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MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1023 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7028.
Rooms, K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Next meeting Sunday, Aug. 28, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to JAS. O'BRIEN, Rec. Sec., 73 Prince Street.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to P. A. DUFFEY R.S., No. 10 Brunswick street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

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

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street, at 2 o'clock.
Address all communications to WM. ROBINSON, 15 Rivard Lane.

PLUMBERS' & STEAMFITTERS UNION OF MONTREAL.

Meets 223 McGill street every fourth Friday. Next meeting Sept. 2nd.
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TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, August 25, 1892.

The session of the Trades and Labor Council was through by ten o'clock on the evening of last Friday. Yet the business passed upon was of a most important character nevertheless. Rarely indeed do the respective standing committees cover the views of the whole council on the multifarious matters dealt with in their respective reports, as was done in the several reports presented at the last meeting.

President Banton was in the chair as usual. After the credentials of several new delegates had been reported on favorably, the minutes of the previous meeting read and approved, and the roll of officers and members called.

Delegate O'Donoghue read the report of the Legislative Committee as follows and it was adopted, viz:—

That it is pleasing to be informed through the press that the approach of the smallpox scourge, through Chinese, by way of the C. P. R. from British Columbia has been stopped through prompt medical action and proper insulation at Calgary. Yet your committee believe that ultimately these undesirable immigrants will reach the East and with them will come the diseases incidental to their unclean habits of living, if nothing more practical than mere talk is used in the direction of their prohibition of entry into Canada.

Monsignor Lafleche, one of the Roman Catholic prelates who recently returned from the Northwest, is reported as saying that the inhabitants out there "have a justifiable fear of an invasion of Chinese cheap labor," and that the latter "live on almost nothing," and that "white men cannot compete with them on this score." He does not think that the \$500 tax imposed on Chinese immigrants is sufficient, and in this opinion he is in accord with the practical experience of those best entitled to know, that is the organized labor in the cities of British Columbia.

Your committee have not forgotten, nor has your body, doubtless, that Dr. Barnardo, who makes quite a penny in transporting waifs and other children from the parishes of England, and mainly from London, to Canada, always asserted, while never giving any account to anybody as to the detailed expenditure of moneys given him, that a careful record was being kept of the whereabouts and condition and care of the children he "placed" in Canada. If these statements of the redoubtable doctor were true, then his plea in the following case was not well, not in accordance with former utterances in this respect. Some time ago the Toronto Mail contained a special despatch from London, England, which read as follows:—

"Another stage in what seems likely to be an interminable law suit was reached to-day in the form of an appeal now on its second hearing from a judgement of the Court of Appeal, affirming an order of the Court of Queen's Bench Division, whereby it was ordered that a writ of habeas corpus issue commanding Dr. Barnardo, director of the famous East End Homes for Waifs, to produce the body of Harry Gossage, son of the respondent, Mary Ferd. The boy was born in 1880, and was the child of the woman by a former husband. She is the indigent wife of a laborer, and is a Catholic by faith. In the autumn of 1888 she virtually sold the boy to an organ grinder, who afterwards deserted him on the streets of Folkestone. A local clergyman sent the child to Barnardo. The mother, learning of the facts, wrote approving this disposition of her child. The boy was sometime later sent to Quebec in care of one Norton, who was described as a man of good character and Christian principles, but who cannot now be located. Barnardo, it will be remembered, is in the habit of sending his reclaimed waifs to Canada, where they are given homes. Meanwhile the priests in the locality where Mrs. Ferd lives, persuaded her to take steps to have the boy removed from the care of Barnardo, whose institutions are conducted on an ultra-Protestant basis, and to have him placed in a Catholic home. When such an application was made Dr. Barnardo replied that he had sent the boy to Canada, and was not now able to learn either his address or that of Mr. Norton, who had adopted him. A writ of habeas corpus was applied for, and Dr. Barnardo made the same answer to court. The writ being granted, Dr. Barnardo appealed, and being overruled obtained a new hearing, which was had to-day before the Lords Justices sitting as the house of Lords, the tribunal of final appeal. After hearing argument they dismissed the appeal and ordered Dr. Barnardo to produce the boy within three months. Dr. Barnardo claims that he has not exhausted all his resources, and that he will find some means to avoid the consequences of not producing the child at the

end of the prescribed period. The suit is really a struggle between the Catholics and Protestants. The Catholic hierarchy is paying the mother's expenses, while those of Dr. Barnardo are being taken care of by the Protestant Alliance. It is estimated that the quarrel of the custody of the boy has already cost more than \$5,000 in legal expenses. Four Queen's counsel and several juniors hold briefs in the proceedings which were begun, and, for the time being, ended to-day. They are men of note in their profession, and will be sure to find means, if possible, to prolong the litigation as long as the backers of the respective parties are ready to pay the costs."

Your committee are aware that the annual meeting of the United Typothetae of America (employing printers) was held in this city during the week.

The President (Mr. Shepherd) in his annual address said some things very true and some things strongly indicating the contrary. For instance President Shepherd said:—

"I believe in conferences with our workmen, when there are any disputes, as the best method to settle those disputes. I have no sympathy for the men who grind down their employees to starvation prices and obstinately refuse to consider their complaints, nor have I any sympathy with the men who are always grumbling, and are never so happy as when engaged in creating trouble between the employer and his workmen. I believe that, in nine cases out of ten strikes can be avoided if those affected are willing to come together and discuss their differences in a fair and amicable spirit. I have said more than once, and it is worth saying over and over again, that if employer and employee were willing to be governed by the golden rule in considering the many questions that are continually coming up—if the law of Christian love were allowed to assert its sway over all the relations of life, the great burning question of capital and labor would not long disturb the peace of communities, paralyse trade and commerce, and bring desolation, murder and ruin in its trail."

Further on President Shepherd was so full of "Christian love," although all on one side that he had no compunction in saying things not borne out by facts. He tells the old untruthful story, father's the old and often-refuted slander as to "a few hot-headed leaders, who are fed and pampered by the horny-handed sons of toil" and tries to inculcate in the minds of the employees the exercise of the rule of slaves, obey your masters and trust to his exercise of Christian love. These are the views of the average employer, be the trade or calling what it may. President Shepherd expressed them in the following language:—

"Now, there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. The right way is not for workmen to ignore the fact that employers have rights as well as themselves, nor to place in the hands of a few hot-headed leaders, who are fed and pampered by the horny-handed sons of toil, their liberty, their very life—it is not to resort to the mean and dastardly acts that disgraced the conduct of some of the strikers at Pittsburg, and which, alas, marks the progress of strikes everywhere—not to trample upon and drag through the mud the highest and noblest principles of man's nature. That is the wrong way."

The strike at Pittsburg, in my opinion was unwarranted and unjustifiable, and up to the present time I have not seen any honest attempt to defend it. It could not be expected that the officers of this association would make proposals to effect a settlement of their differences while the men were still throttling the throats of their employers. The men should have first laid down their arms and voluntarily offered to resume relations with their employers before any attempt at reconciliation could be expected."

Mr. Shepherd, also in the exercise of his peculiar idea of "Christian love"—and truthfulness—conveys to the outside world to which he was speaking in reality that trade unions "try to fix a hard and fast wage for good and bad." Trade unions try to fix a minimum scale of wages, leaving it to the "Christian love" of the employer to grade up from it—something he never does, except when compelled by circumstances not governed by the union. He would always like to grade downwards from the fixed minimum, and hence the untruthful charge of trying to fix a hard and fast wage for good and bad. The employer is not asked to nor does he keep in his employment any man, a member of a union, whom he does not consider worth that minimum wage; while in almost every instance employers have a large percentage of union men voluntarily working for the low rate fixed, who are worth much more than that figure.

As was to be expected, this body of employers, by a vote of four to one declared against even a 9-hour day, yet your committee hazard the prophecy that time will inevitably call for and secure not a 9-hour but rather an 8-hour working day even in the printing business, and that in the not very distant future.

Your committee, in concluding, report that

attention is being devoted to the subject of the manufacture of binding twine in the Central prison, and that a report thereon will be presented to your body as soon as may be practicable.

On the motion to adopt the report Delegate Francis held that the committee were prejudiced against the Chinese; that he did not believe that these people were responsible for the introduction of smallpox in British Columbia recently and demanded by what authority the committee based that part of their report. He said he saw reports to the contrary.

In reply he was informed that the information not only as to that particular item but as to objections generally to the Chinese in British Columbia came through organized labor sources, that to such sources credence was given in preference to that coming through associated press dispatches which were notoriously untruthful and unreliable in all matters affecting the working classes.

Delegate R. Glockling presented the report of the Municipal Committee. It evinced careful thought and sound judgment as to several matters of local importance. Among those it was pointed out that it had been announced in the press that prison labor would be employed in taking out and preparing the foundations of the new insolation hospital near the jail. This was condemned as there are numbers of honest workmen out of work in the city. The City Council was also commended for taking the weigh-scales contract from the non-union firm of Gurney & Co. and giving it to another firm which employs square men.

In speaking to the report Messrs. H. Benson and Davidge, of the Builders' Laborers' Union, in unmistakable language corroborated the committee in the assertion that there were large numbers of men out of work in the city, as could be easily ascertained by those who doubted if they would only advertise when wanting men. The report was adopted as read.

Delegate G. Dower read the report of the Education Committee. After introducing certain lengthy correspondence which passed between His Worship Mayor Fleming and Chief of Police Grasset, in respect of allowing young children to play ball in the public parks—the Mayor holding that, while the law did not discriminate, children should not be prohibited by officious or over-zealous policemen; while the Chief of Police held that, instead of being so allowed the city should and could cheaply rent for the summer months vacant plots throughout the city, where baseball and other athletic games could be indulged in by children—the report concluded with the following announcement:—

"Your committee are pleased to announce that free text books will be supplied to the scholars of the public schools on the reopening, Monday, August 29th inst. Notice has been given to the small dealers, who have been engaged in that line of business, that the Board is prepared to purchase all text books at present in their shops at cost price. The furnishing of free text books by the Board of School Trustees is a step in the right direction, but your committee believe that the intention of the citizens, when voting on the by-law, was to authorize free school books. It is understood that the Board of Trustees has the power to place in their estimates an amount sufficient for the purpose of purchasing all supplies, but if not your committee would request the City Council to again submit the by-law to the people on the direct question of free school books, believing that all supplies used by the scholars during school hours should be furnished by the School Board." The report was warmly approved and concurred in.

The president then called the vice-president to the chair, and took the floor. He presented the report of the special committee on prison labor. As a city paper said the next day, "this report was clear, concise and logical." Endorsing these words myself and knowing how exceedingly important this subject is to all who make a living by wages instead of making a synopsis here, and as a matter of justice to the document, I send it herewith in the hope that it may receive the merited honor of a special place by itself in the columns of THE ECHO, with an appropriate heading by the editor. I need hardly add that this report also was unanimously adopted.

Secretary Crilben read a report from the Demonstration Committee indicating that all arrangements were in a forward and satisfactory condition and anticipating a display which would do honor to organized labor in Toronto.

At this stage Delegate G. W. Dower announced as follows: "The Typographical Union has engaged the bugle band of the Queen's Own Rifles to play for them in the coming trades procession, and, as everybody knows, they play a quick step, I would suggest that the Typographical Union be put near the head of the procession to set the pace."

Delegate March—"I can assure Delegate Dower that the only union band in the city will head the procession, and that is the band of the Toronto Musical Union." Applause.

Delegate Devlin—"Every member of the Queen's own buglers is a union man, and on that day each will carry his card in his pocket." This statement was also met with "Hear, hear."

Delegate Davidge—with a humorous expression of countenance—"I would suggest that if these buglers play such a quick step it would be as well to keep them near the rear of the procession to push the others forward." This sally produced roars of laughter and was the better appreciated because of the intention to reach the Exhibition grounds about one o'clock at the very latest.

While thus in good humor the Council adjourned.

Mr. Isaac A. Sanderson, of the Long-shornmen Assembly of the K. of L., will be Chief Marshal of the parade on the 10th while Mr. John Armstrong, of the Typographical Union, and Mr. Lawrence Judge, of the Painters' Union, will be deputy marshals—all mounted, of course. Besides being good men for the positions, they are really good-looking and will appear to advantage on horse-back—if the horses are of the required character.

An Associated Press dispatch, dated Pittsburg, August 22, says "the job printers' strike, which has been going on for a year, has taken a new phase. The strikers are to be prosecuted for conspiracy in using the boycott. To defray the expenses of the litigation the International Typothetae has placed \$100,000 at the disposal of its Pittsburg members. The boycott against some Pittsburg firms has been very disastrous." To those "who know the ropes" it is not necessary to say that the foregoing dispatch is only "flap-doodle"—what fools are fed on, and no more.

I am much pleased in hearing that at the Congress next week we will have delegates from Vancouver, New Westminster, and probably from Victoria as well. This speaks volumes as to the value set upon the labors of our T. & L. Congress by our brothers in organization out in British Columbia.

There will be a full representation of Toronto organizations, of course.

URIM.

The Process of Disinheritance.

A little over ten years ago a New York capitalistic paper declared that a change in the ownership of the land of America must come; that there must arise a race of tenant farmers on the one hand and landlords on the other. This was not said as a warning of impending evil, but was a prediction of what the paper in question considered not more certain than desirable. It declared that the time was even then ripe for the change; that the farmers were reduced to the condition where they would gladly sell, if only buyers would appear.

At that time, even in the comparatively new state of Kansas, 13 1/2 per cent. of the farms were cultivated by tenants. To-day over 33 per cent. of the Kansas farmers are tenants. The prediction of the New York capitalistic sheet is coming true. Like the people of older lands, the people of America are becoming disinherited. While they boast as loudly as ever of their liberty, they are being surely reduced to vassalage, for it is the veriest mockery to talk of a man as being politically free who is dependent on another for the right to live.—K. of L. Journal.

THE CHOLERA.

LONDON, August 26.—There is now no doubt cholera has entered England. The disease was brought here by the steamer Gemma, which arrived at Gravesend yesterday from Hamburg. It was reported that the steamer was infected, but the authorities, after examining the passengers, allowed them to land. A few hours after two aliens, who had arrived on the Gemma, were taken sick. They were at once removed to the hospital at Gravesend, where doctors pronounced their malady cholera. In spite of everything that was done for them, they died shortly after they were admitted.

AN ITALIAN REVENGE

Do you remember the incident that made such a sensation four or five years ago, when Antonin Leroux, the banker's son, married Mlle. de la Combe aux-Fontaines?

Several times it was reported that the match was broken off, but the wedding took place in spite of the oracles and everything was carried out with a magnificence that awakened some comment.

'How does old Leroux manage to do it?' wondered the envious and suspicious. For doubtful rumors had been floating about concerning the banker's solvency.

He had previously been associated with an Italian, one Count Calcatroni, who then still visited at the Leroux house, though he has since ceased to appear there. This gentleman, tall, dark and spare, with a foreign decoration on his coat, was among the wedding guests, as was also the learned M. Desroches, keeper of the bibliotheque du Garde-Meubles.

I must pause here to remind you that the functions of a librarian impose duties which seem contradictory. He must be the most obliging of men and also the most mistrustful. In every reader who addresses him he must recognize a brother in science, almost a friend, but a friend whose hands he must watch and whose pockets he must fathom with an experienced eye. I have often heard M. Desroches say:

'I know women who are faithful and men who are honest, but there is not a human being existing who would not be capable, at some instant of his life, of slipping off with a rare or curious book!'

To return to the wedding. When they left the church they went to breakfast at the Leroux mansion. The presents were spread out in one of the drawing rooms—a horrible custom which constrains people to a generosity that is usually involuntary—and among the costly things displayed, a riviere of diamonds, given by Antonin's father, attracted all eyes and silenced reports about his business difficulties, for it was worth at least ten thousand ecus.

All at once, at the moment when the elegant crowd was passing into the dining room, a clamor was heard.

'The diamonds have disappeared!'

The riviere have been stolen! In the confusion following this painful discovery M. Leroux acted nobly. It is true that at first his face flushed crimson and he seemed stunned, but he recovered himself almost instantly, and as the tumult increased, he cried:

'Let me beg you all, my friends, not to allow this misfortune to darken a happy day! The loss is not mortal. My dear children, may this little cloud be the only one that shall ever obscure your joy!'

'The old fellow bears it bravely,' muttered one or two.

'We ought to close all the doors and have a search!' cried several others.

'Never!' protested the master of the house with indignation. 'I cannot suspect the honor of my guests.'

But the Leroux clan whispered among themselves: 'Far be it for us to accuse any one, but really, the bride's family have invited some people—'

While in the adjoining room Mme. de la Combe-aux-Fontaines was holding salts to her daughter's face and sighing to her friends, 'This is the consequence of promiscuous invitations. The relations of a financier like M. Leroux are always very mixed.'

The affair was distressing, and most of the people breathed more freely as they left the house. It was not long before the drawing rooms were emptied, and then a domestic brought word that a gentleman wished to see M. Leroux in his study. He hurried to the room and there found M. Desroches.

'Sir,' began the old librarian, 'I have a habit, cultivated by professional duty of watching all that goes on around me. I saw the robbery committed. The guilty man is over fifty, thin and very dark. You know him. I saw you shaking hands with him at the church. Besides, there is one detail which renders any mistake impossible—the man wore a foreign decoration, suspended by a chain. I followed him into the street, but as I was about to address him we were separated by the crowd and the rascal drove away in a carriage. The rest is your affair. Of course, I am at your service as a witness. Shall we make a complaint at once?'

M. Leroux did not jump at this suggestion nor seem overjoyed at the discovery. 'I must think it over,' he said slowly. 'I do know the person you suspect. I know him well.'

'Suspect!' cried the librarian. 'I don't suspect. I tell you I saw the theft! The whole thing was reflected in a mirror. I saw him put the diamonds in his pocket. He shall sleep in jail to-night, if he can sleep at all. Do not let us lose precious time.'

'But if you please,' replied Leroux, without moving, 'I would rather let him sleep in his bed. I know him; we were formerly

associated in business, and I do not want to prosecute him, though hereafter I shall avoid shaking his hand. It would be very unpleasant for us all to appear in court for a few thousands of francs. I can bear the loss. And so, my dear sir, you saw nothing at all—it is understood? I am exceedingly obliged to you all the same.'

M. Desroches reached the sidewalk in a state of complete bewilderment: To this good man, honest and frank as gold, such exaggerated compassion seemed almost like sharing the crime. And so, after weighing the matter, he went to the police headquarters and made his statement, describing the thief, after which he returned home with a lightened conscience.

The next morning M. Leroux received a call from a police agent armed with the details furnished by M. Desroches, who signed his deposition. The banker clenched his fists and consigned the meddling librarian to the furies, but quickly controlling his annoyance he quietly declared that he did not intend to prosecute. Nothing could shake this determination, and the agent had to leave without gaining any additional information, without even finding out the name of the jeweler who had sold the riviere or procuring the empty case as further evidence.

'If you will not take the matter we shall act upon our own responsibility,' said the officer as he left.

These words brought a cold moisture over the banker's brow; but he was not long in making up his mind what to do. He ordered his carriage and drove to the corner of the Boulevard and Faubourg Saint Martin. There he dismissed his coachman, walked on for some distance, entered a house of unpretentious appearance, went up three flights of stairs, rang, sent in his card and in five minutes was conversing alone with the famous Coindart, the head of the best detective service in Paris.

'Sir,' said the banker, 'I will tell you my affair in a few words. Yesterday my son was married. Among the wedding guests was a certain Italian Count, formerly an associate of mine in some business transactions, who has since become one of those gentlemanly sharpers we often meet at Paris. Calcatroni, that is his name, took advantage of the crowd to rob me of the diamond riviere I had given to my daughter-in-law.'

'And you wish me to take up the case?'

asked Coindart, who was making notes. 'I wish you to take up the case, certainly; only, understand me, I do not want to have him arrested. In fact, that is just what I wish you to prevent, and I must warn you that a meddling idiot has put the police on the track.'

Coindart, without any change of expression, went on making notes.

'This may surprise you,' began M. Leroux; 'but without entering into—'

'Nothing surprises me, sir,' interrupted the detective. 'You are not the first who has asked me to render this kind of service. If the public knew all it would not be surprised that the police fail in certain cases. But to return to the Count. You do not wish anything unpleasant to befall him; that is understood. But, of course, you want to recover the jewels?'

The banker reflected for a moment.

'Yes,' he then said; 'that would evidently be best. But the question of money is quite secondary. No arrest, no scandal, no scenes in court; all that is what I am most anxious to make sure of. I need not tell you that any amount of money is at your disposal. Above all, lose no time, for they are already working on the other side.'

And there the interview ended.

That very evening as Count Calcatroni was walking home from the opera for the sake of a little fresh air and stopped to light his cigar a gentleman approached and asked for a light with the graceful ease of a man belonging to the best society. Then raising his hat as he returned thanks for the favor he said:

'M. Calcatroni, do you intend to go home this evening?'

The Italian started slightly on hearing his name from a stranger, but kept perfectly cool and answered with an amused smile: 'This the first time in thirty years that any one has show so much interest in my movements, but there is no reason why I should not satisfy your curiosity. In half an hour I hope to be at home and asleep.'

'Indeed, you are mistaken replied Coindart. 'In less than ten minutes you will be in a cab between two policemen who are waiting to arrest you at your own door. So, if you take my word for it, let us turn around and you will sleep at my house. By the way, where are the diamonds?'

Calcatroni felt perplexed for a few seconds. He had them in his pocket. He finally decided to reply haughtily: 'A joke may go too far. And pray whom may you be?'

'Your good genius. I am the confidential agent of your friend, M. Leroux, who does not wish one hair of your head to fall beneath the prison scissors. You do not believe me? Then come with me. I will

show you the two men waiting to arrest you.'

'No, no, let us go directly to your house,' said the Count quickly. 'We can have an explanation there.'

But they had not gone far when Calcatroni admitted his 'error.'

'I have a debt of honor to settle,' he said in excuse; 'fifteen thousand francs lost at play, which I was obliged to pay to-day. I have pawned the diamonds for that sum. Leroux need not be afraid, I will return them. It is certainly very kind of him to show his old partner so much consideration. You must tell him that I feel grateful.'

Calcatroni did not sleep well at the house of his rescuer; but at least the policemen were waiting for him were foiled.

From that time it was a struggle between these men and Coindart, they tracking their man remorselessly and he continually contriving to render their efforts fruitless. He hoped to get the Count out of the country. In an interval of repose the detective called on M. Leroux to report progress and delivered Calcatroni's expression of gratitude.

'I will acquit him of all obligation,' said the banker, 'if he will return me the riviere.'

'Impossible just at present,' replied Coindart; 'he has pawned it for fifteen thousand francs.'

'For fifteen thousand francs!' cried the banker, unguardedly. 'The broker could not have examined the stones!'

'Why? Are they worth so much more?' asked Coindart with interest.

'Fifteen thousand francs?' muttered Leroux, without seeming to hear the question. 'How shall we ever get out of this? M. Coindart, have the goodness to bring me the name of the broker who lent the money. His name and address. Bring them to-morrow.'

But the next day it was not Coindart who appeared at the banker's office. Count Calcatroni haughtily sent in his card and was not kept waiting.

When the two men were alone and the doors well closed, the Italian advanced with a firm step toward his old associate. Any one might have supposed that Leroux was the guilty party.

'And so,' said the visitor, 'the reports were all true! You are on the edge of ruin!'

'Really,' stammered the banker, 'this language from you—'

'Do not be so lofty,' interrupted the other. 'For one week I was foolish enough to believe that friendship influenced your conduct, and I was touched by your generosity. Now I know why you were afraid to have the police pry into your actions.'

'My actions!' protested Leroux with such courage as he had left.

'This morning,' continued the Count coldly, 'I did what I had not before thought of doing, believing you to be an honest man. I examined the stones.'

'Then you have not pawned them!' cried the banker joyfully.

'Pawned them, sir? What gentleman would try to raise money on bits of glass?'

Leroux fell back in his chair trembling.

'Ah, ah! You are no longer so confident! And so, to deceive the public about the condition of your affairs you did not blush to offer a common glass necklace to your son's bride? To hide the gulf that is sucking in the fortunes of your creditors you deceive a young girl into adorning herself with these sparkling frauds!'

'I intended to warn her,' faltered the financier. 'She would have understood that this is a trying moment for me and that I am waiting for certain payments.'

'You needn't warn anybody. I shall go from here to police headquarters and clear myself of this imaginary accusation, while informing the agents that the riviere in question was a valueless collection in glass which no man in his senses would think of stealing. This will be repeated. People will end by believing that you hid the worthless bauble to get rid of it and invented the story of the robbery to account for its disappearance, and you will be disgraced. To-morrow a crowd will assail your offices demanding the sums deposited with you. You had excellent reasons for your kind considerations, your efforts to save me from arrest! You need trouble yourself no further in my behalf. I am going myself to the headquarters.'

'No; spare me,' implored Leroux. 'How much do you want me to give you?'

'I want fifteen thousand francs. I have said from the first that I needed this sum, and I do not change my statement. Calcatroni is a man of his word. If your diamonds are talked about now they will cost you more than fifteen thousand francs. How M. Leroux managed to raise the amount is something I ignore; certain it is that he had not such a sum in his money-drawer at that moment, but after making his old friend wait for some time the fifteen thousand francs were handed over. Calcatroni pocketed the money and walked out with the firm step of a man who has just accomplished an act of justice. He also carried with him, ready to post, a letter

addressed to the chief of police, declaring that the riviere, which was supposed to be stolen, had just been found and was reposing safely in its velvet case.'

The banker's difficulties were in time surmounted. His daughter-in-law now wears veritable diamonds of the purest water, but Calcatroni always answers with ill-concealed scorn when any one mentions the family before him:

'Oh—those people? I do not visit them now.'

OUT OF THE RUNNING.

It was on the north side of Butser on the long swell of the Hampshire Downs. Beneath, some two miles away, the grey roofs and red houses of Petersfield peeped out amid the trees which surrounded it. From the crest of the low hills downwards the country ran in low sweeping curves as though some great primeval sea had congealed in the midst of a groud swell, and set forever into long verdant rollers. At the bottom, just where the slope borders upon the plain, there stood a comfortable, square, brick farmhouse, with a cloudy plume of smoke floating up from the chimney. Two cowhouses, a cluster of hayricks, and a broad stretch of fields all yellow with the ripening wheat, formed a fitting setting to the dwelling of a prosperous farmer.

The green slopes were dotted every here and there with dark clumps of gorse bushes, all alight with the flaming yellow blossoms. To the left lay the broad Portsmouth Road curving over the hill, with a line of gaunt telegraph posts marking its course. Beyond, a huge white chasm opened in the grass, where the great Butser chalk quarry had been sunk. From its depths rose up the distant murmur of voices and the clinking of hammers. Just above it, between two curves of green hill, might be seen a little triangle of leaden-colored sea, flecked with a single white sail.

Down the Portsmouth Road two women were walking, one elderly, florid, and stout, with a yellow-brown Paisley shawl and a coarse serge dress, the other young and fair, with large grey eyes, and a face which was freckled like a plover's egg. Her neat white blouse with its trim black belt, and plain close-out skirt, gave her an air of refinement which was wanting in her companion, but there was sufficient resemblance between them to show that they were mother and daughter. The one was gnarled and hardened and wrinkled by rough country work, and the other fresh and pliant from the benign influence of the Board school, but their step, their slope of shoulders, and the movement of the hips as they walked, all marked them as of one blood.

'Mother, I can see father in the five-acre field,' cried the younger, pointing down in the direction of the farm.

The older woman screwed up her eyes, and shaded them with her hand.

'Who's that with him?' she asked.

'There's Bill.'

'Oh, he's nobody. He's a talkin' to someone.'

'I don't know, mother. It's someone in a straw hat. Adam Wilson of the Quarry wears a straw hat.'

'Aye, of course, it's Adam, sure enough. Well, I'm glad we've come back time enough to see him. He'd have been disappointed if he come over and you'd been away. Drat this dust! It makes one not fit to be seen.'

The same idea seemed to have occurred to her daughter, for she had taken out her handkerchief and was flicking her sleeves and the front of her dress.

'That's right, Dolly. There's some on your flounces. But, Lor' bless you, Dolly, it don't matter to him. It's not your dress he looks to, but your face. Now, I shouldn't be surprised if he had come over to ask you from father.'

'I think he'd best begin by asking me from myself,' remarked the girl.

'Ah, but you'll have him, Dolly, when he does.'

'I'm not sure of that, mother.'

The older woman threw up her hands. 'There! I don't know what the gals are coming to. I don't indeed. It's the Board school as does it. When I was a gal if a decent young man came a courtin' we gave him a yes or a no. We didn't keep him hanging on like a half-clipped sheep. Now here are you with two of them at your beck, and you can't give an answer to either of them.'

'Why, mother, that's it,' cried the daughter, with something between a laugh and a sob. 'May be if they came one at a time I'd know what to say.'

'What have you agin Adam Wilson?'

'Nothing. But I have nothing against Elias Mason.'

'Nor I, either. But I knew which is the most proper-looking young man.'

'Looks isn't everything, mother. You should hear Elias Mason talk. You should hear him repeat poetry.'

'Well then; have Elias.'

'Ah, but I haven't the heart to turn against Adam.'

'There now! I never saw such a gal. You're like a calf betwixt two hayricks; you have a nibble at the one and a nibble at the other. There's not one in a hundred so lucky as you. Here's Adam with £3 10s. a week, foreman already in the Chalk Works, and likely enough to be manager if he is spared. And there's Elias, head-telegraph clerk at the Petersfield Post Office, and earning good money, too. You can't keep 'em both on. You've got to take one or t'other, and it's my belief you'll get neither if you don't stop this shilly-shally.'

'I don't care! I don't want them! What do they want to come bothering for?'

'It's human natur', gal. They must do it. If they didn't you'd be the first to cry out maybe. It's in the Scriptures: 'Man is born for woman, as the sparks fly upwards.' She looked up out of the corner of her eyes as if not very sure of her quotation. 'Why, here be that dratted-Bill. The good book says as we are all made of clay, but Bill does show it more than any lad I ever saw.'

They had turned from the road into a narrow, deeply-rutted lane, which led towards the farm. A youth was running towards them, loose-jointed and long-limbed, with a boyish, lumbering haste, clumping fearfully with his great yellow clogs through pool and mire. He wore loose brown corduroys, a dingy shirt, and a red handkerchief tied loose round his neck. A tattered old straw hat was tilted back upon his shock of coarse, matted brown hair. His sleeves were turned up to the elbows, and his arms and face were both tanned and roughened until his skin looked like the bark of some young sapling. As he looked up, at the sound of the steps, his face with its blue eyes, brown skin, and first slight dawn of a tawny moustache was not an uncomely one, were it not marred by the heavy, stolid, somewhat sulky expression of the country yokel.

'Please, mum,' said he, touching the brim of his wreck of a hat, 'meester seed ye coming. He sent to say as 'ow 'e were in the five-acre lot.'

'Run back, Bill, and say that we are coming,' answered the farmer's wife, and the awkward figure sped away upon its return journey.

'I say, mother, what's Bill's other name?'

asked the girl, with languid curiosity.

'He's not got one.'

'No name.'

'No, Dolly, he's found a child, and never had no father or mother that was ever heard of. We had him from the work'us when he was seven, to chop mangle wurzel, and here he's been ever since, nigh twelve year. He was Bill there, and he's Bill here.'

'What fun! Fancy having only one name. I wonder what they'd call his wife.'

'I don't know. Time to talk of that when he can keep one. But now, Dolly dear, here's your father and Adam Wilson comin' across the field. I want to see you settled, Dolly. He's a steady young man. He's blue ribbon, and has money in the Post Office.'

'I wish I knew which liked me best,' said her daughter, glancing from under her hat brim at the approaching figures. 'That's the one I should like. But it's all right, mother, and I know how to find out, so don't you fret yourself any more.'

The suitor was a well-grown young fellow in a grey suit, with a straw hat jauntily ribbioned in red and black. He was smoking, but as he approached he thrust his pipe into his breast pocket, and came forward with one hand outstretched, and the other gripping nervously at his watch chain.

'Your servant, Mrs. Foster. And how are you, Miss Dolly? Another fortnight of this and you will be starting on your harvest, I suppose.'

'It's bad to say beforehand what you will do in this country,' said Farmer Foster, with an apprehensive glance round the heavens.

'It's all God's doing,' remarked his wife, piously.

'And he does the best for us, of course. Yet He does seem these last seasons to have a kind of lost His grip over the weather. Well, maybe it will be made up to us this year. And what did you do at Horndean, mother?'

The old couple walked in front, and the others dropped behind, the young man lingering, and taking short steps to increase the distance.

'I say, Dolly,' he murmured at last, flushing slightly as he glanced at her, 'I've been speaking to your father about—you know what.'

But Dolly didn't know what. She hadn't the slightest idea what. She turned her pretty little freckled face up to him and was full of curiosity upon the point.

Adam Wilson's face flushed to a deeper red. 'You know very well,' said he, impatiently. 'I spoke to him about marriage.'

'Oh, then it's him you want.'

'There, that's the way you always go on. It's easy to make fun, but I tell you that I am in earnest, Dolly. Your father says he would have no objection to me in the family. You know that I love you true.'

'How do I know that then?'

'I tell you so. What more can I do?'
'Did you ever do anything to prove it?'
'Set me something, and see if I don't do it.'
'Then you haven't done anything yet?'
'I don't know. I have done what I could.'
'How about this?' She pulled a little crumpled sprig of dog rose, such as grows wild in the wayside hedges, out of her bosom. 'Do you know anything of that?'
He smiled and was about to answer, when his brows suddenly contracted, his mouth set, and his eyes flashed angrily as they focused some distant object. Following his gaze, she saw a slim, dark figure, some three fields off, walking swiftly in their direction.
(To be Continued.)

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.
Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Whence tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?
My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall out pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.
I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.
I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.
And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve.
I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave;
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.
I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow;
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.
But, laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.
To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!
Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.
—Emerson.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

When you come right down to the facts in the case, it's the loose-fitting straw hat that shows which way the wind blows.
This won't do! exclaimed Mr. Seadds, as he held up his son's heavy tailor bill. But it is due, father, replied the unhappy youth.
Do you think those shoes are worth mending? Vell, yes, if I sole and heel tem and put new uppers on tem. The strings are still good.
Were you at the seashore last summer, Polly? Only for a day. Did you bathe? No; somebody else was using the ocean when we were there.
Jeeson—Did you ever see a man rob himself? Gason—No. Did you? Jeeson—Yes; I just saw a butcher steel his knife before cutting a steak.
Jinks—Boarding in the country, now, eh? What do you do with yourself evenings? Winks—Some nights I sit outdoors to keep cool, and other nights I go to bed to keep warm.
Spangle declined absolutely the nomination for the presidency. Why? He said he had started in life as a messenger boy, and became confirmed in habits then formed. He can't run.
What do you ask for this article? asked a gentleman of a pretty shop girl. Fifteen shillings, sir. Aren't you a little dear? said he. Well, she replied, blushing, all the young men tell me so.
Cholly (recounting his experience)—Weally, that girl is awfully clevah, y' know. Why-aw-before I could-aw-get my mind made up to pwopose, y' know, she had aw-already declined me.
Ain't you ashamed ter be seen in der Tabernacle in sich raggedy pants? said Whang-doodle Baxter to Jim Webster. No, indeed, parson, I ain't ashamed. Dey don't belong ter me. What's I got ter be ashamed of?
She—Have you asked papa, Reginald? He—Yes. She (nervously)—What did he say? He—He didn't say anything, but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a sort of a pitying way, don't you know.
Miss Athenia Hubbs (of Boston)—Here is an advertisement: Wanted a literary man of fine culture, and high attainments to go

to St. Louis. I wonder what they want of him? Mrs. Hubbs—I presume they wish to see one.
A preacher, being requested to perform the last sad offices for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I am safe, said she, I am nothing but akin and bone.
Mrs. Manchattan (speaking to a young widow from Chicago)—Your mamma is truly remarkable for her poise, Mrs. Livewait. Mrs. Livewait—Oh, thanks. Yes, mamma is no slouch at pastry. Her minces and lemons are really delicious.
Mrs. Walton—Why don't you bring home some trout occasionally instead of these common catfish and flounders? Walton (amateur fisherman)—That's just you, Mrs. Extravagance! Perhaps you don't know that trout are worth a dollar a pound.
Aunt Pauline (from the country)—No, Sarah, I hope you'll never marry that young Mr. Instyle. Why, he's too lazy to black his shoes! Just look at 'em—all yaller!
Sarah—Why, aunty! those are russet shoes. Aunt Pauline—More shame for him to let 'em git rusted.
Teacher (illustrating angles)—The original inhabitants of New York lived along the rivers, and laid out the first streets at right angles to the water fronts. Do you understand that? Pupil—Yes'm. Teacher—But the water fronts were not parallel. They met at a point forming an acute angle. Do you understand that? Pupil—Yes'm. Teacher—Now, what was the result when all these streets finally met? Pupil—New York.
The late Baron de Rothchild once took a cab to his office, and, on alighting, tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open, and looked at the money significantly, which caused the baron to inquire whether it was not right. Oh, yes, replied the cabman, it's quite right; but your sons usnally give me double. They do, do they? was the baron's reply. Well, they have a rich father, and can afford it. I have not.

Why She Remembered the Text.
Wife (after returning from church)—You should have been in church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon.
Husband—I'll bet you can't repeat the text.
Wife—Yes I can. It was the tenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel: I girded thee about with fine linen and I covered thee with silk.
Husband—Huh! a sermon on dry goods. It is no wonder you remember it.
She Yearned for a Sphere.
Charlie, she said, softly, I often think what a noble thing it is to have a sphere and fill it as you ought.
Have you? returned Charlie, after some study.
Yes; and I have often wondered what my particular work in life is.
Indeed, replied Charlie, after some hesitation.
Charlie, tell me, do you think I am fitted to make a home happy?
I dunno, said he, absently. Can you cook?
Wanted the Doctors Called Off.
A brute of a husband off on a business trip of a week recently received a telegram to this effect:
During the storm to-day your wife was struck by lightning and rendered speechless, but not otherwise severely injured. Physicians think she will be all-right in a few days.
Was the man overcome by this shocking news, and did he fly to his wife's side?
Not much.
He sent this telegram in reply:
Call off the doctors, and let her go at that.
She Was So Thoughtful.
A young spark, notorious for his deceit, was boasting in the presence of several gentlemen about the conquests he had gained over the female heart.
Look, said he, here's a handsome present I had from my last innamorata, at the same time handing round a beautiful cigar case. All admired the article, which had an indorsement of its quality stamped upon it.
Very nice gift, remarked one of the company. I perceive your lady love even had your name put on the case.
Well, that's queer, added the boaster, I never noticed it.
Look again, rejoined the candid one, the case is distinctly marked "real calf."

How His Little Plot Worked.
Jinks—Hullo, how do, Blinks? Say, old fellow, come home and take tea with me.
Blinks—Really, I am scarcely presentable in these—
Jinks—Bother the clothes! That's all right. Come along. My wife and I value people at their true worth; we don't go by their tailors' bills. Come on.
Jam Jinks (half an hour later)—Ah, here we are. My dear, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Blinks—Mrs. Jinks. By the way, my dear, those things you told me to order I forgot all about until too late to get into the shop.
Mrs. Jinks (aghast)—What? Forgot? Um—um—er—it's of no consequence at all, my dear, not the least. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Blinks. What delightful weather we are having. Excuse me one moment.
Jinks (in a whisper, after Mrs. J. has disappeared)—Works like a charm.
Blinks—What worked?
Jinks—She didn't dare say word about my forgetting those things with your company present. That's why I brought you.
A Gallant Old Gentleman.
The writer was the witness of an amusing scene in an Ilington (England) omnibus. We were "full inside" and just on the point of starting when a young lady arrived woefully disappointed on finding the 'bus full, as the night was a wretched one.
Never mind, my dear, says an old gentleman near the door, putting down the newspaper in which he was engrossed, just you come and sit on my knee.
This the young lady laughingly did.
The old gentleman made himself very agreeable to her, asking whether she was married and wishing he were younger, etc. At length the young lady signified her intention of alighting at Goldington road.
I will see you safely home, my dear, says the old gentleman, gallantly. I live at the corner.
Surely you are not Mr. P.? says the young lady.
Yes, answers he, greatly astonished at her knowledge of his name.
Oh, then, I'm your new housemaid, was the reply.
Tableau.
Nipped in the Bud.
"Have you ever seen the starch taken out of a Conservative Johnnie?" asks a correspondent. "If only you had been with me in one of the Battersea tram cars the other day that joy would have been yours. John Burns and his wife were also passengers by the same modest means of locomotion, and among the travellers was a man whose general style proclaimed the ubiquitous Unionist.
"As a miserable looking woman with the remains of two unlovely black eyes was leaving the car, dragging with her a still more pitiable specimen of humanity in the shape of a poor little girl, the distinguished traveller remarked loudly enough for all to hear, 'There goes John Burns' wife and his child.' Great surprise and astonishment were felt as he continued, 'Is it not a disgrace that a man who aspires to such a position in public life should allow his wife and child to go about in that condition?'
In a moment the new M.P. for Battersea turned gravely toward him and said, 'May I ask, sir, do you know John Burns?' 'No, I don't,' came the reply. 'Then allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Burns,' turning to the lady at his side. The would-be slanderer saw at once that he had 'put his foot in it,' signed to the conductor to stop, and as he tumbled out, looking absolutely limp, the conductor said in an audible aside, 'I wonder yer didn't sling him out, Mr. Burns.'—London Newspaper.
The Church and the Workingman.
At a recent meeting of the clergy of Chicago Rev. O. P. Gifford said: "What the church ought to do is shown by the Master's own action. He went where men were. We are losing touch with the people who bear the brunt of the battles of the day.
The great need is for the minister to study the questions of the day. College education helps in the study of the Bible, but not in the study of the questions of humanity. The great moral questions of the day are crystallizing outside the Christian church, because somehow the workingmen feel Christians are not in touch with them. The great monopolies of the country, those which grind down labor, are in the hands of Christians.
Another thing needed is the making of churches more attractive to the workingmen—less money for magnificent pulpits and beautiful decoration, and more placed where it will count every day. We need to live more in the present tense and less in the past time. When we have gone down into the tenement house, the workshop and the sweatshop, and put ourselves in touch with the people, there will be less space between the workingman and the churches."
Child Labor in Rhode Island.
The wages paid to the 5,273 children under fourteen years of age working in the Rhode Island mills are indeed melancholy texts for those who preach the "protection of American industry." The average wage is \$1.25 a week, and in many cases it is as low as 74 cents.
It is to be remembered that the work done by these children at from 74 cents to \$1.25 a week is necessary work in the process of clothmaking. Improved machines with

almost human intelligence eliminate almost entirely the necessity for physical strength. Hence the manufacturers are enabled to get the work of an able-bodied man done for 74 cents a week.
The result is, as Commissioner Goodwin shows, that fathers beg for work while their daughters perform what they would otherwise do for from 74 cents to \$1.25 per week. And when it is necessary for the poor mother to go into the mill in order to keep the family above water, she must needs invest her bodily strength in toil at the same price paid to her ten-year old child.—Boston Globe.
Abolition of Poverty.
All along the line the labor column is being strengthened and the work of education going on, and this will continue until labor comes into possession of its own and we have an industrial organization of society. The work of the propaganda has not been in vain; the leaven is slowly but surely accomplishing its irresistible function; the good seed is germinating in fields which seemed barren. The inspiration has seized hold of scholars and statesmen, the press, and even the pulpit, and ere long will sweep the world like a tidal wave. When that time comes the question of the abolition of poverty will be solved. The spirit of the age is leading up to such a solution.
Unrighteous systems may maintain themselves for awhile, but down they must come before the growing enlightenment of the age. All progress, all reforms, have met with stubborn resistance, but through persistent agitation and increased education they have always prevailed against what at first seemed impassable barriers. Industrial reform, having for its object the securing to labor of a larger share of the products it helps to create, when at first presented in earnest but rude arguments by the oppressed wage worker, was laughed to scorn.
The new doctrine, however, was founded upon justness and righteousness, abler minds grasped its principles, and to-day it is the greatest living issue of the civilized world. Scholars and teachers, philanthropists and statesmen are investigating the problem and disseminating its everlasting truths. The present is secure, the future is not uncertain. The new and higher civilization is dawning, and with its establishment poverty will be abolished.—Sunday Truth.

Queen of Journalists.
Mrs. Emily Crawford, long known in Paris as the "Queen of Journalists," is still a beautiful and witty woman and a great attraction in Parisian society. She has a little villa at St. Prix, in sight of the capital, and an invitation to pass a day there is received as a great honor by any writer. She believes in the old adage that literary people should live near to nature, and has an extremely simple establishment. Mrs. Crawford is the widow of G. M. Crawford who for thirty-five years was correspondent of the London Daily News at Paris.
During that time his wife collaborated with him, and at his death took his position, which she has held ever since—about eight years. He was the grandson of Henry Crawford, one of the few survivors of the "black hole" of Calcutta, who was associated with Warren Hastings and Clive in their political and military achievements. Mr. Crawford was brought up to the bar, and belonged to Lincoln's Inn and the Inner Temple. He was of the same set as Sir Henry Keating, Sir John Dornley Harding and Lord Aberdare.
She stayed with her husband and worked by his side during all the terrible days of the siege and commune, and in consequence she is better liked by Frenchmen than any other woman of foreign birth. The fact of her being Irish and a natural wit no doubt helps the matter a great deal.
There are gloomy prospects for the cotton trade in England.

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

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.

The switchmen's strike at Buffalo is a thing of the past. The men had to capitulate unreservedly, and the present victory of the various companies will only serve one purpose—that of rivetting firmer the chains that bind their employees. It is useless to speculate upon the "what might have been," yet it is very evident that, had the switchmen been supported by the other branches of railroad service, there would have been a different tale to tell. How far this neutrality will affect the other branches when their turn comes to endure the capitalistic lash remains to be seen; but the strike just ended will serve one good turn, at least—it will help on the agitation in favor of government control of all railroads and other means of transportation. In connection with the strike the story is given, on what must be regarded as good and impartial authority, that the destruction of property which took place at the inception of the strike was in reality the work of agents of the company; that the cars burned were old, rotten, and disused for a number of years, and that the "wholesale destruction" was deliberately planned and executed with a view to gain the sympathy of the general public, which was inclined towards the strikers, and also to serve as a plausible excuse for calling out the military. By the way, those "preservers of the peace" seem to have done more to provoke an outbreak than act as peacemakers. One Asten, a lieutenant in one of the regiments, who would be more at home as a camp-follower than a leader, particularly distinguished himself in his anxiety to pose as a stern upholder of law and order. A small party of five strikers throwing stones at a couple of scabs were called upon to desist by this blood-thirsty warrior in command of a piquet of men, and, not instantly complying, were fired into, mortally wounding one. At this juncture the police appears to have come upon the scene, and were able, without any trouble, to arrest the turbulent strikers. If any proof were wanting that the firing was unnecessary, here it is. But the death of a striker, more or less, was an insignificant affair compared with the sacred rights of property, and the lieutenant allowed his respect for capital and its institutions to outweigh the claims of humanity, for which, instead of being held and tried as a murderer, he will probably be rewarded by promotion in the service.

The problem of reconciling capital and labor and of the better regulation of the means and methods of produc-

tion and distribution have never been so keenly discussed as they are at the present time in every quarter of the globe. A correspondence which recently took place in a leading London newspaper is a practical indication of the way the wind is blowing. It has professedly been originated by the dissatisfied members of the middle class, who say that the cries of the workmen through their organizations for relief from taxation and other matters which press unfairly upon them are always heard, because they speak with united voice, and the suggestion is thrown out that the great middle class should similarly organize for the purpose of riding themselves of the income tax, etc. The complaints at present are mostly directed against those in a grade lower than themselves, but let them once get organized, and they will find that they can get nothing out of the workmen. Consequently they will begin to turn their artillery against the common enemy, and we anticipate that, ere long, we shall see not only the working classes, but those who call themselves the middle classes, and who in many instances have to work quite as hard as the workmen, marching side by side for the overthrow of all monopoly and unjust prerogative. In this way we regard this dissatisfaction, which is now widely felt, as a good sign.

The composition of the British Parliament is extremely heterogeneous. All sorts and conditions of men are to be found in its membership, but the dominant quantity belong to the capitalistic and land-owning classes. The following is an analysis of the various professions of the members: Bankers and financiers, 21; barristers, 142; brewers, 18; builders and architects, 2; colliery proprietors, 15; diplomats, 18; engineers, 9; estate agents, 6; farmers and agriculturists, 10; landowners, 83; ironmasters and metal merchants, 10; labor representatives, 15; manufacturers, 57; medical profession, 10; merchants, 55; ex-ministers of religion, 1; newspaper proprietors and journalists, 85; peers' sons and brothers, 34; retired business men, 18; shipowners, 19; solicitors, 21; stockbrokers, 4; university professors, 9; military and naval officers, 53. In addition to the number of fifty-three officers elected to parliament serving in the Army and Navy, there are also fifty-two officers in the auxiliary forces, distributed amongst the yeomanry, militia and volunteers, and the total therefore is 105 of military men in parliament.

As a comparison with the above, the following analysis of professions in the Legislature of Victoria is herewith given. It is furnished by the Australian correspondent of the Sheffield Telegraph, and shows even a greater variety of occupations and a fuller representation of the democracy. He has discovered that in the late parliament there were twelve barristers and solicitors, twelve farmers, five printers, four miners, three merchants, three surveyors, three bootmakers, three auctioneers, two doctors, three butchers, three florists, two publicans, two squatters, two teachers, two engineers, two drapers, one saddler, one cordial manufacturer, one gardener, one sailor, one banker, one wheelwright, one minister, one sugar refiner, one tanner, one warder, one sheep farmer, one carrier, one watchmaker, one stock agent, one agriculturalist, one chemist, one builder, one clerk, one maltster, one hatter, one weaver, one mason, one saw-miller, two sharebrokers—total, ninety-five members. And these, he adds, receive £300 per annum each, whether they work or play, no matter if the vacation covers nine months of the year. Each also holds a pass over the Victorian lines of railway, which, by a system of reciprocity, extends over the other colonies.

A new society called "The Social Crusade" has recently been called into

existence in Australia, that home of all that is advanced in social and political reform, the objects of which are worthy the serious consideration of those who think and act for the mass of the people of this country. The platform which, if properly carried out, would be of incalculable benefit to the working classes, contains a great many planks unnecessary to give here in detail. One of these in particular is worthy of being noted, that of taking contracts on their own account and working them with their own members, dividing the profits that may accrue from such contracts between those members, less 1 or 2 per cent. commission to carry on the work of the crusade. But this cannot be done without first organizing. The time has now come when every workingman is entitled to a fair share of the profits resulting from his labor, and if this system prevailed there could not come such seasons of periodical distress as we are now liable to. Quoting another plank in the platform, and one that is sadly needed, is the doing away with the competitive system. The crusade pledges itself to use its best endeavors to eradicate competition altogether. Showing what a state this sort of work is coming to, an instance is quoted. There were tenders called for some painting which skilled tradesmen state was honestly worth £15; competition enters, and see what follows. The work is done for £4—a mere dry crust existence. The plank which provides for the introduction of a State bank, which will do away with the enormous rate of interest a man has to pay to the existing banks, will prove beneficial to all classes excepting those drawing large salaries for doing nothing.

It appears that in the late elections throughout Great Britain a very large number of poor miners in the Durham district were disfranchised. The electoral law refuses a vote to a man who has accepted outdoor relief under the poor law. Through the great distress resulting from the stoppages of the coal miners and the lockout of the engineers, thousands of the former were compelled to apply for this relief and thus relieved themselves of their votes. This is another instance of the great power of the capitalists, and how it can be exercised to deprive work in some of their rights and crush their liberties. The attempt of the wage-earners to secure adequate representation of their interests in parliament must, of course, be circumvented by some means or other, and the relation of the electoral law to the poor law opens up glorious possibilities. It is only necessary to shut down works and close mines upon any flimsy pretext that may be brought forward prior to a general election, and the majority of the workmen's votes can command will evaporate in the air. One thing is certain—such discreditable and unjust tactics will ultimately recoil on the heads of those who use them. The combination of rich men to crush poor men will rally to the side of the poor all the righteous indignation of a justice-loving public, which feeling will assert itself in the overthrow of the pretensions and claims of the privileged classes.

Another strike of over 200 men is reported as having taken place on Thursday in one of Carnegie's mills. The men who struck don't belong to any union, and their action was prompted entirely by sympathy for the locked-out men. Several watchmen and clerks seen talking to the strikers were at once discharged.

The trade "rat" is a meanly constituted animal at the best, but when he takes every opportunity to sneer at and backbite the class he formerly pretended friendship for and sympathy with, he shows himself the smallest souled creature in existence.

M. Thivrier, the French workingman member of parliament, known as the "Depute a la Blouse," has lately

been getting into trouble through his doings at Comentry. He was guilty of flourishing the red flag in the faces of the authorities, and was summoned to answer for his act before the police court. The magistrate who dealt with the case was as lenient as possible under the circumstances, for M. Thivrier was let off on payment of a fine of three francs only.

Old Chum
(CUT PLUG)
OLD CHUM
(PLUG)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

D. Ritchie & Co.

Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada. Montreal.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb. Plug, 10c.
1/2 lb. Plug, 20c.

Sudden Disappearance

of all dirt and stains from everything by using Strachan's "Gilt Edge" Soap.

REWARD

Purity, health, perfect satisfaction, thorough good temper, by its regular use.

This soap is, without doubt, worth its weight

IN GOLD!!

Montreal Exposition Company.

GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.

15th to 23rd Sept., 1892. SECOND ANNUAL FAIR!

Great Show of Live Stock. Magnificent Horticultural Display.

FINE COLLECTION

Of Historical Relics by the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS,

BALLOON ASCENSION. Parachute descents by STANLEY SPENCER, the renowned English Aeronaut.

Ladies' Military Band and Concert. Magnificent Fireworks. Splendid Music. Brilliant Electrical Illuminations.

ELECTRIC STREET CAR SERVICES

Direct to the Grounds.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

All applications for space should be made at once For prize lists and all information, address

S. C. STEVENSON,

Manager and Secretary, 76 St. Gabriel street, Montreal.

HAVE YOU TRIED HERO

— AND —
CRUSADER

CIGARS.

MANUFACTURED BY
J. RATTRAY & CO.,
MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

STILL GOING ON!
THE GREAT
REMNANT SALE!

FOR THIS WEEK.

REMNANTS
In all departments to be cleared at specially Low Prices.

SPECIAL FEATURES
Of this sale are that all Remnants are placed out so that customers can look through them at their leisure and make selections, and each Remnant is marked in Plain Figures.

Buy now whilst the Stock is large and select the most desirable lengths.

S. CARSLEY.

A NECESSITY NOW.

Mrs. Gazzam—"George, you really must get me a piano."

Gazzam—"Nonsense, Nell! You don't know one note from another."

Mrs. Gazzam—"That's true, but I must have a piano, because papa has given me a piano lamp for a birthday gift."

PRINT REMNANTS!
THOUSANDS

Of lengths of Prints, Sateens and Gingham in all the latest colors and designs to choose from.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

Have been made on these goods on account of having such a large accumulation which will be speedily cleared at the prices marked.

Remnants of Fancy Sateens
Remnants of Fancy Prints
Remnants of Fancy Dillettes
Remnants of Scotch Gingham
Remnants of French Chambrays
Remnants of Cotton Challies

S. CARSLEY.

Orders Promptly Executed.

DRESS GOODS REMNANTS
EVERY KIND

Of Summer Dress Goods in lengths varying from 1 to 12 yards will be found on the Remnant Tables ready for Customers to make selections from; each length marked at lowest prices in plain figures.

Remnants of Summer Tweeds.
Remnants of Bedford Cords.
Remnants of Seaside Serges.
Remnants of Muslin de Laines.
Remnants of Colored Cashmeres.
Remnants of Black Goods.
Remnants of Colored Silks.
Remnants of Colored Flannels.

S. CARSLEY.

Winks: "Minks has been ageing very rapidly during the past few months."

Jinks: "Yes, he must be building a house."

REMNANTS OF LINENS.

THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Of this sale is that having secured another Manufacturer's Stock of Bleachers' Spoils, &c., which will be sold with the other goods at equally low prices,

Remnants of White Table Linens
Remnants of Cream Table Linens
Remnants of Butchers' Linens
Remnants of Linen Sheetings
Remnants of Pillow Linens
Remnants of Linen Tickings
Remnants of Linen Towellings
Remnants of Gray and White Cottons
Remnants of Cotton Sheetings

S. CARSLEY.

Mail Orders carefully filled.

UMBRELLAS!

FOR RELIABLE UMBRELLAS

Come to the Canadian Umbrella Store. The largest and best assortment of Umbrellas at lowest prices.

LEADING LINES

Of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas at specially Low Prices.

LADIES' UMBRELLAS

Covered with Gloria Silk, and with Oxydized Silver Handles in various designs, only \$1.50 each.

GENTLEMEN'S UMBRELLAS

Covered with English Gloria Silk, and with Fancy Wood and Nickel Silver Handles, only \$1.50 each.

Ladies' Silver Mounted Umbrellas.

Gentlemen's Silver Mounted Umbrellas.

Ladies' Gold Mounted Umbrellas.

Gentlemen's Gold Mounted Umbrellas.

S. CARSLEY.

Orders Carefully Executed

SOME PEOPLE

never take hold of a new thing until forced into it. A great many people would not have a telephone until loss of trade obliged them to. We believe that there are people who will suffer with colds, rheumatism, grippe, etc., rather than buy Rigby clothing, because they are a new thing, and they have joggled along without them so long. Don't jeopardize your health, but provide yourself with Rigby Garments at once.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Chief Arthur stated the other day in Toronto that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was a labor organization," said Phil, "and I am mighty glad to hear it. When you consider its record in connection with the great South West strike some years ago, and later on, its action on the Reading road and on the New York Central, it wanted some such assurance as Arthur has made to make people believe that it was a labor organization. My own opinion has always been that, but for the traitorous action of that organization to the interests of labor, all of the great railway strikes of the last ten years could and would have been won. Where and when did you ever see the Brotherhood take the part of organized labor in its struggle with capital, and when did you ever hear Chief Arthur give public utterance to sentiments or thoughts that would entitle him to the claim of labor reformer? If Arthur is really the chief of a great labor organization, as he pretends to be, now is his time to show it. It is admitted on all sides that if the engineers make common cause with the switchmen on the Erie road, the strike in New York State can be won in twenty-four hours, but you can bet dollars to matches that they won't do it; what else is the meaning of Arthur's trip to Georgia at the present time? He wants to get away—he wants no 'entanglements' with other organizations which might strain the extremely friendly relations which exist between himself and those other great benefactors of labor, Chauncey Depew and Walter H. Webb."

"What the railway men of this continent need," said Brown, "is an organization which will cover all branches of the service. Either that or an offensive and defensive alliance among existing organizations which will prevent a repetition of the error of letting one branch do the fighting while the others remain inactive. In this case the trouble started with the switchmen, and they are left to 'wage unequal war' while conductors, brakemen, firemen and engineers remain neutral. The next time it will, perhaps, start with brakemen, and all the rest will look quietly on; and so, one after the other gets a thrashing, and labor is gradually forced against the wall. It was this policy which enabled Webb to make the Central, and Corbin the Reading, non-union roads, and if persisted in will make non-union roads of all of them. Railway men must federate, and whenever any section of their organization is attacked the whole system should be tied up at once."

"They have a federation of the four big brotherhoods now," said Sennett, "and I believe if Sargeant was sure that Arthur could be relied upon, he would have ordered the firemen out a week ago, and Sweeney would come out of this fight with flying colors. If, however, Arthur would allow the members of his organization to take their engines out with green hands as firemen, then Sargeant would be simply sacrificing himself and his men for nothing by coming out at all. The federation of railroad men will never amount to anything as long as Arthur remains Chief of the Engineers and a member of the executive committee."

"This strike," said Phil, "is costing the people of New York State in general and those of Erie County in particular a terrible amount of money. There is first the expense of maintaining an army of 8,000 men in the field; secondly, the loss to the merchants and shippers in delaying the transportation of their goods; the loss of wages to the men and revenue to the stockholders of the company; and last, but not least, the loss on perishable freight. All of this will again bring the question of

State ownership of railways prominently to the front, and will be a benefit to the People's party which has made this reform a leading plank in its platform. Railway strikes are unknown in countries where the governments own and control the roads, and they would be unknown in America if the roads were taken out of the hands of private corporations. Whether the men win or lose, this strike must prove beneficial, in so far that it will open the eyes of the people to the danger of allowing private corporations to own and control the means of transportation, which, at the present day, are as necessary to the existence of a large percentage of the population as the air we breathe."

BILL BLADES.

LABOR DAY NOTES

The Treasurer of Labor Day Celebration Committee begs gratefully to acknowledge the sum of one hundred dollars from Sir Donald A. Smith as a contribution to the prize fund. The donation is accompanied by a kindly written communication in which the writer hopes that the day will be fittingly celebrated.

The delegates from this city to Dominion Trades and Labor Congress are requested to meet on Sunday, 4th September, in Ville Marie Hall, at two o'clock.

Messrs. E. Farrell and V. DuBrueil have been appointed marshals of the parade, and have appointed the various organizations their places as follows:—

- Platoon of Police.
- K of L Juvenile Band.
- Sons of Organized Labor.
- Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, Lodge No. 2.
- Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, Lodge No. 3.
- American Flint, Glass Workers, No. 24.
- Green Glass Workers, No. 18.
- United Watch Case Workers Assembly.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Black Diamond Assembly, No. 1711.
- River Front Assembly, No. 7628.
- Unity Assembly.
- Progress Assembly.
- Carters Assembly.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Railway Porters Union.
- Phoenix Assembly, Brass Workers.
- Maple Leaf Assembly.
- Tailors Assembly.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Marble Workers Assembly.
- Dominion Assembly.
- District Assembly 18, K of L.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Grand Hermine Assembly.
- Hochelaga Assembly.
- Hope Assembly.
- Montcalm Assembly.
- Mount Royal Assembly.
- Co-operative Assembly.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Maisonneuve Assembly.
- DeSalaberry Assembly.
- Ville Marie Assembly.
- District Assembly 19.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- District Council of Carpenters and Joiners.
- United Carpenters and Joiners of America.
- Nos. 636, 134, and 311.
- Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.
- Carriage Makers Union.
- Tinsmith and Roofers Union.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Painters and Decorators of America, Nos. 74, and 222.
- Plumbers and Steamfitters Union.
- Iron Moulders Union No. 21.
- Machinery Moulders Union No. 51.
- BANNER.
- International Machinists Association.
- Mount Royal Lodge 224.
- Victoria Lodge 111.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Plasterers Union.
- Single Tax Club.
- Coopers Union.
- Printing Pressmen's Union, No. 52.
- Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Point St. Charles Division No. 89.
- Hochelaga Division.
- Lalumiere Division 383.
- Deputation Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15.
- Typographical Unions No. 145 and 176.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Cigar Makers International Unions Nos. 226 and 58.
- BAND AND BANNER.
- Central Trades and Labor Council.
- Invited Guests
- President Central Trades and Labor Council

QUEBEC NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, Aug. 24, 1892.

Edward Reynolds has been elected as delegate to the Trades and Labor Congress by the Stadacona division of the O. R. C.

Gear and tackle inspection and the bill introduced at the last session of the Provincial Legislature by Morris did not materialize. Probably that is why Quebec has to mourn the loss of another fine young man named George Moran, aged 21 years. He was employed by an English firm of contractors who are putting up a new gas reservoir for the Quebec gas works and was engaged up on the top receiving heavy iron pieces which were hoisted up by a derrick. The gear in connection with said derrick had already broken a couple of times and, according to the finding of the jury, was not fit for the work, which consisted of lifting into position pieces weighing over two tons. It is necessary to state that the height was 75 feet from the ground, and the derrick breaking again, carried young Moran with it. He was picked up an almost unrecognizable mass of human flesh and bone. An inquest was, of course, held and to the credit of the jury be it said the verdict was not one of accidental death. The finding was that the deceased came to his death through the effects of the fall, and that the gear used was not fit for the work. Something else about this inquest. The parties interested were represented by counsel, a lawyer named Stewart representing the contractors and Ch. Fitzpatrick, M.P.P., the friends of the deceased. One of the witnesses in his evidence stated that he believed the deceased had been sunstruck. I should state that this witness was one of the employees on the same work as the victim, and also that his father is an employee of the Gas company as a laborer. I will leave your readers to decide as to whether this individual is the most deserving of their disgust or pity, and I should add that the wages on this job was \$1.25 per day, and that no scaffold inspector was needed, as the only scaffold was the top of the brick wall.

With but a couple of exceptions every tavern in the city was open all day Sunday, Aug. 21, and the number of drunks around the city was surprising. I can't say exactly who benefits by the fines imposed for infraction of the license laws, but I can say that if everyone of the law breakers are prosecuted it ought to prove a veritable bonanza for either our municipal or provincial authorities.

The Montreal Star has not enough to do in Montreal, so it is going to run Quebec for awhile, and has begun by causing to be painted out a sign (that one of our Quebec merchants ex-secretary of the Quebec Board of Trade and a bitter antagonist of organized labor) had caused to be painted on the cliff hared by the landslide. The lawyers will likely enough have another job now.

ATLAS.

WASHING PRINTS at all prices from 4 1/2c per yard at S. Carsley's.

BOYS' AND MEN'S RUBBER COATS, in all sizes and qualities, at S. Carsley's.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS in all the latest styles for fall wear at all prices, from \$1.90 at S. Carsley's.

IMPERIAL

INSURANCE COY (Limited).
FIRE.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000
Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.
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E. D. LACY,
Resident Manager for Canada;

A PERFECT ARTICLE!



Only the purest Grape Cream Tartar and Finest Re-crystallized Bicarbonate of Soda are employed in its preparation.

Thousands are using the Cook's Friend. Just the Thing for your Christmas Baking.

All the best Grocers sell it.
McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Putting a Premium on Imprudence.

That is one definition, perhaps the very mildest possible, of the bonus system in business, ladies! The method seems in the first instance to have been devised for the express purpose of warping or confusing the judgment of the buyer. Its main object of course is the aggrandisement of the seller. Let us take a case in point.

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS!

You wish to buy a mantle! You are prepared to go the length of \$27.00! Well, here is an article which under ordinary circumstances we would willingly dispose of at that price but we know a trick worth two of that! In short, we adopt the tactics of Cheap Jack. We sell you the mantle for \$20.00, and in addition to the great bargain you have just secured, we magnanimously present you with a copy of that imposing tome, "The Guide to Universal Knowledge." In our mental ledger we figure thus: "Cost of 'Guide' to us, \$1.50 value of Mantle to purchaser, \$27.00: net profit on book transaction, 100 per cent. Verily 'Knowledge' enricheth."

Consider the matter in the light of the illustration we have given, ladies! We prefer to offer you bargains without this garnishing of "CHEAP JACK RELISH." The undernoted speak for themselves.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Linens! Linens! Linens!

BLEACHED TABLE LINENS, from 35c yard.

UNBLEACHED TABLE LINENS, from 30c yard.

BLEACHED TABLE NAPKINS, all sizes, all prices, from 35c per doz.

BLEACHED TABLECLOTHS, all sizes, all prices, from \$1.00 each.

For every description of Table Linens come direct or send your orders to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Prints, Sateens, Gingham.

We are offering the balance of our stock in these lines at greatly reduced prices.

FAST COLORED PRINTS, 8c per yd. Former price, 10c and 12c.

FAST COLORED PRINTS, 10c per yd. Former price, 14c to 16c.

FAST COLORED PRINTS, 15c per yd. Former price, 18c to 23c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

FAST COLORED SATEENS, all reduced in price from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent.

30c GINGHAMS, all fast colors, to go at half price, 15c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Did you Forget Your Melisia Coat This Morning?

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

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

IT IS CHEAPER and better to get your Bedding at a first-class House selling nothing but Bedsteads and bedding, the latter exclusively their own make.

Old Bed Feathers and Mattresses purified and made over equal to new at shortest notice

J. E. Townshend,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine St. } ONLY!
Corner St. James Street.

Bell Telephone 1906.

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ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

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ASSEMBLIES

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REASONABLE PRICES.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

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INSURE your property and Household Effects, also your Places of Business and Factories, against Fire, with the most Reliable and Wealthy

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

PRISON LABOR

A Special Committee of Toronto
T. and L. Council

INVESTIGATE AND REPORT ON THE MATTER.

Your committee respectfully submit as follows: Referring to the circumstances which called this committee into existence, we would remind the Council that at the annual meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, held at Quebec August-September, 1891, the following resolution was passed, viz.: "That it is desirable in the interest of the working classes that all articles manufactured in prisons or reformatories should be exported and sold in foreign markets, instead of being brought into competition with the products of private industries in the Canadian market, and that the Federal and Provincial Governments be requested to so dispose of prison products."

It was felt at the time by this body that that resolution was somewhat crude and illogical, and that it did not properly voice the sentiments of organized labor on the important question of prison labor. And that, as a solution of the problem, it was, in fact, no solution at all. A further expression of opinion on the matter was felt to be desirable, and hence the formation of this committee. At the outset your committee fully realized that they had a formidable question to grapple with and one that has engaged the attention of thinking men and reformers for many years past. And even now no one would be bold enough to say that he had arrived at a final solution of the whole difficulty.

Therefore, in submitting this their report as the result of their labors in their attempt to find the path that will ultimately lead, as they hope, to a final and satisfactory solution of a difficult problem, your committee venture to bespeak the kind indulgence and due consideration from this body which the importance of the question demands.

A proper consideration of the whole question of prison labor involves a consideration of so many other questions, among which the labor question is but a part, though all are so intimately connected, that a proper understanding of one part is not complete without some knowledge of the others. It will be obvious, therefore, that in a report of this nature it is utterly impossible to enter fully into the many questions affecting this one of prison labor. To those who desire to go fully into the question and to investigate for themselves we cannot do better than refer them to the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the prison and reformatory system of Ontario in 1891. In that report the searcher after facts will find abundance of such dealing with the causes of crime and the many systems of punishment and reformation, hereditary tendencies, juvenile crimes, drunkenness, idleness, punishment as a deterrent of crime, industrial and educational systems of reformation. These questions are all fully and comprehensively dealt with. And your committee have no hesitation in declaring that if organized labor desires to speak and to be heard on this important question, which affects not only themselves but the welfare of the whole community, it is the bounden duty of organized labor to honestly inform itself of all matters connected with the problem; and that it should be manly and independent enough to arrive at and present its conclusions, free of all party considerations or influences whatever. Among the systems of labor adopted in prisons are what are known as the "contract system," the "piece price system," and the "State or public account system."

Regarding the necessity of industrial employment of prisoners, there seems to be no difference of opinion among the most enlightened of those who have ever given the question their study, or of those who have had the management of prisons. Punishment and brutality as a deterrent to crime has become, or is fast becoming, among all enlightened nations, an exploded idea. Absolute idleness is so terrible and disastrous in its consequences that it is impossible to give it, as a system, a moment's consideration. Inanity and death, both physically and morally, being the sure and speedy results of a system of enforced idleness and confinement.

Admitting, then, the necessity of labor in some form, it is our duty to find out in what way it will not be a menace to outside free labor. Of the three systems enumerated above, the contract system is the one most universally condemned. The contract system is that by which the labor of the convicts is hired out to the highest bidder.

A committee of Congress of the United States reports the following as among the evils of the contract system: The contract system is wholly adverse to reform, and, therefore, should be abrogated. The prisoners are treated as if they were so many

dumb beasts, being driven to their daily task by men whose aim is to get a certain amount of work out of them each day."

Dr. Wines says: "It places for the entire working day all the prisoners contracted for to a great extent under the control of men with no official responsibility; men who see in the convict only so much machinery for making money; men who only, or at any rate, whose chief recommendation to the positions they hold in the prison is that they are the highest bidders for the human beings hired by them. It introduces into the prisons agents of the contractors, who for the most part have not only no interest in aiding the reform of the convicts, but are too ready to oppose it by offering mischievous indulgences to the convicts as an inducement to further industrial efforts. The contract system works great injury to honest labor in many branches of industry. Investigations by committees of State Legislatures have shown this fact repeatedly. There is no room for doubt as to the evil effect of this system upon the interests of free labor."

The result of the investigations by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York is: "The contract system of prison labor is directly responsible to a great extent for the reduction of wages and loss of employment suffered by mechanics engaged in the same branches of industry which are carried on in the prisons."

By the "piece price system" is meant the system by which the State receives payment for the product of the labor of the prisoner upon materials and machinery furnished by the person making such payment, or furnished partly by such person and partly by the State.

This system is carried out in the Central Prison at Toronto. Mr. Massie states in his evidence before the commissioners that the Nelson find all the raw material and the superintendents, but that the machinery belongs to the Government absolutely. This system is but the contract system under another form.

The supervisor of the New Jersey State Prison, in which there are from 870 to 940 prisoners, said in his report for 1887: "The second year's experience in working the prisoners under the piece price plan seems to afford no element of hope that either as a revenue measure or as a preventive of undue competition with honest labor will it ever be even as potent as the contract system which it supplanted. In its practical working it is but a modification of the old system, possessing all its evils and none of its advantages."

Another expert says: "The piece price system does more injury to the laboring classes outside, because it enables the contractors to sell their products at lower prices."

Under the State or public account system, the State furnishes machinery and material for the labor of the prisoners and markets the product of such labor thereon. That is, the state sells its goods direct on the market without the intervention of any contractor whatever and reserves the profits to itself.

This system is preferred by most of the experts above all other systems as being less injurious to honest labor and best suited for reformatory purposes.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the commissioner of labor, speaks very highly of this system, but would have it worked without the use of power machinery, tools and hand machines only being allowed. He says: "With such a plan in vogue throughout the United States there could be no complaint as to the effect of convict labor upon the rates of wages or upon the sale of goods either in price or in quantity. The convicts would be constantly employed under the direction and supervision entirely of the prison officers. None of the objections or disadvantages arising under the contract system or the piece price modification thereof, or under the public account system with power machinery, can be raised against this plan. The adoption of it would leave the state free to undertake the very best and most harmless efforts for the reformation of prisoners."

The chief aggravation in the employment of convicts in productive labor arises from the use of power machinery.

While recognizing the high authority of Mr. Wright to speak on all matters concerning labor, your committee cannot endorse the suggestion as to limiting the industries to the use of tools or hand machinery.

Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, says: "When the contract system was abolished almost everyone was of opinion that the prisons would run into extravagance and corruption, and that it would be impossible to manage them honestly under the State account system. This theory is entirely contradicted by our experience here for the last twenty months."

After carefully considering the question fully your committee are unanimously of (1st) the opinion that the "Public Account System" is the best solution of the difficulty yet offered, so far as it goes, and would

strongly recommend that its general adoption be persistently urged upon both the Federal and Provincial Governments by all organized labor bodies.

2nd. That prisoners should be given an interest in the product of their labor. That a fair share of his earnings should be retained for the benefit of the prisoner, or be given to the families of prisoners, in if destitute circumstances.

Speaking of this phase of the question, Mr. T. V. Powderly says: "Keep what is given to the contractor of their (the prisoners') earnings and give it to themselves when they leave prison, or allow their earnings to go to their families, instead of throwing these families on the charities of the town, while the prison contractor reaps a reward from crime that causes him to wish that the crop of criminals may grow larger."

3rd. That where the establishment of any prison industry will in the least affect outside labor, or at most only affect a comparatively small number of wage-earners in that industry, that sufficient notice should be given of the Government's intention to start such an industry, and that after the expiration of such notice it shall be considered a Government industry and shall be pursued against all comers.

It has been objected to this suggestion that the men upon serving their term would have no knowledge of any other occupation that would be useful to them after they got out of prison. To this objection your committee submits that it might not be inconsistent with the general good of the community that where such an industry was of sufficiently large proportions, suitable arrangements might be made whereby a certain amount of free labor might be employed in the same institution. Such arrangements are even now made, we believe, under certain circumstances.

FLIES AND HUMAN BEINGS.

War to the Death has Been Waged for Centuries.

It is not generally known, except by those familiar with the literature of the fourteenth century, that the month of August is dedicated to Beelzebub, the interpretation of his name being Father of Flies. Flies appear earlier in the season, but it is in August that they take possession, says a writer in the New York Evening Sun. Bacon quotes King James as saying, "Have I not three kingdoms for you to expatiate in, and you must needs fly in my eye?" So it seems flies occupy the earth. There is but one known spot where flies are not found. That is Mount Carina, in Candia, where a honey is produced so abhorrent to flies that they avoid the place. The estimate of Spencer's imagination has been measured by his apostrophe to the silver winged possessors of the empire of the air. Flies, in fact, have no sense. There is scarcely an insect that has not at times been trained or shown intelligence. There is no such record of the fly.

The peculiarities of his structure, his machinery of locomotion, his unconsciousness of the laws of gravity have been of interest both to scientists and poets. Theodore Tilton's well known ode to the fly has been set to music, and is on countless lips in kindergartens and nurseries; of this nothing is owing to the fly himself.

The enmity between man and flies is historic, but the warfare continued through long ages is feeble, though unremitting. The Cape Colonists, it is reported by James Payn dip long wisps of straw in milk and hang them up; when the flies have settled down on them they draw a sack over the wisps. They often bag in this manner as much as a bushel of flies in a day. The fashion of poisoning flies with flypaper has gone out, the paper being too easily dissolved into a summer drink for one's enemies.

The flies, moreover, had an uncomfortable habit of leaving their corpses on the dishes and tablecloth. Farmers' wives pleasantly lure the fly into glass cisterns of sweetened waters, where it can die like a rose in aromatic pain. The latest method of fly catching is by means of pitch coated papers; lured by the resinous odor of the fly lights. Sheets of this paper, looking like huckleberry tarts, are shown in druggists' windows. But while the fly sticks to the paper the paper sticks to everything else, and unsuspecting members of the family are likely to serve as a walking morgue for flies.

Employments of Frenchwomen.

It is not at all unlikely that the jealousy or the downright aversion shown by the French medical students to female competition arises from that curious social conservatism which prevails among a nation who rarely miss an opportunity to proclaim themselves the most democratic people in Europe. There have always been a great many crafts and employments open to Frenchwomen from which Englishwomen were, until a very recent period, almost entirely debarred. From time immemorial in Paris and other large French towns the

shopkeeper's wife has officiated as his bookkeeper or cashier, and very often late at night, while monsieur is playing dominoes or billiards, or enjoying his cigar and his "hook" at his favorite cafe, madame is painfully balancing her books behind the counter of the deserted but still brilliantly lit shop.

Women, again, in France have an almost entire monopoly in selling newspapers at the kiosques, or in keeping "bureaux de tabac." They may also practice art, without let or hindrance, and they may attain, if they have the talent and the capacity, bright eminence as painters, sculptors, engravers or draftswomen in black and white; but the Academy of Fine Arts persistently sets its face against the admission of lady members, although, as Mme. Leon Bertaux, the president of the Union of Feminine Artists, has pointed out, there were in the last century two lady academicians—Mme. Terburch and the renowned portrait painter, Mme. Vigee-Lebrun.—London Telegraph.

Fifty-five thousand tailors have been looked out in London owing to a dispute with the employers regarding piece work.

The Java Government, heretofore dependent upon compulsory labor in coffee growing, intends now to try paid labor by the contract system.

In Great Britain the yearly loss in wages through ill-health is about \$55,000,000, and it is estimated that 40 per cent of those who start in business fail, March being considered the slackest month for business.

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ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, has arrived in New York.

Wm. Fluse, a farmer near Eganville, Ont., suicided by hanging. No reason known.

John Ryan, of Queenstown, was found dead in his house and foul play is suspected.

Elisee Dionne, Legislative councillor, and formerly Minister of Agriculture for Quebec, is dead.

George Daniels, formerly of Hamilton, was run over by an engine at Chicago and will probably die.

The coroner's jury in the supposed abortion case at Wellandport found that Miss Mann had died of peritonitis.

Fred. Coveney, while drunk, was killed at Schaw station near Guelph. His remains were scattered eighty-five yards along the track.

The police are after Tim Carroll, of Ingersoll. He is accused of assaulting the daughter of the woman in whose house he boarded, in her mother's absence. She had been ill, and was too weak to defend herself. After the assault Carroll looked her in the house. She may not recover.

American.

New York City is reported free from small-pox.

Train robber Eugene Bursch was killed at Franklinton, La., while resisting arrest. He was an American captain.

Charles T. Vincent was killed and James Welsh wounded while both were attempting to escape from Sing Sing.

The first frost of the season has been reported at Concord, N. H., yesterday.

Philip McCauley, of Middletown, N. Y., is in his 103rd year.

When John L. Sullivan went to church on Sunday he put \$50 on the plate. He was sober, too.

Prince Michael's temporal, or legal wife, has obtained a divorce.

European.

The Hazaras have again defeated the Afghans.

The Queen is appearing in public more than usual.

Sir Julian Pauncefote has been made a baronet and Sir Lyon Playfair a peer.

The French Government has ordered the removal of all monarchical emblems from public buildings.

Marquis Visconti Venosta, ex-Minister and Senator, has been appointed Italian member of the Behring Sea Arbitration Commission.

Dr. Koch has been sent by the German Government to Persia to study the new disease which accompanies cholera, though seemingly a distinct malady.

By a typhoon, landslide and earthquake in Japan 450 people were drowned, 3,000 houses swept away, and 25,000 people are being fed by the Government.

The Austrian Government has interdicted the circulation of Zola's "Le Debauche," on the ground that it tends to disturb public peace. The real reason, however, is that it paints the horrors too forcibly.

The Art of Getting There.

In business, as in a foot race, there are always two ends to the procession. One gets there, the other does not. The comparison holds good, not only in results, but in reasons. The winner may secure the prize on his merits as a leg manipulator, or he may handicap his competitors and win in a hippodrome, but be that as it may, success secures applause and a silver cup. It is so in business, the man who succeeds is seldom cross-examined as to his methods, and the fact of a stone front and a big bank account covers a multitude of sins. There is nothing in modern times that can redeem a reputation or give it a finish as can a greenback and a check book. In saying this we do not assume or imply that business successes is impossible with a fair amount of conscience and an approximate regard for the ten commandments, but we wish to emphasize the point that the public mind is so keenly appreciative of results that it insists on lifting its hat to success without a care whether the winner is a sinner or a saint. No one needs to go out of the corporation in which he lives to know this. This measure of a man is not made by a legitimate tape line, but is nevertheless the popular yard measure. When the man who made his business a success retires from his ledger to his coffin, he is honored generally, not for what he carries with him, but for the bulk he leaves behind him, and in death and in life it is the money more than the man to which the public makes a crook in its marrow bones. Those, however, who in the race are found at the tall end, are labelled as being "no good." Their biography is peppered with criticism, and as blanks in a lottery, they are disappointments and failures. Good qualities with no interests in the mint are overlooked, and no record of virtue or

honor can compensate for the inability to "get there." With this sarcastic and fallacious sentiment served up as choice diet on the public plate it ceases to be a surprise that the man who gorges on chicken should grow feathers, and that scores of men in business should have no higher aim in life than "getting there." Now it is perfectly right for a man to aim high, and to do his level best to make his business a success, but if he is morally indifferent as to the methods he uses, if his fortune should reach the upper story his soul is on the door mat. We cannot, of course, eliminate the ambition, but we can do a great deal with a broom in the methods. The law of legitimate success is based on integrity, industry, good judgement and persistent application. These are indispensable, and if they sometimes fail to make a fortune, they never fail in making a man. It is of this kind of stuff the national and individual character must be made, and to men on the threshold of business life their chances both of personal happiness and prosperity are dependent on their character. That uppermost, success can never demoralize a man, but that missing, there will be more money than man at the end of the race. In that sense, success is a misnomer, and "getting there" a case of suicide — Fred Woodrow.

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

A union of lead glaziers has been formed in Boston.

The typewriters of Chicago are about to organize a trades union.

Overtime has been practically abolished in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Union barbers at Haverhill, Mass., have agreed not to shave non-union men.

Owing to the Homestead strike the price of structural iron advanced \$4 per ton.

Workingmen are boycotting the New York Sun because of its hostility to organized labor.

Farmers in the West are offering as much as \$2.50 a day to men to help them harvest the grain crop.

The government is preparing to enforce the eight hour day law on governmental contract work.

The cigarmakers of Philadelphia have won a stubborn fight against three firms that desired a reduction of wages.

The plaining mill men's strike was decided off last week, and the men returned to work at the old rate of wages.

The composition roofers of St. Louis, Mo., gained a strike that guarantees them \$2.25 for a day's work of eight hours.

Chicago Trades Assembly have decided not to buy clothing from any salesman not a member of the Retail Clerks' Union.

The Farmers' Alliance has offered to furnish the Homestead men all the flour they need. There will be no starving this time.

A machine is being built in Belfast, Me., to cut granite columns in the same manner as wooden ones are turned on a machinist's lathe.

Servant girls in California receive on an average \$25 per month. Nurse girls are paid \$12 to \$20, and good cooks from \$30 upward.

Boilermakers at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, struck last week because of the employment of a non-union man in the department.

A Concord, N. H., granite manufacturer states that it will take ten years to restore the granite business to where it stood before the strike.

According to Secretary Cooper, of the Iron League, the Board of Walking Delegates costs the workmen of New York City \$150,000 a year.

Drought sufferers from Mexico are coming into the United States in great numbers, and are offering to labor for their board or for twenty cents a day.

The bricklayers and stonemasons of Tonawanda are fighting against a lockout, which is aimed to break the nine hour work day established last year.

Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly have engaged the services of a lawyer, and will enter upon an active warfare to prosecute the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

The Chicago Building Trades Council on the 19th of July, for the first time in its history as an organization, called a general strike of all the tradesmen at work on a job in order to force a contractor into terms.

The Carriage and Wagon Makers' International Union, in session at Columbus, O., provided for organizers in each State, and ordered that any person in the union who becomes intoxicated shall be summarily dismissed.

During the last five years the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators has reduced the hours of labor and advanced the wages of its members in 200 cities. The receipts at the general office were \$32,720.59, and the expenditures amounted to \$21,918.87.

SLAVERY IN THE AUSTRALIAS.

Atrocious Contracts Made With Capitalists.

(Special Correspondence of The Voice.)

NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, July 9.—Political events change with astonishing quickness in the Australias. Two months ago labor was gaining one advantage after another; now, however, a change has come over the scene, and what it will eventually lead to is hard to foretell. One of the blackest pages in Australian history has been turned within the past six weeks, being nothing more nor less than the reintroduction of the practical enslavement of Pacific Islanders known as Kanackers by the government of the Colony of Queensland. The South Australian Government is following suit by introducing coolie or Hindoo laborers under contract into its northern territory, and the West Australia Government has gone still further and practically enslaved Kanackers, coolies, Chinese and aborigines alike.

As far as the Queensland and South Australia Governments are concerned, they are simply "running amuck." They both have but a short time before they must face the general elections, and as so many of the recent bye-elections in those colonies have resulted in favor of labor candidates, the two governments evidently intend to enact as many plutocratic measures as possible before the labor deluge comes upon them, and hence the hurried manner in which they have hastened to declare themselves slave States.

Slavery it surely is, for the black labor traffic means nothing short of kidnapping and compulsory labor. The wretched blacks are, from well authenticated evidence, decoyed on board the so-called labor vessels, or if they are not decoyed they are kidnaped and carried off by force. On arriving at the northern Queensland ports the unfortunate islanders are marched up-country to the sugar plantations, overseers for the planters keeping them together, and on arrival at the plantations the poor creatures work from sunrise to sunset in the cane for the paltry sum of \$60 a year and "keep," the keep consisting of coffee, molasses and rice, with occasionally an old sheep thrown in for a change or a treat.

The contract having been made by the government with the sugar planters for a term of years, the planters will as a matter of course claim compensation for the loss of the slaves should the Labor Party succeed in ousting the existing capitalistic government of Queensland.

As far as the other colonies of the Australian group are concerned, large public meetings have been held protesting against the introduction of practical slavery into the Australias. Christian ministers of all denominations have also preached sermons and written against the traffic. In Queensland itself the workers are terribly excited, and it would take but little to stir up a rebellion or civil war. In the event of civil war, it is needless to state that the workers throughout Australia would assist their fellow workers in Queensland in suppressing the slave traffic.

PLUTOCRATIC VIEWS.

The Stuttgart New Zeit, socialist, in an article on the Labor Movement in America, reproduces the following citations from the plutocratic press and kindred sources in this country:

From the Indianapolis Journal, Republican: "There is too much freedom in this country rather than too little."

From the Indianapolis News, Democratic: "If the workmen had no vote they might be more amenable to the teachings of the times."

From the N. Y. Tribune, Protectionist: "These brutal creatures (strikers) can understand no other reasoning than that of force and enough of it to be remembered among them for generations."

From the N. Y. Times, Free-Trader: "There seems to be but one remedy, and it must come—a change of ownership of the soil and a creation of a class of land owners on the one hand and of tenant-farmers on the other—something similar to what has existed in the older countries of Europe."

From the Chicago Tribune, Protectionist: "The simplest plan, probably, when one is not a member of a humane society, is to put strychnine or arsenic in the provisions furnished to tramps. This produces death in a comparatively short time and is a warning to other tramps to keep out of the neighborhood."

From the Chicago Times, Free-trader: "Hand grenades should be thrown among these union scoundrels who are striving to obtain higher wages, as by such treatment they would be taught a valuable lesson and other strikers could take warning from their fate."

From the N. Y. Herald, Clap-trap: "The American laborer must make up his mind, henceforth, not to be so much better off than the European laborer. Men must be contented to work for less wages. In this

way the workingman will be nearer to that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him."

From the N. Y. World, Catch-penny: "It is very well to relieve distress wherever it exists, whether in city or country; but the best meal that can be given to a regular tramp is a leaden one and it should be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy the most voracious appetite."

From the "Rev." Dr. Hitchcock, Brooklyn, Pharisee:

"The battle with Socialism will be brief but it will be very hot. No quarter will be given until it is ended."

From the "Rev." Kugler, Hoboken Pharisee:

"All we owe a tramp, is a funeral."

From Tom Scott, ex-President of the Pennsylvania railroad:

"Give them the rifle diet for a few days and see how they like that kind of bread."

Geo. A. Vest, U. S. Democratic Senator from Missouri:

"Universal suffrage is a standing menace to all stable and good governments: its twin-sister is the Commune with its labor unions, workmen's league, red republicanism and universal anarchy."

Henry Ward Beecher, Pharisee:

"Is not a dollar a day enough to buy bread? Water costs nothing and a man who cannot live on bread is not fit to live. A family may live, laugh, love and be happy that eats bread in the morning with good water, and water and good bread at noon, and water and bread at night."

Jay Gould, Republico-Democrat:

"We shall shortly find ourselves living under a monarchy. I would give a million dollars to see Grant back in the White House"....

Mary A. Livermore, woman suffragist:

"Tramps have no claims on human sympathy. When they invade my house and ask for bread I bid them be gone without ceremony. The hand of society must be against these vagrants, they must die off and the sooner they are dead and buried the better for society."

One of the Problems.

The subject of "working for pin money" is one that admits of discussion on both sides. It is all right for daughters of well to do parents to learn to be self supporting and thus provide for the contingency of what we call a "rainy day;" but on the other hand every position given to those who work only for pin money crowds out some deserving person who may be in actual need.

An editor in southern California argues that in making selections for public offices the qualifications and not the financial status of the applicant should be the principal consideration. That is undoubtedly true; but when positions are bought and paid for, as they often are, either by return of political favor or coin, the qualification clause cuts no figure. The recent discussion about married teachers in public schools of Oakland has caused considerable comment. One of the directors has expressed admiration for the married teachers. Of course it is quite a help to the bank account when a wife turns breadwinner, but the vast army of single women who must work or starve are often driven to the latter alternative—or worse. Every year a large number of young women who have studied faithfully and well, earned a right to positions in our schools are compelled to seek occupations for which they are not fitted, while women with husbands, who should be willing to support them, are given the positions. If a man is crippled or unable to labor it is noble in a wife to support him; otherwise it is demoralizing to the marriage institution and an injustice to single women.—San Francisco Examiner.

Some men only join a union when they get in a tight place.

The latest reports to the general office of the Knights of Labor from Australia say that the Order is growing wonderfully in that country.

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THE DEVIL TO PAY

BY LEWIS FREELAND, IN THE STANDARD.

The king was puzzled, for his treasury was empty, and he knew not how to fill it. While he pondered this mighty question of state, the devil came to him, not in a dream, but in sober earnest. And the devil, as is his habit, went at once to business.

"You are in trouble, sir," said he to the king; "shall I help you out of it?"

"No, thank you," replied the king, "you charge too much for your help. I do not forget that my father is still working out a debt to you which was beyond all proportion to your service."

"Yes," said the devil, "I did charge the old man about all the traffic would bear; but I have tried to be considerate, and although he is still working out the debt, let me assure you that his position is the most comfortable, in winter, in all my dominions. But that is beside the question. Your treasury is empty, and I can fill it. I will make no conditions. You may command me freely. What say you?"

"And has the devil turned saint?" the king inquired.

"Not by a long shot. I shall get my pay; though not from you, from your subjects."

"My subjects be —"

"Stop!" interrupted the devil, "that sentiment is not original with you. It is the motto of my kingdom, and I won't permit it to be appropriated with impunity. Come, what do you say; shall I tell you how to fill your treasury?"

"Yes," the king whispered.

"Then, listen. All your subjects have plenty, have they not?"

"They have. There is not a poor man in my kingdom except myself."

"How do they get it?"

"They work for it."

"Why do you allow them to work?"

"It is the command of God."

"Silence!" the devil screamed, his face purple with rage and his tail lashing the floor of the palace till the air was laden with sparks.

"Well, then," gasped the frightened king, "they would starve if I stopped them, and what good would that do me?"

"It would do you no good if they starved," the devil answered, as he gathered his tail under his left arm and opened the window to let out the stifling fumes. "But it would do you some good to charge them for working, wouldn't it? They would pay rather than starve, eh?"

"Good idea!" exclaimed the king.

"I thought so," said the devil. "Now, suppose you issue a proclamation that no one may work without a royal charter."

"Yes," the king interrupted, impatiently.

"And then suppose you sell charters to one man to work in a certain territory and to another man to work in another territory, and so on."

"Yes."

"And suppose you allow the owners of these charters to farm out the privileges under them."

"Yes."

"And suppose you issue no charters at all for some of the best territory; don't you see that you will get a lot of ready money from the sale of charters and have a permanent income from the territory reserved, and be favored with a wealthy leisure class, in whose society you may enjoy yourself?"

"Capital," exclaimed the king, and before the word was out of his mouth the devil had vanished.

The king lost no time. Having issued his proclamation forbidding his beloved subjects to weary themselves with work, he sent for his attorney-general, and ordered that functionary, on the basis of a contingent fee, to draft a form of charter. It read in substance like this: Be it known that his pious

and gracious majesty, Impecunious X, having from love of his faithful subjects forbidden them to work without his command, does now, by these presents, confer upon his well-beloved Bylighte, lord of Towmaytokahn Hill, his heirs and assigns forever, full power and authority to permit the good people of all that territory known as Quad, and bounded, etc., etc., to work or not to work, as to him may seem best, and on such terms as to him may seem just. Signed, sealed, etc., etc., etc.

The proclamation caused an uproar among the people, for the seeding season was just opening, but when Lord Bylighte appeared with his charter in Quad, quiet was restored and terms were made. "I will give so much a year to be allowed to work," said one, and "I will give so much," said another. And in this way it went, until Lord Bylighte had arranged with all the people in his territory. And while Lord Bylighte was adjusting things in Quad, Lord This and Lord That and Lord Tother were doing the same in Quam and Quim and Qurl. And so it was that the king's treasury was full from the sale of charters, and the lords, instead of working as they used to do, lived on what the people paid them for the privilege of being allowed to work, while the attorney-general's contingent fee was big enough to make a shyster respectable. And between them, the king, the lords and the attorney-general, enjoyed their leisure amazingly.

But as the king's subjects increased, a great many could not buy the right to work, and had to hire themselves to those who could, and many of these could not find men to hire them, and many more found it easier to follow the example of the kings and the lords and live on plunder than either to buy the right to work or to hire themselves out. And it came to pass that there were paupers in the kingdom, which was something novel, since the king had theretofore been the only pauper; and there were criminals there, which was also novel, for when nobody had to pay to be allowed to work, and everybody got rich by working, no one ever thought of being a criminal.

And so things went on for many and many a year. The king was lazy and happy, for he had nothing to do and plenty to eat. The lords were lazy and happy for the same reason. The people, though, were far from being lazy and happy; the beggars were lazy, but they went hungry; the criminals were neither lazy nor happy, and the people who worked had no time to be lazy, and after paying the lords for the right to work had little left on which to be happy.

In the course of time the king died and the lords died, but the charters lived, and the new kings and new lords profited by them.

At last the people got so restless and made such grim threats that the lords were frightened, and when a rebellion was imminent the lords were on the point of burning up their charters. But this did not meet the views of the devil, and he put it into the heads of the people who were paying for the right to work to buy the right of their lords for a lump sum. Of course the lords were glad to compromise in this way, and it came about that each man who worked in a certain place bought the right of his lord to work there forever, him and his children after him, and to sell the right to others. It took a good many years to complete this change but when it was done the devil rubbed his hands and switched his tail gently, now this way and now that, saying: "Surely the devil will be to pay!"

And so it was.

Some of the purchasers from the lords found that where they had the right to work they could only make a little with great effort; and thus it happened that the first, and those who bought of them grew rich, and the others remained poor. And those that grew rich did just what the lords had

done before them; they sold permission to work to the poor who had no charters, and this proved so profitable that they were able themselves to obey the old proclamation against working, and yet to live in great comfort. Like the lords from whom they bought, they were lazy and happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FEAST OF NATIONS.

Cobden believed that international peace is a branch of political economy, and that war is a hindrance to commerce, consuming without producing, expensive, wasteful, and unnecessary. He opposed it also on higher grounds. To him universal peace was not only a political doctrine, but also a moral sentiment and a religious rule. As a member of the Episcopal Church he often partook of holy communion; but he thought that the holiest communion was the Feast of Nations, where the whole brotherhood of man sit in equal rank at the table of the Lord. And the table of the Lord is this round earth, where there is neither head nor foot; no highest place nor lowest place; and woe to the man who devours the share of his brother and drives him from the table.—Gen. Trumbull in American Journal of Politics.

ORGANIZED REVOLT AGAINST GOD.

Think of the barbaric savagery of a system which permits a single generation to appropriate to itself the whole planet upon which it lives, in fraud of all who are to come after them. Is it any wonder that we hear of conflicts between capital and labor—of conflicts between those who have appropriated the earth and those who have been excluded from its occupancy and its blessings? . . . The child who is born while we are penning these thoughts, comes into this world clothed with all the natural rights which Adam possessed when he was the sole inhabitant of the earth. Liberty to occupy the soil in his own right, to till it unmolested as soon as he has strength to do so, and to live upon the fruits of his toil without paying tribute to any other creature, are among the most sacred and essential of these rights; and any state of society which deprives men of these natural and inalienable safeguards, is an organized rebellion against the providence of God, a conspiracy against human life, and a menace to the peace of the community.—General James B. Weaver.

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