

THE ECHO.

Published under the Auspices of Montreal Typographical Union No. 176 in the Interest of Organized Labor.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1890.

No. 7



THE REBELLIOUS LOVER.

She's as charming, men say,
As a bright day in May,
Or as ever a dear girl could be,
She's so dainty and sweet,
I would like the receipt
For a daintier maiden than she.

But she bothers me so
That I really don't know
Whether knowing her pays, after all.
She's a torment and tease,
And she's so hard to please
That my life is all wormwood and gall.

So why not let her slide,
All her beauty defied?
There are always good fish in the sea.
And what do I care
How'er she be fair,
If she's always so unfair to me?

NOTES FROM THE LABOR FIELD.

EUROPEAN.

Edinburgh cabmen are on strike.
Paris rag-pickers have formed a union.
The barge builders are in the seventh week of their strike.
There are fears of a strike among the tanners at Beverly, England.
There is a general strike threatened in the Lancashire cotton trade.
There are strikes at Leeds among the tailors, dyers and iron workers.
The cabinet makers of East Manchester are on strike for an increase of wages.
An effort is being made to organize the women in the match-box making industry.
The threatened strike of the Cumberland coal miners has been postponed for a fortnight.
A crowd smashed the windows of three grocers' shops in Glasgow lately, the proprietors refusing to close early.
Quicksilver miners in Spain get 20 cents per day. In five years the men are physically unable to continue the labor.
The daily wages of the workmen employed in the gun factories at Spandau, Germany, have been increased 15 to 20 per cent.
The London police force comprises 16,000 men. There is discontent among them because of inadequate pay. They may strike.
The United Democratic Club, of London, has formed a "Fair Rent Union," which calls on the people to co-operate in sweeping away the slums and all other unsanitary structures, and to unite in a demand for the extension of the principle of judicial rents to town and country.

All of the compositors engaged on the Scottish Leader were dismissed by the manager recently. The staff had intimated that in the event of any matter being brought into the office which had been set up in a non-unionist office they would lay down their sticks and walk out. The manager announced that such matter would be brought in, and ordered the staff to leave the office, a request to which the men readily assented.

A somewhat singular strike exists at the works of the Consett Iron Works Company, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the largest concerns of the kind in the north of England. The steel smelters and gas producers, numbering about 200, have refused to work with four or five men who are not members of the British Steelmelters' Association, and have come out on strike, confirming their action by a ballot. By their strike they have caused about 1,200 steel-plate mill-men and mechanics, not con-

cerned in the strike, to be thrown out of employment, as the latter are unable to proceed with their work in the absence of those on strike.

AMERICAN.

Michigan lawyers have organized.
Pittsburg stonecutters demand \$4.05.
Allegheny stonecutters struck for \$4.05.
McKeesport, Pa., hod carriers won \$2.50.
Cleveland steamboat firemen struck for \$45.
Cleveland shoe workers struck against a forewoman.
In St. Louis many women get \$2 for seventy two hours.
The Pennsylvania Railroad has advanced wages 7 per cent.
The new Brass Workers' Union of New York, which was organized last week, has already seventy members.
Paterson, N.J., silk ribbon weavers were cut 15 to 20 per cent.
The iron and steel workers will demand 10 per cent. advance.
San Francisco stair builders kick against the use of Chicago-made stairs.
Baltimore block pavers struck for \$4, nine hours and eight on Saturday.
St. Paul barbers want early closing, and paper hangers have organized.
Baltimore, Chicago and Erie patternmakers won 25 cents a day advance.
The garment Miss Fair, of California, wore at her wedding cost over \$100,000.
The cigarmakers of New York are winning their strikes in all sections of the city.
Philadelphia glazed kid is crowding the French article out of the American market.
The St. Paul stonecutters are winning the strike of a year ago for eight hours and \$4.
The Workingwomen's Improvement Association of Chicago board women luxuriously for \$2.25 a week.
The Cleveland brewers won. Union men will have the preference. Ten hours a day and \$13.50 to \$15 a week.
The International Shoeworkers' Union has 23,000 members, is young and has raised wages \$300,000 a year, and gained other points.
A Cleveland granite firm allowed its men the nine-hour day and agreed to abide by the same terms of settlement as shall ensue in Massachusetts and Rhode Island strikes.
The Central Labor Union of Boston on Sunday adopted resolutions, announcing the new organization known as the Progressive Freestone Cutters' Union as "a body of organized scabs."

The Brooklyn Labor Lyceum adopted a resolution last Sunday endorsing the action of Collector Ehrhardt in returning the seven glassblowers who came to this country last week under contract from Belgium.
On Monday morning a strike began among the iron workers at Thomas Marvel's shipyard in Newburgh. About one hundred men laid down their tools and went away, leaving work at a standstill. The strikers made no demand, but went out because the firm had abolished the Saturday afternoon holiday.

THE REAL PHILOSOPHY OF PHRENOLOGY.

"This protuberance on the back of the head," said the phrenologist professor, as he turned his young subject toward the audience, "is the bump of philo-
sopho-genitiveness. It proves in the present case this boy has an extraordinary love for his parents. Is it not true, my son?"
"Well, I like my mother, but I don't know about my daddy."
"Why, how is that?"
"Well, that lump you're blowing about is where he hit me yesterday with a barrel stave."—Philadelphia Times.

HE FELT GRATEFUL.

Patrolman Dan Searle was quietly pacing his beat a few days ago when he came upon a robust woman carrying a brick and evidently under some mental excitement.
"What are you doing with that brick?" he inquired.
"Oh, nothin', sor. I jist found it an' thought I'd take it home."
"Now, you don't expect me to believe any such stuff as that, do you?"
"Well, there, then," and she threw the brick into an alley and walked away. At the end of the block the officer met a diminutive man, who came from behind the corner of a building, and said gratefully:
"God bless you, for makin' her drop that brick. It was for me she wor carryin' it. I refused to give her me \$9 wages whin I wint home an' found her drinkin', an' she's been lookin' for me iver since."—Detroit Free Press.

ATCHISON PHILOSOPHY.

The desire to get even is the first acknowledgment of failure.
A fool can never sit in a corner; they are always in the middle of the room.
If our sins were only as unobtrusive as the goodness of others is obtrusive.
You can flatter the worst idler on earth by telling him he is working too hard.
Some letters are unanimous even when the authors' names are signed to them.
Some people sponge on their friends so much that they absorb all their profits.
Groans are like compliments—there is only about one in a dozen that is genuine.
When your ship finally comes in, it will probably be mortgaged for all it is worth.
It is not what others think of you that make you; it is what you think of others.
If you have nothing to give, then you may believe the nice things people say to you.
The possibility of being found out is the greatest moral agent, when you get right down to facts.
Whenever there is a victory won the first thought of the conqueror is that the reward is not worth the struggle.—Atchison Globe.

A FACT.

There is a dry goods firm in Cincinnati who hold the life-blood of their employees cheaper than their greatest bargains in dry goods. Their nefarious business is carried on in this way: They first take on a lot of new hands to "Learn the business," keep them about six weeks for nothing, then raise their wages to \$1 per week. To give them this last position they discharge a number of others who are working for from \$2 to \$3 per week, and fill the places left vacant by the \$1 a week girls with still another set "to learn the business." When these have mastered the art of measurement and know that 34 inches make a yard, and that goods worth 5 cents in the piece are cheap at 10 cents when cut up into remnants, then they are worth a dollar, and the dollar girls are worth two dollars, and the two-dollar girls are not needed.—Living Issues.

BURNS ON BRADLAUGH.

Mr. C. Bradlaugh, M.P., having recently criticized adversely the proposed legal eight-hours day movement, he has been replied to by Mr. John Burns, the leader in London's recent great strike. The following is the concluding portion of his reply:—
The objections raised against the legal eight-hour day are:
First—Foreign competition would ruin many of our industries.
The foreign competition argument was used from 1802 up to 1878, against the Factory and other acts, and its weakness was shown by the doubling of our wealth between 1844 and 1858, when the hours of labor were reduced from fourteen to ten for women and children, and also, indirectly, for men where the two sexes worked together. Sir James Graham and Mr. Roebuck, who had spoken against the passing of the acts, afterward apologized for their opposition, as their predictions were completely falsified. Mr. Bradlaugh, who only repeats their arguments, will have to do the same in the near future. Further than this, the Continental workmen (and it is a cheerful fact) are more eager in favor of the eight-hour movement than we are.

The second objection is, that the eight hours day would mean reduced wages.
Whatever justification this argument may have in theory, it is disproved by experience. No political economist will now venture to assert, even in theory, that shorter hours mean smaller wages. The twelve, ten, and nine-hour agitations were productive of higher wages, and when not that, certainly no diminution. The objection is historically untrue, especially so in the trade to which I belong. Wages are determined to-day, under machine industry and sub-division of labor, not so much by the ability of the workers as by the number of competitors in the unemployed labor market, created generally by the excessive hours of those in work. Though we cannot, and do not, wish to abolish machinery, we can remove or palliate the competition by reducing hours. Reduced wages would not follow this action, as the determining factor, the unemployed, would have been absorbed; consequently a raise in wages would be more probable than a diminution. This is proved by the bakers, who obtained last year a forty per cent. reduction of hours, with a higher wage, by the gas-stokers with thirty per cent. less hours and a higher wage, and also by the employees of the London City Council. If, by an Eight-hour bill, every employer were virtually driven to take on additional hands, at the time all his rivals were doing the same, would that be the time for reducing wages? Would it not rather mean, as with gas-stokers, a time for increasing wages? Certain it is that in all trades, skilled or unskilled, the shorter the hours, the higher the wage. Wages are also regulated by the standard of

comfort of those who receive them. The man who works sixteen hours per day has a lower standard than the man who works eight, because his social, physical, and intellectual requirements, through the absence of leisure and opportunities, cannot be developed, without which his standard cannot improve, nor his powers of consumption increase, and in so doing give opportunity for work to others that leisure and desire set in motion. The fact is, the absorption of one and a quarter millions of unemployed would create a demand for commodities in the home market which would more than counter-balance the increased cost of production consequent upon the generally reduced hours.
In the interests of health, overtime must be abolished, and long hours reduced, to prevent the physical deterioration that is now going on. That great incentive to crime, compulsory idleness, can only disappear by honest toil being made more lucrative, certain, and attractive.

A SIGH FOR REST.

"I wish I would get sick," remarked a fourteen-year-old working girl a few days ago within hearing of the issue, "because then I could rest."
Great Heavens! Is this grand, free America? and is this a free born American child expressing honestly a wish for even sickness, that it may bring rest from weary toil?
This child has been in the workshop long hours every day for the last two or three years, and now at fourteen finds life a burden.
And if this weary child should be stricken down with diseases, and the poor, broken constitution could not withstand its ravages, and the little thin hands should be folded over the heart that beats no more, and the little white soul should wing its way to the rest that is eternal, would there not be some pious fraud to step in and say it was one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, and that it was all the will of the Lord?
The man or woman who could look upon such a wreck, the direct result of man's damnable systems, and call it the will of God ought to be taken in charge for idiosyncrasy, or denounced as a howling hypocrite.
But the child-labor bill did not pass last winter, and Ohio seems perfectly satisfied with these "mysterious dispensations."—Living Issues.

DRIVEN BY HARD POVERTY.

A shirtmakers' strike! These working women, driven by hard poverty, became desperate and actually refused to work sixteen hours a day making shirts thirty-five or fifty cents a dozen. Unreasonable mortals! It is impossible to live on these earnings; they are merely sufficient to starve on. The wolf is always at the door, whining for entrance, and the enfeebled toilers have scarcely strength enough to keep him back. This is a picture well worth our pondering. Philanthropy may be puzzled to find a solution of the problem, and religion may feebly sigh that such a state of things can exist in a great Christian city like New York; but facts are facts, and sooner or later they must be faced. Immense wealth on the one side, poverty as dark and hopeless as the pit on the other: the impossibility of earning an honest livelihood and the temptation to lead a life of sin and plenty overlap each other. Then, when the girl, half starved and poorly clad, shivering with cold and utterly friendless, surrenders to fate, we cry, "Shame!" deplore the infelicity of the times and marvel that so many of our blooming youth betake themselves to evil ways. If tears can flow at human suffering they will not withstand the sorrows of a shirtmakers' life, but fall like heavy rain. Between the upper and nether millstones of fierce and ruthless competition these half-paid women are being ground—thousands of them—to powder.—New York Herald.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

HE GOT A CHEW.

There was a painter working at the top of a long ladder on Fourth avenue yesterday, when a tramp came along and called to him:
"Hey, you! got any of the weed about you?"
"Well, you've got cheek!" replied the painter, as he looked down and sized the man up.
"Gimme a chew?"
"No, sir!"
"Does that go?"
"You bet it goes."
"All right—here's another thing to go with it." And he pulled the foot of the ladder five feet outward, while the painter uttered a yell of terror.
"Hey, you! do you chew?"
"Y-yes."
"Got any to spare?"
"Lots."
"Throw 'er down."
The painter dropped his plug to the ground and the tramp bit off a royal bite, placed the remainder on a stone and went his way with a whistle in one corner of his mouth and a pucker in the other.

The Echo.

ALL LABOR IS SACRED.—Carlyle.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, 1890.

"COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS."

A week or ten days ago the Honorable Peter Mitchell of the Herald and his factotum, Mr. St. John, were jubilant. They announced editorially that the Herald news-room had been filled with a staff of competent (?) non-union men, and they would, therefore, be able in the future to give the public a readable newspaper. Peter himself was so overjoyed that he had to send the glad tidings by telegraph to some of his friends in New Brunswick, which they in turn communicated to the St. John, N.B., press. Peter was so confident in the integrity of his rats that he even stopped their free dinners, free beer and free cigars. And it was just here that Peter made the fatal mistake. If he wanted fidelity he should have continued treating. In a recent number the Echo predicted what the result would be when these outcasts from the ranks of organized labor got down to hard pan, and it came sooner than we anticipated. No sooner was their beer allowance stopped than these social pariahs began to "kick," and kick they did to some purpose. On Monday evening of last week, shortly after commencing work for the night, thirteen of Mr. St. John's pets threw down their sticks and walked out of the office. This was a sore blow to the Herald managing editor as it completely shattered his dream of procuring men who would not kick over the traces however much they were put upon. But even rat labor revolts at the idea of setting intricate tabular work at the same rate as straight matter. Thus they left the paper in a ditch out of which it has not yet succeeded in crawling, for it again presents the woebegone appearance it did the first week of the lock-out. And what guarantee is there, even supposing Mr. St. John should procure additional hands, that they will not serve him in the same way? Can any reliance be placed upon them? The men now working there are underselling in the labor market, and they would just as soon turn round and sell Mr. St. John. Every man among them has his price. They could be bribed to go either road, and the only question is, is the game worth the candle? Of course the Herald kept all this to themselves. They were afraid to let the public know how they had been fooled by the "reliable" men whom they had petted and feasted day by day, and so they kept silent. Notwithstanding their silence, however, this fresh troubled leaked out, and during the past week the Herald has been the laughing-stock of the good citizens of Montreal, the great majority of whom have no wish to see labor degraded and underpaid. The popular verdict is "served them right."

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

The thirty-eighth annual session of the International Typographical Union sitting in Atlanta, Ga., have completed their labors, and the results on the whole are satisfactory. The Printers' Home has been settled, and we may now look to see the completion of this benevolent project in the near future. The gentlemen selected as trustees are well known in the profession as trustworthy and progressive, and we have no doubt they will carry on the work to the satisfaction of the trade. The International stands in the foremost rank of labor organizations at the present time, and its deliberations are always of interest to the craft at large. One of the lady delegates, Miss Taylor, of Cincinnati, has earned the eternal gratitude of the subs by her persistent

advocacy of the six-day rule. It is a just measure, and one which we heartily approve. There are some men mean enough for anything, but the party mentioned by Miss Taylor must be the very essence of meanness. She mentioned a man employed in the office where she worked who had labored continuously for sixteen years, seven nights a week, and actually set type in the office the night on which his wife died! All honor to the lady for the unselfish interest she takes in the welfare of others. Boston is chosen as the meeting place next year, and it is in order for Montreal to hustle and secure the honor of a visit in 1892.

THE HERALD LOCK-OUT.

It was at one time hoped during the past week that the locked-out compositors of the Herald would have been able to return with honor to their former situations, but this belief has been rudely shattered by the emphatic refusal of the proprietors to consider a series of propositions placed before them on behalf of the men. The proposals of the men were reasonable and such as would have done the Herald credit in accepting. It is clear now, therefore, that they are dead-set against organized labor in every shape, and more particularly against the fraternity of Union printers. It would be well for the working classes of Montreal to bear this in mind when they are about to bestow favors, remembering, according to the old Scotch adage, that "every little makes a muckle." Until such time as the proprietors of the Herald come to a settlement with their late employees that office will remain closed to all honorable men, and to those who practice and hold dear the principles of Unionism. By their conduct during the continuance of this dispute the locked-out men have shown an example of loyalty to their cause which is the admiration of all. The end seems as far off as ever, but the men are just as determined, and await with unabated confidence the ultimate issue.

Did the foreman of the Herald not know how to get that bank statement into the first column? If not we will send an apprentice to teach him.

If the make-up of the Herald on Saturday is a sample of the workmanship of the new foreman, he should go into some good office and learn his trade.

WHAT do the advertisers of the Herald think of the paper on Saturday? Whole pages of the day before, without a change, except in the date line.

WHAT do the stockholders of the Herald company think of the way their property is being ruined by incompetent men? Soon there will not be enough type left to get out a paper.

EATON'S Advertiser has the following and it does not require a binocular to see who it is driving at:—

The Corporation wisely decided to deny the request of the proprietor of a Montreal paper to be allowed to store several tons of "boiler plate" on Victoria Square. The newspaper men's intention was to provide for emergencies, in case his "comps" should take it into their naughty heads to strike at some future time. By the way, "boiler plate" has become a potent factor in newspaper difficulties, and the printers should insist on its being relegated to that bourne from whence no rat-assisting boiler plate e're returns.

"MULTUM IN PARVO," writing from Hamilton, Ont., draws attention to the difference in rates and the methods of working adopted by a newspaper office in this city. We have no doubt his statements are true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, but we are of opinion that it would be injudicious

to publish his letter at the present time. The system he describes is a premium offered to slavery, and its continuance means physical ruin and moral degradation to the man. What can be thought of a man who hangs around the office waiting for it to open in the morning, swallows a lunch disinterred from his vest pocket about midday, and has to be driven out of the office at night by the foreman, all the time with his nose in his space box? Yet "Multum in Parvo" says this system of working is encouraged in the office in question.

WE ARE IMPROVING.

Rev. David Utter, of Chicago, said in a recent sermon: "Taking the world as it is, I can see some force in the claim of those who insist there is as much savagery in the world to-day as ever before. The war spirit is present, manifesting itself in new channels. But just as the old war spirit died away by great combination, so better intelligence will correct the evils complained of. Hence I hail with pleasure the combinations of employees as the dawn of a new era. Just now they combine to coerce their employers to do what they want done. My sympathies are with them. The capitalists can take care of themselves. I am glad to see that there is no longer a disposition on the part of working people to resort to violence."

HOME BY ONE O'CLOCK.

The devices that men employ to fool their wives as to the hour at which they reach home when out with the "boys" are numerous, but a newspaper man hit on a new one not long ago. It is queer that the same trick has not been adopted with enough frequency to have become popular. This man has a clock in his house which strikes "1" at the half hour, and when he has a night off he gauges himself to get home a few minutes before some half hour. If it is 4 o'clock he waits until about 4.20, and then goes bustling in, making noise enough to wake up the dead. The sleepy wife throws the covers off her head and says: "Oh! is that you! What time is it?" The husband replies carelessly: "Time? Nearly 1, I guess; I don't know exactly, my dear." By this time the clock strikes "1" and the wife is satisfied. Long before the hour of 5 is reached the wife is again asleep, and she never suspects her lord and master has played it on her.—Chicago Herald.

OVER-PRODUCTION.

There is no such thing as over-production absolutely; relatively there is. To illustrate. There may be more iron rails in the market than railroads want or need to make all necessary repairs or additions to their roads, but if railroads were built over all the area that is not covered by railroads or that need them, there would not be, with all the surplus rails in the market, iron rails enough to build a tenth part of the roads that could be projected. But in the merchandise that enters into direct consumption there is never such a thing as even relative over-production, although such a thing is possible. Manufacturers say there is an "over-production," and shut down their shops and throw people out of employment. Then a strange anomaly appears. People go barefooted because there are too many shoes; naked, because there is too much food; cold, because there is too great an output of coal.

There is not over-production, but improper distribution. Give the producer the just products of his labor, the extra pair of shoes, the suit of clothes, the necessary food, and the surplus will be exhausted as quick as a snow-drift in June.

THE DANGER THAT THREATENS THEM.

With the hungry wolf licking his bloody chops before almost every door—with chattel mortgage sales of almost daily occurrence in all our principal towns, with the best bushel of potatoes, the best calf and the best colt laid daily on the altar of the usurer's claims—these powers of money, these creatures of the people, these insatiable corporations, step into our conventions and seize the sacred ermine and the lawgiver's power solely in order to stifle future legislation and hold their grip upon the purses of the people. The ballot box is the people's sacred ark of the covenant of God. Its seizure by these powers means its destruction. Mere thieves might be let off by society with only mild condemnation, and no great harm be done. Buccaneers and pirates might foil the clutches of the law, and society be only temporarily the worse. But when pirates and buccaniers seize the very source of the law, and the very fountain-head of justice, with the fell design of perverting them to their own uses and maintaining themselves in power, liberty must cover her face with her mantle to hide her tears, and the last hope of the people sinks in a sombre cloud. O, for a pen of fire, that we might write words that would burn into the people's hearts, to warn them of the danger that threatens them.—Lincoln (Neb.) Alliance.

FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT

For Sale. Spoon oars; good condition; price \$6. Enquire 76 Charron st., Point St. Charles.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Wednesday, June 25th.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Handsome 42 inch Bordered Chambrays in all the newest shades.

SHOT BROCADES.

Brocaded Chambrays in new colors. Novelties in Fancy Chambrays.

CHECKS.

Stripes, Plaids, Brocades.

FROSTED.

Novelties in Fancy Chambrays.

SCOTCH PLAIDS.

Plain Chambrays in new shades.

ART SHADES.

Soft finished lawn for dresses in all the newest high art shades.

NOVELTIES.

Many novelties represented in this department.

A BARGAIN LINE.

Plain and Checked Chambrays, 7½c per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

SATEEN DEPARTMENT.

FRENCH SATEENS.

VERY RICH.

French Sateens, the newest modes from Paris, in all qualities.

CHOICE SELECTION

of Persian designs, in light colors.

ENGLISH SATEENS.

A large stock of the newest patterns and shades in English Sateens just received from England.

CAMBRICS.

Handsome Delaine Pattern Cambrics.

PRINTS AND SATEENS

Handsome Sateens, 10c, 11c, 12c yard. New Pattern Prints, 6½c, 7½c, 8½c, 10c. Choice English Drillettes, 12c yard.

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777

Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL.

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

No cards are received by Montreal Typographical Union pending a settlement of the trouble in the Herald newsroom. Tourists would do well to give Montreal a wide berth for some time to come. The Herald newsroom is closed to all honorable men.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Oh! the Summer Girl is coming; so the dickie birdies say. You can hear her banjo tumming in the old familiar way. From her sea-blown hair so curly to her dainty little feet. She's intensely girly-girly, and she's

Just Too Sweet!

But beware of all her graces and her fetching little ways. Though her net of filmy lace is, yet it's quite a tangled maze. Once her eyes, so brown and mellow, bring you to her slippered feet. You will find some other fellow thinks she's

Just Too Sweet!

SPORTING NEWS

The Gazette says: There is a rumor about that Mr. McKeown will resign the captaincy of the Shamrock Lacrosse club. The reason, it is said, is that the players are not ambitious enough in turning out to practice.

Matt Swift, a well known Quebec horseman, has a green five year old pacing gelding which he claims to have driven on Saturday a half mile in 1 minute 15 seconds, the last quarter being covered in 36 1/2 seconds.

O'Connor, who was beaten by Stansbury, has protested against the payment of the stakes to the latter. O'Connor claims the race on the ground that Stansbury took his water a quarter of a mile from the start, and that a foul ensued. The umpires deny that there was a foul. The Sydney Herald states that O'Connor has claimed the championship because Kemp would not accept his challenge. O'Connor will not row in Australia again. He will challenge Kemp to row on the Thames for £500 a side.

The fight between La Blanche and young Mitchell, which was to have occurred at the California Athletic Club next Friday, has been declared off. The cause most generally assigned is the recent declaration of the Chief of Police that he will arrest the principals and seconds when they enter the ring.

John L. Sullivan pleaded guilty on Wednesday to the charge of prize fighting, and the court fined him \$500.

PEPPER YOUR STRAWBERRIES.

"Pepper on your strawberries?" said a dusky waiter at Dooner's Hotel yesterday.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished guest, trying to think what day it was, lest there might be some reason for playing a joke on him. "No, thank you. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, boss," said the other, "all gentlemen now takes pepper on strawberries. Just try one."

The guest did as directed and to his surprise found it delightful, and soon sprinkled the whole saucer with the condiment.

"Do I now call for salt, mustard and vinegar?" said the guest, "I want to be up to the times."

"No, sah, take 'em jist that way, you'll find 'em elegant."

The guest investigated and soon found that a gentlemen from the Orange Free State, in South Africa, was stopping at the hotel recently and insisted on treating his berries with pepper. This set the fashion, which is rapidly coming into favor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE EXCURSIONIST.

She riseth betimes in the morning and stirreth up her household.

The daughters of her flock doth she array in garments stiff and shining; she decketh them with ribbons gorgeous to behold; the sons thereof she cautioneth as to the care of their Sunday clothes; their heads doth she brush with vigour, and polisheth their faces radiantly.

Then with frugal forethought she layeth out the family luncheon. Into a spacious receptacle the spicy sausage, the crisp biscuit, the buttered roll do go. Yea, there too are found the innocent fowl and the cooling bottled beverage, the rosy apple and the early cherry.

With the partner of her joys and griefs she departeth from her mansion they do hire. She carryeth the infant in arms; he luggeth the lunch and the extra wraps. The brood do follow after.

In the station they await the train; the baby doth lament and yell; the small child falleth down and becometh a stumbling-block to the passer-by; the boys forget their Sunday clothes. The mistress then lifteth up her voice and putteth her household in order. Her better-half lighteth his pipe and puffeth smoke in the nostrils of his neighbour.

The train cometh. Into it she scrambleth and setteth her family and resigneth herself to enjoyment.

Then, the joy of the summer excursion! Oh, the happiness of the excursionist!

The sun shineth on her countenance; the ruddiness of her nose is increased. The wind maketh her parasol to flop inside out, and causeth her daughters' hats to fly afar. The baby weepeth bitter tears; the children lament for bread. As their hunger is appeased, they smear their persons with buttered

roll, they clamber over the fences and ditches, and tear their clothes.

At sunset, they return to the shelter of their dwelling-place. Drenching rain from the heavens pour down upon their weary heads.

The wreck of the Sunday clothes demolisheth the temper of the excursionist; storm and tempest are in her voice.

Her husband soon departeth; the children betake themselves to bed.

In the silence of the night the young apple and the early cherry are heard.

The earnings of a week do not suffice for the settlement of the doctor's bill.

But content doth fill the soul of the excursionist; pride swelleth her heart as she goeth among her neighbors; the excursion hath been accomplished; her duty as a Canadian matron is done. And, yet, when another summer cometh, again will she prepare her family for the yearly struggle.

NOT SO BAD AS HE EXPECTED.

Two soft, white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peach-like cheek is rubbed caressingly against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa," and "Darling old boy," and "Don't you love your own caramel?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving, sugar-coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H—m—m, that's good. And it can't be the milliner again?"

"No, papa love."

"H—m—m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H—m—m, great Scott! You don't want a trip to the Continent, do you?"

"No, you lovely old dear."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my little girl?"

"Darling papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Jack wants me."

WHO CAN WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

Anyone having something to communicate that will interest another person can do so. High order of education is not necessary, and if ideas abound it matters little as to correctness of spelling or strict rules of grammar. The less one worries about punctuation the better. The printer will see to this branch of the work, and invariably does better than most writers. As to paragraphing, that also might be left to the revising editor, but it would be safer to indicate the "break" in the matter when practicable. Printing office differ radically as to spelling, capitalizing and punctuation, the use of the colon, dash, parenthesis, bracket, and large and small type. Success in writing for the press is invariably the result of hard work. It is a mistake to suppose that writers are born; on the contrary they must grow into the business through association and sympathy with matters pertaining to the calling. Of all other undertakings, success can only be achieved through indomitable ambition, study, experience and frequent attempts and failures. Thoughts do not grow on trees; neither are they to be found scattered by the wayside. Above all, when talent and inclination exists, there should be reasonable effort made to give it shape and existence. There may be a rich mine of literary talent in the humblest individual, but like the diamond when found in its original state it requires labor and polish to make it valuable. Writing for the press ought to be commenced in youth. The most successful writers, from Franklin's time, and the best equipped newspaper men of the present day, were at one time either printers or reporters, who commenced their work at an early day. If some fail to become successful writers for the press, it is because they persist in a line of action for which they have meagre qualifications.—St. Louis Stationer.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Economical Wife—"There, didn't I do well to buy a silk dress with that \$25. Here's elegant jet trimming, and handsome fringe, and lovely buttons, and the very best linings, and every little necessary for a whole suit."

Husband—"Oh, yes; and the silk?"

E. W.—"Oh, my goodness! I do believe I forgot all about that!"

MORE THAN HE WANTED.

Angry caller (at newspaper office)—"Say, I want that little ad. I gave you two days ago—'wanted, an electric battery in good working order'—taken out."

Advertising clerk—"What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?"

Angry caller—"Location be dashed! The blamed ad. overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night."

CAREFULLY TRAINED.

Miss Antique (taking politely proffered seat in crowded street car)—"Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?"

Polite boy—"No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies."

DEPARTED ON THE DOT.

Old Moneybags—"Mr. De Stoolle, you must be more punctual. I notice that you are late getting to the office nearly every morning."

Mr. De Stoolle—"Yes, but Mr. Moneybags, did you ever notice how punctual I am in going away from the office every night?"

NO USE FOR A HUSBAND.

A Williamsport girl, who, in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance, was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear and a monkey that hews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."

EXPLAINING THE SYSTEM.

"It's just splendid speculating on margin," said Chappie. "Y' see you leave \$100 with your broker and he buys \$1,000 worth of stock. I don't know how he does it, but that's the secret of his business. Then if the stock goes up you make a pile of money, and if it falls, say down to \$900, you can sell out and there's your \$800 profit."

"Isn't it simple," said Mabel. "Awful!" returned Chollie. "I left \$100 with my broker this morning."

We would recommend labor societies and others in need of membership badges to call on Moncel & McLean, 210 St. James street, and look over their samples. The firm can supply a good article at a moderate figure. They also do all kinds of embossing and leather stamping, book covers for the trade, hat bands and tips, &c.

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Gent's All Silk Ties, 25c. Other qualities and styles, in all the Newest Shades, sold at lowest prices. We have a special line of Gents' Night Shirts, \$1. This we can recommend as the most durable and cheapest line ever offered to the public.

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ESTIMATES GIVEN.

BELL TELEPHONE, 1745.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Of the 10,200 steamers in the world, of over 100 tons register, 5,914 are British and only 425 belong to the United States.

The 13,164 weekly papers in the United States have a total circulation of 23,228,750, while the 1,626 published daily circulate 6,653,250 copies.

A letter has been received by the Managing Committee of Langholm Races from the Duke of Buccleuch's chamberlain, intimating that his Grace declines to allow the use of his park for the Langholm races this year, as the committee had not regarded his often-expressed objection to public betting on his grounds. The races have been held in the duke's park for many years. His Grace at the same time intimated that he will grant the use of the park for the annual athletic games held at Langholm.

The Secretary for War has issued an instruction with regard to the Royal warrant on pay and promotion, which directs that no soldier entering the service after the 1st inst., and subsequently becoming a warrant or non-commissioned officer, shall be recommended for a commission when over twenty-six years of age, unless he shall have served at least six years, or have performed specially meritorious service or service in the field.

Guy Turner, of Augusta, Me., who last January attempted suicide by shooting while insane regarding his accounts as city treasurer, died recently. His wound healed, and he died from brain trouble and starvation. He had lately refused to eat, and for the past two weeks took an occasional glass of water. Turner had a crazy idea that he was a defaulter, although an examination showed that his books had been honestly kept.

Father Mollinger, the priest of Troy Hill who, it is alleged, effects cures by his blessings and medicines, selects St. Anthony's day to inaugurate his curing year, because he claims to possess a thigh bone of the great saint. Bishop Phelan, of the Pittsburg diocese, makes no objection to Father Mollinger's course. Father Mollinger is greatly exhausted from his continuous work of the past week. Quite a number of visitors have returned home, although a great many remain for additional blessings.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

Cardinal Manning has lately given to the world a vivid pen-picture of the rights of labor. In the course of his treatise he defines labor as the origin of all greatness and thus proceeds:—

Great Britain has a larger mercantile marine than all the other maritime powers of the world put together. Whereas the mercantile marine of all the other powers reaches 6,000,000 tons, the mercantile marine of Great Britain reaches 6,900,000. What is the cause of all this enormous development of wealth? Some may say it is capital. I say there is something before skill: there is labor, and we trace it up to labor strictly. The first agency and factor of this great commercial wealth, and therefore, of the greatness of our country in this respect is labor. In a book published first about the year 1830, called the "Results of Machinery," and afterward published under the title of "Capital and Labor," is to be found this sentence: "In the dim morning of society labor was up and stirring before capital was awake." There is no doubt of this, and, therefore, I may affirm that labor is the origin of all our greatness.

I will not try to define labor, but will describe it to be the honest exertion of the powers of our mind and of our body for our own good and for the good of our neighbor. I do not say honest, for I do not account any labor which is not honest, which is superficial, tricky, and untrustworthy, as worthy of the name of labor. I call it exertion, because unless a man puts forth his powers, and puts them forth to the full, it is not worthy of the name of labor. Unless he puts forth his powers honestly for his own good, I call it his destruction; and if he does not put them forth for his own good, and for the good of his neighbor, I call it selfishness. I think, therefore, that my description is a just one; it is the honest exertion of the powers of mind and body for our own good and for the good of our neighbor. And here I must put in a plea, in passing, for the exertion of the powers of the mind, and I shall be safe in saying that those who exert the powers of the mind and of the brain are the true laborers. They may never have wielded an axe, they may never have guided a locomotive, and they may never have driven a spade into the ground, but I will maintain that they are true laborers worthy of the name.

We will now come to what we call for the present bodily labor. I may say that this bodily labor is in one sense the origin of everything, though it is clear that mind must precede it. In these days, perhaps, men are inclined to depreciate more strength without skill because our labor is become half skilled and fully skilled, and our industry is becoming scientific. Nevertheless, in the mere labor of the body there is a true dignity. The man who puts forth the powers of the body, and that honestly, for his own good and the good of his neighbor, is living a high and worthy life, and that because it is his state in the world. It is the lot in which we are placed, and any man who fulfills the lot of his existence in a state of dignity. The condition on which we obtain everything in this world has always more or less of labor.

Once more: Labor has a right of liberty. A laborer has a right to determine for whom he will work, and where he will work. I do not mean in any capricious and extortionate way, but he must be first and last the judge and controller of his own life, and he must pay the penalty if he abuses that freedom. This carries with it also the right to say whether he can subsist upon certain wages. This is undeniable. He may set too high a price upon his labor, but then he will pay the penalty. No man can appraise it for him. Another man may offer him his wages, and if he is not content he may refuse it. He cannot say, "You shall work."

In all the history of civilization, if you go back to the Greeks or to the Romans, you find that trades and professions always had their societies and fellow-

ships by which they were united together. It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law. I can conceive nothing more entirely in accordance with natural right and with the higher jurisprudence than that those who have one common interest should unite together for the promotion of that interest.

From this it would seem to me to follow that the protection of labor and of industry has at all times been a recognized right of those who possess the same craft; that they have united together; that those unions have been recognized by the Legislature; that whether they be employers or employed, whether they possess the dead capital or the money, all have the same rights. And I do not see, I confess, why all men should not organize themselves together so long as they are truly and honestly submissive to one higher and chief, who is superior over us all; the supreme reign of law which has governed, at all times, the people of England.

BEAT AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

A gambler once objected to life insurance because, as he said, he didn't care for a game that one had to die to beat. Ordinarily life insurance is that kind of a game, but a physician, Dr. Slooem, of San Antonio, Tex., has just gone to the grave with the distinction of having got the better of a smart life insurance company. Twenty-five years ago, while practicing medicine in this city, he was given up by the doctors as a hopeless consumptive. An insurance company in which he carried a \$10,000 policy, believing that unless it could compromise it would soon be called on to pay the claim to the bereaved family, offered to give him \$5,000 in cash if he would call it quits. The doctor accepted the offer, went down south, invested the money profitably, and after twenty-five years has died—not of consumption, but of cancer of the stomach.

WHAT STRIKES HAVE DONE.

The logic of events does not teach the Atlanta Constitution anything. Think of a newspaper in this year 1890 stating that the strikes of May aggregate a loss in wages of \$500,000 a day to the working classes—a loss which they never can get back. Is it not singular that the workmen are unable to learn in a lifetime of experience what the Constitution knew without half a thought?

"Strikes may sometimes redress a wrong and result in good, but as a rule they injure the cause of labor." As a rule they do nothing of the kind. Strikes should be avoided when wrongs can be redressed without them, and it is the present policy of labor organizations to avoid them when possible; but when a people tamely submits to a wrong because the wrongdoer refuses to do right when requested, the worst kind of slavery is the result. And it is doubtful if there ever was a strike that was wholly a failure. It is true that frequently the strikers have to contend with temporary hardships, but, as a rule, when organized men strike they do so either because they feel sure of speedy victory or their condition is so bad that it can not get much worse. As to the loss of wages while idle, every workman understands that. There has not for years been any such thing as steady employment for the whole army of workers, and strikes in so far as they extend take the place of shutdowns, with the difference that the draft on the whole upon the wage fund is larger when the employee decides what time in the year the loafing shall be done. The Constitution has forgotten the law of supply and demand.

There have been foolish strikes, premature, ill-advised strikes, sometimes when the game was not worth the candle, other times when the thing demanded was unattainable. There have been strikes when a little judgment and patience would have secured the concession without a stoppage of work. All this is admitted, but in a vast majority of cases when conditions have been improved by strikes they would have either remained unchanged or grown worse if the strikes had not been resorted to.

Statistics clearly prove that the conditions in those trades which have had the hardest strikes during the past twenty years have been vastly improved. It is true there have been cases of lawlessness, but that does not affect the principle, and the law breakers have not always been on the side of the strikers. There have been fanatics in every movement, but that does not alter the truth that "resistance to tyranny is obedience to God." What kind of American citizens would men make who would accept as their rule of life these words of the Atlanta Constitution: "The thing to do is to make the best of it (low wages and long hours); half a loaf is better than none."

How often do workmen secure an advance in wages or otherwise improve their condition without making demands? Let those who oppose strikes under all circumstances answer this.

No, it seems impossible to get the mass of employers to understand that they will never have perfect peace and security until they heed the demands of workmen for humane treatment, and many of them can hear the demands only when the machines and hammers are silent. There are others who need advice more than the workmen. Hasten the day when strikes will be no more.—Ex.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

Ah! sweet girl graduate, once more
With dainty tulle and laces
There comes our dazzled eyes before
Your gay and girlish graces

Let cynics sing with subtle sneer
About your store of knowledge;
There's much you know, 'twill yet appear,
That isn't taught in college.

You have a trick of glancing eye,
A smile of roguish daring;
A little laugh, a simple sigh,
All for a heart's ensnaring.

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