen

SAY they find no store to compare with ours for

EXCELLENCE OF GOODS

— AND — **LOWNESS OF PRICES.**

RONAYNE BROS.
17 Chaboillez Square.

TUCKER & CULLEN,
ADVOCATES, &c.,
Room 6. 162 St. James street MONTREAL.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S FOR THE SCHOOL BOYS

EXQUISITE!

That's the word, Ladies! Exquisite is really the only term which properly describes the delicate blending—the beautiful harmony in shade and design which characterizes our Fall and Winter Dress Goods this season. These choice products of the looms of Europe have also been selected with a special eye to the exigencies of our Canadian climate. This is a great point, and is not always borne in mind by the raw and inexperienced buyers who visit the markets of the old world. Such a blundering overlook could not possibly happen with us. You may always depend upon the wear and tear and adaptability of any material placed upon our shelves. To-day we desire to attract attention to our splendid assortment of Bedford Cords, Camel's Hair and Tweeds. The prices attached to these goods are cut low, and alike for value and quality they deserve special inspection, JOHN MURPHY & CO.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT!
New Dress Goods!

BEDFORD CORDS.
One of the most stylish and attractive of this season's textiles! Full assortment in Black and all colors. Prices of New Bedford Cords from 75c to \$1.25 per yard.

CAMEL'S HAIR.
Very reasonable—suggestive of warmth and comfort, and very extensively patronized by "those who know!" Our stock is varied and complete in Plain, Striped, Checked and Broche. Prices from 50c to \$2.50 per yard.

NEW DRESS TWEEDS.
Double width. Prices from 35c to \$2 per yard.

New Plain Costume Cloths
Double width. Black and all colors. Prices from 35c to \$1.50 per yard.

New Plaid Dress Goods.
All double width and new patterns. Prices from 40c to \$1.10 per yard.

New Cheviot Dress Goods.
Double width. New Colors. Prices from 75c to \$2.00 per yard.

New All Wool Henriettas.
All the latest shades now in stock. Prices 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00 per yard.

New Dress Melton Cloths.
All colors. Prices from 10c per yard.

New Paris Dress Patterns.
The latest novelties to select from. Prices from \$9.00 to \$25.00 per pattern.

RECEIVED ON SATURDAY.
We received on Saturday a very large shipment of the very latest novelties in Dress Goods. Ladies are cordially invited to call and examine this attractive lot.

N. B.—Samples of our New Dress Goods sent free on application.

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

McRae & Poulin,
MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes,
Ladies' Mantles
A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut
in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

TEA! TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

Have you tried STROUD'S 30c Black, Green or Japan Teas? If not, do so and save 10c to 20c per lb. This is no catch, and any person finding these Teas not as represented will have their money refunded.

Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,
2188 NOTRE DAME ST. NEAR MOUNTAIN.

Now on hand a CHEAP LINE of BOOTS AND SHOES guaranteed to stand extra wear and tear. Just the thing for boys going back to school.

Misses, Girls and Children's Boots in great variety of Style and Price.

The above goods have only to be seen to be appreciated and they cannot be matched elsewhere for quality and cheapness.

Try a sample pair and we are sure of a continuance of your custom.

J. CHURCH,
30 Chaboillez Square.

PRESSWORK

TO THE TRADE,
Publishers and Patent Medicine Dealers.

You don't require to put your money out on a big press, send it to HENRY OWEN, who will do it for you BETTER and CHEAPER than if you had a big press of your own.

SEE!
Facilities for Printing Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., to the extent of 120 reams per day.

FOLDING AND BINDING
DONE ON THE PREMISES.
769 CRAIG STREET.



Tenders for Old Dredge Hull Boilers and Machinery.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned for the purchase of the old Hull of No. 10 Dredge and two second hand Marine Boilers, and also a portion of the engine of the Tug St. John, will be received up to Monday the 2nd of November, 1891. The above can be seen at the Public Works Department Shipyard, Sorel, P.Q., where all required information will be given.

Separate tenders to be made for the "Hull," "Boilers," and portions of Engine. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Acting Minister of Public Works for the full amount of the tender. All cheques for non-accepted tenders will be returned.

Envelopes containing said tenders to be endorsed "Tender for Old Dredge Plant." The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Oct. 2nd, 1891.

Every Workingman SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY, ENTERTAINING WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

Job * Printing!

— FOR — SOCIETIES, LODGES, ASSEMBLIES

— AT —

REASONABLE PRICES.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The carpenters of London, after a strike lasting six months and costing £50,000, have resumed work. They have submitted their dispute to arbitration.

The Conservatives propose to run Capt. Shaw, late chief of the London fire brigade, for Parliament as a protest against his treatment by the London County Council.

The Socialist seceders who withdrew from the Socialist congress at Erfurt held a tumultuous meeting in Berlin on Tuesday. Many members of the moderate party were expelled. Herr Auerbach and others made violent speeches.

The negotiations for a commercial treaty between Germany and Belgium have been suspended as Belgium is not inclined to grant Germany's demand that agricultural German products be allowed to enter Belgium free of duty.

Helena Druskowitz, who took her degree of Ph. D. at Vienna University with the highest honors and was expected to make her mark in scientific work, has gone to a private insane asylum. Overstudy unbalanced her mind and shattered her health.

A German surgeon in Chili, who throughout the war there worked in the hospitals, has written to the Red Cross Society in Berlin that he has found the wounds from small calibre rifles much easier to heal than those from the rifles of older models. Of sixty serious cases that he treated, only one proved fatal.

Advices from Almeria, in Andalusia, Spain, report the prevalence of great floods in that vicinity. The town of Albora, forty miles northeast of Almeria, suffered greatly, the inhabitants being compelled to take refuge in the towers of churches and other elevated places to save their lives. The damage to property is immense.

According to completed official estimates of the harvest in Germany wheat is 18 per cent. below the average yield and rye 20 per cent. below, while barley is 20 per cent. above the average and oats is 12 per cent. above. The deficiency in rye is greater in East Prussia, Saxony and Hanover. The officials hold that the general result does not warrant fears of widespread distress.

The late Emperor Frederick William, had he lived, would have reached the age of 60 years on Monday. The anniversary was fittingly observed at Hamburg. The streets were tastefully hung with bunting and appropriate sermons were preached by the churches. At the theatres the performances were graced with special features in keeping with the occasion.

Arthur J. Balfour, the new Parliamentary leader, addressed his constituents at Manchester Tuesday evening. In the course of his speech he said that he quite coincided with those who said that the success of the Government policy toward Ireland was due rather to strokes of good fortune than the merits of the members of the administration. One of the greatest pieces of good fortune was that he had good workmen behind him. In regard to the general election he twitted Mr. Gladstone because of his predilection for "counting chickens before they were hatched," and twice over, at that.

American.

The drought which prevailed throughout Northern New York for some time threatens to interfere with navigation on the Delaware & Hudson canal.

Mr. Soe, postmaster of Millville, Cal., states the Redding and Alturas stage had been robbed by two masked men. The express box and mail bags were rifled.

Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, the mother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, left Borden-town, N. J., on Monday for Philadelphia. She was recently sick in bed, but has so far recovered as to be able to leave home.

There was much excitement in Yonkers on Tuesday night over a run on the Yonkers Savings Bank, made during the afternoon. A report was started that the bank was in financial trouble and was about to go into bankruptcy. A rush was made and at least two thousand persons drew out their deposits.

A bull fight under the patronage of President Diaz, was given at the City of Mexico on Monday for the benefit of the Spanish flood sufferers. The best of order prevailed. It is estimated over \$25,000 was received for admission fees, there being about 12,000 persons present. Nine bulls of celebrated breed were killed, amid the bravos of the spectators.

The Brooklyn police are trying to find the perpetrators of a bold attempt to rob Rev. Dr. Talmage's new tabernacle. Dey, the sexton, discovered on Monday morning that the burglars had broken into the closet where the church silver is kept and wrapped up all the pieces in a table cloth. At this stage of the proceedings they were frightened off, for they left the bundle in one of the pews near the window, and the only article missing was the sexton's old overcoat. The thieves ransacked every part of the church before they were frightened off.

Canadian.

Dr. Macdonald, member of Parliament for East Huron, was thrown from his car-

riage during a run-away on Monday and was picked up unconscious and with a leg broken.

The propeller Ocean on her way to Montreal on Tuesday afternoon used the new Galops channel and passed through all right. Other steamers are likely to follow her example.

Cardinal Taschereau goes to St. Mary, Beauce, to-day to preside at the religious ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new chapel to be dedicated to St. Anne.

When the barque Argentina, from Montreal for Montevideo, was off Magdalen Islands, Capt. Samuel West went aloft to assist in shortening sail; when half way out on the weather arm, he lost his balance, fell to the deck and dashed his brains out.

The American tug Jessie was seized at Amherstburg, Ont., on Sunday, for violation of the customs regulations last spring. She put in at Amherstburg as the time named, but having a clearance from Toledo to Point Edward, her captain did not think it necessary to report. She was bonded and is now in Toledo.

The four-masted schooner Olga arrived at Vancouver, B. C., on Monday from Yokohama with 1,068,550 pounds of tea. She reports that the ship Hecla sailed from Kobe to Vancouver with a cargo of tea nine days before she did, and fears are entertained that the Hecla foundered in the terrific gale which raged on September 14 and the two following days.

At a meeting of the Baptist convention at Toronto on Tuesday, Rev. Mr. McLaren read the report of the foreign mission committee. It stated that there had been raised by the Canadian church in the last year \$23,000 for foreign missions, and that \$500 of that amount was yet in the bank, the remainder having been distributed among the various missions supported by the church.

Hugh Campbell, the petitioner to unseat James Grieve, M. P., in North Perth, intends to bring evidence in support of charge No. 247, that the respondent and Sir Richard Cartwright, Wilfrid Laurier and the Grand Trunk Railway entered into a corrupt agreement to intimidate, threaten and damage certain employees and others unless they voted the Reform ticket in the Dominion elections. On Monday morning, at Toronto, Chancellor Boyd issued subpoenas for L. J. Seargeant, general manager; W. Wainwright, assistant general manager; W. Edgar, assistant passenger agent, all of the Grand Trunk Railway, and one Hanna, of Montreal, a detective, as necessary and material witnesses.

The Common House Fly.

The common house fly does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, migrate, though, of course, individuals of the species frequently travel long distances. The remarkable fecundity of the fly is quite sufficient to account for its numbers during the early summer. A few individuals in the torpid state, survive even the coldest winter, and with the first warm days of summer lay their eggs. When deposited under favorable conditions these are hatched in from twelve to twenty-four hours and in twelve days the worm changes into a nymph and in ten days more into a perfect fly. A fly will lay four times during the summer, about eighty eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendants of a single insect may, from the first of June to the end of September, exceed 2,000,000. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted, there would be no worse pest in the world than the fly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Already a Giant and Still Growing.

Allegany can boast of perhaps one of the largest boys of his age to be found in the State. His name is William M. Wittig, and he resides with his parents in Frostburg. He is a little over sixteen years and eight months old. For the past two years he has been growing at the rate of one half an inch per month. His height is 6 feet 4 1/2 inches, and he weighs 186 pounds. He wears a No. 7 1/2 hat and No. 11 shoe. His hand measures 16 1/2 inches around the knuckles when closed. His chest measure is 44, and his waist 41 inches. He has always enjoyed excellent health, and possesses an appetite which would alarm most people, as it calls for about what would satisfy three ordinary laboring men at each meal. He lifts 350 pounds with ease. The young giant is still growing.—Maryland Cor. Baltimore Sun.

Some Notable Wagers.

Of single bets made on American horse races the following instances are taken from the records: Haughton bet Walton \$14,000 to \$1,000 against Girofle. Haughton bet Kelly \$20,000 to \$5,000 against Henlopen. Appleby & Johnson bet P. Lorillard \$11,000 to \$10,000 against Pizarro, and \$25,000 to \$5,000 against Leo in the same race. In each of these cases it is probable that the owners risked ten times these amounts on each of the races, as the bets above stated were only made with one bookmaker.—W. B. Curtiss in Forum.

THE SPORTING WORLD

FOOTBALL.

A large crowd witnessed the championship match on Saturday afternoon between McGill and Britannia on the College grounds, which resulted in favor of the latter, who now assume the title of champions. At the end of the first half both teams were equal, but in the second half the Britannias piled up the points rapidly and when time was called the score stood: Brits, 18; McGill, 8.

The third match this season for the intermediate championship was played on Saturday afternoon between the Montreal and Britannia second teams. The Montrealers were successful by a score of 13 to 10.

The Thistles and Rangers played a match on Logan's farm when the former won by 2 goals to 1.

LACROSSE.

Lacrosse enthusiasts are very much elated over the match to-day between the two champion teams—Montreal and Cornwall, and expectation is running wild as to the probable result. The Cornwall will have in the field the same team that has carried their colors to victory all through the season, and the Montrealers, although a little out of form, having had no practice for some time, will place a team in the field worthy to cope with them. If the weather only keeps favorable there will be an immense crowd to witness, what the records of both teams warrant us in saying will be the best game of lacrosse ever played here.

The Victorias and Violets tried to settle the Junior Lacrosse Championship on Saturday last, but to no purpose, as each team secured two goals and darkness intervened before the decisive game could be finished.

ATHLETICS.

Malcolm W. Ford, the ex-champion athlete and gymnastic director of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who has been dangerously ill for some time with typhoid fever, is now slowly recovering.

An Australian sprinter now shares with John Owen, jr., of the Detroit Athletic Club, the distinction of having run 100 yards in less than even time. The New Jersey Athletic Club has accepted the record of 9.45 seconds of W. I. McPherson, of Sydney, New South Wales, made at the annual championship meeting at Auckland.

At the recent N. Y. A. C. games "Jim" Mitchell, the weight thrower, broke the world's (his own) record for throwing the 56lb weight by 4 1/2 inches, his best throw being 34 feet 11 inches.

THE RING.

The subscriptions to Jack Dempsey's benefit at the Pacific Athletic Club, San Francisco, Friday night, amounted to \$38,000.

Billy Madden has wisely refused the offer of President Noel, of the New Orleans Olympic Club, to hang up a purse for Peter Maher, the young Irishman, and Jake Kilrain. A victory over Kilrain would not raise Maher's stock a great deal. Madden is ready to match his portage against Jim Corbett, Charlie Mitchell or Peter Jackson, and if the Olympic Club will hang up a suitable purse he will send Maher into the ring in great shape.

Another Australian fighter has been forced to lower his colors to an American. George Dally, the bantamweight, who came from Australia a few months ago, was knocked out in 29 rounds by Billy Donnegan at San Jose, Cal., the other night. Dally has had three contests in San Francisco and was considered a good man.

CRICKET.

Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers defeated Chicago by an innings and 90 runs.

The English cricketers defeated a picked Western Ontario team at Toronto by an innings and 54 runs. At the conclusion of the match an exhibition game was started, the Englishmen taking the bat, who when time was called had 207 runs for the loss of six wickets.

ATHLETIC.

"Cuckoo" Jim Collins, the noted professional sprinter, has gone to England to try and win another Sheffield handicap.

A. A. Jordan, the all-round amateur athletic champion, will not compete for that championship next year. He has won the title twice, and he proposes to step aside and allow the younger aspirants to try their luck.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hanlan defeated McLean in a three mile race in out rigged skiffs at Vancouver, B. C., on Monday by two hundred yards. Hanlan gave McLean thirty feet start, but before a hundred yards were covered he had passed McLean and never afterwards was hard pressed. The water was in splendid condition. Time, 21.31 1/2.

The Grand Military steeplechases which take place at Blue Bonnets this afternoon in aid of the Feather Bonnet fund of the Royal Scots, should be attended by every one desirous of supporting the efficiency of our city corps. It says much for the enterprise and self-denial of our Highlanders that they have equipped themselves out of their own pay in

the garb of old Gaul without asking for one cent's worth of assistance from the Government, and now that they wish to put the finishing touch to their glorious uniform by adding to it the feather bonnet at a cost of nearly \$6,000 it will say little for the patriotism of our citizens if they do not assist them by attending what promises to be a capital day's racing.

Articles of agreement were drawn up at the Rosemore House, Cornwall, on Monday between John D. McPherson, champion shot pinner of the world, who recently returned from Scotland, and an unknown to be furnished by J. P. Tobin, for a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, to take place in the Music Hall on the 27th for \$100 a side and the gate receipts. Sinclair Mackay, of Montreal, is said to have been agreed upon as stakeholder and referee.

Chas. Reed's bid of \$100,000 for St. Blaise was the first and only offer made for the horse. It is now stated that an agent of J. B. Haggin, the Californian turfman who owns Salvator, Firenze and Sir Modred, has offered Mr. Reed \$25,000 for his bargain.

There is talk of a Toronto lacrosse team visiting Great Britain next year. Correspondence is to be opened at once with a view of ascertaining what fixtures could be made and the prospects of expenses being met.

Saw His Ideal's Photograph.

Apropos of boarded doors and windows, there is a romance attached to one in Philadelphia. It seems that after reaching Bar Harbor, Madame remembered something which had been left behind in that darkened house. She wanted it, but her husband was traveling, so she could not ask him to go to the house for it. She had a nephew from the south visiting her. He offered to go to her house and get it for her.

His aunt lived in one of the rows in which every house is like its neighbor. He had always recognized her's by its double row of black tiling across the house, and took but little notice of the number.

Alas! when he reached Philadelphia he had forgotten the number, and there were two houses with painted bricks and next but one to each other. Which was the one for which he had the keys? He finally decided one—his keys fitted, so he felt safe. He entered and went immediately to the second floor. He now discovered that he was not in the right house—it being furnished in a style entirely different from that which stamped his aunt's apartments.

As he looked around his eyes rested upon a portrait of a girl. He gazed fascinated; it was the face of his ideal realized. He took it up, studied it, held it off at arm's length, drew it near and at last took his unknown from the dainty frame and swore he would find the original.

Luckily, he got out of the house and no one saw him. He returned to Bar Harbor; he could get no information there; his aunt's neighbors were traveling in Europe but they had no daughter. He sought for her at all the summer resorts; at last he found her, and—well, the engagement is announced.—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

A Strange Romance.

Plans have been laid for the presentation at the Douglas county jail in a few days of a drama of love and law, the like of which has never been attempted, with one exception, on the mimic stage of real life. The climax of the play will be the marriage of a condemned murderer and self confessed thief and ex-convict to a woman who has clung to him through all his troubles and is willing to clasp his hand, red with the innocent blood of two helpless old people, and swear to love, honor and obey him until death, directed by the strong arm of the law, doth them part.

Ed Neal, who is to be executed, is to be married to a woman of the town known as Josephine Clarke. The story of their wooing is unequalled in the annals of love. Shortly after his arrest and return to this city, and after he was confined in the county jail, she appeared upon the scene. She talked with him through the bars and offered words of encouragement both to the accused and his attorneys. Long before the case was called for trial in the district court this woman not only rendered valuable assistance in the way of looking up testimony, but even went further, and out of her own earnings paid many of the bills incident to the trial.

When the case was called she was an interested spectator, occupying a front seat within the bar and as near the prisoner as possible. After each session of the court she followed him to the jail door, and after the man was locked in his cell she would stand under his window for hours at a time talking in a low tone of voice trying to cheer him. When he was convicted she made several efforts to effect his escape.—Omaha Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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

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CHILD OF THE CITY STREETS.

Well may you sigh for flowers,
Child of the city streets!
For a leaf from greenwood bowers,
Where the cooling breeze retreats.

Only a vernal glint
Cools the fever of your desire;
Only a miser's hint
Of the beauty that lifts us higher.

Where you would have butterflies gay,
And birds to sing untiring,
Falls the shadow of want all day
To deaden the soul's aspiring.

Not for your feet the clover,
Child of the city streets!
Stone presses under and over,
Your heart in a prison beats.

Where you would have flowers blooming
And waters with rainbow spray,
A mountain of stone is looming
To shut the heavens away.

Not for your hot caress
Blooms the lily white and cool;
It floats in idleness,
A dream on the woodland pool.

Only in sleep for you
The fruited bow dips low;
You wander dreamland through
To find where the violets grow.

Stone walls press back the green
God gave for tired eyes;
A narrow court would veer
Your gaze from the very skies.

Hard is your path of duty,
Barren of childhood sweets;
Well may we sigh for beauty,
Waif of the city streets!

—Arkansas Traveler.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Jones, did you ever hear the Song of the Shirt? No, (hic) Billings, I never did. Fact is (hic) I didn't know a shirt could (hic) sing.

Poverty-stricken suitor—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel! I should think so! Nothing to eat and still less to wear. Not me!

Once Wilkes asked an elector to vote for him. No, replied the man warmly, I'd rather vote for the devil. Yes, responded Wilkes, but in this case your friend doesn't stand.

I have often wanted to visit a lunatic asylum; but I suppose there is none in the city? No; but we've got a board of trade. Come along. It's in session. It will do just as well.

Father—Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal? Old Uncle John—When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me.

Once when Mr. Tourgee was to lecture at Chicago, the chairman, by way of introducing him, said: A few years ago there appeared in this country a book which soon became famous. I do not doubt that you have all read it. Its title is A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools. I have now the pleasure of introducing the author of that book.

Book Agent—Can't I sell you a copy of the Exploration of the Holy Land? Hostetter McGinnis—I can't read. But your wife might want to read it. She can't read either. How about your children? They can read, can't they? Not a word. Well, you keep a cat, don't you? Yes, but the cat can't read, either, I know that, but you need something to throw at the cat, and this book is just the right size.

Analyzing a Word—A teacher gave out words for analysis. Bank-note was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis: Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of bank and note. Bank is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; note, to set down. Bank-note, to set down by the side of a stream.

The Way Clear—Beg pardon, sir, said the man who had been standing up in the aisle of the car, as he wedged himself down by the side of a man who was trying to occupy two seats, but have you ever traveled in Germany? I have not, sir, gruffly answered the party addressed. It's an interesting country, rejoined the other pleasantly. You ought to visit it. You would have no trouble getting in now.

There's only one tailor's goose in the place said a dealer to his clerk; write to the factory at once for a dozen. The clerk turned to obey, and wrote: Send us one dozen tailor's geese immediately; but this did not seem to be right, and he changed it to, Send us one dozen tailor's geese immediately. This was no better, and he found and he found himself in a quandry, from which he finally emerged in this fashion: Send us immediately one tailor's goose, and eleven more.

THE LADIES INTERESTED
IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF
\$1,500.00!

A SPIRIT OF FRIENDLY RIVALRY STIRRED UP!

THE LADIES ALIVE
To the Great Importance of the
Undertaking!

The ladies of Canada are delighted; husbands note with pleasure the smiling faces of wives and daughters; indeed, the whole country is stirred up with a pleasurable excitement.

It simply amounts to this—that the manufacturers of the celebrated and universally used Diamond Dyes have inaugurated a grand competition scheme known as the "Diamond Dye Competition," which is freely thrown open to every mother, wife and daughter of our broad Dominion.

No less a sum than \$1,500.00 will be distributed to the mothers, wives and daughters of Canada, in first, second and third prizes. This sum is really being returned to the consumers of Diamond Dyes. Every lady in Canada can afford to become a competitor, and has sufficient intelligence and ability to make up some of the articles mentioned in the long and varied list. Ample time is afforded to all for experimenting and becoming perfect as competitors for the large cash prizes offered.

It is an unprecedented act of liberality on the part of the wealthy manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, and never before attempted by any similar institution in the world; and the public have the most ample proof that every promise will be faithfully carried out.

During the season the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes have contributed liberally to country fairs, in order to encourage Household Economy and Art. Small and almost unknown concerns have tried to stimulate this character-of work, by the offer of insignificant sums of from one to three dollars, that would not in any instance defray cost of dyeing and the making up of goods called for. We fear these small imitators have not yet discovered the fact that the ladies value too highly their time and materials, to be lured by such trifling and miserly prizes.

The fairs of our country having closed for the season, the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes mean to keep the ladies busy during the long autumn and winter evenings, by offering large and substantial prizes in keeping with the character of the work asked for.

The production of every competitor will form an exhibit in the large and well-equipped Diamond Dye establishment in Montreal, and three of the largest and best known Dry Goods firms in Canada have promised experts to award the prizes. These well-known houses are: Henry Morgan & Co., Henry and N. E. Hamilton, and John Murphy & Co.

Graham & Co., proprietors of the Montreal "Daily Star" and "Family Herald and Weekly Star," have signified their willingness to act as judges on the various Essays sent forward for competition. Young and old, rich and poor, have an equal chance in this magnificent and novel competition scheme; therefore all should willingly enter. If you have not yet received a book giving full particulars of the scheme, write at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, who will send it post free.

We are asked to remind our readers of the fact that all intending competitors should at once signify their intentions of becoming competitors, by sending in the form, properly filled up, which is found on page 15 of the book referred to. We wish to impress upon our people the fact that this contest is absolutely free to all. There is no cost for books, no entrance fees, and no money to be sent forward; it is as free to all as the air we breathe. We trust our people will do what they can in this competition, and thus sustain the reputation of our women and girls as adepts in household work and art.

Absence of Mind.

Some people find it hard, in using the telephone, to realize that they are not face to face with the person they are addressing.

A prominent merchant in the capital city of a State sat at his desk one hot day in July. In order to secure some degree of comfort he had taken off his coat and his collar and necktie.

A clerk came into the room. His Excellency the Governor wishes to speak with you through the telephone, said the clerk.

The Governor! Dear me! said the merchant.

He rose, hastily put on his collar, his necktie and his coat, gave his hair a stroke and went to the telephone to answer the Governor's call.

Might Have Known It.

While the parade of colored veterans was passing yesterday, a couple of colored people were walking along in the vicinity of a cheap jewellery stand. One looking at them would readily come to the conclusion that they had been recently married, as the buxom female eyed her companion's sturdy proportions with evident pride. Suddenly catching sight of the jewellery stand she gave her companion a vigorous nudge. He paid no attention.

Humph! Humph! Gawge!
He walked quietly on.
Hunk! Hunk! Gawge!
Wat's de mattah wid you, my deah? But he kept looking at the parade.

Hi! Gawge—look! Hain't dey cherubums?
Wat yo' talkin' 'bout, dahling?
W'y, de yeah-drops an de pin.
Wat 'bout 'em?

Oh, Gawge, you done tole me w'en I designed my haht an' han to yo' keepin', dat I shud have de pootiest yeah-drops an' pin in C'lumbus, didn't yo'?

Yo' was a young, unsophisticated maiden den, warn't yo'?

Yes, yes, but Gawge—
What de debil an ole married woman want wid flash jewellery, hey? Tell me dat, will yo'?

The great battle of life had begun.

His Wife's Pride.

The wife of an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad gave a very amusing exhibition of pride in a dry goods store a few days ago. Her husband is a very tall, thin man, the chest measure of his clothing is very small and when he buys underclothing he gets the smallest sizes. His wife is a large woman. She had gone into the store to purchase underclothing for her husband and while standing at the counter examining the goods a little bit of a woman came in and seeing the goods being displayed, said:

That is what I want, some under-shirts for my husband. No. 38, please.

What number will you have? said the salesman, addressing the first woman.

No. 38, please, was the reply.

The two women bought the same sized garments, one buying for a big chested and the other for a narrow chested man. When the latter took her purchase home and displayed it to her husband he was astonished to find the shirts so big. He said:

What the — did you buy such big shirts for?

Because.

Well, because what? I can't wear them. I don't care. I was not going to stand alongside of a little bit of a woman and buy shirts for a little bit of a man when she was buying shirts for a great big one. If you haven't any pride, I have; that's why I bought the big shirts.

Keen Scented Bloodhounds.

This county, several months ago, purchased a pack of young bloodhounds to be used in tracking escaping criminals. The dogs were placed in charge of Pat Bergen, a farmer living near here, for training. They were quick to learn, being of unusual intelligence, and have developed a sagacity that is probably not equalled by any other pack in the south.

A test of their scenting powers was given a few days ago in the presence of the board of county commissioners. The dogs were fastened in their kennels and a man was started off from Mr. Bergen's house. He skirted the fence, and reaching the railroad track climbed upon a freight car, walked along the roof of that and other cars attached, coming to the ground again at a distance of 200 yards.

He then took two long planks and walked along them, carrying each of them alternately and walking on the other, so that for a distance of 300 yards his feet nor hands never touched the ground. He then continued his course, carefully covering up his tracks in the dusty roadway by means of a stick for a distance of half a mile. He continued his course for two more miles, using various devices to destroy the trail, and finally took refuge in a tree.

About three hours after the man had reached the tree the dogs were brought out. As soon as they had caught the scent they started off on a run, finding their first difficulty at the railroad cars. They began to circle around in widening circles until the scent was picked up again at the point where the man had left the cars. The animals had but little difficulty in following the trail from there to the tree, where they came to a standstill, bellowing savagely when they discovered the object of their search.—San Antonio Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

Labor and capital are one, says the Mail and Express. Are labor and landlord one, too, or two? And which is the one?

"Tis the easiest trade of all, too, For he that's fit for nothing else is fit To own good land."

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Get HENRY OWEN to make your Rollers and you will have what you want. All sizes at low prices. Rollers cast with despatch.

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MILLAR'S
Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale,
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NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

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3184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740!
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Tickets, - - - \$1.00 11 Tickets for \$10.

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Bell Telephone 1022.
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"There is quite a difference in the pay and treatment of jurymen now and what it used to be the last time that I was on a jury," said Sinnett. "Formerly we used to get fifty cents a day, and if ever we were locked up for the night it used to be a night of misery; the beds and blankets of them days looked as though they had done service on some old packet ship and couldn't be trusted; the grub was bad and badly served, and to be 'locked up for a night' was something to be dreaded. Now, however, the thing is different; instead of fifty cents you get a dollar; you have good grub, good quarters and obliging attendants, and if you can't agree and are locked up for the night you sleep between sheets as clean as any in Montreal. The whole thing is a great improvement fully appreciated by those who find themselves on a petit jury."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Brown. "Since I am living in this ranche, if I asked you once, I asked you a dozen times to join some labor organization or other and to take a man's part in the affairs of men, but all to no purpose. They were no good, and any money paid into them was simply so much money thrown away, yet if your grub, your pay and your accommodation as a jurymen is better to-day than it used to be, you can thank these self-same labor organizations, and no one else for it. If there was a spark of honest manhood in you, you would refuse to reap where others have sown; you would refuse to benefit by the exertions of men whom you have regarded as fools and whom you have abused and vilified whenever and wherever you got a chance. As you have never yet contributed a single cent towards the maintenance and support of any labor organization, and as this particular reform by which you have benefited so much was obtained wholly and solely by the united effort of organized labor, the least that you can do under the circumstances is to either join an organization now and help them all you can, or else pay over the extra fifty cents a day which you received as jurymen into the treasury of the Trades and Labor Council or else to the Widow Flynn Fund, in either of which cases the money will be spent in securing reforms which will benefit other people as much and more than this reform has benefited you. You have never been guilty of a generous action and I don't appeal to your generosity; all that I ask on behalf of organized labor at your hands is evenhanded justice, and no more."

"And that's something that you won't get from Sinnett or others like him," said Phil. "He belongs to a class of workmen who travel as 'dead heads' throughout this world. They pay no dues and devote none of their time or thought to advance the interests of labor; the man who used a wart on the back as a collar button was a mean cuss, but he was not near as mean as the feller who is contented to share the benefits accruing to workmen through the efforts of organized labor without joining a labor organization himself."

"And this refers," said Brown, "not merely to Sinnett and the reform in our jury system, but it refers to every man in this city who now has a vote in municipal elections without having to pay Statute Labor Tax money; it refers to every man who finds his water rate reduced; it refers to every man throughout this Province who enjoys the benefits of a free night school; it refers to every man who has benefited by the introduction of factory acts, and very few who work for wages have not benefited by them; it refers to every man finding himself in the hands of greedy and unfeeling creditors still retaining sufficient household effects to maintain at least a semblance of a

home; it refers to every wage-worker who finds seventy-five per cent. of his wages absolutely free from seizure; and finally, it refers to every man of whatever trade or calling whose wages have not only been prevented from decreasing through fear of organized labor, but who has found his pay increasing through the direct or indirect influence of Unionism. I claim for organized labor the credit, the whole credit, of securing these material benefits to those who work for wages, and as a workingman and Unionist call upon those of my fellows who do not belong to any labor organization to place themselves right with their fellow-men and join me at once."

BILL BLADES.

POVERTY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR.

An interesting writer for the New York Times has been visiting in the regions of the working poor in New York City trying to learn what it costs them to live. Entering a typical store in Hester street, he gave the woman who kept it a dollar, to answer his questions, and from her he learned that such stores do a strictly cash business, that competition is at times and by spurts very keen, and that the customers pay more for what they buy than does the well-to-do householder.

He discovered that these people pay more for their common kindling wood than the millionaire does for the hard hickory logs that he sits and watches spurring on his open hearth, and that they pay as much again for their coal as does that same millionaire.

The wife of a workman would come with only 30 or 40 cents with which to purchase her supplies for the day. With that amount she would buy meat, vegetables, flour or bread, a hod of coal and a bundle of wood. It was 2 and 3 cents' worth of this and 5 cents' worth of that. Stuff usually sold by the pound was sold by the ounce, and coal and wood, instead of being bought by the ton and by the wagon load were bought here by the basket and the bundle. The prices, therefore had to be high, for the tenement house stores, selling in such small quantities, had to purchase in small quantities. Their wholesale price, owing to this fact, was almost as high as the usual retail price. In fact, they were really middlemen between the regular retailers and the people of the tenement houses whose small means did not enable them to purchase the quantities usually sold by the retailers. They did not want a pound of butter, for they had no ice to keep it on. They do not want to buy a twenty-five pound bag of flour, for they want something else besides bread to eat, and if they bought flour in that way it would take all the available funds.

How did prices run? Well, customers paid 5 cents a pound for flour. So that by the time the patrons of these tenement house stores had purchased 200 pounds they would have invested \$10 for what would have cost the millionaire \$5 at his grocery store. For a quarter of a pound of butter they paid 8 to 10 cents, or 32 to 40 cents a pound for stuff that can be purchased at any first-class store for from 25 to 30 cents a pound, and very much less by the tub. They paid 1 cent an ounce for washing soda. First-class grocers are glad to deliver it at your door for 3 cents a pound. For a cup of sugar, holding less than one-half a pound, they pay 3 cents. In a first-class store they could buy a pound for 4 cents. They paid 5 cents for half a bar of seven-cent soap, and at the rate of 40 cents a pound for a cheap tea, and 30 cents a pound for a very inferior coffee.

But the coal and wood end of the business presented an even more striking illustration of the extravagance of the poor. Nearly everybody living in the tenement houses bought their coal and wood each day. If they had money to buy coal and wood in the quantities it is ordinarily purchased, they would

not know what to do with it. They certainly could not keep it in the stuffy little rooms where they live. There is usually a cellar in each tenement house with a little place partitioned off for each family, but if they put coal and wood there it would not stay long.

Therefore these tenement house storekeepers had established the coal and wood bins for the poor. They drew their daily supplies from them, and they paid well for doing it. The storekeepers usually only kept two or three tons of coal on hand at a time. It was a light, bulky coal, yielding 100 baskets or pailsful to the ton. It cost the tenement house storekeepers \$5 a ton delivered. They sold it at 14 cents a pail, or \$14 a ton. What a wail would go up from the rich and well-to-do people of New York if they were called upon to pay any such price as that for coal.

For wood people, in the tenement houses paid 2 cents for a little bundle of soft pine, about a dozen sticks four inches long, and averaging about an inch and a half in thickness. It is the poorest kind of fuel, and in fact is fit for nothing but kindling. The man who buys his wood by the wagon-load or the cord would get more fire out of a half cent's worth of his supply than the people of the tenement houses get out of one of these two cent bundles.

About one hundred men, representing labor organizations in various parts of the State, met in Philadelphia lately and adopted resolutions denunciatory of General Master Workman Powderly, Meers, Wright and Butler, of the Knights of Labor, and the Republican leaders in the State, because of an alleged corrupt bargain between the leaders of the Knights of Labor and the Republican party. Mr. Powderly's course in accepting a Republican nomination for membership in the coming State Constitutional convention has been much criticised, and this expression seems to be directed against his conduct.

DISAPPEARED.

Messrs. O. E. Murphy and Robert McGreevy Missing.

QUEBEC, Oct. 23.—There was great excitement in Lower Town this morning when it became known that the defendants McGreevy and Murphy had failed to put in an appearance at the Criminal Court, and up to the hour of adjournment at one o'clock nothing had been heard of them. The general impression is that they went by the Quebec Central and Grand Trunk trains which left Levis last night. At the last term of the Criminal Court McGreevy's bail was not renewed, but Murphy's bondsman is J. I. Tarte, and the amount of bail is only four hundred dollars.

When Judge Bosse took his seat this morning in the Criminal Court the names of Robert H. McGreevy and Owen E. Murphy, the defendants in the conspiracy case, were called out by the crier. When they did not answer the Sheriff was instructed to bring them before the court. After a short time the Sheriff returned and declared to the court that they could not be found. Judge Bosse then declared their bonds forfeited and Mr. Lemieux, M. P. P., then addressed jury for the defendant, McGreevy.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Pioneer Temple of Honor has changed its night of meeting to Tuesday in each week in their new hall, 323 Notre Dame street.

Counterfeit fifty cent pieces are in circulation in the city and a number of storekeepers have already been taken in by them. The counterfeit is said to be a very good one, bearing the date of 1876, and it gives a good ring.

The members of D. A. 18, K. of L., will discuss the question of compulsory voting on Sunday afternoon at 3.30 in their hall, 21 Chaboulez street. The public are cordially invited to attend and take part in the discussion.

Mr. H. A. Madley, printer, of this city, has been appointed District Deputy High Chief Ranger of the Canadian Order of Forerangers in and for the District of Montreal. The appointment is one which will give general satisfaction to the members, and we are sure that under Mr. Madley's genial supervision the Order will ere long show increased vitality and membership.

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