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PRAIRIE PHILOSOPHY.

Contributed to the Westminster
Review by Wm. Trant.

It must be confessed that when such little and common faults are a community's great crimes—wearisome and repulsive, though they be to orderly minds—yet life is almost Arcadian, and, indeed, Pyrrha and Strephon, Phoebe and Amadis, and Phyllis and Lydia, though rude in manners, and rough in attire, are seen as near perfection as can be expected in this wicked world. The whole life offered is one of innocence and pleasure, and it requires quite an exertion to mar the one or spoil the other. It were strange indeed were it otherwise. Nature smiles around. There are flowers which, if not as profuse or so brilliant as in Mexico or Ceylon, are yet bright with colors so luscious that they seem as if they could never fade, but be forever unchangingly bright; there are sunsets as gorgeous as ever Turner painted or dreamed of, or as melting in loveliness as any the Mediterranean can boast; there are autumn tints that bid the gazer stand spell-bound in reverence; there is the awful silence of winter, and every bough a mass of crystal jewels, with the glitterance of the aurora.

Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise,
and the still brilliance of stars shining with a lustre unknown in many lands. Above all there is charm of solitude, of quietude, the holding sweet converse with Nature, and with her alone. There is no one to trouble us, no one whom we may trouble. For companions is there not a party by the name of Horace? Homer, though dead, yet speaketh; Corneille is handy, so are Goethe and Shakespeare. The hum and shock of men do not disturb prairie life. It would be strange, indeed, if the tempter could find success in the wilderness. Indeed the Devil would die for lack of sustenance in regions where it is difficult to harbor wicked or selfish thoughts. The man that cannot be righteous on the prairies without exertion, is indeed a lost creature. The very pleasures of the settler have the virtue of not being useless. The inhabitant of the prairie is never idle, because his idle moments are not idly spent. The slow and stately "promenade a cheval" in Rotten Row has no charm on the plains. The settler does not ride to see or to be seen. He enjoys the inspiring and invigorating gallop (often bare-backed) of several miles across country (often pathless), and what does it matter if he be in search of stray cattle, or to "round up" a herd of ponies. Piscator and Viator, in their silent occupation resulting in so little, are not known; but a jolly fishing party, encamped for a few days by the side of a lake, think none the less of their sport because it supplies all of them with a chief dish at every meal for a fortnight. Shooting carefully preserved pheasants, too tame and too heavy to fly, would be voted "slow"

in the North-West; but the prairie chicken, the partridge, the wild duck, teal, sand-hill, crane, the wild goose, and the pelican afford abundance both of sport and food (keeping well all winter when frozen); while the ermine, the black fox and the bear yield their skins before the repeating rifle, either for use or profit.

There is one thing from which the settler is almost entirely free, and that is politics. The Atlantic and the Pacific separate him from the East and the West, and the affairs of other countries interest him only as ordinary news, while the doings of the United States are but little more regarded. Even the politics of the Dominion do not excite him, so far as he is from the turmoil of cities. One reason of this may be that there are no "burning questions" in Canada. The constitution is settled on such a wide basis that there is nothing to wrangle about on that head, and the "sweeping measures of reform" that periodically agitate England, are unknown in its greatest colony. Canadians are under the British flag, it is true. I saw one over the citadel when I landed at Quebec, but I have not seen one since; and beyond supplying the staple of a peroration to a speech or the refrain to a song, its existence is hardly known. The Queen sits on her throne, and, it is said, rules over the prairie. But the throne is such a long way off! Even her viceroy, living a thousand miles away, is seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so far off is he, and so small does he appear, while the monarch he represents shines like a little star, invisible to the naked eye. There are persons in the Canadian towns that discuss Monarchism and Republicanism; but the man on the prairie does not bother his head about what is to him such a trifle. There is no House of Lords to trouble his soul, and no hereditary preferences or privileges to vex his spirit. The Home Rule question does not concern him, because he already enjoys whatever blessings it may possess, and he leaves it to other countries to obtain it, if they wish it, as best they can. There is no clamoring for the disestablishment and disendowment of a State church, because there is not a State church to clamor about. The liquor question is settled on a temperance basis, and though the law is occasionally evaded, yet the evasions are not nearly so many as are those of the licensing laws in England. Even the cruelly oppressive tariff, with its absurd custom dues, has failed to arouse the settler. The high price of sugar does "raise his dander," but the shoe must pinch tighter before he realises the great advantages of unfettered international intercourse. He admits the wisdom of other nations buying cheaply from Canada; but his eyes are not yet wide enough opened to see that it would be equally wise of Canada to buy cheaply from other nations. It is, however, beginning to be recognized that there must be reciprocity between Canada and the United States; but there is a timidity that holds the protectionist back from even that step, because he is not too optuse to see that if once the position be conceded to the nearest nation, there is no reason under the sun why it should not be conceded to all other nations. Thus it is that reciprocity with the States means free trade with all the world. This is the hope of one party, the dread of another, if the mild excitement the question has caused may be said to have created any party whatever. In the meantime, the settler is under the delusion that he is paying no taxes; and until he awakes from this Lethal-like slumber, free trade will not become a "burning question." As to the Land Question, which is the coming question of the day in all other countries, it is in the dim and distant future as regards Canada, and must still be of shadowy form for some centuries to come. A man who can have 160 acres of land for nothing, on simply paying an application fee of £2, is not likely yet awhile to trouble himself about land nationalization. He may have an abstract idea that there should be no private property in land, any more than in the ocean or the atmosphere; but so long as there is no landlord to interfere with the fruits his land yields to his labor, so long as he can drive his cattle, his herd of ponies, his flock of sheep, to graze gratuitously on the prairie, he is not likely to exercise his mind about Fourier, Wallace or Henry George. The Canadian settler is secure in the privileges here indicated. He knows that a man cannot reap what he has not sown, or garner what others have gathered. In Canada, the class of persons who toil neither do they spin, and are yet arrayed in the splendor of Solomon in all his glory, has not yet sprung into existence. Perhaps it never will. "The land for the people" is a significant, indeed an ominous, cry in old countries. In Canada it does not exist, because the land is already for the people, at least, for those who will toil.

(To be Continued.)

Great sale of dress goods now going on at S. Carsley's.

It is asserted that in Paris no fewer than thirty thousand women earn their living by the manufacture of artificial flowers. The rose is the test of proficiency which the workshops demand; whoever can counterfeit a rose being supposed equal to the imitation of any flower whatever. In this, as in other branches of industry, there is usually a division of labor; the bud, the foliage and the mounting being done by different persons. At present many flower-makers are out of work, owing in part to the competition of other countries and in part to the fact that artificial flowers are not universally in fashion.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS.

Typesetting by Machinery Attained
at Last.

The following, abridged from the New York World, will be read with interest, more especially by professors of the "Art Preservative." After giving in detail an account of the various attempts to compose type by machinery, it says:

Well, after all these preliminary experiments, partial successes and partial failures, which we have cited, there has been produced, not on paper, but in metal and in successful daily operation, a composing machine which has showed itself by the most critical practical tests, prolonged to what might be thought an unnecessary length, to answer the most exacting requirements as regards ease, speed and certainty of operation, freedom from stoppages by derangement of parts and beautiful appearance of the matter produced.

This machine, called the Rogers Typograph, has what is well known in all English-speaking countries as the Remington key-board. The operator touches the key for the required character, the proper matrix is released and slides down an inclined wire guide until it reaches its position opposite the casting box. When the line is filled, by touching the letter-keys and space keys, exactly as in the Remington typewriter, a pressure of the foot justifies and spaces the line by rotating all the spaces, which are compensating twin disks, until the matrix line is just full. The line is cast by the machine itself, and the frame which carries the matrices is tilted back by about the same motion as is used in the Remington typewriter to raise the carriage to inspect the work. The frame is dropped as the Remington carriage is dropped and another line is set. The matrices are suspended on wires attached to a frame, and are released one at a time by touching the proper keys; but no matrix ever leaves its guide. The operations of justifying, aligning, casting, releasing and depositing the type-line on the galley take about five seconds in the foot power machine, but if the machine is driven by belt, carrying about one-eighth horse power, three seconds suffice, during which time the operator is "getting his line" from the copy, so that the working of the machine is practically continuous. The spacing may be by the spacing disks alone, the thinnest portions of which are thinner than a three-to-em space, so that closer justification can be obtained than by any other method; or ordinary three-to-em spaces may be interspersed by the machine if desired.

The melting pot will hold and keep melted about thirty pounds of metal, requiring about eight cubic feet of gas, costing a cent an hour, or an amount of gasoline costing even less. The operation by foot-power is not fatiguing and the speed only about 10 per cent. less than where power is used.

The speed of the machine is limited only by that of the operator, as is proved by the fact that from memorized matter over 7,000 ems of minion an hour have been set in 16-pica em measure. The eight-page section of The World of September 28, pages 23 to 30 inclusive, was, with the exception of the advertisements and heads, set up with the Rogers Typograph by three operators, working in turn, eight hours at a time, in 4 days 23 hours and 35 minutes, in which time the proof was read, corrections made, heads set and the type placed in chases and made ready for stereotyping by the same operators at a total cost of \$67.22, the operators being paid at the rate of \$27 per week (the regular scale for time work on morning newspapers set by the piece in this city). This work, had it been done by hand, would have cost, including time, making ready and proof-reading, \$175.01, or more than two-and-a-half times as much.

Associated with Prof. Rogers in the development of the Typograph has been Mr. Fred E. Bright, an inventor of considerable reputation before he entered in the new field opened up by the Typograph.

The foreign patents of both Messrs. Rogers and Bright are owned by the International Typograph Company, of Cleveland, of which President Thomas W. Palmer, of the World's Fair, is president. This company recently sold its Canadian patents for \$400,000 in money to the Dominion Typograph Company, which has established a large factory at Windsor, Canada. The Dominion Company has orders for

OVER THREE HUNDRED TYPOGRAPHS
from leading newspapers of Canada. A committee appointed by the Canadian Parliament to examine into the subject of typesetting machines reported recently in favor of the Rogers Typograph as the best system, and the machines are to be introduced this winter into the Government Printing Office at Ottawa. This establishment, by the way, is said to be the finest Government printing office in the world.

It is fair to assume that a reasonable amount of practice and familiarity with the machine will reduce the cost as above stated, over 25 per cent.

The length of line and the body of the type bar may be altered in twenty minutes and the machines converted in that time from minion to nonpareil, or to any other face for which matrices and casting boxes have been provided. The machine takes up only 4 x 5 feet on the floor, and stands

about 4 feet 6 inches high over all; its weight being but 450 pounds. Its running makes less noise than that of a Remington or Caligraph typewriter.

The wonderful simplicity of the Typograph, and the preparations which have been made during the past two years to produce it in quantity and cheaply, will enable the builders—the Rogers Typograph Company, of Cleveland—to put out above five machines a day after next January, and this output will be largely increased. The company has now in hand orders for over nine hundred machines.

The machines are put out at a uniform rental of \$1 per day for each working day, or \$300 per year for weekly papers, for which price the Company agrees to keep them in repair.

The World, which already leads all other newspapers in the number and speed of its power presses, has adopted the Rogers Typograph, and has ordered for its immediate use one hundred of the machines; or enough to enable it to do over 50 per cent more composition than at present, and by keeping its forms open somewhat later, giving the news-reading public the benefit of the change.

SINGULAR PRE-NATAL AFFLICTION.

If anything could be added to the much which has been said and written upon the duties and responsibilities of parents to their offspring, no more forcible argument in favor of the strictest temperance, than is contained in the following from Hall's Journal of Health, could be presented:—

"The infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N.J., though but large enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. The parents were very exemplary young people, but some months after their marriage the young husband lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance.

"One winter evening he went from his home ostensibly to watch with a sick member of the village lodge. The trusting wife discovered at nine o'clock that her husband had forgotten to purchase meat for breakfast, and she went to the market. As she passed the hotel the sound of a man's voice in song came to her ears. She listened but a moment. There was no mistaking her husband's voice, and scarcely knowing what she did she looked in at the bar room window and saw her husband there in a state of beastly intoxication. The effect upon her may well be imagined.

"Some time after this a son was born to the parents—a fine, healthy infant, bright and comely. Several months later, when the child began to walk and talk, they took him to the family physician. The little one could not walk without staggering in a most unseemly and ludicrous manner, and could not lip baby words without a strong hicough and hesitation. The doctor, averring that it had seen such symptoms in an adult he should have pronounced them due to intoxication, and nothing else, with little difficulty he obtained an account of the unfortunate maternal impression that provoked the peculiar malady with which the child is afflicted. No line of medical treatment could be of use in such a case, and reluctantly the physician gave up the infant boy to endure his strangely miserable life.

"There is nothing like catalepsy about the case," the doctor explained. "There is no healthier child in town. As near as I can explain it, the child has muscles and nerves in that condition of action which its father showed when the mother's impression of his intoxication was received. There are no fits or convulsions, though a tremor is always present. In spite of this fact there is no mental weakness. There is no co-ordination in the movements of the lower limbs, and the hands are almost as bad off. His gait is heavy and insecure, a regular drunken reel or stagger. As to his speech, it is not only incoherent and rambling, but he has all the phenomena of exhilaration or excitement characteristic of the earlier stages of intoxication. His ideas seem to flow rapidly, and all of the senses are wonderfully acute, but there are the muscular tremblings and the actual shambling gait of the drunkard.

"It is a hopeless case; impossible to cure. That boy, if he lives, will have the continued appearance of drunkenness and it cannot be helped. He is drunk, naturally drunk, and though he may become a great scholar, he will never outgrow this malady."

It is a very rare case, and among its features is the odd fact that alcohol in any form and in any quantity acts on the child like a poison.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"There's a second appeal to your hard heart," said Jack, who had by no means recovered his usual equanimity; he was exceedingly annoyed by Litton's determination not to sell his picture, which he ascribed to morbid vanity. "If it's from the Trustees of the National Gallery, I do hope you will reconsider your objections."

"It is not from the Academy," said Walter scrutinizing the envelope attentively. "It seems to me a lady's hand."

"Then I'll be off," replied Pelter, not sorry for once to leave the society of his friend. "I hope it is not from Nellie Neale, to announce to grandmamma her intention of committing suicide for love of her venerable relative. I saw her yesterday as I passed her father's stall, and she looked ill enough and wretched enough for anything. What with his Red Riding-hoods, and his pictures that are not to sell," growled Jack as he descended to his own den, "I believe the lad is half cracked."

At any other moment this reference to Nellie Neale's altered looks would have aroused Walter's keenest sympathy, but as it was, the words fell almost unheeded upon his ear. The idea had suddenly seized him that the note which he held in his hand was from Lotty herself, wrung from her, perhaps, by some extremity of poverty or sorrow. It was to the last degree unlikely that she should write to him, but it was possible; and if she had done so, her need must be great indeed. He had witnessed her signature on the occasion of her marriage, and her handwriting was something like that in which the address of the note was written. The communication had reference to his picture, after all:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to know what price you have put upon your picture entitled "Supplication," 2940 in the Academy catalogue? I made inquiries of the clerk in charge, who will doubtless have communicated with you; but in order that no mistake may occur in the matter, I have ventured to thus address you personally. I am very anxious to become the purchaser of the work in question. Yours obediently,

ROBERT BURROUGHES.

The hair was the hair of Esau, but the words were unmistakably Jacob's: the name, that is, was a man's name, but the handwriting, and especially the style, were beyond doubt those of a lady. Even Walter, who was by no means well versed in business matters, was struck with the imprudence of the words "I am very anxious to become the purchaser," addressed as they were to one who had placed no figure upon his goods. It would have been a very strong temptation to most people to ask a fancy price. If, instead of asking a hundred pounds, he were to ask double the money, it was quite possible he would get it. And two hundred pounds, as Walter confessed to himself, would be very useful to him. The fifty pounds he had lent to Selwyn he never expected to see again, nor even wished to do so—except so far as its repayment would have been proof of his friend's prosperity; but the loan had left the balance at his banker's very low, so low that he had not re-engaged Red Riding-hood's services for several weeks, though he really had had occasion for them, and, what was more, felt she needed the money. As to what Pelter had said about her falling in love with him, the more he had thought of it the more ridiculous the notion had appeared to him. Nellie was an excellent sitter, and used to his ways, and he was fully determined to employ her again, when he should be once more in funds. Yes, two hundred pounds would set him up for the next six months very comfortably; he might ask this Mr. Burroughes for even more, perhaps. Finally, he sat down, and wrote a note, acknowledging, in courteous terms, the compliment Mr. Burroughes had paid him, and expressing regret for the trouble to which that gentleman had been put, but explaining that the picture was not for sale.

Then, late as it was, he went out, and posted the letter; not that he was afraid of being argued out of his determination by his friend, for he was tolerably certain that Pelter had said his last word upon the matter, but because he had doubts of his own firmness, if he should suffer his mind to dwell on so tempting an alternative. He felt that it would be for his happiness to keep the picture, yet also for his disadvantage.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNKNOWN PATRON.

Of the fashion and appearance of Mr. Walter Litton's studio I have already spoken, though not at length: it was unnecessary to do so, since it was very much like other painting apartments of young gentlemen in his profession who have not as yet found themselves famous. It was dirty and dingy where the light fell upon it, and dirtier and dingier where it did not. The "slavery" in the Beech street lodging-house had not much time to spare for cleansing operations, and still less inclination for them; she excused herself for all neglect upon the ground that "them artists did not like having their things meddled with," and she did not run counter to their wishes in that respect. The bedrooms were not much better looked after than the sitting-rooms, with one exception; that of Walter Litton's "was spick and span" as to order and cleanliness, and withal so prettily furnished that it had obtained from Mr. John Pelter the somewhat contemptuous title of "the Bower." But the slavery had little to do with the Bower, which was "looked after" by an occasional retainer of Litton's own—an ancient charwoman, who came in once a week to make "a thorough turn-out," as she expressed it, of

that apartment, and to dust its somewhat elaborate furniture.

"Mark my words, Litton," Jack once observed, while eyeing superciliously the shining wardrobe, the dressing table with its snowy covering and the various little knick-knacks which adorned the chamber of his friend—"you will marry early." He had uttered it in a tone of mournful conviction, as though he had said: "You will die young." He thought that all these things were signs of a domestic turn of mind in Walter, and presages of the matrimonial yoke; whereas they were perhaps but the result of a longer home experience (short as it had been) than poor Jack had had, and of a university education. The contents of Mr. Pelter's studio ran over, as it were, into his sleeping apartment, in which were to be found various early efforts of his genius, which not even the picture dealers would regard with any favor, huddled together, like sheep in a storm, with their faces to the wall. Now, Walter's "Bower" did not smack of "the shop" at all: its only pictures were a small portrait of his mother and two engravings, one of his old college and one of the head of that royal and religious foundation, an austere unlikable man, who had never looked kindly upon the young fellow, nor, indeed, in his own opinion, had had cause to do so, since Litton had "only not disgraced himself" by taking an ordinary degree; but still, for the sake of old times, there the hard old scholar hung. As Walter lay in bed that morning thinking, his eye lit upon this portrait, and straightway his thoughts wandered to that time when the work of life had not begun. It had been an unreal time perhaps; a world quite different from the great work-a-day one; his judgment had been less mature than it was now; he felt, for instance, that Jack Pelter had more true grit in him, more bottom under the rough ruddle than perhaps any of his then companions; but some of them had been very bright and dear to him, one of them especially; a man not dear to him now: he felt that, in spite of himself, though he was neither envious nor jealous of him. He had never had much respect for Reginald Selwyn, but respect had not been so necessary a component of friendship as it had become now; he had loved him as an elder brother, without the insight into his character that such consanguinity compels. All that was over now; and why? He did not answer that question to himself, although he put it; but his thoughts somehow wandered back to the subject they had started from, and which had even mingled with his dreams—his picture in the Academy. On the whole, he did not regret that note he had posted over night to Mr. Burroughes of the Regent's Park. He heard his friend splashing in his bath in the room below, and afterwards whistling, as his custom was, over his careless toilet. Jack's good humor had doubtless returned to him long ere this, but still he would say nothing to him about that tempting offer. He would keep his own counsel, and let him suppose the letter had been a billet-doux, a dun, a challenge—what he pleased, in fact, so long as his guess was wide of the mark. When, however, he descended as usual to breakfast with his friend, and found him frank and hearty as ever, his conscience smote him for his reticence; and he had, it is true, already one secret of his own into which Jack had not been permitted to look—namely, his tenderness for Lotty—but that was an affair as private, and almost as sacred, as his prayers; whereas this offer for his picture he felt to be almost a common property between them, for, without Jack's advice, he would never have sent it to the Academy at all: they had consulted together over it, both as to its price and its merits, and not a few of the latter had, he confessed to himself, been owing to the other's suggestions. A certain sense of ingratitude, and also the knowledge that there was something about which they could not converse, weighed upon Walter's spirits, and he was not himself that morning. It was quite a relief to him to escape from Jack, and find himself in his own room alone. If he had had a model before him, he could perhaps have compelled his own attention to the canvas, but as it was, it was distracted by other thoughts: he made up his mind that he would call at the cobbler's that very day, and engage Red Riding hood, if, indeed, she was well enough to resume her sittings. He could not quite recall what Pelter had said about her, though he knew there was something wrong. His whole mind was confused and jaded, and incapable of effort. Perhaps it was that glass of malt liquor which, contrary to his habit, he had taken after breakfast that morning, for the sake of good fellowship and to make up to his beer-drinking friend for other shortcomings. At eleven o'clock the slavery brought him a letter—not on a silver salver, genteel reader, but in her damp red hand—and she grinned as she delivered it: like the last, it was in a lady's hand, but it was not on that account that she grinned, for she did not know one handwriting from another.

"Why, I never heard the postman's knock, Jenny," said Walter kindly.

"It tain't the postman," said she, stuffing the end of her apron into her mouth, to stifle a giggle; "it be an ever-so-big footman, with a white head with an illigant split in it and a bell rope at his shoulder."

"That's called a shoulder knot, Jenny. Ah, very good!—he had rapidly cast his eye over the contents of the letter—"tell him to wait, and I will write an answer."

His tone was careless, but the note had, in fact, surprised him very much. It came from the same address as before, and was in the same hand:

"DEAR SIR,—it began—"I am in receipt of your letter, in which you state that your picture is not for sale. At the risk of being deemed impertinent, I write to you once more to express a hope that you may be induced to reconsider this decision. That the work is meritorious as a painting, I have no doubt; but its artistic merits, if I may say so without offence, are its least attraction in my eyes; I have quite another reason for wishing to possess it. It is difficult, impossible, indeed,

to explain this by letter; but if your resolve not to part with it is capable of change, I would earnestly entreat you to give me a few minutes' conversation upon this subject. I am confined to my house by a severe attack of gout, else I would do myself the honor of calling on you; but as that is impossible, might I ask the favor of your looking in on me, at any hour you please to name—this day, if possible? The bearer will await your reply. Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BURROUGHES.

The gout from which this gentleman was suffering was certainly not in his hand, for the writing was firm and distinct, though very feminine in its character. Walter felt so curious about the whole affair that he had almost a mind to summon the ever-so-big footman with the bell rope, and question him about his master; but such a proceeding would, to say the least of it, have been undignified. Jack had often warned him never to express surprise with respect to any application for a picture, "however much and naturally you may be yourself astonished at it." Though he had been so self-willed and obdurate in this particular affair, Walter was not blind to his own interests in a general way, nor less desirous of making his way in the world than any other young fellow. So he wrote a polite note to say that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at Willowbank that afternoon, at three o'clock, and despatched it by the white-headed footman.

Then a sudden impulse moved him to run down-stairs and place both the letters of Mr. Burroughes in the hands of faithful Jack, and he obeyed it.

"My dear Watty," said the other, looking not at them, but at him, with his kind eyes, "are you sure you are right about this? You are not going to make me your confidant, I hope, because you think I am huffy and vexed with you? That is all over and gone, as far as I am concerned."

"I daresay I seemed foolish and impracticable," answered Walter, "but I really had my reasons."

"And, very likely, sufficient ones, my lad. I don't say that your resolution to keep your picture was no business of mine, for what concerns you must needs concern me, but I feel that I was dictatorial about it."

"Not a bit, Jack. Please, don't say another word about it."

"But these letters—there are some things, Watty, you know, that one should not tell even to one's friends, for the sake of others—are you sure I have a right to see them?"

"Certainly you have, since I give them to you. It's the funniest thing that ever happened, you will say."

"Are they from a woman, Watty?" inquired Jack, still hesitating.

"Not they, though the handwriting looks like it. They're all about that picture, from a Mr. Robert Burroughes."

Jack read them carefully, but without the smile that Walter had expected to see illumine his jolly face.

"There's something wrong here, my lad," said he gravely. "These letters are not from a man, in my opinion; they're from a woman; and she doesn't want your picture at all."

"What the deuce does she want, then? You don't mean to say that she wants me!—that she has fallen in love with your humble servant, as you always said little Red Riding-hood would do! You will make me a coxcomb," Walter was not a coxcomb, but he did remember how Selwyn had said: "My aunt has fallen in love with you," on his first meeting with that lady, and also the attention she subsequently paid to him at Penadon."

"No, Walter; I don't seriously think Miss Nellie has done that, although I fear there is something amiss with her in that way; and if she were, the misfortune would be almost wholly on her side; but if this—this communication should be what I suspect it is, the misfortune would be on your side."

"You must have been reading the adventures of Mr. Tom Jones, or Mr. Gil Blas, of late, Jack."

"No; but I have been reading human nature—though not the best side of it, perhaps—for more years than you have. I could tell you a story of real life that mates with that of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere of your favorite poet; only with a difference. I could tell you, I say—and here Jack began to pace the room with rapid strides—"of a young fellow still in his teens, for whom a great lady once entertained a great passion. Perhaps she would have married him, if she could; perhaps she only persuaded him that such was her desire. She wrote to him, sometimes by the post, sometimes by just such a wonderful footman as I saw here in our passage this morning; she invited him to her house. She flattered, fondled, spoiled him. He was a lad like yourself, ingenious, high spirited, with a future—a great future, as he thought, poor devil—before him. She was older than he, though she did not look it, and she had more than twice his wits. It was an unequal match in more senses than one, and the weaker one went to the wall. There are some things, as I have just said, that it is well for a man to be silent about, even to his best friend, but I will tell you this much: that woman ruined the lad. He did not cut his throat, you understand, like 'young Lawrence'—it would have been better for him, perhaps, if he had—but he lost all he had: his heart, his hopes, his faith; she killed him."

"He is dead, then?" said Walter gravely.

"Yes; he died years and years ago, God help him! It is not a pleasant story," continued Pelter, after a pause; "but I have told you it, because I don't want you to perish in the same pitfall. Of course, I may be all wrong in supposing that there is any risk. Most people will laugh at such a danger, which seems to them imaginary, will call it ridiculous, impossible and the like; and perhaps it would have been impossible in their case; but most people are fools. Such things, it is true, don't happen often, but they do happen."

It would have been easy enough for a much duller man than Walter Litton to perceive that Pelter had been speaking of himself: his bitter excited tone, his looks, his very gait, as he walked hastily to and fro, as if impatient of the folly he described, betrayed it.

But for this, Walter himself would have ridiculed the story, and did ridicule it even now, so far as it had application to his own position. That Mr. Robert Burroughes should turn out to be a middle-aged lady of high rank, who had fallen in love with him, unknown to himself, tickled his sense of humor; if it was so, it seemed to him that the Bee

(and it was a very large one) impressed upon her envelopes was also in her bonnet—that she must be mad.

"But you would not wish me to cancel my appointment at Willowbank?" inquired he, and his eye twinkled with fun in spite of himself, "for I have made one for three o'clock."

"Of course not. But remember my story, and forget, please, that it was I who told it."

"I will," said Walter, made serious by his friend's unwonted tone, which was at once abrupt and pathetic. It was evident that, in this case, good advice had cost the giver something.

"No," continued Pelter in his old manner; "I daresay your visit will turn out to be commonplace enough. Mr. Burroughes is, doubtless, only an eccentric old fellow, who takes fancies to pictures, and doesn't care what he gives for them. Your refusal to part with yours has probably whetted his appetite, and may turn out to be the happiest fluke for you."

"Thank you for the compliment. If he had taken a fancy to one of yours, you would not have set it down to his eccentricity, I'll warrant, Mr. Pelter."

And so they parted, not to meet again till just as Walter was starting on his mysterious errand.

"You see, I have got myself up, Jack, to the best of my ability," said he, smiling, "in case Mr. Burroughes should turn out to be a countess."

"Quite right," returned the other dryly. "I have been to the Academy, and the man tells me that it was a lady who asked the price of your picture; moreover, I have looked in the blue book, and no such person as Burroughes lives at Willowbank, Regent's Park."

"Then, perhaps, after all, it is a hoax," said Walter, with an air of very considerable disgust.

"No, no; that footman could never have demeaned himself by mixing himself up with anything of that sort. I should as soon believe that the Lord Chancellor played leap frog on the wool-sack. Good bye, and luck be with you."

CHAPTER XI.

BARGAINING.

At a little before three o'clock—for, though an artist, he was punctual, and even methodical, in his habits—Walter Litton presented himself at the lodge gate of Willowbank. A carriage drive that wound among a pretty shrubbery just clothed in its first summer tints, so as to suggest the notion of extent to what was—for London—in reality a considerable frontage, led to the entrance door of the mansion; its principal windows, however, looked upon a smooth, shelving lawn, which sloped down to the water, and was, even at that season, gay with parterres of flowers. To left and right of it were more shrubberies, interspersed with some fine if not stately trees; nor was there anything to suggest that the place was within miles of the great metropolis, except that solemn, far-off roar, which might well be taken for the murmur of the summer sea; so like it was, indeed, that, for a moment, Walter's thoughts flashed to Penadon Hall, where that sound was never unheard; albeit no two places could, in other respects, be more dissimilar than the Hall and the spot in which he now found himself. There the poverty of the tenant had compelled neglect; whereas here the most perfect neatness and completeness that money could insure were evident on all sides. The carriage sweep might have been made of cayenne pepper, so bright and delicate was the gravel of which it was composed; the grass that fringed the laurel beds might have been cut with a razor; and every shrub and flower looked as though it had been the gardener's peculiar care. So rare, too, seemed many of them that it would not have surprised him if each had had a ticket appended to it, as at Kew, explaining its name and habitat. His ring at the front door was answered by a stately personage of ecclesiastical, nay, episcopal type, who appeared to regard his having come on foot as quite phenomenal. He looked to right and left of his visitor through the glass door before he opened it, in obvious search after the usual equipage.

"Is Mr. Burroughes within?" inquired Walter, not a little amused by this expressive pantomime.

"Mr. Burroughes?" repeated the man in a doubtful tone.

"Then it is a hoax," thought Walter. "Yes, I received a letter this morning," said he aloud.

"O yes, sir; it's quite right," interrupted the other, as if recollecting himself. "Mr. Litton, I believe! My master is expecting you."

He led the way through a hall of marble, in which stood two colossal vases of great beauty and some statues of life-size, which Walter's hurried glance perceived were of no mean merit, into a sitting room looking on the lawn, and then withdrew. It was a small apartment, but very richly furnished and those with whom newness is not a bar to admiration, in excellent taste. The walls were covered with books, in bright but not gaudy bindings; the floor was of polished oak and bare, except in the centre, which was covered by a rich carpet, in which the feet sank as in luxuriant moss; the furniture was also of oak, but of the most modern—that is, of the comfortable make. Next the window was a table rather out of character with its surroundings, for, though of polished and well-kept appearance, it was, in fact, a plain office desk of deal, such as a merchant's clerk might work at in the city. It was laden, however, with accessories, whose splendor was greatly in excess of their use; in particular, upon a golden tripod were a watch, a weather-glass, and a thermometer, all made of the same precious metal. The singularity of this ornament attracted Walter's attention, and upon the foot of it he read inscribed, along with the date of a few months back, the words "To our dear papa, upon his birthday."

"Good heavens," murmured Walter to himself, "perhaps there are two countesses!"

At that moment the door opened, and there limped in a short, stout man, by no means so important-looking as the butler, but with an air of proprietorship, nevertheless, about which there could be no mistake. "Mr. Litton, I believe?" said he, without offering to shake hands. "Be so good as to take a seat," and he himself, not without difficulty and much help from his stick, contrived to get into an arm-chair. His face was flabby rather

than fat, with very little color, and shewed signs more of care than thought; his tone was peevish, and his manner somewhat uneasy, not such as is usually worn by a man of great substance in his own house.

"You have come about that picture in the Academy?"

"I have; or, rather, you requested me to come about it, Mr. Burroughes," answered Walter with some dignity.

"Well, well; it is all the same. I am not Mr. Burroughes, however; my name is Brown—Christopher Brown." And the little man drew himself up stiffly, as though the name ought to be an impressive one.

Walter did not remember to have heard of the name, and he resented this behavior of its proprietor extremely. "I can only deal with principals," said he, his indignation leaving him no choice of words, and causing him to use a conventional phrase, which had really but little meaning, and of which he repented immediately. The reply, however, seemed to please his companion well enough.

"That's a very sensible observation, young man, and shews you have some knowledge of business. However, I am the principal in this case; Mr. Burroughes is the Co., and no consequence. It is I who wish to buy your picture. You don't seem to be in a hurry to part with it—that is very sensible too. We are never in a hurry to part with anything in the city—if we can help it. That is what we call 'standing out.'"

Walter bowed stiffly; he was not quite sure what the stout gentleman meant, but he had a strong suspicion that he was drawing a parallel between Art and sordid Trade.

"I do not quite comprehend your meaning, Mr. Brown."

"I mean—this question resolves itself, suppose, like all other questions, into two pregnant words, How Much?"

"Not quite," returned Walter coldly, that had been the case, I should have named my price for the picture, and then you might have taken it or left it, as you chose."

"You must be in independent circumstances, young man," observed the other sarcastically. "And yet Beech street is no very highly rented locality, I believe."

"Perhaps not; and yet, if you visited in Beech street, I should behave to you like a gentleman, sir," cried Walter, seizing his stick.

"Highly tight! Don't fly into a passion, Mr. What's-your-name; I didn't mean to offend you. Sit ye down, sit ye down, and us discuss this matter in a quiet, sensible manner."

"I had rather stand," said Walter; "the you."

"Well, well; as you like. I wish I could stand as well. Come, let us say fifty pounds. You are a young man, a very young man. George! I wish I was half as young. Have got your way to make in the world. When I was your age I didn't get fifty pounds for a week's work, nor yet five. My time not so valuable."

"Perhaps not, sir," answered Walter hotly, "and I hope it is not very valuable now, you are wasting it. I wish you a very good morning," and he moved towards the door.

"Why, how much do you want?" cried old gentleman, slewing round upon his heels so as to face his companion. "I'll give a hundred pounds. You are certainly not mous enough to refuse a hundred pounds!"

(To be Continued.)

A Man Half Dressed Rushes Frenetically to Catch a Train.

Quite recently the passengers of G. T. R. East bound train, as it stops at Morrisburg, Ont., were astonished to see an elderly man rush at full speed down the road towards the station. As he neared it, it was seen that he was so dressed, suggesting to all the fact that he had hurriedly risen from his bed, and in great dread of being left behind perseverance and speed saved him; he reached the train fatigued and breathless just as it was moving off, and getting under the significant word "safe" was soon comfortably seated and began to finish his dressing. He was evidently satisfied and pleased that his expectations would be realized, and that he had reached his destination, and that all was well.

The writer was a passenger on this train and witnessed the incident, and after thought of that word "safe," as the car was reached.

There are men and women to be seen from a physical standpoint are or clothed, half prepared, and who are in on in the vain hope of accomplishing the multifarious duties of this eventful day.

Their physical condition certainly includes the possibility of any sufferer benefit themselves or others. They are weakened from disease of some kind and while in this condition they are able to cope with their stronger and healthy brethren in the battle of life.

They do not stann "safe" on the running train of time; their exit made uncertain to themselves. Nervous, sleepless, weak and irritable suffer hourly from the cruel pangs of peptic or Chronic Indigestion; of martyrs to Kidney disease and L. plain, while multitudes are miserably happy owing to an imperfect circulation and their whole system is full of and poisonous blood.

True perseverance is necessary, such sufferers to gain the goal of perfection—perfect health. Like the passenger reaching the railway to must press forward, and grasp the only life giving remedy, carry them safely over the rocks of disease.

That remedy sure and unfailing Celery Compound, and is the only one in the world that can restore the great nerve system upon a sound and healthy body. Celery Compound is rapidly becoming a great popular family remedy; it stands without a peer for the relief of disease; and to such a high has its fame and credit been advanced, now the best physicians on this continent, prescribe it, and its general use in all climates.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

England has 600,000 cotton workers.
 In Italy 200,000 people live in cellars.
 Berlin has a papier-mache fire engine.
 Natural gas is petering out at Pittsburgh.
 Germany's bakers average \$2.50 per week.
 Saltair (Utah) salt works cover 900 acres.
 Boston is to have an electric elevated road.
 Barnsley (Eng.) joiners won 8 pence per hour.
 Many laborers in Italy average 25 cents a day.
 St. Paul City laborers get \$1.40 for eight hours.

A Scranton mill makes a steel rail every sixteen seconds.
 America has 1,000,000 telephones; the world 1,200,000.
 A penny-in-the-slot gives electric light in English railways.
 Denver conductors have been using bogus bell punches.
 Boston slate and metal roofers demand eight hours and \$3.25.

The San Francisco Union will establish a co-operative shoe factory.
 Great Western (Eng.) Railway hands got increases and shorter hours.
 In Berlin 800 sales girls get medical care and work is secured for 10 cents a week.
 John Burns, of England, says last year there were 2,000 strikes, and only 20 or 30 lost.

San Diego, Cal., has the largest hotel. The grounds cover twenty acres, the building five.
 The Maritime trades of Melbourne have adopted a resolution declaring that the strike should be continued.

A meeting of Sailors' and Firemen's unions has decided to federate the employees in all the shipping industries.
 A meeting of unionists held at Sydney, N.S.W., on Monday, resolved that union men should not work with free men.

Every steamfitter establishment in Chicago is idle, all of the union men and 95 per cent. of the non-union men being on strike.
 In 1888, said John Burns, six persons in Liverpool and New York, in twenty-four hours, by forming a cotton "corner," made £3,000,000.

Furniture workers met at Indianapolis. This union won thirty-one demands without a strike. Strikes cost \$7,019; sick benefits, \$16,299.
 The Newcastle, Wales and other miners in New South Wales are resuming work. Many seamen are applying for work, and the strike is virtually ended.

In 1888 the New York Malsters' Union men got \$16 a week for ten hours. The loss of a strike cut wages to \$10 and \$12 and increased the day to fourteen hours. They are reorganizing.
 An extensive strike has been begun by the dockmen at Plymouth against the employment of non-union men. The new federation of employees in all the shipping industries embraces 370,000 men.

Three thousand strikers at Sydney, N.S.W., have declared in favor of continuing their struggle. The miners of Newcastle have delayed resuming work. There was rioting in Adelaide caused by unionists molesting non-union men.

The trouble between the Western Union Telegraph operators, who were members of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, and the Western Union company has been amicably settled. The members of the St. Louis lodge have taken steps to dissolve the lodge. The telegraph officials have reinstated both the discharged and the striking operators.

At last Saturday's session of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in Pittsburgh, the following officers were elected: First grand engineer, D. Everett; second grand engineer, T. C. Ingraham; third grand engineer, Ash Kennedy, of Winnipeg. The latter office was created at the convention. There was no election for grand chief engineer, as Mr. Arthur was elected at the last convention for three years.

All the operators, thirty-seven in number, in the Western Union Telegraph Company's office at St. Paul, Minn., struck at eight o'clock on Monday, and all the company's wires into the city are idle. The walkout is on account of the discharge by the company a few days ago of six operators supposed to belong to the Brotherhood. The discharged men called on Superintendent McMichael in Minneapolis on Monday to try and effect an agreement, but were not recognized and the strike is the result.

The Western Union Telegraph Company at St. Louis, on Monday, discharged R. R. Grandy, T. I. Irwin, G. B. Groves and C. McNeal, four experienced operators, because they were members of the Brotherhood. Grandy has been in the employ of the company for twenty-five years and McNeal for seventeen years. The four men have been prominently identified with the Brotherhood affairs, and the others were notified last Thursday that unless they severed their connection with the organization they would be dismissed.

The Retail Clerks' Union, No. 5046, American Federation of Labor, has issued a strong appeal calling upon retail clerks in every city in America to organize. It says: "The great wave of organization which has swept from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf has found a welcome in the hearts of the down-trodden slaves, commonly called clerks. Many unions have been organized and wonderful improvements accomplished through the assistance of organized labor. Hours have been shortened, wages have been increased and the general condition of members improved. So apparent has been the benefits

derived that an effort is being made to extend the benefits of united action to all cities in America, hoping by effecting an organization among the clerks from all parts of this country, a better condition will result and a more thorough realization afforded the clerks of their true condition. The fallacious idea that employers look upon organization with contempt and fear is false and unfounded. Self preservation is the first law of nature, therefore all the reasonable employers can naught but respect the man who aims to promote his condition and welfare. That union is necessary to accomplish the much needed improvement is evident from the grand progress made by other crafts through the Federation of Labor. But few clerks realize that when seven wage workers join hands and secure a charter thereby affiliating with the American Federation of Labor they command the recognition and support of over seven hundred and fifty thousand organized laboring men."

Seventy-five telegraph operators, employed by the Western Union Company, Chicago, responded to a call for a special meeting on Monday, and remained in session for several hours. The Western Union officials rented a room facing the hall in which the operators' meeting was held and by the aid of a pocket camera photographed every one who came within its focus. The operators who were taken will no doubt be placed on the discharged list.

The Associated Steamship Owners of Liverpool, who employ a number of non-union laborers, have been warned by the Dock Laborers' Union that unless the non-unionists are discharged a strike will be inaugurated. The executive of the Shipping Federation offers to supply the Associated Steamship Owners with a full force of non-union men if the Liverpool owners will join the Shipping Federation. It is believed the Liverpool employers will refuse to discharge the non-unionists, and that a strike is therefore imminent.

IS THE DAY OF STRIKES PAST?

"The day of strikes," say some of the so-called conservative, "is past." Rats! The day of strikes will never be past until all men, everywhere, are free, industrially, economically, socially, and every other way. As long as injustice sways the world, strikes will be resorted to to overcome it. Whenever workingmen become so lost to their own sense of protection as to endorse the puerile and really idiotic idea of no strikes, and act on that principle, that moment they will rivet the shackles of industrial slavery around their necks so tightly that only death will relieve their suffering. An individual who will not strike against injustice deserves not the name of man or woman. Then away with the fool talk of "the day of strikes is past." It is the only weapon mankind possesses to fight against the tyranny of organized robbers. When labor receives the full product of its own exertion, then and not till then will the day of strikes be past.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike! for your altars and your fires,
 Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
 God and your native land."

—The Rights of Labor.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Passing up Merrimack street the other day, a not very uncommon spectacle was witnessed which gave us an excellent chance to meditate on the prevailing question of the dignity of labor. A man about sixty years old, a sober, industrious citizen, was engaged in cleaning out a manhole; his head and shoulders being the only part of him visible to the passer by. The mud and filth was indescribable, yet the man was performing a very important service to the public, for which he was receiving the exorbitant sum of \$1.75 per day.

Now the question very appropriately comes in: Where is the dignity of labor in this case? Are there not thousands of people in our city who would shudder at the thought of leaving their comfortable offices, their libraries, their stores, or their workshops, to change places with this man in filth, and how many of the thousands just spoken of are troubling themselves about the labor question, or making any show of earnestness in trying to elevate the condition of labor, and to bring a truly dignified basis?

The work of this man is of just as much importance, and should carry with it as much dignity, as the work of those in offices, libraries, stores and shops.

It is disgusting to hear so much talk about dignity of labor, when so many good men, who, through force of circumstances, brought about by the present sinful competitive system, are compelled to perform important services for a miserable existence, which so many others would shrink from doing. Every man should be willing to pay another as much for doing a piece of work as he would want for doing it himself. There are many men in comfortable positions, receiving salaries varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per year, whose services are of no more importance than those of the digger in the sewer.—The Commonwealth.

WOULD NOT TAKE THE OATH.

Joseph Byron, of 242 Cleveland street, East New York, claims he is willing to join the Plasterers' Union, but as he refuses to take an oath the union will not admit him, and he finds it impossible to obtain employment. According to his statement he came to this country from England last May and obtained work as a plasterer. He found it necessary to belong to the Plasterers' Union and therefore made application. Recently he was notified to be present at their hall in South Brooklyn. He went there, and was partially initiated, but refused to take the oath and was put out of the hall. He now claims that it is impossible for him to obtain employment in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City, and thinks it an outrage that a question of religious belief should bar him from becoming a member of a trades union.

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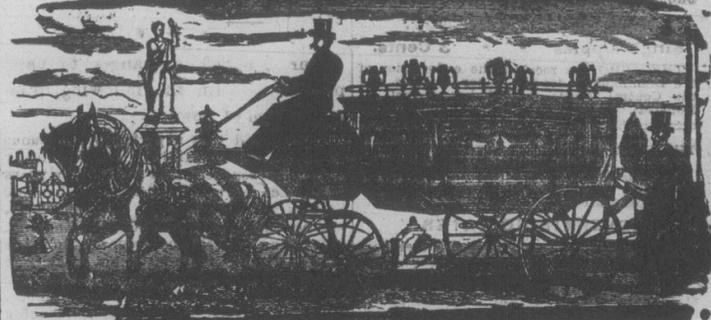
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You will find there a large assortment of FALL GOODS very cheap.

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Worth \$6.00 per pair are sold for.....\$4.50
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Worth 30 cents a yard are sold for 20 cents.
 All Woollen Goods and Knitted Goods are Sold at

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Do Not Forge

THE ECHO

The Recognized Journal

Organized Labor for the

Dominion of Canada.

—

Our Prices are Very Reasonable

The Echo

PUBLISHED BY

The Echo Printing and Publishing Co

DAVID TAYLOR, MANAGER.

Subscription: - One Dollar Per Year.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies - 3 Cents.

THE ECHO has received the endorsement of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress and the Central Trades and Labor Council of Montreal.

THE ECHO is published every Saturday morning at the office, 338 St. James street, and delivered in any part of the city or mailed to any address in Canada or the United States at \$1.00 per annum.

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For 12 lines (one inch) or less, first insertion, 10 cents per line; subsequent insertions, without change of type, 5 cents.

Display or contract advertisements are taken at special rates, which will be made known upon application.

Business notices published in local columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.

All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, November 1, 1890.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are not certain that it is within the province of a paternal government, such as that of Canada is supposed to be, to experiment with machinery which, if successful, will cause a large number of her citizens to lose their situations. It is said that the Queen's Printer has made arrangements for the introduction, during the coming winter, of a number of typesetting machines, known as the Rogers Typograph, into the Government Printing Bureau. We have nothing to say against a private firm undertaking their introduction, but it looks at first sight as if the Government are anxious to decide upon the capability of the machine for the benefit of private enterprise in order to guard against the possibility of some of their supporters having their fingers burned. As we have said, the introduction of this foreign constructed machine will displace Canadian labor, but it has always been the case—Government's first care is to protect the capitalist leaving the workman to protect himself. We would like to know where the difference lies between importing cheap foreign labor to displace Canadian, and foreign made machinery for the same purpose. What would be said if the Government were to import a large number of German printers, for instance, to take the place of those now working in the bureau because they considered they were being paid too highly? Would there not be a big outcry from the general public at the injustice? It amounts to the same thing in both cases. Whether this particular machine is destined to do it or not, we are not prepared to say, but the day will ultimately come when machinery will take the place of hand in the mere matter of typesetting, and we can only counsel the rising generation of compositors to make themselves thoroughly proficient in all the branches of the art to enable them to stand out successfully against such competition.

Mr. Gladstone has definitely announced to his constituents his readiness to legislate in the direction of an eight hour working day, without qualification in the case of miners, but tempering the general demand by insisting on the need of "trade option." This announcement may be taken as the first substantial outcome of a democratic franchise in the Old Country, and is a fulfilment of the prophecy made at the time that the extension of the franchise would change the political economy of British statesmen. The "politics of the poor," which peer and bishop are alike recognizing, mean that the democracy, like other ruling classes which have preceded it, will seek to obtain for itself better and freer conditions of life, and the first real attempt to humanize its existence in the very rational demand for shorter

hours of labor. The advent of the labor element in politics will impose tests of social welfare other than, to quote Mr. Gladstone's words, "an intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power when human life is, in the great majority of cases, a mere struggle for existence."

Our English exchanges have had present us with the following interesting item of news:

"It is said that a perfectly innocuous bitter ale, non-intoxicating and chemically pure, has been perfected after many years experience by a Fellow of the Chemical Society well known in the scientific world, and especially so in the West of England. It is claimed for this beverage that in flavor it so nearly resembles bitter ale made from malt and hops that a person with his eyes closed would not discover the difference. Arrangements are in progress for placing this drink on the market, and for this purpose a temperance or teetotal brewery is being established."

Anyone who thinks that by inventing more non-intoxicants he can lessen even in a small degree the use of ale is "away off." It is claimed for the new discovery that any one drinking it with his eyes closed will not know the difference between it and good old "bittaw beer;" but we would remark en passant that the majority of those who indulge in the aforesaid "bittaw beer," do so invariably with their eyes open—and seem to like it too. Reader, just imagine—if you indulge at present—the delightful opportunity in the near future of "closing your own eye."

The members of the Board of Trade, or at least a large proportion of them, are very much annoyed at the recent appointment of a son of Ald. Kennedy to the vacant position of Canal Superintendent, rendered so through the death of Mr. Conway. The appointment is a fortunate one for the party concerned. It is made on political grounds only, and simply because the "old man" is supposed to exercise an important political "influence" in Montreal Centre, and therefore very necessary to the gentleman who represents that constituency. Whether it is a fortunate one for the public remains to be seen, but the most that can be said of it at present is that it is lucky Superintendent Kennedy is the son of his father. The Council of the Board of Trade met the other day and passed a resolution condemning the appointment and expressing their regret that a gentleman nominated by themselves had been overlooked.

The British War Office is greatly exercised over the serious deficiency of officers for the volunteer corps of the country, and this deficiency is regarded with the greater concern now that all the corps have been allotted to clearly defined points under the new scheme for home defence. The War Minister should direct his attention to the domain of Uncle Sam where he will find "colonels" and "captains" lying around loose in great abundance. With a volunteer strength of 50,000, Scotland is deficient to the extent of 224 officers, from which we infer that the "canny Scot" is not ambitious to carry a sword.

Since assuming the direction of the British Board of Agriculture, Mr. Chaplin has done a good deal to foster the growth of allotments—a large and important increase having taken place during the present year. Twenty years ago there were less than a quarter of a million persons in possession of allotments, and now it is estimated the number exceeds one million and a quarter. To be sure the majority are garden lots, but their is a fair proportion with the added luxury of a cow. During the last four years the rate of annual increase has been three times as much as it was preceding that date.

The latest feature in insurance business is the establishment of a Credit Indemnity Company in the United States which, for a small percentage, guarantees the transactions between merchants and manufacturers against

possible loss. The company of course will not—if they know it—insure bad or doubtful credit, and the mere fact that they are willing to accept the risk would be good evidence of the uselessness of the indemnity.

A great meeting in favor of disestablishment was held in Edinburgh recently, and it was clear from the proportions of the meeting and the enthusiasm aroused that a great struggle has been inaugurated for the placing of all religious bodies on an equal footing in Scotland. The speakers were men of the highest eminence and they predicted an early finish of the strife.

We are in receipt of the printed proceedings of the Sixth session of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress just issued, and in connection therewith our attention has been drawn to the appendix to the pamphlet bearing on the credentials of two or three of the delegates. The appendix is reported as approved by the Executive Committee, yet the President, as a member of this committee affirms that he never saw the document in question, and therefore it could not have been before the committee.

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.

Workingmen would do well to notice that, in order to make their votes good at the municipal elections their water tax must be paid before the 28th of November.

THE WATER TAX QUESTION.

The committee appointed by the City Council to investigate the water tax question met last Tuesday evening, when Mr. Helbronner, representing the Trades and Labor Council, was present by invitation. The reception he met with, however, is not calculated to advance the enquiry or to increase the public confidence that justice will be done, and has been made the occasion of the Trades and Labor Council withdrawing their representatives from the meetings of the committee. Mr. Helbronner states that, with the exception of Alderman Stephens, all the others are seemingly anxious to arrive at a settlement of the question. The gentleman named conducts the investigation, and pretends to know all about it. He is a lawyer and tries to block the investigation by putting questions to the representatives so that they may make compromising admissions, and will not allow necessary explanations, saying: "That is an argument, we don't want any." On the contrary, Mr. Helbronner says, the City Treasurer was allowed every latitude in the way of explanation, and he (Mr. Helbronner) was prohibited from putting questions to that official under the fear that such questions might destroy the effect of his evidence, and his right to refute the statements of Mr. Robb was refused, although the latter gentleman admitted that it was statement against statement, and would require the services of an accountant to get at the truth. Instead of the investigation being directed against the Finance Department, it was in reality directed against the Trades Council. Mr. Robb calculated the interest on the water works debt at six per cent., while Mr. Helbronner maintains that four per cent., the rate paid on Corporation bonds, should be charged, which would alone make a difference of two or three hundred thousand dollars. Both Messrs. Robb and Stephens said the water tax was not on property at all, and Mr. Helbronner offered to prove by the City Charter that this

was incorrect. It is not customary to hold property responsible, but it is the law. On the whole, Mr. Helbronner is of opinion that the enquiry is illegally conducted, contrary to the course of procedure in such cases, and intended to bring about useless results. As far as the Trades Council is concerned they will leave the committee to themselves, relying upon a thorough investigation in the courts before an impartial judge.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHILD LABOR IN FACTORIES.

To the Editor of THE ECHO: Sir,—A friend having kindly sent me a copy of your last issue, I see you do me the honor of noticing a letter I sent to the Witness.

Unfortunately, the spirit of Ananias is too often found to dominate the press of this country; but before classing your paper (which "has received the endorsement of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress and the Central Trades and Labor Council of Montreal") amongst those who have been weighed in the balance of truth and justice and have been found wanting, I beg to make you the following offer. In your article you have made statements, probably from ignorance or through being misinformed, which are incorrect; you have made insinuations which have no foundation in facts, and you have descended to personalities which in no way strengthen a good cause.

Now, my offer is, that you should pay Valleyfield a visit. I will undertake to prove to you that your conception of the matter in point is wrong and that the opinion of "scores of higher authorities" are not safe to rest arguments upon. I am sure that, unless with you "the wish is father to the thought," your present attitude will undergo a remarkable change. Yours truly, LOUIS SIMPSON.

Valleyfield, Oct. 29, 1890.

[Because last week we had occasion to comment on a communication which appeared in the Witness, from Mr. Simpson, of Valleyfield, that gentleman has seen fit to favor us with the above letter. If we mistake not the same gentleman, on a former occasion, figured through the press of this city as the champion of child labor, and it is to his readiness to rush into print on every occasion the subject is broached, as the apologist for this injustice of a by-gone age, that he owes our comments. Mr. Simpson must have been scored in a raw place; he is evidently very angry, judging from the abuse he tries to heap on our head. We willingly give place to his letter, although it does not touch the merits of the question, and he is welcome to all the good it can do him. The only answer to Mr. Simpson's style of argument is: "You're another!"—Ed.]

A SECRET MEETING.

One of the most striking and peculiar features of the Comte's reception in Montreal took place at the Windsor Hotel after the return of the party from Mass. Here the Pontifical Zouaves had assembled in large numbers under their leader, Recorder DeMontigny, Chevalier LaRocque and Chief of Police Hughes. When the Comte arrived the Zouaves proceeded to the parlor of the hotel to await the Comte. Amongst those present were several press representatives, including Mr. Benniger, of the New York Herald, who has accompanied the party from the first, and the Mail correspondent. Previous to the arrival of the Comte, Recorder DeMontigny made a short speech, in which he said that it must be distinctly understood that only the Pontifical Zouaves were to be present, as this was one of the conditions made with General Charette, the head of the Zouaves. Noticing the newspaper men, he exclaimed "You cannot stay here; we do not want any newspaper men here!" On the Mail correspondent repudiating any idea of intruding and signifying his willingness to retire if the reception was not public, the Recorder curtly replied "Not only you will, but you must." There is some excuse for the Recorder, however, as he has to deal daily with the roughs of the city.—Toronto Mail, Oct. 27.

[Does this mean that the Mail classes its correspondent amongst our city roughs?—Ed.]

Evil of Indorsing.

"I affirm," says Judge Waldo Brown, in the Boston Traveler, "that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than, perhaps, all other causes. I think that our young men, especially, should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement or rascality, fails to pay it. Notice, the indorser assumes all this responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it proves profitable; but with a certainty of loss if, for any of the reasons stated, the principal fails to pay the note."

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

WHITE: BLANKETS: COLORED We are now offering the cheapest Blankets to be seen in the city, in all sizes and weights, White or Colored.

For the best ENGLISH BLANKETS, For the best SCOTCH BLANKETS, For the best CANADIAN BLANKETS, For BLANKETS from \$1.50 to \$20 per pair come to JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

All Mail Orders have our prompt attention. Samples sent on application.

NEW TABLE LINENS.

In no store in Canada can you find better or cheaper TABLE LINENS than we are now showing; all imported direct from the best Irish and Scotch manufacturers. We invite all in want of Linens of any kind to call and examine our grand assortment.

BLEACHED TABLE LINENS from 40c to \$2 per yard. UNBLEACHED TABLE LINENS from 25c to \$1.25 per yard. BLEACHED TABLE NAPKINS from 40c to \$10 per dozen. UNBLEACHED TABLE NAPKINS from 75c to \$6 per dozen.

For all kinds of Linens come direct to JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Mail Orders Filled with great care

CHEAP! LINEN TOWELS.

We are offering great bargains in PURE LINEN TOWELS. All makes and sizes now in stock. LINEN TOWELS from 75c to \$10 per dozen.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Samples sent by mail free of charge

ELDER DOWN.

We have a fine stock of ELDER DOWN GOODS. ELDER DOWN QUILTS. ELDER DOWN COSIES. ELDER DOWN PILLOWS. For all kinds of Elder Down Goods come to JOHN MURPHY & CO.

For all kinds of Dry Goods come or send your orders direct to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Direct Importers of Ladies Children's & Men's Gloves, 1781, 1783 Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter Terms Cash and Only One Price. Telephone Nos.: Federal, 580; Bell, 219.

Having come to our knowledge that certain principled dealers have of late been offering the public certain lines of Men's Socks at 80c and 60c per pair, which they claim to be Genuine "IRISH KNIT," we wish to caution those in need of REAL IRISH KNIT GOODS against above as being vile imitations. The only

GENUINE "IRISH KNIT" are only to be had from us and are sold at the rate 50c per pair or \$5.50 per dozen.

ALBERT DEMERS

Importer of Genuine "Irish Knit" Socks 338 ST. JAMES ST.

Having Received my Full Stock of

AMERICAN GOODS

I am now prepared to sell sizes of

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'

BOOTS,

Shoes AND Rubber

Shoes AND Rubber

My prices are LOWER than any other Shoe Man in town. Do not forget the address:

2076 Notre Dame St

J. CORCORAN.

One Door West of Colborne street

THE DOMINION

Custom Made PANTS

\$3

TO ORDER

Imported Goods. Inspection invited

The Dominion Pants Co

322 & 364 St. James St., Montreal



MONTREAL NEWS.

The 65th Battalion will be inspected on the Champ de Mars this afternoon.

The railway porters of this city have organized a union with a membership of about fifty.

A new Protestant chapel is to be shortly constructed at St Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

A petition is in circulation for the pardon of Donald Morrison on the ground of his ill-health.

The Atlantic steamers which sailed from this port the past week carried large consignments of Canadian eggs, butter, cheese and apples for the British markets.

One of the employees of the Bushnell Oil Company, was found lying on the Canadian Pacific track at Mile End at half-past five on Tuesday evening with both legs crushed from the knee down. The General Hospital ambulance was called, but he died in it while on his way to the hospital. The body was moved to the morgue where Coroner Jones held an inquest.

The death took place on Monday of Mr. John Kearney, of the firm of J. & P. Kearney, tea importers, a gentleman well known and kindly regarded by an extensive circle of business and social acquaintances. He was born in Ireland forty-five years ago, came to Canada about twenty years since and later established himself in business as a tea merchant. Mr. Kearney was unmarried.

An attack was made upon the Salvation Army last Sunday afternoon while they were marching along the streets of Griffintown. A mob of several hundred congregated and stoned the Salvationists, some of whom were cut and injured. On the appearance of two policemen, with revolvers, the crowd dispersed, but not before one man, Thomas Jeff by name, who resides on Duke street, had been arrested as one of the ringleaders.

Parties intending to insure their household effects would do well to call upon Mr. McElligott, the city agent of the Eastern and Agricultural Insurance Companies, the latter of which makes a speciality of this class of risks, while the former transacts a general fire business. Favorable rates from both companies can be obtained, and the standing of both companies is of the highest. Mr. C. R. G. Johnson, 42 St. John street, is the chief agent.

An old lady, residing at 449 St. Denis street, named Madame Debois, was found dead in her room by some neighbors one day last week. She was in comfortable circumstances, but lived alone. It was the opinion of Dr. Archambault, who had been called on the discovery being made, that death had resulted from heart disease, and that she had lain thus for fully eight days. Part of the lady's face was torn and scratched, evidently by a cat, rats or mice.

At a meeting of the teachers of the English night schools, held in the offices of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, it was decided to commence the regular class work early next week. The course will consist of English (reading, etc.), writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping and drawing. No French will be taught unless in some districts where there is a special demand for it. Students will be allowed to select three or four studies out of the five offered. No class will be permitted to exceed forty scholars.

Painters' Union, No. 74, will give a grand banquet some time next month for the purpose of promoting the social welfare of its members and their families, and bringing about a more friendly understanding between the different labor organizations in the city. In our report of their first annual ball last week, we neglected to mention the decorations of the hall, which were simply magnificent, such as only painters and decorators can put up. The success of the ball was due to the untiring efforts of the committee, viz: Mr. T. Fisher, the president of the Union; Mr. E. Pelletier, the secretary, and Messrs. Farrell and Oimet.

On Monday evening last Detective Grose arrested a well-dressed man and woman, giving the names of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hayes, at the Windsor street depot of the C. P. R. under the following circumstances. It appears the couple had entered the store of Messrs. H. Birks & Co., jewellers, and after looking over some diamond rings purchased two, for which they tendered in payment first a \$1,000 and then a \$500 bill, but neither could be changed and the party left. Becoming suspicious Mr. Birks examined the tray containing the rings and found that a glass ring had been substituted for a diamond one, also that two gold chains had disappeared. On being searched at the Central Station several bogus rings and other suspicious property were found in their possession. Since their apprehension several other storekeepers have discovered themselves to be minus different articles, and in one or two cases goods found on them have been identified. The prisoners have been remanded and every effort will be made to trace their antecedents.

In connection with the Benwell murder, the Rev. J. Edgar Hill, of St. Andrew's Church, delivered a very scathing denunciation of modern society from his pulpit on Sunday last. In the course of his remarks the rev. gentleman said: "It was very deplorable that any human being should fear the verdict of man more than the verdict of God; it was very disgraceful that any moral being should think far more of exposure and the punishment for wrong doing than of the sin he had perpetrated. It indicated a shocking degradation when the chance of being found out was the only standard of one's actions. But nevertheless the dread of being found out and the stern majesty of the law were the very strongest restraint upon many who walked the streets of our Christian cities and had a place in society which no one dared to question. The standard of public morals was too low. One might do a great many wrong things, both morally and criminally, and sail very close by the wind of legal technicalities without incurring the reprobation of leading public men. More than that, there were those who had been found out and who, with brazen brow, faced their fellow

men unabashed. In point of fact, the very audacity of such men and their cleverness in slipping through the meshes of the law cast a halo of romance around their villany, and many respectable people were content to have it so and silently acquiesced in the toleration of a scoundrel in public office."

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

The Argyle and Holly Snowshoe Clubs play their return lacrosse match on Thanksgiving Day. Try and improve your team, Argyles.

"Lizzie Lee; or the Three Christmas Eves" will be presented by the Grand Trunk Dramatic Club during the month, with Miss Kitts in the title role.

If "one of the finest" could possibly find his way to the corner of St. Patrick and Shearer streets once or twice in an evening he would be of service in scattering a crowd of idlers generally congregated there.

The Beaver lacrosse boys play the Comets (duffers from the shops) the challenge match to-day on the field at the end of Magdalen street. Perhaps the Comets will win this time! They ought, third trial!

The St. Gabriel Lacrosse Club celebrated Halloween night by their annual concert and hop, which was largely attended. The Grand Trunk Dramatic Club supplied the afterpieces to the programme, entitled, "Barney's Courtship," which was laughable and well rendered.

"Ben Hur" is the subject of an illustrated lecture by Mr. L. O. Armstrong to be given in the G. T. L. & S. I. Reading Room, on Monday evening next, November 3rd, under the auspices of Grace Church Young Men's Association. It is to be illustrated by over 100 lime-light views. Those who have read Gen. Lew. Wallace's famous book should not fail to see it thus illustrated. It will be an interesting entertainment for all.

"The Burton" is the name that has been chosen for our recently organized amateur dramatic club, which has for its declared objects charity and amusement. The club are to be congratulated on having secured the assistance of Point St. Charles' old time favorite, Mrs. Neil Warner, for the leading female parts, and also her young lady pupils. Mr. Spanjaardt, late of the Irving Club, has accepted the nomination as stage manager, and will also be a valuable acquisition. Our local favorites, Misses Fabian, Price, Pratt and the Dougherty Bros will also be "on deck." At the initial meeting, the following officers were elected: President, J. Wellington; vice-president, A. V. Fabian; secretary, Geo. H. Graham; treasurer, C. J. Williams; stage manager, P. Spanjaardt; scenic machinist, James Dougherty; property man, J. Kennedy; managing committee, Messrs. Devine, Price, Williams and Fabian; cast committee, Messrs. Wellington, Price and Spanjaardt; finance committee, Messrs. J. Myers, Ronaldson and Devine. The first play to be presented is "Hazel Kirke," and with a cast which will embrace the best local amateur talent.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.

A meeting of the above Council was held Thursday evening, the President, Mr. Beland, M.P.P., presiding.

The Water Tax Committee reported that the case was now before Judge Mathieu, and that nothing further could be done in the matter until he rendered judgment.

The uncourteous manner in which the representative of the Council was treated at the meeting of the Water Committee some days ago was then taken up, and, after considerable discussion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, the Trades and Labor Council has learned with regret that one of the members of the special Water Tax Committee had accused the members of this Council who have taken out the actions actually pending before the courts, of having been actuated by ambition.

Inasmuch as these law suits are due to the culpable negligence of the City Council which has never consented to take into consideration the petitions that have been placed before them during a period of five years.

That it is very strange that malicious insinuations should be cast upon a body whose members have been invited to testify before them.

Inasmuch as aforesaid insinuations do not rest on any specific charge and are contrary to truth and made in the absence of the accused.

Inasmuch, as the petitions of the Central Trades and Labor Council actually in the hands of the members of the special Water Tax Committee contain all the complaints that this Council has seen fit to place before the City Council concerning the just and fair application of the water tax.

Inasmuch as these petitions contained all the statistics that this Council thought fit to place before the City Council, and that the delegates of the Trades and Labor Council have placed themselves at the service of the special Water Tax Committee and have answered all questions put to them by aforesaid committee, be it

Resolved, that no member of this Council be henceforth authorized to officially appear in the name of the Trades and Labor Council before the aforesaid special Water Tax Committee.

That this Council is still ready, as in the past, to furnish said special Water Tax Committee all information or explanations that said committee will call for.

That in taking this step this Council has in view the object of hastening the investigation that this special Water Tax Com-

mittee has been instructed to make on the levying of the water tax.

Credentials were read and accepted from Jos. Fuller and Chas. Parker, representing River Front Assembly, and Mr. Marcus representing Montcalm Assembly.

The question of the Mayoralty then came up and, after a warm debate, was laid over till the first meeting in December.

HOW TO GET RICHES.

Capitalists who do not make large enough dividends out of adult labor to satisfy their cupidity would do well to look into the following plan to increase their riches, as we fully believe there is more money and greater honor attached to the plan as there is in employing children under fourteen or even fifteen years of age. For instance, instead of agitating for child labor for your factories, do as follows:—Buy a lot of land 25 feet wide by 100 deep; run an alleyway of five feet down one side of your lot, and facing on this, put up a five-story tenement. By taking above measurements, your building would be 100 feet long and 20 deep. This you would then divide into five sections or houses, each twenty feet square; make the apartments for one family consist of a living room, say thirteen feet square, a dark 5x10 bedroom in the rear and two closets, which may not necessarily be large enough to contain two coats for children; put in only one window in each house, and have it, of course, look out upon the alleyway, so that light and ventilation will be scant. Working people do not require airy houses. Oh, no! By building this tenement a little outside of the city limits, you do not require to furnish it with water, which is only a luxury not necessary to workingmen's families; simply have a well dug, and let the tenants come down, or more easier still, lower buckets from their windows, for a supply of water for washing, if you think it necessary that the tenants should wash occasionally. Drains may be put into these houses, but you cannot, of course, be held responsible should they become blocked by rotten refuse. Cleanliness is not necessary to the enterprise, it being merely a matter of dollars and cents. Again, on the matter of money, the size of these houses need not necessarily prevent you getting good rents, say from \$8 to \$10 a month, or an average of \$9, from each of the twenty-five houses your tenement would contain. Of course, it would require a little persuasion to induce your employees to occupy such houses; but what of that? All you have to do is threaten to discharge them instantaneously, and they will come to time.

After inducing your men to rent your houses, if you considered you were not getting quite enough profit out of the investment, it would be a very simple matter to secure a saloon license from our accommodating License Commissioners. After securing this, sell only the vilest liquor you can procure. It will give you an extra large profit, and should any of your men be late in the morning from drinking your whiskey, why merely reprimand him and fine him, say twenty-five cents. This sum is a mere bagatelle to a man working for four or five dollars a week. Why, it merely represents a couple of pounds of meat; perhaps the only meat he might be able to afford to buy for the week; but what of that? If he leaves your employ or breaks down, people will only say how good you are; you have gone deep into your bank account to build him houses at a rent within his reach. Again, you might open a grocery store in the building, and reserve the exclusive privilege of selling supplies to the tenants. Allow no other grocery to be opened in the territory covered by these houses. Of course, being a capitalist, you could watch your chance and plank down the cash for any job lot of provisions slightly spoiled in shipment, unhealthy to use, certainly; but, again, what of that? You would be making a profit.

A tenement built after the foregoing plans ought with profits from the sale of liquids and solids be worth a good deal per annum; and by covering an acre or two with cheaply-constructed tenements of this class, don't you see what a fortune could be made out of them. And moreover, should you at any time repent of treating your workmen in such a way, and should any qualms of conscience assail you, sell them—you can always find a buyer—wash your hands of the whole affair, bewail the ungratefulness of the working classes, and figure on to the end as a much-abused philanthropist.

A Mistake to be Rectified.

One great cause of early marriages is the pernicious habit of calling a girl who remains unmarried until twenty-five an "old maid." This is done by many well-meaning but thoughtless persons, who would be sorry to think that any act or expression of theirs had ever caused one an hour of misery; yet this very dread of being called an "old maid" has driven more women into marriage and life-long misery than any other thing, excepting perhaps poverty. It is a mistake to think that single life is any less noble than marriage, especially if the spirit of discord is permitted to inflict its horrors upon a whole household.

All the newest dress material marked down for the special sale of dress goods at S. Carsley's.

The more people you can crowd into museums and libraries on Sunday, the thinner will be the throngs in the saloon and beer garden.

Workers in ornamental wood now assert that yellow pine, hard finished in oil, is the rival of any wood that grows, not excepting the costliest of the hard species.

THE LAND QUESTION IN A NUT-SHELL.

Who made the land? The Creator. Then it belongs to Him, and since we find it here and it is necessary to human life, it must be here for the use of all and not a few.

Who made the house, the wagon, the watch, the shovel and other products of industry? An individual man either made them or exchanged other products of industry for them. Then they are his. They constitute property. They should not be taxed. The State did not produce them, does not own them, and should not have them or any part of them.

Who made the value of land? No one individual, but everybody in general. The presence of population—the community—produces land values. Then land values belong to no one in particular, but to everybody in general—the community—and should go into the public treasury to defray public expenses. The land belongs to God. It may be used by him who needs it.

Products of industry belong to him who produces them or exchanges other products for them.

Land values belong to the community. Were the land left free to the use of all, were the products of industry untaxed, were land values turned into the public treasury, we should have a just social system, government without taxation, poverty abolished, because with the opportunity open to him to go upon the land if he chose, no man would work for less than he could make for himself by working land.

Land would be free, capital would be free, labor would be free.

There would be no millionaires and no tramps.

There would be a full general treasury in town, county, state, nation, out of which money could be freely spent in all manner of public improvements, which, of itself, would employ the millions who are now idle.

This can all be brought about by making laws to relieve all products of industry from taxation, place taxes on land values alone, and then raise them until the full rental value of the land is taken.—Rev. H. O. Pentecost.

The most expensive book ever published by a single individual is Lord Kingsborough's "Mexico." It has seven volumes, with 1,000 colored illustrations, and cost \$300,000.

Glass was not only known to the ancient Egyptians, but they became most skillful workers in it, and have left most beautiful objects in parti-colored glass. They left representations of glass bottles with wine in them two thousand years before our era.

One of the strangest sights of China is witnessed in Canton. It is a procession of the "blind leading the blind." Each person takes hold of the garment of the person in front of him with the left hand, and with the right keeps a bamboo pole moving on the ground. In this way a dozen persons will make their way with wonderful ease, the principal responsibility devolving upon the leader.

WANTED.—A Live, Energetic Carvasser. Good Commission to the right man. Apply at the Office of this Paper.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY, No. 7625. Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Nov. 2nd at 2.30. ED. TARTRE, Recording Secretary.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world. Established 50 years. More made and in use than of all other Canadian Companies combined. Hundreds in use for 20 years, and still good. Patronized by the Higher Classes and Royalty. Pronounced the best medium priced Piano in America. In use in leading Institutions and Convents. Over 5,000 in use in Montreal.

SOLE AGENTS P. Q.

WILLIS & CO. 1824 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill street, Montreal.)

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

Ronayne Bros' BOOTS AND SHOES

17 Chabouillez Square, NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

Durable Goods. Moderate Prices.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

TEA AND COFFEE FREE DURING THIS MONTH.

—GO TO— S. CARSLEY'S AND SAVE YOUR \$

It has been noticed that larger crowds than usual have been visiting S. Carsley's store this month. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

NEXT MONDAY AND THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

Next week will be a very busy six days with us, as we are offering special inducements in

Dress Goods, Mantles, Furs, Etc. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

8 O'CLOCK A.M.

Those pressed for time will find it their advantage to come as early as possible and they will be served quicker. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE NEXT FEW DAYS

The next few days we shall sell remnants of Dress Goods at such prices that will astonish everybody. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

DON'T FORGET DON'T FORGET DON'T FORGET

Don't forget the great Remnant sale of Dress Goods at S. CARSLEY'S Notre Dame st.

Visit our Costume Room at once and see the Novelties.

TO MAKE ROOM TO MAKE ROOM TO MAKE ROOM

To make room for the New Dress Goods coming in every week, we are obliged to sell this large lot of Remnants at some price. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

QUITE APART QUITE APART QUITE APART

Quite apart from this large sale of Remnants, we shall show next week a new shipment of Fancy Dress Goods, now being marked off ready for Monday morning. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

See the grand show of Costumes in our windows on Monday next.

GREAT SALE OF CLOAKINGS AND ULSTERS

—NOW GOING ON AT—

S. CARSLEY'S, NOTRE DAME ST.

A large shipment of New Ulsterings in all the leading Shades and Patterns, to be sold next week at remarkably low figures at S. CARSLEY'S, Notre Dame st.

More New Short Jackets.

LARGE SHIPMENT CLOAKINGS IN ENDLESS VARIETY

S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

NEW FANCY CLOAKINGS NEW FANCY CLOAKINGS

NEW FANCY MANTLE CLOTH NEW FANCY MANTLE CLOTH

Choice goods just marked off at low prices. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

New Plush Wraps just received.

ATTEND THE GREAT SALE

—OF—

NEW CLOAKINGS NEXT WEEK

At S. CARSLEY'S, Notre Dame street.

NEW CLOAKINGS NEW CLOAKINGS

New Cloakings in all the most recherche shades, offered at special low prices next week at S. CARSLEY'S, Notre Dame st.

More New Plush Dolmans.

NEWEST GOODS.

NEW SHADES OF BEAVERS NEW SHADES OF BEAVERS

NEW SHADES OF CHEVIOTS NEW SHADES OF CHEVIOTS

NEW SHADES OF CAMEL'S HAIR NEW SHADES OF CAMEL'S HAIR

Full assortment of New Cloth. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame st.

Largest Size Dolman kept.

S. CARSLEY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. CARSLEY'S COLUMN

"GIVE US JUSTICE."

Lonely sitting, deeply musing,
On a still and starry night,
Full of fancies when my glances
Turn'd upon those far romances.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

European.

The British Admiralty has decided to
construct a Government dockyard at Bel-
fast.
M. Moreau has introduced into the
French Chamber of Deputies a bill imposing
a heavy tax on crests and titles of nobility.

churches were to be united. This step,
however, he did not deem advisable at
present, for in the approaching general
elections the disestablishment of the church
would be made a test question to the ex-
clusion of all others demanding adjustment
by Parliament.

American.

Ex-Alderman William P. Whelan was
shot and mortally wounded, in Chicago, on
Sunday morning, by George H. Hathaway,
a gambler. The tragedy occurred in Mat
Hogan's saloon, a rendezvous for the
sporting element of both sexes.

Tom Woolfolk, who murdered his father,
stepmother, six other members of the
family and Mrs. Temple-West, who was
staying at the house, was hanged on Wed-
nesday at Perry, Ga. The motive for the
crime was Tom Woolfolk's enmity for his
stepmother and his desire to have undis-
puted possession of his father's property.

Lee Allen, leader of the most notorious
band of horse and cattle thieves in the
Indian Territory, against whom there are
over 100 indictments, has been arrested in
Comanche County. He is said to have
killed a large number of men in the last
two years and is under indictment for the
murder of two Chickasaw farmers who
were pursuing him after a raid.

Miss Lizzie Phelps, a society belle and
heiress who lives near Binghampton, N.Y.,
was married to William Slattery, the
family coachman on Wednesday. Miss
Phelps is a niece of the late Judge Phelps.
The bride is about 27 years of age and is
worth \$100,000. The groom is illiterate
but of good appearance. He states that
Captain Olmsted, of the Twentieth Sepa-
rate company, had threatened to shoot
him if the marriage occurred.

The city of Mobile, Alabama, suffered
severely by fire on Sunday last, the build-
ings consumed being a shingle mill, three
cotton compresses and five cotton ware-
houses, with 5,630 bales of cotton, the
Gulf City oil mill, the Mobile ice factory,
three steamboats, eleven loaded and five
empty freight cars, two coal and wood
yards, a freight depot with a small amount
of freight and six wharves. The fire was
aided by a strong northwest wind, but had
it been a point or two nearer north pretty
much all of the town would have gone.
More than twenty squares were burned,
bounded by Beauregard, Magnolia and St.
Louis streets and the river. The loss is
now estimated at \$700,000, with about
\$400,000 insurance.

Canadian.

Two barrels of whiskey were seized on
Monday buried in a manure pile on a farm
near Ste. Anne de Beauport, Quebec.

The Customs officers have captured seven
barrels of whiskey at Sillary Cove, Quebec.
They were found buried in the sand on the
beach.

Joseph Trahan, aged 54 years, carpenter,
working at Mr. Paquet's building, on St.
Joseph street, Quebec, returned home from
work, and after supper felt unwell and
dropped dead.

A sheep broke away from a flock on St.
Nicholas street, Quebec, Saturday night,
and jumped through the window of Beau-
lieu's barber shop, smashing the glass and
scaring the customers.

The Ontario Government has instituted
an official enquiry into the proceedings and
methods of the Lion Provident Life and
Live Stock Association. The enquiry is
the result of complaints that have been
made touching the business methods of the
concern.

There is a fine scandal in St. John, N.B.,
police circles over a charge by a woman
keeping an unlicensed gin mill that she
had presented gifts to policemen for warn-
ing her of intended raids. The charges
involve quite a number of policemen and
are now being investigated.

It is expected that Mrs. Birchall will be
in Ottawa on the 5th of November to pre-
sent the petition got up by her in favor of
commuting her husband's death sentence to
Sir John Thompson. By that time His
Excellency Lord Stanley will be in the
city and it is more than likely that Mrs.
Birchall will endeavor to have an inter-
view with him on the subject.

Another outrage is reported to have
taken place near Montebello, forty miles
down the Ottawa river. A farmer's wife
who lives some three miles back from the
village of Montebello, and who was on her
way driving home in a rig through the
bush, was accosted by a man, dragged from
the buggy and outraged. On reaching home
her face was cut and bleeding, while her
body bore other marks of bad usage. Her
husband gave the alarm and the whole
neighborhood turned out to capture the
ruffian, who is yet at large.

The important arbitration case, in which
the city of Toronto seeks to take over the
property and franchise of the Street Rail-
way Company, came up on Monday, at
Osgoode Hall, Toronto, before the arbitra-
tors appointed in the case, viz: Judge
Senkler, St. Catharines; Mr. C. H.
Ritchie, Q.C., and Samuel Baker, of
Hamilton. The company proposes to
show by evidence that \$5,500,000 is not too
large for the value of the property of the
company, its present earning power and its
prospective earning power, as based upon
experience.

Although several months have passed
since the announcement was made that
Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, had been
advanced to archiepiscopal rank, it was
only on Sunday that he was formally in-
vested with the pallium. The ceremonies
of investiture were performed by Cardinal
Taschereau, and no less than fifteen
bishops were present from Canada and the
United States. The investiture took place
after high mass in the morning. Dr.
O'Farrell, bishop of Trenton, N.J.,
preached the sermon and then followed
congratulatory addresses to His Grace the
Archbishop by the clergy and laity of his
province.

The Dulwich Lacrosse club, one of the
oldest organizations of the kind in England,
has disbanded for want of a ground to
play on.

Cal McCarthy has signed articles to fight
Dixon, the undefeated bantam. Cal had
the run for a long time, but this time it is
betting on the darkey.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Saturday was a lovely day for out-door
sports and was fully taken advantage of by
numerous clubs. The principal event was
the football matches between the McGill
College and the Montreal champion teams,
in which the former secured a well-deserved
victory by 11 points to nine. The follow-
ing is a summary:

FOOTBALL.

Montreal vs. McGill—The latter team
showed up a more likely looking lot than
the champions, and although they did not
show up the finer technicalities of the game
in the way their opponents did the know-
ing ones predicted a victory. They played
with an energy and strength that set the
superior skill of their opponents at defiance,
and in the second half they very
nearly had them rattled. The match was
a very fine exhibition of the game, and re-
sulted as above. McGill 11 points; Mont-
real 9.

Second fifteen Montreal vs. second fifteen
Britannia played a match previous to the
seniors taking the field, which the Britan-
nias won, scoring 4 points to nothing.

A practice match between the Britannias
and Victorias resulted in a victory for the
former by a score of 23 to 4, a result which
shows the Victorias hardly up to the Britan-
nia combination.

The third McGill and the third Britannia
teams also came together on Saturday and
resulted in the College lads doubling up
the Brits by a score of 18 to 8.

The Queen's College, Kingston, vs. Tor-
onto University match was played on the
grounds of the former on Saturday and re-
sulted in a victory for Queen's by a score of
29 points to 5.

CYCLING.

The second bicycle race to Valois
for the Gnaedinger cup took place on Satur-
day, and was won in grand style by W. H.
C. Mussen from scratch, Louison being sec-
ond with a handicap. The time made by
the scratch man and Louison beats the best
time made in any previous road race for
that distance, being one hour, one minute
and thirty seconds. The previous best
time was one hour two minutes, made by
Boone some four years ago.

The much talked of and long looked for
twenty-five mile road race took place on
Saturday under the auspices of the Wil-
mington Wheel club, and was won by Wil-
liam Van Wagoner, of Rhode Island, in 1h.
54m. 20s., with W. C. Leeds, Wilmington
Wheel Club, two-fifths of a second behind
him. The weather was propitious and the
time was good, considering the muddy
roads. Twenty-nine men were entered, of
which number twenty-three started and
nineteen finished.

QUOITS.

The distribution of prizes won at the re-
cent matches of the Dominion Quoit Club
took place on Saturday evening last in the
Olympic, corner Canning and St. James
streets. The prizes, amounting in number
to twenty altogether, were all in kind, some
of them being very valuable. Before ad-
journing a business meeting was held, at
which a committee was appointed to ar-
range for the annual dinner of the club, the
committee being instructed to take into
consideration a drive at the same time.
Votes of thanks to the donors of the prizes
concluded the business.

The annual matches of the Montreal
Club came off on Saturday and created a
lively interest amongst members and their
friends. Some remarkably close contests
were witnessed and the playing on the
whole was excellent. The following was
the result: First series—1, H. Trepannier,
\$5; 2, A. Lindsay, \$4; 3, G. Pesant, \$2;
4, S. Tinning, \$1. Prizes were given to
the other winners in this series. Second
series—1, G. F. Fleet, \$4; 2, J. J. Adams,
\$2.50; 3, J. F. Munde, \$1.50; 4, A. Loi-
seau, \$1. Prizes were also given to the
other winners in this series.

The St. Gabriel Quoiting Club also held
their annual matches on Saturday, a large
number of interested spectators being pres-
ent. The following were the prize win-
ners: 1, W. Deegan; 2, F. X. Durocher; 3,
J. McHugh; 4, M. Behan; 5, J. O'Hearn;
6, B. Connaughton; 7, J. Martin; 8, J.
O'Grady; 9, J. Cuthbert; 10, D. Kirwin;
11, J. Collins; 12, J. Page. Prizes were
divided by mutual consent between Messrs.
T. McHugh, W. Patton, George King and
J. Donovan.

THE RING.

Dick Guthrie, at present in Joliette,
would like to meet Jack Fitzpatrick, just
for the sake of making the latter stop talk-
ing. He would like a match for \$200 a
side and a purse, give or take expenses, the
match to take place either in Joliette or
Cornwall. If not Fitzpatrick the same con-
ditions go for any other middleweight in
Canada.

"Cestus" writes from England that Gus
Lambert, a Canadian Frenchman, well-
known in America, has been raising quite
a ripple of excitement in this city and the
provinces. He is under the mentorship of
Jem Mace and the latter has been trying to
match him against Teddy O'Neal, the pro-
tege of Paddy Gill, of Liverpool, and Jack
Wannop, who is known to sporting men in
America as a wrestler and pugilist. Lamb-
ert is a big, powerful man, and a "com-
bination athlete." He can fight, wrestle
and lift weights, and he travels on the
fact that he is supposed to have once de-
feated Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-
weight of Australia.

NOTES.

"Mediator," writing in the World, has
the following about Cary's disputed record
for the hundred yards: Puther H. Cary ran
100 yards in 9 1/2 seconds at the fall field
meeting of the Princeton College Athletic
Association, at Princeton, N.J., on Satur-
day afternoon, October 18. I have read
all the documents, properly sworn and sub-
scribed to by the timers, starter, civil en-
gineer who measured the distance, and the
surveyor who tested the grade of the 100-
yard track, and I have formed the conclu-
sion that, as far as any human verification
of the performance is possible, Cary's re-
cord has been established beyond perad-
venture.

KELLY'S MONTREAL SONGSTER

A HIT EVERYWHERE.

- No. 1-3 Cents. Spare that Old Mud Cabin. Only a Picture of Her Boy. Slavery's Passed Away. The Motives that are Framed Upon the Wall. As I Sat Upon My Dear Old Mother's Knee. If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow. Paddy and His Sweet Pottosen. As We Wander in the Orange Grove. My Molly is Waiting for Me. The Song I'll Ne'er Forget. Down Where We Roamed Together. A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy. Don't Run Down the Irish. Paddy Shay. Mr. McAnally and His Ould High Hat. Jack Won't Forget You. Where Did You Get that Hat? Mother's Last Letter to Me. I Love You Best of All.
No. 2-3 Cents. The Same Old Walk. Ask a Policeman. I'll Come Back, My Darling, to Thee. Topical. Peep Out of the Window. My Mother's Dear Old Face. I Believe It For My Mother Told Me So. How I Got Eved on With O'Grady. I Shall Have 'Em. Rafferty's Tin Wedding. Is That Mr. Reilly? McClokey's Grand Soiree. Hello, Reilly! We've Both Been There Before Many a Time.
No. 3-3 Cents. Down Went McGinty. No, Thank You, Tom. Magee's Back Yard. My Little Irish Queen. I Wonder if She's True to Me. Up Comes McGinty. The King of the Swells. Three Leaves of Shamrock. Michael Slattery's Spree. I Loaned My Sunday Coat to Maloney. My Sailor Jack. Dreaming at the Window. God Bless Our Home. Save My Mother's Picture From the Sale. The Frisco Cry of Erin. A Link From the Past. Dreaming As She Sleeps. Only to See the Dear Old Place Again.
No. 4-3 Cents. The Grifflato Election.—Topical. Globe-Trotting Nellie Bly. I Went With Him. There Goes McManus. When Mother Puts the Little Ones to Bed. McGinty's Wake. Casey's Wife. Recall That Sad Good-bye. Horoo for Casey.
No. 5-3 Cents. Excuse Me, Excuse Me! McGinty, the Swell of the Day. Explain It If You Can. I'll Paralyze the Man That Says McGinty. The World Will Be Coming to an End. Down on the Farm. Leave That Old Cradle to Me. My Father's Song to Me. Ballyhooley! Childhood's Happy Days. If Our Daughters Could Seek as They Go. Parody on: If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow.
No. 6-3 Cents. Killaloe. The Irish Spree. Stepping Stones of Time. Dan O'Brien's Raffle. Ennisochy. He Never Deserted a Friend. The Scotch Brigade. Up Went McGinty.—New. My Dear Old Irish Home.
No. 7-3 Cents. The Whistling Coon. He's On the Police Force Now. The Old White Caubeen. Don't Trifle With McGinnis. Old Oaken Buckets. You Will Never Know a Mother's Love Again. Where the Pretty Shamrock Grows. Little Annie Rooney. The Three-Leaved Shamrock. Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck.
No. 8-3 Cents. Now I Come to Think of It. I've a Little Yaller Watch. These Words No Shakespeare Wrote. Topical. Fair Columbia. Where the Sparrow and Chippies Parade. When the Robins Nest Again. New Parody. I Say, Mike! What Will They Spring on Us Next?
No. 9-3 Cents. These Words No Shakespeare Wrote. Remember Your Father and Mother. Days Gone By. Murphy Teached Me For Ten. Major Casey, of Tammany Hall. The Irish Sporting Man. Chump; or, They Done Me Up. Wishing I Was Home To-night. Call Me Back Again. Parody.
No. 10-3 Cents. The Montreal Baseball Club. They Say They Do not Like It, but They Do. If I Catch the Man that Taught Her to Dance. Don't Let It Happen Again. Hogarty's Auction. Some Day I'll Wander Back Again. Her Tears Drifted Out With the Tide. Snuff on the Floor. Maguines' Birthday Party. Since Reilly Took an Oath He'd Have My Life.
No. 11-3 Cents. The Burning Asylum. No. 4, Second Floor. That's the Reason Why. I'll Tell You How It Was. There Were Four of McCarty's Buggy Ride. That's the Reason Why. The Latch of an Irishman's Door. Don't Leave Me, Laddie!
No. 12-5 Cents. James Reilly's Sister Song. All Paddy Wants is Ireland. You Spoke Unkindly to Your Mother Jack. The Band Played Annie Laurie, or To Hear the Fall It. My Sunday Brooches. The Rattle of the Latch Key in the Door. The Girls of To-day. Say, Have You Seen O'Houllihan. "Jack," A Rollicking Sea Song. Little Fanny McIntyre. Annie Rooney's Sister. Give Me Back My Loved One. Only Her Blessing, No More. Denny Grady's Hack. Neena. Safe in Her Gentle Arms.
No. 13-5 Cents. How Sweet the Name of Mother. McGinty's Remains. The Springtime and Robins Have Come. The Girl That's True. We Meet No More As Strangers. Things I Would Like to Find Out. She Framed That Loving Picture of Her Boy. The Ship that Carries Me Home. I Love You. The Irishman of To-day. Hello! John Maloney. Just a Little. I'm a Cousin to Parnell. Say, Won't You Come Out and Play. At It Every Minute in the Day. Little Annie Kelly. Now You're Talking. I Loved You Kate in Ireland. McNally's First Day on the Force. Sweet Summer Roses.
No. 14-3 Cents. Measure Your Wants by Your Means. That Ought to Fetch 'Em. Since My Daughter Plays on the Typewriter. Playmates. My Mother's Motive. Throw Him Down McClokey. I Whistle and Wait for Katie. Twelve Months Ago To-night. It Used to Be Proper, but it Don't Go Now. I Never Liked O'Ragen.
No. 15-3 Cents. One of the Finest. We Were Shipmates, Jack and I. Get On to That Bouquet. They've All Got 'Em. Oh, What Has Changed You. Learning McFadden to Waltz. The Convict and the Bird. Little Annie Rooney Parody. The Song that Breaks My Heart. The Song My Sister Tried to Sing to Me.
No. 16-5 Cents. The Irish Jubilee. (Lawlor and Thornton's song.) Upper Ten and Lower Five. He Was a Pal of Mine. They're After Me. The Old Red Cradle. The Old Sunday Dinner. He Ain't in It. The Night Maloney Landed in New York.
No. 17-5 Cents. "Faces." Sailing. Parody. Autumn Leaves. Little Annie Rooney. Parody. Always Show Respect, Joe Oh! Mamma; Buy Me That! Our Girls. Parody on Night Maloney Landed in New York. Brown Kept One and Gave Me the Other. They Ought to Have a Medal. He Got It Again.
The Complete List of Songs mailed on rec. 25 Cents. Don't fail to secure this offer. Words and Music of any of above songs made receipt of 40 Cents each.
P. KELLY, Publisher. 154 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

FIRE INSURANCE. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF WATERTOWN. ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000. CITY AGENTS: THOS. McELLIOTT, J. D. LAWLOR, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDOUGAL. C. R. C. JOHNSON, Chief Agent. 42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

THE Province of Quebec Lottery (AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.) MONTHLY DRAWING Second Wednesday of Every Month. 3,134 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000. TICKET, \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

A. HURTEAU & BRO. Lumber Merchants, 92 SANGUINET ST., MONTREAL. (Cor. Sanguinet and Dorchester. Bell Tel. 6243. Fed. Tel. 1647. Wellington Basin, opposite G.T.R. Offices. Bell Tel. 1404.) DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST MILLAR'S Ginger Beer, Ginger Cream Soda, Cider, To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants. 69 ST. ANTOINE

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

One would think, to read the papers dis-courting on the fly. The grounds for his creation and the various reasons why. That the underlying motive, the real ob-jective plan. Was to get another whack at The bald-headed man.

Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of pates: He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game dictates; His object is to suck up all the juices that he can, And he is no Nemesis of The bald-headed man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use, And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clad excuse; He was made to give reporters, ever since the world began, Another chance to ridicule The bald-headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite. But the fly will live and flourish, as he al-ways has, in spite, And the paragrapping punsters from Beer-sheba to Dan Will keep up their persecution of The bald-headed man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old To whom the sportive urchins, in wicked-ness made bold, Remarkd, "Go up, thou bald-head!" when out the big bears ran And swallowed up the scoffers of The bald-headed man.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The duty on cigars—light them. A little girl said, Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot? No, child, how did he get shot? (Oh, said the precocious, he bought 'em.

Ten dimes make one dollar, said the schoolmaster. Now, go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what? They make one mighty glad these times.

Doctor, said a despairing patient to his physician, I am in a dreadful condition; I can neither lay nor sit; what shall I do? I think you had better roost, was the reply.

Some men never take a joke. There was an old doctor who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?

A man sentenced to be hanged was offered his liberty if he would act as judge of a baby show. He said he preferred a less violent death, and told the sheriff to go on with the hanging.

A father of three sons and five daugh-ters was asked what family he had. The answer was: "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters. Meroy, replied the interrogator, such a family!

At a public contest lately held the fol-lowing was the prize conundrum. What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents, but the son of a widow has not two parents.

Bob, can you tell me why I am like the moon when it is twenty-three days old? Bob couldn't tell and the questioner ex-plaind: Because I have passed my last quarter. A small loan was advanced im-mediately.

There is a precocious six year-old boy who is wonderful in spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony. M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y, said the youngster promptly. Now define it, said the teacher. Well, replied the boy, I don't know exactly what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it.

The captain of the Coke (colored) Rifles, of Austin, Texas, is a regular martinet, but, at the same time he takes the trouble of explaining the drill to the members of the company. "You has learned de right about face, and now you must learn de left about face." "How am dat?" asked Co-poral Sam Johnsing. "De left about face am precisely de same as de right about face 'cepting hit am de oppersite."

A Brain Disturber. A Hochelaga County farmer sent this order to a merchant in town: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of coffee and one pound of tea. My wife give birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn starch, a screwdriver and a fly trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat."

Rough on Poets. A student at the University of Texas is much addicted to writing verses. Not long since Gilhooly said to the young man—"You seem to be low-spirited to-day." "Yes, and I have good cause for it. I proposed to Miss Fanny Blinker and she re-jected me." "Did she give any reason?" asked Gil-hooly. "Yes, she said she would never marry a poet."

Well, perhaps she has never read any of your poetry. Send her one of your poems and that will convince her that her suspicions are unfounded. I can't imagine how the rumor got out that you were a poet."

Don't Follow This Example. The story goes that a man wrote to the editor of a horticultural journal asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments. The editor replied:

"Acroclinium Roseum, A. album, Gom-phrena globosa and G. globosa camea." When the man read this he fairly boiled over with rage, and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He averred that an editor who swore in that way just because he was asked a simple question, should have no support from him.

This reminds us of an English traveller whose conscience would not allow him to swear, but who found that at the hotel in France where he was staying the waiters were so accustomed to hear Englishmen use strong language that they considered him a

milksoop, and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to se-cure a proper amount of attention. When-ever he gave an order he rolled out in sonorous tones the words "Northumber-land, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvellous. He was henceforth waited upon with the greatest alacrity and assiduity.

A Disgusted Tramp. A short time ago, a tramp, who was spar-ing his devious way along near Reno, con-ceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to tell the stage passen-gers that he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to re-pair his losses taken up on the spot.

The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road that day, and didn't go by at all.

After waiting until dusk, the tramp tried to take off his bonds; but before he got loose a grizzly come down out of the moun-tains and piniked off the greater part of his left leg.

"The Old Yellow Pumpkin." How dear to this heart is the old yellow pumpkin, When orchards are barren for stuffin' for pies! When peaches and apples have both been a failure, And berries of no kind have greeted the eyes.

How fondly we turn to the fruit of the corn field, The fruit our children are taught to despise, The old yellow pumpkin, the mud covered pumpkin, The big bellied pumpkin that makes such good pies.

Come rolling down hill, till we meet you and greet you, Your build is a feast to our fruit-hungry eyes; We love you, old pumpkin, so well could we eat you, For you are a "Dandy" when made into pies.

His Nose Was Scratched. "One night, said Ben, "I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches.

"Mrs. Holloday and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown on their haunches and stage stopped.

"I was heaven forward, but quickly re-covered, and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barrelled shotgun.

"Throw up your hands and don't stir!" shouted the owner in a gruff voice. "Up went my hands and I began to com-mune with myself. I saw that he did know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call my name.

My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but scarcely high enough to hide a magni-ficent emerald that cost me over \$5,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco.

"I scarcely breathed through fear that light might strike the stone, and its spark-ling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money-belt, and several hundred dollars in my pocket.

"Suddenly my friend shouted: 'Come, shell out—quick, or I'll send the old 'un a free lunch.'

"I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets, and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were heavy. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least.

"There, said I—there's every cent I've got! Take it and let me go on. My wife is very ill, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on."

"Keep your hands up! was the reply, while a second robber received my watch and money.

"Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double barrelled shotgun did not move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare to stir.

"My nose began to itch. The stiff hairs of my mustache got up, one after another, and tickled it until the sensation was in-tolerable. I could stand it no longer.

"Stranger, I cried, 'I must scratch my nose! It itches so that I am almost crazy!'" "Move your hands," he shouted, "and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through!"

"I appealed once more. "Well," he answered, "keep your hands still and I'll scratch it for you!"

"Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners.

"Sure?" said Mr. Holloday.

"How?" asked the breathless listener.

"With the muzzle of the cocked gun!" said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my mustache, and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him, and said that it itched no longer."

The robbers soon afterwards took their leave, with many apologies, and Ben con-tinued his journey to the Missouri, with the big emerald and \$40,000.

If you neglect the rest of Sunday you rob yourself of strength for the rest of the week.

The most ancient stock of royalty is that of the Mikado. The Chinese, it is true, claim that their history begins about 3,000 years B. C. Against the 5,000 years or more of the Chinese, the Japanese place only 2,544. They date their calendar from the ascension of Jimmu Tenno, which took place April 7th, 660 B.C. This assertion may also be subject to dispute by histori-ans, but the fact remains undisputed that while China has had twenty-two dynasties, Japan has had but one. There has been but one long unbroken chain of monarchs, the longest, oldest dynasty in the world, in comparison with which the Guelphs and Hapsburgs and Romanoffs are but of yes-terday.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

To PRESERVE WALNUTS.—The best way to preserve walnuts we have found is to put a layer of ordinary sand in a box, on this put a layer of walnuts; cover them en-tirely with the sand, then put in more walnuts, and more sand, and so on till the box is full, keeping the sand on the top. Keep the box either in the tool house or the potting shed.

MULBERRY SYRUP.—Place the mulberries in a stone jar, and set that in a large sauc-pan of water over a stove; when thoroughly drawn down, strain it through a jelly bag. To every pint of juice add 1 lb. of white sugar. Boil together one hour and twenty minutes. Pour it into a jug till cool, then fill some dried pint or half pint bottles, next day cork, and tie leathers lightly over corks.

KING OF OILS, FOR NEURALGIA AND RHEU-MATISM.—Burning fluid, 1 pint; oils of cedar, hemlock, sassafras, and origanum, of each 2 ounces; carbonate of ammonia, pul-verized, 1 ounce; mix. Apply freely to the nerve and gums around the tooth; and to the face, in neuralgic pains, by wetting brown paper and laying on the parts, not too long, for fear of blistering; to the nerves of teeth by lint.

JACKETS.—Many of the new jackets are three-quarter length, and all have the high sleeve, which frequently is of different material, and matches the waistcoat, or of the same material covered with black guipure, or of braiding in a varmicelli de-sign. Many of the new sealskins have Astrakan sleeves and waistcoats, which are also introduced into some of the cloth coats. A few of the new cloths for jackets display the same filmy rings as the vicuna formerly did for dresses. A mixture of grey and black is fashionable, and grey Astra-kan is much worn. Some red jackets are made with sleeves covered with black em-broidery, and grey bordered with Astrakan is also pretty.

SALT AS A MOTH KILLER.—Salt is the best exterminator for moths. The nuns in one of the convents (says a correspondent) had tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers when dying there often leave quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers, which were sent there for pillow making, and they were in despair as they could not exterminate the moths, until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were alto-gether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now. In heavy velvet carpets, sweeping them with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of salt re-main in the carpet and corners.

AUTUMN MANTLES.—The more costly ones are made either in the new rich silk brocades, with the interlacing patterns, or of velvet brocade on a satin ground, the patterns having a centre of distinctive color. They are in the styles worn in the Medici period with the sleeves and collar high. Nearly all these collars are edged with a fringe of ostrich feathers, placed between the lining and the material. The cut of many of the sleeves is wonderful, some having the high shoulder combined with the short, straight cut from wrist to elbow which used to be called the "Elephant" sleeve. Peacock feathers are often mixed with ostrich, and some of the evening cloaks are trimmed with bands of gold galon jewelled, which outline the seams. Fur-lined cloaks are generally covered with wool brocade.

HATS FOR WINTER WEAR.—All the hats in preparation for winter wear seem to be laden with feathers (says the Ladies' Ga-zette of Fashion); there is not much change to be seen in the shapes, those we have been familiar with during the summer being reproduced in felt and velvet. A favorite shape in felt is nearly flat, resting on the hair in front, the sides turned up sharply to the back, which is peaked up above the crown and crimped into deep corners. A wreath of feather tips is at the back, or a small tuft in front and back. A low close shape is chosen for morning wear, those for more dressy occasions being rather large, with low crown and project-ing brim. They are round in front and turned up close at the back, or pinched in to form curves. Sometimes as many as twenty small tips are seen on one hat, set to curve outward round the crown, or laid flat on the brim, or covering the crown en-tirely. A few black feathers tied with turquoise blue velvet are most effective; this being a new and favorite combination of color. So also is Spanish yellow and black. Other favorite blues are the corn flower shade, royal blue, bleu de France, and navy; the greens are those with blue tints, and others that combine well with brown.

HEALTHY DRESS FOR THE BABY.—A word in regard to the manner in which we dress our young babies. It is atrocious (says a lady doctor.) To put a poor little doughy scrap of incipient humanity into a series of petticoats a yard and a half long, with great wide bands, which must be pinned around the little body, while the helpless little head rolls about, and the weak little neck is twisted and stretched, is simply barbarous. All that is wanted is a bit of soft wool or silk vest, then, while the baby is very young, an abdominal band fastened with three or four bits of tape, and finally a slip, reaching a quarter of a yard below the tiny toes, made of flannel, muslin, any-thing—single, double or treble, at your pleasure, but which can be taken off in a jiffy and replaced by a clean dry one when-ever necessary. What an economy of mother patience and infant happiness! It is a good half hour's work to get a howling, kicking infant out of one of its present rigs and into another, and so the poor little amphibian gets on as best he can, and takes it out in making things lively generally. The mother, full of a beautiful but mistaken sentiment, has probably spent weeks in stitching at dainty fabrics in the close at-mosphere of her room (which are altogether unfit for a drooling baby), when by giving herself fresh air, sunshine, active exercise, and intellectual pastime, she would have been heaping up untold benefits for herself and her unborn child.

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Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Gladstone, speaking at West Calder the other day, gave some sound advice to workingmen," said Brown, "which applies as much to us as it does to the men of England. He told them plainly that the only way for labor to protect itself against the encroachments of capital was to organize. In all the strikes and lockouts of late years labor had right on its side, and what it had gained was through the judicious use of combination. Workingmen ought not to contract the habit of appealing to Parliament, but should elect parliaments of their own, which would legislate in their interests without placing them in the undignified and ridiculous position of petitioning the men of their own choosing to inaugurate much needed reforms. He believed in manhood suffrage, and affirmed that the judgment of great questions by the masses was more enlightened than that of the educated classes, and Gladstone was right."

"This habit of labor organizations petitioning Parliament is an unmitigated nuisance," said Sharkey, "and in my opinion retards the growth of organized labor more than all else put together. Surely labor knows, or at least by this time ought to know, that it has nothing to hope from parliaments as constituted at present; that those bodies have legislated for centuries, and continue to legislate in the interests of capital, that they are bought, lock, stock and barrel by contractors, usurers, monopolists and other gangrenes of society whose interests are diametrically opposed to the interests of labor, and yet these are the men to whom we annually send miles of foolscap beginning with: 'The prayer of your petitioners humbly sheweth,' and ending with: 'And as in duty bound your petitioners will ever pray.' What a stupendous farce; and it is recognized as such, because these miles and miles of petitions invariably wander into the legislative waste paper basket. Now, if labor is in earnest, why don't it organize politically and elect its own men? This is a constitutionally governed country, one in which the people hold the power, at least on one day in five years, and petitions emanating from labor are not only a waste of ink and paper, but are altogether out of place. Why should you petition a Government when you have the power to elect one? Elect a right kind of a Government, and there'll be no need of petitioning it for anything; you have the power; you are the majority; why don't you do it? Or, if there isn't principle enough in you to be a reformer on election day, at least have the decency to stop your howling about misgovernment and class rule. Whose fault is it if you are misgoverned? Is it the politicians in Ottawa, in Quebec or in your City Council? Why you yourselves have elected each and all of these, and you yourselves are alone to blame. Don't make any mistake about it, if you desire honest Government you must become honest yourselves."

"The arguments that you advance," said Garlic, "are correct if you consider this question in the abstract, but you forget that the habit of years is stronger than the impulse of the moment; you forget that labor as a class has not studied this phase of constitutional government sufficiently to correctly estimate the power and responsibility of the franchise; you forget the pressure that is brought to bear upon the voter at election times in a thousand and one ways by crafty politicians to influence his vote; you forget the gullibility of human nature, which, as Barnum says, likes to be humbugged; it is because you forget all this that you speak so bitter. To regenerate the Israelites, to fit them to assume

the responsibilities of a free nation, Moses, the greatest organizer the world has known, took his people into the desert, aye, and kept them there for forty years. If it took this length of time for this extraordinary man to inculcate the principles of Judaism and lay the foundation of a great nation under the most favorable circumstances, surely we need not despair of the slow progress of unionism. The Israelites, freed from the opposing teachings of his enemies, quickly adapted themselves to his system of government, and even forgot the traditions and habits of their race excepting those taught by himself and his followers. We have no such advantages, and our growth, or rather the growth of unionism, must of necessity be slow. Could we take the laborer away from capitalistic pitfalls and the erroneous teachings of our 'saviours of society,' who simply deal with the effects and not the cause of social wrongs, the labor question could and would be settled inside of ten years, but that we can't do. I have no faith in petitions, I don't believe they affect legislation in any way; but they effect a purpose, and that is: They embitter the people against these professional politicians who ignore them; for this reason I am in favor of them, as I am in favor of anything that will cause people to be discontented with governments as constituted at present. As for labor organizations to go into politics, I don't think it's wise at present to do so."

"And why not," said Stephen; "is there a single trades union that does not demand certain reforms from the Government, and is not the getting of these reforms, whether by petition or otherwise, political action? And since you must go into politics why not do it in a systematic and effective manner."

"I'll tell you," said Garlic, "our members wouldn't stick. It's all right to meet and discuss public questions, but it's quite another thing to be dictated to how to vote."

"Oh it is, is it?" said Sharkey. "I didn't think you fellows looked at it in that way, seeing that you religiously vote at the dictates of a party boss or ward heeler; but perhaps you'd sooner be dictated to by such cattle than by your union. For my own part, I believe it's time that labor organizations separated the chaff from the wheat, and the best way to do this is to give their members a chance to vote on

principle; let it be understood distinctly that those who ain't with us are against us; don't let any barnacles grow on the ship of labor reform, it will sail all the better without them. All honest men as yet don't belong to labor organizations, though they would gladly vote for men placed in the field by a bona fide party of honest men, but they don't like hole and corner work and they won't vote for hole and corner nominees. Come out of your shells and show the world that you have the courage of your convictions! Organize a party which will make honesty fashionable among men and place politics on a higher plane, above the reach of the ward heeler or professional politician, and honest men will rally around your standard and swell your ranks. Let those who will fall out; this fight between capital and labor is to the knife and the knife to the hilt, and none should be allowed to remain passive. We do not fear our enemies, but we must know our friends."

BILL BLADES.

STRANGE WEDDING RINGS.

Stories about wedding-rings are more than numerous. One of the best is that about the Duke of Hamilton, who fell so passionately in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning, at one of Lord Chesterfield's garden parties, that two days afterward he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony.

The Duke, however, had forgotten two indispensable articles, being provided with neither a license nor ring.

At last, however, the difficulty was surmounted, and the loving pair were united with the ring of a curtain at half an hour after midnight in Mayfair Chapel.

One of the most pathetic stories of the results which accrued from the forgetfulness of a bridegroom in this respect, however, is narrated in the "Lives of the Lindseys." The bridegroom expectant was Colin Lindsey, the young Earl of Balcarres, who, when he should have been at church to meet his sweetheart, was quietly discussing his breakfast in his night-gown and slippers.

Glancing up at the time, he was horrified to see it so late, and at once hurried to church, forgetting, as was but natural in the excitement of the moment, that he ought to have taken the ring with him.

A friend who was present, however, seeing the predicament of Balcarres, when the marriage ceremony came to a dead stop, handed him the necessary golden circlet, which was placed upon the bride's finger.

Passing into the vestry to sign the register after the ceremony was concluded, the countess glanced at her ring, and beheld a grinning death's head.

Suddenly she fainted away, and unhappily the omen made such an impression upon her that, upon coming to her senses, she declared that she was destined to die within twelve months.

As is but too often the case in such sentiments, the fear produced its own effect, for before a year closed the young earl was a widower.

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