

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

### CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

L. Z. BOUDREAU, . . . . . PRESIDENT  
R. KEYS, . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT  
P. J. RYAN, . . . . . ENGLISH REG. SECRETARY  
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V. DUBREUIL, . . . . . FINANCIAL SECRETARY  
P. C. CHATEL, . . . . . COR. SECRETARY  
JOS. CORBELL, . . . . . TREASURER  
J. A. RENAUD, . . . . . SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1625 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street.

**RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,**  
No. 7628.  
Rooms, K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Next meeting Sunday, July 17, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to  
JAS. O'BRIEN, Rec. Sec.,  
73 Prince Street.

**DOMINION ASSEMBLY,**  
No. 2436 K. of L.  
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to  
H. J. BRINDLE, R.S.,  
No. 11 St. Monique street.

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

### BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

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

### PLUMBERS' & STEAMFITTERS UNION OF MONTREAL.

Meets 223 McGill street every fourth Friday. Next meeting Aug. 5th.  
WM. McCLEAVE, 73 1/2 St. Phillip st.,  
Secretary.

## LEGAL CARDS.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, . . . . . John S. Hall, Jr.,  
Q.C., M.P. . . . . Q.C., M.P.F.  
Armine D. Nicolls. . . . . Albert J. Brown.

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## TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, July 14, 1892.

The weather is very hot with occasional showers. The rich and indolent are betaking, or have betaken themselves to the out-of-town summer places of resort, recreation and rest. And the poor? Well, as far as my limited means of observation enables me to note, they are sweltering in the small and crowded tenements on the bye streets and in the rear of better houses fronting on the streets, trying to "make things meet" and live in a way I know not of—God alone knows. As to the working people I can only repeat, that although many have departed for pastures new there is not enough or near enough to do for those who are left—left because they had not the wherewithal to transport them elsewhere. They are good natured and do not complain. They are mainly protectionists, and so long as large manufacturing institutions and firms are rolling up their wealth on the strength of workmen's votes, the said workmen make a pretence of being happy, even if they are idle. If they (the working people) are satisfied, then it is nobody else's business, and I, for one, have no right to complain. Neither am I complaining: I am only stating a fact—nothing more.

Tuesday last was the Twelfth of July. You will reply, I suppose, that every ordinarily intelligent person knows this. I admit that, but there are many people in Montreal and elsewhere who don't know that we in Toronto had an immense procession—thousands in line and walking a long distance in a broiling sun. You ask methinks I hear, what this procession was for. Well, you must ask somebody else for the information, for I have neither time nor patience to explain. Yet I may go as far as to say that, although over 60 per cent. of those taking part were of the wage-earning classes, it was not a labor demonstration. I will go farther and assert that when we have a Labor demonstration next September many faces of workingmen I noticed in yesterday's procession will be conspicuous for their absence on that occasion.

Let the "really good" people say what they may to the contrary I stick to the bald assertion that hate and prejudice will carry the average man further in the exercise of his faculties than will any other motive. The few who ride the asses—masses, I mean—understand this thoroughly. They are always in carriages or on horseback in the procession. Mark you I hold this to be true of all—not of Orangemen alone. Orangemen or lemon-men, it is all the same—they are "squeezed" for the benefit and advancement of the cunning schemers who live and trade upon their ignorant prejudices. The money spent by these people to celebrate "the Glorious Twelfth" must have aggregated thousands of dollars and yet I can't find one to explain to me what material advantage, individually or collectively, accrued therefrom. Some weeks back a benevolent society of an international character, (the Catholic Knights of St. John) mainly composed of workingmen, met in convention here and had a grand parade. They looked well and behaved themselves well too, as did the Orangemen yesterday. They numbered about 2,000, I should judge on seeing the parade. The uniform of each one—tin helmets, red plumes, white plumes, green plumes, blue plumes, and feathers of other hues, shoulder straps, officers' braid and swords—for the life of me, I could not understand what a PURELY BENEVOLENT society wanted such military trappings for—must have cost at least \$20 and I am satisfied many of them cost \$40 and \$50. As they filed past before me, for I was a moralizing spectator, I wondered to myself how many of these men belonged to a labor organization and had their dues paid up. No one would tell me, and I dared not trust myself for an intelligent, reliable answer. That was just my fix on the Twelfth of July. Two thousand members at \$20 per head for uniforms meant an expenditure, in that particular alone, of \$40,000. What a fund in case of a strike or lockout! What an amount as an Orphans' and Widows fund! But I'm tired and will quit this painful moralizing. The asses and their riders spring up again before my mind's eye. If the asses were manageable the riders would be easily disposed of. We will change from this disagreeable subject.

There is nothing perseverance will not accomplish (you can see I am an optimist)

if the premises are correct. For years a few men have worked quietly but indefatigably in an effort to secure a federation of the building trades in this city. Success must have ultimately and deservedly crowned their efforts for Wednesday's city papers contained the following paragraph:

On Monday evening a meeting composed of delegates from the different bodies represented by the Building Trades was held in Central Labor Hall, when the constitution of the Federated Council of the Building Trades was adopted and the following officers elected:

President—Delegate J. Spencer of bricklayers.  
Vice-president—Delegate H. Benson of builder's laborers.  
Secy-treasurer—Delegate J. J. Murphy of bricklayers.

The following trades are represented, viz., bricklayers, brickmakers, stonecutters, stonemasons, builders' laborers, plasterers, plasterers' laborers, plumbers, steam and gas fitters, carpenters, painters and slaters.

On adoption of the constitution the utmost unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed. The fruit, fish and vegetable pedlars are a great convenience to the general public in Toronto. They have an association of their own, but not being wage-earners they are not represented in the T. and L. Council. Nevertheless they are not rich people, and the Council is always in sympathy with them, and especially so as regards the high license fee they are forced to pay. In the interest of property owners having shops to let a movement is on foot to still further curtail the area of their operations—one which I sincerely hope will be unsuccessful. The Globe a few evenings ago reports that the city by-law which requires every licensed pedlar who owns a horse and wagon to pay \$30 into the treasury annually, and prohibits him from disposing of his goods on Yonge, King and Queen streets, is regarded by those most directly interested as a piece of oppressive class legislation. But as if this were not sufficiently burdensome to pedlars, who no doubt serve a useful purpose in a great city such as Toronto, it is proposed by Ald. Jolliffe to introduce at the next meeting of the City Council an amending by-law to prevent them standing at the points of intersection on streets crossing those which have been forbidden them. The pedlars are up in arms against both the existing and prospective by-laws, and last night the Executive Committee of their organization met in Richmond hall to consider the situation. President Joe Poocek occupied the chair. Lawyer E. E. A. Du Vernet told the pedlars what, according to his light, was their legal position. He denied the right of the city to impose a tax on any particular class of citizens for revenue purposes. The license fee was supposed to be a purely nominal amount, sufficient only to defray this part of the public administration, but \$30 for each license issued was excessive and illegal. Mr. Du Vernet was strongly of the opinion that the by-law would not hold good if put to a legal test. The committee decided to appeal to the courts to have the present by-law upset. A deputation was appointed to appear before the Markets and Licenses Committee to oppose Ald. Jolliffe's proposed by-law.

Carroll D. Wright, of the United States Department of Labor, discusses the question of immorality among the female operatives in factories. He holds, after a careful examination, that the factory system is not conducive to loose morals, as is generally believed. He says that statistics show that as the number of factory-workers increases the proportion of crime is steadily decreasing. The regular occupation afforded the factory girl and the support which she thereby gains for herself furnish the best production against an immoral life, in his opinion. But he forgets to record that the efforts of organized labor in the direction of creating a sound public opinion on the subject and the securing of protective legislation for female factory employees have been no unimportant factors in guarding the morals of these wage-earners.

Uzim.

Upon the evening of the Fourth of July, when the citizens of this peaceful town were enjoying one of the most beautiful days upon which that holiday ever fell, there came floating down the Ohio River, from Pittsburg to a secluded place below Alleghany City, two gunboats, or, in other words, two boats furnished and armed for war-like purposes. When they had reached their anchorage there were loaded upon them guns, pistols, bread, meat—all that seemed necessary for a siege.

The inhabitants here were perfectly ignorant of the making of these boats, of the furnishing of them or of the design of those who equipped them. They knew nothing of what was going on in the mind of the president of this firm. The sheriff had reported to him the state of affairs up here. He took the matter out of the sheriff into his own hands, and in the city of New-York he employed the Pinkerton clan. These men left New York in a body of 150 for the purpose of taking charge of the Homestead plant. In the darkness of the night, hidden by the roofs and the iron sides of their boats, these men stole clandestinely up the river, and, until they came to the first lock, the men here were ignorant of it all. In the morning, while the fog was yet heavy and hiding them from view, they anchored their boats at the most convenient place off the steel plant at Homestead. Now, the men here, being notified of their coming, after they had reached the first lock, prepared to defend themselves. What would you have done, or anybody else, knowing that this crowd of Pinkerton men, unauthorized by the Government of the State, or of the United States, were interfering with the civil law? Somebody employed these detectives. They themselves had nothing to do with the equipping of the boats. It was the man or the men who hired them who is responsible for this brave man who lies here now.

## SHALL IT BE DESTROYED?

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steelworkers

DEFENDED BY A CLERGYMAN

While Preaching the Funeral Sermon

OF ONE OF THE MURDERED STRIKERS.

The Fakir Philanthropist Shown in His True Colors.

On the 7th. of July the Rev. Dr. J. J. M'Illyar, preached a funeral sermon over the remains of John E. Morris, in the Ann Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The deceased was shot dead by a Pinkerton bullet in Homestead at the time of the attempted invasion of that place by an armed band of these mercenaries. The Rev. gentleman said:—I have officiated at funerals from most of the highest grades of military officers during the war down to those of the lowest soldiers. I have attended a great many funerals from different ranks in society, and of people of all ages during the times of malaria cholera, and smallpox. I am here to-day to say that I have never been called upon to attend or officiate at a funeral or to look upon a corpse in this peaceful town where it seemed to be so unnecessary, so uncalled for, that human life should be taken.

There was a difference between employer and employed in the plant located near this borough line, as to wages and the termination of a scale. Several conferences were held between committees on the part of the workmen, and those of the firm. They did not seem to agree as to the wages, and more especially as to the expiration of the scale. The workmen came down from \$25 to \$24 a ton, and, after a struggle, the firm came up from \$22 to \$23, and this was conditional that the scale should expire on the 30th day of December, and not on July 1, as in former years. The laborers could not see the propriety of this, that the scale should expire at the most expensive time for living, and the most unlikely time for them to get any other employment in mid-winter. They could not yield, and, after frequent interviews, a time was set by the firm when there should be no further conferences held. This was laid down according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, and there could be no deviation and no change. The workmen sought another interview with the firm. This was denied.

During all this time work was going on, up to within a few days when the scale would run out, but, strangely to all persons concerned, the mill was closed down before the scale expired. After this action was taken by the company the workmen still sought another interview, hoping that things could be amicably settled. During all this time perfect peace reigned here in Homestead. No outbreaks, no drunken rows, no disturbances of any kind took place.

All was peace and harmony and the men thought that things would be amicably settled, as other firms were signing the scale. They desired no war. The sheriff came up and interviewed the men quietly and peacefully, and the men offered to furnish him from one hundred to three hundred or five hundred men to protect the works from any injury and to do it without any remuneration, and they even offered to give their bonds to any amount that the works should not be injured. The sheriff, after some deliberation, politely declined this offer, and said he would rather bring his own men. These men came and were treated kindly and returned to their home, much affected by the generosity of the strikers. All would have remained quiet, and other efforts would have been made for a peaceful settlement of the differences between the firm and these laboring men.

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It has been reported that he met his death at the hands of his own men. This is a mistake. He was on the roof of the water tank at the time, and none of his own men were near him. Through an opening in the tank behind which he stood he received a ball in his brain, and, reeling over the edge, he fell 40 feet.

Is not the state competent to take care of itself! Why did these Pinkerton men come! They provoked the entire conflict. It was they who began to fire at the men upon the bank, and those men were compelled to defend themselves and their families. Why, instead of resorting to such terrible extremities, did not the officers of the company submit the entire matter to the decision of competent disinterested parties. Was there any necessity for thus arousing a whole community and taking the lives of some of its men, and breaking the hearts of its women? They wanted to break up the Amalgamated Association. If they had succeeded, who would have fed the widows and orphans of the members and cared for their sick? This is one of the most beautiful features of the Association. Shall it be destroyed? Why should men who are piling up millions upon millions shed the blood of the men who are earning, at the very best, but a mere pittance, and seek to increase that by a few cents.

All this is brought on by one man. Of course, back of him is a moving power, but he is the only man who has enough blood in his veins to carry out the plan. They could not have elected to the presidency of that wonderful firm a man in the United States as little respected by the laboring class of Pennsylvania as that man. His very name warns the blood of an honest man. He has no more sense of feeling in him than a toad. He seems to be naturally qualified for that place.

## Election of Officers.

Dominion Assembly, 2436, K. of L., at its last meeting elected officers for the ensuing six months, as follows:—J. Melver, M. W.; W. Darlington, W. F.; R. Keys, P.M.W.; P. A. Duffey, Rec. Sec.; J. H. Dodd, Fin. Sec.; Mrs. Duffey, Treas.; J. O'Brien, almoner; W. Keys, stat.

Local Union No. 376 of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters held their semi-annual meeting last Monday evening and elected the following officers:—President, S. Priestly; vice-president, Jas. Williams; rec. sec., R. H. Griffiths; fin. sec., Jos. Skinner; treas., John Quinn; cond., Gordon Booth; warden, Thos. Phillips; trustees—Messrs. Williams, Priestly and Baker.

Montcalm Assembly, K. of L., has elected officers as follows: A. C. Chabot, M. W.; J. A. Renaud, P.M.W.; O. Fontaine, R.S.; delegates to D. A. 19—A. Chabot, O. Fontaine; delegates C. T. and L. Council—J. A. Renaud, J. Godin, J. Chabot.

Grande Hermine Assembly has elected officers as follows: F. Duval, M. W.; A. Finel, W. F.; H. Gravel, R.S.; L. Commande, Treas.; P. Bourget, Stat.

Now, little boys, can you tell me, said a Columbus teacher, what is the effect of tobacco on the system? Little Billy, who has wrestled with his first cigar, promptly held up his hand. Well, Billy, what is the effect? Makes ye wisht ye wuz dead.

### MISTRESS AND MAID.

Here are two bits of domestic history from the records of the same American family. They have that peculiar kind of interest which we find in old daguerreotypes and photographs of people of the same race. The changes in features and bearing show how the family has advanced in civilization. There are some points, too, in these little studies of domestic life which any American woman may find significant considered with reference to her own household and its foreign inmates.

In the year 1800 the Peyton farms were among the most important in Pennsylvania; indeed, Isaac Peyton was so large a landholder that he used to boast that if he chose to walk across the State from the Ohio to the Delaware, he could sleep in one of his tenants' houses every night of the journey.

The home plantation, near the Ohio, stretched over many miles of wooded hills and smiling valleys. The Peyton homestead, a large, irregular building of uncut stone, commanded a landscape of singular and noble beauty. Neither Isaac nor Mrs. Peyton had ever seen any charm in it. Nature to them gave nothing but crops and lumber; the idea of beauty had no place in their lives. The sheep walks came up to the door of the house, and the dining room windows opened into a poultry yard, while the great untidy barns and negro cabins shouldered the house on either side.

Mrs. Peyton had not a minute in the year to study nature. She had eleven children, two or three adopted nephews, and a great household of white and negro servants. There was always some big job on hand which needed all her energy and skill. Now the pork for the use of the household during the year was to "lay down," now the beef or venison. To-day candles were to make, to-morrow soap, next week cider, apple butter or sweet wines.

The establishment was almost self-supporting. The cellars and smokehouses were filled with great stores of meat, vegetable, fruit, jellies and pickles. The rag carpets and coarse, thick bed linen were woven in the house; the medicines were brewed by Mrs. Peyton's own hand. The Peytons like their neighbors, were heavy feeders; there were times when her family seemed to the little woman like a many-mouthed monster, perpetually crying, give, give.

She was a little woman; but she carried herself erectly, with a certain simple dignity; and she had the reticence of tongue and challenging reasonable eye of one long used to govern inferiors. She had been sent, when she was a girl, for a year to a fashionable school in Philadelphia, crossing the Alleghenies on a pack-horse. She brought back a guitar, two or three love songs, a picture of the Death of Washington, done in chenilles, and a small octavo volume, called "Polite Learning," containing abstracts of mythology, astronomy, grammar and several other branches of knowledge. This book, the chenille picture, the guitar and some wax flowers were displayed in her great empty parlor to testify to her victories in learning and the fine arts; but they had no part in her life. Her indomitable energy, her exhaustless physical strength and all the powers of a really fine and subtle intellect, were spent in the management of her children and servants.

Mr. Peyton, once in two or three years, made a journey to Philadelphia to look after his land and to buy supplies. In 1801 he brought back with him four redemptionists, or white slaves, as they were called; poor emigrants who were sold on the block for a term of years by captains of sailing vessels to pay for their passage and outfit to this country.

"The men," he said to his wife, "are Germans; I need them in the field. The girl is English; do what you can with her." "She is more ignorant than any negro in the house," she replied. "But as she is white she will have to work with the bound women. I wish you had not bought her, Isaac."

"She sold very cheaply, Deborah," he said. Mrs. Peyton took a keen interest in every man or woman in her kitchens. She had stern but peculiar ideas of her duty to them. She read the Bible to the negro slaves faithfully, yet she would not teach them to read it; but she compelled her bound women to learn to read and write. These women were of a class then numerous in Pennsylvania. They were poor girls apprenticed in childhood to respectable householders, for whom they worked without wages until they were of age, when they received a suit of clothes, a feather bed, and a certain sum of money.

"The meaning of the law to me is," Mrs. Peyton said, "that I shall train the girl to be a wife and mother. I put my girls through a regular course in the kitchen, weaving room and house. When they leave me they are ready to take charge of houses of their own."

They never did leave her until they married, and afterward on great emergencies, weddings, funerals or large parties, these

women came back to their old home, humble, skillful friends and helpers. It was characteristic of the manners of the times that no matter how well-to-do they might be as matrons, they were always humble friends. Mrs. Peyton was still their mistress.

The English redemptionist, Jane, after she had been cleaned and clothed, was brought to Mrs. Peyton. She was a lean, ugly girl; but the keen eyes which inspected her found both honesty and intelligence in the blue eyes and close shut mouth.

Aunt Patty, the cook, brought her in. "Dunno what kin be done wid dis yer," she said, shoving her forward by the elbow. "Can't speak Christen English an neber saw a gridiron tell to-day."

"You worked in the fields at home?" said Mrs. Peyton, kindly.

The girl nodded.

"Speak up an' say, 'Yes madam,'" said Patty, nudging her.

"How old are you, Jane?"

"Sixteen, madam."

"Sixteen! What induced your parents to allow such a child to cross the seas alone?"

Jane began to cry and gasped out something about coming with a friend, and how they expected to be sold together.

"No; Mr. Peyton knows I did not want another woman. Very well. Put her to husking corn, Patty; she can do that."

It was a large, busy, merry household. Whatever Jane was given to do was done faithfully; but, as weeks passed, Mrs. Peyton saw that her face wore the same strained, hopeless look.

"What is it, child?" she said. "Don't be afraid of me; cry as much as you like; but what is it?"

"I left home to be with my friend," mumbled Jane, in her Yorkshire burr. "We thought we should be sold together—and now—"

Mrs. Peyton eyed her keenly and passed on without speaking.

"A girl," she told her husband, "does not cry that way for another woman."

Mrs. Peyton was slow and patient in her methods. She waited for months until Jane could speak more Christian English and had begun to eat her meals heartily and to sing at her work. Then she asked her one day sharply who was the man that brought her to this country, and Jane told her that it was Peter Hudnut, a neighbor's son, and that there was nothing but starvation before them if they married at home. "And we was bound to marry. We was decent folks, Mrs. Peyton," said Jane, looking straight at her, with her blue, honest eyes. "We runned away; we walked to Liverpool. We thought we'd be sold together, and be married here."

"Oh, ay!" said her mistress. "Well, you're not starving here, and you're being made into a Christian creature. So put Peter Hudnut and marrying out of your head."

"To think of it!" she said to her husband. "Two human beings, with not a change of coats nor a shilling between them, starting out into an unknown world to be married because—they loved each other!"

"Adam and Eve did it before them," said Mr. Peyton.

"Don't be blasphemous, Isaac. It is a blessing you did not happen to buy Peter," said his wife, tartly.

But for some obscure reason Mrs. Peyton after that gave more attention to the training of the quiet, dull English girl than to any of the quick-witted Americans.

"You are under no bonds to have Jane schooled," her husband said.

"I know my duty," was the sharp answer.

She was, too, especially severe with Jane in the kitchen or laundry. "I'm trying to make a Christian woman of her," she said; "and she must do her part."

Good cooking and clear starching in her opinion had much to do with the best quality of Christianity.

Mrs. Peyton found from Isaac the name of the auctioneer who had sold Jane. She had a cousin living in Philadelphia, and, during the next winter, kept up a vigorous correspondence with him. A year later she said to her husband one evening, as she sat knitting: "My brother John has come back from Philadelphia. I had a letter from him but now, John was a farmer in an adjoining county."

Mr. Peyton, who was busy with his accounts, looked up to say: "Did he have a safe journey? Did he say how wheat was selling?"

"He had no accidents. Wheat has risen a shilling in the bushel. He bought the time of a redemptionist, whom he found in New Jersey. It proves to be Peter Hudnut."

"And who, in Heaven's name, is Peter Hudnut?"

"Jane's Peter," said Mrs. Peyton, calmly unrolling her ball. "John is greatly pleased with the fellow. He is shrewd and honest."

Mr. Peyton stared at his wife and then burst into a laugh. "You are a clever woman, Deborah," he said, going back to his accounts.

Months passed before he thought again of Jane and her lover; then he asked his wife what she meant to do with them.

"I have not decided," she said. "John

writes to me that Peter is a good shepherd. He will have his freedom in the fall, and John will pay him fair wages, and give him a cabin, when he can marry. But—I don't know. Jane is deficient in her Catchism—She cooks meats badly, too. I have not decided."

She did not decide for two years longer, although Isaac stirred her remembrance from time to time, saying at last:

"I would not like to make myself a God to rule the fates of human beings as you do, Deborah."

She nodded and smiled tranquilly. But she was more eager in training Jane than before. She pronounced her at last "a Christian being," well taught in her Bible and Catechism, in cooking, weaving, house and laundry work. "If your husband should be ill or die you can earn your living as a servant," she told her.

"I shall never have a husband," said Jane, with the old, sad, hopeless look which so seldom came now into her pleasant face.

"Don't talk like a fool!" said Mrs. Peyton tartly. "No, husband, indeed! After all my trouble—"

The next month, her brother, Mr. John Riddle, came to visit her, bringing with him some sheep which Mr. Peyton had bought from him. Mrs. Peyton scarcely welcomed him, she was so eager to see his shepherd.

"In the stable, is he? Send him to me," she ordered a servant. "I must inspect him first—before I decide."

But as Peter Hudnut, a stout, merry-looking fellow, was crossing the green to come to her, he met two girls carrying pails of milk. He stopped.

"Why, Jean! It's never you, Jean!" he said, turning pale to his lips. Jane stood shivering, staring at him, her lips moving; but she said not a word.

"The mistress is calling you, Jane," said the other woman.

But Peter took her in his arms. "Jean has no mistress; she belongs to me," he said, the tears rolling down his rough cheeks.

They were married in Mrs. Peyton's kitchen that night, and that lady gave them a wedding feast, and afterward furnished their cabin comfortably for them.

"I made human beings of them," she said. "But Jane's was only one of many servants' lives into which she thrust her atrocious little hand to help, and sometimes to hinder."

—Rebecca Harding Davis in Independent.

#### A Trick Worth Knowing.

Look out there, sir! exclaimed one of a gang of painters on the Brooklyn bridge to a passenger who was walking dangerously near some fresh white paint.

The warning came too late, for when the gentleman looked at the skirt of his handsome new blue melton box coat he discovered that it was desecrated with a big blotch of white paint.

"Why didn't you call in time, he said angrily. You see, I've ruined my coat."

"It was not my fault, replied the man, and besides that your coat is not injured, much less ruined."

"It will cost me \$5 to have it cleaned, anyhow."

"Not a cent, said the workman. I'll show you the best way in the world to eradicate a paint stain. Stiffing the action to the word, he grasped the skirts of the \$70 overcoat, and, to the horror of its owner, began to rub the soiled spot against a clean surface of cloth.

"Don't do that, protested the gentleman; but the painter continued, and after a few moments more of vigorous rubbing he displayed the once soiled surface absolutely free from any trace of the pigment."

Where has the paint gone? queried the man in surprise.

"I really don't know, said the painter, but I know that it is the best way in the world to remove every trace of fresh paint."

"If you don't believe the truth of this story just dip the tail of your \$100 dress coat in a pot of red paint and try the experiment yourself."

#### The World's Greatest Palace.

The Vatican, the ancient palace of the popes of Rome, is the most magnificent building of the kind in the world. It stands on the right bank of the Tiber, on a hill called the Vaticanus, because the Latins formerly worshipped Vatiocanus, an ancient oracular deity, at that place. Exactly when the building was commenced no one knows. Charlemagne is known to have inhabited it over one thousand years ago. The present extent of the building is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4,422. Its treasures of marble statues, ancient gems, paintings, books, manuscripts, etc., are to be compared only with those in the British museum. The length of the statue museum alone is a fraction over a mile. Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the present European circulation. This, however, is evidently a mistake, and expressed more to make the great wealth collection evident to the mind than as an exact fact.

### Anthracite Coal Combine

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

Now, I am not an advertising agent for, nor have I any pecuniary interest in, the Review of Reviews, yet I am bound to say that as a monthly periodical at 25 cents a copy, it contains more pointed, impartial, educating and interesting reading of varied character than any other magazine published in the English language. The Review of Reviews is an International publication, being issued simultaneously in the United States and Great Britain.

In the June (1892) number now before me I find a short but striking article on "The Anthracite Coal Combine" in the United States. I notice it the more because Canada will shortly have, if it has not already, a "Railway Combine" which will give into unitary hands an almost absolute control over the travelling convenience of over five millions of people in this Dominion. In the article referred to the Review of Reviews says:

"Fortunately, the United States has been almost wholly free from the agitation and violence which have made the month of May a terror on the Continent of Europe. The destructive type of Socialism does not flourish on our soil, and our society, as a whole, is so domestic that, as a rule, the industrial strifes in which organized labor occasionally engages are less bitter and disturbing than in Europe. The month of May has witnessed some large strikes and lock-outs in this country, notably the stone-cutters' difficulty, but upon the whole the country has been free from serious industrial conflicts. It is not in this country the organization of labor which occasions right-minded and intelligent men so much anxiety, but rather the powerful and defiant organizations of capital for purposes of monopolistic control and exaction. Anthracite coal is a commodity of which there is an abundance. It is our best fuel, and its use has grown almost universal. It happens that the area of the anthracite beds is comparatively compact and limited, and gradually the railroad companies penetrating the anthracite region have violated the very principles upon which their existence as common carriers is based, by securing ownership and absolute control of all the anthracite mines and lands and entering directly into the business, not simply of transporting coal, but of mining it and selling it, regulating the yearly output, and arbitrarily fixing the price. It having been found that the more or less voluntary monopoly rules were a difficult thing to maintain among several participating corporations, there has recently been effected under the auspices of the Reading Railway Company a consolidation of transportation, coal mining and coal carrying interests which has given into unitary hands an almost absolute control over a commodity used by many millions of people. The consolidation has been followed by a prompt advance in the price of coal. As a result of the wholly improper absorption by the transportation companies of the productive business of mining and selling coal, the people of the United States are probably paying at least 100 per cent. more per ton for the anthracite they burn than they would be paying if the railroad companies had never been allowed, in defiance of their normal functions, to buy up coal fields and 'corner' the anthracite trade. In the face of colossal robberies like that practiced by the 'Coal Combine,' it seems an anachronism to regard mere burglars and like insignificant marauders as constituting our dangerous and criminal class."

Speaking on the Chinese question, in the same issue, the Review of Reviews takes occasion to say:

"If it is true that the South understands its own negro problem far better than the North can understand it, no less is it true that the Pacific States are better qualified than the East to pass upon the Chinese question. A little more than a decade ago New England and California were engaged in a desperate controversy at Washington over the fundamental issue whether or not the Chinese should be treated like European immigrants or should be subjected to special and peculiar restrictions. With New England it was purely a question of theory, and of sentiment at long range. With California it was a concrete, life-and-death problem. The Pacific Slope won, deservedly, for its position was right. There has been much annoying evasion of the restrictions upon Chinese immigration, and the time having come for a renewal of the ten-year exclusion Act of 1882, Congress has seized the opportunity to pass a law far more severe and sweeping than the previous one. . . . China does not wish to encourage the exportation of coolie labor to this country, and would undoubtedly be willing to co-operate with the United States to prevent the social and economic evils that the Californians so truly declare are involved in the swarming of Mongolians to our shores. But the Chinese Government should be approached, with tact and courtesy and the national dignity of that venerable

and splendid empire should be respected. We have acted roughly and offensively to accomplish what called for the most delicate diplomacy. We have, in bad faith, imposed new burdens upon those Chinamen who are already here, and who, under a treaty now in force, have acquired exactly the same rights and privileges as European aliens enjoy. The main purpose of the anti-Chinese law is, unfortunately, a necessary one; but in various details the new legislation must be regarded as objectionable. Let the main consideration not be forgotten, however. The bringing of Chinese labor to America has been a modified form of slave trading. The Mongolian cannot be assimilated here. The acquisition of a large permanent Chinese population would entail needless difficulties upon future generations. It is the business of this generation to avert such a calamity. The argument that we ought to welcome recruits from all the world, whether sent by slave traders, by the 'Chinese Companies,' by the pauper dumping departments of European Governments, or by the mendacious commercial methods of steamship companies that grow rich upon steerage business is the silly and fatuous argument of feeble-minded sentimentalists. But the exclusion of masses of Chinese laborers is not incompatible with courteous and honorable relations with the Empire of China."

The foregoing brings me at once to our own House of Commons and the Government's mutilation of Mr. Gordon's bill after having taken charge of it as a Government measure. Mr. Gordon's bill provided that ships should carry only one Chinese passenger for every 100 tons of carrying capacity, but the Government changed the figures to one for every fifty tons. To paraphrase the words of the Review of Reviews, the change of figures from one Chinaman to every 100 tons to one Chinaman for every fifty tons carrying capacity of the ship has been accomplished by order of and to meet "the mendacious commercial methods" of the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that it may continue growing rich upon the steerage business of carrying Chinese laborers into Canada. On the 7th instant in the House of Commons passed the Government Bill Respecting Chinese Immigration into law. Before so doing, and while the House was in committee considering its provisions, Hon. Mr. Bowell explained that the amendments were intended to restrict the movements of Chinese. In future every Chinaman when intending to go to China will have to give notice to the Comptroller of Customs of the point to which he is going, and the route by which he intends to go and return, depositing a fee of \$1 with the Comptroller, who shall enter in a register the name, occupation, and description of the applicant. He is to be given a return certificate, but the proof of identity must be satisfactory, and the decision of the Comptroller is to be final. The Act proposed that those Chinese who were now absent should be given six months in which to return.

Mr. Gordon objected strongly to the action of the Government in mutilating his bill, and urged that the first clause, reducing the carrying capacity of steamships from one Chinaman to every 100 tons to one for every fifty, should be amended. He dwelt at length upon the evils of Chinese immigration into British Columbia, and declared that it would be useless for the Province to borrow the \$750,000 from the British Government arranged for if the white emigrants to be brought in were to meet Chinese competition. He urged the Government to declare their policy prior to the formation of the new cabinet necessitated by Premier Robson's death, for if the province was to be refused protection against the Chinese it would involve an important change in provincial policy.

Mr. Bowell replied that it was a serious question, whether in view of our trade with China, the Government would be justified in adopting the course of the United States and excluding Chinese altogether.

After some further discussion, in which Mr. Mills urged that the steamship owners who brought over more than the legitimate number of Chinese should be prosecuted, the resolutions were reported.

On the third reading, Mr. Gordon moved an amendment to provide that the receipts from Chinese immigration should be divided among the provinces in which they were collected, but Mr. Bowell raised the point that it was out of order, and the Speaker ruled it out.

I have no desire to underrate Mr. Gordon's efforts to meet the desire and requirements of his constituents in respect of this bill, but must remark that so long as the Government knew (as it did, no doubt,) that Mr. Gordon would not go into opposition because of its action, the praise due him in the premises is down to zero. He is not a Col. Bolton! And so the Chinese immigration mill will continue grinding for the exclusive benefit of that huge octopus—the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Toronto, July 9th, 1892.

ARGUS.

Handoffs might appropriately be called sad irons.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

Small pox is epidemic at Victoria, B. C., and there are twenty-five cases of the disease reported.

Farmers living in the vicinity of Beaver Lake, near Kingston, say there is some kind of a serpent around there that is killing off sheep.

Miss Bessie Turner, aged 14, daughter of Robert Turner, carpenter, was drowned in the canal while bathing Friday evening at Brantford, Ont.

Mr. Matthew Patton, a much respected farmer, who has resided at Rocklyn, township of Euphrasia, Ont., for many years, has committed suicide by taking a dose of poison.

Recently the grave of Robert England, at Port Dover, Ont., who died about eight years ago, was found to have been despoiled, the body removed and a whiskey bottle and a match box left in its place.

At Leeds, Megantic County, on Saturday, two girls named Miss Woodside and Miss Renkin were killed by lightning. They were alone in the house scrubbing the floor near the stove when they were struck. They were found in a kneeling position with scrubbing brushes in their hands by Mrs. Woodside and one of their brothers.

The shortest Parliament that ever sat, met in the reign of Edward I, and sat one day; and the longest was in the reign of Charles II, which met and sat for seventeen years. What a pionic some of our Ottawa representatives seeking increased indemnity missed in the time of Charles II. History would have recorded their salary in great big letters.—Quebec Telegraph.

A wedding of somewhat unusual interest took place Saturday at the Queen's Avenue Methodist parsonage, at London, Ont., when Mr. Wm. Webb, a well-known citizen, who is in his 88th year, was married to Mrs. Way, a widow of 46 years. The ceremony was witnessed by only a few friends of the contracting parties, and was performed by Rev. Mr. Boyd. Miss Boyd was bridesmaid, and Mr. Thomas Breton, of Bruce street, was groomsmen.

About noon on Tuesday a man who attempted to board a freight train on the G. T. R., three miles west of Ingois, Ont., missed his footing and fell under the rear car, the wheels of which, passing over him, nearly severed his legs from his body. He was brought to the station by a subsequent train and died soon after. He conversed freely after he was brought in, and said it was entirely his own fault. He had no friends in this country but a brother-in-law named John McGlade, living at 505 William street, Montreal, whither he was travelling when the accident occurred. He had a travelling companion, was well dressed about 35 years of age. He asked for a priest, but none could be got to reach him in time. It turns out that the man's name was D. McCarthy, who worked for a time with Mr. O'Hara, florist, of St. Antoine street, this city.

American.

Three convicts in the Alton prison, named Krueger, Klatte and Menzel, Monday overpowered and murdered the warder and escaped. They are still at large.

The Building Trade Council of Chicago has sent a congratulatory telegram to the Pennsylvania strikers and advised them if necessary to call upon them for financial aid.

The powder explosion at West Berkeley, Cal., Tuesday proved to be not nearly so disastrous as regards loss of life as was at first supposed. Six lives are now known to have been lost, three whitemen and three Chinamen.

Shortly after 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon an explosion of gas occurred in No. 1 colliery of the Kingston Coal company at Edwardsville. After the accident Nathan Lamereaux, of Dorrancton, was found among the debris burned to death and Thomas P. Davis so badly injured that he cannot recover.

The Argentine torpedo catcher Rosaline has foundered in a storm off the coast of Uruguay. The officers were saved, but the crew, numbering 70, are missing. The Argentine ironclad Almirante Brown and the cruiser Veinticinco, which were en route to Spain, are missing, and it is believed that they foundered in the same storm.

Hot slag was dumped into a swamp near the Pennsylvania Steel works on Wednesday, causing an explosion. Three men were seriously hurt. One Louis Hunter, colored, who was terribly mangled, died in the afternoon.

A Springfield despatch says: The most destructive tornado which ever visited this section of the country struck the south-eastern portion of the city, the resident portion, this morning at eleven o'clock and completely demolished about thirty residences and partially ruined over a hundred more. But two persons are possibly fatally injured, but the loss in property is appalling.

A conservative estimate places the loss at between \$150,000 and \$200,000. The tornado was fully a mile long from west to east and three blocks wide.

European.

Two passengers have been killed and eight injured by the derailment of the Berlin express train near Rostock.

A school building was destroyed by fire at Berkhamstead on Wednesday. Eight children perished in the flames.

During a row between soldiers and Socialists in a beer garden at Nuremberg, one of the soldiers received stab wounds from which he will die, and the others were more or less severely injured.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: On Friday 190 new cases of cholera and 32 deaths were reported in Astrakhan, 63 cases and 16 deaths in Saratoff, 180 cases and 37 deaths at Baku, six deaths in Tiflis and nine new cases in Tauris.

An official telegram from Ha-Foi, Capital of Tonquin, to Paris, says that a French convoy fell into a Chinese ambush near Boche, that Commander Bonner, Capt. Charpentier and ten men were killed and several others were wounded.

Fourteen deaths, attributed to cholera, were reported in Paris on Sunday. Prof. Peter, of the Necker Hospital expresses the opinion that the prevailing malady is the Asiatic cholera. On the other hand, Dr. Prendergast and others who have had wide experience in the East, are equally positive that it is not Asiatic cholera.

There is widespread rioting in Spain against the Octrai duties. At Selva in the province of Tarragona the Octrai offices were burned to day by a mob. The collector and the employees of the offices when they rushed from the burning building were stoned and several of them were badly injured. The rioters, flushed with their success at the Octrai offices, made an attack upon the town hall and carried it by storm. The mayor fled, but was wounded by the rioters. The mob took full possession of the building, forced open the safes and destroyed many documents. The police were powerless and the troops were called upon to suppress the disorder. The rioters showed an inclination to resist the soldiers, but the latter fired upon them, killing several and wounding many others.

English and American Land Owners

There is a constant feud between the suburban residents and the Sunday excursionists. The suburban resident goes to New York in the morning and goes back in the afternoon, except on Sunday, when he stays at home. It would suit him if the Sunday train service were almost entirely stopped, except one morning train out into the country and one evening train back to let his personal friends go out and spend the day with him. The Sunday excursionist represents to him a concentration of the destructive forces of mankind, so he goes to Tuxedo or Wave Crest or some reservation where excursionists are not permitted to go, and when he gets rich enough he builds a place in the midst of grounds wide enough to hide him from the road, and puts out watchmen to prevent people he does not want from coming in and tramping on the grass.

This is more an American than an English feeling. In England almost all of the show country places are open to visitors under restrictions which are generally observed. It would be regarded as an improper and unsocial thing for an Englishman with a fine country place to drive people off the grounds. Instead of that he welcomes visitors and provides guides to take them around and look after them.—New York Sun.

Men and Machines.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics Fair, and, with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to an end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me, "See, there is a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is but as the rude first effort of a child—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future—a contrivance, not for turning out pins or stitching button holes, but for making Hamlets and Lear's. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime to so much as scratch it with a pin; while the other with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon ball."—James Russell Lowell.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

There were two matches on Saturday in the Senior Lacrosse League—Montreal-Shamrock and Toronto-Cornwall—both of which gave rise to some surprises. Montreal has had extremely hard luck this season, losing so many of her old players, and it was not expected that Saturday's team would show up to any great extent, but the way the young players acquitted themselves against such an exceptionally fine team as the Shamrocks now put in the field was indeed a surprise. It goes to show that with a little more experience the Montreal club may regain her old supremacy. Although the Shamrocks took five games to one it was no criterion of the play which during the majority of the games was anything but one-sided. The Montrealers have a reliable defence and as good a little goal-keeper as ever stood between the poles.

Cornwall whitewashed Toronto, taking six games to none, and thus are in a better position in the league than they were a week or two ago, having won one and no defeats to their credit.

The following is a summary of the other games played:— Montreal Jr. vs. Beaver—Won by the Beavers.

Victorias vs. 2nd Gordons—Won by the Victorias, three straight.

The Red Stars took three straight from the Emeralds.

Mechanics defeated Cote St. Paul three straight.

Heavy slugging and spirited playing marked the lacrosse game between the teams of the Manhattan and Staten Island Athletic clubs for the Hermann Oelrichs trophy on the Staten Island grounds at Livingston Saturday. There was blood in the eyes of the players on both teams when they lined up for work, and when it was all over there was not a little of the blood on the battle ground. Several of the players also had broken limbs. Among those who will bear souvenirs of the contest are Moser, who had two nails knocked off his right hand; Telfor, who collided with Bush and had his eye polished a heavy black and completely closed; Anderson, who had his shoulder dislocated, and Davis, who had his nose split. Staten Island came off victors.

QUOITING.

Teams from the Montreal and Caledonia Clubs played a friendly game Saturday. There were eight players a side and the Caledonians were defeated by 152 points. Mr. W. Gilmour acted as referee in a very impartial manner. The return match will take place on July 30th.

CRICKET.

Mr. George S. Patterson, representing Philadelphia, has concluded the arrangements in regard to the Halifax tournament. The Germantown club will send a team there to play from July 25 to the end of the month. On August 1 the tournament between Halifax, Canada and Philadelphia will start and continue for a week, each team playing a two-day match with each other.

Capt. Luard, son of Gen. Luard, who was commander of the Canadian forces a few years ago, has been coming to the front on the crease lately. In the match Surrey vs. Gloucestershire, finished last Wednesday week, which the champions won by eight wickets, having made 326 in their first venture, Capt. Luard, for Gloucestershire, made 75 not out in the first, the best innings of the match, and 49 in the second.

THE RING.

Joe McAuliffe, the San Francisco heavyweight, is now charged by the sports with throwing his fight with Joe Goddard.

Recent advices from Australia state that Griffs, the champion featherweight of the world, failed to stop Mick Ryan in 9 rounds at Melbourne.

Jack O'Brien, the English middleweight, who is to fight Bob Fitzsimmons, will sail for New York to-day. Bobby Habbijam, one of the best known sporting men in London, will accompany him.

There was a boxing entertainment in this city on Monday evening, the principal item on the programme being a set-to between Dick Guthrie and Frank Taylor. After one or two minor sparring bouts had gone off successfully the event of the evening was proceeded with, but the police put a stop to it at the close of the second round. The fight was awarded to Frank.

James Wakely, the Sixth avenue saloon keeper, on Monday deposited on behalf of John L. Sullivan's backer the third \$2,500 section of the \$20,000 bet hanging on the result of the big battle at New Orleans on September 7. Wakely, who was accompanied by his sporting side partner, Phil Lynch, expressed surprise at the absence of Corbett's representatives with their \$2,500 share of the big wager, and to relieve him the wires were set going. The following was sent to Corbett at Asbury Park: "Your third

deposit due to-day. Sullivan's money up. Answer." Corbett's pertinent reply was that he had deposited \$2,500 with Phil Dwyer, the final stakeholder, on Saturday, as the articles of agreement called for.

BASEBALL.

A league match took place on Saturday between the Hawthornes and Montrealers on Logan's Farm. It was a rattling good game throughout and the Haws got there by a score of 6 to 3.

The Clippers journeyed to Farnham on Saturday to play an exhibition game with the local club and got a terrible roasting, the score standing 16 to 4. They could do little against the pitching of Woods, an old Clipper boy, who struck out no less than 14.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Fred" Johnson is now trying to arrange a match with "Johnny" Van Heest. The English champion thinks he can defeat the crack Western pugilist and can find backing for \$2,500.

The California Athletic club passed a resolution at a recent meeting not to allow any of the pugilists admission to its entertainments, excepting those who act as seconds and attendants of the principals.

A bicycle rider wheeled a quarter-mile in 28 4.5 seconds at Hartford, Conn., July 4. This beats all time at the distance made by a trotter or pacer, and possibly the mile harness record may yet be eclipsed by the silent steed.

A novel road race was ridden in France recently. The contestants were all mounted on pneumatics and the course was sprinkled with nails, the purpose being to puncture the tire if possible and make the riders repair them on the road.

Baron Hirsch, who gave his turf winnings last year to the London hospitals, has just handed a further sum of \$35,000 to the medical charities of the metropolis, the amount representing the greater part of the stakes won during the present season by the Baron's filly La Fleche, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks.

"Tim" Keefe, the veteran pitcher, has been given the usual ten days' notice of his release by Harry Wright, manager of the Philadelphia Baseball club. On what grounds the club has decided to dispense with Keefe's services is not known. It is rumored that Harry Wright has picked up the axe and is cutting salaries in twain. Great dissatisfaction exists among the players and Hamilton states that this is his last year on the ball field.

A special cable to the N. Y. Sun says: "English rowers are just now very much humbled, and are looking around for revenge. The cause of this is their defeat in the diamond skulls at Henley, when J. J. K. Ooms, of Amsterdam, Holland, beat all the crack English amateur scullers. The Dutchman's victory was so decisive as to leave no chance for the belief that it was a fluke. He beat all his adversaries by nearly a quarter of a mile, rowing through rough and smooth water with ease. The next best man in this race was a Frenchman named G. MacHenry, who also distanced all his rivals, and an Irish doctor named S. M. Boyd, fairly distanced the pick of England's amateur rowers."

The Cremation Idea.

It seems to be gaining favor in the United States very quietly, but surely. There are now thirty-one cremation societies in the country, most of which have a furnace and mortuary chapel of their own. The organizations are more numerous west than east, and in the north than in the south. In the south there are only three cremation societies, one at Louisville, another at St. Louis and a third at New Orleans, where, on account of the swampiness of the soil, tombs for ordinary burial are built above ground. California alone has three crematory societies. The cremationists are going to hold a national convention of their own this summer at Detroit, at the same time as the meeting of the American Medical Association. Then the quickest and least disagreeable way of turning a corpse into harmless smoke and ashes will be discussed.

Up to the present time nearly 800 bodies have been incinerated by the New York Cremation Society since the beginning of 1886. One argument in favor of this method of disposing of the dead is its cheapness, the cost of an average cremation funeral being less than forty dollars. The medical profession throughout the country very generally favor it for sanitary purposes.

One Use for the Onion.

A very convenient mucilage can be made out of onion juice by any one who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled a short time, will yield on being pressed quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used quite extensively in various trades for pasting paper on to tin or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one on making the first attempt. It is the

cheapest and best mucilage for such purposes, and answers just as well as many of the more costly and patent cements. Some of the cements sold by street flakirs at ten cents a bottle consist of nothing but onion juice and water, and the bottle and cork cost a great deal more than the contents.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reading Makes a Full Man.

Mechanics, Artizans, &c. who wish to excel and rise above the ordinary run, should keep posted. Mr. Drysdale, who has had twenty-five years' experience, will be glad to advise such of the best books to help them in acquiring a fuller knowledge of their profession.

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## =The Echo=

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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.

## SETTLEMENT OF THE WATER TAX QUESTION.

At last! The City Council has reduced the water rates. At its meeting on Monday, on motion of Ald. Conroy, the reduction was carried. It is worth noting that when the vote was being taken on this important question some of the aldermen discovered they had urgent business in the smoking room. As it was a tie, this way of sneaking out of the vote deserves the severest condemnation. Good measures are very often lost in this way. In contrast to this was the firm conduct of Mayor McShane, who, alive to the interests of the people, and equal to the occasion, promptly gave his casting vote in favor of the resolution. His action in signing the by-law in the face of the protest entered by Ald. Rolland and Mr. Robb deserves special praise. Ald. Rolland is opposed to the reduction of the water rates because the appropriations will have to be reduced, or the Finance Committee will have to hold one or two extra meetings to put things just right. Well, that's too bad. On the other hand Mr. Robb writes a letter to the Mayor and aldermen telling them—what they knew before—that the new by-law means a reduction of \$155,000 in the city's revenue, and that, as all this year's accounts are made out under the old law, it will give the employees of the City Hall a little more work. Mr. Robb may be a very efficient officer, but when he presumes to dictate to the City Council and tell them that they should not do a certain thing because it does not please him, it seems to us he goes a little of his way. He is there to carry out the wishes of those who employ and pay him, and not to give advice or find fault. The sound thrashing administered to Ald. Rolland in Hochelaga Ward last February does not seem to have improved that gentleman. Well, he has got to find a constituency next year, and he will then discover that his action in the water tax affair will have the same effect as his opposition to the abolition of the property qualification for aldermen, and he will be elected to stop at home.

Sir Charles Dilke has been elected, and the party of social purity are now in mourning.

## WORKINGMEN'S RESPECT FOR THE LAW.

The events which have followed the repulse of the Pinkerton mercenaries at Carnegie's works in Homestead, Pa., go unmistakably to show that American workingmen entertain profound respect for regularly constituted authority. Nor is this respect to be attributed to a fear of the consequences attending an encounter with a regular military force, but to an inherent sense of what is due to the law which they themselves have some small share in making. The men who so successfully repulsed Pinkerton's armed force, composed of men chosen for their recklessness, and drilled to a point of efficiency equal with the regular state militia, could probably have held their own, for a time at least, from the vantage ground which they occupied, against the military sent by the Governor of the State, and it was from no wavering or cowed feeling that they quietly withdrew instead, greeting the force sent against them with open arms in lieu of loaded rifles. The later action of the striking employees of Carnegie speak volumes for their good intentions previous to the strife and shows conclusively the mistake, or criminal blunder which the managers of the company were guilty in introducing hired Hessians drawn from the scum of all the large cities of the continent, to resist whom every workman would have been willing to shed the last drop of his blood. That the sovereignty of the law has been maintained at Homestead, and with the hearty acquiescence of the strikers is a proof that workingmen are at all times willing to bow to constituted authority.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During the past week the federation of the Toronto building trades has been accomplished, the constitution being accepted with the utmost unanimity by the various branches of trades represented in the federation. This new organization should be a powerful factor in securing for the workingmen of the Queen City engaged in the building trades a just equivalent for their labor and a rectification of some of the abuses which still are found in several of these trades. We wish the new organization every success, and have no doubt it will come under the direction of such an able set of officers as has been chosen. They are all well known and enthusiastic workers in labor's ranks, and their names are a guarantee that the affairs of the organization will be conducted with tact and prudence.

The serious troubles which lately occurred in Idaho and Pennsylvania between labor and capital is the outgrowth of the great and growing disparity of the distribution of wealth, the competitive system and the locking up of the earth's natural riches in the hands of combines and trusts. Year by year these social troubles are growing more frequent while their intensity is increasing in the same ratio and no man can fortel what the end will be. Sooner or later there must come a radical change in the social relations of the people of this continent or the over-worked and underpaid workman will seek relief in open war against all who now grind him down. Here in Canada the disproportion of wealth is not so marked, yet the evidences of luxury on the one hand and extreme poverty on the other are conspicuous enough to create discontent of a very deep and serious nature, which at any moment may grow to a boiling over point under the influence of example from the other side of the line.

The fearful death-rate among the employees of United States railroads has often been the cause of discussion in the House of Representatives and of comment in the press, and the demand has frequently been made for the adoption of some system which shall

render the duties of trainmen less hazardous. The improvements sought include driving-wheel brakes to locomotives, train brakes for freight cars, automatic couplers, uniform height of draw bar, hand holds, etc., which if all added to the rolling stock would help to minimize the number of accidents to employees of railroads. Congressman John J. O'Neill, of Missouri, who has made this question a special study, lately presented a report to the House to accompany a bill of which he is the author. It appears from authentic tables submitted with the report that in 1889, 1,972 railway employees were killed, and 20,028 injured; in 1890, 2,451 were killed and 22,396 injured. Alluding to this horrible maiming of limb and loss of life, the following comparisons are made:—Wellington won Waterloo and Meade Gettysburg with a loss of 23,208, while the total loss on both sides at Shiloh in two days' murderous fighting was 24,000. In the three years' war of the Crimea England lost in killed and wounded 21,035 men. None of these terrible battles furnished a list of losses equal to the loss in a single year of our railroad men, a loss equal, in fact, to the entire present force of the United States Army. In the Johnstown flood 2,280 persons perished, while during the year 1890 casualties on our railways resulted in railway employees killed 2,451, and injured 22,392. The Johnstown disaster filled the imagination with horror and sent a thrill of sympathy throughout the civilized world, but that calamity came in one fell swoop, while fatalities on the railways involving in the aggregate a far greater sacrifice of human life, have scarcely attracted public attention.

Nothing has been done up to the present by the City Council in the electric railway muddle. It is interesting to watch the movements of the different parties interested in this deal. Aldermen who, a week or ten days ago, declared loudly that the Street Railway Company would never get the franchise if they could help it, are now counted among its staunchest supporters. This is a little strange, but we must remember that great are the persuasive powers of a wealthy joint stock company.

## AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

New York, July 11, 1892.

To Drivers, Conductors, Motormen and all other Street Car Employees Unions of America.

FELLOW WORKERS:—A convention for the purpose of forming a National Union of all Drivers, Conductors, Motormen, and all other Street Car Employees will be held Monday, September 12th, 1892, in the City of Indianapolis, Ind.

Many efforts have been made to organize the men who are employed by the Street Railroad Companies, but only to a very limited extent have they been successful; and then mainly on the lines of local interests. Experience has demonstrated that singly and alone Unions have too often been defeated in the contests with concentrated capital and that if the toilers are seriously inclined to disenthral themselves from the slavery of long hours of burdensome toil, to improve their condition and participate in some of the progress and advantages of modern life, it is essential that they must not only organize Unions of their respective localities, but to have these Unions formed into a National Organization, thus enabling all to concentrate their efforts upon a given point to obtain success, where otherwise by isolated action defeat would necessarily ensue.

For this and other reasons too numerous to mention in this circular, a Convention has been called to form one compact National Union of all Street Car Employees.

The Convention will be held in Manshur's Hall, corner Washington and Alabama streets, Indianapolis, Ind., at 12 o'clock, Monday, September 12th.

Representation in the convention will be upon the following basis: All Unions numbering 100 members or less, two delegates, and one delegate additional for every 100 members. Each delegate should be furnished with a credential signed by two officers and the seal of his organization attached. When delegates are elected, notify Mr. J.

P. Riggs, No. 5 Grove street, Indianapolis, Ind., of the election, and also the projected time of arrival. Special rates of \$1.50 per day have been secured at English's Hotel.

In the name of our great cause I earnestly appeal to every organization of street railway employees to be represented at this convention. To the men interested in furthering the labor movement, the request is made to use every possible endeavor to make this convention a success, by persuading every organization of street railway employees to send delegates. The perpetrating of the crime of long hours of burdensome toil must cease.

Fraternally yours,  
SAMUEL GOMPERS,  
President,  
American Federation of Labor.

Old Chum  
(CUT PLUG)

OLD CHUM  
(PLUG)

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

D. Ritchie & Co.

Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada.

Montreal.

Cut Plug, 10c. ½ lb. Plug, 10c.  
½ lb. Plug, 20c.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until Friday, 29th inst., for Coal Supply for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings. Specification, form of Tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Friday, 8th July. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the coal contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
E. F. E. ROY,  
Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 4th July, 1892.

Sudden  
Disappearance

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

## REWARD

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

This soap is, without doubt, worth its weight

IN GOLD!!

HAVE YOU TRIED  
HERO

CRUSADER  
CIGARS.

MANUFACTURED BY  
J. RATTRAY & CO.,  
MONTREAL.

## CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

## NEW LACE.

IRISH POINT LACE TWO TONE LACE

IRISH CROCHET LACE

Just received one case new fashionable lace at

S. CARSLEY'S.

## JULY GLOVE SALE.

Ladies' Opera Kid Gloves, 19c  
Ladies' Opera Kid Gloves, 25c  
Ladies' Opera Kid Gloves, 38c  
Ladies' Opera Kid Gloves, 50c

## SPECIAL LINE

Ladies' 4-Button Tan Kid Gloves, 35c

## SPECIAL LINE

Ladies' Mousquetaire and 4-Button Kid Gloves, in Black and Colors, 55c

## SPECIAL LINE

Ladies' Gauntlet Kid Gloves, reduced from \$2.50 to 75c a pair.

## BEST VALUE IN CANADA

In Ladies' Kid and Fabric Gloves.  
Lowest Prices for July Cheap Sale.

S. CARSLEY.

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## BEST VALUE IN CANADA

In Ladies' Kid and Fabric Gloves  
Lowest Prices for July Cheap Sale

S. CARSLEY.

## July Sale of Boys' Clothing.

Boys' Galatea Sailor Suits, 95c  
Boys' Crash Linen Suits, \$1.17  
Youths' Crash Linen Suits, \$1.70  
Boys' Linen Coats, 81c  
Boys' Striped Flannel Blazers, \$1.95  
Boys' Cream Flannel Blazers, \$1.65  
Boys' Shirt Waists, 41c

## Special Reductions in

Boys' Drill Man o' War Suits  
Boys' Cream Serge Man o' War Suits  
Boys' Flannel Shirt Waists  
Boys' Cream Flannel Pants  
Youths' Cream Flannel Pants  
For the July Cheap Sale

S. CARSLEY.

## BARGAINS

— IN —

## BOYS' CLOTHING.

Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.50.  
Every size in Boys' Summer Tweed Suits in stock at reduced prices.

## HOLIDAY SUITS

In almost endless variety of styles  
Youths' Navy Serge Suits, \$3.70  
Youths' Fancy Tweed Suits, \$5.25  
Men's Fancy Tweed Suits, \$5.65

## SPLENDID STOCK

Of Business Suits for Youths and Young Men all reduced.

Stanley Helmets, 90c

Hard and Soft Felt Hats at Sale Prices

S. CARSLEY.

## JULY UMBRELLA SALE.

Ladies' Strong Umbrellas, 20c  
Gentlemen's Strong Umbrellas, 43c  
Ladies' Umbrellas, Special, 50c  
Gentlemen's Alpaca Umbrellas, 70c  
Gentlemen's Gloria Umbrellas, \$1.18

## SPECIAL LINE

Ladies' Gloria Silk Umbrellas, with Fancy Nickel Handles, \$1.40

## SPECIAL LINE

Gentlemen's English Gloria Silk Umbrellas with Natural Wood and Nickel Handles \$1.40

Ladies' high-class Umbrellas reduced

Gents' high-class Umbrellas reduced

## For July Cheap Sale.

S. CARSLEY.

## SANITARY BED COVERS

Fibre Chamis Co. (Limited), which has lately been incorporated, has just placed on the market these new Sanitary Bed Covers which are expected to quite revolutionize the bedding cover trade of the Dominion. The goods are not expensive, and are superior what has been so long in use.

## MARK TWAIN SAYS:

"You cannot tell by the size of a fellow how far he will jump."

Neither can you tell by the appearance the Rigby cloth that it is waterproof.

But, oh! what a difference in a rain storm if you happen to have your spring or fall coat Rigby-proofed.

## S. CARSLEY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"There is one thing that the workmen of Montreal should do at the present time, and that is to watch the antics of our aldermen in connection with this street railway business," said Phil. "A few weeks ago all hands and the cook condemned the present company in unmeasured terms, and things looked exceedingly blue for the Montreal Street Railway Company. It was said that the service was so bad and so unsatisfactory and the action of the company so arrogant and overbearing in the past, that no matter what kind of a tender they submitted it should not, and would not be accepted at the City Hall. The people believed what their aldermen said and felt glad about it, for if there is one thing more than another which the workmen of this city have cursed and damned, and most prayerfully at that, it is this self same Street Railway Company. Many and many a man has lost a quarter of a day because Lusher's windjammer either failed to put in appearance at the proper time or else because it was hove-to for half an hour or more upon some switch waiting for the Ark going in the opposite direction to heaven in sight. When, therefore, it became known that the aldermen were dead set against this company everybody breathed freer, because they believed that the days of this monopoly, which had outraged the feelings of the people for years, were numbered. This was two weeks ago; now, look at the situation to-day. The citizen is just as sore against the old company as ever he was, and perhaps a little more so, but what a wonderful change has come over our city fathers. The men who at first would not even listen to a tender from the old company are now 'solid' for it, and if you believed but half of what they have to say in favor of it you would come to regard the directors of the old company as public benefactors—real live Canadian philanthropists. Will some of you kindly explain this? I am told that a few days ago the betting was two hundred thousand dollars to twenty-seven aldermen that Williams would get the contract; now Williams is nowhere, and gamblers stake their money on the old company against the field. Yet the old company is as bad to-day as ever it was; it has a record second to none as far as evading the city by-laws is concerned; it has a record of many years for disregarding the interests and wishes of the citizens, and it has been the most arrogant monopoly which the City Council has called into existence, yet in spite of all this it seems as though it would get a new lease of life. The alderman who votes for this company does not do so in the interests of the people, and I would like you to remember their names and send them to the right about when next they come up for re-election—each and every one of them should be 'fired,' no matter whether they be English, Irish or French. No matter what kind of tender the old company submits it should not be accepted, because it never yet has, and never will, live up to any agreement that it has made with the City Council."

"This street railway business is something in which the people take a great deal more interest than our aldermen are aware of," said Brown, "and I, for one, believe that the surest way of getting rid of the present Council is to say nothing about it now, but to let them go ahead monkeying with the old company if they like, and deal with them later on. The amendments to the city charter have given some of them another year's grace, just about long enough to demonstrate to the people of Montreal that nothing was gained by them in giving the old company the contract, and if they don't go

for these gentry then it will be nobody's business. Give them lots of rope—they'll hang themselves right enough. By that time the people will perhaps have come to the conclusion that the surest way of securing a good street car service is to run the cars themselves. The Hon Frank Smith fooled the people of Toronto for years in the same fashion until they finally turned on him and laid him out as flat as a pancake. The people of Montreal are a little thicker in the skull than those of Toronto, and it takes them longer to see the 'cat,' but they'll feel her claws right enough by-and-by, and then somebody is going to get hurt."

BILL BLADES.

ARE THE ABSENT ONES "CHAFF?"

Col. Denison, in a recent address, sneered at the Canadians who have been driven from Canada to the United States in search of work as "the chaff," those remaining behind being "the winnowed grain." As there is scarcely a family in Canada which does not have a member making a living in the adjoining country, including that of Col. Denison himself, the sneer was hardly seemly. It was certainly undeserved. Judging by our own experience in Western Ontario, it can safely be asserted that the young men who have gone out from among us to seek a home and a living denied them here by the policy of trade restriction were the flower of our population. They have done well, and they are less worthy of being called the chaff of the race than is the Canadian office holder who, rejoicing in a good stipend, secured at the expense of his fellows can see no evils to remedy, no inequalities to remove, so long as he is enabled to enjoy his fat berth. It is all very well for men of the official class or the pampered few to belittle the exodus which has been stimulated by the trade restriction policy. But it is a serious matter for the average father and mother. They see their sons departing one by one to the country that provides wider opportunities for making a living than does Canada under its present management, while their daughters are left behind. In nine cases out of ten the young men settle down and marry in their new homes. They are influenced, as a matter of course, by their surroundings to choose helpmeets from their immediate associates, while the matrimonial market in Canada is clogged through the fact that while the ranks of marriageable young men is decimated by emigration, a surplus of marriageable women is left behind. This is an aspect of the case that is being forced upon parents in every rank in the older provinces, and it is one worthy of more than a passing note by the public journalist. Col. Denison may contend that the stalwart young Canadians who have left the Dominion, through no lack of love for their native land, are but the chaff, the refuse, of the population. If he will come down off his pedestal of superior virtue and superior loyalty long enough to make inquiry among the common people, he will find that far from regarding the hundreds of thousands of their expatriated fellow-countrymen as chaff they look upon their absence as a serious disadvantage to themselves and to their families as well as to the whole Dominion. The social side of this question is not the least important, as parents will have no hesitation in testifying.—Canada Farmers' Sun,

If that is "free trade" the protectionists are welcome to make the most of it. It is true, it is right, and it is the doctrine which ought to prevail in this republic. Republican protection is a fraud through and through, and imposes upon the wage-earners of the country the heaviest of the burdens under which they stagger.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE PINKERTONS

A brief history of this army of unscrupulous mercenaries will supply us with the reason for their being so cordially hated by labor. Some years before the war a Scotchman named Pinkerton established a private detective bureau for the purpose of ferreting out common, ordinary thieves. In the course of time it extended its operations. In addition to hunting down thieves it supplied watchmen for banks and business houses. In this way the "Pinkerton detective watch" was established at Chicago. This was the nucleus from which a standing army that has been estimated as high as thirty-five thousand has been evolved. On the death of the original Pinkerton the command of this standing army passed to his two sons, who have so improved on their father's methods that they can boast of being able to furnish in a few hours any corporation with several thousand men fully equipped, drilled, and ready to go anywhere or do anything they are ordered to do. The Pinkertons have regular agencies, with regular forces of men, in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Paul, Kansas City and Denver. From these centres of population they are ready, at a moment's notice, to send out an army that has been recruited in the slums. It is well known that many an ex-convict has worn the Pinkerton uniform.

In advertising for recruits the only qualification the Pinkertons require is courage. When a man is accepted he is told off and instructed as to the duties he will have to perform. He is, of course, drilled like a regular soldier, and is subject to a discipline somewhat similar to that prevailing in the army. As he feels no sense of responsibility except to his employer, it is not surprising that when called upon to help overawe strikers he acts in a manner that has earned him the hatred of organized labor. Here are some of the murders that are laid to the charge of this band of thugs. During the great strike on the New York Central they fired into a crowd of strikers, killing one young man and wounding five other persons, one of whom was a woman. This occurred at East Albany. During the 'longshoremen's strike in New Jersey, about five years ago, the Pinkertons murdered a boy under circumstances that so aroused public indignation that the New Jersey Legislature passed a law making the employment of Pinkertons unlawful. New York has placed a similar law on its statute book. A law of the same character has been in force in Massachusetts since the first of July, which forbids the employment of any non-resident of the State to assist any corporation with arms in their hands.

We have called attention to only a few of the murders committed by the Pinkertons. We could easily swell that list. So numerous have these murders been that they at last attract the attention of Congress. Mr. Watson, of Alabama introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry into the workings and the methods of the Pinkertons.

With such a record as this behind them it is not surprising the Pinkertons are cordially hated by organized labor. Their employment during strikes is a direct incitement to violence. It is, therefore, high time the authority of the States be invoked to put them down. There is every probability that Pennsylvania will enact an anti-Pinkerton Law. Other States should not wait for a repetition of such scenes as occurred at Homestead before placing the brand of illegality on these organized thugs.—The Irish World.

The latest election returns from Great Britain indicate that the Liberals are leading with a majority of nine. Joseph Arch, champion of the agricultural laborers, has been elected.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

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

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

J. E. Townshend,

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

Bell Telephone 1906.

A PERFECT ARTICLE!



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

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

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

Every Workingman

SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY,

ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

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SOCIETIES,

LODGES

ASSEMBLIES

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

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

PHENIX INSURANCE CO'Y, OF HARTFORD.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$ 2,000,000 00  
PREMIUM INCREASE 1891..... 3,007,591 32  
LOSSES PAID TO DATE..... 29,027,788 02

Head Office for Canada : 114 St. James Street, Montreal.

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Tennysou and Melissa.

"All can grow the flower now,  
For all have got the seed."

So sings the Poet-Laureate of the host of "scrannel pipers" who imitate his mechanical perfection of form minus the divinity of his inner secret. Parallels are rife of a similar process in things more mundane than poetry. Melissa is an instance. Imitations are foisted upon the public whose outward semblances mislead the unwary, but "the mystery" that makes Melissa "the best waterproof in the world" is still hermetically sealed. It remains undoubtedly the only REAL rainproof and porous garment in the market.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! LADIES' PARASOLS.

Your choice for 20c, original prices, to \$1 \$2.

ANOTHER PLUM.

Ladies' Silk Parasols, with Colored Borders, price \$3, reduced to \$1.25.

Every Parasol reduced 25 to 60 per cent, as all must be sold.

The Children's Parasols are included in these reductions.

Come Early and get First Choice

Blouses at Clearing Out Prices.

Print Blouses, \$1, reduced to 50c  
White Lawn Blouses, 90c, reduced to 60c  
Also a Line of White Muslin Blouses to clear at 45c

Read this for Reductions.

Flannelette Blouses, \$1.50, for 75c  
Challie Blouses, \$2.25, for \$1.13

Cream Flannel Blouses, \$2.25, for \$1.13  
Colored Delaine Blouses, \$2.40, for \$1.20

Cream Cashmere Blouses, \$2.40, for \$1.20  
Other lines at similar reductions.

Silk Blouses at 25 per cent reduction. All New Goods.

Here is a Line for the Children

ALL AT HALF PRICE.

Children's Galatea Dresses.

70c reduced to 35c

75c reduced to 38c

80c reduced to 40c

90c reduced to 45c

\$1.00 reduced to 50c

And so on.

CHILDREN'S HATS are also offered at big reductions.

Atte id John Murphy & Co.'s Clearing Sale all this month.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter

Terms Cash and Only One Price.

IMPERIAL

INSURANCE CO'Y (Limited.)

FIRE.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000

Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.

Canadian Branch Office :

COMPANY'S BUILDING,

107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

E. D. LACY,  
Resident Manager for Canada.

## LABOR AND WAGES.

## AMERICAN.

The St. Louis 'longshoremen's strike is spreading.

P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is worth \$300,000.

Eighty-one trades unions of San Francisco have concluded to act with the people's party.

Cleveland street car strike settled. Union not recognized, but men get the wages demanded.

Boston boilermakers' strike ended—a compromise—sixty hours' pay for fifty-eight hours' work.

Trainmen at Cambria iron works, Johnstown, Pa., discharged for cause. Had the audacity and impudence to request more wages.

The Central Labor Union of New York and the New York Federation have consolidated. The Central Labor Federation still remains outside.

Girls are employed in Pittsburg bolt factories, as also are children from 6 to 12 years of age. The older girls, doing a man's work, receive from 50 cents to \$1 a day.

The big cigarmakers' strike at T. J. Dunn & Co.'s factory in Philadelphia, on since February 23 last, is off, and the union is on top, every demand having been acceded to by the firm and the scabs all discharged. The cigarmakers ran a small regiment of pickets in New York, Baltimore and surrounding towns. The battle was magnificently conducted and directed from the international headquarters.

A recent despatch from Boise, Idaho, says: The condition of affairs in the mining region is decidedly serious. The striking miners have blown up the railway bridges and destroyed the track in order to prevent the advance of the Federal and state troops. Governor Wiley has proclaimed Shoshone county under martial law. Three companies of Federal troops have arrived at Mullane, but Adjutant-General Curtis has not been heard from, and it is feared he has fallen into the hands of the strikers. A despatch from Judge Heyburn at Spokane says that the Union men drove 132 non-unionists out yesterday, firing on them and killing two. It is also reported that several non-union men have been blow up. The union men assert that the moment the troops appear on the scene they will blow up the Bunker Hill, and Sullivan, Sierra Nevada and Gem mines. It is reported that the union men have taken Van de Lashnutt, of Portland; William Sweeney and other mine owners, and will hold them as hostages until the trouble is settled.

## EUROPEAN.

The sweating curse is being investigated in England.

The Socialists of Austria have formed themselves into a central social political party.

Wages of miners and colliers in South Wales and Monmouthshire reduced three per cent.

Leaders of the gas makers and general laborers' unions of Plymouth, Eng., were arrested for attempting to hold a Sunday open air meeting.

The Hon. Wm. H. Courtney, M. P., of England, says the problem of labor is the question of the hour. Political parties will be rent, severed and fissured by social economic faults and uplifts.

The charge that the miner Havelka was a self-confessed anarchist and had fired the mines at Pizebni, Bohemia, in carrying out an anarchist plot, turns out to be a fake manufactured by the detectives.

The cutters and trimmers employed by the wholesale clothiers, D. A. Sahlem & Co., of Broadway, New York, went on strike last week in response to an order from the United Garment Workers of America, A. F. L., because the firm refused to sign an agreement with the above organization increasing their wages \$4 per week and to employ only union cutters and tailors.

During the recent cabinetmakers' strike in New York for eight hours the employees of Herter Bros., engaged on the Hotel Savoy quit work. Judge Dugro got some carpenters to finish the dining room. In a few days they struck through sympathy. The matter was presented to the board of walking delegates, when it was agreed that carpenters should be allowed to finish the dining room. Some of the varnishing was scraped off and done over by union men, Judge Dugro standing the expense. Thirty mantels furnished by J. S. Conover & Co., and obtained from a non-union firm Judge Dugro had taken down and put up again by union men.

## CANADIAN.

Twenty-five men employed by Mr. J. R. Booth at St. Louis dam, Quebec, in shoveling sand ceased work Saturday morning. They have been loading cars with sand at the wage of \$7 a week, and asked for an increase to \$1.25 per day or \$7.50 per week.

They were refused and so they laid their shovels down.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Union Printer declares that: "There have crawled into the labor organizations too many moral cowards, and the sooner we get clear of them the better. A man who trembles in his boots when the boss looks up, should be made to walk the plank."

The California Road observes: "In no civilized country on the face of God's earth was there ever organized among men a combination so destructive to legitimate journalism, so prejudicial to a transmission of legitimate information, so capable of molding public sentiment in the wrong direction and imposing incalculable misfortune upon the masses, as that combination known on this continent as the associated press."

## Odd Kinds of Courage.

"Courage," said the story teller to a New York Tribune man, "is something which I have always found it difficult to define. I have known women who were the most cowardly creatures under the sun, to do amazingly brave and daring acts under certain conditions. I have seen men, too, who knew that they were not brave, rise in emergencies and prove themselves heroic. But the most interesting thing about this subject is that phase of a man's character which makes him absolutely fearless in the face of many dangers and yet makes him a great coward in one or two special cases. I have a friend whom I call a brave man. He has done two acts in his life which prove his courage. He was once in a gathering of women when a dog, showing marked signs of rabies, came running at them. A bull terrier was with the people and the strange dog snapped indiscriminately at the terrier and the women. Its actions were quick as lightning and so terrifying to the women that several of them were on the point of fainting and the others shrieked wildly. If you have never seen a mad dog you can have no idea of its terrible aspect and of the dread which it inspires. But almost as soon as this enraged animal had leaped into the group, and before the terrier, which would fight anything, had jumped it, this man had caught the mad dog around the neck, jammed its head down to the ground and placed his foot on the animal's throat, holding it there firmly and coolly until some one brought him a revolver. He shot the dog as he held it pinned to the ground and his hand did not shake the slightest.

"This same man was once crossing a crowded street in New York when he saw a child fall directly in front of the feet of two car horses. His actions seemed quicker than thought. With one hand upraised he caught the bit of a horse and with the other he brushed the boy ahead and then aside from the track. He was dragged several feet but was not hurt in any way. When he extricated himself from between the horses he dived into the crowd which had gathered and hurried away to avoid the cheers which were given him. I saw this man at a summer resort one year. He was lying on the grass smoking, as calm and contented a man as ever was seen. Some one cried to him that an ant had run up his arm, under his sleeve. He jumped to his feet, as white as chalk, looked around him helplessly and fainted.

"I once saw a woman in a carriage faint when her coachman was driving past a steam drill and the horses wheeled swiftly as if they would overturn the carriage. That woman was on a yacht, when a squall struck it and when every man on board thought his last hour had come, did not even cry out, because her husband had said in her ear: 'Don't be afraid; there is no danger.'

"Once when I was in San Francisco, I heard the rattle and rush of a fire engine coming bounding down a hill. When it struck a corner where it turned the driver, with the reins still in his hands, was hurled like a shot far ahead, falling between the horses' necks. He caught at the tongue as he went swiftly down, got it, drew himself up, crawled like a monkey, with the horses at a full run, back to his seat, and I saw him a second later drive furiously up Market street. I followed that engine to the fire and found the reckless and daring driver unconcernedly attending his duties.

"There is the coolest and nerviest man I ever saw," I said to a fireman, and I told him what I had seen.

"Yes," he said, "he's the best driver in the department, and he's a henpecked husband."

## No Retreat Like Home.

There is no retreat, no haven of rest, no place of peaceful security, no combination of elements that the soul starves for in all this universe outside of heaven, that is equal to the home. When I speak of home, I do not mean simply four walls within which the family gathers, eats and sleeps. I mean the home of which the immortal Payne sang so sweetly because he had no home. I do not mean the home like that which prompted the man to exclaim as he read, There is no place like home, "Thank God for that!"

There are places which are called homes, and some of them are intellectually magnificent and splendidly adorned, which are unequalled in wretchedness by any place on earth or elsewhere. But it is the home of love, of confidence, of virtue, of sweet repose, the fireside on which the embers burn brightly and sweetly, the walls that are ever aglow with a fancied warmth and mysterious brilliancy, the spot on which the souls gathered in the family circle have but a single thought, and where the hearts beat as one, it is such a home of which I speak. Said a busy man to the writer once: "I mingle day after day with men who regard me only as a possible source of profit to them; I meet treachery, dishonesty and falsehood, but when night comes and I sit down in my home with my wife and children around me, I know that I am among friends who love me for myself and are anxious for my happiness." That is the home which I have described—a place where the storms never come and the clouds never shadow the heart's joy. What if the world without is a little cold and selfish and unjust, if we have a home like that, into which we can escape and dry, perhaps, the tear that may have started from the eye as we have thought of the world's treatment of us. There is sunshine enough in a devoted wife's love, in a child's laugh, in a baby's cooing, to warm us into such vigor as that we may defy the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune; and even if there may be vacant chairs, and cradles and little shoes, over which the tears sometimes flow in boiling floods, there is sunshine streaming from the love of our hearts.

## CARNEGIE'S PLAN.

It is probably true, as reported, that President Harrison, in the interest of the Republican party and "Protection," has addressed a personal request to Carnegie, urging upon him the advisability of a compromise with his workmen. It is certainly true, at any rate, that the Democratic party views with a delight that may be called indecent the conflict at Carnegie's works, upon the issue of which depends to a large extent the coming rate of wages in all the iron mills of the country. But what is truest of all is that neither party cares a fig for anything but the votes of the poor man upon whom this conflict is forced by capitalism; that is, by the system which both parties are bound to maintain at all hazards.

We believe that Carnegie will prove obdurate. But, should his "gratitude" to the Republican party—or rather, perhaps, the fear that his property in America might not at this time, for political reasons, receive the full protection that this foreigner claims from our government against its outraged citizens—induce him to make a compromise with his men, we have no doubt that he would break it, if ever so binding, immediately after election. Then, were to rebellious labor, whether Harrison or Cleveland be in the White House.

The time is past when Carnegie needed tariff protection. His wage slaves are now making iron for him at a less cost than that at which it is produced in Great Britain or anywhere in the whole world. They are still receiving nominally, in money, a slightly higher rate of wages than is paid in England; but their labor is more efficient and the purchasing power of money is less here than abroad. What Carnegie wants is to make the rate of wages no higher and if possible lower than anywhere else. Then he will have an absolute command of the iron industry and can dictate the terms of a great international iron trust.

This is unquestionably what Carnegie is after, and—mark our word—sooner or later he will accomplish it.—The People.

## What Happiness Is,

If we observe the manifestations of life and character, we are met by an almost infinite intermixture of whims, caprices, desires, impulses, prejudices and passions—complicated with clashing and apparently diverse interests—more or less swaying human conduct. Shall we plunge into this seething vortex of conflicting human forces, and select one motive as the constant and responsible spring of all that men think and feel and do? This would be to confound all the distinctions by which we discern what should be sought and what should be shunned. It would put out the light which aids us in our way through the tangled mazes of existence. There would be no glory and no shame; no honor or dishonor; no selfishness or benevolence; no aspirations after nobler purpose. Then there would be no removal of old abuses; no opposition to pernicious traditions; no overthrow of mental slavery—in a word, no reform and no progress.

For, if all purpose and all action—all which destroys as well as all which saves—spring from one motive, and all men are naturally compelled to act from that motive and from no other, they are innocent of wrong, and there would be nothing to approve and nothing to condemn.

We do not change the facts of life by

changing the meaning of words. Selfishness, in common usage, is exclusive devotion to one's own interest. If we could succeed in giving it a new significance, and making it stand for an equal regard for the welfare of others, as well as for our own, the consequence would be that another term must be put in its place, expressing its present meaning. For, unhappily, the tribe is not yet extinct who would blight human lives and crush human hearts in their rage for self-gratification.

The facts do not show that the desire for happiness is the motive of all human action. Is the word spoken in anger, or the blow inflicted in revenge, the outcome of such a desire? Is it that impels the gambler to stake his last dollar, and, if he loses, blow out his brains? Is a man seeking happiness when, in a frenzy of rage, he slays another? Are not such excesses committed, rather, in a blind desperation, or, in a fury of passion, which stifles reason, and defy consequence. These are the maddened impulses which will welcome misery sooner than forbear—the passions that drive men to hell.

When, on the other hand, a man gives himself to a life of personal sacrifice in obedience to a beneficent idea, he is doing for a noble purpose what he would not do simply for the sake of his own happiness. He may live to find relief in the accomplishment of his work, or he may carry his burden to the grave; but he is sustained while he bears it by something better than a selfish personal desire.

The time will doubtless come—as it should—when all men will be reasonably happy, and none will be called to martyrdom for the sake of humanity. But, till existing conditions are changed, to the glory of human nature be it said, men will rise who will resolutely encounter pain, misery and death in the endeavor to prepare a happier heritage for those who may come after him. While such men live, and toil, and suffer, it cannot be shown that a selfish hunger for happiness is the only instinct of the best energies of human beings.

## Worth \$20,000 to Him.

I. N. Locke, of Wayne county, Ind., was formerly an active trader. In May, 1872, he was in Chicago and bought a lot for a small sum. He put the deed in an envelope and placed it in his pocket with other papers. A few days afterward he lost the envelope and all its contents. He advertised for it, but really cared only for the notes, thinking the lot of little value. John Ritchey, a victim of softening of the brain, was wandering aimlessly on the street the day Locke lost his papers. He found them and laid them away, and even after his death no notice was taken of the supposed worthless papers. A short time ago John Ritchey found the package and gave it to Mr. Locke, and through his attorney his claim has been established. Had the deed remained concealed a few days longer the twenty years would have expired and no claim allowable. It is a lot in the boulevard addition, and the parties occupying it have given Mr. Locke \$20,000 for a quit claim.—Chicago Letter.

What does cleave mean, papa? It means to stick together. Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it? Hem! It means to separate. Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her? Don't ask foolish questions, child!

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Of all Grades and Standards.

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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

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Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lb. and 8 lb. each.

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Embrace every requisite  
necessary to  
delight the good housewife.  
In manufacturing them  
neither time or money is spared,  
nothing overlooked. Our  
endeavor to make a stove second to  
none, and the popular verdict is  
"GET THERE!"

What say you, Sir Knight (or his wife)?

## Sale rooms:

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CUSTOM MADE  
PANTS

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## ADVERTISERS.

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

"I NEVER KNEWED."

Old Billy B. was a pious man,  
And Heaven was his goal;  
For, being a very saving man,  
Of course, he'd save his soul.  
But even in this, he used to say,  
"One can't too careful be!"  
And he sung with a fervor unassumed,  
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the "means of grace" he had to own  
Required good, hard-earned gold,  
And he took ten pews, as well became  
The richest of the fold.  
"He's a noble man," the preacher cried,  
"Our Christian Brother B."  
And Billy smiled as he subset nine,  
And got his own pew free.

In class meeting next, old Billy told  
How Heaven had gracious been,  
Yea, even back in the dark days when  
He was a man of sin.  
"I see buildin' a barn on my river farm—  
All I then had," he said,  
"I'd run out o' boards, an' was feedin' hands  
On nothin' but corn bread."

"I'll tell ye bretherin, that I felt blue,  
Short o' timber and cash,  
And thought I'd died when the banks then  
bust,  
And flooded all my mssh.  
But the Lord was merciful to me,  
And sent right through the rift  
The tide had made in the river banks  
A lumber raft adrift."

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,  
And on top was a cheese,  
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet  
As any one ever sees.  
Then I had bread and meat for the men,  
And they worked with a will,  
While I thanked God, who'd been good  
to me,  
And I'm doin' of it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried, "bless the  
Lord,"  
The whole class cried, "Amen,"  
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.  
In thoughtful way, and then  
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear  
Who lost that raft and load?"  
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:  
"Bretherin, I never knowed."

—Wm. T. Croasdale.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

If you cannot lick a man be lenient with  
his faults.  
The kind of paper for a sneezing man—  
tissue paper.  
The promising young man, says Peter, is  
always in debt.  
Money is always farther from our reach  
when it is close.  
Clothes do not make a man, yet many a  
man owes a good deal to his tailor.  
Fine clothes are more powerful in bring-  
ing some people out to church than a love  
of religion.  
A Dublin doctor recently sent in a bill  
which ran thus: To curing your husband  
till he died.  
A Great Go—How does your new errand  
boy go, Johnston? The long way, appar-  
ently, every time.  
Never expect a man to pin his faith to a  
friend; he should nail it. It is only women  
who can pin things, they say.  
Do Fairs Pay? is the subject of an article  
in a religious paper. No, they don't pay,  
they make the chap with the girl pay.  
What is a fitting token of married love?  
A wedding ring. It has no end, and it also  
has no beginning. It is absolutely without  
variety, and it is much easier to put on than  
take off.  
What have you learned to-day, Willie?  
said the fond mother when her first born re-  
turned from his first day at school. I  
learned the difference between a horridular  
and a periponzal line.  
Miss Breezy—I was born in Dakota in  
the winter time, when the snow was ten  
feet deep and there was a blizzard raging.  
Mr. Rumtum—Then it evidently was a cold  
day when you got left.  
The hand that rocks the cradle is wield-  
ing its influence for the suppression of dram  
drinking, but it is a case of rock and rye  
wherein the ingredients are in opposition  
instead of combination.  
Sympathetic Lodger (to tired maid-of-all  
work)—You have to work pretty hard, don't  
you, Mary Jane? Yes, sor, but it'll be  
aysier soon. They've got another lady to  
help me with the scroobin'.  
In Germany teachers are very poorly  
paid. At a teacher's festival somebody  
proposed the toast—Long live our school  
teachers! What on? asked a cadaverous  
specimen, rising in his seat.  
Doctor—You are overworked. You must  
stop it. Patient—I am so accustomed to  
work that I can't stop. Doctor—Then get  
a position as a city laborer and work on the  
public streets. You must have rest.  
Have you no home? asked Justice Kil-  
breth. Heaven is my home, replied the  
Salvationist. Well, remarked his honor, as  
he gave him ten days, that shows one of  
the disadvantages of living in the suburbs.  
American Boy—Pop, we're taking up po-  
litical economy in our school now. Pop (a  
local statesman)—That's all right, my boy,  
but it's no use. All the book learnin' in th'  
country will never git votes in our neigh-  
borhood down to less 'n two dollars.

Caught on the Fly.

John, you have been drinking!  
It was not yet eleven o'clock, but there  
was something in the blundering way in  
which he had bumped against things com-  
ing through the front hall that aroused her  
suspicions.  
You're m'staken, Em'ly, said Mr. Out-  
layte, of Harlem, steadying himself and dis-  
covering just in time that the ornament on  
which he was about to hang his hat was  
only a figure in the wall paper. I'm per-  
fectly sober, Em'ly. Haven't drunk a drop.  
John, she said, look me squarely in the  
eye and repeat the names of the Democratic  
nominees for President and Vice President.  
Clevenson and Steveland! exclaimed Mr.  
Outlayte triumphantly.  
Ah, I thought so.  
Anybody who can't say Steveland and  
Clevenson, continued Mr. Outlayte, raising  
his voice; I say, madam, anybody that  
can't pr'nonce the name of Cle—Ste—  
Clevstvand and Steeson—and I don't care a  
gosh ding what their names are! I wish  
you'd stand t' one side. I'm going t' bed.  
And Mr. Outlayte, now reckless and  
wholly demoralized, fell up the stairway one  
step at a time and disappeared in the dark-  
some void.

Signs that her Husband was Failing  
You are not so strong as you used to be,  
John, said a fond wife to her husband. I  
think it is about time you were getting some  
insurance on your life.  
Insurance on my life! What are you  
talking about? I am as healthy as ever I  
was. Insurance, indeed!  
Well, dear, I only mentioned it, you  
know, out of respect for yourself. I thought  
you were failing.  
And what in the world put it into your  
head that I am failing? Me failing? Why,  
I am as strong as a horse, and can run up  
three flights of stairs without taking a  
breath.  
Well, that may be so; but I am afraid  
you are deceiving yourself.  
Deceiving myself! Goodness, gracious,  
woman, what do you mean?  
Don't be so impatient. What makes me  
think you are failing is this: When you  
were courting me you could hold me on  
your knee three hours; now you cannot  
hold the baby on your lap three minutes.

Only One Breed Under Certain Cir-  
cumstances.  
If I understand you, said the lawyer to  
the man who called to consult him, your  
cow was thrown from the track at a street  
crossing by a locomotive on the X, Y, and  
Z, road, and you want to bring suit against  
the company for damages,  
Yes, that's right.  
The lawyer made a memorandum.  
Valuable animal, I presume?  
Purty good cow. Hadn't no bad tricks.  
Good milker.  
What breed?  
I don't know.  
You don't know. Was she badly injured?  
Badly injured? Why, she was killed  
deader'n a mackerel!  
And buried?  
Course.  
Why didn't you say so? exclaimed the  
attorney, impatiently. There's only one  
breed of cattle in cases of this kind.  
And he made another memorandum.  
Breed, Jersey. Value, \$150.

The Devil Was Just Like the Rest of  
Irish Landlords.  
There are many spots in Ireland to which  
are attached legends in which his Satanic  
Majesty plays a prominent part, such as the  
Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl and many  
others.  
A good story is told of an Irishman's wit  
in this connection. One day an English  
tourist was being shown the sights by a  
guide whom we will call Dennis.  
The Gap and the Bowl had been viewed  
and, moving away, the tourist remarked:  
What an amount of land the devil pos-  
sesses in Ireland! He must be a very im-  
portant personage in your country.  
Wisha, then, said Dennis, an' yer honor's  
right; but, like the rest iv the landlords,  
he's an absentee.

He Would Starve on Souls Like His.  
A clergyman whose salary had not been  
paid for several months told the trustees  
that he must have his money, as his family  
were suffering for the necessaries of life.  
Money! exclaimed one of the trustees,  
noted for his stinginess, money! Do you  
preach for money? I thought you preached  
for the good of souls!  
The minister replied: So I do, but I can't  
eat souls. And if I could, it would take a  
thousand such as yours to make a meal.

The naked truth may do well enough in  
other cities, but it is the "undraped actual-  
ity" in Boston, if you please.  
She—But, George, dear, do you think you  
can support me on ten dollars a week? He  
—Think, darling? I know it. There's a  
place down town where we can get twenty  
one meal tickets for two dollars and a half.

LAND, MONEY AND TRANS-  
PORTATION.

(C.S. White in the American Nonconformist)  
There are three things that we much need  
To make a happy nation,  
'Tis money plenty with free land  
And proper transportation;  
Now don't you think that these three things  
Take in the situation,  
It is so plain doth seem to me  
It needs no explanation.

LAND.  
God gave us all the light and air  
And we may freely use them,  
All nature's gifts should be the same  
But human greed abuse them.

The air we breathe is really ours  
So long as we retain it,  
But when we send it out again  
No right have we to claim it.

And just the same the land is yours  
While you occupy and use it,  
But if you let it vacant stand  
'Tis right that you should loose it.

The land was made for people's use  
And man was put upon it,  
We have no right to buy or sell  
And surely less to pawn it.

Occupacy should be your deed  
And use your only title,  
This simple law so right and just  
Has no need of recital.

MONEY.  
Money, like our blood, is life;  
By contracting circulation  
You kill the power of the man  
And business of the nation.

But give us money, plenty, cheap,  
T'll set the idle working,  
Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,  
And leave no need of shirking.

We have eight dollars tax to pay  
With five in circulation,  
This policy 'tis plain to see  
Would bankrupt any nation.

So give us money, all we need,  
Then nothing can oppose us,  
And we will make the arid plain  
To blossom like the roses.

TRANSPORTATION.  
The transportation of the day  
It really is one sided,  
They gather in the nation's wealth  
And it never gets divided.

The farmers of the world we know  
Raise food for all creation,  
But they are poor, for they must pay  
So much for transportation.

You send a full car load of grain  
Way to the eastern market,  
And after paying freight on it  
Why you are out of pocket.

But if the people only owned  
The railroads and the steamers,  
There wouldn't be one-half the chance  
For shylocks wily schemers.

For all the government would want  
Is cost of carriage meeting,  
Then Western plains and Eastern bills  
Would join in friendly greeting.

We may be pleased with Nature's laws  
And smile on her creation,  
But what we need the most to-day  
Is better legislation.

Machines and Men.

A writer in one of our exchanges, says the  
Manufacturer's Gazette, bewails the decay  
of mechanical skill in the following words:  
"The decrease of manual skill and ar-  
tistic sense among mechanical workmen re-  
sults not merely from want of such all  
around practice as they got half a century  
ago, but from a want of that sort of loving  
interest in their work the old timers used to  
feel, when they could put something out of  
their individuality into everything that they  
made. Nowadays the workman has to  
simply work out a design—or rather to run  
a machine to work out some part of a design  
—prepared by some artist whom he does not  
know and never has seen. The general re-  
sult may be beautiful when the different  
parts are assembled, but the workman feels  
that he has no personal share in the pro-  
duction of its beauty. He has become a  
regulator of a machine; he simply sharpens  
tools, adjusts them, keeps his machine oiled,  
and puts into it the material to be worked  
upon. All the precision, the nicety of  
operation are due to the inanimate rather  
than to the living tool. What interest can  
such work beget? What lofty ambition can  
it stimulate? What workman when the  
bell rings the time to quit work feels reluc-  
tant to leave his task, or lingers over it to  
bring out some beautiful effect or interest-  
ing combination that he feels he must see  
before he can part contentedly? If machines  
were invented to play billiards, and only by  
their use could this king of games be played,  
how long would the game be a favorite? If  
violins could be performed upon only by  
automatic mechanism, or pictures painted  
only by machine-actuated self-charging  
brushes, who would be charmed any longer  
by art? Neither the artist nor the dilet-  
tante; the artist and the diletante would  
cease to exist. So, while we have gained  
much from the enormous increase in labor  
saving machinery that has characterized the  
latter half of the present century, we have  
lost what probably will not soon be restored,  
the love of work and pride in work for its

own sake, the love and pride that were the  
parents of mechanical skill, skill which,  
now they are dead, is itself decaying. The  
loss appears inevitable to those who scan  
the social horizon philosophically; it is,  
however, no loss to be regretted because un-  
avoidable.

"This tendency of labor saving machines  
was many years ago pointed out by Ruskin,  
who, in the light of fulfillment of his pre-  
diction, proved only too true a prophet. It  
is this effect upon the masses, more than  
unequal distribution of wealth, that is  
separating society in America into distinct  
classes."

THE CHARM OF A VOICE.

I remember, said a well known writer,  
the first 'queen of society' that I met.  
She was a Scotch woman who married an  
American while he was in Europe. Rumors  
came before her to his home of her bril-  
liant success in London society and in the  
Austrian court, where her brother held a  
diplomatic position; and when she arrived  
with her husband the society of the little  
city where he lived was soon at her feet.

I was a child of 12, visiting in a country  
house near the town.  
One morning someone said, "There  
comes Madam L." I ran to the window to  
see coming through the trees a stout,  
freckled, red-haired woman without a single  
agreeable feature in her face.

I was amazed and disgusted. But when  
she came in and talked to me I sat breath-  
less under a charm never felt in my life be-  
fore. I was her slave from that moment.  
Her fascination was wholly in her voice. It  
was low, clear, musical. The woman's  
nature was expressed in it—unpretensions,  
keenly sympathetic, but, above all, genuine.  
It was her one power, but it was irresistible.

The charm of a sincere, sweet voice never  
fails to influence us, though we are often  
unconscious as to what it is that has touch-  
ed us. Madame Daintenon is said to have  
maintained her power over Louis XIV, when  
she was old and ugly by her strong sense  
and exquisite voice.

It is strange that while young people are  
so careful to improve every advantage which  
nature has given them to make themselves  
attractive, they neglect this, probably the  
most wonderful of all. Voices, it is true,  
differ naturally in sweetness and range of  
tone, but they may be trained as thoroughly  
in speaking as in singing. The first aim  
should be to rid the voice of all affectation.  
It may be hopelessly harsh and unmusical;  
but it can always be made clear and natural;  
your own, not a liping imitation of that of  
some other person.

Be careful, too, to speak from the throat  
and not through the nose. A throat-voice  
is easily controlled and subdued to the quiet  
distinct tones used by well-bred people.—  
Philadelphia Press.

Trouble in the St. Clair Tunnel.

Great trouble is being experienced in ven-  
tilating the St. Clair tunnel, which was  
opened last year. Owing to the steep  
grades very heavy engines are used for  
working the tunnel section, and such quan-  
tities of smoke comes from these engines  
that it is difficult to get men who are wil-  
ling to run them. It is now proposed fit-  
ting smoke consumers to the engines with a  
view of mitigating the nuisance.—New York  
Times.

John Swinton, the great labor editor and  
agitator, advises the prohibition party to  
swing in with the people's party.

Jack—So you are going to marry Tom  
Chapman, Edith? Edith—Yes. What do  
you think of me for accepting a man who is  
forty years old? Ethel—I think you are  
very wise. When two people of nearly the  
same age marry they are generally very  
happy.

Republican Editor—I have just finished  
an important article on the wonderful in-  
crease of prosperity since the McKinley bill,  
and I want you to get it in to-night. Fore-  
man—Very sorry, sir; but I can't. Why  
not? The printers have struck against a  
reduction of wages.

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## The Redemption of the World's Laborers.

The misery of our social life, who can see, hear and read about it, and not be moved to use their utmost endeavors to aid in a reform for the better.

Our privileged classes, the gilded butterflies of that social life, of course, can hardly complain. If they have health and strength, they can take a fair, comfortable view of life. Even as they are taking a fair share—by far too fair a share—of the good things this side of eternity. They hate and dread the word "Socialism," understanding thereby a state of things which would level them to the condition in which they try to keep their poorer brethren, and of which they themselves stand in most wholesome dread.

And often I hear even those refute Socialism who have everything to gain by it. For those we might say:—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are saying; and further, that they have never gone in to think for themselves. Others, again, have just a little share of this world's goods—ay be it's but the proverbial cow—and they are like their betters in worldly possession, they cannot part with the little even, even if they had the assurance of getting more, unless that more was straightaway put into their hands. I fear that will not be so with Socialism. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, it will grow into a mighty system of universal power. So let us hope and wish and work. For what a sorry look out or look forward if our social life should remain as it is—in its unfair distribution of riches and pleasure, of poverty and of work.

Who with an awakened conscience would bring children into the world to no better prospects than our present social ones. For what does even the rich man know but what his pampered, tenderly-nurtured darling may have to pull the coach instead of riding in it, as Bellamy illustrates it in his book "Looking Backward," if competition and avarice holds its sway in the future as it has done in the past.

What will Socialism do for us? some ask, and often answer themselves: make everybody alike; and cannot possibly be. Here is a clever, hard working man, pushing his way up in the world, he is to get no more than one who is not half so clever, so pushing and hard working? And this question from our present social view of life is natural enough. But let us look at it from a Socialistic and truly human point of view; from a view which, when we become sensible and truly humanized, must prevail. The question is, does a man who is not half so clever, so pushing and hard working want less than the other? Can he do with less food, with less clothes, with less comfort, and with less pleasure? I am sure in most cases he cannot, although at present he very likely has to. Socialism will keep no idle drones, and so it stands to reason that no man will be overworked, that even the one who is not so well endowed as the other with bodily and mental strength will be able to do his share of life's labor. And if we really analyze the question of the so-called clever, pushing man. He is by no means always the most hard working, the man who gets on so well in life. It is mostly the man who overworks and underpays his fellow beings; or, in other words, he collects a goodly share of their remuneration and sustenance for himself. I think that is a definition of what we call the successful business man and capitalist.

Socialism will devise means to prevent such unfair dealings. However, it will not level down, as the capitalist fears, and would have us believe; nay, it will level up, so that even the hum-

blest worker shall have all necessities and refinements even to the highest standard of attained perfection. For if we cannot do without the humble work, it must be as valuable as the most refined. When once we have reached that height of civilization, for mark you, the slave, white or black, is an institution of savagery or barbarism, our world would indeed be fair. No eyesores, of poor, ragged, ignorant, half-starved humanity, nor their dilapidated dwellings shall disgrace our cities and our country towns. A finer, and nobler looking race we will be when the most needless, cruel slavery, poverty and starvation is abolished. The world is large enough for all its children, and with prudence ever will be.

There is not the slightest fear that Socialism would destroy individuality and originality. There will always be some that would rather work at sea than on land, and others in the field than indoors, some at books, others in handicraft. If one is indispensable to the other they should also be equally considered. And now we have come to that knowledge, we act criminally if we act against such knowledge. I have heard people deride Bellamy's work, "Looking Backward," wherein he pictures a perfected human society. I have heard some say it is but a madman who could write such stuff. And that it is but madness generally to think of equality, kind fellowship and common brotherhood. I can only answer, if we must be mad to attain to such sublime conditions, I wish to heaven the whole world were mad. But I fear as it is the whole world must be mad, to live in the prevailing cut-throat fashion, each trying to race the other out of existence—a perfect Bethel on a large scale. Let us hope for our children, and children's children's sake it will become sane before long—sane enough at all events to act in justice and equity if not in loving unity.

Anti-socialists would have us believe that did a state of existence prevail where we would fight each other for existence, all ambition and incentive for ambition and progress would disappear. I beg to differ, and so must everyone who thoughtfully studies the subject. To begin with, our religious reformers—(note Melancthon and Luther)—did they work for riches, comfort or reward? They had none of them, sometimes not even the necessities of life, or barely so. And still they worked on, no matter what obstacles in their way. For more illustration note our explorers and scientific men. Many of them born to comfort and even luxury, forsaking all to follow their inborn inclination for travel, discovery, and a longing to unravel and reveal the mysteries of the universe. Such traits existed in the human race ever since there has been a record of humanity. And who would say that such traits would disappear when we have more time and opportunity to perfect our higher qualities, than when the greatest effort and strength were required to maintain a barbarous struggle for existence. A struggle for existence is not all human—it is brutal and insane. We need never fear that socialism will destroy love for learning, earnest application to find out secrets of nature and genius, and ambition to advance such revelations for mutual benefit for all. From our former experience in past ages of mankind, it has not been the men who cared most for meat and drink and the pleasures of society, where our great reformers, inventors, and scientific geniuses have sprung from, but just the reverse, Great men like that forget all about self and surroundings; each little step of discovery that advances a theory, the tiniest little screw or spring that perfects the inventor's apparatus, is more joy and pleasure to them than all the gratification of self or society.

Such men will ever live while there is a field for exploration and improve-

ment. The great men of our time tell us that only a small area has been lightened up by the torches of thought and genius. All the other planets, though they may be specks of light to our eyes, are still but darkness and conjecture, so far as their substance and life on them is concerned. What a vast field of study in itself! If it is impossible to do without a distinction, or aristocracy of humanity, in justice and fairness for the future it must be an aristocracy of individual talent, merit, and nobility of charity. For such, even the Socialist would cheerfully work and elevate above the labor of actual existence. But for aristocracy whose distinction is titles, or hard cash only, inherited or acquired, even the anti-Socialist refuses to work and toil any longer. But to illustrate our present privileged aristocracy and the unblushing selfishness. Even from where I am writing I can see a grand palatial residence, the beautiful grounds whereon it stands are sloping right down to a river bank with the mild autumn sun shining up it—Eden itself could scarce have looked fairer. The mansion is shut up, no one remains but a caretaker and gardener somewhere located in the back premises. Its owner has gone to live in another beautiful mansion near a large city, where he and his family can enjoy the gaiety of the winter season. He soweth not, neither does he spin, neither does he make himself otherwise useful, he is an independent gentleman of a large fortune. Only a short distance from this beautiful mansion are a number of small cottages, more or less in preservation, mostly less; here the laborers live with their families, the men who toil, who sow, and who spin, to provide the rich man and his kindred with bread; the men who, to the best of their strength and ability, do their share of life's labor. Here they live, and children, huddled together in a few small rooms, and even these are the rich man's property.

Now note what cruel waste this empty mansion, this beautiful garden, where the world's toilers dare not even enter without permission. Socialism will certainly not allow such waste; however, it will not destroy the beautiful mansion, and lovely grounds it will not level down. If it cannot give to each working toiler a mansion to himself, the many will share what the rich man now keeps exclusively for use, or no use for himself. Whoever would not be a Socialist to achieve such an end?

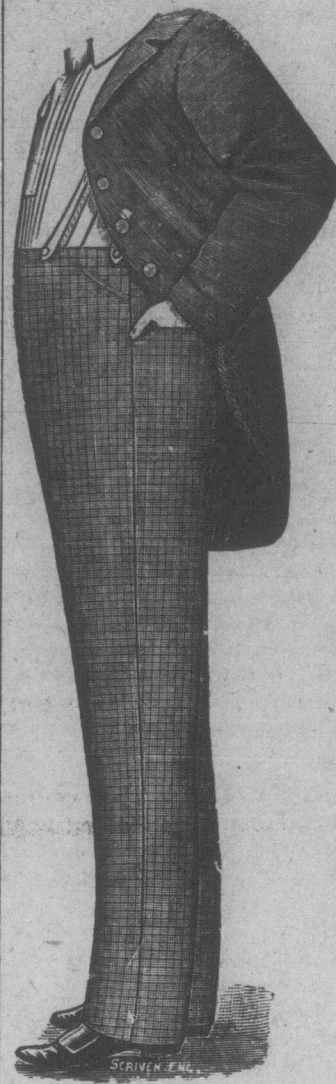
Once more, who would not be a Socialist, and help with might and strength to build a social structure where strife and fighting would cease.

But I grant you, grant you with all my heart, that much remains to be done before such a happy future will be ours, the least of which is to make the majority of humanity more human. Ages of servility and white slavery, as well as black, must be eradicated, especially in the old world countries, and that we can only hope to effect in the young generation.

There is something beautiful and graceful in civility when offered from equal to equal, and a primary education with tuition of refinement and manners must make us equal in that respect no matter how we may choose to make ourselves useful in an after career.

There is something good and holy when reverence is paid by the young to their elders. But there is something loathsome and sickening in servility from man to man to a just and well-balanced mind.

How can each and all of us help to undo the evils of the past and present. By the ballot box certainly. By only giving votes to such men who, with a strong voice and hand, will abolish plural voting, which gives our large proprietors an undue advantage over the poor man.—"A Woman" in The Commonweal.



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