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MEETINGS.

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1711, K. of L.
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QUEBEC NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

QUEBEC, March 24th, 1892.

There would seem to be nothing of interest going on in the Ancient Capital just now. The press is busy selecting for the Government the new Legislative Councillor who is to replace the Hon. John Hearn. Custom requires that he should be succeeded by an Irish Catholic, and some unfortunate letter writer hazarded the statement that there was not one to replace him. Just now he must believe that there is a choice from a regiment of aspirants, any of whom will be insulted if their claims to preference are overlooked.

The relics of Canada's former barbarous inhabitants, the Huron Indians have addressed a letter to the new Provincial Premier, DeBoucherville, congratulating him upon the number of scalps he has recently taken. The letter was acknowledged in flowery language with a due reference to the moon. The new Premier probably wished them to understand that he appreciated their congratulations at their true worth, and his allusion to fair Luna was no doubt meant to imply that he was well aware of something which they the Huron Indians required and sought to thus obtain from the new government.

I see by press reports that Taylor's Alien Labor bill has again come before the Federal House and that great statesman, Sir John Thompson, of great intellect, has, so to speak, wrestled with and worsted it. If the meagre report that I have seen is correct, he begun by asking for a careful consideration of this bill, which was approved by a large section of the community, and wound up by moving the six months hoist. During the course of his remarks he acknowledged that the laborers on the border had suffered. Well he, the Minister of Justice, wants them to still continue suffering. He acknowledged too that the American bill hurt Canada, but then what have our Canadian statesmen to do with Canada's harm. Oh! just think of a cure in six months, after two years thinking! This portion of his remarks reminds me by the way of the story about the rheumatism cure, when discovered to be applied plentifully to the coffin. He also stated that Canada wanted to encourage immigration. Let all come in who would earn their living and the men imported could prosecute Sir Charles Tupper for bringing them in. But I would like to point out that the Canadian public have been told more than once that the importations had ceased. I would also like to call attention to the fact that the cities of Quebec, Montreal and Toronto are trying their level best to give work to their unemployed to save them from starvation, perhaps Sir John Thompson did not know this. He told Parliament that the United States act was harsh and extreme in its provisions and barbarous in its enforcement. Now it would follow as a very natural deduction that the apathy of our Canadian statesmen to the sufferings of Canadian laborers is tender and humane and that there is nothing barbarous about starvation, its Christianizing and chastening influence must of course be felt to be appreciated. Now for the Liberal side of the House. Lanier opposed the bill, and quite right. Oppose everything, and remain in opposition. Don't chop about Washington reciprocity treaties when there is a fair opening to give our American cousins a Roland for their Oliver. Let it quietly pass. By the way have not the Liberal party of the Dominion enough wit to create a sensation, it being all the go. They should advertise for a policy. If our Dominion Government shelve this bill it would appear as if the United States, having slapped Canada's cheek in the McKinley bill, the other one is turned to be likewise slapped by the American Alien Labor law. All that now remains us to do is to turn the patient round and kick somewhere else. Call it annexation.

Another matter, that of Chinese immigration and the action of the members of British Columbia seeking to diminish if possible the evil. They may as well not lose their time. The great corporation that governs the Canadian Government want passengers for their new line of steamships. They want cheap labor, so that settles it. John Chinaman fills the bill no matter if he be a leper. There is a leper colony at Tracadie, and another in British Columbia won't matter much, and of course our states-

men will never come in contact with this loathsome disease.

Apropos of the cheap labor question does it not seem more than passing strange that the Dominion Government just discovered that they would dispense with the services of a large number of their Intercolonial Railway employees on the eve of the trouble arising between the C. P. R. and its employees, and is it not equally strange that these same men should be employed to go out to the western section of the C. P. R. to replace the disaffected employees of that Company out there. Now as an impartial onlooker it would seem to me to be quite apparent that the C. P. R. are going to reduce working expenses and increase dividends and at the same time obtain what is called public sympathy. The first will be attained by reducing the wages of its employees of course, having begun by the conductors, as soon as the Company shall have ascertained the sentiments of the Brotherhoods, some of which have already declared themselves, I mean the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. They are as usual out of it. But when their wages are cut 50 per cent as it no doubt will in a short time follow out the Company's policy, then they will be in it. Now when the first object is achieved the second will follow as a natural consequence and the last to obtain public sympathy. Why the easiest thing in the world, that Company being desirous of reducing their freight and passenger rates for the benefit of the general public and the good of the country but more especially of the farmers who shall be thus enabled to market their produce at a much less cost than at present. Now this seems to be about the position, if press reports, and they too come over the wires of the Company, can be believed. Just to think of ordinary workmen earning from \$1,000 to \$1,600 a year, why one-quarter of that is too much. Of course if these railroad men can't live on wages so reduced, their wives and children can help by working in our factories just the same as the rest of our Canadian people, this will likewise be a benefit to them, as an object lesson in industry to the rising generation.

THE TRADES COUNCIL.

The adjourned regular meeting of the above Council was held on Tuesday evening last. The President, L. Z. Boudreau, occupied the chair.

Credentials were read and accepted from the Glass-workers, La National Assembly and the Iron and Steel-workers.

Delegate V. Dubreuil was elected Financial Secretary in the place of Mr. E. Pelletier, who has left the city.

Delegate Chatelet was elected Corresponding Secretary in the place of Mr. O. Fontaine, who has withdrawn from the Council, and Delegate Renaud was elected Sergeant-at-Arms.

Delegates Ryan and Lessard were appointed members of the Organization and Legislative Committees respectively.

The committee in charge of the election in Montreal Centre reported in full, and made specific charges against Delegate Deloge.

The report was adopted, and a committee of five was appointed to investigate the charges against Deloge.

An invitation to attend D. A. 19 Banquet was read and accepted.

The resignation of the Painters and Decorators Union was read and accepted, and it was unanimously decided that this Union would not be admitted again until they apologized for the insult offered the Council.

The resignation of the Tailors' Union was then read and the secretary ordered to write them asking for their reasons for withdrawing from Council.

The resignation of the Marble-workers Assembly was accepted.

It was decided to rent the same hall for another year.

A resolution of sympathy with the C. P. R. strikers and condemning the action of Mayor McShane and Chief Hughes was then unanimously adopted.

A resolution authorizing the Secretary to write the three members for Montreal, calling on them to support the Alien Labor bill now before Parliament was also unanimously adopted.

A notice of motion to amend the Constitution was handed in by Delegate Rodier. Delegate Jos. Beland was then authorized to continue in his efforts to procure from the Government 5,000 copies of the Treaty on Hygiene.

The meeting then adjourned.

TORONTO NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TORONTO, March 23rd, 1892.

There was a good attendance at the Trades and Labor Council meeting last Friday evening, and as usual, President Banton was in the chair. After routine proceedings the report of the Legislative Committee was taken up for consideration. Referring to bill now before the Local Legislature for the incorporation of a company to reclaim Ashbridge's Bay, and to enable such company to own the property so reclaimed, the committee praised Mayor Fleming for his active, forcible and manly efforts in favor of retaining to the city the fee simple of the marsh after its reclamation. "This is done," said the report, "the more heartily because in other matters his course has not seemed so favorable to the interests of the great body of the people." The hope was expressed that the bill would either be thrown out or submitted to a vote of the people. In reference to the strike on the C. P. R. it was suggested that in view of the great interests involved in a railway strike the Dominion Government appoint a commission of railway arbitrators with full power to settle disputes between railways, railway employees and the public.

The magnitude of the proposed Ontario ship railway prompts the committee to suggest that it be undertaken as a Government instead of a private enterprise. After brief debate the report was adopted.

The Municipal Committee's report was lengthy. As this committee had been, at the previous meeting of the Council, authorized to attend to certain legislative matters, its report also dealt with the Ashbridge's Bay reclamation scheme, giving a history of the marsh and the various changes of ownership. The Mayor's message favoring reclamation by the city directly was commended, and a strong argument was made against any proposal to sell the marsh rather than lease it. The report was adopted.

Delegate E. Glocking presented the report of the Education Committee, which regretted that the school board at last meeting did not recognize the principle of equal pay for equal work and increase the salaries of female teachers accordingly. The refusal to decrease the salaries of highly-paid officials was evidenced as showing that the board is in favor of economy only as a theory and not in practice. The hope was expressed that the school board would not attempt to frustrate the desire of the citizens as expressed at the polls for free school books. The opinion was expressed that all public schools should in future have sufficient play ground, a feature sadly lacking in most of the existing schools. After an intelligent discussion the report was adopted as read.

The Vice-President and Mr. Buet, of the Single Tax Society, being present, asked for a few minutes to address the Council. Being granted, they expressed satisfaction at the fact that the T. and L. Council was always found in touch with every effort of common interest to the people, and then asked the members of the various unions to circulate a large consignment of single tax principles, recently printed for free circulation. They received a capital reception from the members of the Council.

Under the head of "New Business" Delegate O'Donoghue, seconded by Delegate Cribben, moved, and it was carried unanimously,

That the members of this Council do hereby place upon record their earnest belief that any proposal to sell the marsh lands for \$200,000, or any other sum, involves a crime against the citizens of Toronto that in our judgment no city council should perpetrate.

Under the same head Delegate Watson secured the passage of a motion, equally emphatic in its language, condemning any extension of the street railway franchise from 20 to 40 years, as asked for in the company's bill before the House. After which the Council adjourned.

In 1872 the trades organizations in Toronto determined on striving for a 9-hour working day, and the Typographical Union (No. 91) inaugurated the movement. A strike was the result, and some of the members were arrested for conspiracy. After a time, however, the proceedings against those so arrested were dropped and the 9-hour day conceded. The Mail of Saturday last tells us that "On the 26th of this month the printers who took

part in the fight for nine hours will celebrate the 20th anniversary of the victory of 1872. The celebration will take the form of a banquet.

At a meeting of the Markets and License Committee of the City Council, held on Friday last, fish peddlars applied for a reduction in the license they pay but were refused, and the fee of \$10 for those using a horse and wagon and \$2.50 for those on foot remains. Inspector Aude reported in favor of compelling all bakers to weigh bread, except such as comes under the description of fancy breads. A decision on the question was adjourned.

By a bill introduced in the Senate of Canada on Friday last by Premier Abbott it is intended that the Immigration Branch of the Department of Agriculture is to be transferred to the Department of the Interior, under Hon. Dewdney. Whether this is to be a step from bad to worse remains to be seen. This bill also proposes that the Geological Museum branch be placed under the control of Hon. Mr. Carling, Minister of Agriculture. This step is certainly very appropriate, and in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things."

Pending a more detailed reference to the expenditure in 1890 as to immigration on the part of the Federal Government, I find by the report of the Auditor-General, laid on the desks of the members last week, that Agent Daly, of Montreal, continues to be very fond of hack-driving, the cost of which in that year amounted to \$349.05. In 1890-91 a bonus of \$5 per head was paid on 892 immigrants, making a total of \$4,450 in that item, and this while Canada's workmen were daily bating themselves to the United States to seek a living which could not be secured in their own country. But of course those who prefer cheap labor must have it provided for them. Again, the "philanthropists" who make a good living at this vocation imported 1,284 children upon whom the country paid a per capita bonus of \$2, making a total \$2,578. The report also emphasizes the fact that almost if not every immigrant reaching Winnipeg is obliged to become sick, for every year the charges for hospital care of immigrants are very large in the aggregate. For instance, in 1889 the sum was \$9,724.40, in 1890, it was \$9,003.60, while in 1891 it reached only \$8,000 even. For this little decrease we should be, and no doubt are, really very thankful—either to Providence for the decrease in sickness or to the officials who varied the figures to give an appearance of honesty.

In 1888 Messrs. A. F. Jury, of Toronto, Georges Collis, of Hamilton, and J. F. Redmond, of Montreal, were a legislative committee of the Order of the Knights of Labor, and were in official attendance at Ottawa during the parliamentary term of that year. In their report to the General Master Workman of that Order, after detailing as to their efforts and work in other particulars they say, referring to an interview with the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier, "We then called his attention to the injurious system of assisting immigrants to this country to compete with and lower the wages of those already here, in a labor market in which the supply is much greater than the demand. He assured us most positively that after April 27, 1888, the assisted passages would cease. . . . We then went to the Department of Agriculture and Immigration to request the Minister to still further reduce the expenditure for immigration. He assured us that no public money would be spent in assisted passages." And yet, despite these solemn promises on the part of two honorable (?) ministers of the Government—the Premier and the Minister of Agriculture—there was paid out last year for assisted passages no less than \$2,960.49. This amount does not take into account the bonuses already referred to for adults and children. The same report contained a lengthy reference to "a scoundrel of an immigrant agent named Watelet," and whose name, even in 1891, will not be unfamiliar to many in Montreal. Despite all that was proved against this fellow by the committee at that time, he has continued in favor at Ottawa, for in 1889 he received as bounty money \$365; in 1890 \$488, and last year he received \$50 in bonuses. How all these barnacles do stick to Canada's funds.

Bearing in mind that the Dominion Government is at the present session asking an enormous sum of \$199,325 for immigration purposes, and to that extent desirous of conveying the impression that business and work is prosperous and plentiful, let me draw the attention of the readers of the Echo to a

(Continued on Page 5.)

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SOCIAL THEORISTS TO ACT UPON.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

In the happy family of boarders, none of whom pretended to take the least interest in each other, nobody ever spoke to Mr. Maliphant, and nobody listened when he spoke, except Mrs. Bormalack, who was bound by rules of politeness, or took the least notice of his coming on his going; nobody knew how he lived or what he paid for his board and lodging, or anything else about him. Once, it was certain, he had been in the mercantile marine. Now he had a 'yard'; he went to his yard every day; it was rumored that in this yard he carved figureheads all day for large sums of money; he came home in the evening in time for supper; a fragrance, as of rum and water, generally accompanied him at that time; and after a pipe and a little more grog, and a few reminiscences chopped up in bits and addressed to the room at large, the old fellow would retire for the night. A perfectly cheerful and harmless old man, yet not companionable.

'Did you know my father, Mr. Maliphant?' asked Harry, by way of opening up the conversation. 'He was a sergeant, you know, in the army.'

Mr. Maliphant started and looked bewildered; he had been, in imagination, somewhere off Cape Horn, and he could not get back at a moment's notice. It irritated him to have to leave his old friends.

'Your father, young gentleman?' he asked, in a vexed and trembling quaver. 'Did I know your father? Pray, sir, how am I to know that you ever had a father?'

'You said the other day that you did. Think again. My father, you know, married Caroline Coppin.'

'Ay, ay—Caroline Coppin—I remember Caroline Coppin. Oh! yes, sister she was, to Rob—when Rob was third mate of an East Indianman; a devil of a fellow was Bob, though but a boy, and if living now, which I much misdoubt, would be but sixty or thereabouts. Everybody, young man, knew Bob Coppin—here he relaxed into silence. When he spoke again, he carried on aloud the subject of his thoughts—'Below he did his duty. Such a man, sir, was Bob Coppin.'

'Thank you, Mr. Maliphant. I seem to know Bob quite well from your description. And now he's gone aloft, hasn't he? And when the word comes to pass all hands, there will be Bob with a hitch of his trousers and a kick of the left leg. But about my mother.'

'Young gentleman, how am I to know that you were born with a mother? Law! law! One might as well—here his voice dropped again, and he finished the sentence with the silent motion of his lips.

'Caroline Coppin, you know; your old friend.'

He shook his head. 'No, oh! no. I knew her when she was as high as that table. My young friend, not my old friend, she was. How could she be my old friend? She married Sergeant Goslett, and he went out to India and—something happened there. Perhaps he was cast away. As many get cast away in those seas.'

'Is that all you can remember about her?'

'I can remember,' said the old man, 'a wonderful lot of things at times. You mustn't ask a man to remember all at once. Not at his best, you mustn't, and I doubt I am hardly at what you may call my tip-top ripeness—yet. Wait a bit, young man; wait a bit. I've been to a many ports and carved figureheads for many a ships, and they got cast away, one after the other, but dear to memory still, and paid for. Like Sergeant Goslett. A handsome man he was, with curly brown hair, like yours, young gentleman. I remember how he sung a song in this very house when Caroline—or was it her sister?—had it, and I forget whether it was Bunker married her sister or after Caroline's baby was born, which was when the child's father was dead. A beautiful evening we had.'

Caroline's baby, Harry surmised, was himself.

'Where was Caroline's baby born?' Harry asked.

'Where should he be? Why, o' course, in his mother's own house.'

'Why should he be born in his mother's own house? I did not know that his mother had a house.'

The old man looked at him with pity.

'Young man,' he said, 'you know nothing. Your ignorance is shameful.'

'But why?'

'Enough said, young gentleman,' replied Mr. Maliphant, with dignity. 'Enough said; youth should not sport with age; it doth not become gray hairs to—'

He did not finish the sentence, except to himself, but what he did say was some-

thing emphatic and improving, because he shook his head a good deal over it.

Presently he got up and left the room. Harry watched him getting his hat and tying his muffler about his neck. When things were quite adjusted the old man feebly tottered down the steps. Harry took his hat and followed him.

'May I walk with you, sir?' he asked.

'Surely, Surely!' Mr. Maliphant was surprised. 'It is an unusual thing for me to have a companion. Formerly they came—ah—all the way from Rotherhithe to—singing and drink with me.'

'Will you take my arm?' Harry asked.

The little old man, who wore black trousers and a dress coat out of respect of the day, but, although the month was December, no great-coat—in fact he had never worn a great-coat in all his life—was tottering along with steps which showed weakness but manifest intention. Harry wondered where he meant to go. He took the proffered arm, however, and seemed to get on better for the support.

'Are you going to church, sir?' asked Harry, when they came opposite the good old church of Stepney, with its vast acres of dead men, and heard the bells ringing.

'No, young gentleman; no, certainly not. I have more important business to look after.'

He quickened his steps, and they left the church behind them.

'Church?' repeated Mr. Maliphant, with severity. 'When there's property to look after the bells may ring as loud as they please. Church is good for paupers and church-wardens. Where would the property be, do you think, if I were not on the spot to protect it?'

He turned off the High street into a short street of small houses, neither better nor worse than the thousands of houses around; it was a cul-de-sac, and ended in a high brick wall, with a large gate-way in the middle, and square stone pillars, and a ponderous pair of wooden gates, iron-bound, as if they guarded things of the greatest value. There was also a small wicket beside it, which the old man carefully unlocked and opened, looking round to see that no burglars followed.

Harry saw within a tolerably large yard, in the middle of which was a little house of one room. The house was a most wonderful structure; it was built apparently of packing-cases nailed on four of eight square posts; it was furnished with a door, a window, and a chimney, all complete; it was exactly like a doll's house, only that it was rather larger, being at least six feet high and eight feet square. The house was painted green; the roof was painted red; the door blue; there was also a brass knocker; so that in other respects it was like a doll's house.

'Aha!' cried the old man, rubbing his hands and pointing to the house. 'I built it, young man. That is my house, that is; I laid the foundations; I put up the walls; I painted it. And I very well remember when it was. Let me see. Mr. Messenger, who was a younger man than me by four years, married in that year, or lost his son—I forget which, his voice lowered, and he went on talking to himself—'Caroline's grandfather went bankrupt in the building trade; or her father, perhaps, who afterward made money and left houses. And here I am still. This is my Property, young gentleman, and I come here every day to execute orders. Oh! yes—he looked about him in mild kind of doubt—'I execute orders. Perhaps the orders don't come in so thick as they did. But here I am—ready for work—always ready, and I see my old friends, too, aha! They come as thick as ever, bless you, if the orders don't. Quite a gathering in here, some days.' Harry shuddered, thinking who these old friends might be. 'Sundays and all I come here, and they come too. A merry company!'

The garrulous old man opened the door of the little house. Harry saw that it contained a cupboard with some simple cooking utensils, and a fire-place, where the proprietor began to make a fire, and one chair, and a little table, and a rack with tools; there were also one or two pipes and a tobacco jar. He looked about the yard. A strange place, indeed! It was adorned, or rather furnished, with great ships' figureheads, carved in wood, standing in rows and circles, some complete, some half finished, some just begun; so that here was a Lively Peggy with rudimentary features just emerging from her native wood, and here a Saucy Sal of Wapping still clothed in oak up to her waist; and here a Neptune, his crowned head only as yet indicated, though the weather-beaten appearance of his wood showed that the time was long since he was begun; or a Father Thames, his god-like face as yet showing, like a blurred dream.

Or there were finished and perfect heads, painted and gilded, waiting for the purchaser

who never came. They stood, or sat—whichever a head and shoulder can be said to do—with so much pride, each so rejoicing in himself, and so disdainful of his neighbor, in so haughty a silence, that they seemed human and belonging to the first circles of Stepney; Harry thought, too, that they eyed him curiously, as if he might be the long-expected ship-owner come to buy a figurehead.

'Here is property, young man!' cried the old man; he had lighted his fire now and came to the door, craning forward and spreading his hands. 'Look at the beauties! There's truth! There's expression! Mine, young man, all mine. Hundreds—thousands of pounds here, to be protected.'

'Do you come here every day?' Harry asked.

'Every day. The property must be looked after.'

'And do you sit here all day by yourself?'

'Why, who else should I sit with? And a man like me never sits alone. Bless your heart, young gentleman, of a morning when I sit before the fire, and smoke a pipe, this room gets full of people. They crowd in they do. Dead people, I mean, of course. I know more dead men than living. They're the best company, after all. Bob Coppin comes, for one.'

Harry began to look about, wondering whether the ghost of Bob might suddenly appear at the door. On the whole he envied the old man his company of departed friends.

'So you talk,' he said, 'you and the dead people?' By this time the old man had got into his chair and Harry stood in the doorway, for there really was not room for more than one in the house at the same time, to say nothing of inconveniencing and crowding the merry company of ghosts.

'You wouldn't believe,' said the old man, 'the talks we have nor the yarns we spin, when we're together.'

'It must be a jovial time,' said Harry. 'Do they drink?'

Mr. Maliphant screwed up his lips and shook his head mysteriously.

'Not of a morning,' he replied, as if in the evening the old rollicking customs were still kept up.

'And you talk about old times—eh?'

'There's nothing else to talk about, as I know.'

'Certainly not. Sometime's you talk about my—about Caroline Coppin's father, I suppose. I mean the one who made money, not the one who went bankrupt.'

'Houses,' said Mr. Maliphant; 'houses it was.'

'Oh!'

'Twelve houses there were, all his own. Two sons and two daughters to divide among them. Bob Coppin sold his at once—Bunker bought 'em—and we drank up the money down Polar way, him and me and a few friends together, in a friendly and comfortable spirit. A fine time we had, I remember Jack Coppin was in his father's trade and he lost his money; speculated, he did Builders are a believin' people. Bunker go his houses, too.'

'Jack was my cousin Dick's father, I suppose,' said Harry. 'Go ahead, old boy. The family history is reeling out beautifully. Where did the other houses go?'

But the old man had gone off on another tack. 'There were more Coppins,' he said.

'When I was a boy, to be a Coppin of Stepney was a thing of pride. Joseph's father was church-warden, and held up his head.'

'Did he really?'

'If I hadn't the Property to look after, I would show you his tombstone in Stepney Church-yard.'

'That,' said Harry, 'would be a great happiness for me. As for Caroline Coppin, now—'

'She was a pretty maid, she was,' the old man went on. 'I saw her born and brought up. And she married a sojer.'

'I know, and her three houses were lost, too, I suppose.'

'Why should her houses be lost, young man?' Mr. Maliphant asked, with severity. 'Houses don't run away. This Property doesn't run away. When she died, she left a baby, she did, and when the baby was took—or was stolen—or something—Bunker said those houses were his. But not lost. You can't lose a house. You may lose a figurehead; he got up and looked outside, to see if his were safe. Or a big drum. But not a house.'

'Oh! Harry started. 'Bunker said the houses were his, did he?'

'Of course he did.'

'And if the baby had not died, those houses would still be the property of that baby, I suppose.'

But Mr. Maliphant made no reply. He was now in the full enjoyment of the intoxication produced by his morning pipe, and was sitting in his arm-chair with his feet on the fender, disposed, apparently, for silence. Presently he began to talk, as usual, to himself. Nor could he be induced, by any leading questions, to remember any more of the things which Harry wanted him to remember. But he let his imagination wander. Gradually the room became filled with dead people, and he was talking with

them. Nor did he seem to know that Harry was with him at all.

Harry slipped quietly away, shutting the door after him, so that the old man might be left quite alone with the ghosts.

The yard, littered with wood, crowded with the figureheads, all of which seemed turning inquiring and jealous eyes upon the stranger, was silent and ghostly. Thither came the old man every day, to sit before the fire in his little red and green doll's house, to cook his own beefsteak for himself, to drink his glass of grog after dinner to potter about among his carved heads, to talk to his friends the ghosts, to guard his Property, and to execute the orders which never came. For the ship-builders who had employed old Mr. Maliphant were all dead and gone, and nobody knew of his yard any more, and he had it all to himself. The tide of time had carried away all his friends and left him alone; the memory of him among active men was gone; no one took any more interest in him; and he had ceased to care for anything; to look back was his only pleasure. No one likes to die at any time, but who would wish to grow so old?

And those houses. Why, if the old man's memory was right, then Bunker had simply appropriated his property. Was that, Harry asked, the price for which he traded the child away?

He went straight away to his cousin Dick, who, mindful of the recent speech at the Club, was a little disposed to be resentful. It fortunately takes two to make a quarrel, however, and one of those two had no intention of a family row.

'Never mind, Dick,' he said, in answer to an allusion to the speech. 'Hang the Club. I want to ask you about something else. Now, then. Tell me about your grandfather.'

'I can not. He died before I can remember. He was a builder.'

'Did he leave property?'

'There were some houses, I believe. My father lost his share, I know. Speculated it away.'

'Your uncle Bob. What became of his share?'

'Bob was a worthless chap. He drank everything, so of course he drank up his houses.'

'Then we come to the two daughters. Bunker married one, and of course he got his wife's share. What became of my mother's share?'

'Indeed, Harry, I do not know.'

'Who would know?'

'Bunker ought to be able to tell you all about it. Of course he knows.'

'Dick,' said Harry, 'should you be astonished to learn that the respectable Uncle Bunker is a mighty great rogue? But say nothing, Dick, say nothing. Let me consider how to bring the thing home to him.'

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PROFESSOR'S PROPOSAL.

When the professor called upon Angela that same Sunday morning and requested an interview, she perceived that something serious was intended. He had on, as if for an occasion, a new coat with a flower in the button-hole, a chrysanthemum. His face was extremely solemn, and his fingers, which always seemed restless and dissatisfied unless they were making things disappear and come again, were quite still.

Certainly he had something on his mind. The drawing-room had one or two girls in it, who were reading and talking, though they ought to have been in church—Angela left their religious duties to their own consciences. But the dining-room was empty and the interview was held there.

The professor had certainly made up in his own mind exactly what was going to be said; he had dramatized the situation; a very good plan if you are quite sure of the replies; otherwise you are apt to be put out.

'Miss Kennedy,' he began, with a low voice, 'allow me first of all to thank you for your great kindness during a late season of depression.'

'I am glad it is a late season,' said Angela; 'that means, I presume, that the depression has passed away.'

'Quite, I am glad to say; in fact,' the professor laughed cheerfully, 'I have got engagements from now to nearly the end of April, in the country, and am in treaty for a West End engagement in May. Industry and application, not to speak of talent, will make their way in the long run. But I hope I am none the less grateful to you for your loan—let me call it a loan—when things were tight. I assure you, Miss Kennedy, that the run into the country, after those parish registers, was as good as a week's engagement, simple as it looked, and as for that Saturday night for your girls—'

'Oh, professor, we were agreed that it should appear to be given by you for nothing.'

'Never mind what it was agreed. You know very well what was paid for it. Now, if it hadn't been for that night's performance and that little trip into the country, I verily believe they would have had to send for a nice long box for me, a box that can't be palmed, and I should have gone of in it

to a country where perhaps they don't care for conjuring.'

'In that case, professor, I am very glad to have been of help.'

'And so,' he went on—following the programme he had laid down in his own mind—and so I came here to-day, to ask if your interest in conjuring could be stimulated to a professional height.'

'Really, I do not know—professional? You mean—'

'Anybody can see that you've showed an interest in the subject beyond what is expected or found in women. What I came here to-day for is to ask you whether you like the conjurer well enough to take to conjuring?'

Angela laughed and was astonished, after being told by Daniel Fagg that he would honor her by making her his wife, but for certain reasons of age. Now, having become hardened, it seems but a small thing to receive the offer of a conjurer, and the proposal to join the profession.

'I think it must be the science, professor,' she said; 'yes; it must be the science that I like so much. Not the man who exhibits his skill in the science. Yes, I think of your admirable science.'

'Ah,' he heaved a deep sigh, 'you are quite right, miss; science is better than love. Love! what sort of a thing is that, when you get tired of it in a month? But science fills up all your life—people are always learning—always.'

'I am so glad, professor, that I can agree with you entirely.'

'Which makes me bolder,' he said, 'because we could be useful to each other, without pretending to be in love, or any nonsense of that sort.'

'Indeed. Now I shall be very pleased to be useful to you without, as you say, any foolish pretense or nonsense.'

'The way is this; you can play, can't you?'

'Yes.'

'And sing?'

'Yes.'

'Did you ever dance in tights?'

'No, I never did that.'

'Ah, well—it's a pity—but one can't expect everything. And no doubt you'd take to it easy. They all do. Did you ever sing on the stage, at a music-hall, I mean?'

'No, I never did.'

'There was a chap—but I suppose he was a liar—said you used to sing under an electric light at the Canterbury, with a character dance, and a topical song, and a kick-up at the finish.'

'Yes, professor. I think that 'chap' must certainly be written down a liar. But go on.'

'I told him he was, and he offered to fight me for half a crown. When I said I'd do it, and, willing, for a bob, he went away. I think he's the fellow Harry Goslett knocked down one night. Bunker put him up to it. Bunker doesn't like you. Never mind him. Look here now.'

'I am looking as hard as I can.'

'There's some things that bring the money in, and some things that don't. Dress-making don't; conjuring does.'

'Yet you yourself, professor—'

'Why,' he asked, 'because I am only four-and-twenty, and not much known as yet. Give me time; wait. Lord! to see the clumsy things done by the men who've got a name. And how they go down; and a child would spot the dodge! Now, mark my word—if you go in with me, there's a fortune in it.'

'For your sake, I am glad to hear it; but it must be without me.'

'It is for your sake that I tell you of it.'

He was not in love at all. Love and science have never yet really composed their differences; and there was not the least dropping of his voice, or any sign of passion in his speech.

'For your sake,' he repeated. 'Because, if you can be got to see your way as I see it, there's a fortune for both of us.'

'Oh!'

'Yes; now, miss, listen. Conjuring, like most things, is makin' believe, and deceivin'. What we do is, to show you one thing and to do another. The only thing is, to do it so quick that it sha'n't be seen even by the few men who know how it is done. No woman yet was ever able to be a conjurer, which is a rum thing, because their fingers do pretty for music, and lace-work, and such. But for conjuring, they haven't the mind. You want a man's brain for such work.'

'I have always,' said Angela, 'felt what poor, weak things we are, compared with men.'

(To be Continued.)

Westbromwic Albion defeated Notts Forest on the third attempt in the semi-final for the English football cup, leaving the struggle for final honors between Albion and Aston Villa.

Lord Sheffield's cricketers will close their Australian tour with the third match against All-Australia, which begins at Adelaide on Friday. The two previous matches have resulted in defeat for the Englishmen.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

While at college in my nineteenth year, two of my classmates had a quarrel. The old spirit of chivalry was not yet dead—at least, not in the hearts of those who had been too young to serve in the war. Between my friends the challenge was passed, and a duel had to be fought.

I was fondly attached to both, and, although I had not been chosen as a second, I felt a close personal interest in the affair, and employed my efforts ineffectually to stop it. The meeting was to occur on a certain morning at sunrise. On the night preceding it I found myself unable to sleep, so deep was the sorrow that beset me. Accordingly, about 11 o'clock, I left my bed, dressed myself, and went out for a walk.

It was in May. The wild plums were in bloom, and the clear sky was filled with the soft radiance of a full moon; a sweeter night never was sent upon earth. I walked for miles along the beautiful and lonely lanes, noting the banks of Cherokee roses making ready to burst into blossom in the hedges.

But I could think clearly of nothing but duels; and out of the list which memory spread before me was one which encompassed me fully. Years ago, when I was a child, there lived with us a handsome, dashing young man—my mother's brother—whom we children idolized. In the neighborhood was another young man—his friend; and by some unhappy fatality these two untamed spirits fell apart, and a duel came of it. My uncle was the victor, for his antagonist fell, with a bullet in his heart; but what a fearful victory was that! It had been kept a secret till all was over; and then my father was bowed with shame and my mother with grief. Upon the whole community rested a dark cloud, and at the funeral many an unaccustomed tear was shed. My uncle left the country and had a strange history—but that is irrelevant here.

All the details of this terrible tragedy passed in review before me. I was thinking upon it, and grieving dumbly over it, when—

"Stop, there!" quietly and firmly commanded a voice before me.

I halted; and there, in the full light of the moon, stood the cloaked figure of a man. His attitude was menacing. His slouch hat was drawn low down over his face, and his long cloak covered his form completely. Still, there was something in his pose and in the tone of his voice that recalled almost forgotten memories.

"What do you want?" I asked. "I have very little money, but—"

He made a gesture of scorn. "It is not money I want," he answered; "it is a duel with you."

I was not so badly frightened as I would have expected myself to be; and not being much afraid, I had my wits at command.

"A duel," I asked, smiling. "Men fight only after a quarrel and to avenge an insult. I am not aware that there has been any trouble between you and me."

"Not directly," he replied; "but remotely there has been."

"Explain yourself."

"Eleven years ago your uncle killed me in a duel. I want satisfaction from you for that."

The substance of the challenge was so absurd that I could only laugh, and then give vent to a little raillery.

"It seems to me," I said, "that my uncle himself would be the proper person to challenge."

(His answer to this I must decline to print. It is sufficient to say that it was a satisfactory explanation of my antagonist's course in declining to challenge him. It was clear enough that I was the only male relative of my uncle who could stand in his place in this particular emergency.)

Strange to say, I regarded the affair as serious. Even though the stranger might not be the ghost of the dead man (and I did not believe he was), but was taking this way to frighten me, and perhaps have some sport out of me for the amusement of companions he might have in hiding close at hand, I felt that in any event I must fight him. A spirit of recklessness came upon me, and yet the absurdity of it all was apparent.

"I am willing to fight you," I said; "but you must reflect that a duel with pistols can not be fought without seconds."

"I am so well aware of the fact," he replied, with a smile, "that I have brought swords." Upon that he produced from underneath his cloak a bag, from which protruded two sword-handles.

All difficulties being cleared away, he slipped the bag from the weapons and exposed two beautiful rapiers. It so happened that I was something of an expert in the handling of this weapon, for from the foil to the rapier is an easy step.

Before accepting one of the proffered weapons threw off my coat and my antagonist dropped his cloak. Then a very strange spectacle fell upon my vision; for whereas the man had been all black before, he was white now, and a faint, luminosity was emitted from him. We threw aside our hats, and there, in the full moonlight, I recognized him distinctly as the man whom my uncle had killed eleven years

ago, grown not a day older, but youthful and virile, and yet unearthly of aspect, but apparently ponderable. For a moment I was helpless with dismay, and my sword-arm hung limp. He went upon guard and waited for me to do the same. I delayed—I think it was fear that took the nerve from my arm.

"Guard," he cried, impatiently, "or I'll kill you! With that, he made a straight and vicious thrust at my breast. A quick retreat saved me. Realizing that my life was certainly in the issue, my old cunning returned, and, before he could recover to send home another lunge, I was on guard and had his rapier aloft. With that one touch the devil awoke in me, and the spirit of desperate combat worked in my veins. And what a splendid weapon I felt was in my hand! Never had I handled steel so lithe and responsive, and never was music sweeter than that I heard when our blades, flashing in the moonlight, slipped upon each other and rang upon the guards. We stood thus a moment; then he made a furious onslaught, doubtless intending to turn my nerve; but I was ready for him, and after a few passes, during which I had been solely upon the defensive, I discovered that I had a serious advantage in skill.

In other words, unless an accident should happen, I held my man's life on the point of my rapier; but I did not want to kill him, nor even hurt him; so I called for a parley, and begged him to stop the silly encounter. He shook his head, and a malignant light shone in his eyes.

"But I am the more expert; I can kill you," he protested.

"Guard, — you!" her cried, as his weapon came up.

I was ready for him; and, seeing that he was determined to have my life if he could, I went in to wing him. He was furious, and I was cool. He gave me an opening, and I ran my rapier through his jugular. I saw the point of my weapon enter his neck; but imagine my dismay when I felt no resistance at all, and had drawn out a blade as bright as ever! What could I think? He paid no attention, and yet I knew that I could not have been mistaken. But though much confused, I determined to carry the contest to an end. We had hot and close fighting. Soon I had another opening, and ran him clear through the body.

Again I felt no resistance; again I drew out an unstained blade. What would any one have felt in so extraordinary a situation? I gasped and staggered back, dismayed and terrified. He came upon me furiously; the next moment I felt his rapier in my side. A blindness and a sickness assailed me. The moon swung across the sky and turned black, and darkness and obliteration overcame all my faculties.

When next I knew anything, I was lying in the shade of a tree at midday. The weather was far too hot for spring. The place was strange to me. I remembered the duel, and put my hand to my side. There was neither pain nor soreness. Then I discovered that there was no puncture in my shirt, and, what puzzled me more, I saw that the clothes which I wore were entirely unfamiliar to me. I got to my feet, feeling weak; but I went along a road, which was near, until I met a horseman. In reply to my questions, he made it clear that I was at least two hundred miles distant from the spot on which the duel had been fought, and that two months had passed since that strange event. Confused and ashamed, I went from the road and examined my side, and there I found an ugly scar, such only as a rapier could have made, and it was still red from recent healing. This scar is in my body now. Upon returning to my family (the college session having closed long since), I was welcomed as one returned from the grave, for the whole country had been searched for me. Afterward, I myself made a long and tedious search for some clue to my whereabouts during those blank weeks, but nothing whatever could I find, and there I was compelled to let the matter rest.

Child Labor in Rhode Island.

The first annual report of the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics, A. H. Goodman, has been presented Rhode Island Legislature. It is entirely devoted to the subject of child labor. The report shows that out of a State population of 345,506 in 1890 the number of children employed was 5,273, or one and one-half per cent., and that in 1870 the population of children employed was two and one-half per cent., since which time there has been a steady decrease in proportion. By far the greatest number of children are employed in the cotton and woolen mills, the cotton industry leading. The returns do not show that any children under ten years of age are employed in the State, but on this point the Commissioner says:

"Yet we often see little ones going to or coming from work whom we believe to be under that age. But when questioned they invariably and promptly, too, give their ages above what their appearance would indicate. This is a matter which should receive the special attention of truant officers, and some means should be devised to obtain the correct age of every child in the State.

The Bureau has no authority to enforce the present law or the power to reach the facts in relation to the age of these children."

The Commissioner recommends that the law be so amended that no child shall be permitted to work in factories, shops or mercantile establishments, under the age of 13, instead of 10 years as at present. The limit in Massachusetts and Connecticut is 13 years.—The Voice.

THE BASILISK.

An Eight Limbed Dragon With Wings and a Horrible Eye.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of mediæval folklore, says the St. Louis Republic. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg, laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight-limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. The name is derived from basilicos—meaning a little king—and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown, possessed a comb, which was an exact counterpart of the cocks.

Pliny, that rare old gossip, assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case, that its breath was suffocating and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in belfries, to prevent swallows from nesting there.

If you have read the popular stories of the day you have noted many allusions to the "basilisk glitter" in some hero or heroine's eyes. This "glitter" was the basilisk's main stock in trade. With it he is said to have darted death to every living thing he looked upon. Some old historians tell us how a pet basilisk climbed the walls of an Asian city which Alexander the Great was besieging and killed over 200 of his soldiers by simply gazing down upon them. All plants withered when this monster fixed his eyes upon them, with one single exception, rue. The crowing of a cock would kill every basilisk that heard it.

Smoking for Women.

A writer in a medical journal, while defending the practice of cigarette smoking in moderation, took the bold step of advocating an extension of it to the other sex, and advising that women should find a refuge in it from the minor ills of life. Tobacco smoking, he maintained, was one of the best and most harmless sedatives that we possess for harassed and agitated nerves, and as women are more subject to nervous disorganization than men, it was obvious that they would find an even greater use for such a sedative than members of the sterner sex.

It was the constant insistence of the small worries of life, rather than its greater griefs and troubles, that upset the equanimity of mankind, rendered them liable to the insidious attacks of nervous complaints, and sometimes made them the victims of premature old age. Much misery was caused by the adoption among womankind of sedatives that were by no means harmless, and much suffering might be saved to them if they were not debarred by public opinion from making use of a sedative which is allowed to the other sex, and which would be infinitely more soothing and efficacious than those which they are frequently driven to use.

From a logical point of view the argument seems not only fair, but a very strong one. Who is it who suffers most from small worries? A woman. Whose nerves most easily affected? A woman's nerves. What is the best and most harmless sedative for distressed nerves? Tobacco. Therefore let a woman smoke tobacco. The justice of such a contention would be manifest did we not suspect that the premises are not altogether to be relied on. Take only that particular one which relates to tobacco; we do not think it will pass a very close scrutiny.

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There is gold for all in the world's broad bosom, There is food for all in the world's great store; Enough is provided if rightly divided; Let each man take what he needs—no more.

Shame on the miser with unused riches, Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard; Who beats down the wages of the digger of ditches, And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel And selfish measures have brought him wealth, While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel Are robbed of comfort, and hope, and health.

Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage, Bought by the labor of half paid men— Men who are shut out of home and marriage And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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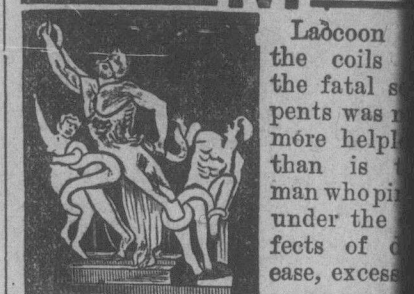
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THE RAILWAY STRIKE

The strike of conductors and trainmen on the western division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which at one period threatened to extend throughout the whole system of that company, has fortunately come to an end, and on terms which the men, we believe, are right in claiming to be a substantial victory. All the discharged men are to be reinstated and the trifling matter in dispute is to be left to the arbitration of members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Whatever the officials of the company may say to the contrary, every unprejudiced observer can arrive at no other conclusion than that the men were forced to the extreme measure of either striking in a body or face the alternative of being discharged singly as fast as their places could be filled. The company were determined, if possible, to kill the Order of Railway Conductors and Trainmen. The course adopted by Superintendent Whyte amply proves this, and subsequent events only go to verify the statements to that effect made by the men. For some time previous the company had been engaging men in the Lower Provinces to take the place of those black-listed, but the prompt action of the officers of the Brotherhood rather upset their calculations. The coup d'etat came before the company's plans were thoroughly matured, and the consequence was demoralization among the officials and disarrangement of the train service while the strike lasted. Fortunately for the business of the country and the convenience of the travelling public, it did not last long or spread to the Atlantic seaboard, where the full force of the partial stoppage of transit would have been felt with most severity. In thus giving heed to wiser counsels, the company have been saved an enormous expenditure of money and the business community serious inconvenience and loss. To sum the matter up: The men have suffered the loss of a few days' pay, partially covered by their strike allowance, and the C. P. R. have spent several thousands of dollars in securing scab labor, now to be thrown upon its own resources, which the taxpayers of Canada will doubtless be called upon to recoup in the shape of another raid by the company upon the national purse or in the form of extended privileges.

The company's policy of agreeing to leave the question of increased rates and time allowance for detention to be settled by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was a masterly stroke, and worthy the genius of the gentleman who controls the destinies of the road. It was flattering to the Brotherhood and calculated to

make secure their loyalty at a critical time, as it is an open secret that a large number of the members of that organization were opposed to the neutral stand taken by the body and outspoken in their demand that they should cooperate with the strikers, as they believed their interests to be identical, and the defeat of one branch of the service meant an attack upon the other in the near future. This sop to the Engineers' Brotherhood is also pleasing to the public, as the company are made to appear as acting in a magnanimous and friendly spirit. But it was not actuated by any such motives. The company scented a possible danger, and took the wisest course to steer clear of the rocks.

IN THEIR TRUE COLORS.

Mayor McShane has been guilty of a good many mistakes during his term of office, but we question if ever he has committed himself so badly as he has done recently in permitting an armed force of police to go upon an expedition to terrorize peaceable citizens of a distant territory. The cheerful alacrity with which he acceded to the demand of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company proves beyond a doubt that his frequent protestations of love for workingmen have been only the mouthings of a place-hunter. This action shows him up in his true colors as a truckler to the grinding policy of a domineering corporation, to serve which he betrayed the interests of the citizens, whom he was bound to regard first, by withdrawing protection from them and their property. The questionable legality of the expedition ought to have made him think twice before consenting to such an outrage. His active abettor, the Chief of Police, will have some difficulty in reconciling his claim for additions to the force with his evident readiness to dispense with the services of three dozen picked men for an unlimited period. We are glad to notice that Ald. McBride is to bring the matter up at the next meeting of the Police Committee. There is abundant room for a large-sized row, and we hope when it does take place it will be of such dimensions that there will be no danger of a repetition of the incident in the future.

There was one feature of the expedition very disappointing, and that was to find so many of the force willing, nay, even anxious, to volunteer for the unsavory work of intimidation, a task which has hitherto been the prerogative of the mercenary thugs employed by the Pinkertons. The expedition was not directed against lawless ruffians, but against a respectable body of men standing up for their principles and asserting their right to combine in defence of these. This ought to have counted for something with the police, who would have shown a higher and nobler spirit had they spurned the invitation of the Mayor and Chief to act as hired bullies for a blood-seeking corporation. A contemptuous refusal would have gained them the sympathy of all workingmen, which now they have forfeited. A mendacious correspondent of an evening contemporary gives a glowing account of how our "gallant band" of city police, through the terrorizing influence of loaded revolvers and truncheons, made a few passive spectators "move on," and he gloats over the fact that one of them was thrown to the ground by a bully who took refuge behind a shooting iron. From all accounts there never was, in the short history of the strike, any necessity for the employment of an armed force, and those who are responsible for this movement against organized labor should be called to strict account. It says much for the good sense and orderly bearing of the men on strike that no collision between the opposing forces took place, as the aggravation was undoubtedly great.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A delegation of members of the Executive Committee of the T. & L. Congress of the Dominion will wait on the Dominion Government to-day for the purpose of discussing the Alien Labor Law and other labor measures elsewhere referred to in this issue. The delegation will be composed of Messrs. U. Lafontaine, Montreal; L. Routhier, Quebec; Geo. W. Dower and Charles March, Toronto; and E. Lavigne, Ottawa. The delegation will be introduced to the Ministers by Mr. A. T. Lepine, M. P.

The way is again being paved to give the scavenging contractor a further extension of his contract. This was what we prognosticated long ago would be the end of all the promises made by the Health Committee in relation to a thorough and scientific system of street cleaning and destruction of garbage. There never has been any real intention on the part of the committee to take the city's scavenging into their own hands; this much is plain enough from the way they have dallied with the question, and its members must plead guilty to either of two indictments—unwillingness or incapacity. Until the citizens take it into their heads to sack the present committee and pay a board of commissioners to look after the health of the city there never will be any improvement.

Another corporation wants to get a slice of the civic property, the grab this time being a portion of one of our best breathing places, Fletcher's Field. After they do get it, which they will undoubtedly if the citizens do not immediately make themselves heard in opposition, they will fence it in and charge its owners an admission fee for the privilege of walking on it. Ald. Clendinning has promised he will oppose granting the Exposition Company a single foot of ground, and we trust he will act up to his good intentions and that he will be well seconded in his efforts.

The proceedings in the House of Commons incident to the introduction of Mr. Taylor's Alien Labor bill is not calculated to give much encouragement to the friends of organized labor. The leaders of both sides of the House opposed the principle of the bill, Sir John Thompson moving the six months' hoist. The attitude of Hon. Mr. Laurier in regard to the bill is not so much to be wondered at seeing he is opposed to protection generally, but it was hoped the leader of the government would not have so clearly declared against granting some measure of protection to Canadian labor seeing so much has been done for its manufacturers. A cable despatch states that great activity prevails in shipping circles in Liverpool and that the first steamer of the Allan Line will carry nearly one thousand immigrants. The majority of these, no doubt, will come into competition with Canadian labor, the market for which is already greatly overstocked. Canada cannot be made the dumping ground for pauper immigrants—white or yellow—without retarding its social and material advancement.

It is rumored that the British Government are meditating a great wheel about on the Eight Hours Miners Bill, and that on the second reading of that measure a very unexpected coup may be witnessed. Whether these reports are well founded is uncertain, but many of the supporters of the Government are very uneasy over the Miners' Eight Hours Bill. This measure stands in a different position from the general question of an eight hours day. The proposal, so far as it affects miners, has friends in the Cabinet, and a considerable section of the Tory party are prepared to support it. The story is that the Government will not meet the bill with a direct negative, but will ac-

cept the principle, subject to local option. In other words, they will accept the principle of an eight hours' day in these districts where a decided majority of the miners choose to vote for it. This would be a complete change of front on the part of the ministry; but the people are accustomed to changes and surrenders on the Tory ministerial benches.

UNDER CAPITAL'S IRON HEEL.

Not Yet the Reign of the Golden Rule for the Employed.

(Special to the Witness.)

KINGSTON, Ont., March 23.—The Rev. D. McCormick, in an address to the workingmen, said: "The age is mercenary beyond compare. It is so honeycombed with selfishness as to be able hardly to hold together, so pock-marked with greed as to be hardly recognizable. It is a break-neck race for wealth, the smart picks up the plums, the weak are snowed under, the slow are left. The conscientious look on in amazement and thrust their empty hands into their empty pockets to keep their fingers from freezing, brain goes for little, goodness for nothing, cheek drives its team claiming both sides of the road and both halves of the loaf, and getting them too. This is truly a greedy age, grasping, hungry, cadaverous, which nothing can satisfy but gold, a sordid, heartless and unfeeling age. The man with the muck rake meets you everywhere, with skeleton fingers clutching at straws, with protruding eyes searching for chips, eating dust and muttering between each mouthful: 'Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.'

"In the race for riches in this age of competition, more especially since this yellow fever set in, the human machine has been worked at too high a pressure. This machine has feelings, can think, can talk. If he were to speak aloud and express his feelings, he would be discharged, and as he has a wife and child for the most part, it pays best to be silent, dumb, not to speak, only to think and brood. One thing he has managed to say, that in his opinion there must be a screw loose somewhere, or else why such long hours and such short wages. By dumb signs more than by open speech he has appealed to pity, equity, humanity, Christianity, but to no practical purpose. Now at the eleventh hour and in sheer desperation he goes to Parliament, and asks for the eight hour day. Workingmen, beware of grandmotherly legislation, keep as far away as you possibly can from the House of Commons, and exhaust all the resources of reason and civilization before you help to rivet a cast-iron yoke round a man's neck. The next turn may be your own. If we must have legislation, let it not be forgotten that we cannot legislate for humanity in the bulk, nor for workingmen as a body.

"The shortest and surest way to the workingman's millennium is not through legislation, strikes, councils of arbitration nor trades unions, but through a better understanding between capital and labor, employer and employee. This will come to pass when the golden rule becomes the law of every workshop and factory in this and other lands."

X X

Old Chum

(CUT PLUG)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG)

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

D. Ritchie & Co.

Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada.

Montreal.

Cut Plug, 10c. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Plug, 10c.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Plug, 20c.

X X

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

Tailor-Made Clothing!

BOYS' ETON SUITS
BOYS' COLLEGE SUITS

FIRST COMMUNION SUITS.

Splendid selection of Boys' Black Suits suitable for the above occasion.

Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits
Youths' Tweed Spring Suits
Youths' Morning Suits
Youths' Reefer Suits
Men's Tweed Suits
Men's Morning Suits
Men's Frock Coats and Vests

Largest stock of Boys' Clothing to select from in Canada.

S. CARSLEY.

She: "So you loved and lost, did you?"
He: "No, she returned all my presents."
—Extract.

MILLINERY!

Misses' Trimmed Spring Hats, \$1.75
Misses' Trimmed School Hats, 50c
Children's Trimmed Spring Hats, 50c
Misses' School Caps, 35c
Boys' School Caps, 25c
Boys' Scotch Caps with Buckle, 25c
Children's P & O Caps, 20c
Children's Cloth Tams, 35c
Children's Turkish Fez, 50c
Ladies' Travelling Caps
Gentlemen's Travelling Caps

Children's Spring Headwear, in Plush, Silk, Velvet and Cashmere, all leading shades.

S. CARSLEY.

Mrs. W.: "I know I'm cross at times, John; but, if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same."
Mr. W.: "I have my doubts about it, my dear."
—Extract.

Ladies' Underwear.

A full set of 5 pieces of Ladies' Underwear, plain tucked, \$1.25

A full set Lace Trimmed, \$1.55

A full set Trimmed Embroidery, \$2.75

Servants' Mob Caps, 3 for 25c

Ask to see the New Dorothy Cap for Servants.

Servants' Checked Muslin Aprons, 2 for 25c.

A new stock of Children's Pinafores at all prices from 18c.

Children's Lawn Pinafores.

Children's Muslin Pinafores.

Children's Cambric Pinafores.

Children's Holland Overall, 20c.

S. CARSLEY.

Mrs. Naggsby (impatiently): "Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!"

Nora: "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Naggsby: "Now, what's the baby crying for?"

Nora: "'Cause I drapped him mum."
—Extract.

The Glove Store of Canada.

MEN'S GLOVES

An unlimited variety of Men's Gloves for Spring just received.

SPECIAL LINES

Men's Kid Gloves, with 2 patent hooks, 85c pair, Embroidered backs, \$1.00 pair.

Heavy Kid Gloves for Driving in all the latest shades.

Cape Gloves for Driving and Walking.
Dogskin Gloves from 55c pair.

Antelope Gloves
Undressed Kid Gloves
Buckskin Gloves
Mock Buck Gloves
S. CARSLEY.

Men's Braces.

Large shipments of Braces in all the leading styles just received.

DE BRETTEES

Exhilarator Brace, the only Chest expanding Brace made.

ENGLISH MAKES

Strong Elastic Web Brace, extra long
GUYOT'S FRENCH BRACES

Boys' Braces, in all sizes
Youths' Braces, in all sizes
Tubular Berlin Braces
Military Braces

Men's and Boys' Shoulder Braces
S. CARSLEY.

"I see you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month!"

"Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house."
—Extract.

NECKWEAR!

LONDON NOVELTIES

All the leading novelties in Neckwear just to hand, comprising some of the handsomest goods that have ever entered this city.

Latest shapes in Ties
Latest styles in Ties
Latest shades in Ties
Latest designs in Ties.

New Derby Ties
New Four-in-Hand Ties
New Sailor Knot Ties
New Puff Ties
New Windsor Ties
S. CARSLEY.

RIGBY WATERPROOF.

The Rigby Waterproof Coats and Cloaks for both Ladies and Gentleman. The store in Montreal for them is

S. CARSLEY'S.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

S. CARSLEY'S.

The Rigby Waterproof Coats and Cloaks for both Ladies and Gentleman. The store in Montreal for them is

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S. CARSLEY'S.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Somebody, I forget who, once told me that there was a 'sucker' born every minute, and that every day or so someone else was ushered into this world to catch them," said Phil. "At that time I thought that my friend did not state the case correctly; I could not believe that either he or Thomas Carlyle were right in supposing that most men are fools, but observation and experience have taught me different. I know now that there are more fools than ever he or Carlyle imagined. The world is full of them. Take, for instance, this English naval demonstration in Egypt; what does it in reality mean? Why, this: That the Salisbury Government, which has gradually been losing its hold upon the English people, is arousing the Jingoism of Great Britain to carry it to power at the coming election. And the British taxpayer, the sucker who pays the expense of this piece of brag and bluster, he'll take the bait all right when the time comes, never fear. Then take the glorious Republic south of us; this is the year in which the free and independent citizen elects his President, and so the Republican party first dares Chili fo step on the tail of Uncle Sam's coat and then devotes the time between now and November to twist the tail of the British lion over the Behring sea matter, not because it cares anything about the seals, but because by this piece of spread-eagleism it hopes to be again returned to power. And the Yankee sucker who pays the bill for this jig of Uncle Sam's—he, too, will take the bait all right. And while thus the attention of the great mass of the people is diverted from watching and guarding their true interests, which lie nearer home, we see capital quietly combining in the one country by organizing the International Trust and Mortgage Company, with unlimited millions at its back and the ablest financiers of both continents at its head, and in the other by consummating what is known as the 'Reading Deal,' which places the coal consumers and miners of America practically at the mercy of one corporation and beyond the protection of the State. And while the Englishman boastfully sings that 'Britons Never Shall be Slaves,' and the other fellow whistles the 'Star Spangled Banner,' while both are astride of the Jingo mule of nationalism, capital is quietly preparing the thongs with which to bind labor and make it more helpless and dependent by far than ever the chattle slave of the south has been. While the Canadian workman has been cheering himself hoarse over the success at the polls of a political party which has for its avowed purpose the spoliation of the class to which he belongs, the greatest and greediest monopoly of the country has quietly declared war upon organized labor, and now threatens to demolish the only bulwark that stands between him and slavery. While in the eyes of the C. P. R. magnates it is a crime for the workmen to organize for mutual protection, and while a servile press upholds them in their views, not a word is heard in protest against the formation of the Dominion Cotton Mills Trust, which places the cotton operative and consumer alike at the mercy of a capitalistic organization. And yet that organization was formed at about the same time that the C. P. R. came to the conclusion that it was wrong for labor to organize. Let labor beware. Since the inauguration of Austin Corbin's policy on the Reading Railroad,—the same policy which is now being inaugurated by the C. P. R. on its western division,—wages have gone down on that line until, at the present time, hundreds of Poles and Hungarians are working for thirty cents a day. And if Van Horne succeeds as well as Corbin

in defeating organized labor, then in future Chinamen will be as plentiful in Manitoba as what the Huns are in Pennsylvania, and you will find it as hard to compete with Chinamen as what the people of the Keystone State find it to compete with the Poles or Hungarians. But why should I speak about these things? What is the use of telling you that if you still wish to retain some semblance of respectability, some small degree of freedom, some benefit of your much-vaunted Magna Charta, that you must organize in defence of your rights or be crushed by organized capital. The concentration and organization of capital should teach you all of these things, but you won't learn. Not until some day when your wages are reduced or else when you find yourself unable to compete with child and pauper labor will you realize that you belong to Carlyle's majority. Then you will be forced to organize, and it will take years to regain what in ignorance was lost. Organize now while you are still free to do so; later on you may not be allowed the privilege, or yet have the money to pay for your initiation."

BILL BLADES.

TORONTO NOTES.
(Continued from Page 1).

circumstance that gives the lie direct to such an assumption. It has been held, and no doubt correctly, that the major number of depositors in the government savings banks are and have been of the middle class and tradesmen and laborers, and that the deposits of these people were mostly made up of surplus earning. This being granted as true, it follows that the withdrawal of such deposits must, perforce, indicate enforced idleness and lack of work. If this be accepted as correct reasoning, then indeed may it be truly asserted that at no time since the establishment of Canadian Government Savings Banks have times been as dull as thus far in the year 1892. To prove this, the Mail's Ottawa correspondent on Saturday last in speaking of the proceedings of the House of Commons of the previous day takes occasion to tell us: "The House went into supply to-day for the first time this session, and made remarkable progress with the estimates. The first question asked on the subject of expenditures was by Mr. McMullen, who is so close a critic of the outlays that he sometimes incurs the antipathy of the Ministerial benches. But important information was gleaned through the persistency of this hard-working member. It appears that the Savings Banks' deposits are being withdrawn at the rate of a hundred thousand dollars a month. The result is that temporary loans have been made in order to cover the withdrawals. Now it is becoming necessary to cover the temporary loans with permanent loans, and as a consequence we shall soon have a new loan floated."

Coming back to Toronto, the Public School Board at a meeting on Friday last had under consideration the question of free books. Let me tell your readers here that although the School Board talks of "text books," the question upon which the people voted, or thought they voted, was not "free text books" but "free school books," and the sooner this is recognized the better for those who now constitute the Board of Public School Trustees in Toronto. At the meeting in question, Trustee Brown moved that \$2,000 be included in the estimates for free text-books for the lower grades as an experiment for this year, but he was induced to withdraw his motion.

It was decided to insert in the estimates \$1,500 for new furniture.

The report as amended in committee was adopted. This leaves the estimates to be presented to the City Council as follow:—

Salaries.....	\$308,174
Sites and buildings.....	57,600
Repairs and alterations.....	18,000
Printing and supplies.....	36,850
Total.....	\$420,624

Trustee Weston moved, seconded by Dr. Fisher, that the School Management Committee report to this board a plan for free school books, the said plan to take effect immediately after the summer examinations. Carried.

Organized labor in Canada, and more especially in British Columbia, will be pleased in noting that Mr. Gordon, a representative from the last named part of the Dominion, a few days ago gave notice in the House of Commons of a bill to amend the existing law respecting and governing Chinese immigration in the Dominion. This bill provides that in place of vessels arriving from China being permitted to land one Chinaman for every fifty tons of such vessel's registered tonnage, the number be reduced to one Chinese immigrant for every one hundred tons of registered tonnage. The bill further provides that the return certificates issued to Chinamen leaving Canada

shall become void after the lapse of four months. Pending total exclusion of these most undesirable people, this amendment is a step in the right direction.

On the 21st instant Mr. Taylor's alien contract labor bill came before the House for a second reading. Hon. Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, on the one side of the House, and Hon. W. Laurier, on the other side, opposed the bill, while its provisions were championed by the promoter and Messrs. Ryckman and McKay of Hamilton, and A. Ingram of West Elgin. When Mr. McKay told the House that he, as a Conservative, held that the policy of protection should apply as much to the workman as to his employer, he was warmly applauded. If he was at all honest in this assertion he will give evidence of it in opposing the expenditure of any more money for immigration purposes—bonusing the importation of the only article that the average mechanic and laborer has to put upon the Canadian market, and that is "labor." The Minister of Justice having moved the six months' hoist, Mr. Ingram, according to the Toronto News report, said that the motion of the Minister of Justice was an injustice to the working classes of this country, and he put a fine emphasis on the prefix. He gave testimony to the bitter feeling of the workmen of St. Thomas, Windsor, Niagara Falls and other border places against the operation of the Alien Labor law. He was not able to support the bill in its entirety, and he asked on behalf of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress that the debate be adjourned until some time after Saturday next, when the representatives of the Congress would wait upon the Government.

"This motion, which was greeted with applause by many of the Government supporters, was carried, Sir John having nothing more to say."

At the close of the present session of the Ontario Legislature I will tell your readers what labor has gained (if anything) by its labors.

URIM.

LABOR LEGISLATION

Asked for by the Trades and Labor Council.

Messrs. U. Lafontaine and L. Z. Boudreau, members of the Executive Committee of the T. & L. Congress, in company with Mr. A. T. Lepine, M. P., waited on Mr. O. M. Auge, M. P. P., on Saturday afternoon, in reference to labor legislation to be brought before the Legislature at its next session. Mr. Auge expressed himself in very favorable terms of the requests made him by the committee, and promised to do everything in his power to advance legislation on the lines laid down by the Dominion T. & L. Congress. The following are the measures to be submitted:

PETITIONS.

1. The adoption of an Employers' Liability Act similar to the one in force in Ontario.
2. To amend the law of incorporation, so as to enable trades unions to become incorporated.
3. That the Government appoint female factory inspectors.
4. That the Legislature amend the Master and Servants' Act, so as to take its enforcement out of the hands of municipalities.
5. That factory inspectors be appointed for factories outside the cities, as it is necessary that the present should be in their respective cities at all times.
6. That, as the Reformatory school labor is detrimental to the working classes, they be removed to the country, and that the prisoners be taught agriculture.
7. That the Government give its printing to offices where the Typographical Union is recognized.
8. That the Legislature abolish the property qualification necessary for municipal honors.

LAWS.

1. That this Congress petition the Provincial Governments to give power to municipal councils to pass laws regulating the erection and construction of scaffolds in the construction of buildings, and that efficient inspectors be appointed to see that such are enforced.
2. That the Legislative Committees for the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec be and they are instructed to urge upon the Provincial Governments the following amendments to the municipal laws of the said provinces: The adoption of manhood suffrage for municipal elections for the Province of Quebec: That a legal half-holiday be put on the status book for both municipal, provincial and federal government elections, and that voting be made compulsory.
3. That the Government of the Province of Quebec be requested to pass an Act fixing at nine hours the working day for women employed in workshops, shops, and factories.
4. That the Government of the Province of Quebec be requested to establish a free public library in the City of Montreal.

5. That this Congress hereby call upon the Government to pass a law compelling all employers of labor to pay their employees weekly in government money.

6. That the books used in the public schools of the Province of Quebec be uniform, subject to the approval of the Board of Public Instruction.

After a lengthy discussion, Mr. Auge promised the committee that he would do all in his power to advance labor legislation in the Quebec House, after which the delegation withdrew.

The lacrosse clubs are getting in shape for the forthcoming season, which there is every prospect of being a successful one.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

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

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

J. E. Townshend,

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

Bell Telephone 1906.

Established 1862.

CHAS. A. BRIGGS,

2097 Notre Dame St.

PRACTICAL

Hatter and Furrier.

A large assortment of the LATEST ENGLISH and AMERICAN Styles on hand at the

Lowest possible Prices!

IMPERIAL

INSURANCE CO'Y (Limited.)
FIRE.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

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

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

Canadian Branch Office:

COMPANY'S BUILDING,
107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
E. D. LACY,
Resident Manager for Canada.

IF YOU WANT GOOD

PRINTING

TRY

THE ECHO

ESTABLISHMENT

769 CRAIG STREET

MONTREAL.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE MAIN REASON

Why we are always able to give such splendid value in all lines of Dry Goods, is the fact that our business rests on a cash basis. The least possible use is made of that dangerous commercial instrument—credit. A story is told of a Highlander, one of the scattered fugitives of Prince Charles Edward's army after Culloden, who entered a cottage where a poor old woman was weaving cloth. In spite of her protests, he seized enough to make a coat for himself. "Ye'll pay for't," exclaimed the old woman. "When?" said the Highlander. "At the Day of Judgment." "That will be lang credit: she'll tak' a waistcoat too." That is credit of the extreme type, but unfortunately even at the best the thing has a tendency to take a long slide. "Spot" Cash is wholesome, and benefits the public quite as much as the trader. The various branches of our establishment are its strongest evidence. Its invariable results are A 1 qualities at wholesale prices. Vide the undernoted list.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2 Cases of Umbrellas

Bought from the best London Manufacturers.

Every Make and Quality.

Prices from 30c up to \$8.00. For a choice Umbrella cheap, come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Ladies' Print Wrappers

All perfect fitting and made from the best English Print. Price \$1.35.

A SPECIAL LINE

Price \$1.95, worth in the usual way \$3.00

FLANNELETTE WRAPPERS.

Price \$2.00.

FINE FLANNEL WRAPPERS

Price from \$3.65.

LADIES' COTTON UNDERWEAR.

Chemises, full size, 23c, Drawers 23c, Slip Waists, all sizes, from 32 inches to 40 inches, at 15c. Night dresses, 45c.

All our Underwear at Wholesale Prices.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

CHILDREN'S CAPS.

Just put to stock over 100 dozen!

P. & O. 20c each
Varsity 20c each
Sailor 40c each
Bicycle 50c each
Sailor Hats 50c each

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.
Terms Cash and Only One Price.

Strachan's
Gilt Edge
Soap

Is an absolute necessity
in every
well regulated Home.

A PERFECT ARTICLE!

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.

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

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

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

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The Nottingham miners, numbering 23,000, resumed work quietly at the usual hour on Monday. As a result of the resumption of mining operations the price of coal in the district declined three shillings per ton.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Balfour moved the expulsion of George Woodyard Hastings, Liberal member for the Eastern division of Worcestershire, who on the 11th instant was convicted on his plea of guilty of appropriating to his use certain moneys and securities he had received in his capacity of Trustee under the will of John Brown, and who was sentenced to five years penal servitude. Mr. Gladstone said he thought Mr. Balfour had arrived at the right conclusion as to the action the House should take in the matter. The motion was adopted in silence and Hastings ceased to be a member.

The French budget for 1892-93 shows receipts of 3,348,258,625 francs, and expenditures of 3,347,681,375 francs.

The English Admiralty has given an order for two gunboats to be built for special service on Lake Nyassa, to assist in suppressing the slave traffic.

Large bands of brigands are raiding the towns and villages in the Caucasian province of Kantars. Gendarmes have been ordered to guard the railway trains, and troops have been despatched in pursuit of the plundering bands.

The court sitting at Amsterdam, Holland, has sentenced Captain Baker, commander of the Netherlands-American steamship Obdam, to one year's imprisonment for shooting and killing a mutinous fireman while on a voyage from New York to Rotterdam. Captain Baker was convicted on a charge of manslaughter.

The German Minister of Justice has instructed the public prosecutors not to take proceedings against newspapers without first procuring his sanction. It is thought these instructions are due to the fact that the local court declined to hear the charge of lese-majeste preferred against the Cologne Gazette for its comments on the Emperor's Brandenburg speech.

The Telegraph's Berlin correspondent says: "Dr. Bergmann proposed a slight operation to relieve Emperor William of his aural affection, but His Majesty's physicians declined to consent, believing the operation would only result in transferring the locality of the malady, which is now quiet. It is not true that there is anything serious the matter with the Emperor's health."

American.

It was learned this morning upon undeniable authority that the payments made by the Sugar trust to Harrison, Frasier & Co. upon the purchase of their refinery was \$1,000,000 in cash. The price paid by the trust for the Spreckles refinery is said to be between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000.

A Washington despatch says: "The Chinese Government has become indignant at the antagonism which the United States exhibits towards the Chinese and the reporting of the Geary bill by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and has written a long letter to Secretary Blaine protesting against the absolute exclusion of Chinese from the United States, claiming it is in violation of the treaty between the countries and pointing out that the United States has no precedents in international affairs for the course she is pursuing. The expectation is that this Congress will go the farthest extreme of imposing restrictions and that all our diplomatic relations with China will be endangered."

Canadian.

Diphtheria broke out in the convent at St. Pierre, Island of Orleans, during the first week of March, and has since been spreading. The nuns closed their institution and sent all the children to their homes. A child was suffering from the disease in the home of a farmer named Goulet. Goulet, it is reported, would not allow his house to be placarded. The consequence is that since then ten cases of diphtheria have appeared in the parish, and four children have died.

Alexander Anderson, bookkeeper for the Macdonald Manufacturing Company of Stratford, Ont., who skipped across the line in January last, leaving his family and a shortage in his cash, is now back in Stratford gaol, charged with embezzling over \$3,000 from his employers. Anderson strayed across the Niagara River to Canada and was captured by a Stratford officer.

The Liberals of London, Ont., or at least the sporting portion of them, lost heavily on the recent election. A case was partially heard by Judge McKenzie in the Division Court Saturday afternoon, when F. T. Trebilcock, one of those who bet and lost heavily on the Liberal candidate, entered action to recover from E. Horsman, a stakeholder, \$100, which he had wagered with R. Hodgins, of Lucan. The Judge reserved his decision until he makes up his

mind whether an old English Act making all wagers illegal is applicable here. During the examination of the plaintiff, the fact was drawn from him that he voted twice in the election here a year ago.

John Nicholson, the well-known contractor, died at an early hour on Tuesday morning. Deceased, who was about sixty years of age, was taken ill with pleurisy some weeks ago. He also contracted pneumonia, which turned into gangrene of the lungs.

The Argyle Hotel, St. Andrews, N. B., was destroyed by fire on Monday. It was one of the largest hotels in the province and was well patronized by summer tourists.

To Tell Exact Time.

There is at present being constructed in London an apparatus by which the exact time of day or night may be accurately known from the beams of light reflected into the sky. The Electrical Engineer states that it is possible to see the light by this means for a radius of fifty miles. In its construction the actual time-indicating clockwork is the same size as an ordinary turret clock, but connected with it is a second train of clockwork which is controlled by the clock proper, and is put in motion every minute.

This secondary machinery is regulated by an ordinary fan governor, and when released it revolves in the same manner as the striking mechanism of an ordinary clock, and actuates an electric flashing lens. One symbol will be used for odd minutes and another for intervals of five minutes. Thus, supposing the time to be 7.27, this would be denoted by seven beats of one particular character, then five other signs, indicating twenty-five, and then two short, sharp flashes for the two odd minutes. The operation is gone through every minute, the signalling taking on an average 10 seconds.

It is stated that the apparatus is considered by those who have examined into its construction to be of great value. Of course any system of signalling could be employed, and it is expected that, should the device be placed in the centre of London, it would be possible, after a little practice, to read the time as readily as is now done by the clock dial.

A New Kind of Glass.

The newest of the many substitutes for glass which are constantly appearing is the invention of the Viennese glass manufacturer, and seems likely to be especially useful for photographic purposes. This product is said to have substantially the same properties as glass, resisting the action of salts and alkalis and of dilute acids, besides being inodorous and transparent. It has, however, the advantage of being flexible and infrangible to a great degree, while its inflammability is much less than that of its collodion prototypes. It is so simply made that the photographers can undertake the process of manufacture for themselves without much difficulty.

From four to eight parts of collodion wool are dissolved in about 100 parts by weight of ether or alcohol or acetic ether, and with this is intimately combined from 2 to 4 per cent of castor oil or any non-resinous oil, and from 4 to 10 per cent of resin or Canada balsam (soft resin). The compound, when poured on a glass plate and subjected to the drying action of a current of air of about 50° Centigrade, solidifies in a comparatively short time into a transparent, glass-like sheet or plate, the thickness of which may be regulated as required.

The World's Largest Safes.

Chatwood's Patent Safe and Lock Company, Limited, Bolton, England, recently constructed a strong room which measured 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and was four stories high. The most magnificent safe in the world is that of the new Nassau Bank, New York. It is built in the centre of the basement story of the bank premises, and access is gained by means of a flight of marble and iron stairs. Its size is 40 feet in length and 20 feet in width, the floor is laid with marble and mosaics upon a foundation of granite and concrete. Vanderbilt's treasure vault in Forty Second street, New York, measures 80 feet by 42 feet, its front wall is 5 feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls 3 feet each. Its foundations are blasted out of the rock, the whole forming a formidable fortress of wrought iron, steel, and masonry, where he locks up £40,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities. The Bank of England strong room is one of the largest in the world. The foundation, which is 66 feet below the street level, is a bed of concrete 20 feet thick, to prevent any one digging his way into the chamber. Above this concrete is a lake 7 feet deep, and above that thick plates of iron, specially manufactured to resist both skill and force. Anyone attempting an entrance from the ceiling would find a similar bed of concrete, a similar lake, and similar iron plating. The walls are equally impenetrable. The doors are a foot thick, and each one weighs four tons. They are made of a compound of flint and iron, and are absolutely undrillable.

THE SPORTING WORLD

ATHLETICS.

A remarkable old man is Charles Callow, of the Civil Service and London Athletic Clubs. He will be 56 years old in June, yet recently accomplished a feat creditable to a man half his age; in truth, the young men are not plenty that would dare to duplicate the old fellow's performance. He undertook to run twenty miles in three hours, and beat the scythe-bearer out of sight, going the distance in 2 hours, 35 minutes, 5 seconds. The performance was made on the Stamford Bridge Grounds, London, and under most unfavorable weather conditions. Mr. Callow was admirably trained and handled by Jack White and Nat Perry.

Louis Cyr, the acknowledged champion strong man of the world, has returned to Montreal after a most successful engagement in England, where he knocked all previous records for heavyweight lifting to pieces. Cyr will return to England again in the autumn, when he will endeavor to make new records. Cyclops and Sandowe, the champion European strong men, have issued the following challenge: Seeing that Louis Cyr, the champion strong man of America, has returned from England, I hereby offer to match either Cyclops or Sandowe to lift weights, dumbbells, etc., for \$1,000 or \$5,000 a side, the contest to take place in New York or any other city to be mutually agreed upon. The contest is to be for the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. To prove that I mean business, I have posted \$250 for Cyr to cover if he is willing to make a match. The above challenge is issued on behalf of Cyclops and Sandowe by their backer.

Nick Cox and Conrad Marks, the professional distance runners of New York, will run a match race for \$500. The men will run April 10, on the Manhattan field.

Bloss, the Harvard sprinter, now holds the world's record for the 50 yard dash. Four watches ticked him off at 5 3-5 seconds at the indoor games of the Technology Athletic Club at Winslow Rink, Boston. Bloss ran all three of his heats in the same time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The billiard championship was won by Frank Ives from Jake Schaefer at Chicago. The score was as follows: Ives, 800; Schaefer, 499. The winner has been challenged by Slosson.

McCormick, who was beaten in his first two races, has forfeited his deposit for the last race of the series with Broen, which was to have been a three mile race. McCormick has announced his retirement from the skating rink. He is 39 years of age.

The Oxford and Cambridge crews have gone into active training for their annual contest.

William Pryor, aged 17, shot and killed William Lee, aged 16, at Lexington, Ky., last Monday. Both were colored jockeys.

Joe Darby, England's phenomenal jumper, keeps cracking the record tables. At a recent performance at Manchester he cleared 42 feet 6 inches in three stand forward jumps with weights.

The postponement of the coursing for the Waterloo cup over Sunday saved one English bookmaker about \$40,000 in a single bet. He had laid £8,000 to £1,000 against Fullerton, but when Sunday intervened the bet was off, and the man who took it had not hedged a penny.

A remarkable coursing race will be run in Roggan, Col., about 50 miles from Denver, between the wolf hounds of Paul Hacke, of Pittsburg, and the deer hounds of Mr. McDougal, of Bute, Mont. Four or five heats will be run for \$100 a heat, each dog to kill its game, which will be wolves.

Greek George, the wrestler, is having things his own way in England, and is acknowledged cock of the walk. His latest victim was O'Grady, the Irish champion, whom he met in a match of catch-as-catch-can. The Greek secured the first fall in 8 minutes 15 seconds, and the second in 5 minutes 20 seconds. It was a splendid and terrible struggle, but the result was never in doubt.

Petter Priddy, of Pittsburg, and Joseph Jorday, of Chicago, will run a three-mile race at Pittsburg for \$250 a side, within the next few weeks.

Gordon, our well-known amateur skater was beaten by Carrol, of Picou, in a five mile race which took place there on Thursday evening. The race had been delayed a week owing to an accident to Gordon from which he had not fully recovered. The winner's time was 17.43.

How to Treat Croup.

The mother who has once been roused by the hoarse, barking cough so unmistakable in its warning is never likely to forget the thrill of terror which seemed to make her very heart stop beating. No matter whether it be true or false croup, the alarm at the moment is the same, and in neither case is there any time to be lost. If the cough

does not seem very tight and is not accompanied by a strangling, begin giving syrup of ipecac in doses of 15 drops every 20 minutes. Continue this until the child's breathing is relieved or until he vomits. But should he awake with symptoms of choking and great difficulty of breathing, administer at once a teaspoonful of the ipecac, into which has been stirred a good pinch of powdered alum.

Should this not cause vomiting in fifteen minutes, repeat the dose and assist its action by making the child drink a cupful of warm water. Place him in as hot a bath as he can bear—about 100 degrees—and keep him there at least ten minutes, spreading blankets over the tub to prevent the water cooling. He should be supported in a reclining position, so that as much of his body as possible may be under water. When he is taken out roll him at once in heated blankets and put him to bed, in a warm but well ventilated room. He may sometimes be relieved by inhaling steam. If possible get a doctor immediately.

Take great care the day after croup that the child is not exposed to cold. There used to be a comforting theory current that no child ever had croup after midnight, but, alas! time and experience have proved this a pleasant fallacy.—Harper's Bazaar.

Last of the Great Eastern.

On the 30th of September, 1891, the last blow was struck and the last pound of iron that composed the hull of the famous steamship, the Great Eastern, was sent to the junk shops. The work of breaking up this wonderful ship was commenced in May, 1889, and completed in two years and four months. It was a stupendous job, and one that required enduring patience and perseverance. A few facts in connection with this leviathan of the ocean will be interesting now, if not particularly new. The keel of the Great Eastern was laid in 1853 and she was completed in 1859. She was built with a view of running from Great Britain to India. She was 18,915 tons gross register, and built of this immense size so as to enable her to carry sufficient coal for the round voyage. This vessel was 680 feet long, 83 feet beam of hull, 114 feet over paddle boxes, 54 feet deep and would draw about 30 feet of water loaded. As is well known, the Great Eastern was a combined paddle wheel and screw steamship. Her calculated speed was 15 knots an hour, and it was expected she would make the voyage between England and India in 30 to 33 days instead of 80 days, as taken by previous steamers, and between England and Australia in 33 to 36 days. She was designed to carry 4,000 passengers, viz.: 800 first, 2,000 second and 1,200 third class; a crew of 400, 5,000 tons of cargo and 12,000 tons of coal, and if fitted up to carry troops alone, she had accommodation for 10,000. The total weight of ship and engines was 12,000 tons, and, when fully laden with passengers, cargo and coal, she would weigh 27,000 tons and be at a draught of 30 feet. She had five funnels and six masts. In June, 1860, she made her first ocean voyage to America, chiefly as a show ship, for she only carried 42 passengers out of the 68 home. Outward she ran 3,242 knots in 11 days and two hours, giving an average sea-going speed of 12.2 knots, and burned 2,876 tons of coal; while homeward she ran 2,980 knots in eight days and 20 hours, giving an average sea-going speed of 14 knots, and burned 2,717 tons of coal. This voyage was a failure financially, for though about 19,000 persons visited her, the total receipts did not equal the total expenditures. The Great Eastern was the largest vessel ever floated, and her cost was \$3,750,000.

A Fortunate Country.

In Japan, the Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. A proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan says: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber." "Often," says a recent writer, "will a doctor not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities." Every physician has his own dispensary, and consequently there are very few apothecaries' shops. When a rich man calls in a physician, he does not expect to receive any bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, though nearly all the modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor has never to ask for his fee; when he has finished his visits to a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends deem to be a just compensation. A Chinese doctor's fee is perhaps the smallest in the world, ranging from 5c to 10c but this can be accounted for by the fact that anyone can practice as a doctor or physician, it only being necessary to hang out a sign intimating the fact, and although they are so numerous, they are, as a body, the most respected men in China.

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THE MASTERY OF LOVE.

Love was a stranger,
Without lock or key
He unlocked my bosom
And took my heart from me.
Now my heart is subject
Everywhere I go,
Be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

In a few days and weeks,
In a few months or years,
Love brought me sorrow,
And the salt, salt tears,
Oh, Love, come with laughter,
Or, Love, come with woe,
Deal but gently with the heart
That leans upon you so.

The bee's wing is fragile,
The lark's egg is small;
That you took was little,
But it was my all.
Bear the captive where you will,
To high estate or low,
But be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

—Dora Read Goodald in Harper's Weekly.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Mrs. Verjuice—Do you admire her playing? Captain Guttergrew—Yes; it drowns her singing.

Greenland has no cats. How thankful the Greenlanders should be. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.

John, the baby has swallowed your collar stud. Well, for goodness sake, send for the doctor at once. I've got to wear that stud to-night.

Doctor—Did you have much of a chill? Fair Patient—It seemed so. Doctor—Did your teeth chatter? Fair Patient—No; they were in my dressing case.

Schoolmaster—Scientists tell us the moon is inhabited. George (from the bottom of the class)—Then where do the people go when there is only a half moon?

What ever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball. That's just it. I want to make him think I never noticed it.

A musical dictionary defines a shout to be an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid and small children well punished.

Chemist—Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it. Customer (father of nine, hastily)—Then give me some other preparation, please.

Von Smashkeys—I come next on the programme. What should I play? Pounderowski (glancing through the curtain)—I think you'd better play a march. The people are all going out.

Wagaway—So you heard my lectures on Miracles. Do you know what a miracle is, My little girl? Bessie—Oh, yes. My sister said it would be a miracle if you didn't stay for dinner to-day.

Mr. Hooligan—Shure, 'tis a moighty convenient arrangement livin' in wan apartment, Mrs. Finucane. Woi, whin Oi want to go from the dhrawin' room to the shtudio or the kitchen, Oi just stay where Oi am.

Contractor—Did you offer that alderman a hundred pounds, as I directed? Secretary—Yes, sir. How did he act? He looked insulted. What did he say? He said I ought to be in jail. What did he do? He took the money.

Mrs. Colemigger—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do? Mrs. Pentweazle—The last thing he did was to figure out how many times a clock ticked in the course of a year.

It is curious, doctor, that every time I smoke after dinner I have something daz-zling in my eyes. What can you do for that? Eh! said the doctor, with a smile; don't smoke! The patient was nonplussed. He hadn't thought of that.

Little Birdie (nestling up to him)—Tell me how rich you are, will you? Mr. Dashing (good humoredly)—I hardly know myself. Why do you ask? Little Birdie—Well, sister said she'd give a sovereign to know, and I thought I might get it.

Mr. Simpleson is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long ago he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast. Pa, no trousers can last any time the way you hits, replied the son, reproachfully.

Mudge—I'll take those pictures if they are done. Photographer—Yes, sir. You understand, of course, that we do not deliver pictures until they are paid for. What? Why, when I sat for them you told me I might pay whenever I liked. Yes, but that was merely to make you look pleasant.

So you have got twins at your house? said Mrs. Bezumbe to little Johnny Samuelson. Yes, ma'am, two of 'em. What are you going to call them? Thunder and Lightning. Why, those are strange names to call children? Well, that's what pa called 'em as soon as he heard they were in the house.

The man who stops his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us of the stationmaster who requested an increase of salary and threatened to leave if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story: When I was a young man, said he, I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the line I was then working on what you have told me. He refused my demand and I left; and, would you believe it—that railway line is running yet.

Deceived by Appearances.

The most experienced judge of human nature now and then finds himself mistaken. Principal Smith, of the C— school, is considered one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but watchfulness and incessant vigilance are apt to make him over suspicious at times. In the geography class the other day his eyes fell on a boy who he thought was eating candy.

Jack, said the principal sternly, take that piece of candy out of your mouth immediately, sir. To the teacher's astonishment a titter and a giggle went around the room among the scholars as poor Jack blurted out: I can't, sir; it's a gumboil.

He Had Put Up Before.

They had been married since May, and this was in October. He came home in the afternoon, and she met him at the door and took him into the dining room.

Charlie, she began, mysteriously, and he began to shake, before you were married didn't you often put up your overcoat?

Yes, darling, he replied, with hesitation and blushes.

And didn't you put up a watch now and then?

Yes, darling.

And a diamond stud occasionally?

Yes, darling.

And you were quite successful at it, were you not, Charlie?

Yes, darling; enough for the purpose.

Well, now, Charlie, and he wondered what was coming next, don't you think, with the experience and the success you've had, you could very easily put up that hall stove?

She laughed, and he felt so relieved and grateful to her that he went right out and hustled it up without swearing once.

Story of an Editor.

An editor died and slowly wended his way to hell. The devil saw him and said: "For many years thou hast borne the blame for the many errors thy printers made in thy papers. Thy paper has failed, alas! For subscriptions were never paid. Thy printers have deviled thee on Saturday eve for wages when thou hadst not a red to thy name. Men have taken thy paper without paying a cent; yea verily, and cursed thee for not issuing a better. All these things hast thou borne in silence. Thou canst not come in. There will be continual dunning of subscribers (for hell is full of them) and discord will be created in our kingdom. Be gone! Heaven is thy home."

Only a Squaw and her Babe.

The first faint trace of daylight is appearing, as the tired troopers, divested of heavy coat, canteen and cup, spurs and sling belt, creep upward through the snow and loose rocks to the place assigned each group along the edge of the bluff that affords protecting shelter from the wintry blast to the little Cheyenne village nestling in the bend of the creek below.

Save the soft crunching of the snow beneath the pressure of hands and knees, perfect stillness prevails, and in a few moments more the village will be so completely surrounded that escape will be impossible, and daylight will reveal the uselessness of resistance. Then a quick return to the agency must be made, for the thermometer registers twenty-seven below, and even the horses, left for down in the canon, will soon perish for want of shelter.

But the eighty-three miles ride in the stinging cold has benumbed the sense of touch, and a bit of glary ice brings a trooper and his carbine rattling down among the loose rocks, while the shrill, snapping bark of the Indian dogs awakens the sleepy guard and following this alarm, out from the tepees rush the redskins.

Believing that capture can mean naught else than death, the Indians take deadly aim with their Winchesters, then swiftly retreat to the only point left open by the troops, who, seeing their comrades falling, wait not for the word of command, but send in a destructive fire just as the last of the band, a Cheyenne squaw with babe and child, join the retreat.

A stray bullet shatters the mother's right arm, and but for the maiden's quick movement, the babe would have fallen. Forging swiftly ahead, the child does not see the mother hurled unconscious to the ground by a bullet that crashes through the right thigh, and she has almost reached the rocks

when a leaden messenger of death touches her heart, and relaxing all hold on the babe, the little maiden staggers and sinks forward in a heap on the snow.

Daylight comes quickly, and the stillness that follows this deadly outburst is pierced only by the pitiful cry of the babe stretched on the icy crust, and helplessly appealing for the shelter and warmth of the mother's breast. And then the form of that mother is seen to move forward, worming its way gradually from side to side, and slowly but surely, inch by inch, lessening the distance between self and babe.

Fourteen minutes—an age—have passed, and she has crawled but half the distance, and now lies motionless with her face towards the bluff. An inexpressible agony that finds vent only through her eyes is more than human sight can stand, and dropping his field glasses, a sergeant leaps downward to carry the babe to her side, and is shot dead before a dozen steps are taken.

The sun's rays bring no warmth, and the piteous cry is growing fainter and fainter. But the mother is again sinking her one hand through the crust of the snow, and dragging her wounded form forward; and reaching the babe, with an almost superhuman effort she rolls over on her back, in the movement divesting herself of the blanket that forms her only outer garment, and drawing the wee tot to her breast, tucks the blanket lovingly around the little body, and folding it in her arm, stills its murmur with a mother's touch. Then she places the fingers of her broken, dangling arm caressingly on the cold cheek of the little maiden.

When the Indians, chilled and heartbroken, raise a flag of truce, the soldiers hurry to the mother's side. But the baby's lips are tightly frozen to the icy breast, and mother and babe and little sister have crossed the Last Range.—Dorothy Dayda in N. Y. Evening Post.

The Appeal to Single Combat.

A certain lord had a board put up on some land belonging to him, with an inscription thereon to the effect that trespassers would be prosecuted. On taking a walk early one morning, he came across some newly made footmarks, which he followed up, and eventually overtook the trespasser, who turned out to be a navy, whereupon the following conversation took place:

My man, do you know you are trespassing on my land? said the lord.

Oh, said the navy, is this your land?

Yes.

Ah! And where did you get it from?

My father left it to me.

And where did your father get it from?

My grandfather left it to him.

And where did your grandfather get it from?

Confound your impertinence! said the lord. My ancestors fought for it.

Oh, did they, answered the navy, pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves; well, I don't mind fighting you for it.

The noble lord suddenly remembered that he had another engagement.

Flying Machines.

There is nothing to prevent man from flying, like the eagle of the Alps or the condor of the Andes, except his want of inventive skill; and if the signs be true, this will not very much longer prevent the desired consummation.

Man will never poise himself in the air like the dragon fly, nor zigzag through it like the swallow. Nevertheless there appears to be no adequate reason why he should not, some fine Fourth of July, astonish

"the nation
An' all creation
By flyin' over the celebration,"

if he can only devise a motor, with the necessary accessories, which will not add too much to his own weight. But even great additional weight will not be an insurmountable obstacle, provided a sufficiently rapid motion can be attained.

It takes time for the greatest power to move the smallest mass; that is to say, if a force were applied for only an instant (i. e., a point of time) to a mass, it would move it in that instant. If, then, a great weight should press for only an instant against a small resistance—as that of the air—it would for that instant be sustained. As it moved from mass to mass it would not have time to fall through any one of them. Of course, this condition can be reached only approximately; but the closer the approximation, the less uplifting power would be required in the motor.

The principle is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, by comparing such a mass to a skater moving rapidly over the ice. The briefest pause or diminution of his speed, and his support would instantly yield; but it is only necessary for him to move fast enough to glide over a film as thin as tissue paper.

Here, then, is the problem of aerial navigation theoretically solved. Given a mass of any size or weight, spread laterally so as to rest upon a sufficiently large mass of air, and moving with sufficient speed horizon-

tally, and your flying machine, so long dreamed of and so ardently sought, is achieved!

Such is, or is to be, Professor Langley's Aeroplane, the realization of the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights." May Fortune and his happy genius bring speedy success!—Julian St. Botolphe in North American Review.

At the Flame of a Candle.

One who looked the crowd over as we waited for the train would not have set us down as hard-hearted and indifferent, but so we proved to be, as a young girl not over 13 years of age, leading an old man who was stone blind and very feeble, passed slowly around the room soliciting alms. They got a penny here and there, but even those coins seemed to be given out grudgingly, and those who gave nothing consoled themselves with the reflection that the pair were frauds and really needed no financial assistance.

When they had made the tour of the room, the girl led the old man to a seat in the corner, and after a few words had passed between them they began singing a hymn. She had a wonderful voice for a child, clear and sweet, and his was a deep bass. The hymn was that entitled "Nearer, My God, to Thee." You have heard it by a full choir, accompanied by the strains of a grand organ, but you never listened so intently as we did there. There was a plaint in that girl's voice that touched a chord, and there was a quaver in the old man's bass which saddened you. They sang low and soft, and they had not finished a verse when half of us were standing up to see them better.

The girl kept her eyes on the floor at her feet. The sightless eyes of the old man—her father—were raised to the ceiling, and over his wrinkled face crept a glad smile as they finished the chorus:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee."

The hymn was not finished when every man began feeling for a contribution, and women opened their portemonnaies. It was different now. They were no longer frauds, and every one was glad to give something. Two or three were ready to move about to take up a collection, but they waited for the end of the hymn. When it came to the chorus of the last verse the old man was singing bravely. Half way through his voice suddenly choked and the last two lines were sung by the girl alone, and died away in a sob and cry. All of us saw the old man's head drop forward and his body lurch. He would have fallen to the floor had not the girl seized him and held him up. A dozen of us were there in a moment, but we were too late. The old man's life had gone out as you breathe upon the flame of a candle, and on his ashen lips still trembled the sacred notes of the refrain:

"Nearer to Thee."

—New York Sun.

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THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

By W. J. ASHLEY, M. A.,
Professor of Political Economy in the Uni-
versity of Toronto.

(FROM THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHMAN.)
(CONCLUDED.)

And now I come to my second point. How are we to improve the condition of the great mass of the people, those who must remain working men? I do not mean that every one of them must so remain; most men have some sort of chance of rising. But by the conditions of modern industry the great majority must remain working men, and the real problem is how to benefit them. This is a country where a great many men have made money from small beginnings; and all such men are very apt to think that if they have got on, others can get on; and that there cannot be much amiss in the industrial world. Now, I have already said that there should be a career open to talent; but after all, it will be little good if a number of individuals with exceptional perseverance, or self-denial, or cunning manage to get their heads above their fellows, and, rising out of their old class, leave the masses where they were. We want to raise the working class as a whole. The first thinkers to realize this were the English writers known as Positivists, especially Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesly and Dr. Ingram; and it was due to their seeing this fact that they justified trades unionism. So I, also, would put in the forefront among the means for elevating the workman's condition LABOR ORGANIZATION. But in so doing, I wish to say in the most emphatic terms possible, that I do not approve of everything trades unions have done. They have made mistakes; they have sometimes been blindly selfish and greedy; they have often fallen under the control of unprincipled and self-seeking leaders. But then, neither have employers always been models of clarity and consideration. But still, I maintain that under the conditions of modern industry, workmen will not be able to make a fair bargain as to the condition of labor unless they are united. The sooner the better-to-do classes recognize that unionism itself—combination to make common terms taking the place of bargaining between individuals—is a necessary outcome of existing conditions, the sooner will it be possible to handle labor questions with reasonable courtesy and common sense. Canada and America are greatly behind England in this respect; and they are behind economic science. There is no great English economist of this generation who does not recognize that the union of workmen is necessary in order to secure them the best possible terms in the bargain for employment. But I would not be doing my duty, did I not say, that, as far as I can judge, the labor leaders of this continent have only too often been tainted by selfish motives. You do right to form unions; all reasonable people must recognize it; but you should do your best to win public confidence by choosing the best men available as your officials.

But I would not defend unionism so strongly as I do, did I not believe that it may be the foundation for a better arrangement. For, after all, trades unionism is at present very largely an organization for industrial warfare. I trust we shall be able by-and-by to find better means of arriving at a fair settlement of disputes than by strikes and lock-outs. In most cases arbitration is possible; in many of the larger industries it would be possible to go further and have permanent Boards of Conciliation or self-acting sliding scales. These have been found to work admirably, and have altogether superseded strikes for several years in the north of England in both the manufactured iron

trade and in the coal trade. But what English experience shows is that arbitration, and still more permanent boards of conciliation, can only be successful on a basis of unionism. Unless men are accustomed to act together, and accustomed to follow the advice of chosen leaders, you cannot expect a successful arbitration.

I will mention two other means of improving the condition of the workmen. The first is, WISE FACTORY LEGISLATION. Children who might be at school ought not to be in the workshop; women ought not to work excessive hours; the workshop ought to be sanitary. We have made a beginning with factory legislation in Ontario, and I am sure we shall have to go farther. But before loading our statute books with additional acts, let us see that what we have are properly enforced. I saw the other day that the action of an inspector in a particular case in simply enforcing the law was regarded as "unfriendly!" This is a matter where public opinion requires a good deal of educating.

The second is, a DECENT MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT, which is able to perform its primary duties. What good is a dollar or so more a week, if your drains are so badly laid, if your water is so corrupted with the germs of disease, that your family are ill from preventable causes, so that you run up a long doctor's bill, and lose your children by death? A little beginning has been made; we have a city engineer who is trying to do his work, we have a new and energetic medical health officer. Strengthen their hands, gentlemen, by returning men to the council who will support them; take every possible means, by communicating with the proper officials again and again, to get all the preventable causes of disease in your house and your street removed; and when you have saved a little money and begin to run up a few houses on speculation, do not grumble at being obliged to make the houses healthy before you can get rents out of the tenants. A man would not be permitted to sell poisons freely because he was poor; and yet men are allowed to spread pestilence around their houses and kill their tenants as truly as if they had given them poison, because they "can't afford" to put in a proper drain, and an alderman is afraid to lose a vote.

I am bound to say it is the little man who has scraped together enough to buy a couple of cheap houses on mortgage, who is usually the worst sinner. It is pitiable to see men pursuing will o' the wisp,—grand schemes of social regeneration, which even they must feel are not likely to be realized for many a long day; when in a few years, by a little common sense, and by realizing what city government is really for, they could at any rate make their homes healthy.

Just a word or so on one of those will o' the wisps—Land Nationalization. I once ventured publicly to say something upon this, and was at once told that I was biased by self-interest. But if I am biased at all by self-interest, it would be in favor of "the single tax" on land; for then I should escape from the income tax which I have to pay every year. As I am, in a way, a Government official, the assessor can get at my income easily enough, and I pay tax on every cent of it. I should very much like to escape it, but it surely is not fair that I should. It would take a lecture by itself to deal with this topic, and I may perhaps have an opportunity of doing so at some future time. But I can say this: land nationalization would not do justice so far as the past is concerned, for it would not touch those who have made their money by land speculation. It would do great injustice in the present. And, lastly, it would not be possible to uproot the idea of property in land, without violently disturbing the idea of individual property in general. The single tax men, without knowing it, are advocating a plan which would involve

a total reconstruction of society; and I for one do not see my way to joining in so hazardous an undertaking. Moreover, I believe there are wise and just ways for lessening the evils of land speculation. I would, for instance, tax at an especially high rate a man who keeps a lot vacant simply for speculative purposes. If we had a good municipal government, I think it would be quite feasible to buy up at a reasonable valuation land on the outskirts of the city, and for the city revenue itself to profit by the future unearned increment. But the single tax agitation tends to draw men away from advocating practicable reform; and, in the minds of many, tends to discredit even the most moderate proposals for land reform.

One word more, and I have done. I have said nothing of the personal duties of soberness, industry and prudence. It is because you have probably heard it all often enough already. But do you know what gave John Burns his hold upon the people in the great dockers' strike? It was because he who was a man of the people told them to their faces that many of them could be better men, and ought to be better men; and that it was but little use to gain victories in strikes, and earn a few shillings a week more, unless they honestly tried to do their duty in their work and in their homes.

MANUFACTURING CRIMINALS.

One of the most remarkable articles in a recent number of the Forum is Mr. W. P. Andrews' account of how the Americans are creating criminals, by their extravagant leniency to convict prisoners. It is almost incredible, were it not that it is set forth with due detail, that the criminals in some of the American prisons are fed on the fat of the land, provided with fruit collations every Saturday, and that brass bands, negro minstrels, orchestral selections, the best lectures of the day, together with flowers, pictures, and chromo Christmas cards, are provided for them, either by the State or by the charitable members of the community. The result is that in fifty years the ratio of prisoners has risen from one in eight hundred of the population to one in four hundred, while in the city of Boston one in every two hundred and twenty-two is a prisoner. In Massachusetts the population has trebled, and the number of prisoners has increased fifty fold; nor is this surprising when we read that a physician had, after two years of imprisonment, declared that it was just a vacation, the library being very entertaining, and first-rate players of dominoes and checkers being found among the men. The only wonder is that people who have never had a square meal outside do not flock by hundreds of thousands to the jails in winter. Many men every year, finding themselves in need of quiet and medical aid, voluntarily seek the seclusion which the State jails afford.

ROYALTY, AND WHAT IT COSTS THE PEOPLE.

During the present reign the Royal Family has obtained from the nation over thirty-four million pounds, and what has the nation—Great Britain and Ireland—received in exchange for this enormous sum?

Ireland may be dismissed from the inquiry at once, as Ireland has never had an opportunity of gazing on the fat, rosy face of Her Gracious. They have not even had the opportunity of being splashed with the mud of her carriage wheels, but all the same, Ireland has had to contribute towards the cost of the luxury of a monarch. Some statistics of Ireland under the reign of Victoria show that 1,225,000 of her children have died of famine, 3,650,000 have been evicted—turned out in the streets by the landlords—while something over 4,000,000 have emigrated to some other country, where

they might have a better chance of making a livelihood. The ruling monarch has absolutely no duties to perform, and is, therefore, the recipient of public charity, which does not change its essence because it is administered by an Act of Parliament. A pauper has been defined as a poor person—one supported by charity or public provision. Does not this also apply to Royalty?

There are paupers in palaces as well as workhouses, and, generally speaking, the latter are the more honorable.

Thousands of men, who have worked hard in their younger days for starvation wages, and who have had to pay rates and taxes to support the State burdens, have eked out their lives in the workhouse, some of them being buried as paupers. But are not they worse paupers who have not worked at all, who have lived on others from the cradle to the grave, and who add impudence to their independence, and glory in their degradation?

When Her Majesty came to the throne in 1837 it was ordered that £385,000 be the amount per annum allowed for household expenses, and that Bill was signed by Queen Victoria. In 1840 Her Gracious got married, and the people of England were again taxed to the tune of £30,000 per annum to keep the husband. On that paltry sum Prince Albert had to drag out an existence; but his pocket money was augmented by the following sums: £6,000 a year as Field Marshal, £1,695 as a colonel, £1,000 as a ranger of Windsor Park, £500 as a ranger of some other park, and £1,200 as Chief Constable of Windsor Castle. Although penniless when he came to England from Germany, this lucky prince man-

aged to leave behind him a large fortune, the amount of which is not known. There is what is called the civil list, which is divided as follows: Her Majesty's privy purse, £60,000; household salaries, £131,260; tradesmen's bills, £172,000; alms and charity, £4,200; royal bounty and special services, £9,000; unappropriated money, £8,540; total, £385,000.

To show the annual cost of royalty, I will give the following figures, compiled in 1887-8: Royal palaces, £14,690; do. do. (not occupied), £21,322; royal yachts, £34,656; royal escort (troops), £11,000. Here we have £31,638 received by our Sovereign in addition to the civil list of £385,000, and this, with the revenue of £50,000 from the Duchy of Lancaster, makes a grand total of £516,638 per annum; which the taxpayers of England have to find.—The Hummer, Australia.

An Ottawa correspondent says: Lower town is beginning to fill in, as shantymen and teams continue to come down from the woods, and there is a corresponding increase in the amount of bustle around the Chaudiere, with its many mills. The lumbermen report that the cut in the woods has been heavy, and that as they have no stock, the mills will be run to their full capacity. About 75 men are employed on Buell, Orr and Hurdman's new mill, which, it is expected, will be ready for operation at the opening of the season. Most of the machinery is in position, the flume is completed and a gang of men are working at the flume under the mill. The new mill will be one of the most solid structures of the kind in Canada. About 100 men will be employed in it and in the yards, the sawing capacity being about 200,000 feet, board measure, per day. The machinery is the most modern kind, and will when complete consist of three band saws and a wicker gate. The machinery will be driven by two large modern wheels of 1,000 horse-power each. The building is 87 feet wide and 136 feet long. The tail race runs under a stone arch of the Suspension bridge into the river. The power for the mill will be exceptionally good. The South American trade is expected to be good.

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