

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

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THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.

The Story of the Troubles in Aus-
tralia and the Progress of
the "New Unionism."

A correspondent of the Union Printer
writing from Wellington, New Zealand,
graphically describes the great labor up-
heaval in Australia:

A little over 12 months ago, the atten-
tion of the whole civilized world was fixed
upon the labor troubles of the dockers of
London, and in the settlement of that
strike Australasia was given no little share
of the credit. The dockers have just cele-
brated their anniversary, and at the demon-
strations upon that event, cheers upon
cheers were called for and given to Aus-
tralians, for their timely aid in the hour of
need.

To-day, the attention of the world is
fixed upon the Antipodes, and Unionists
particularly are anxiously awaiting the
outcome of the struggle. As I write, Aus-
tralia is right in the midst of the greatest
trial of strength between labor and
capital which has doubtless ever
taken place. The whole of the
Australian Colonies are involved—
namely, New South Wales (Sydney), Vic-
toria (Melbourne), South Australia (Ade-
laide), Queensland (Brisbane), Western
Australia (Perth), Tasmania (Hobart) and
New Zealand (Wellington). The places in-
serted between parenthesis are the capitals
of the colonies, and are the places around
which operations are centred, except in the
case of New Zealand, Dunedin being the
starting point on account of that city being
the headquarters of the Union Steamships'
Company, and also of the Maritime Coun-
cil and Seamen's Union.

Naturally the question arises: "What is
the cause of the strike?" The new Union-
ism has been growing so rapidly in our
colonies, and has bettered the order of
things to such an extent, that an observer
of the times could not but have observed
that it would not be long before a trial of
strength would take place between the op-
posing forces—capital and labor.

In the strife between the Shearers' Union
and the pastoralists of Queensland, after a
bitter struggle the Unionists won the day;
but from all signs the pastoralists did not
forget the beating, and they evidently took
a lesson from the method by which the
Unionists had conquered—and that was
complete organization. The narration fol-
lowing here will show to you that the pas-
toralists have not been idle during the
four months since they were beaten, for we
now have Employers' Unions in all cen-
tres, and those unions are as busy as
Unionists have ever been in amalgamating
their forces in preparation for the struggle
now upon us.

In my last letter I informed you that
there was every promise of the complete
boycott being put upon the printing firm
of Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs, of Christ-
church (N. Z.) Forces were marshalled up
in preparation for this strife, the meantime
labor, the railway employees, the book-
sellers, the school teachers, and in fact
every avenue in life were told to be pre-
pared for the coming strife, the cause of
which being a little business not worth
\$50,000. Many argued that it "was not
the littleness of the concern, but the prin-
ciple concerned in it" that was to be looked
at. We are told to take heed of the day of
small things, and after all this was but a
straw of direction. Orders were issued
for a general strike after every effort of
mediation had been tried and failed, and
the time of notice had almost expired,
when the Maritime Council, which body
was directing things, showed rare courage
by withdrawing from the extreme position
laying the onus of blame upon the objec-
tionable firm, and calling upon the public
to avoid any dealings with Whitcombe &
Tombs. This action of the Council won
many friends for unionism, and the news-
papers unanimously lauded that body
for their action, and condemned the firm
at fault, and the press declared that the
Council by its action had the right to call
upon all true citizens to do all in their
power to assist Unionists to bring Whit-
combe & Tombs to terms.

The result of this call has been that
School Committees, Boards of Education,
and other public bodies have been called
upon to withdraw their support from
Whitcombe & Tombs, and word comes in
every day that such steps are being at-
tended to.

Now all these things show us that we
should not despise the day of small things,
as I think that neither Unionists nor cap-
italists have neglected the injunction—for
now that the great struggle is with us all
sides seem to be prepared.

Following upon their victory over the
pastoralists of Queensland (which quarrel
was brought about by certain sheep-
owners having their sheep shorn by men
who were not members of the Shearers'
Union) this Union made a compact
with the Carriers' Union of Sydney to
block all non-union shorn wool. On the
15th the Marine Officers' Association and
the Seamen's Union asked for a conference
with the shipowners. The former were
asking for increase of pay chiefly, and the
latter had drawn up a set of new rules,
which they wished adopted. These rules
chiefly provide for a modification of the
eight hours system and a higher rate of pay
for overtime and Sunday work. By the
proposed modification of the eight hours
system the sea watches previous to ar-
rival and after departure are to count
among the eight hours in port. On the
15th the owners appointed in conferences
with delegates from these two bodies. On
the 17th the wharf laborers of Sydney re-
fused to work with the stevedores on the
ground that their employment might lead
to the sweating system. The shipowners
protested that this was contrary to agree-
ment, which provided for due notice, ex-
plaining that contracts had been entered
into with the stevedores for long periods.
The idea of a Shipowners' Association was
that day agreed upon. Later the Wharf
Laborers' Union agreed to continue under
the stevedores until the contracts expired.
Next day they broke their resolution when
they were asked to unload the Pukaki.
The owners thereupon told the seamen's
representatives that they could not dis-
cuss their rules—it was at the first con-
ference arranged—unless they agreed not
to support the wharf men. The seamen
replied that they did not approve the con-
duct of the wharf men, but they could not
promise not to support them. Thereupon
the owners told the Marine Officers' Asso-
ciation at their conference with them that
they would not permit them to affiliate
with the labor bodies. On the same day
the sheep owners and others formed the
Pastoralist Association to meet the threat
of the Shearers' Union to block non-union
shorn wool. The officers decided not to
affiliate, and asked for a conference. On
the 22nd the shipowners met the seamen's
delegates in conference and declined to
grant any further concessions except to
officers. The seamen determined to en-
force their demands and declared they
would cable to England for steamers if the
owners continued obdurate. On the 23rd
the Sydney Chamber of Commerce de-
clared at its quarterly meeting that the in-
vestment of capital was prejudiced by the
labor difficulties. On the 24th there was
another conference, at which the shipowners
refused definitely to accept the new rules
and to give increases of pay to the seamen
on the ground of the widespread com-
mercial depression. They intimated that they
would continue the discussion on this
basis, but that if the men refused they
would lay up their steamers. Various
concessions followed on both sides, but
each remained firm about the hours of labor
and the overtime. On the 26th, the Marine
Officers determined to withdraw their re-
quests unless the owners agreed to a con-
ference, which the owners refused. On
the 27th the owners again met the men,
went into the whole question of the eight
hours and sea watches, and the new rules.
They declined to accede to the new mod-
ification of eight hours, i. e., to count the
sea watches, but they offered to give more
overtime, and to pay for three extra holi-
days, and to pay wages at terminal ports.
The men refused to depart from the eight
hours' demand, and decided to throw the
onus of a strike on the owners. On this
day a cable from home was received by
the men inviting Australasian delegates to
a conference of seamen at Glasgow to be
held in October to affirm the eight hours
principle. The next day the owners re-
plied that the new rules involved an ex-
penditure which would prohibit the con-
tinuance of the shipping business. The
men declined to believe this, and declared
the rules to be fair and just and necessary
to the comfort and well-being of the men.
On the 29th news came from Brisbane that
the employers had held a meeting, Sir T.

McIlwraith in the chair, and decided to
cope with "the inordinate demands of the
labor organizations." The same day the
Marine Officers withdrew their demands,
indignantly protesting against the neglect
of the demands, which had been admitted
to be just. By the 30th the difficulty with
the shearers had got to a head both in
Sydney and Melbourne, the shearers and
wharf men having completed arrangements
to block non-union shorn wool, the ship-
owners, stevedores, warehousemen and
pastoralists having combined to appeal to
"free" labor and recognize only the ships
which would take their wool. Thus
passed the month of July.

On August 1 the Masters and Officers'
Association intervened in the matter of
the officers, and the Shipowners' Asso-
ciation formally agreed with them to in-
crease the pay of officers and give them generally
better terms, which were specified. The
Marine Officers' Association refused to
accept these concessions. On the same
day the Federated Seamen's Union en-
dorsed the action of their delegates,
adopted the new rules, and determined
that when the unions of the other colonies
had accepted them they would give twenty-
four hours' notice of their enforcement.
On the same day a second Marine Officers'
Association was formed without intention
of affiliation to any other bodies, and the
old promptly repudiated it the next mor-
ning, and two days after, on the 5th, in-
timated to the shipowners that failing com-
promise on their part they would give
twenty-four hours' notice of withdrawal
from the ships. The next day the newly-
formed association's delegates ad a con-
ference with the Shipowners' Association,
and agreed to the terms promised to the
Masters and Officers' Association of Mel-
bourne on the 1st of the month. On this
day a strike was nearly caused by the
Corunna difficulty, but was averted by the
owners of the vessel, who promptly laid
her up. The union had insisted on the re-
instatement of a dismissed fireman. On
the 8th the Trades and Labor Council of
Sydney decided to support the demands
of the original Marine Officers' Asso-
ciation, and determined to stand by the wharf
laborers in their determination to block
non-union shorn wool, the first batch of
which was expected to arrive that day.
The Marine Officers forwarded an intima-
tion to the shipowners that they had with-
drawn their request, and named the 15th
as the day on which they would give twenty-
four hours' notice in the absence of any
concessions. The wharf laborers formally
advised the employers that they would
not handle non-union shorn wool. On the
11th the combination of employers replied
that they would appeal to "free" labor.
All throughout this month and the last
great demonstrations of the unemployed
were held in Sydney and Melbourne from
time to time. The shipowners sent an
intimation to the maritime labor combi-
nations that their demands involved an
increased expenditure of £200,000, which
would absorb their profits under the most
flourishing circumstances; in consequence
of which they once more declined to
accede. The next day they announced
their intention of laying up their boats if
the men persisted in their demands, and
they sent a refusal to the Marine Officers'
Association to consider their proposals;
the later, thereupon instructed their mem-
bers to give twenty-four hours' notice on
the 15th. On the 13th it was generally re-
cognized that all hope of averting extreme
measures was at an end, and both sides
prepared for the conflict. On the 14th the
stevedores' men were said to be wavering,
but the crisis was delayed by non-arrival
of wool, due to the fact that shearing had
been generally postponed, and where it
was begun no wool had been sent away
by advice of the warehousemen, who foresaw
lack of sufficient storage. On the 15th the
officers gave their twenty-four hours'
notice, and the shipping advertisements
and timetables were all withdrawn. On
the 19th the seamen, cooks and stewards
gave twenty-four hours' notice in Sydney,
and the Brisbane Maritime Council called
out all hands; and very soon all the ships
were laid up. On the same day many off-
icers left the ships in Melbourne. On the
20th assurances of help from the wharf
laborers of Antwerp were cabled. On the
21st the Adelaide seamen passed a resolu-
tion that they preferred not to allow the
marine officers to affiliate, and declined to
strike. The Waihora, arriving in Sydney
from New Zealand, was stopped, but

eventually was permitted to be unloaded
by her crew. On the 25th the men of the
Tarawera, Taiari and Onau went out, and
at once the strike involved the whole New
Zealand trade.

Those who have followed the above pre-
cise account of the strike will see that it is
the result of three separate disputes which
ran concurrently. It has been argued that
it has not been caused by the refusal of the
shipowners to concede the demands of the
Marine Officers. This I hold is incorrect.
The whole trouble is the result of a series,
but the final straw was the refusal of the
shipowners to allow the officers to affiliate
with other labor bodies. It was the in-
tention of the Marine Officers' Association
of New Zealand to affiliate with our Mari-
time Council. Again, those who wish to
avoid discussing this point argue that the
Shearers' Union would have caused the
strike in a week or two, and others say
that if neither of these powers would have
brought it about the Seamen's Union
would have caused it at any time, having
decreed as far back as July 27 to strike
and throw the onus upon the shipowners.

The New Zealand seamen have made no
demands at all, and the New Zealand off-
icers had their demands complied with
about the time the strike began in Aus-
tralia. The New Zealand Maritime Workers
have gone out purely in support of the
unionists on the other side of the water.
The employers of Australia and New Zea-
land declare that the power of unionism
must be put down at any cost, and the
unionists of Australia, New Zealand,
Europe and America have responded that
unionism must be maintained at all costs
—and so the fight is fairly understood by
both parties, who are prepared to go to the
end.

RED JIM McDERMOTT.
The Labor World's Charges Against
a British Consul.

LONDON, October 9.—The Labor World
to-day asserts that Mr. Hoare, the Brit-
ish consul at New York in 1883, sent
James McDermott from New York to
Montreal for the purpose of getting a
dynamite agitation in that city and sup-
plied him with money and means to carry
out his purpose. Mr. Hoare communi-
cated with Dublin Castle about the time
stated and asked the home Government to
request the Canadian Government to fac-
ilitate the performance of the work which
McDermott was to carry out. The reply
which the Canadian Government sent to
the request from Dublin Castle and Mr.
Hoare was that the Canadian Government
considered it its duty to prevent and not
to encourage or abet it.

While McDermott was in Montreal en-
deavoring to ensnare Irishmen in that city
in dynamite plots he was supplied with
funds by Mr. Hoare and encouraged by
him to keep up communications with
O'Donovan Rossa and such men in New
York. "We will prove by sworn testi-
mony if required," says the Labor World,
"that James McDermott was exposed and
denounced in Montreal by a cable sent by
Mr. Davitt to the editor of the Montreal
Evening Post.

"We further charge Mr. Hoare with
having in 1883 employed Matt O'Brien to
enter the service of the post office in New
York in order to tamper with letters going
through that post office. We can prove
that O'Brien opened Irishmen by the score,
and wrote letters to Irishmen in New York
which purported to come from Fenians and
dynamiters in California, St. Louis and
Chicago, and that he stamped these bogus
letters so as to make the recipients believe
they were communications which came
through the post office.

New York, October 9.—When shown
the charges made against him by Michael
Davitt in his paper, the Labor World, Mr.
Hoare, the British Consul in New York,
to-day, said the whole story was a tissue
of malignant falsehoods. He declares he
never saw McDermott in his life, and
never had any connection with him in any
way.

Mr. H. J. Cloran, president of the St.
Patrick's Society, who was editor of the
Post in 1883, fully confirms the above
statements of Mr. Davitt.

THE NEW HOODS for children just received
at S. Carsley's are really beautiful, and the
assortment is very large.

LARGE CROWDS attending the sale of dress
goods at S. Carsley's.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.
THE ARRIVAL.

The carriage here began rapidly to descend, and passing under a gateway, and through a wilderness of shrubs and laurels, drew up before a flight of stone steps.

Litton knew, of course, that they had stopped at the front door of the Hall, and was all anxiety to note how his companions were received. The door opened, and an old man servant appeared, and came slowly down the steps, at the top of which, with a lamp in her hand, stood a tall dark woman, gazing at them intently.

"That's my aunt," whispered the captain, jumping out and running up to her. She did not move towards him a hairbreadth, not even hold out her hand. Then a question and answer were, as it seemed, rapidly exchanged—and to Walter's extreme relief, a smile broke out upon the hostess's face, and she came swiftly down to the carriage door. She was only just in time, for poor Lotty, in an agony of grief and shame, had almost fainted away: it had seemed that Mrs. Sheldon was about to refuse her admittance.

"What a journey you have had, my dear, and how tired you must be!" were the lady's first words, uttered in a sweet and sympathetic, though, as it seemed to Walter, a somewhat affected tone. "However, you have reached home at last."

She held out her arms, gracefully, almost theatrically, in welcome, and Lotty fairly threw herself into them, and burst into tears. She had not known till then how much, how very much, she stood in need of womanly countenance and succor.

"Welcome to Penaddon, my dear," said Mrs. Sheldon, this time, as it seemed, with genuine tenderness. "And welcome to you, sir," added she, to Walter, extending to him graciously her unoccupied hand. The pose of her tall, well-rounded figure was magnificent, nor did she seem at all embarrassed by the weeping girl who hung upon her shoulder. "Who is this gentleman, Reginald? You have not introduced us," said she, pointing to Walter.

"Oh, it's only our courier." "Your courier!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon, indignantly.

"Yes; our courier, our chaperon, our gooseberry picker, our all. Is he not, Lotty? Mr. Walter Litton."

Even Lotty could not refrain from laughing—though, truth to say, it was in a half hysterical way; and Mrs. Sheldon, not unkindly, perhaps, by Walter's comely looks, took her nephew's mischievous joke in high good humor. As she led the way from the hall into the dining room, with Lotty on her arm, Walter could not help remarking how like aunt and nephew were. She was still young—that is for a married woman—not more than five-and-thirty at the most; but there were lines about her face which spoke of trouble past and present; and now and again her mouth would shape itself, as it seemed, unconsciously, into a painful smile.

"I have provided nothing, Reginald, but tea and coffee and cold chicken," said she pointing to the table, which was laid for supper, "because I knew that this dear girl of yours would have no relish for a heavier meal. What she wants more than anything else are rest and quiet; and as for you two gentlemen, you will find fare more suited to your taste at the inn. You will think me very inhospitable, I fear, Mr. Litton, but—"

"I think you very wise, madam," interrupted Walter earnestly. "In my opinion, Selwyn and myself ought to be off to our quarters at once. We must have kept up the good people at the inn already long past their usual time."

"O bother the good people at the inn!" said the captain disdainfully, as he helped Lotty to a cup of tea.

"Yes; and that is just what you will do, Reginald, if you don't get there till two o'clock in the morning," rejoined the hostess. "Moreover, the later you arrive, the greater will be their surprise, and the more they'll talk about the matter; and for the present, it is just as well that they should not talk about it. I have sent my own maid to bed, lest the spectacle of a young lady's advent without so much as a handbag in the way of luggage, should stimulate her curiosity. Bid her good night, and be off to your inn."

Reginald said his "good-bye" to Lotty accordingly—a very decorous one, and then Walter offered his hand.

"I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Litton," said she softly. The words, and still more the tone, thrilled through him with a strange pain. How beautiful she looked, and yet how pitiful; far from her home and all, save one, that loved her. Would it ever be his future, he wondered, to be loved, as his friend was, and by such a paragon? No, alas; for there could be no two Lotties in the world.

"Good-night, Mr. Courier." It was his hostess who was addressing him for the second time, and with that pined smile about her lips which is the outward sign of woman's cynicism. "Why, you seem to take parting from your charge almost as much to heart as Reginald himself. I feel as if I were the angel commissioned to turn you both out of Paradise."

"You look like the angel," observed the captain gallantly, "and I leave my Lotty with confidence under your fostering wings. Good-night."

"Good night, irreverent boy; and remember, we do not receive company to-morrow morning before eleven o'clock, at earliest. This poor child is utterly done up," she added in a whisper: "girls took to elopements in my time very differently."

"Like ducklings to water, eh?" laughed the captain.

"Go away, sir; for sh-m-e. Good-night, Mr. Courier."

"I tell you what, Litton," said Selwyn, when they had re-entered the carriage, and it was moving rapidly towards the inn; "you've regularly 'fetched' Aunt Sheldon."

"Fetched your Aunt Sheldon?" "Yes; made a conquest of her, man, I mean. If you had not been with us, I doubt if she would have been half as civil."

"Upon my life, Selwyn, I thought she was not going to be civil at all, when you first spoke to her on the steps. What cake did you throw to Cerberus that made things at once so pleasant? She knew you had eloped of course!"

"Yes; but she didn't know with whom."

"But you couldn't have explained everything in that quarter of a minute—who the young lady was, and all that!"

"Oh, she knew about Lotty well enough; but she was not certain that it was Lotty."

"But who else could it have been?" inquired Walter, aghast.

"I am sure I don't know," laughed the captain; "no more did she. That was her little difficulty. She would never have countenanced the affair, you see, unless she had approved of my choice for material reasons. She has a very sharp eye to the main chance—has Aunt Sheldon."

Litton remained silent: he was stricken dumb by the thought of the risk that Lotty's reputation had incurred; of the chance, however small, that had existed of her finding the doors of Penaddon Hall closed against her. From one point of view, indeed, now that all had turned out right, this was satisfactory, since it showed that Mrs. Sheldon did draw the line of propriety somewhere. But what a hard and fast line it was! What misery and disgrace might have resulted from this woman's "No!" And she looked quite capable of saying "No!" upon occasion, and of sticking to it. How shocking, how cruel, would be the verdict passed even now upon this sweet innocent creature for that indiscretion; and once more he shuddered to think of what it would have been had Mrs. Sheldon refused her countenance to her. He felt as though he could have laid down his life, if that might have shielded her from the breath of evil report, for those gracious words of parting that still rang in his tingling ears: "I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Litton," seemed to have paid him, as it were, in advance, for any sacrifice.

Oh, great and wonderful is the power of woman's beauty over the heart of man! Old or young, married or single—for though it blooms not for ourselves, it is still passing sweet—we all alike acknowledge its sway. Man has no social gift to compare with it; for man's comeliness is not, in woman's eyes, what woman's comeliness is in man's.

"Here is the Wheatsheaf at last," exclaimed Selwyn, as the carriage stopped. "Did you ever see such a jolly inn?" By the adjective "jolly" the captain was wont to describe anything that was good of its kind—a jolly girl, a jolly row, a jolly lobster—but in this particular case he used it in an artistic sense.

The Wheatsheaf was undeniably picturesque. So entirely had the plant of which he had spoken taken possession of the whole edifice with its spreading branches, that it looked more like a house in a tree, than a dwelling overgrown with vegetation. The purple blossoms, that covered it as thickly as peaches grow on a sunny wall, had a beautiful, though weird, effect in the moonlight; and so protected was the nook in which the little inn was situated, that not a blossom stirred, though the wind could be heard still roaring on the moor above, almost as fiercely as the waves beat upon the neighboring shore.

The visitors were ushered to their apartments—small and plainly furnished rooms enough, but of exquisite cleanliness—and presently came down to supper, for which they by no means manifested the disrelish which their fair companion had shown. When the table had been cleared, the two young men sat over their tobacco—the captain, as before, smoking his cigar, the painter his pipe—and discussed the day's events.

"If my dear Lotty has a fault," said the captain, complacently, "it is indecision, and it is most fortunate that circumstances have thus decided for her. In a few days, we shall be married; and even as it is, matters have gone too far, thank goodness, for any interference of her family with her happiness. If old Brown himself should come to Penaddon, she would now become Mrs. Selwyn in spite of him. Let us drink the old curmudgeon's health, and a speedy reconciliation with his offspring."

"By all means, my dear Selwyn," said Walter, filling his glass. "But suppose he refuses to be reconciled, and disinherits her?" "Let us hope better things," answered the captain.

"I do hope them, most sincerely, most warmly, my dear fellow; but one must not shut one's eyes to what may happen, merely because it is very unpleasant. It is much better to look the worst in the face—while there is yet time to avert the worst."

"I don't understand you, Litton," said the captain, speaking with the unnecessary distinctness which suggests that particular state of mind which ladies call "temper." "I am sure that you do not intend to imply that there is a possibility of my retracting this step. If I were inclined to think of such a thing on my own account—to sacrifice, that is, my own happiness to this old man's will, to forego the advantage I have gained, and once more put myself in the position of a suppliant to him—I say, if I were inclined to humiliate myself to that extent (which is not to be thought of), still, it is wholly out of the question that Lotty can return to her home, after what has taken place to-day, unless as my wife."

"But can you maintain her as your wife—that is, as your wife ought to be maintained,

my good fellow? I know your circumstances.

The question is: 'How are you to live?' "That is our look-out—or at least mine, my good friend. And, at all events, the question—though I grant it is a pertinent one—comes a little late."

"That is true, Selwyn. All that I meant was, would it not be easier to conciliate your future father-in-law before you have absolutely set him at defiance? His daughter is at your aunt's house—the match is so far countenanced by your family; is not that a vantage-ground from which you could treat with this old gentleman with a better grace, than after having utterly cast off his authority?"

"No, Litton," returned the other positively; "you don't know this old fellow as I do. He is as hard as nails, where he can be hard; but he has sufficient common-sense, I think, to make the best of a bad job—which is the term he will no doubt apply to my becoming his son-in-law. Of course, the present position is very unpleasant for us all round. People will say hard things even of yourself, to whose friendly help we are both so much indebted, for having 'aided and abetted' this young lady to leave the paternal roof. You will be like the second in a duel, who gets all the odium, and none of the glory."

"Oh, never mind me," said Walter impatiently. "I was thinking of somebody else. I was thinking," added he hastily, his face growing crimson as he spoke one of the few falsehoods his lips had ever uttered, "of your aunt, who will certainly come in for her share of discredit."

"Oh, never mind my aunt," returned the captain contemptuously. "Beatty Sheldon (her name is Beatty) is not unaccustomed to the censure of society, and cares about it as little as any one I know. She is a real good plucked one, whatever her faults, and not likely to give way to clamor. By Jove, I wish we had her at the Horse Guards, instead of some other women I could mention."

Walter sighed, and took up his bed-candle: there was nothing more to be said, he knew. Whatever slender hope he might have entertained of inducing his friend to make an effort, even now, to gain his intended father-in-law's consent to his marriage, it had utterly died away. What Selwyn had hinted too, of Mrs. Sheldon's past not calculated to dispel his doubts as to the suitability of that lady for a young girl's chaperon, in the present circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.
PENADDON.

In spite of his long travel of the previous day, Walter Litton was up betimes on the morning after his arrival at Penaddon. Not so the captain, who, since the sight of his destined bride had been forbidden to him till eleven o'clock, thought himself justified in indulging in one of his favorite weaknesses—that of rising late. He was not a man to set a fancy value upon his time under any circumstances, nor had he much appreciation of the beauties of nature, never so charming, fresh and inspiring as when the day is young. Litton, on the contrary, was ordinarily much impressed by them; and never had a fairer scene awaited him than that which met his eyes when, having unfastened the door of the Wheatsheaf with his own hands (for no one in the house was yet stirring but himself), he stood in the roadway, which at a few paces from the inn, was lost in the shelving sand of the sea-shore. The tiny waves were lapping softly upon it, for the storm of the previous night had spent itself, and the gulls, which it had blown about like foam, were sliding noiselessly through the sunny air. To the north and east lay the illimitable ocean; but southward the view was interrupted by a small projecting promontory, upon which, and not on the shore, as he had imagined, from his friend's description, stood the ruined church.

As Walter climbed the stile that led into this deserted sanctuary, a partridge whirred from beneath his feet, and flew towards a neighboring wood; his eyes mechanically followed it, and perceived through the trees the glint of a white house, which he rightly conjectured to be Penaddon Hall. In an instant the church, the castle, and the fair scene which was on all sides spread before him, were forgotten, and his thoughts returned to the subject from which they had won him, and from which he had been glad to be won—Lotty. He had never called her by that name, of course, but he had heard her called so, and never thought of her under any other. He did not resent the fact that his friend had secured her affections; he bowed before it, as before any other harsh decree of destiny; but he did, without quite acknowledging it to himself, resent in his heart the complacency with which the captain took his good fortune, and the small store he apparently set by it. It was not exactly that he did not value his prize as it deserved, but that he seemed to value it for what were not its rarest and most precious attributes, but for such as were common to other girls. Litton was hard upon his friend, no doubt, but it was because his heart was poured out like water in tenderness for this friendless girl; nor was he selfish in his indignation. If the captain had not existed, he could still not have hoped to make Lotty his own. He had no position in the world, and no money to be called "money;" that is to say, he had just enough to live upon in a very sparing and Spartan-like manner. His brush had as yet earned him little or nothing, scarce enough to pay for his canvas and the paints, with an occasional share of a model. And though so young, and really clever with his fingers, he did not believe that his genius would give him an independence for many a year to come. His parents had long been dead; he had been left to the care of a distant relative, who had all but declined the trust bequeathed to him, and had only let him have his way in embracing Art as a profession, because it was less trouble than to oppose him.

At this moment, however, as he walks up and down the deserted churchyard, gazing mechanically, and not as usual with a keen eye to "effects," at earth, and sea, and sky, his thoughts were mainly of his own position, present and future. How long was he doomed to live in those dreary lodgings in Beech street, practising his art, while the short light lasted, drawing "studies" that had to be rubbed out again to make room for others, but little better, or painting likenesses of which even the hired sitters did not always express their admiration? Jack Pelter, who lived on the floor below him, and went halves

in his models, was a good fellow enough, it is true, and said "Poor devil" really as if he felt it, when Walter's picture came back from the Gallery in Pall Mall last month rejected by the committee; but that was not the sort of consolation for which he yearned. He did not relish the prospect of becoming in time like Jack himself, though that agreeable veteran had plenty of accepted pictures, some of which were even marked with that charming St. Andrew's cross in the catalogue; red nosed, hoarse voiced Jack, given to singing ballads "amatory and bacchanalian," as the old song books term them, late into the night, and rising in the morning with a relish for beer. Walter was no milksop, but the prospect of such a future had no charms for him, and yet it seemed the best he had to look to. He was not envious of the captain's good fortune, but he could not forbear contrasting it with his own. "When could he ever hope to possess—indeed, was it possible that the world held another like her for him or any man—such a paragon of loveliness as this young girl, whom he had seen for the first time but yesterday, but whose charms would never, while memory—"

At this point in his soliloquy, Walter instinctively glanced towards the Hall, and coming down towards him through the trees, he caught the flutter of a petticoat. For a moment he became rose color—not from motives of delicacy, for the petticoat was a long way off, but from the force and suddenness of an emotion that he could not resist. Lotty was about to join him, to take his hand, to speak with him. He felt inclined to flee to the inn, and bid the captain come—for whom, and not for him, this visit was obviously designed. He was prepared to take any course that would please her most; to shield, to praise—but here she came in sight again, much nearer, and he perceived with mingled relief and chagrin, that it was not Lotty at all, but Mrs. Sheldon? She was a tall, fine woman, and of a graceful carriage, yet he felt aggrieved with himself that distance should have lent such enchantment to her that he had taken her for her lovely guest. Good morning, I felt sure that it was you, Mr. Litton, who had come out to enjoy this beautiful morning, and not that sluggish Reggie. I do believe that he was secretly rejoiced last night when I forbade him to call upon his innumerate before eleven o'clock this morning. The dear fellow has made a charming choice, has he not?"

"Yes, indeed. Miss Brown is very beautiful, and, as it seems to me, has a disposition calculated to make any man happy."

"How long have you known her?"

This question rather staggered Walter. Brought face to face with the facts, by Mrs. Sheldon's inquiry, he answered evasively: "Oh, only very recently; but I have seen her during such a trying time, that I seem to know more about her than I should have learnt in months of ordinary acquaintance."

"I see," said Mrs. Sheldon dryly. "Well, I too have seen her under exceptional circumstances, and, though I quite agree with you as to her good looks, her character appears to me to be a little weak."

"You must remember, Mrs. Sheldon," answered Walter quickly, "that the circumstances are not only exceptional, but, in her case, are not altogether favorable. Up to the moment of your reception of her, she was not quite certain that it would be a kind one; that she was utterly alone—nay, worse than alone—till you held out your arms to her; and had really no opportunity of showing any strength of character, even if she possessed it. Moreover, she is so devoted to your nephew, that her individuality is, for the present, as it were, lost in his."

"For the present, you say, Mr. Litton: you do not think this devotion of hers, then, is likely to stand the test of matrimony?" "Nay; indeed, I implied nothing of the kind," said Walter earnestly. "I only meant that the young lady is placed just now in a most difficult and embarrassing situation, and needs the most charitable construction to be put on her words as well as actions."

"I see you are a true knight-errant, Mr. Litton, and happy should be the lady whose colors you elect to wear upon your helm," answered Mrs. Sheldon with a scarce perceptible sigh. "She is fortunate in having so disinterested an advocate."

Walter felt not only uncomfortable, but even abashed; he was not unconscious that he had been somewhat enthusiastic in his praise of the object of his friend's choice, and that it was no more his place to be so—nor, indeed, so much—than it was Mrs. Sheldon's. "I still, however, think that Lotty is weak," continued that lady, musing; "not only born to be led rather than to lead, which is the fate of our sex, but, what is not so usual with us, well content with that dependent position. However, that is the less to be regretted, since Reggie has will enough for two. I don't think he would stand much opposition in a wife, after the honeymoon days were over; what do you say, Mr. Litton?"

"I think Selwyn likes to have his way, like most of us men," answered Walter. "You are virtuous," said Mrs. Sheldon, smiling, "for you withstand the temptation of criticising an absent friend. Well, I am his aunt, you know—though it seems rather ridiculous perhaps?"

"It seems incredible," said Walter gallantly. "When I first saw you, I thought Selwyn had been playing one of his jokes upon us in saying that he was your nephew." "But it really is so," said Mrs. Sheldon; "my father and Reginald's were always taken for brothers, so nearly were they of an age, and yet they belonged to different generations. Well, as I was saying, I am his near relative, and privileged to speak the truth about Reggie. I think this young lady very suitable for him in many respects; but, of course, he runs a tremendous risk. I mean, of course," added she, in answer to Walter's questioning look, "as to the money. I am not a mercenary person, I hope, but I know men can't live upon air."

"Nor young ladies either, I conclude," said Walter dryly. "Well, yes; they can live upon love, which comes to the same thing, my dear Mr. Litton. If his love is not meat, drink and clothing to her, it is all beside those three essentials; and possessing it, she can dispense with almost everything else."

The change in Mrs. Sheldon's manner, as she thus spoke, was very remarkable; her lively, yet somewhat cynical air had wholly disappeared, and was replaced by a certain passionate earnestness. "It is possible," was

Walter's involuntary thought, "that society may have judged this woman harshly, after all; she may herself have married one who did not continue to be the man he had seemed, or whom she discovered, perhaps, to be the lover of somebody else." His heart, always tender toward woman-kind, was moved with pity, and his face betrayed it.

"I am speaking of men and women generally, Mr. Litton," said she, in a softened tone, "for there are women as hard as nails (as Reginald would say), and men more noble than the best of women; and in this particular case there will be love enough, and on the right side, to make it no hardship to dispense with luxuries. It is the vulgar meat, drink and clothing question that is the present problem. If Brown pere refuses to be reconciled, how are the young folks to live?"

"That is the very inquiry that I ventured to put to Selwyn last night," observed Walter gravely, "but one which he was either unable or disinclined to answer. He has his pay, of course."

"That is nothing," answered Mrs. Sheldon. "He has always looked upon it as so much pocket-money, to be spent in cigars and sodas and brandy. The inheritance he received from his parents was to a great extent anticipated before it came to him, and he has been living on it—that is on the principle—ever since. I should be surprised, even, if he could show a fair balance sheet, and start in life to-day with anything to the good, if all his debts were paid."

"Good heavens!" cried Litton, "this is terrible. I knew Selwyn called himself a poor man; but I thought that was considering his position in a crack cavalry regiment; poor, compared with such a man as myself, for instance. I felt that it was indiscreet of him to marry; but if what you say is true?"

Walter hesitated, for he was about to say something harsh. "If what I say is true, and it is true," said Mrs. Sheldon, "this marriage is madness, you were about to observe. It is worse than madness—unless he has good cause to reckon upon the forgiveness of this young girl's father—it is suicide. It is upon this very matter that I came down here this morning to have a few words with you. I wanted to know, from a really trustworthy source, what chance there was of a reconciliation."

"My dear Mrs. Sheldon, I know less of that even than yourself. I cannot, will not think that matters are quite so bad with Selwyn as you describe. If they are, how did he himself look forward to extricate himself from his difficulties, supposing this—this running-away had never happened?"

"By a lucky marriage," observed Mrs. Sheldon coolly. "Reggie has no expectations in the way of money at all; but there is an Irish cousin of his, a baronet, to whose title, although to nothing else, for he has nothing to leave, he is the heir. This man is both old and ailing, and in all probability my nephew will soon become 'Sir Reginald.' He flattered himself, and with reason, that with a handle to his name, his good looks would procure him a rich wife, when it should become, absolutely necessary, to him to redeem his fortunes by matrimony. With such personal advantages, aided by the glitter of his Crimean medal, he could hardly, indeed, have failed. But now, if he has over-rated the strength of father Brown's affection for his off-spring, he has done for himself altogether."

"He has done for somebody else, also, it appears to me," said Walter bitterly.

Mrs. Sheldon shrugged her plump shoulders and threw out her little hands: "That goes without saying, Mr. Litton; man and wife are one; such, at least, is the view of the law."

"And I suppose they must now be man and wife," observed Walter mournfully. "There was nothing of selfishness in his thought, only commiseration for what seemed the wretchedness of Lotty's future; but it was with a sarcastic smile that his companion answered: 'The alternative would be even worse, under the circumstances, my good sir, for the 'somebody else,' for whom you express so disinterested a solicitude. Matters have gone too far, in the eyes of the world, to admit of retreat, even if Reginald would listen to such a proposition. The girl is of age, and even if she were not, the law is not so paternal as it is (perhaps fortunately) supposed to be by young ladies and their would-be swains. If she were a ward in Chancery, then, indeed, even Reginald's will would have to give way for once. You must never run away with a ward in Chancery, remember—unless she is somebody else's wife;" and Mrs. Sheldon broke into a light musical laugh that startled Walter not a little.

"You are shocked," said she, "at my want of gravity; but what would you have? The mischief is done, and there is nothing left but to make the best of it. She will be up by this time, and looking for her hostess, so I must say 'au revoir.'"

"One moment," said Walter, earnestly. "May I ask how long—I mean, how soon will the marriage take place?"

"Well, doubtless as soon as the law will permit it. In a case of special license—you will think I have these things at my fingertips, but I was married myself," here she gaily touched her marriage-ring, "under these very circumstances—the period of residence is of no consequence. I hope we may succeed in preventing you from being bored to death at Penaddon for the very short time that will be necessary to get the document from Doctors' Commons."

"I thought of going back home—that is, to town," said Walter hesitatingly. "I only came down to look after Selwyn, and now, of course, I shall be no longer necessary to him."

"My dear Mr. Little, you are more necessary to him than ever," replied his companion gravely; "your presence, indeed, is absolutely indispensable at the marriage itself."

"How so?" inquired Walter, with amazement.

"Why, you will act, of course, as the deputy of father Brown. You will have to give Lotty away."

Mrs. Sheldon had turned upon her heel, and was half over the churchyard stile (exhibiting a very charming foot and ankle) before he could recall his senses, scattered by this bombshell of a reply. Give Lotty away! So inhuman a command had never been laid upon him since his first schoolmaster had bid him fetch the stick which was designed to be the instrument of his own correction.

(To be Continued.)

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

Brooklyn furriers won nine hours. Sheep shearing is done by electricity. The lightermen at Hull have struck. A woman runs a New York blacksmith shop. Irwin (Pa.) miners struck for 65 cents a ton. McKeesport boatbuilders want nine hours. The States have "75,000 lady typewriters."

pany has enough coal stored to meet its requirements for ten weeks. The stokers reiterate their statement that they never intended to strike.

The strike of the colliers at Wellington, New Zealand, has collapsed. The Union Company has now twenty-four steamers running, and is employing two thousand non-union men.

The silk ribbon weavers' strike in Johnson, Cowdin & Co.'s mill was settled on Thursday, the weavers returning to work at the old wages. The strike was against a reduction of 10 per cent. A general reduction in all mills would have resulted had the weavers lost the day.

The Houston and Texas Central Railway has employed negro watchmen in its yards for several years. About two weeks ago a demand was made for their removal, the places to be filled with whites. The demand was refused and the foremen all struck. Grand Master Wilkinson has been in the city trying to adjust matters amicably but without avail, as the officials of the Central argue that if the colored men are good enough to sit in the councils of the Knights of Labor they are good enough to work with.

The labor movement is most emphatically becoming the movement of the age. Already it dwarfs every other topic of interest. Not a day passes without some indication of its world-wide ramifications.

Now it is the Queensland shearers and again the southern shearers! To-day Brisbane bootmakers and to-morrow Sydney seamen! One minute the London dockers renew an Australian fight that was settled months ago and the next the very soldiers and police go on "strike" and a vast multitude enthusiastically cheers departing "mutineers." If all this does not mean that the conditions of living is unendurable, what does it mean? If the persistent striking, striking, striking, the desperate revolting of the wage-earners through Western civilization, which now continues and repeats itself, ceaselessly and unchangingly, regardless of defeat and indifferent to victory, does not mean that the wage-system has got to go, what does it mean?—The Worker.

LABOR IN POLITICS.

The Central Labor Union of New York, in deciding to take political action, adopted the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, While the Vanderbilts are hiring Col. McAllister to supervise their balls, dinners and picnics at Newport, expending hundreds of thousands of dollars on frivolities, there are thousands of starving men and women and children unemployed, searching for work and bread and shelter, to whom the crumbs from the Vanderbilts' table would be a luxury; and Whereas, We claim to live in a free country, and a country for workingmen, but here, as in Europe, the few live in palaces and the many in hovels, and our people are divided between the have-alls and the have-nothings; and

Whereas, In New York city there are 430 millionaires, whose combined fortunes reach \$1,475,000,000, these men owning the rest of us financially; and

Whereas, The professional politicians manage our affairs in the interests of the millionaires, and they own us politically, and with few exceptions they own and control the press of the state which forms and controls public opinion; we are therefore the victims of a servile, monopolistic, capitalist combination; and be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Central Union, call a convention of labor organizations, to be held in the city of New York, to devise ways whereby labor can be properly represented in the state legislature.

SALVATION ARMY NUPTIALS.

There was an immense muster of Salvationists from every quarter of the Metropolis at the Congress Hall, London, on the occasion of the marriage of Commandant Herbert Booth, third son of General Booth, with Captain Corrie Schoch, daughter of a major in the Dutch army. The bride was dressed in the plain, serge dress of the Army, and wore her hair neatly thrown over her forehead and twisted in a knot behind. Across her right shoulder she had a sash of red, white and blue, with the words "Evermore God's" in red letters on a white ground. She had as bridesmaids her three sisters, and they also wore the ordinary costume of the army, except that they had white scarves, on which was prominently displayed the words "Consecrated." The "Act of Marriage" was read by the General, who performed the marriage ceremony adapted by the army. When he concluded with the words "Those whom God hath joined in marriage let no man nor devil put asunder," the audience burst into loud and prolonged hurrahs. One who was present states that as the newly married pair stood together with the venerable General clasping their two hands, the "Blood and fire" banner held over their heads, while behind were ranged the band of the household troops in their bright scarlet uniforms brought out in strong contrast by the sombre blue of the cadets ranged on either side, the effect was certainly most imposing. The whole service was unique. It suggested rather a special religious service than a marriage service. The bride is a charmingly bright, thoughtful-looking woman. Her singing of the hymn, "Evermore thine when the joys of life are dawning," was something to be remembered. Of her connection with the Army she seemed wholly proud, but in speaking of her husband she said she must not say much, as it was not good to compliment men, a woman's special responsibilities being to keep men humble.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

FOR burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound.

Silk should never be brushed, but dusted with a soft woollen cloth. No silk dress should be allowed to lie long with dust on its folds.

Opinions differ as to the time oatmeal porridge requires to be boiled, but that standard authority—"The Scottish Cookery Book"—states twenty minutes as the proper time.

CLEANING FINE MUSLINS.—Very fine muslins should be soaked in tepid water in which borax has been dissolved, one tablespoonful of borax to a gallon of water being sufficient. After half an hour they can be rubbed gently in soap suds made of fine white curd soap, and boiling water then poured over them and left to cool. They should be well rinsed, and squeezed rather than wrung out.

TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES.—Add about one teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water when washing the face morning and evening; or a more convenient way would be to keep a quantity already dissolved in a bottle of water, and pour it into the wash basin as often as needed. Twice a day is quite often enough to use it, and the moth patches should slowly disappear in about ten days or two weeks.

CLEANING FURS.—This is the way they clean and renovate furs in Russia: Some rye flour is put into a pan upon the stove and heated, stirring constantly with the hand, so long as the heat can be borne. Then spread the fur all over the fur, rubbing it in well; then brush it gently with a very clean brush, or beat it softly, till all the flour is removed. It is claimed that this method will make the fur appear almost or quite like new.

CELERY acts upon the nervous system, and it is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes stimulate the liver, and spinach and common dandelion, prepared in the same way, have a direct effect on diseases of the kidney. Onions, garlic and olives promote digestion by stimulating the circulatory system, with the consequent increase of the saliva and gastric juice. Raw onions are also regarded as a remedy for sleeplessness, and the French believe that onion soup is an excellent tonic in cases of debility of the digestive organs.

CHATELAIN BAGS REVIVED.—The old adage says: "Keep a thing seven years, and it will come in fashion or use again." Nearly double the time has elapsed since chateleine bags were in vogue; but those who have still by them the ancient fittings or clasps may congratulate themselves, for there seems every sign that they will be worn again and be very useful, for, with the narrow skirts of to-day, it is difficult to know where to place a pocket. These chateleine bags are principally in grey velvet or soft leather, and the clasp and chain in oxidized silver.

TO PRESERVE THE EYESIGHT.—Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye-sight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes: Avoid sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read, or write, or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light. Never read by twilight or moonlight. Never read or sew under a strong light. Never sleep so that on first awaking, the eyes shall open on the light of the window. Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease trying to do so.

SWEETS NOT INJURIOUS.—Sweets are just as healthy in their place as roast beef. Pure candies promote digestion. It is all a mistake that they injure the teeth; it is not possible for them to do so. It would be a singular thing if sweets were injurious to health, because they are in everything we eat in the way of fruits, vegetables and the grain out of which we make our bread. Any injury resulting from the use of sugar, candy or preserves, is caused by their being used too frequently or in too large quantities; but everything we eat and drink is liable to the same objection. If taken before meals or directly after, both sweets and nuts are promoters of digestion; the observation and the instincts of the civilized world on this point have led to the use of both at the end of meals. If sweets are taken only at meal time, not between and not in excess, they will not only agree with any healthy stomach, but tend to make a person fat as much as butter, for it is the carbon in each which the system uses.—The Family Doctor.

TO COOK GLOBE ARTICHOKE.—Wash, blanch and trim them (say amber), stew with butter, the juice of a lemon, a little pepper and salt, and simmer gently until cooked; then drain, and put them into the oven to brown. Put a cupful of good stock or gravy into the saucepan in which they were stewed, stir gently for a few minutes, add a glass of sherry and serve. Another way is to wash and trim them, removing the choles, fill the vacant place with forcemeat made with 2 oz. finely chopped suet, 2 oz. of unpressed veal, 1/2 oz. of breadcrumbs, a little chopped parsley and thyme, a shallot, pepper and salt, and grated lemon rind. Mix all with the beaten yolk of an egg. Bind the artichokes, when the stuffing is well filled in, with a tape, put them in a stewpan with good brown gravy sufficient to cover them, and let them stew gently till quite tender. When done remove the strings and dish with a little of the gravy thickened around them. Another way is to trim any number of artichokes, boil them in salt and water for a quarter of an hour, drain them well, then cut them in two, dip each piece into an egg, which has been well beaten, sprinkle thickly with fine breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling lard until they are a nice brown color; served with fried parsley. Artichokes fried in butter are also very nice.

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

DR. NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION

Is undoubtedly the BEST of Cough Remedies. 25c A Bottle.

DR. CHEVALLIER'S Red Spruce Gum Paste.

The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations. 25c a Box.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, Chemists, 1065 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Business Men

IF YOU WANT GOOD

PRINTING

TRY

THE ECHO

ESTABLISHMENT

329 St. James Street

MONTREAL,

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT

The Echo Printing Office

IS THE RIGHT PLACE

FOR

COMMERCIAL

AND

GENERAL PRINTING

GIVE US A TRIAL

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Labor Societies

WHEN YOU GIVE

ORDERS FOR PRINTING

Do Not Forget

THE ECHO

The Recognized Journal of Organized Labor for the Dominion of Canada

Our Prices are Very Reasonable

=The Echo=

PUBLISHED BY

The Echo Printing and Publishing Co

DAVID TAYLOR, MANAGER.

Subscription: - One Dollar Per Year.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies - - 3 Cents.

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

THE ECHO is published every Saturday morning at the office, 329 St. James street, and delivered in any part of the city or mailed to any address in Canada or the United States at \$1.00 per annum.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

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

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

All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, October 11, 1890.

DAY VS. CONTRACT LABOR.

The members of the City Council, or a majority of them at least, had another opportunity on Monday last of proving to their fellow-citizens that their sole ambition was to serve the best interests of the city, and failed to take advantage of it. The opportunity arose on an offer of Messrs. Basien & Valquette to pave St. Vincent street with wood on the same terms as Craig street, which, in spite of the opposition of Ald. Stephens and others, was ultimately accepted. The firm above quoted appears to have a remarkably strong pull with some members of the Corporation, whose sole desire appears to be to keep their hands full of work. Why this particular firm should be singled out for special favors is hard to understand, especially when we consider that the gentleman who has the supervision of the work has declared again and again that it can be done quicker, better and cheaper by day labor under control of the officials of the Corporation. The question is an important one for workingmen. They are directly concerned in its solution, and should take a note of those who voted against their interests. The opposition to contract labor in Corporation work is well founded. There are not the same inducements to rush it through in the slipshod way it is often done, and it means steadier work and a reliable paymaster for the workingman, with probably a better rate of pay, as the profits made by the contractor would fall to be apportioned among the workmen. Besides, with day labor there would be no long string of "extras" to foot after the completion of the work, which very often doubles the amount of the original contract price.

KICKING AGAINST FEMALE LABOR.

In almost every profession and occupation in life—from the doctor to the barber—women are forcing themselves forward in competition against the sterner sex, with the result that in almost every instance when first introduced, the innovation has been met with murmurings, remonstrances, mutiny and open resistance. Yet still they press forward with steady persistency, and day after day are opening up for themselves new paths in life's occupations. In a great many trades male help has had to give way almost entirely to female, and the question of female labor in competition with male is daily assuming a graver aspect and exciting the earnest attention of social reformers and political economists. Considerable opposition was, at one time, manifested towards "lady compositors" by that branch of the "Art Preservative," but the opposition gradually grew less bitter, till now printers have agreed to swallow their dislike and accept the inevitable. The object of the printer—the Union printer at all events—now is to have

his female co-laborer receive, ability being equal, the same remuneration as himself, that together from the same platform they may fight, side by side, to maintain the standard of their art. The latest case of resistance to the introduction of female labor has just come under our notice, the occasion being the appointment of a lady to the position of official stenographer in the courts. The legal profession is practically one of the strongest trade-unions in the country, and, unlike others, well protected by its laws. To prevent overcrowding numerous obstacles can be placed in the way of poor, however clever, aspirants to practice the profession; the lawyer's table of fees is a generous and very expensive one, and should an unfortunate client dispute the bill of costs there is a sympathetic brother lawyer on the bench to see that his brother on the floor gets all that he claims. Rules which have the force of law, are made for the benefit of the Union, or the Bar, as it is called, and penalties can be enforced against offending members. Now, this Union, or a portion of it, is becoming jealous. It sees the cloven foot in the employment for the first time in history of a clever lady in the courts, although only in a subordinate position, and it is well known that once a foothold is secured there are more to follow who will not remain content subordinate. They must be on top of the heap, and it is only a matter of time when they will be knocking at the door of the Union for admission, by which ladder they hope to mount to the bench. The arguments advanced in opposition to the appointment of the lady in question are too flimsy to be seriously noticed. She won her position, in open field, by her superior cleverness, and now no opposition to her employment ought to be of avail.

STATE RAILWAYS.

A meeting lately took place in London, England, which may prove to be the beginning of an important movement, as from small beginnings many great events transpire. The meeting was very small, but made up of "hustlers"—to use an Americanism—in the cause of social and political reform, and they met under the title of "The Railway Reform Association." The association is formed for the purpose of promoting the State purchase of railways, and why not State railways after State telegraphs? The British Parliament has already given recognition to the principle of the purchase of railways by the State, and the meeting affirmed by resolution that "the time had now arrived" when this should be done. Of course this in a sense is premature, but all reform movements must begin by affirming a principle not already recognized, and most thoughtful and earnest observers of politics will concede that the State purchase of railways is pretty certain to be one day accomplished. The root principle is that all railways being State granted monopolies, and rendered possible only by special state action, the nation at large ought to have the profit of their working. It may take some time to reduce that principle to practice, but it must occur to many that a beginning may be made long before general action is possible. The State has to guarantee the lines in any case, then why should not the State have the advantage of working them on liberal principles, not making dividends the consideration at the outset, but standing to secure the profit that would be pretty sure to accrue in time to a liberal and energetic management? The State purchase of the railways in the British Isles would only be an extension of the activities already flourishing under their control.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE DRESSES for children now selling for \$1.20 at S. Carley's.

BUY! BUY! in the flannel department at S. Carley's.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

From the annual returns of the British army, just issued, we gather that Tommy Atkins is deteriorating—physically we mean—that he is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less every year. Whether this will affect his dauntless courage we cannot say, we dare not even hint that it would, else we would have a whole brigade of liliputians down upon us. But the fact remains that in height and in chest measurement the men recruited for the British army have since, even so late as 1873, greatly decreased. The proportion per 1,000 under five feet five inches has increased from 69 in 1873 to 115 in 1890. Those over six feet could be numbered by 22 per 1,000 15 years ago. Now they are down to 17 and 18. There were 412 under five feet seven inches in 1873, now the number is 485. The same decline is seen with regard to chest measurement. In 1875 there were 608 men out of every 1,000 under 37 inches round the chest, and 392 at or over that measurement; now the former have increased to 657, and the latter decreased to 343. As recruits are presumably drawn from the same class of the population as they were 15 years ago, it would seem that the race is deteriorating. The standard of height and chest measurement required for the army has been reduced more than once, until men are now accepted who stand five feet three inches, with a chest measurement of 33 inches.

"Which is a Woman's Happiest Hour?" is a question just now puzzling the heads of American ladies, if we may judge from a correspondence that is going on in the columns of an American paper. Some curious opinions are expressed by the feminine writers, but none of them have given, so far as we have noticed, a definition of what they mean by happiness, a preliminary point of some importance. One lady, and a great many will no doubt agree with her, thinks that love is at the root of feminine happiness. "I honestly think that real happiness comes to a woman only hand in hand with love." A pessimist suggests that the happiest hour of a woman's life is her last—the hour when she knows that her toil and her troubles are over. This woman's stomach must be out of order, and she evidently requires a purgative. Another thinks that a woman's happiest hour in life is when, having brought the man of her heart to the point of proposing, she "makes him wait a minute or two for her answer." She must be speaking from experience and probably hard practice. Yet another says that her idea of happiness is plenty of congenial work, "and an attempt to realize in life Emerson's motto, 'Help Somebody.'" A sensible woman that!

Recruiting for the army in the United Kingdom, just now, appears to be almost at a standstill, there being great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of recruits. In some branches of the service, indeed, recruits are hardly to be obtained. This state of things is accounted for, in a great measure, by the prosperous condition of trade throughout Great Britain and the higher prices obtainable in the labor market. With a healthy condition of trade and steady employment at good wages for the working population, there is no desire to enlist. It is only when driven to despair through being "out of work" that the skilled artisan seeks refuge in the army from his troubles.

Is charity a luxury to the rich? That is the question which is being asked in Aberdeen, Scotland, just now apropos of the handing over of £300—the proceeds of a fancy dress ball—towards the erection of a convalescent home for ailing poor children. The

moral analysts of the Granite City are peening indignant diatribes against the acceptance of polluted lucre, collected by the means of a frivolous entertainment, and denounce the profession of sympathy for ailing children and the indulgence in delirious ball room mirth as a hideous incongruity. A subtle question this, with a concrete and direct bearing on the broader problem—does the end justify the means? Can men and women really be charitably disposed who give their help only in consideration of being entertained by the extravagant foolery of a fancy dress ball? No, say the purists. The method of raising the money is immaterial, retort the dancers.

In our last issue we drew attention to the case of a Scotch firm having been fined for working girls over time, and a correspondent writes us giving an instance in this city where a lithographic firm compelled young girls in their employment to work two or three hours over-time every night, and that without paying anything extra. As the correspondent does not give his name or address, we cannot make use of his communication; but we would advise him to place his facts, if facts they are, before the Factory Inspector, and rest the responsibility of action upon his shoulders.

The Central Trades and Labor Council has scored its first victory against the Corporation on the Water Tax question. The case arose out of the refusal of the Water Department to turn on water in a new house unless a deposit of \$5 was first made. The Assistant City Attorney admitted the illegality of the refusal by ordering the water turned on after proceedings had been taken, and orders have since been given the Department not to cut off or refuse to put water in new houses until the question is settled one way or the other. If the Trades Council is correct in their interpretation of the law, and the admissions of the City Attorney would seem to bear this out, the City Council are taking a cheery stand in fighting against the rights of the citizens with their own money.

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.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

At last Monday's meeting of the City Council the following voted against day work on Corporation work and in the interest of contractors:

Ald. GAUTHIER, LAMARCHE, J. M. DUFRESNE, TANSEY, GERMAIN, P. DUBUC, GRENIER, CUNNINGHAM, SAVIGNAC, P. KENNEDY, BRUNET, W. KENNEDY, WILSON, HURTEAU, J. B. DUFRESNE, A. DUBUC, CONROY, MALONE and PREFONTAINE.

And the following placed themselves on record in favor of day's work and in the interest of the people:

Ald. SHOREY, MCBRIDE, FARRELL, GRIFFIN, VILLENEUVE, HAMELIN, STEPHENS, THOMPSON, ROLLAND and STEVENSON.

Remember this on election day!

The following are the aldermen who retire on 1st February next:

Perrault, East Ward; Rainville, Centre; Stevenson, West; Conroy, St. Ann's; Clermont, St. Antoine; Griffin, St. Lawrence; Dubuc, St. Louis; Hurteau, St. James; Robit, St. Mary's; Prefontaine, Hochelaga; Germain, St. Jean Baptiste; Thompson, St. Gabriel.



DOMINION
Custom Made
PANTS!

\$3

TO ORDER

Inspection invited.

The Dominion Pants Co.,
362 & 364 St. James St., Montreal.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

OUR GREAT PLUSH SALE.

Our Great Sale of Colored Silk Plushes is proving a grand success.

LADIES, REMEMBER,

all our plushes are

24 INCHES WIDE.

Not 20 or 22 inches, but all 24 inches wide, and all of the LATEST SHADES. Not a few old and dark colors that nobody wants, but all the latest shades and new goods. Everybody should call and see this Great Bargain.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

Samples of our Great Bargain in Silk Plushes sent on application.

ALL-WOOL HENRIETTAS.

Ladies wanting a Bargain should come and see our stock of NEW ALL-WOOL HENRIETTAS; the finest goods ever shown in the city. Over 200 shades to select from all 46 inches wide.

All-wool Henriettas, 50c per yard.

All-wool Henriettas, 60c per yard.

All-wool Henriettas, 75c per yard.

All-wool Henriettas, \$1.00 per yard.

The only house to buy Henriettas at is

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

Samples of our All-wool Henriettas sent on application.

NEW PARIS DRESS PATTERNS

We have the most beautiful assortment of the LATEST PARIS DRESS PATTERNS ever shown in Montreal. Novelties that can be seen in no other store. Ladies should call and see them. Prices from \$5.00 to \$27.00 each.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

All Mail Orders have our prompt attention.

NEW COSTUME CLOTHS.

New Costume Cloths in Black and Colors now in stock. The best value to be found in the city. Note the prices: New Costume Tweeds, from 13c to \$1.00 per yard.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Samples of New Dress Goods sent on application.

BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS.

The public will be sure of getting the best possible value in all kinds of Dry Goods coming direct to

JOHN MURPHY & CO

1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST

MILLAR'S

Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale
Cream Soda, Cider, &c

To be had at all First-class Hotels
Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

CONFESSEDLY WITHOUT A RIVAL.

THE TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

ANOTHER FACTOR IN THE consolidation of social life, another agent in the realization of that which every thinking man and woman desires—

"THE Home Made Beautiful" the production by the

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

Linen whose

WHITENESS PUTS the Shame to

to shame, whose

GLOSS OUTVIES the Polish

Marble, whose

SWEETNESS ON THE TALENT

or in the presses, or on the person, is like sweetness and freshness and delicate primroses, or violets or sweet lavender

BEAUTIFUL LINEN, when

you wear it, or merely look at it, produces one certain result—

A FEELING OF CONTENTMENT and refreshment!

IF YOU NEVER have been in linen but when you BUY it,

RING UP 666, AND TELL

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

people to take charge of your washing, you will have it all the time as perfect as your most fastidious taste could desire.

CORNER CRAIG & ST. PETER STREETS.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Typo. Union No. 176 holds a special meeting to-night in their hall, No. 223 McGill street.

There has been a falling off in immigrants to this province this season from that of last.

Since the beginning of spring there has been built on the Darling property, on Notre Dame street, 83 new houses. Each house is divided into three tenements and they are all occupied.

There was a hose-reel competition on the Champ de Mars yesterday afternoon. Five stations competed. Rain and an unruly crowd, to a certain extent, prevented any record-smashing.

The police sergeants of this city have been supplied with polished rose-wood batons for use at parades only. The baton is ornamented with a cardinal red silk cord, tied to resemble a sword handle, which adds to the showiness of the article.

A young man named Alfred Morin was on Wednesday night last assaulted by two unknown men, shot in the arm and robbed of a gold chain. The affair took place on Mignonne street. Morin was taken to the Hotel Dieu and he is reported as progressing favorably.

The Dominion Quoiting Club held their annual matches last Saturday, which were very keenly contested. There were about twenty contestants and darkness set in before all could get played off. However, the three first places were decided, viz. Harry Oram, John Bannan and Frank Singer. The club was greatly indebted to Mr. D. Scanlan, W. J. Feeney, Geo. Ashton and others for valuable prizes.

Local Union No. 74 of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America will hold a ball on Tuesday, the 21st instant, in La Gaitie Hall, Panet street. The object of the ball is to build up their sick and benefit fund, and with this end in view their friends ought to rally to their support. Blazi's orchestra will furnish the music, and the admission fee is a mere bagatelle.

The Rev. Jacob Stroyer, a colored preacher who has been actively engaged in mission work amongst his race on the other side of the boundary, is at present in this city. Mr. Stroyer was born a slave, freed by Lincoln's famous proclamation, and has since devoted himself to study and mission work. He has written and published the story of his life in book form, which makes very interesting reading, being full of anecdotes and incidents of life in the sunny south during slavery days. It is well worth reading and the price is nominal. With the proceeds of the sale Mr. Stroyer intends still further to pursue his studies.

Judge Davidson, on Thursday morning last, rendered a very interesting and important judgment in the case of *Moise Lefebvre vs. Les Petite Freres de Marie*. The plaintiff claimed \$200 damages for alleged injuries inflicted upon his son Alfred, aged eight years, by one of the teachers of the school, Brother Ethelbertus. The pedagogue had caught hold of the youth by the ear and led him to the platform resistingly, where he administered a tap on the head of the urchin to make him kneel down. When the boy went home after school the cartilage of his ear was found to be fractured and bleeding, and it was over a month afterwards until recovery was complete. Judgment was given for the plaintiff—\$50 and costs.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

What's the matter with the "Shops" challenging the "Officers" to a game of lacrosse. Hammers vs. Quills.

Several of the young ladies over-the-crossing seem to require an unusual amount of "tooth-ache cure" and drinks of soda water lately.

"Ben Hur" is to be given by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, under the auspices of Grace Church Young Men's Association, in the Grand Trunk Reading Room, on November 3rd.

The three O'Brien brothers showed up well at the ranges last Saturday, the occasion being the annual matches of "C" Company, Royal Scots. They are the coming "shots" of the Point.

Thieves have been at work among the boat-houses above the Grand Trunk Boating Club's grounds during the past week. Parties having boats moored there had better look to their property.

The quoit match between W. Deegan, of the St. Gabriel Club, and A. McIntyre, of the Montreal Club, for \$50 a side, took place Thursday afternoon on the St. Gabriel Quoit Grounds, and resulted in an easy victory for Mr. McIntyre (who led from the start) by 22 points. The game was 61 points. Mr. Deegan was the winner of the first match (\$10 a side) with Mr. McIntyre, by 15 points in a 61 point game. Mr. Deegan and Mr. Trepanier, of the Montreal Club, are to be matched at an early date.

"Could not be better!" "The best paper for workmen and their families yet published!" "Bright and newsy, just the kind of a newspaper for the masses!" These are some expressions of opinion from prominent workmen of the Point when shown the first issue of THE ECHO last week.

On Tuesday evening a fair audience assembled at the concert given by the Point St. Charles Troubadours in the barber shop. Owing to the time occupied in toileting the audience, the programme did not begin till about 10 p.m., the principal feature of which was the excellent rendering of the famous French song, "Ailouette," which occupied about 23 min. 10 1/2 sec. of the time.

The Young Men's Association of Grace Church was formally opened for the season on Monday evening last. The Rev. Mr. Ker, pastor, occupied the chair. A programme for the season was drawn up, which includes (among others) addresses from the Rev. Messrs. J. Ker, J. Nicolls, L. N. Tucker, A. French, Dr. L. H. Davidson and W. J. White, Esq., B.C.L. The following officers were elected:—President, Rev. J. Ker, B.D.; 1st vice-president, Mr. W. McWood; 2nd vice-president, Mr. C. Manning; treasurer, Mr. E. T. Cocker; secretary, Mr. F. Price; as-sistant secretary, Mr. G. H. Intil. A cordial invitation is given to all young men to attend the meetings of this Association. The Young People's Literary Society also opened for the season on Thursday evening.

The Duffers from the "shops" (now called the Comets) were defeated in their return match with the Beavers on Saturday, the score being 3 to 1. The play on both sides was brilliant at times, but luck seemed to be with the Beavers. Nixon, Peirie, Myers and Collinson were the stars for the Comets; while Brown, Knox, Hannah and Sheiley were the most conspicuous on the Beaver side. The following were the teams: Beavers—Innis, Kennedy, Jenkins, Shelley, Knox, Archer, Cuthbert, Hannah, Brown, N. Wall, R. Wall, Henicker; captain Jim Brown. Comets—Minogue, Ritchie, Clark, Nixon, Myers, Peirie, Carroll, Surgeon, Green, Collinson, Hemsley, Turbull; captain, J. Beattie. The Comets have again challenged the Beavers, and the match will be played to-day.

A BAD RECORD.

Judge Dugas disposed of a number of cases in the Court of Special Sessions on Thursday. Henri Masson found that it was not advisable to go into the presbytery of a church to offer up his devotions in a town where he was well known. Henri's devotion, but not to religion, has caused him to lead the life of a recluse for the last fifteen years. He was arrested a few days ago for loitering in suspicious proximity to the poor box in St. Henri church, and was brought up before Judge Dugas to answer to this charge. It was, however, found that Henri was no stranger to the court, and that in fact the law officers had been anxiously seeking for him for over a year. The charge of loitering in the church was withdrawn and one of burglary preferred against him. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

Masson's career is quite a remarkable one. He is now only 31 years of age, yet he has spent twelve out of the last fifteen years in prison. He began his course of criminality when he was only about 16 years of age, and has apparently never fired in the race since. In the summer of 1875 he broke into a house and stole therefrom, and for this crime was sent on the 12th day of October in the same year for a two year term in penitentiary. He regained his liberty in the autumn of 1877 and kept clear, if not of crime, at least of the law for two years. He, however, fell into his evil habits again in 1879, and was sentenced to three years at St. Vincent de Paul in June of that year for another burglary in which he was implicated. He has also at various times been confined to gaol for short periods.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE STREET RAILWAY.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—In your first issue you very properly drew attention to the irregularities of the Street Railway service on St. Antoine street, but on other of its lines the same state of affairs is about as transparent. Living in the West End of the city I am a daily traveller too and from business by St. Antoine car line, and am too frequently an unfortunate sufferer from the painfully slow locomotion of the cars through delays on switches. It is evident, at all times, that somebody with a head is sadly wanted to systematize the running of the cars, or if they were run on a regular time table system (which I understand the law compels them too), the annoying delays and stoppages would not be so frequent. Coming down town the other morning the conductor drew up his car, after he had started, to wait for a woman whom he noticed signalling with her umbrella away at the bottom of Dominion street. Nearly five minutes had elapsed before she got on the car, and coming in sight of the first switch another car was seen standing there. Yet another passenger had to be waited on at Canning street, and the consequence was that on the other two switches on the way down a car was seen standing long before we got near it. Now, if this man had had to run by time he could not have thus delayed the whole system without running the risk of dismissal. I made enquiries of the conductor, and he told me he was not running on any time allowance. Again, this (Thursday) morning, when the car arrived at the St. Margaret street switch on the way down, no car was in sight coming up. The consequence was that, after waiting a few moments three gentlemen (myself for one) stepped from the car and walked the whole way to Victoria square without meeting a west bound car! I sincerely pitied the crowd who were left shivering in the open car on the switch.

Now, Mr. Editor, what I want to know is this; was I not defrauded out of my ride, and have I no recourse against the company?

Some time ago the police were instructed to time the cars at various points and see that a regular system was kept up, and the result was that they were run on fairly good time. Why was the practice discontinued? It is too bad that private citizens should be compelled to submit to this frequent annoyance or else assume the role of prosecutor to obtain rights which it is the duty of the City Council to see that he is protected in.

Yours,

A RESIDENT OF ST. ANTOINE ST.

CONTRACT VS. DAY LABOR.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—I notice that at last Monday's meeting of the City Council there were thirty members present out of a total of thirty-six. This is a good showing, and if the business passed had been as satisfactory as the numbers present, everything would have been all right; but only think of it, 20 out of 30 present voted for contract work over day work in opposition to the interests of the workmen who contribute a large proportion in comparison to benefits received and the amount of their incomes to the Civic exchequer. I do not see how the city cannot do our sewer and road work as cheaply and well as the contractors and save a large sum annually, which now goes into contractors' pockets in the way of profits. Contractors do not certainly work for the pleasure of serving the city, and I would like to know how twenty of our aldermen could vote against day work and consider themselves justified in doing so. By the city doing its own work the workmen would always be certain of getting paid punctually their weekly hire, and the work would be under one head and better material used. Contract work costs the city at least twenty per cent more than day work.

Yours, etc.,

A WORKINGMAN.

SHORTER HOURS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—I received a copy of your first issue and must say I liked it very much indeed, and will do all I can to help it along amongst my fellow-clerks. Could you not take up the question of ten hours a day work for the retail clerks. Everybody knows how many hours we have to work after mechanics and laborers are at liberty. If the workingman does extra work after six o'clock he is paid overtime, but we have to work to all hours and never have any time to enjoy ourselves. Some of our city papers took the question up for a short time, but seem to have dropped it entirely. I suppose all they want of the clerks and workmen is their money and support for their candidate around election times, and then when they have no further use for us in that way quietly ignore our rights.

A GROCER'S CLERK.

Johnny Dumpsey—"Say, mamma!" Mrs. Dumpsey—"Well, what is it, Johnny?"

Johnny Dumpsey—"When the cannibals eat a missionary, do they save his Adam's apple for desert?"

TO ADVERTISERS.

The question as to whether the weekly or daily paper is the most economical and profitable medium for the advertiser is open to discussion, and a prominent advertiser lately informed us that in arranging his advertisements with daily papers, he always would in future contract to have them appear once a week. The benefit to the advertiser depends largely upon the class of readers amongst whom it circulates. Not unfrequently one sees something advertised for which he has no immediate need, but which sooner or later he wants. In this respect the weekly paper has the advantage as an advertising medium, as in nine cases out of ten it is kept on file, and the advertisement can be readily referred to. In papers of more frequent issue the advertisements catch the eye of only those who are looking for them, while in the weekly paper they are almost certain to be noticed by every reader.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

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

SOLE AGENTS P. Q.

WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.

(Near McGill street, Montreal.)

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

Ronayne Bros'

BOOTS

SHOES

17 Chaboillez Square,

NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

Durable Goods. Moderate Prices.

"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.

Technical Books, of all description. Latest editions. Call and see us. Goods shown with pleasure to all.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,

Publishers & Booksellers & Importers

232 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.



J. TIGH & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Always on hand a Complete Stock of New and Second Hand Household Furniture.

Particular attention paid to Auction Sales at Private Residences. Advances made on General Merchandise and returns promptly rendered.

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CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

GREAT COTTON SALE!!!

Just purchased a large lot of Gray Cottons very cheap, which will be offered at much below regular rates. Sale began Saturday morning, October 4th, 1890.

S. CARSLEY.

CARSLEY'S SUITS

CARSLEY'S SUITS

SUITS

THE BOYS, THE BOYS,

CARSLEY'S PRICE

CARSLEY'S PRICE

SUITS

SUITS

THE LADY, THE LADY,

THEREFORE, BOTH AGREE TO

THEREFORE, BOTH AGREE TO

BUY

BUY

CARSLEY'S SUIT

CARSLEY'S SUIT

Boys' Clothing Department.

We are fast doubling all others in this Department. The increase of this year over previous ones is very large, especially this Fall the trade has been exceptionally good.

SPECIAL SPECIAL

200 Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.30

150 Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.35

100 Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.40

15 per cent. will be allowed off at the bottom of the bill for this special line.

This offer is without exception the best value ever placed before the public.

BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENT.

This Department has also grown very largely this year, and carries all the latest styles for the season.

BOYS' HARD FELT HATS, from \$1.65

BOYS' SOFT FELT HATS, from 75c

S. CARSLEY.

New Patterns in Dress Goods.

MANTLE FRINGES

MANTLE FRINGES

IN EVERY WIDTH AND STYLE

MANTLE RUCHINGS

MANTLE RUCHINGS

We are now showing a very complete assortment of Ruchings, in Black and Colors, at 50c yard.

MANTLE ORNAMENTS

MANTLE ORNAMENTS

The Trimming Counter is now crowded daily with eager purchasers, all unanimous in saying that the assortment is the best and prices the lowest ever seen.

S. CARSLEY.

Choice Shades in Dress Goods.

THE PERSIAN TRIMMING

FOR WEDDING COSTUMES

THE PERSIAN TRIMMING

FOR RECEPTION COSTUMES

THE PERSIAN TRIMMING

FOR PROMENADE COSTUMES

THE PERSIAN TRIMMING

FOR TEA GOWNS

The Persian Trimming in all Colors and Patterns, is the favorite for this season.

S. CARSLEY.

BLACK JET TRIMMINGS IN GARLAND

INSERTION

EIFFEL POINTS

Also, novelties in Beaded Sleeves, Braided Sleeves and the Beaded Waists.

S. CARSLEY.

Busy! Busy! Selling Dress Goods

STEEL TRIMMINGS

STEEL TRIMMINGS

A beautiful stock of Steel Trimmings in Insertion, Garland, Eiffel Points, with Steel Buttons to match.

S. CARSLEY.

DRESS AND MANTLE BUTTONS

DRESS AND MANTLE BUTTONS

In Mother of Pearl, Smoked Pearl, Oxidized Steel, Jet and Silk to match all shades of materials.

S. CARSLEY.

CHAMOIS SKINS

SIX FOR 33c.

CHAMOIS SKINS

The best value even shown in genuine Chamois Skins.

S. CARSLEY.

CHAMOIS SKINS

CHAMOIS SKINS

If you are requiring a really choice Chamois Skin, suitable for Under Vests, Protectors, &c., see the immense stock at all prices at

S. CARSLEY'S.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON

Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

Clapperton's Spool Cotton never breaks, never knots, never ravel, and every spool is warranted 300 yards. Always ask for

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

S. CARSLEY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Saturday's Lacrosse Matches - Miserable Weather. But Good Lacrosse.

The weather last Saturday was extremely unfavorable for out-door events, a drizzling Scotch mist prevailing nearly all day, with intermittent showers of rain, and accompanied by a cold, searching wind, that made the wearing of heavy overcoats a necessity. Everything was damp, chilly and forbidding. The mud near the approaches to the different grounds was indescribable and clung to the boots of pedestrians with a pertinacity that could not be shaken off. The playing grounds could hardly have been in a worse condition for fast lacrosse, being sodden with rain and slippery as grease, and it was a marvel how the players managed to keep their feet on the treacherous turf.

SHAMROCKS VS. TORONTO.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and the opposition attraction there were about 3,000 people on the Shamrock Grounds to witness the game between the wearers of the green and the representatives of the Queen City.

The game itself was practically a victory for the Shamrocks. From start to finish they were the aggressors, and Toronto played more or less on the defensive all afternoon. Not that the game was in any way one-sided. It was not. Every now and then the Shamrock defence had to hustle for all it was worth to parry the close, deadly assaults of the Toronto home. In fact it was an end to end match all through; but the balance of advantage was certainly with the home team and towards the end they played the Torontos to a standstill. At the expiry of two hours' play the referee blew his whistle for time through a misapprehension of the rules of the game, which declares that when games are even-up play must be continued until either side should score. After ten minutes or so had been lost play was resumed, but darkness set in before either side had scored and the game resulted in a draw—two and two.

MONTREAL VS. CORNWALL.

The exhibition game between the above teams was also well patronized, a large crowd braving the elements to witness the ex-champions and the present holders of the pennant in a final struggle. Both clubs put up strong teams, although the Cornwallers were nominally weakened by the absence of two of their regular team. The result was, so to speak, a walk over for Montreal, who were only hard pressed in one game—the second. This was due to the laxity of their centre fielders, who were altogether too eager to score, being away up on the home, and the consequence was a Cornwall fliediver uncovered. It is generally admitted that the Montreal home is one of their features, and this was fully illustrated on Saturday. Never did they give a better exhibition of hard work and quick combination play than on Saturday, not even when they had the famous "lightning home" of former seasons. The way they worked around the Cornwall defence was a sight to witness. The result of the match was a whitewash for the Cornwallers—4 to 0.

JUNIOR MONTREAL VS. JUNIOR SHAMROCKS.

The above teams played a match on the Montreal Grounds on Saturday, previous to the big exhibition match, and got two games each, when they were compelled to give way for the seniors. The match was declared a draw.

FOOTBALL.

The football season was opened on Saturday afternoon by the Third McGill and Second Victoria in the junior championship series. The match resulted in favor of the McGills by four points to one.

THE CHICAGO HANDICAPS.

The international handicap meeting was held at Parkside on Saturday last and was a brilliant success, notwithstanding the drizzling rain which fell all day. W. C. Skillington won the 100 yards in 10 secs., M. Remington won the quarter in 5 1/2 secs., T. H. Connett the mile and W. H. Morton (Salford Harriers) the five mile in 27 min. 26 1/5 secs.

THE DETROIT MEETING.

At the Detroit meeting Westing won the 100 yards dash in 10 1/5 secs., Remington the quarter in 5 1/2 secs., Owen the 220 yards in 23 secs., and Parry and Morris, both of the Salford Harriers, got first and second respectively in the two mile steeplechase. Morton won the five mile race.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Shamrocks play Torontos next Saturday (13th) in Toronto.

It is wonderful the number of people named "Jerry Hayes" whom you hear at a lacrosse match.

The old-time football rivals, Montreal and Britannia, will meet this season for the first time to-day.

The amateur running hop-step-and-jump record is held by James Connolly—namely, 44 feet 10 1/2 inches.

It is said that the Young Shamrocks have challenged the Capitals for the Intermediate championship.

Dick Guthrie, the well-known Montreal middle-weight, is rusticated out in Joliette, where he has a flourishing class of pupils.

It is rumored that the Senior League next season will be composed of seven clubs. Who are the newcomers? Echo answers "Who?"

It is said that the Crescents are to try for the intermediate championship next season and that the Capitals, of Ottawa, will enter the senior league.

In New York on Saturday last George Gray, of the N. Y. A. C., threw the 16 lb. shot a distance of 45 ft. 11 in., beating his previous record by a foot and nine inches.

It is stated that Bob Cheyne, the brilliant defence player of the Montrealers, will not play on that team next season, it being his intention to remove to Toronto.

At the Shamrock monthly meeting on Monday night last a notice was made of intention to move at next meeting that \$250 be devoted to the Irish National League.

The men in R. Mitchell & Son's brass works claim to have the best lacrosse team belonging to any one establishment in the city, they having twice "doused the glim" of the Electric Light Co. team.

The 25-mile bicycle record has been broken by W. Van Wagoner, of the N. Y. A. C. The time occupied was 1 hour 26 minutes, being five seconds lower than the previous record, and was made over a muddy road.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S NEW HOME.

Within the four walls of the Manhattan Athletic Club's new home very few of the comforts, pleasures and recreations of civilized man are unprovided for. In fact, the average man would consider it no hardship to be condemned to confinement there for a year or two.

He would find the cooking the best in the world. In winter and in stormy weather he could enjoy his meals in the finest club-house dining-hall in America, and in the summer he could order them served to him in the breezy, embowered roof-garden, far above the sordid clamor of the world.

From the windows of his spacious sleeping apartment he could view the passing show that takes its way along the choicest part of Madison avenue, and by touching an electric button he could speedily bring to his elbow a Manhattan cocktail plucked fresh from its native heath. His confinement would in no way interfere with his morning constitutional. From the door of his apartment a few steps would take him to an elevator which would deposit him, still in his pajamas, on the floor of the finest gymnasium in the world, then to run, to jump, to tumble—ground or left—to swing on the trapeze, to box, to fence, to cultivate his muscle after every fashion known to the modern athlete.

Supposing him to be a corpulent prisoner, anxious to reduce his weight, the elevator would then drop him to the basement, where he could stow for an hour in the Turkish or Russian baths. Then after an attendant six feet high, with the strength of a Samson, had rubbed him to his heart's content he could turn to the culmination, the crowning joy of the bath—the plunge. There he could dive without danger of striking his head on the bottom, and strive to break his swimming record in a stretch of water a hundred feet in length.

These preliminaries might dispose of the best part of the forenoon. Dressed and breakfasted he could easily kill a couple of hours in the billiard room, when by this time numerous congenial companions would have assembled. By this time he would probably feel a desire to prescribe for the needs of the intellectual man, and the library would enable him to do this most amply and with the finest discrimination.

Towards the end of the afternoon he could desire no finer divertisement than the scene presented in the gymnasium. Now he would appear there, not as a strong man, but as an admirer of other strong men. Seated comfortably in the gallery, with a soothing mixture within reach, he could enjoy a friendly contest between a pair of champion light weights, each a free life member of the Club for that reason, and observe a dozen of the best all-round athletes in the country doing their "work."

This is literally what could be looked forward to by a sensible man condemned to confinement in the new home of the Manhattan Athletic Club, at the southeast corner of Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street. Whatever his crime he would surely come out a better man. All there is in life that he could possibly miss would be travel or a tiger hunt. A visit to the magnificent structure and an inspection of its interior under the guidance of C. C. Hughes, the Club's popular secretary, will convince any one that nowhere else have so many of the good things of life been gathered together in one spot.

The last week in October will see the Club installed in its future home. The building occupies a plot of ground 125 feet square, from which a building worth \$150,000 was torn down to make room for it. This property, with the bare club house on it, is valued at \$650,000. The house is being furnished throughout in the most sumptuous style, and on the day the Club takes possession of it will represent a value of over a million dollars.

The erection of the building has been watched with interest. It is exteriorly as handsome and imposing as any structure for similar purposes in the city. Its owners claim that no other club in the world, either social or athletic or both, can exhibit anything to compare with it. This home of the Manhattan Athletic Club begins very deep down in the ground. There is a sub-basement on the Forty-fifth street side which is used for the boiler and engine rooms. The dynamo is also here which will generate electricity for the 2,500 lights of the building, and also a steam-pump with a capacity of 100 gallons a minute. This will distribute to all parts of the building the water of two artesian wells sunk in the sub-basement, and which will be used for every purpose except drinking.

A large part of the basement is taken up by eight bowling alleys of the most approved style. Between the alleys are four raised platforms designed to seat a large number of spectators during matched games. The Forty-fifth street side of the basement is occupied by a cafe and a lounging place for bowlers. Twenty-one feet back of the Madison avenue side of the building is a solid wall reaching from the basement floor to the floor of the first story. This separates the bowling alleys and cafe from the plunge and swimming bath. This plunge is the quiet pride of the club. It is 100 feet long by 21 broad, and ranges in depth from 5 1/2 to 8 feet. There is ample room in it for the daily practice of amateur and professional swim-

mers. Upon the platform are numerous dressing and rubbing-rooms. On the same floor, along the south side of the building, are located the Russian and Turkish baths. All the details of this, which might be called the aquatic department of the clubhouse, are most perfect. There is plenty of room for bathers and swimmers to lounge about and spend the day there if they choose.

The club does not restrict itself to the area of 125 by 125 feet, occupied by its building. It has undermined the sidewalk and street for the members who are fond of target practice. Under the Madison avenue sidewalk there is a rifle gallery with a range of 125 feet, and outside of that a pistol gallery.

The grand street entrance to the parlor and reception floor is on Madison avenue near the corner of Forty-fifth street. Another entrance on Madison avenue leads to the theatre on the second floor. To the left of the grand entrance is the reception room, and in the right the parlor, 62 1/2 feet long by 38 feet wide. From this splendid apartment one looks out upon Madison avenue through five windows each six feet wide.

The principal feature of the second floor is the theatre or concert hall, with its private entrance on Madison avenue. It has a seating capacity of 1,500. Its size is 107 by 62 feet, and it has a stage 38 by 24 feet, with dressing rooms and proscenium boxes on either side, and a balcony on the Madison avenue end. The ceiling of the theatre is 25 feet high. Folding doors connect it with the second floor parlors, which are 12 feet high.

The Club's gymnasium occupies the greater part of the third floor. Its dimensions are 109 feet by 97 feet. It is being fitted up in a style which seems likely to realize the desire of the Club that it should be the finest gymnasium in the United States. The apparatus is all of the most modern and approved sort. The accessories are arranged with a view to the greatest convenience and comfort of those who will practice there. Ample lockers, dressing rooms, drying rooms and three needle baths adjoin the gymnasium. Well up out of the way of the apparatus is a gallery running entirely around the building, which is arranged as a running track, ten feet wide, with fourteen laps to the mile. There is a boxing and a fencing room, each about 30 feet square. Forty feet above the floor of the gymnasium is a skylight 40 by 50 feet. Its height leaves ample room for the climbing ropes and upright ladders.

The floor above the gymnasium is occupied by the dining hall, extending along the Forty-fifth street side; numerous private dining rooms, the housekeeper's apartments, servants' sleeping apartments, ice-house and storage rooms, laundry, manager's and clerks' rooms, kitchen, pantry, scullery and service room. The main dining hall is 63 x 31. The private dining rooms at either end are so arranged that they can be used for small parties or thrown open and made a part of the main hall.

From the entrance to the dining hall is a stairway leading to the crowning feature of the club house, the roof garden and skating rink. The peaked iron roof is supported on columns resting on the walls, whose top is about breast high to one standing on the floor of the roof garden. Between these columns is a splendid view of the city, north and west. The floor is of concrete, which in cold weather will be flooded every night and present each morning a perfect skating surface. The water for this purpose is contained in large iron tanks at the south-east corner of the building. Recently 25,000 gallons of water were turned upon this floor, covering it to the depth of four inches.

The furniture for every room in the club will be new and specially designed for it. In about two weeks the building will be ready for its furnishings. These will be of the most appropriate and costly character. The dining service, glassware, china and cutlery will have stamped upon them the club's device, "Cherry Diamond," and the whole culinary department will be in charge of a celebrated chef.

In the new Manhattan Club-house ladies will be seen oftener and in greater numbers than at any other club in the city. The summer garden would be much less of the crack athletes who are members would never care to train themselves down fine if there were no bright eyes to watch and no soft hands to applaud their triumphs in the gymnasium.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N.Y., Richard Donovan, who was in some respects a most remarkable man. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan worked in a mill. One day he was caught in a belt, and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders. This misfortune did not discourage him, and, after recovering his health, he set about earning his livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he had lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders.

Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles, and built a box buggy and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could do with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in this town, and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He could pick up potatoes in a field as fast as a man could dig them. He could dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do.

SOCIAL GROWTH.

Even mid the ever-busy scenes of daily life it is well to sometimes pause and calmly review the silent forces to which the wisest statesman and most revolutionary plotter must alike bow. And this becomes the more imperative when, as now, so many are directing attention to the bases underlying all social evolution and seeking a firmer foundation for those changes to which all turn. But while it is not our intention to attempt any philosophical analysis of this great problem and thereby, probably, but add to the general confusion still there are some patent facts we may well take into consideration.

Taking for granted that every intelligent citizen, of whatever religious or political affiliation, equally desires the well-being and betterment of his race; that each and all alike have caught the modern spirit at least so far as to be conscious of a deep seated feeling of unrest and a hope for a more equitable social condition; that a change is not alone desirable, but in the very nature of things is being however unconsciously slowly evolved; and that out of the crucible of conflicting thought now so prominent in social adjustments there must come through "survival of the fittest" ideas of a clearer understanding of the social question;—we may well forego here any construction of a new panacea. Auguste Comte has well said:—

"The making of institutions in our day consists in parceling out the old political powers, minutely organizing factitious and complex antagonisms among them, rendering them more and more precarious by submitting them to election for terms; but in no way changing either the general nature of the ancient regime or the spirit which worked it. The pompous name of Constitution is then given to this piece of work, and it is consecrated to the eternal admiration of mankind."

But underlying all this agitation two general acts detach themselves and are well worthy more than momentary attention.

First, we find a reversal of attitude, as compared with the past, between lawyers and men of letters. In the past neither science nor philosophy concerned itself with social organization, that province being left to the administration of legists; while to-day from Herbert Spencer down to the embryo novelist the question of social growth is paramount. The crowning effort of scientific thought in this age is to directly connect Sociology with the sciences as a realm, equally under general law, and therefore not a hap-hazard arrangement of customs and precedents. So extended has become this critical inquiry that the legists have been forced into a subordinate position and where not mere apologists for and defenders of that which has been instituted under past conditions, are still unable to raise their eyes from their law books and utterly incompetent to grasp the great significance underlying the word progress.

Slowly and surely the current of thought has swept by them and it is only here or there that one seems to see, and that in a half dazed fashion, the guidance of social administration no longer needs their attention. In so far as social progress consists they bear about the same relation to modern needs as did the alchemists of the middle ages to the science of chemistry. Like them they offer us legal retorts and crucibles in which they propose to transmute all personal wills into another substance and from base alloy produce fine gold. Nowhere is their incompetency more strikingly apparent than in our legislative halls. Accustomed from the very nature of their profession to sell their services to clients, and "to make the worse appear the better reason," the very idea of rising above a fee to independent judgment is openly scouted as preposterous. With the ethics of their trade we are not here concerned though we are ardent not only our daily lives and tasks but that of the future as well is left to these mole-eyed "survivals" of outgrown conditions of thought.

Second, no thought is now more firmly established in the scientific mind than that Society is an Organism, which through language as its great artery has radiated out into customs, religions, science, literature, art, etc., and presenting the spectacle of organic growth. This being the case the new thought demands scope for growth, rather than treating it as a burdened ass to be driven by absolute legal bribes and whips as an organism its own inherent vitality enables it to survive the stupidity of its assumed leaders. Even as the ass will pass over food it cannot eat, so milate to search for what its nature craves no matter how scarce it may be in its enclosed pasture, so society is ever rejecting the provender so carefully selected by it. Time which makes all things even is continually rejecting compromise measures and illustrates above all in what is called "Statesmanship" the truth of Burns' lines:—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men, Gang aft aglae."

The moral is plain. Social growth will

not suffer in however great a degree of lawyers are left at home to see a from more credulous litigants rather than to seek it in legislative halls. White damage "ignorance" may do even when they replaced by farmers and artisans are not troubled with any fear that standard of sterling honesty will be least depreciated, and so far as we committed to the necessity of employ social tinkers to again mend what has often been mended, the introduction honest ignorance over the feed variety not but be conducive to social growth as much as they will have but the ability to interfere and institute react

ONLY FORTY-SIX CENTS

Cheap Prices Due to Low Wages and the "Song of the Shirt" To-Day.

Walking leisurely up the main business street of a city the other day I saw the display window of a large clothing establishment was entirely filled with artistic adjustment of white shirts, spacious cardboard was this notice, which I give verbatim:—

"One hundred dozen of these undereared shirts, all linen bosoms, cuffs, bands, at only forty-six cents."

Nothing strange about that! To the average passer-by, perhaps not. It is not attract attention, save to one in the article, or to a competitor in the trade. To me, however, it meant a deal.

Entering the store I saw the proprietor and asked if these goods were a part of the sheriff's or assignee's sale, as the price for their very low price.

"No, sir; they are a regular made and come from a first-class house in New York."

Continuing the conversation I asked: "You expect to realize something handling these goods, don't you?"

"I expect to; yes."

"And the jobber that took you had a margin of profits, I suppose?"

"That's what I argue."

"What about the wholesaler who the jobber: doesn't he receive some for his trouble?"

"He intends to make a living, no was the terse reply.

"There's the manufacturer; he has some share of the profits, isn't it?"

"That's what he makes shirts believe."

"Yes; then there is the raw material spinning, etc.; all must be added original cost. Now, how much suppose the girl receives that makes those shirts?"

The merchant shrugged his shoulders, gave me a searching look, and in a manner, as if he intended that he not be misunderstood, said, "I don't and it is not my business."

"Yes, it is," I rejoined: it is everybody's business. Only forty-six cents a shirt, bosom, cuffs and bands. The girl that made that shirt starved, sir; go on the streets, or die or go mad. I wouldn't wear them if you were to pay me for conscience wouldn't let me."

Noticing a look of incredulity mingled with scorn, I read him a cutting that I had only an hour before from an eastern newspaper:—

"Bangor, Me., July 27th.—On instant Blanche M. Abbott, of Bangor, eighteen miles down the river, she in this city. She had formerly a ready-made clothing factory very morning that the unhappy herself a man purchased a pair of shoes at a store in Brockport, Mass., of the pockets he found this note:—

"BUCKSBORO, Dec. 2.—I was what part of the world these room, and hope that the one them will send me a penny, as work at starvation wages to me."

"BLANCHE M. ABBOTT."

"Now, after reading this message tell me that it is not your business turned on his heel and left me."

A set of men like a hungry human wolves, conscienceless, to who goes down—whose life would crunch between the teeth greed and gain all hope, every honorable impulse of the heart and a pure life, and like the of Imperial Rome death would "surcease of sorrow" to these ing girls. Are they not as the the morning say, "Would I even!" and at even say, "We were morning?"

Talk about "the cry of the London?" The cry of starving girls of America almost makes "There is need of another cry for the world!"—Chicago Union

Irish & English is a Buffalo is English and English is an I

When a man visits New York after his return that his friend making arrangements to enter could not find him.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same.
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" And off he vaulted.
But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried, "Don't!" And the poor fellow dented.
When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.
Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come though with me, to the parson we'll go,
Say—wilt thou, my dear?" And she wilted.
Then gayly he took her to see her new home—
A cabin by no means enchanted.
"See!" Here we can live with no longing to roam,
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied!

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A porous plaster has its drawbacks.
To remove freckles—marry the girl and take her to your home.
Fortunate for chappie—Did her father kick? Yes, but he missed, thank heaven.
Bess—"I say, Ned, can you mend a racket?" Ned—"No sis; but I can make one."
The bridal trip often saddles the groom with outlay enough to make him a little sulky.
It was a Chicago girl who married at fifteen so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.
"His life has been a success, I believe?"
"Yes, indeed. He's been married four times; had the measles early, and never got left in a horse trade."
Visitor (to prisoner)—What brought you here? Prisoner—Misplaced confidence.
Visitor—How was that? Prisoner—I thought I could run faster than I could.
School teacher (severely)—You are half an hour late this morning. Little Boy who was kept in the day before—Yes m. It was late yesterday when I got home.
The difference between men's and women's ways is nowhere shown so plainly as in trouble. Where woman gives way to a flood of tears, man proceeds to put up a few dams.
Passenger—Why is it most men want to get a seat inside the car, if only to ride a short way. Conductor—I suppose it is because there are no seats on the outside of the car.
"Did you thank Mrs. Nabor when she gave you a piece of cake, Bessie?" "No, mamma; it was the last piece on the plate, and I knew there was no chance of getting any more."
"You are not the young lady to whom I give lessons," said the piano teacher.
"No. The young lady to whom you give lessons is sick and she has sent me to practice for her."
Self sacrifice: Boy (to lady teacher)—Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me! Teacher—Well, then, don't look at her! Boy—But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else.
She—Don't you think you had better have a shave? Your shoes are very dingy. He—Why they don't need it—they are patent leather. She—The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed.
Isn't it funny that Johnson could steal a hundred thousand dollars from a firm and yet have his books so fixed that the firm couldn't discover the loss? Well, you know Johnson always was clever at ledger-demin.
"Mr. Jones, you're mother-in-law."
"Oh, do not say that anything has happened to her." "Nothing has happened to her. Wasn't she so anxious about her safety?" "Why, man, she pays my rent every month."
Mamma—My dear, what are you doing? Little daughter—Making a pen wiper for my little sister. M—But you haven't any little sister. L. D—No, got yet, but Sally Stackup has just got one, and I know we always get everything the Stackups do.
At the depot: Flipper—I feel sorry for the poor immigrant over there. He wants to get a ticket for some place out west, but his English is so bad that no one can understand him. Flipper—It seems a pity that he can't express himself, doesn't it?
Chicago actress—I should like to have a part in your revival of "Cinderella." Theatrical manager—Do you think you can play the part of Cinderella? Chicago actress—No, but I'd do beautifully as one of the sisters whom Cinderella's shrew wouldn't hit.
Rowland Hill once declared that he would be willing to receive contributions of money for the spread of the Gospel if offered by Satan himself at the end of red-hot tongs. And an old colored preacher in Washington, during the lifetime of Thad Stevens, showed similar liberality of opinion. Meeting the grand old Commoner one day, the preacher said; "Mis'er

Stebens, ou' chu'ch is pow'fully in debt, sah, an' would yo' please gib us a lif', sah, dis mornin'?" Old Thad, thoughtfully put his hand in his vest pocket, pulled out a hundred dollar bill, and handed it to the colored brother, saying, "There, take that. I won it last night playing poker." The grateful Ethiopian took the money, bowed low in acknowledgment, saying, "Thank yo', Mis'er Stephens. De Lo'd moves in a myst'rious way his wonde's to pe'fo'm?"
A poor Irishman, who was on his death bed, and did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common-place reflection that we must all die once. "Why, my dear, now," rejoined the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me. If I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."
A gentleman on a walking tour stayed a night at a prim old lady's cottage, the inn being full. He was very deaf, and took care to impress the fact on his hostess, with instructions that some one must enter his room to wake him at a particular time in the morning. Waking of himself some time later, he found that the old lady, with a creditable regard to propriety, had slipped under his door a note inscribed: "Sir, it is half-past seven."
Dr. Moor, professor of Greek in Glasgow, was a rather natty as well as a learned man—that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular to the curl and powder of his wig. Scrutinizing about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the Professor, whispered to his companion in passing, loud enough, however, for the Doctor to hear, "He smells strongly of powder." Upon which the Doctor at once turned round and said, "Don't be alarmed, my brave young soldier; it is not gunpowder!"
Willing to Pay for Glory.
Judge—Well, Mooney, you are accused of beating your wife. What have you to say why you shouldn't pay ten dollars or take ten days?
Mooney—Who says I beat her, Judge?
Judge—The lady herself testifies to it.
Mooney—What! The old lady herself owns up to it? Well, then, I'll go a ten on it with pleasure, for I'll be dinged if it isn't the first time in all our scraps that she's owned up to coming out second best.
Nipped in the Bud.
A woman who appeared to be an excursionist was walking up and down Woodward avenue yesterday with a man's hat in one hand and a large calf skin wallet in the other, and an officer finally approached her and asked:
"Madam, are you looking for anyone?"
"Oh, no," she replied, "I know right where he is."
"Are you in trouble?"
"No, sir. I never allow anything to trouble me."
"But you—you—"
"It's just this way, sir. Me and my husband came in on the excursion. After we got here he began to frisk and cut up, and I proceeded to nip him in the bud. He's over there on the City Hall steps, bareheaded and without a cent, while I hold the key of the position."
At the Stamp Office.
Has postage been raised to two cents in the city?
Yes, m.
For letters?
Yes m.
Then a two cent stamp will actually carry a letter?
It will.
And a one cent one will not?
Not a bit.
Do you know Mrs. Blank?
No m.
She told me it's two cents in the city.
So 'tis.
She says she sent a letter to her husband in Toronto with a three cent stamp and he never got it.
I can't help that, ma'am.
Then three cents was plenty enough.
Plenty.
And her husband probably got the letter and didn't answer it?
Probably.
Well, I'll take a two cent stamp; but if there is any doubt about it I would rather send it for one cent. It will not go for less than two cents?
No m.
Will it be sent to-day?
Yes m.
Well, I hope so, for it is a very important letter. You know Mrs. D.—who used to live on Craig street?
No m.
Well, it's for her. She lives in Ottawa now. She asked me for the best way to pickle mixed—
The woman had to stand aside for two or three minutes, but as soon as the counter was clear she returned to say:
I've got the stamp on.
Yes m.
Two cents?
I see.
And it won't go for one cent?
No m.
And it will go for two cents?
It will.
If it don't!
And she probably did not sleep a wink that night.
Sad Event on a Notre Dame Street Car.
Two gentlemen resigned their places on a Notre Dame street car to a couple of ladies, one of whom, as she took the seat, was distinctly heard to say in a low but firm voice,
Thank you, sir!
The gentleman thus addressed started, turned deadly pale, grasped a strap in the car, and leaning forward, inquired of the lady:
Are you a resident of Montreal, madam.
Sir, inquired the lady in an offended tone.
Answer me, madam, I implore you, be-sought the agitated man. This is no time

for trifling. Are you a stranger or a Montrealer.
I have always lived here, she answered.
Can it be true, murmured the stricken man, and yet you wear no medals—no insignia of honor—nothing to show the difference! Why, I have travelled on this line ever since it was built, and no member of your sex ever thanked me audibly for a seat before.
Then kind and pitying friends led him from the car. The shock was too much, his brain was turned, and not even the assurance that such a thing would probably never happen again could restore him. Reason had fled.
Making Himself Solid.
The wife of Politicus, who had been electing onering, lets him in at three o'clock in the morning.
Politicus—"Lashkey won't work, d-ar, y' wife—"What have you been doing all night?"
Politicus (smiling)—"He! Making myself solid with the boys, nie!"
Wife—"No; sir, you have been making yourself liquid."
Queer Logic.
Stranger—What! You charge three dollars for carrying my valise to the station? Why, I can hire a cab for all that money.
Boy—Yes, of course a cab driver can do it cheaper. He has a cab, but I've got to carry it on foot.
THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.
The Eight Hour Question.
No man is willing to work ten hours a day when he can get the same pay for eight hours' work. Nor should he be. It is not likely, just there is an employer who prefers to see his men working ten hours rather than eight, merely for the pleasure of seeing them toiling. If he can get at a price which will enable him to compete with rivals, he will have no right to oppose the change.
Therefore, the effort in favor of the eight-hour day, which the American Federation of Labor proposes to make, should not be with an opposition based on hostility to the employer. It can be opposed only on the ground that it is destructive of values and trade if such is its effect. There need be no fear that the manufacturer will be obliged to enlarge his plant to turn out the quantity of goods which commerce calls for. It is shown that this is not to be the effect, no employer should stand in the way of workmen having what they ask for. It is time that there should develop itself in the minds of the employing classes a sense of responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-men.
To enjoy the bounties of nature and to indulge one's taste and vanity to the fullest extent of one's means is the undisputed right of an American citizen. But it will be advisable for everyone to follow the simple rules laid down by Benjamin Franklin, which read: First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companion. Secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains. But are these rules ever strictly observed now-a-days by any considerable portion of the middle classes. Whenever they are, that portion is prosperous. For any one who has honest employment at reasonable wages to make the inability to spend ten dollars for any purpose for which the expenditure of five would fully suffice the cause of a life of misery and discontentment, or to make it an excuse for robbing an honest, struggling employer or cheating an honest employee or serve as an instigation for threats of violence against society is certainly, to say the least, unreasonable and unjustifiable. For such to find it impossible to live upon five hundred a year as others can upon twice as much or more and then preach the uprooting of society's foundations or for them to stir the ignorant to mutiny is surely not evidence of good sense or good citizenship. Can any sane man approve of sweeping away even an injustice by the simple perpetration of further injustice. It is simply wicked for agitators to cause discontentment where satisfaction reigns.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.
JOS. BELAND, M.P.P., - - - PRESIDENT
LOUIS GUYON, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT
P. J. RYAN, - - - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY
J. A. CARON, - - - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY
J. THOMPSON, - - - FINANCIAL SECRETARY
G. VAILLANCOURT, - - - COR. SECRETARY
JOS. CORBELL, - - - TREASURER
JOS. PAQUETTE, - - - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. J. RYAN, 26 St. Philippe street.

M. WRIGHT
Begs leave to notify his friends and customers that he has removed from his late premises, corner of NOTRE DAME and ST. DAVID'S LANE, to
2124 NOTRE DAME,
(Opposite the well-known Drug Store of B. E. McGale), where he will keep a full stock of Heavy Wollens, consisting of BLANKETS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S CANADIAN AND SCOTCH UNDER CLOTHING, WOOL & CASHMERE HOSE, GENTS' SOCKS, also a complete assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas, etc.
M. WRIGHT,
2124 Notre Dame St.

OVERCOATS!
OVERCOATS!
Fall
and
Winter
Suits
and
Overcoats
for
Men
Young Men
Boys
and
Children.

SCHOOL SUITS
for
the
Boys,
SCHOOL
OVERCOATS
for
the
Boys.

SCHOOL PANTS
for
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THE EMPIRE
CLOTHIERS
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THE EMPIRE
Clothiers
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GENTLEMEN'S
BUSINESS SUITS
At the following prices:
\$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7,
\$7.50, \$8 to \$14.
Prince Albert Frock,
Morning and Sack
Suits a Specialty.
CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
PARLOR:
SUITS FOR BOYS,
8 to 16 years, \$3.50 to \$12.
SUITS FOR CHILDREN,
4 to 12 years, \$2 to \$8.50.
KNEE PANTS,
4 to 12 years, 75c to \$1.50.
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12 to 16 years, \$1 to \$3.50.

FALL & WINTER
SUITS
-AND-
OVERCOATS.
Our Bright New Stock
is ready for your inspection.
Gentlemen requiring a
Seasonable Suit or Over-
coat manufactured from
the best home and import-
ed goods purchase direct
from
-THE-
Empire,
2261 St. Catherine St.
(WEST.)
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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE ECHO.
One Dollar a Year. 329 St. James Street.

J. P. COUTLEE & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
(Sign of the Large Scissors and Triangle)
1516 NOTRE DAME STREET, 1516
(SECOND DOOR FROM CLAUDE STREET),
MONTREAL.

You can procure at this Store all sorts of READY-MADE CLOTHING. Clothing made to order at Ten hours' notice. The department of HATS and VALISES is complete and deserves the attention of buyers.
A first-class Cutter is attached to the establishment.
SPECIALTIES.—Suits made to order. Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs; Valises and Satchels. Also, a great variety of OVERALLS constantly on hand.

THE BEST TEA IN THE WORLD.
THE THISTLE BRAND
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
This Tea has been before the British public for many years, and has attained to such popularity as to be universally pronounced the BEST TEA IN THE WORLD.
It is packed in Half and One Pound airtight packages, and sold at 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

Bill Sinnett is a man who has never and does not yet belong to any labor organization, and like many more of his class, is always on the lookout for an excuse to justify himself in refusing to become attached to one. I believe Phil Garlic, at one time, tried hard to get him to join the K of L, but eventually gave him up as a bad job. Sinnett's stock in trade argument to all such solicitations was "You fellows don't know what you want; one wants to tax land, the other wants a graduated income tax; one wants the Government to assume control of railways and telegraphs, the other says this would discourage private enterprise and retard the growth of the country." It was in vain that Garlic pointed out that on great questions of principle the Order was unanimous; that its great object was to abolish the wage system, and that if its members differed at all it was only on the question of ways and means to accomplish this object. But no, Sinnett was out, and out he'd stop. Since then, however, he never misses a chance of hecklin' Garlic upon what he calls the the inconsistency of the Knights of Labor.

Last night he was at his old game; "here you are," said he to Garlic, "here's a paper that shows what kind of people you are. The Knights of Labor demand the enactment of laws providing for arbitration between employers and employed, and that the decision of the arbitrators shall have force of law. Now, here you have a paper, Le Trait d'Union, of the 2nd of October, whose owner and editor are both Knights of Labor, declaring that that demand is so utterly impracticable that it is surprised that the question is discussed at all. The article states that to enforce arbitration would completely destroy the liberty of contract of labor for which workmen have contended and suffered during long years. The question of salaries, it says, will always be one of contention, and this will only disappear with the modification of the mode of remuneration, and which the law is powerless to suppress. It has not done away with strikes in either France, England or Belgium, where councils of arbitration and conciliation exist; the most that can be said for it is that it has diminished their number, and that in cases of conflict, these councils have restrained the influence of men who, for gain or ambition have, by their counsel, rendered more difficult a good understanding between capital and labor. The article, in conclusion, warns Canadian workmen to study the subject before applying to Parliament for a permanent commission of arbitration. Now, here is more of your consistency, you and your order demand arbitration, and your Knight of Labor organ ridicules the idea."

"To begin with," said Garlic, "the Order of the K. of L. has only one official paper, and that is the Journal of the Knights of Labor and not Le Trait d'Union. In the second place, I question very much whether that article voices the opinion of anybody but the writer on this question of arbitration. We know from experience that boards of arbitration have done and are doing good, and for this reason we demand them. Even that article, though it professes to ridicule the idea, cannot help but bear testimony to the fact that it has diminished the number of strikes, and if it has done that then it has done good. And as to the assertion that so long as the wage system maintains, the amount of remuneration will always be the bone of contention between capital and labor, none of us deny that; but we contend that disputes arise between employer and employed not bearing

upon the question of wages which could be settled in a friendly way by councils of arbitration. Take, for instance, the New York Central strike. The men insisted on their right to organize; gold-bug Webb denied this, and inaugurated a systematic persecution of the K. of L. all along the line. Had the powers of the State Board of Arbitration been greater, or had the decisions of that board the force of law, that strike could have been prevented and millions of money saved to both sides. It is because we know this that we insist upon arbitration. To talk about liberty of contract of labor under the competitive system is all rot; can't you understand that when capital owns the tools of production with which you have to make a living it holds the power to reduce your wages to an amount barely sufficient to keep you alive; and can't you or won't you understand that competition compels the capitalist to use this power to its utmost. Are you so blind as not to see that all natural opportunities from which labor could derive a living are monopolized, are owned by speculators, landsharks and usurers, and that labor, in no case, can apply itself to nature direct without the payment to this tribe of all it produces excepting enough to maintain life and propagate its kind. As you increase this amount that labor must pay for the privilege of applying to nature direct you decrease the proportion of those willing or able to do so and force them to seek our large cities, there to enter into competition with each other in selling their labor; and then you talk about the liberty of contract of labor. The laborer has about as much of this liberty as a prisoner on bread and water has; the latter can either eat his bread and live, or leave it alone and starve; the former can do the same with his wages, and neither the one or the other will get fat on their diet."

"I agree with you," said Brown, "that courts of arbitration are desirable under certain conditions, and these are: 1st, That such courts or councils shall investigate all disputes between capital and labor on demand of one or both parties interested; 2nd, That they have power to compel witnesses, under oath, to answer questions put to them, even if such answer would incriminate the witness himself; 3rd, That the decisions of the council shall have force of law. Anything less would be as much a farce as that enacted in New York the other day. Each trade should have its own council who should be elected annually, one-half by the employer, the other half by the employees, the two parties to choose the chairman, who should have a casting vote in case of a tie. These councils should meet when called upon to do so and receive pay for actual working time lost by them and no more."

"And shall that council dictate to me," said Sinnett, "what wages I shall receive as though I was a helpless child unable or unwilling to look after myself?"

"Precisely," replied Brown. "We know, if you don't, that from an economic standpoint you are more helpless in the hands of your master than a child, and for this reason we would like to see you, in case of dispute, in the hands of men not directly interested in your quarrel, and we believe that more justice could be had for you from a council upon which you would be as much represented as what he is than if you was left to his tender mercies alone. In regard to the principles involved, who fixes the pay of the soldier, the man-of-war's-man, the Civil Service employee, the bailiff and others connected with public affairs, not even forgetting the cabman's fare who takes you home? Did you ever see a strike in any of these callings? And yet these people did not fix their salaries. No; both you and people like you will have to seek other cause to quarrel with arbitration. The independence of the individual has long since been superseded by interdependence, and the sooner you, and others like you, realize this the better for yourselves. BILL BRADEN.

REFUSING WATER.

A Test Case by the Central Trades and Labor Council.

A new phase in the water tax dispute came to light on Thursday morning in the shape of an action for \$3,000 damages, accompanied by a petition for a writ of injunction against the city, by an old lady named Clermont. The proceedings were taken under the auspices of the Central Trades and Labor Council, and the attorney in the case is Mr. Barnard. The facts as alleged in the declaration are that the plaintiff, who is poor and aged, having moved some two weeks ago into a new house, No. 259 St. Constant street, in the rear, and having asked the city to let the water in, she was refused, unless she paid down the sum of \$5. The plaintiff further alleges that her only means of support is a deaf and dumb daughter, who can earn but little; that the workmen who built the house having used the closets, the latter are now in a most filthy condition, which endangers the health of the residents; that the city is obliged to let the water into newly built houses when required to do so; that besides the illegality of the city's action in demanding the \$5, the refusal to give the water is an act of indescribable cruelty. Plaintiff then demands \$3,000 damages, and asks for a writ of injunction compelling the city to let in the water at once. No time was lost in pushing through the proceedings on the writ of injunction, and sharp at noon Messrs. Barnard and Ethier, with Mr. Lepine, M.P., Mr. Beland, M.P.P., and Mr. Helbronner, entered the judges' ante-chamber for the argument of the case before Judge Taschereau. Mr. Barnard having stated the circumstances of the case and ventured his former statement that there are no water taxes due at the present moment, Mr. Beland and Mr. Helbronner gave their affidavits as to their personal knowledge of the correctness of the facts mentioned in Mrs. Clermont's declaration.

Mr. Ethier then declared, on behalf of the city, that he had anticipated the demand of the petition and had just given orders to have the water let into the premises referred to whatever the circumstances of the case might be, reserving his rights, however, on the merits of the action taken. He therefore had no objection to the conclusions of the petition being granted. Judgment was accordingly drafted instanter, granting the writ, and Madame Clermont had a full supply of water by this time. The money side of the case will come up in the court later.

As soon as Mayor Grenier learned of the decision, he gave instructions to the Water Department officials to the effect that water must not in future be refused to occupants of newly built houses.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

To Organized Labor of America, Greeting:

For months past a systematic attempt has been made to destroy some of the most efficient unions of the iron moulding craft. The combination of the bosses and iron moulders, known as the Defence Association, has from time to time changed its mode of attack on the Iron Moulders' Union of North America, first about two years ago in attacking every local union throughout the country, and when defeated in this has now changed its tactics by concentrating its efforts to destroy a few of the local unions at a time; such is conspicuously the case in the Michigan Radiator Co. of Detroit, Mich., and the Co-operative Stove Works of Rochester, N.Y., and in San Francisco, Cal., where strikes for the maintenance of honor and principle have been in vogue for six months.

If there are some wage-workers so recreant to their trusts and duty, as to take the places of their fellow workmen engaged in an honest struggle, there is still another weapon to use which we can bring into effective play if we are but true to ourselves, hence the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor have resolved and through me do now request you to give your attention to the product of the unfair concerns of the Michigan Radiator Co. of Detroit, Mich., and the Rochester Co-operative Stove Co.

These firms manifest a desire to antagonize and are defiant of the power of labor to either win fair conditions or honorable treatment, hence we call upon you to do all in your power to induce our fellow-workmen and sympathizers with our movement

No More Misrepresentation!

ALL OUR GOODS SOLD ON THEIR MERITS.

Select Your Furniture from the Largest Stock in Canada.



FEE & MARTIN,

Palace Furniture Store,

357 to 367 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

to transfer their purchases in this class of goods to concerns or business houses more inclined to accord fair and honorable treatment to the just and reasonable demands of organized labor.

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

OUTRAGED AND MURDERED

Two Little Sisters Suffer a Terrible Fate at the Hands of a Villain.

Two little girls named Mary McGonagale, aged 14, and her sister Eliza, aged 12, were found dead in the woods about one mile from the village of Cumberland, Ont., on Wednesday afternoon. The two girls are the daughters of James McGonagale, who resides on John Gamble's farm, two miles from Cumberland. The children had been attending school there, were there on Tuesday, the 7th inst., and left for home with the other school children, but did not return, and their parents were not over-anxious about them, as it was a wet, stormy evening, and they naturally supposed the two girls had remained in the village, as they had previously done on a wet evening, staying at Joseph Foubert's. On Wednesday morning the father went to work as usual, supposing the girls were at school, but when five o'clock came and no children were home, the anxiety of the mother caused Mr. McGonagale to set out for the village, where he found that his girls had not been at school that day or since Tuesday evening. He then started to his brother-in-law's, Mr. Wilson, of St. Joseph, thinking perhaps the girls had gone to their aunt's. When he was absent the village men, thoroughly aroused, formed into several parties to search the woods for the missing girls, as it was learned that they were last seen half way home at five o'clock on Tuesday evening.

About ten Wednesday evening a party came on the two bodies, cold and dead, lying on their backs, with their heads together, in an unfrequented by-road, about an acre from the road to the village. The two girls were lying side by side, their clothes being deranged. The eldest, Mary, had a school book on her lap. Their tongues and eyes protruded, and a dark circle on each neck showed strangulation, with evidence of both being outraged. The coroner was notified, and an inquest is now going on. A warrant was issued for one Narcisse LaRoque, who had been seen on the road which the girls were on, and he has been arrested. County Attorney Maxwell and Detective Greer are on the way to Cumberland. Cumberland village is about sixteen miles from Ottawa.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The latest minstrel burlesque is called "The Kreutzer-Tomato."

Mrs. James Brown Potter is playing with an English company at Calcutta. George Melville has been engaged to support Fred. Bryton in his new play, "Jim."

Dan Lake, an old-time variety actor, died lately at Buffalo. He leaves a widow, who is on the stage.

C. Haddon Chambers has arrived from London to aid in the production of "The Idler" at the Lyceum.

Mrs. Langtry has leased the Princess theatre, London, and will open next month in "Antony and Cleopatra."

George W. Childs has begun attachment proceedings at Chicago against Edwin F. Mayo to recover judgment claim of \$1,281.

Henry Gremmels, jr., and Florine Jane Elliot, both trapezists of Barnum and Bailey's Circus, were married at Kansas City last Monday.

Paris is to have a theatre for deaf mutes, which will shortly begin its season with a new play by a deaf mute, called "Love and Death."

"The Pearl of Pekin" company lately disbanded at Philadelphia and a cloud of attachments, but has been reorganized under new management.

A number of managers, headed by Stuart Robson, have very properly begun a crusade against the indecent posters displayed on the walls by these travelling companies.

The Frankfort, Germany, police have interdicted the exhibition actress' pictures in windows, and have also forbidden their display in American cigarettes placed on sale.

Carrie Rodcliff a'd Master James Ferris, of the "Siberia" company were hurt and the scenery of "Kauka" and "Siberia" was badly smashed by a collision at St. Louis last Sunday.

The Only Thing He Was Fit For

"Tis three year ago," said the parent in grief
"Since I sent my son Billy to college,
He's back and its really my honest belief
He hasn't an ounce more of knowledge."

"He won't read the papers, has nothing to say,

Is as stupid as any old hen is,
Won't work, spends the most of his time
Every day

In playing croquet or lawn tennis.
"And to think what I've spent on his
clothing and things

For his sake puts me now in a fury;
He ain't fit for any position, by jings,
Excepting to serve on a jury."

Landlady—"Mr. McGinnis, may I ask what you are trying to find out on this pitch?"

Boarder—"I am trying, Mrs. Innes, to rescue an unfortunate fly from watery grave."