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WOMEN IN THE PULPIT.

After Twenty-five Years there are
720 Engaged in Preaching.

"I remember," said a woman yesterday, "the first time I ever saw a woman in the pulpit. We all turned our heads as she entered the church, and I have a vivid mental picture of her tall, slim figure, in black silk, with a severe white necktie, as she walked, without looking to the right or left, past our pew. I was so little that, hearing her spoken of as the Rev. Olympia Brown, I associated her at once and have continued in a vague way to associate her ever since, with the Olympia that is on Puget Sound. I said she was the first woman preacher I ever saw: she has remained the only one. After a quarter of a century there are still very few women among the ministers."

And yet the records seem to have 720 names—Three hundred and fifty of these belong to the Friends. Of the Churches which have begun to ordain women the Universalist is at the head of the list; it has thirty-six women regularly in the ministry and eleven others licensed to preach. The Unitarians have sixteen ordained women and a large number who preach more or less regularly. The Congregationalists have six or eight ordained women.

Olympia Brown, or, as she has since become the Rev. Olympie Brown Willis, was not by any means the first woman ordained in this country, that distinction being possessed by the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, who entered the theological class of Oberlin College somewhere about 1847. She says her first sermon was preached in a school-house in Henrietta, O., on a Sunday afternoon, and she found the people, "if a little more alert than usual, especially at first, quite as attentive and orderly as any sober-minded congregation." At this time Mrs. Blackwell was ordained, some thirty-eight years ago, she was pastor of the church of South Butler and Savannah, in Ohio, which accordingly departed from precedent in a manner somewhat revolutionary.

Olympia Brown has probably the longest record of service of any woman minister, as, although not ordained until 1863, she has been in the pulpit ever since, while Mrs. Blackwell has retired from pastoral duty.

Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford is probably as widely known as any woman minister. Being asked for reminiscences of twenty years in the pulpit, she writes: "It was in the fall of 1866, while I was editing the magazine called the Ladies' Repository, then published in Boston, that a gentleman rushed up to me one day in a railway station and told me that Olympia Brown begged me to go in her stead to preach next day in South Canton, Mass. I had spoken once or twice in a little house out on Cape Cod, but had not thought of becoming a preacher. Still, I went, and afterwards Miss Brown opened the way for me so that I received a call to take a parish in Hingham. I was ordered there as a Universalist minister in February, 1868."

Mrs. Hanaford has held pastorates in Waltham, Mass., in New Haven, in Jersey City (where her salary for three years was \$2,500 a year), and again in New Haven. She has many stories to tell of the man who smoked at the ministers' Monday meeting to drive her out through her distaste for tobacco, and of kind words spoken and help given as well. She has preached four sermons on one Sunday in four different towns, riding twenty-eight miles in a carriage to do it. She has performed the marriage ceremony nearly forty times, and has acted as Chaplain of the Connecticut Senate.

Julia Ward Howe is a preacher of ability and officiates in the pulpit occasionally. It was through her efforts that the Woman's Ministerial Conference, of which she is president, was organized in 1882. Its officers are the Rev. Mary H. Graves, corresponding secretary; the Rev. Ada C. Bowles, recording secretary, and the Rev. Louise S. Baker and the Rev. Mary T. Whitney, executive committee.

The ordination in 1884 of the Rev. Louise S. Baker, whose work in the orthodox Congregational church in Nantucket has been very successful, presented this peculiarity, that two of the four deacons officiating were women.

The Rev. Anna H. Shaw, who has made a national reputation as a speaker, is a graduate of the Theological School of Boston University, where, it may be set down not in malice, she was generally known as "that Miss Shaw with the hat," owing to some peculiarities of headgear. The Methodist Church refused to ordain her, though it has many women as lay preach-

ers, and she applied accordingly to the Protestant Methodists, who received her, but have never since ordained a second woman.

The Rev. Ada C. Bowles is probably the most widely known in the East among women now active in the Universalist ministry; in the West the Rev. Florence Kollock, for twelve years pastor of a prosperous church in Chicago, has been uncommonly successful. In Sioux City, Ia., Mary A. Safford and Elinor E. Gordon have worked together and built up two or three strong Unitarian churches. The Rev. Mila F. Tupper, the Rev. Carrie J. Bartlett and the Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, are among the more conspicuous of Western preachers.

The Baptist Church, except the Free Will Baptist division, has taken no steps looking to the admission of women to its ministry. The Presbyterian Church has been very conservative in the matter, but in 1889, at a synod of the Reformed Presbyterians, it was voted that the ordination of a woman is in harmony with the New Testament. The Protestant Episcopal Church has women as lay readers, deaconesses, and members of sisterhoods. The recent opening of the Hartford Theological Seminary (Congregational), and the fact that last year Oberlin College, which graduated Antoinette B. Blackwell forty years ago, printed her name for the first time in its list of graduates in its triennial catalogue, are regarded by some people who believe in the ministry of woman as noteworthy signs of the times.—Chicago Tribune.

BEHEADING PIRATES.

A Picture of the Ghastly Results of
Chinese Justice.

Three weeks ago the Sun printed an account of the execution at Kooloong, near Hong Kong, of fifteen Chinese Pirates who had in January captured the steamer Naoms, killed the officers and secured \$30,000 in coin and goods. They were captured some months afterward, and, on the confession of one of their number, were sentenced to death.

The execution took place at Kooloong, a district on the mainland not far from Victoria, the capital of Hong Kong, and was witnessed by many of the foreign residents, all men, however, the foreign ladies not caring for such spectacles. The convicts were ranged in a row, and compelled to kneel upon the ground. The hands of each man were tied behind him, the cord passing around his neck; the feet of some of the prisoners were tied, also. There were three executioners, two of whom simply assisted the chief in arranging the men and handing the sword to him as the occasion required.

Lai Atsat, the pirate leader, was the first man executed. One of the assistant executioners pulled his head forward by the pig-tail, while the other steadied the pirate from behind; the chief swung his heavy sword aloft and brought it down on the stretched neck of the pirate, decapitating the man at a single blow.

It did not take long to complete the execution, a few minutes sufficing. Only one of the prisoners needed a second visit from the executioner; he had moved just as the sword fell, and received the blow on his shoulders. The executioner did not give him the coup de grace until he had attended to the other criminals. When he had executed them, he returned to his 'bad job,' and put him out of his misery.—New York Sun.

Fresh Honor For Gladstone.

Australians of late have through their newspapers, sneered at the English royal family, and one sheet had the temerity recently to suggest that "a rabbit bounty of seven shillings and sixpence be offered for the slaughter of useless members." But all the antipodeans unite in honoring the grand old man. The other day Mr. Gladstone's name was given to a New South Wales mountain, the highest peak in the Black range, near Cooma. The inhabitants wanted to christen the peak after Sir Henry Parkes, but the Australian statesman requested them to call it Mount Gladstone, for, he declared, "as Gladstone is by far the most towering figure that has arisen among English statesmen since Alfred the Great, it is very fitting that his name should be applied to such an elevated spot."

William O'Brien, having paid the costs in the action for libel brought by him against Lord Salisbury, the action of the Bankruptcy Court in declaring him insolvent has been annulled.

A GREAT DIVING FEAT.

Joseph Leuvenmark's Foolhardy
Feat at Kansas City.

The plunging or high diving record has been smashed all to pieces by Joseph Leuvenmark, the Swedish natator, late of the Royal Swimming school of Stockholm, Sweden, who performed the feat at Kansas City.

The dangerous and foolhardy feat was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators attracted there by a morbid curiosity to see a reckless man risk his life by plunging from a tower, the platform of which is at an altitude of eighty feet above the surface of the water in the lake.

The attempt at record breaking was a complete success, however, and unattended by any accident, and Leuvenmark was as happy as a boy with a new toy after the performance.

Leuvenmark was a little pale and nervous before he ascended the tower and by the time he had reached the top platform was somewhat tired from the climb up the rather primitive ladder. After a rest he cautiously crawled along on all fours and peered into the water below. After measuring the distance and indicating to his manager in the boat below the place where he would strike the water, he retreated back to the rear of the sixteen-foot platform. After another brief rest he straightened up on the platform and steadied himself by the hand-rails. Two or three leaps and he was at the edge of the platform, and then he sailed through the air with a graceful sweep. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard, every spectator watching his downward flight with bated breath. On nearing the water he straightened himself out, and as he disappeared beneath the surface his hands were close together, arms extended over the head, the body perpendicular, the limbs slightly bent at the knee. The water separated with a swish as he went down like McGinty, and a second later his head appeared above the water a few feet distant, and the crowd then broke loose with a loud huza, as it was evident that the feat had been accomplished without the least injury.

The distance from the platform to the surface of the water was eighty feet and three and three-quarter inches, measured by a surface line, and the plunge consequently beats the record now held by G. A. Blake by four feet and eight and three-quarter inches.

G. A. Blake's performance, which stands as the world's record, was made at the Lambeth baths, London, England, October 8, 1888, and was a plunge of seventy-five feet seven inches. The next best record was made by J. Strickland, at Melbourne, Australia, March 15, 1880, his plunge being from a height of seventy-three feet and one inch.

The plunge differs widely from the work of Steve Brodie and the bridge jumpers. The bridge jumper is protected by clothing and has strong boots on, heavily loaded to keep him in a perpendicular position, while the diver, with no protection, leaps out into space, makes a graceful sweep and plunges head foremost into the water as the ordinary swimmer does from the spring-board in the natatorium.

The champion, by request, made another leap from the 50-foot platform of the tower, and will make two plunges this afternoon and Saturday afternoon. On Sunday morning he will make a 50-foot plunge, and on Sunday afternoon will repeat the record-breaking dive.

The feat requires both skill and bravery, and Leuvenmark's managers are so confident of his ability to plunge from high altitudes that they will match him against any diver in the world for any reasonable amount.

Curious Freaks of Razors.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end to the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant strappings will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will draw the grain outward to the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fibre of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of

that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer point toward the back, you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition, even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool. Leave the razor alone for a month or two, and when you take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.

DIVIDING THE PROFITS

With Those Who Mainly Help to
Make Them.

David Kinley, of John Hopkins University, tells something of "recent progress in profit sharing" in the July issue of the Quarterly Journal of Economics. The progress in Great Britain for the last year has been remarkable. Since 1888 twenty-eight firms have adopted the system, and this more than doubles the number using it. Twenty-five of these firms employ 7,694 persons. The average annual payment on this account by Cassell & Co., the publishers, is £914 or \$4,570 and in 1889 their provident fund amounted to over £9,000 or \$45,000. The most notable gain in 1890 was of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of London, employing about 5,300 men in winter and 2,000 in summer. The company began preparing for it several years ago, and by June, 1890, 1,500 men were qualified to share in the profits, and they received £5,377, or \$26,835, in addition to their wages. Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, confectioners, of London, divide profits above 6 per cent. equally between shareholders and employees. A great tobacco house in 1890 paid 11 1/2 per cent. on wages.

Payment in England is now usually made in cash. France adheres to the provident fund. The system of payment in stock of the firm was long popular in England, but now is less so. In New Zealand the system has been applied to agriculture. The Trafalgar estate of George Holloway, M.P., is thus managed. The estate contains 1,000 acres, titles free, at a rent of £375 or \$1,835 a year. The stock, tools, working capital, etc., are valued at about £5,000 (\$25,000). Of this 5 per cent. per annum is charged to go into a sinking fund until the account is cleared off. Mr. Holloway is to pay current wages. The amount due each person is to be credited to him in the farm accounts, and to bear 5 per cent. interest until drawn. The amounts thus credited are to be applied to paying off Mr. Harris's loan. When the £5,000 has been paid, all profits are to go to the workmen in cash, and the owner will then draw his rent only. It will be interesting to see how this scheme will grow.

In France, Godin's famous establishment still goes on, and out of 1,600 hands 961 received additions to their wages in 1889. This establishment is on the rock system. The Maison Lilaire has recently doubled its capital. Five per cent. of profit goes to capital and the remainder is divided between "labor," "management" and the benefit fund in proportion of 50, 25 and 25 respectively. In 1889, 228,000 francs, \$45,000 were paid in cash to 959 participants, who also drew 1,085,230 francs, \$217,046 in wages.

Mr. Kinley knows that organizations of workmen are not friendly to profit sharing. He conceives that this is not entirely unreasonable since men are likely to oppose reductions in wages when they feel that they will have some compensation in a share of profits.

A Japanese Use of the Ballot.

Suffrage in Japan has been put to a novel use. A village was harassed by a midnight robber whom no one could detect, so an ingenious inhabitant proposed that each villager should write the name of the man he suspected on a slip of paper and put it in a ballot box. On the votes being taken there were fifteen for one man and the rest were blanks. The robber was so astonished at the proceeding that he actually confessed his identity.

The Board of Health—Three square meals a day.

Owing to the depression in the iron trade operations many of the principal iron works in the Cumberland district have been suspended for some time and the inability of workmen to procure employment is causing the most acute distress.

A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

When Abraham had departed, his parent busied herself with sorting the letters and newspapers into their respective pigeon-holes, commencing with herself aloud as she glanced at the address on each.

'Drat 'em!' she said, alluding to the writers of the letters. 'Where's their education, as they don't write plain? If I were a Board School, which I ain't, I'd school-board 'em, with their curly 'p's' and 'q's,' as like pigs' tails as ever was, to say nothin' of leavin' the 'i's' and 't's' undone for want of dottin'. 'Ow do they expect 'em to be delivered straight wen I ain't no scholar to read their alphabets?'

'Mrs. Wevelspoke,' said a full, rich voice proceeding from a lady on the outside of the counter.

'P-h-o-h's-t,' spelled Mrs. Wevelspoke, slowly, not hearing that she was called, and not seeing that anyone was present by reason of her back being turned; that spells post, but it don't look like one. M.—that's for Mary, I dare say; M. J-u-h-l-e-h's; ho, it's for that Judas thing at Wosk's. If 'is name's Judas, why do he call himself G-u—'

'Mrs. Wevelspoke,' repeated the lady, rapping her umbrella on the counter quickly, 'is that letter for me?'

The postmistress, having a faint idea that she heard a distant noise, turned round slowly, and saw Miss Varlins leanin forward with an eager look on her face.

'Is that letter for me?' she repeated, pointing to the envelope still in Mrs. Wevelspoke's hand.

'This 'un?' said Mrs. Wevelspoke, seeing by the gesture what was meant. 'Oh dear, no, Miss Varlins. Your name ain't Mary—nor July, I take it.'

'But it's Judith.'

'What?' asked Mrs. Wevelspoke, deafly. 'Judith,' said Miss Varlins, very loudly. 'Oh, your first name, miss. You speak so muddled like, mum, as I can't make out your 'ollerin', miss. But if your first name's Judith, mum, your last ain't—ain't G-u-i-h-n-h'a-u-d.'

'Mrs. Wevelspoke, let me look at the letter, please,' cried Judith, impatiently, taking the envelope from the old woman. 'I can tell you if it's for me in a moment.'

It certainly was not for her, as the direction was plain enough:

M. JULES GUINAUD,
C-o Wosk & Co.,

Chemiste,
Suburban Ironfields.

'No, it's not for me,' said Miss Varlins, handing it back reluctantly with a sigh of regret. 'But are you sure you have no packet addressed to Miss Judith?'

'It ain't for her,' said Mrs. Wevelspoke, putting the Frenchman's letter into the pigeon-hole marked 'J.' 'You want a letter, I s'pose, miss?'

'Yes.'

'There ain't no Varlins,' said Mrs. Wevelspoke, after a cursory glance at the 'V's.'

'No, miss, your letters is all sent to the 'All.'

'This letter I want addressed to Miss Judith, and would not be sent to the Hall.'

'To 'Judas?'' said Mrs. Wevelspoke, catching the name wrongly. 'Ho, his letters go to the shop, mum.'

'I thought as much,' remarked a quiet voice behind Miss Varlins, as she turned to find herself face to face with the speaker and Roger Axton.

'We've been listening, Miss Varlins,' explained Roger, hastily, as she shook hands with him. Then seeing the startled look on her face, he went on hurriedly: 'I can explain the reason, but first let me introduce Mr. Rixton, a friend of mine.'

Judith bowed coldly, and waited for Roger's promised explanation, which was to be given by the gentleman called Mr. Rixton.

'Allow me, my dear Roger,' he said, genially. 'The fact is, Miss Varlins, my friend here told me about this packet of letters addressed to you as 'Miss Judith,' and I put forward a theory accounting for their non-delivery, so Mr. Axton and myself came here to see if my theory was correct.'

'But what is your theory?' asked Judith, rather bewildered.

'That the letters were delivered by that old woman to Monsieur Judas, instead of to you.'

'But Judas is a nickname,' said Miss Varlins, quickly; 'all his letters would be addressed to Monsieur Guinaud.'

'Quite correct,' replied Octavius, quietly, 'but with such an unintelligent postmistress mistakes are sure to occur. I'm pretty certain she delivered the packet to our red-headed friend, and I'm going to try and find out. You posted the packet at Jarchester on the 13th of this month, did you not, Roger?'

'Yes; on the morning of the 13th.'

'Then it would get to London late in the afternoon, and go on to Ironfields at once. I should think it would be ready for delivering here about midday on the 15th. Did you call here on the 15th, Miss Varlins?'

'No; I did not expect the packet so soon. But I came next day.'

'Too late, I'm afraid,' said Octavius, advancing to the counter. 'Here, old lady. Was there a letter here on the 15th, directed to Miss Judith?'

'Judas!' replied Mrs. Wevelspoke for the second time. 'Drat it, what's come to the man, sir, as you're all talkin' of him? He's at Wosk's if you want him.'

'Did you send any letters to him this month?' asked Fanks, loudly.

'Letters! all his letters go the shop,' retorted Mrs. Wevelspoke, obstinately.

'Were there any this month—November?'

'Remember!' cried the postmistress, twitching her bonnet, 'of course I remember—I can remember things afore you were born, young man. I sends all letters to Mr. Judas at the shop. Two this month, and there's another waitin' 'im.'

'Let me see it!' said Fanks, quickly glancing at Roger, 'it may reveal something, Miss Varlins.'

'Steal,' remarked Mrs. Wevelspoke, sharply. 'No, you don't steal here, sir! I'm an honest woman, I am.'

'And a very stupid one,' said Fanks, ruefully, in despair at getting any information out of this old dame.

'I have seen the letter she talks about, Mr. Rixton,' said Miss Varlins, quickly, 'and it is not the one we want.'

At this moment Abraham rolled into the office, and Fanks at once pounced on him as being more likely to give information than his superior.

'Oh, here's the postman,' he cried, radiantly. 'Here, postman, did you deliver a letter to Monsieur Guinaud at Wosk's shop about the beginning of this month?'

'I can't tell state secrets,' said Abraham, in his fat voice, 'it's treesin.'

'Oh, you won't come to Tower Hill for telling me this,' replied Fanks, good-humoredly.

'I don't know nothin' about your Tower Hills,' growled the portly one, sulkily, 'but I ain't goin' to tell nothin', I ain't. Mother and me's sworn, we are.'

Fanks did not want his true occupation to be known, but he saw perfectly well that he would get nothing out of the faithful Abraham unless he adopted strong measures, so he made up his mind how to act at once.

'Look here, my man,' he said, taking Abraham to one side and speaking sharply, 'I'm a detective, and you must give me a plain answer to a plain question.'

'I ain't bin doin' nothin' wrong,' whimpered Abraham, edging away from the representative of the law; 'I'll tell you anythin' you like as long as it ain't state secrets.'

'This ain't a state secret,' said Fanks, quickly, putting a half crown into the lad's fat hand; just tell me if you delivered a thick packet to Monsieur Guinaud on the 15th of this month?'

The faithful servant of the state was not proof against bribery, so he answered at once:

'Yes, sir, I did. Only the letter was to Monsieur Judas.'

'Not to Miss Judith?'

'Lor, sir, I don't know; mother said it were Monsieur Judas, and as there's only one Judas here, I took it took it to him.'

'At Wosk & Co.?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Did he take it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well, that will do,' said Fanks, in a gratified tone; 'now hold your tongue and say nothing to nobody.'

'But mother, sir?'

'Not even to your mother. If you told her, all the town would hear, she's so deaf.'

So Abraham the faithful grinned, and slipping his half a crown into his pocket, retired, while Fanks went outside, where he found Judith seated in her carriage and Roger talking to her.

'It is as I thought,' said Octavius, anticipating their questions; 'the postman told me he delivered the packet to Judas.'

Judith uttered an exclamation of horror, upon hearing which the detective glanced sharply at her.

'Are you afraid of Judas seeing those letters?' he asked, quickly.

Miss Varlins passed her handkerchief across her dry lips, and after a pause answered with great deliberation, showing thereby how strong was her self-control.

'I don't know anything of the man,' she said, quickly, 'beyond that he was a friend of Mr. Melstane; but that in itself is enough

to make me anxious. The letters contain nothing but the usual romantic nonsense a girl would write. At the same time, knowing this Frenchman to be, as I verily believe, an unscrupulous wretch, I am afraid he may use the letters for his own ends.'

'But what can he gain by showing them,' said Fanks, sagaciously, 'seeing they contain nothing of importance?'

He spoke with such pointed significance and emphasis that Judith, fiery-tempered by nature, flashed out suddenly with great spirit:

'I don't know how much Mr. Axton has told you, sir, but I question your right to speak to me in this manner.'

'Oh, Fanks doesn't mean anything,' interposed Roger, unthinkingly.

'Fanks!' cried Judith, with a start, looking at Octavius, 'I thought your name was Rixton?'

'My real name is Rixton,' said Fanks, glancing reproachfully at Roger, 'but I use the name of Octavius Fanks—'

'For your detective business,' finished Judith, coolly. 'Oh, you need not look surprised, sir. I have read the Jarchester Mystery, and I know you have the case in hand.'

'If that is so, perhaps you will help me in the matter?'

'I—I cannot help you,' she said, faintly, again passing the handkerchief over her lips.

'You can in one way,' said Fanks, quietly.

She looked at him sharply, but unable to read anything on his impassive countenance, threw herself back in the carriage with an uneasy laugh.

'How so?'

'By letting me read those letters now in the possession of Judas.'

'No!'

She said it so firmly that both Fanks and Axton glanced at her in surprise, upon which she leaned forward with a pale face, and spoke hurriedly.

'There is nothing—really nothing in those letters beyond foolish girlish talk; I assure you, Mr. Rixton, there is nothing at all.'

'Then why refuse to let me see them?' asked Octavius, quickly.

'They are private.'

'Not when the law desires to see them. I am the law, and I intend to see those letters.'

'What do you mean, Fanks?' said Roger, angrily, indignant at this tone being used to Miss Varlins.

'What I say,' responded Fanks, coolly. 'Axton, Miss Varlins, this case is in my hands, and I am determined to find out who killed Sebastian Melstane, and for reasons of my own I wish to see those letters. Will you let me look at them?'

Judith twisted her handkerchief in her gloved hand, evidently trying to control herself, then putting up one hand to her throat gave a hysterical laugh.

'Yes, on one condition.'

'And that condition?'

'That you let me look over them before you read them.'

The detective fixed his hawk-like eyes on her face, as if he would draw the meaning of her words from her unwilling lips, but she gave no sign likely to guide him, and seeing that he had to deal with a will as iron as his own, compromised the matter.

'You can look over them,' he said, calmly, 'in my presence.'

Roger Axton turned furiously on his friend.

'How dare you insult Miss Varlins?' he said, fiercely. 'Are you a gentleman?'

'I am a detective,' replied Fanks, significantly.

'There is no need to quarrel, gentlemen,' said Judith, quietly. 'I agree to Mr. Rixton's request. If you will both get into the carriage we can drive to Wosk's, obtain the letters, and settle Mr. Rixton's doubts at once.'

Fanks bowed in silence, and stepped into the carriage without further remark, but Roger turned sullenly away.

'Thank you, I prefer not to come,' he said stiffly.

'I want you to come, please,' observed Fanks, quietly.

Roger did not reply, but looked at Judith, who made him an almost imperceptible sign, upon which he sprung in without further objection, and the carriage went on to the chemist's at once. Octavius had noticed the sign, and wondered thereat, but like a wise man said nothing.

'I can afford to wait,' he thought, rapidly; 'but I wish I saw the end of this case. I'm afraid of what I may find out.'

At the door of the shop of Wosk & Co. they all alighted, and Miss Varlins, followed by the two men, entered, Judas came forward as they stood by the counter, and on seeing his visitors narrowed his eyes down at once to their most dangerous expression.

'Humph!' thought Fanks, grimly, 'Judas knows our errand.'

'Monsieur Guinaud,' said Judith, calmly, 'there was a packet directed to Miss Judith at the post-office here, which, I learn, was

delivered to you by mistake. May I ask you to return it to me?'

Judas shot a glance of amazement at Fanks, with whom he credited this tackling of the letters, and opening his crafty eyes to their widest, looked guilelessly at the lady.

'Mais oui, mademoiselle,' he said, with a shrug, 'de lettres you do tell me of are with me. C'est bien certain ze postage was mistook. Mais why to you I gif zem?'

'Because the packet was meant for me.'

'Yes; I posted it,' said Roger, quickly. 'It was given to you by mistake.'

'It is de name 'Mademoiselle Judith,' observed Guinaud, doubtfully.

'Which was how the mistake occurred,' explained Fanks, easily. 'Come, Monsieur Guinaud, hand over those letters at once, if you please.'

'Eh, tres-bien,' answered Judas, promptly. 'I haf no wis to them keep. Zey are noising to me, I did not know ze person zey were to.'

'Well, you know now,' cried Fanks, sharply. 'Please give them to this lady without delay.'

'Mais certainement,' replied the Frenchman, with a bow. 'Pardon, monsieur.'

He retired quickly, and in a few minutes returned with the packet of letters—opened.

'Have you read these?' cried Judith, indignantly, as she took the packet.

M. Judas smiled in a deprecating manner, and shook his head.

'I am a man of the honor, mademoiselle,' he said, with great dignity, 'an' I haf not read ze letters. I tawt de lettres pour moi, and I did open zem. But wen I do zee zem in anglais I see it is mistook, an' read zem not.'

Fanks kept his eyes on Judas as he spoke, to see if he was speaking the truth, but was quite unable to arrive at any decision, so calm was the Frenchman's voice, so immobile the expression of his face.

'Well, at all events we have got the letters,' he said to Miss Varlins. And now—'

'Now you can take them home to read,' replied Miss Varlins, contemptuously, tossing the packet to him.

'But are you not going to examine them?'

'I have done so.'

'Are all the letters there?'

'Monsieur,' cried Judas, 'do you tink—'

'I'm addressing Miss Varlins,' retorted Fanks, coldly. 'Are all the letters there, Miss Varlins?'

'Yes, I think so,' she replied, with faint hesitation.

'You are not sure?'

'As sure as I can be,' she replied, keeping her temper wonderfully. 'I think they are all there. Will you please read the letters, and then return them to me?'

'Certainly.'

'Thank you. Good morning,' replied Judith, coldly. 'Mr. Axton.'

Roger bowed and conducted her to the carriage, while Fanks, with the bundle of letters in his hands, stood looking after her in an irresolute manner.

Suddenly he felt a cold touch on his hand, and turned round to see Judas looking at him with a strange smile on his crafty face.

'You are afraid,' he said, in French.

'Of what?' answered Fanks, coldly.

'Of those,' pointing to the letters; 'of her,' indicating Judith; 'of him,' nodding in the direction of Roger; 'of all. You are afraid, monsieur, of what you may discover.'

Fanks looked steadily at him, made no reply, and walked quickly out of the shop.

CHAPTER XI.

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.

This is the episode of Mr. Spolger, which came about in this wise. Roger was very indignant with his friend for speaking so plainly to Judith, and told him so in somewhat strong language when the carriage had departed. Fanks said nothing at first, being much exercised in his own mind over the peculiar attitude taken up toward him by Miss Varlins, but Axton was so very free in his condemnations, that for the moment he lost his self-control, and answered sharply:

'I've taken up this case, Roger, and I intend to carry it out to the bitter end, and if only for your sake; but you must let me act in every way as I think best, otherwise—'

'Otherwise!' repeated Axton, angrily, as Octavius paused.

'I will throw up the whole affair.'

'No, you must not do that,' said Roger, quickly. 'I want to see the end of this for my own sake, as you very truly say, so don't leave me in the lurch for the sake of a few hasty words. But you must admit, old fellow, that you spoke rather sharply to Judith.'

The philosophic Fanks thereupon recovered his temper and said, sententially:

'Women are the devil!'

'Eh, how so?'

'They cause trouble whenever they get mixed up in any affair. This case was difficult yesterday; to-day it is more difficult because feminine influence is at work.'

'With whom?'

'With me, with you, with Judas, with us

all. May I say something without being thought-rude?'

'If it's about Judith—'

'It is about Judith.'

'Then don't say it,' retorted Roger, in a huff.

'Very well,' replied Fanks, resignedly; 'but if you take away my guiding stars, I'll never find my way across the ocean of mystery.'

Roger made no reply, but walked on rapidly with a frown on his good-looking face. Suddenly he stopped so dead short that Fanks, also using his legs in no slow fashion, shot past him a yard or so before he could pull up.

Quoth Roger savagely:

'Say your say and have done with it.'

Mr. Fanks surveyed his friend with a quiet smile, and then took him gently by the arm.

'Come and have luncheon with me,' he said, persuasively.

'No.'

'They've got an excellent cook at the Foundryman.'

'I won't come.'

'I can give you a good bottle of claret.' Axton exploded furiously.

'Confound it, Fanks, why do you treat me like a child?'

'Because you are one at present.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Roger, with a sneer, 'from your point of view.'

'From a common-sense point of view,' replied Fanks, with great good-humor. 'Come, don't be silly, my good fellow! You're sure because I don't worship your idol. Be easy, I'll do so when this case is finished.'

'But if—'

'Oh, come to luncheon,' said Fanks, and marched him off without further parley.

The luncheon was good, both as regards victuals and wine, while Fanks, in the capacity of host, behaved in a wondrously genial fashion, so by the time they finished and were smoking socially by the fire, Roger had quite recovered his temper, and felt ashamed of his fit of ill-humor.

'But you know,' he said, guiltily, 'I'm in love.'

'Business first, pleasure afterward,' quoth the philosopher, sagely.

'Apropos of what?'

'This case. I know you are in love, I know the lady you love. I quite approve of that love. Marriage, however, should begin with no secrets between man and wife.'

'Fish!'

'In this case the wife would have a secret from the husband.'

'Rubbish!'

'It may be, but it's rubbish that concerns those letters.'

'Perhaps you'll accuse Judith of the murder,' cried Roger, in great wrath.

A blank wall would have been more expressive than the face of the detective.

'Why didn't she want me to read those letters?' he said, quietly.

'There are the letters—read them.'

'Thank you,' replied Fanks, imperturbably, 'I will.'

And he did so slowly and carefully, taking note of the dates and arranging the letters in due order. Having finished, he tied the letters up again and handed them over to Roger.

'Please deliver them to Miss Judith.'

'Oh, ho,' said Roger, slipping the parcel into his pocket. 'So the letters are no use to you?'

'Not the letters that are there.'

'What do you think some of the letters are missing?'

'I'm certain of it.'

'Then who is the thief?'

'Judas.'

'Oh!'

Roger flung himself back in his chair with a sigh of relief, as if he had half expected to hear another name, and that a name similar in sound.

'There are in that bundle,' said Fanks, gravely, 'letters written at Ironfields—so far so good. But they are only silly girlish letters!'

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World

EUROPEAN.

The miners in Belgium are again on the point of striking. They demand great improvements.

For carrying marble blocks on their heads from the quarries, Italian women receive 25 cents per day. They are now on strike to get three cents more.

The German Government has ordered the post office not to handle 16 of the 27 socialist publications in the land.

A motion to grant an amnesty to the workmen who were arrested in France on May Day was carried in the Chambers by 215 votes against 115.

The Social Democratic party of Cologne, Germany, has decided to take part in the coming municipal elections. This will be the first time it has done so.

The German Protective Association of printers decided at its general meeting in Berlin to join the General Labor Congress and have accordingly placed themselves in line with the socialist movement in Germany.

Forty-four workmen who had been arrested in Rome, Italy on May Day were sentenced to imprisonment, varying from one month to three years.

Three thousand fustian cutters in Macclesfield, Congleton, Lymm, and other parts of Cheshire are now out. At a mass meeting held recently the wrongs of the people were described in touching language.

Fifteen thousand marks have been appropriated to induce 500 German children of the weaving persuasion to quit the trade and become farmers or servants to the feudal barons.

Two years ago the bakers of London were working about 100 hours a week for \$7.50. They organized a union and the hours were reduced to 60, while the wages rose to \$10. Matters thereupon declined again and now they are working from 80 to 100 hours, while wages have been reduced to the former starvation level.

AMERICAN.

A horseshoers' union has been organized in Syracuse, N. Y.

The carpenters' union of Syracuse, N. Y., will employ a salaried walking delegate.

The labor organizations of Ironton, O., have nominated a full legislative and county ticket.

The machinists' union of Philadelphia has joined the American Federation of Labor of Pennsylvania, and elected representatives to its annual convention.

The street railroad men of Boston are re-organizing. At the last meeting of Federal Labor Union No. 3,873 over one thousand names were added to the roll.

Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the Executive Board of the Iron Molders' Union at their meeting last week for the relief of the San Francisco molders.

Grand Chief Howard, of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, announces that the next annual convention of that body will be held in Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 21.

James O'Connor, General Secretary of the Operative Plasterers' Union, states that during the past fiscal year all local unions, excepting No. 89, Wilkesbarre, Pa., have secured less hours and more wages. Five new unions have been chartered.

New local typographical unions were chartered last month in Chicago, Ill., and Concord, N.H.; the union of Town of Lake, No. 74, has surrendered its charter. The result of the general vote upon the amendments to the International Constitution must be sent to General Secretary W. S. McClevey on or before Sept. 30.

The National Convention of the Journeymen Tailors of America was in session last week in St. Louis. About 70 delegates, representing nearly 15,000 members, attended. Important resolutions were adopted concerning the back shop system. The question of sick benefits and how to organize the whole craft, as heretofore the custom or fine tailor trade has been the ones only, to any large extent, organized.

Two members of the Fresco Painters' Union of New York have been fined \$25 each for working more than eight hours per day.

Charles J. Dumar, ex-president of Typographical Union No. 6, New York, says that the 59 hour law is merely a palliative for the many evils in his trade and that far more would be accomplished by the abolition of piece work.

The New York Board of Walking Delegates has compelled the De la Vigne Ice Machine Co. to employ union men at the construction of their machine in Malcolm's brewery, Flushing avenue, Brooklyn. The complaint was made by the K. of L. machinery constructors. The latter have also organized a new branch of their organization at Germania Hall, Franklin avenue.

The Diamond Association of Type Founders, K. of L., is about to withdraw from National Trade Assembly No. 245 to rejoin D. A. 49.

Last week 18 organizations resolved to take part in the Labor Day parade of the Brooklyn Central Labor Federation. Committees are visiting other unions to interest them in the matter. A grand marshal will be elected shortly.

CANADIAN.

A lawsuit between Toronto and Contractor McNamee, of Montreal, is looming up. The contention of the city is that the contractor has incurred the penalties provided for in the contract by reason of his delay in completing some work. Some time since the council voted McNamee two thousand out of five thousand dollars of his money held in lieu of drawback. This he has refused to accept and demands the whole. Mr. McNamee presents a statement of all the moneys claimed by him.

When the cancellation of the ship laborers' charter was asked for at the last session of the Legislature one of the strongest arguments used was that the Board of Trade had respectfully invited them to send delegates to confer with the board as to existing difficulties and the society had never even acknowledged receipt of the letter. Mr. Mercier said that if they could prove actual delivery of the letter it would be a very strong point. Now he has had actual experience of it himself. On January 20th last Hon. Charles Langlier wrote to the society reminding them that their by-laws had been abolished by the Legislature and that no new ones would have any effect before being approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-council. No notice was taken of this letter, and up till the present day it has been treated with silent contempt.—Gazette.

A LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

An Uneducated Man Who Has No Peer as an Arithmetician.

"He is as illiterate as a savage and can instantly solve any mathematical problem. He would not recognize his name if it were placed before him in type three feet high, nor can he tell a figure seven from a cipher, yet he can tell how many grains of wheat piled upon each other would reach the sun if they gave him the size of a grain of wheat and the distance from the earth to the sun. Such a problem he considers quite simple, and will announce the answer by the time you have concluded the question."

Such is one of many remarkable statements made by a recent examiner in regard to Rube Field, the lightning calculator of Hazel Hill, Mo. He is forty years old, uncultured, and yet the greatest master of numbers now living. He will talk with one person, or a very small group, for a small sum per hour, yet absolutely refuses to exhibit, or, as he says, "to be made a show of."

To test one examiner recently called off several numbers running into trillions as fast as he could speak, and Rube gave the total as soon as the speaker paused for breathe. Another, having written the figures and added them without speaking, asked him:

"Can you add 26,896,432 to 1,938,549 to 69,598,624,138 to 1,846,023,001 to 14,374 without stopping to figure?"

"That makes 71,473,496,494," he instantly replied, with a laugh at what he considered the simplicity of the question. Some of his conceptions are so daring that they seem like blasphemy. He says that God sent him to reveal the great secret of time and eternity, and that by and by he will be ordered to declare it. He will then go to heaven and come back with the angel Gabriel; they will stand side by side at the resurrection, and he will announce the numbers as the nations are divided off for their final destiny. "Who else could do it?" is his triumphant question.

"God has created but one Sampson, one Solomon, one Christ, one Shakespeare, one Gladstone, one George Washington and one Rube Field"—such is his favorite statement. He can tell the time to the half minute without clock or watch, and can do it when suddenly waked from the soundest sleep. He can also announce at will the time in any city on the globe, the distance in miles or measurement of longitude and the difference between that and local time to the second. He can give no explanation of his power. "If I could tell you you'd be as smart as I am," is his answer. He enjoys the most perfect satisfaction with himself, and says he really pities other people; but he has an especial pity for Jay Gould. "See the work that man does and can't take it with him when he dies. But you bet I'll take what I've got along with me."

Another strange thing is his power over brutes. The fiercest dogs are gentle to him, a wild horse will submit readily to his handling and a vicious bull pays no attention to him. He handles rattlesnakes and copperheads with impunity. He formerly ate enormous quantities, but is now quite abstemious. He declares that he will marry if he can find a woman as smart as himself, but "won't hitch on to no common fool." He enjoys his local fame, but looks forward to the next world as his great field, where he will rank next to St. Peter. His family have tried in vain to induce him to travel and give exhibitions.

pring comes, and with a joyous voice Bids man with nature to rejoice.

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Display or contract advertisements are taken at special rates, which will be made known upon application.
Business notices published in local columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.
All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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

MONTREAL, August 15, 1891.

THE ECHO is mailed to subscribers at a distance every Friday evening, and delivered in the city early on Saturday. Parties not receiving their paper regularly should communicate with the office.

FACTORY INSPECTION BY WOMEN.

During the past two or three weeks the staff of the New York factory inspection office has been supplemented by the addition of four lady inspectors in accordance with the amendments to the law made by the last Legislature. They are said to have been diligent and faithful in discharge of their duty, climbing long flights of stairs and penetrating the dusky dens of "sweaters" in the interests of the people, and their reports furnished to the chief inspector make interesting reading. In many cases they found that parents assist their children to violate the law by giving them false certificates of age to enable them to work, when the fact is the children are palpably two or three years younger. This mode of deception was not at all times successful we are glad to say, and the poor children, from some of whose parents other conduct might have been expected, were sent back to their homes. In one cigarette factory 104 girls under age were found at work, and these were all armed with certificates of legal age from their parents. Some employers, it was also found, were too ready accepting these certificates of age, the appearance of the applicant giving the lie very emphatically to their credentials.

Ignorance of the factory laws was found on every hand and open violations a matter of frequent occurrence, and all sanitary provisions were utterly disregarded. Thousands of children on the East side were discovered to be totally ignorant of the English language, and when questioned could only gaze in amazement upon the inspector. In this locality, where sweater's dens abound, the inspectors found the prevailing languages to be Hebrew, Polish and Bohemian, and it required considerable tact and perseverance on their part to arrive at facts. Although some arrests were ordered for flagrant violations of the laws against employment of children under age and for bad sanitary arrangements where employers disregarded the warnings of the inspectors, on the whole it was found that there was a general disposition among the majority of employers to comply in good faith with the regulations, and the exceptions were found among the poorer class of non-English-speaking manufacturers.

Application has been made to both Dominion and Local governments by labor bodies in Canada to have female inspectors appointed, but as yet these

requests have been disregarded. It is safe to say that in factories where a preponderance of girls are employed, one of their own sex would naturally be met with greater confidence. It is not generally known perhaps that dress-making establishments come under the factory laws, but it is so, and as there are a very large number of these scattered throughout the city a female inspector could very easily be employed looking after these and seeing that the regulations in regard to working hours are attended to. It is a very general complaint that apprentices at this business are often obliged to work till late at night during the busy season. This, of course, is contrary to the act and should be investigated.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The bakers of Quebec have further reduced the price of the large loaf to 14 cents. When they can afford to sell the staff of life so cheaply in the ancient city the bakers of Montreal should be in a position, without interfering with a fair margin of profit, to reduce the price of this prime necessity. Flour has fallen considerably of late, and the abundant harvest recorded all over the country should affect its price still further. As a general rule, however, the bakers of Montreal are about the last of the race of mortals to allow humanity to reap a full advantage of the bounty of Providence in the shape of cheap bread.

The decision of Judge Rumsey in the Rochester conspiracy case goes further to confirm the belief that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor and that capital has the power to direct the blind goddess. The clothing firms of Rochester formed a "Clothing Exchange"—not a trade exchange but an employers union—to operate against organized workmen. When thoroughly established a lockout of the clothiers was declared by means of a notice from every shop, delivered in the pay envelopes last March. This was construed by organized labor as a conspiracy to deprive these men of work, and so an indictment was framed against them which, however, has been thrown out. In this connection it is curious to note how easy it was to secure a conviction and a sentence of one year's imprisonment against James Hughes for attempted boycotting of clothing manufactured by firms who are members of this exchange. It is right, according to this sapient interpreter of the law, for employers to boycott workmen, but it becomes a crime when the boycott is practised by the other side.

The young Earl of Dudley, an hereditary legislator, of course, has recently taken his seat in the House of Lords with all the archaic performance that pertains to the ceremony. The new Earl is chiefly known in connection with a celebrated card-playing scandal and with some exploits on the turf. He is now settling down in a double sense, entering almost simultaneously upon matrimony and his legislative duties. He is still young enough to outlive his youthful escapades and make a career for himself worthy of his lineage and his splendid opportunities.

It is not often that one can turn over upwards of £6 out of an old hat. But this was accomplished on the last two nights of a bazaar recently held at Wellington, New Zealand, in aid of the Orphanage building fund. The secret is that the hat belonged to Mr. John Dillon, who, on the occasion of his visit to Wellington, left it behind. The raffle caused no small interest as to who should be the winner. A Mrs. Sullivan proved the lucky investor, after which Mr. Dillon received three hearty cheers.

In a brief discussion in the British House of Commons, which sprang out of a question about prize fights, the Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, pro-

posed that he did not understand the phrase "knocked out of time." This verdancy on his part is refreshing seeing that the gentleman has been knocked out of time in every round of the great Parliamentary mill that commenced in 1886. The next thing we shall hear of is that the Home Secretary does not know the meaning of "getting into chancery." On a par with Matthews' innocence is the declaration of Sir Hector Langevin that he did not know he was referred to in Mr. Tarte's charges. Sweet innocence!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**THE EXPOSITION AND ITS ADVERTISING.**

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—Standing in front of a fence the other day placard all over with posters I overheard a conversation between two gentlemen on the relative merits of the Toronto and Montreal exhibition posters displayed there side by side, which was not without its moral. One of them took the ground that the evident stinginess of the Montreal Company in the use of printers' ink at the beginning of the enterprise, if followed up, would kill the enterprise altogether. "Look at the two," he said, "surely it is possible in a city like Montreal to produce something more artistic than that miserable, common-place daub of ill-chosen colors, whose most conspicuous feature is the imprint at the bottom. Why, if the Exhibition Company post these bills in Toronto to the people there, who are educated to a higher standard of art printing, will laugh at them. The best thing the directors can do is cover them up again; plain black and white with the type suitably arranged would look much better than this absurdity of color and arrangement."

"Well," said the other, "you can hardly blame the printer. He had to cut according to his cloth."

"Not altogether, although he is greatly to blame too. I suppose the work is done by contract, and in competing for the work he must have forgotten, in his anxiety to secure it, that the price would not allow of turning out a job that would be creditable alike to his establishment and to the city."

Being a member of the "Art Preservative" this conversation interested me greatly, of course, so I took another look at the two posters under criticism, and was soon of the same opinion as the gentleman who first spoke. Caterers of every form of amusement know the value of an attractive poster and the "drawing" power it has, therefore the directors of Montreal Exposition should take a tumble and spend a little more on this form of advertisement—it will pay them.

Yours, A JOB PRINTER.

THE PAINTERS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—The painters of this city are making preparations for Labor day demonstration on a grand scale.

The rivalry that seems to exist among the two unions since the formation of the second is nearly a repetition of what every trade had to contend with, and will undoubtedly meet with the same results as all former bodies—failure.

Where was Union 222 delegates at the meeting of the council held on Thursday last, to look after their interest and see that their requests came up before that body for action.

The discord that has been caused since the formation of a second union in the trade was never known to exist to such a degree as at the present time.

One of the promoters of the second union here was one of the men who willingly gave some work for an association of which he is an active member, to a rat office.

The principle reason why a second charter was sent for was to enable a few men to be elected officers, who could not under any circumstances have been an officer, where one body existed. The International Vice President, Mr. Peltier, should see that the constitution is lived up to and if possible have the charter No. 222 returned, and combine with 74, it would be an improvement on the present system which is nothing more or less than a dead letter.

PAINT BRUSH.

ONE OR TWO UNIONS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—In your issue of August 1st I observed an article signed by "Scraps" on why two unions should not exist in a city like Montreal, in which the writer admits that his views may not meet with the approval of some of the members, and that he would be pleased to hear from some other member on the subject, I will endeavor in as brief a way as possible to show why two unions should exist where two languages are spoken.

1 It would take too much time in trans-

lating the business done at a meeting where two languages are spoken.

2 The offices would be controlled by the party in the majority, in this case French.

3 We the minority would be compelled to submit to the decision of the majority.

4 It would be no benefit to us to assist at meetings where a different language was spoken, admitting it was translated.

5 There would only be one set of officers and it would debar the extra set now in existence from holding office.

6 It would cause considerable trouble where at present harmony and good feeling prevail.

Past experience has shown us that it was not practical, and that we were losing instead of gaining or holding our own.

Again in all large cities we find two unions in one trade and prospering with the times, even in this city we have several trades where two unions exist and prosper, and I fail to see why the cigar makers cannot do the same.

The writer is certainly not familiar with the workings of the unions or is deliberately trying to bring disunion among a craft where peace and harmony exists, not that I think it is being done with a bad intention, but the fact that his ambition to pose as a writer gets the best of his judgment and instead of causing united action on the part of the two unions, helps to create discord.

In conclusion I hope that I have showed "Scraps" a sufficient number of reasons why two unions should exist as at present, and that in the future he will when advancing any change in the present system give more logical and practical ideas on his subject.

Yours respectfully,
T. ED.

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE? If not, don't delay, but hasten and find out for yourselves the best place to buy your Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Underwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, also your Boots and Shoes, all greatly reduced for this and next week. A few quotations: Men's and Boys' Straw Hats from 10c upwards; Men's and Boys' Felt Hats from 50c upwards; Boys' Neckties, All value, at 5c each; Men's Neckties, in Knots and Four-in-hands, from 12½c up; Men's Cotton Underwear, from 25c each; Men's Seamless Cotton Socks, 2 pairs for 25c; Extra fine Merino Socks, reduced to 20c a pair; Men's Oxford Shirts, with 2 Collars, for 75c, worth \$1.00; Men's Striped Pique Front Shirts, for 75c, worth \$1.25; Men's Boating and Outing Shirts in great variety, all reduced; Ladies' Blouses at cost; big reductions in Boots and Shoes; Men's Canvas Shoes, Special to clear, for \$1.00 a pair, worth \$1.50; Men's Tan Shoes, Special to clear, for \$1.75 a pair, worth \$2.00. Where? at John Allan's Grand Central Emporium, 659 to 665 Craig Street, near Bleury Street.

Printers' Rollers

DO YOU WANT
A GOOD ROLLER?
OF COURSE YOU DO!

Get HENRY OWEN to make your Rollers and you will have what you want. All sizes at low prices. Rollers cast with despatch.

COMPOSITION IN BULK.
GET PRICES.

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DONE ON THE PREMISES.

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TEA! TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

Have you tried STROUD'S 30c Black, Green or Japan Teas? If not, do so and save 10c to 20c per lb. This is no catch, and any person finding these Teas not as represented will have their money refunded.

Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,
2188 NOTRE DAME ST. NEAR MOUNTAIN.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S
ADVERTISEMENT.****ANOTHER SCANDAL**

In these unhallowed times may be sprung upon the public at any moment. The spirit of Hercules is abroad, and the cleansing of Augean stables is the order of the day. "Something rotten in the state of Denmark!" and quite a number of Departments require to be overhauled! That's our method—a thorough overhauling! But the effect on our clients is something very different from the Ottawa business. Pleasant smiles, the result of sweet satisfaction for value received, are the invariable souvenirs of our Departmental revelations.

"CUT IN TWO!"

HALF PRICE! HALF PRICE!

BEADED CAPES!

Still about 100 in stock to clear at half price.

LADIES' DOLMANS!

Trimmed with Jets and Lace.

\$10 00.....for.....\$5 00
8 00.....for.....4 00

LADIES' ULSTERS!

Large line reduced to exactly half price.

\$ 7 00.....for.....\$3 50
9 00.....for.....4 00
12 00.....for.....6 00
16 00.....for.....8 00

CHILDREN'S ULSTERS.

\$1 25.....for.....\$0 63
2 50.....for.....1 25
3 50.....for.....1 75

GRAY AND TANNED REEFERS

FOR GIRLS.

Half Price. Half Price.

\$3 40.....for.....\$1 70
Etc., Etc.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter

Terms Cash and Only One Price.

McRae & Poulin,**MERCHANT TAILORS.**

Highland Costumes,
Ladies' Mantles
A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut
in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.**Extra Wide****BOOTS AND SHOES****RONAYNE BROS.**

17 Chaboillez Square.

AS THE HOME OF EVERY HONEST WORKINGMAN SHOULD BE.

(Written for THE ECHO by Cyrille Horslot.)

We made it a real home. Not a place full of unused rooms, strange echoes, deserted chambers, hollow sounds, musty smells and horrible patterned carpets; but a neat, cosy home where we live every day the whole year round, happy with the little we have, envious of no one, caring for our real wants and giving hospitality to no imaginary ones. Many years ago we began with only a few dollars; but with a great deal of hope, of youth and health. One night our palms rested in each other, our lips met as never before, we promised earnestly and faithfully and have kept vows deeply graven in our hearts. Then we started out on the voyage of a new life. The great sea sang murmuring at our feet. Its distance was flecked with tiny sails. There were icebergs and green isles in the distance, but none near the flowered shore; it is thus to tempt people! So or not so, those who look beyond the reach of momentary vision can see open sailing; that icebergs can be missed and the green isles far out yonder be reached. But not except those who sail the craft be of one mind! Let both steer for the same port and channel, it will be reached. But, alas! too many sail on, wrapped only in the present, squandering of the future, and soon put back for another craft or float on the surf that throws and dashes and spatters itself in mockery over the rock-ribbed shore, not harder than the composite of error of which many a frail bark is stranded. There is much in making. There is much more in not overloading the craft. There is much in not taking too many passengers with you; and there is much in working the ship together, and very much in not giving to others the delicacies which never outlast the voyage except used only by those who put them up for their own use! But no more of the sea; we must not float.

How did we win this home? Little by little. Thanking God for yesterday, for to-day, for to-morrow; for hope and for pluck. It did seem hard to begin from nothing years ago, but we thus began. We decided to fit out our craft for a long voyage in hope to visit very many of the distant isles. So we saved. What was earned by the labor of hands was saved, not to be hoarded, but to be spent. The money earned in the shop, by the fire, by the pen or by the needle did not float off in steam like water put on burning coal; it did not thin off into shavings fit only to kindle desires; it did not drop into the pile of clothes scraps, leather bits and waxed ends; we did not leave it fastened to the cup of dissipation to choke our manhood. It was saved for the good it might do; was paid to those who built our home, and those who in a thousand other places were willing to make this and that of the useful and beautiful, to be purchased, paid for and enjoyed by all who would or will make home attractive. Is it not wonderful how workingmen help each other? And how little we do for those who made all these beautiful and good things for us! these carpets, chairs, tables, pictures, glass and frames; the house we live in, the stove we cook upon, the bed we sleep on, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the dishes we use, the medicines we take, the books and papers we read, the pen we use, the ink we are wasting, the clock which tells us the hour, the curtains which exclude the glance of eyes outside as we sit writing! Why! if all the men and women, boys and girls who had worked on these articles in our home should call to night, who would—who could care for our guests? They would be here by the thousands! Verily, the idea, the truth of our own littleness, as we have to think of how lit-

many others work for us, is enough to drown the soul into its own shrinkage. When night comes here we rest to gather strength. Here we have a garret-castle an honest king might envy, all won by honest toil. The rooms are always so neat and in order. The bed-clothes clean, the sweeter to rest for the better health for to-morrow. We have not so much as a cross word all the year. We care not what others say of us, for the sun of happiness draws its warmth, not from what others say or do, but what we do or think of ourselves. When our true hearted friends come they are very welcome. Little or much that we have, they are indeed welcome. We never fix up for anybody but keep fixed up, as good wives say, for themselves; then we are never surprised. If we have a crust, and that only, half is theirs. We have no parlor for them alone, for it is all parlor in our home; all as nice as we can have it; we keep no room locked, darkened, musty, and unopened only at stated seasons, to show how foolish we are not to enjoy the good and comfort of life as we live, while waiting, as it were, for the hearse. We do not like to see people sit in the hot sun when a shade is close by, nor live in bare rooms in order to show people they do not know how to enjoy parlors. Empty parlors are but musty tortures; vain display of taste used in too many instances only for weddings and funerals. Rightly kept they are homes; securely locked up they are prisons or sepulchres of ignored joys, comforts and happiness. Our home is our parlor. Our parlor is our home. We labor day after day. And as our will to dare and power to accomplish, like the darkness, fades out before the coming of the great light, we strive for the goldening of our love, for the beautifying of our home for the great preparation. Those who care not for their homes here, how can they care for them in the hereafter? The present is but the fitting of the future. As we strive here we are rewarded there. You need not tell us that we enter our new homes as we came here, empty-handed or empty-hearted. What did Christ say about the talent which was hidden in a napkin? Pause and look for the meaning of the simile. All we earn, save or gather here of the good, and pure, and the noble, is credited to us there! If we care not for ourselves in honor, for others in love; if we toil not to-day for the rest to-morrow, why should He or others this side of Him care for us? We wish and pray that more of our workingmen may have better homes; that they may more earnestly care for their earnings, their lives and their manhood when young and able-bodied, as they can't foresee what will happen them if they are to grow old, as if sickness, which is by the way the income of the workingman, befall on him, he is spurned by the employers and other employees as an old "good-for-nothing." Those who do not care for the future, who don't care about organization, are not the happy ones, nor their families, and are unfit to live in those days of struggles and progress. Care not to hoard, but to beautify, to adorn, to clothe, to educate; O! above all, to educate. The noblest men in the land nowadays, mind, are the sons of workingmen, mechanics, laborers and farmers, who have oft been sneered at by the drones of humanity on account of their poverty. The happiest homes are those built on the enduring foundation of honest toil. We would see every home happy, would throw open the musty parlors, swing the blinds, clear out the dust and cobwebs, fill closets with clothes, libraries with good books, cupboards with food, the home with laughter and cheerfulness and the heart with joy. We would see the wife and little ones happier, the husband more contented and encouraged, parents more proud of and kind to their children, children set good examples and taught good manners in practical schools and to avoid street corners and factories where in their ten-

derage they learn but corrupt principles. And we would see men of stout hearts and desires to do good stand closer to each other and by the unfortunate, to protect and love, as the sublime principles of the noble Order of K. of L. teach us. We would ignore and abolish the crooked laws and legislators which now everywhere rob the workingman of hard-earned money for the benefit of a clique who pay no taxes on ill-gotten incomes; would wipe out as with red-hot fire the prohibition imposed on the necessity of life which comes to us through shrewd Puritanism; and the foundation for high deeds, noble resolves, great undertakings, and that success which marks our progression to worthiness of future greatness by the firesides and in the homes of workingmen of the earth, who are our real and only princes for the present, and joint heirs for the future. But to accomplish so great a work, workingmen shall cease to let themselves be blinded by mountebanks, to be found everywhere, and who use them only to reach their end. What we want is more confidence and sincerity towards each other; turn out the demagogues and crafty when you can reach them, cease to make war between yourselves about idle questions, and do your utmost to have a daily paper of your own. Without these reforms you are to suffer till your last day under the yoke of debasing slavery.

TO-DAY'S SPORTS.

The attractions in out-door sports to-day will of course be the double event on the M. A. A. grounds, where the Montreal-Toronto match takes place along with the St. Gabriel vs. Montreal Juniors. The senior match will start promptly at three o'clock so as to give lots of time for the juniors to play off. The Montreals are putting forward a great team the following being selected:—E. Sheppard, J. Paterson, J. Louson, Allan Cameron, J. Barry, Geo. Baird, W. Spriggings, T. Carlind, A. S. McNaughton, W. C. Hodgson, A. A. Hodgson and W. Geraghty; H. Brophy, captain. The Toronto team will be greatly strengthened this time by Sewell and Joe Irving on the home, both of whom were not able to come here on the 13th June, while such old timers as Sam Martin, C. Carmichael, Paul Carmichael, Bob Cheyne, Gale, Woodland, J. Garvin, and in all probability Percy Schofield. All games of ten minutes duration or less will be followed by only five minutes rest.

The officials chosen for the St. Gabriel-Montreal Junior match are:—P. Mehan, referee; and Messrs J. Stafford and W. J. McKenna, umpires. This match is exciting very great interest as the outcome will very materially affect the standing of these clubs in the junior championship.

MONTREAL NEWS.

The Allan line have again commenced to carry the mail between Great Britain and Canada.

A man named Frigon had one of his hands seriously injured while working at a circular saw in Williams Sewing machine factory.

Joachim Bissonette, of Coteau du Lac, and George Duval are each suing Andrew Allan et al and the Allan Royal Mail S.S. Co. in forma pauperis to recover damages to the extent of \$200 each for injuries they sustained by an iron pillar falling upon them on July 4 last, while they were at work in the hold of one of the Company's vessels. They allege that a defect in the connection of the hook with the chain attached to the derrick caused the accident.

Pioneer Temple of Honor has re-organized and the following officers elected:—Bro. John Heild, W. C. T.; Bro. Richard Boyd, W. V. T.; Bro. Henry Broadbent, W. R.; Bro. John Mason, W. C.; Bro. Michael Normington, W. T.; Bro. Mason, W. F. R.; Bro. Edward De Da Naan, W. U.; Bro. William Anderson, W. S.; Bro. Chippindale, P. W. C. T. All Templars are invited to attend meetings every Wednesday night 8 o'clock, at No. 223 Notre Dame street.

A fatal accident occurred on Thursday afternoon to a carpenter named Philippe Papillon, of No. 311 Sanguinet street, who was employed on the building occupied by Messrs. Habbell & Brown, corner of St. Peter and Lemoine streets. Papillon, in some unaccountable manner, fell from the second story down the hoist shaft and was picked up in an unconscious state. The General Hospital ambulance was quickly on the spot, and the poor sufferer removed to the hospital, where he lingered in agony for a few hours, but finally succumbed to the

effect of his injuries. Papillon's head and face were badly injured, and his right hip was broken by the fall. Coroner Jones held an inquest, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.

John Sean, of No. 7 Grant street, went to sleep on his window sill, it is supposed while under the influence of liquor. He fell out, and at the Notre Dame Hospital, where he was taken to, his life is despaired of.

Remember the Printers' Picnic on Saturday next at Otterburn Park. A programme of games has been prepared ahead of anything here this season. Blasi's orchestra for dancing. Lacrosse match—Beavers vs. Victorias and other attractions.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

5000 Sold in Montreal.

21 Styles to Choose from.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CENTRAL CANADA:

WILLIS & CO.

182 tre Dame St., (NEAR MCGILL STREET.)

Tuning and Repairs done in an artistic manner at reasonable rates. Also Tuning by the year.

J. CHURCH,

30 Chaboillez Square.

If WORKINGMEN desire to obtain for themselves, their wives or their little ones HONEST GOODS at fair prices call at the above address and examine the stock of BOOTS AND SHOES to be found there.

The styles are up to date, and the workmanship is guaranteed to be of the best, while the prices are away down to rock bottom.

Quality considered, I have several remarkably cheap lines of strong, durable and well-made Boots for Men and Boys, Women and Girls, which you would do well to see.

Note the Address:

30 Chaboillez Square.

Canvas and Tan

LEATHER

Boots and Shoes

RONAYNE BROS.

17 Chaboillez Square.

MONEY TO LOAN.

\$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards; also money advanced on goods. Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.

JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent, 156 St. James

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!

MILLAR'S

Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Cider, &c. To be had at all First class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

EARLY CLOSING, FOR RECREATION.

In order to give a little more time for recreation or recuperation our stores will be closed at 5.30 p.m. every day during August, except Saturdays, when they will be closed at ONE o'clock.

S. CARSLEY.

Attend S. CARSLEY'S CLEARING SALE of all Summer Goods now going on.

GIVEN AWAY.

During this month one Webster's Original Unabridged Dictionary to all customers purchasing \$25 worth or more in one day.

DESCRIPTION.

This dictionary measures 10 1/2 inches long 9 inches broad, and 4 1/2 inches thick and contains 1,281 pages.

See them in our window.

S. CARSLEY.

REMNANT SALE.

Every one ought to take advantage of our Remnant Sale. Thousands of Remnants to be sold before Saturday.

Ask for the Print Remnant Counter. Ask for the Dress Goods Remnant Counter. Ask for the Manchester Remnant Counter.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

New Plaid Dress Gingham, 4 1/2c
Fancy Striped Gingham, 7c
New Scotch Gingham, 8 1/2c
Fancy Plaids, new colors, 8 1/2c
Plain Colored Chambrays, 18 1/2c
Wide Width Chambrays, 23 1/2c
New Pattern Plaid Gingham, 23c
Black and White Gingham for Mourning, 23c.
Fancy Zephyr Lustres, 27c

S. CARSLEY.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Special Line of English Satens, 12 1/2c
New Floral Designs, 12 1/2c
All colors in Spotted Satens, 15 1/2c
Various Patterns in Satens, 15 1/2c
Black and White Satens for Mourning, 15c
Silk Patterns in Satens, 18c
Black and White Satens for Mourning, 18c
New and Perfect Designs in Satens, 23c
New French Satens, 28c
Black and White Satens for Mourning, 27c

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Remnant Sale. Remnant Sale.
Remnants of Cheap Prints
Remnants of Good Prints
Remnants of Cheap Gingham
Remnants of Good Gingham
Remnant Sale. Remnant Sale.
Remnants of Plain Chambrays
Remnants of Fancy Chambrays
Remnants of Plaid Gingham
Remnants of Striped Gingham
Remnant Sale. Remnant Sale.
Remnants of French Satens
Remnants of English Satens
Remnants of Mourning Prints
Remnants of Mourning Satens

S. CARSLEY.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Cotton Vests, 14c
Checked Elastic Ribbed Vests, 22c
Ladies' Fashioned Cotton Vests, 22c
Natural and White Pure Wool Vests, 42c
India Gauze Merino Vests, 50c
Ladies' Balbriggan Undervests, 75c
Elastic Ribbed Silk Vests, 72c
Fine Ribbed "Health" Vests, 54c
Pure Ribbed Silk Vests, 75c
Fashioned Lisle Thread Vests, white, 55c
Fashioned Lisle Thread Vests, corn, 60c
Ladies' Summer Cashmere Vests, \$1.15
Pure Wool "Health" Vests, \$1.25
Fine Ribbed Silk Vests, \$1.25
Ladies' Plain Silk Vests, \$3.45

S. CARSLEY.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Children's Colored Cotton Hose, 7c
Children's Colored Cotton Hose, 9c
Colored Ribbed Cotton Hose, 12c
Ladies' Colored Cotton Hose, 10c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, 10c
Ladies' Colored Cotton Hose, 15c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, 15c
Fine Summer Cashmere Hose, 19c
Black Summer Cashmere Hose, 25c
Fast Black Cotton Hose, 30c
Full Fashioned Cashmere Hose, 32c
Black Lisle Thread Hose, 42c
Best Black Cotton Hose, 45c
Ladies' Black Spun Silk Hose, 70c
Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, \$1.25

S. CARSLEY.

ATTEND THE CLEARING SALE

— OF —

ALL SUMMER GOODS

Now going on at

S. CARSLEY'S,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON

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

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

Clapperton's Spool Cotton

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The brigands of Tohereskoj, Turkey, recently made a descent from their stronghold and kidnapped a French farmer named Raymond and his overster named Ruffie. The men made a desperate resistance, and were severely injured. The leader of the band demands \$23,000 for the release of the prisoners.

Despatches from Crete represent the island as in a condition approaching anarchy. The Christian and Mohammedan factions are engaged in constant warfare, killing one another by wholesale. The local authorities are powerless to stop the disorders. The regular troops formerly stationed on the island have been taken away to aid the Porte in putting down the rebellion in Arabia.

Mr. Dillon, in a speech at Mallow, invited Mr. Parnell to consent to the formation of a committee, consisting of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and any two men Mr. Parnell may select, to allocate a portion of the Paris fund to the relief and protection of evicted tenants until it is possible to appeal to the country for fresh funds.

The North German Gazette semi-officially declares that Germany intends to conclude commercial treaties with all the powers, including France, insisting that all Europe must combine in self-defence against America. The article asserts that Germany will aim at isolating the United States commercially rather than France.

Owing to the critical position of affairs in the East, it is reported that England will add ten warships to her Mediterranean fleet and hold the Channel squadron in readiness to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet at a moment's notice.

By a boiler explosion at Chaumont, in the Department of Haute Marne, France, six persons were killed and four were so terribly injured that their lives are despaired of.

The Grand Duke Alexis, who is now in Paris, has notified the authorities of Vichy that he does not want any official reception there. Remarkable scenes were witnessed Tuesday evening at the Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, where concerts were given. Enormous crowds were present and repeated demands were made for the Russian national anthem, the crowds joining in the music with heads uncovered.

Messrs. Watts, Gray and others have signed a requisition for a meeting of Freeman's Journal directors in Dublin to change the policy of the paper. Mr. Harrington, presiding at a meeting of the League in Dublin, announced that he was obliged for the present to discontinue grants to evicted tenants. He said that an appeal would be made forthwith to start a daily paper in Parnell's interest. He had no doubt that Mr. Gray would succeed in bringing about the apostasy of the Freeman's Journal.

The Dublin Telegraph says that Parnell will never consent to Mr. Dillon's proposal to exclude Parnell from the administration of the Paris fund, which by his (Parnell's) thrift has increased from £26,000 to £40,000.

President Carnot's chateau at Presles, France, has been ransacked by burglars, who got away with everything valuable the house contained, including the plate. The President's mother occupied the house.

A ukase has been issued at St. Petersburg prohibiting from August 27th the exportation from Russia of rye and meal of all kinds.

In the election held at Walsall, Stafford county, on Wednesday for a member of Parliament to succeed the late Sir Charles Forester, a Liberal in favor of Home Rule, Ald. Holden, (Gladstonian) defeated James (Conservative). The vote stood: Holden, 4,889; James, 4,361; Holden's majority, 528.

The bankruptcy report on the condition of business in Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1890 shows that the number of insolvents in all branches of trade and industries have steadily diminished. The number of failures show a decrease of 509 as compared with those of 1889.

The twelfth conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of all lands began its sessions in Amsterdam yesterday. Delegates are present from America and nearly every country of the world.

American.

A bloody fight occurred at a colored camp meeting at Barnesville, Md., on Sunday. While the crowd were waiting for the evening train to convey them to their homes, a party of negroes engaged in a dispute, when one of them, Los Brown, threw a stone at one of his companions, cutting an ugly gash in his head. This caused the rest of the gang to draw revolvers and razors, and after a dozen shots were fired it was found that Brown was killed. Three of his companions were seriously wounded.

A terrible storm swept over Ottawa, Ill., on Sunday night. At Rand's grove, where a picnic was in progress, one man was killed and another seriously injured by lightning.

Guy C. Barton, president of the Omaha and Grant smelter, was arrested at Omaha, Neb., on Tuesday charged with violating the

eight hour law. He will be tried, and will receive a gaol sentence. He will then apply to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the law is unconstitutional. This will be made a test case.

The Ancient Order of Foresters of America are holding their second annual session in Brooklyn, N. Y. Delegates were present from nearly every State in the Union, a membership of over 80,000 being represented.

Despatches from Chili say that a battle was fought near Coquimbo on the 9th, the congressionals gaining a slight victory over the Government troops, who are said to have gone further south.

James Russell Lowell, the eminent author, and ex-minister to Great Britain, died at his summer residence, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass., on Wednesday.

The pest of woodchucks has become so bad in Porter County, Pa., that in some places the clover crop has been almost totally destroyed.

Canadian.

A despatch from Langenburg, Man., says that Mr. Matthew Welser was working from home last week, and upon returning on Saturday night he found his wife dead in the house with her blind baby by her side calling her. She had apparently been dead several days, and her baby had been without food for that length of time. She had been subject to epileptic fits, and is supposed to have died when having one.

Customs Officer Bogue, of St. John, N.B., has seized a lot of electric light plant belonging to the Calkin Electric Light Company for undervaluation. The plant was entered at \$7,000, but it is claimed to be worth \$14,000.

The body of H. O. Morphy, the unfortunate victim of the Keewatin disaster on Lake Winnipeg last autumn, has been found by three Indians who were cruising along the shore near Moose Creek last Friday.

The price of bread has dropped two cents on the large loaf at Quebec.

Two men were killed in Carleton county, N. B., on Friday by lightning.

At a meeting of the Quebec Board of Trade on Tuesday the chairman, Richard Turner, reported that the council had urged the Government to increase the subsidy of £100,000 per annum if necessary in order to secure a fast ocean steamship service that could compete with New York. They had urged on the Government the desirability of improving the facilities for boarding steamships at Grosse Ile quarantine. They had recommended to the Government that no part of the money set free by the cancellation of the North Shore bonds should be devoted by the Canadian Pacific Railway to the purchase of rolling stock that might at any time be removed to another portion of the road.

A thunder storm, the most violent in years, passed over Ottawa on Tuesday afternoon. Lightning struck the street car stables and set them on fire, almost totally destroying them. Thirty-five horses were got out after considerable difficulty.

Reports from all parts of the province of Ontario state that crops are the best in many years. All grains are above the average. Hay is hardly an average crop. Roots and fruit are fair.

The terms of the agreement for the sale of the Toronto Street Railway have been settled between the solicitors for the city and the purchasers.

The daughter of Jonathan Stephens, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Bowmanville, Ont., was drowned at Rice Lake on Tuesday evening with her husband, J. M. Hawkins, and a Miss Maybee.

United States Consul Joslyn has notified the department at Washington that there is not a tittle of truth in the story originating in Detroit, with reference to the alleged G. A. R. riot in Windsor, Ont.

Optical Illusions in the East.

The narrator of the following was himself an excellent amateur prestidigitateur. The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was then turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hands and though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the

arms, hands and legs all molded, and finally a face and headgear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drank a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least fifty people, and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The Shamrocks scored their second victory on Saturday last, this time over the Capitals, and it now looks as if they are rid of the yellow dog which has been following them up for several seasons. While the game on the whole was not up to the standard of first-class lacrosse, at times excellent bits of team play and individual effort would surprise the spectators, especially in the second and fourth games which were the features of the match. The score stood four to nothing.

The Crescents and Montreal Juniors met for the second time this season on the M. A. A. grounds and the match was one of the most exciting of the series. The Juniors won the match 5 to 2, and the Crescents are now completely out of sight of the coveted honor which they have held for the past two seasons.

The match between the Emmets and Gordons on the Driving Park was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The Emmets won by three straight.

The second twelves of the Emmets and Victorias played a match at the conclusion of above, the first-named winning easily by three straight.

In the Independent Junior League the Beavers and Victorias played their scheduled match on the Crescent grounds, the former winning by 3 to 2. The Vics took the first two games and it looked a moral certainty for them, but one of their best players being put off in the third for an alleged foul so rattled the remainder that they never recovered themselves, and the Beavers took the three following games and the match.

The Oris beat Cote St. Pauls three straight in about half an hour's actual play.

QUOITING.

The Dominion and St. Gabriel Quoiting Clubs played a friendly game on Saturday last on the grounds of the latter club, Centre street, Point St. Charles. The play was generally good, but the pitching of W. Deegan and E. Kenniston was something worth going to see, and we question if better play has been witnessed on any ground this season. Deegan pitched a marvellous game, never half an inch from the pin, most of the time burying it completely, yet his young opponent succeeded in getting in 11 points, which was remarkably good considering the closeness of Deegan's pitching. Mr. Deegan's friends (although that gentleman is too modest to admit it himself) claim there is nothing in the city can come up to him, and are ready to put up money to back up their assertion. The following is the score:—

H. Oram.....	31	F. Stark.....	6
F. Marsh.....	19	Jas. Cuthbert....	31
W. Badinage...	31	M. Bain.....	23
W. H. Taylor...	9	F. X. Durocher...	31
W. Ford.....	18	J. O'Brady.....	31
J. Bannan.....	31	B. Connaughton..	14
A. Sanders.....	4	J. McHugh.....	31
C. Stewart.....	13	J. O'Hearn.....	31
Jas. Chipchase..	18	T. McHugh.....	31
Ed. Kenniston..	11	W. Deegan.....	31

185

260

Majority for St. Gabriel, 75 points. A return match will be played before the end of the season.

The Dominions play the Caledonians on Saturday, 22nd inst., and the Montreal Club a week later.

In the handicap match of the Montreal Club for a pair of fine vases presented by a member, Mr. A. McIntyre proved the winner.

At the picnic of the C. P. R. employees an interesting quoit match took place, Mr. J. F. Mundle taking first place and Mr. B. Kidd, second. The prizes were a handsome silver water pitcher and cruet.

ATHLETICS.

It will look like old times to see Eddie Carter, Willie Day and Tommy Conneff fighting their battles over again in the long distance runs at the championships.

J. Gray, the great shot putter's young brother, who, though but 18 years old, can toss the 16 pounder 40 feet, will represent the N. Y. A. C. in competitions soon.

M. Remington's admirers say that he will beat W. C. Downs in the championships at the quarter mile this fall; that he will next train for the half mile and break W. C. Dohm's record of 1m. 55½s. He will then retire.

Great things are expected of Harry Jewett, of the Detroit A. C., this fall. The westerners declare that John Owen's mantle has fallen on Jewett's shoulders, and that the latter will surely beat Luther Cary in the sprints.

CRICKET.

The return match between McGill and Hochelaga Cricket Clubs was played on the University grounds, Saturday. The scoring of both teams was poor, except in the second innings of McGill who reached the respectable total of 60 with the loss of six wickets, Ramsay contributing 33 of this total by good steady play. The University won by four wickets and 37 runs.

The G. T. R. club beat Lachine on the first innings 21 runs.

THE RING.

Ted Pritchard has accepted the offer of the Olympic Club of New Orleans to put up a purse of £2,000 and allow him £100 for expenses. He will also fight Fitzsimmons for £1,000 a side and the best purse to be offered in England or America, give £100 or take £100 for expenses. The Police Gazette to be final stakeholder. Deposit and articles forwarded to Sporting Life to cover Pritchard's £100 forfeit will ensure a match.

Thomas McAlpin, better known as 'Soap' McAlpin, an old time pugilist, died at his home in New York the other day. McAlpin was born in New York, Dec. 25, 1884. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighed about 150 lbs. He first entered the ring in 1863, and continued in it off and on until his memorable fight with Dooney Harris, which ended in a draw after several hours hard fighting. McAlpin was well known as a handler of fighters, and was in Joe Coburn's corner when Coburn fought Jem Mace. McAlpin was a pleasant and sociable fellow, and his death will cause sorrow to all who know him. He was considered a very capable master of ceremonies.

Jack McAuliffe is training hard at Coney Island for his fight with Austin Gibbons. He has now but seven pounds to lose before he will reach the fighting point of 135 pounds. The champion's supporters know that Gibbons is a good fighter, and unless McAuliffe gets in first-class shape they will not wager on his winning.

President Fuld, of the California club, states that the club is not very anxious to match Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons, feeling that the San Francisco public look on these exceedingly clever men as fighters who have 'faked' in the past, and though they might now be straight, no matter who won if they fought again, there would always be a good sized question among the majority of club men as to whether it was an honest affair or not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hanlan and O'Connor won the double scull race on Saturday last by four boat lengths.

Harry Curtis the crack English amateur walker, will sail for this country next Wednesday.

Lightweight Tim Burgess, the 'Iron man of Australia,' broke Eddie Seymour's jaw in the 14-round mill at Broken Hill, Australia, recently.

Capt. Anson intends to throw down the gauntlet to the short stop billiardist when he has finished his work on the base ball field this fall.

Ed Rothery, the Denver sporting man, still believes that Danny Daly can whip George Dixon, and he offers to back Daly against the colored lad for \$1,500 a side, the fight to take place in November.

Jackson says that if he cannot induce Jem Corbet or Jake Kilrain to fight him for a purse of \$5,000, which the California Athletic Club has agreed to hang up, he will go to Australia to fight Joe Goddard.

The bowling match (Irish style) between Daniel Hurley and Thomas Roach for \$25 a side was decided on Norris Park, South Boston, Saturday, and Roach won by 50 yards. Hurley is not satisfied and offers to bowl Roach next Saturday for double the amount.

W. C. Downes, the speedy amateur runner, is doing some marvellous work in practice, and it is the general opinion that he will lower the 300 and 600-yard records. At an early date he will make another try to lower the quarter-mile record.

Messrs. E. C. Senkler and A. N. Garret, two of the Dominions strongest association football players, will sail from New York on Saturday for Glasgow where they will join the All-America football team, which will play the three in the Old Country. They will prove a strong addition to the team. Senkler, is a rattling forwarder, and Garret, is probably the finest goal keeper on the Continent.

Herr Ebner, formerly burgomaster of Steinbach, Baden, who was convicted of the murder of his wife, has been guillotined.

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Beautiful Extract—Helping a young lady out of a mud puddle.

The horn of plenty is generally understood to be about three fingers.

Even if we could see ourselves as others see us, most of us wouldn't stop to look.

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with? Officer—Whiskey, yer honor.

The American bog is still excluded from France, unless he goes over disguised as a tourist.

Tramp—Can you put me on to something? Farmer (whistling)—No, but I can put something on to you.

Tommy (yawning)—A river must have a good time. Dick—Why? Tommy—Because it doesn't have to get out of its bed.

It always pays to do a kindness to other people; if it doesn't pay you it pays the other people.

He—And, darling, what does your father think of my suit? She (sobbing)—He thinks it a misfit.

An old lady began her prayer by saying: Oh, Lord, Thou hast probably read in the morning papers how Thy day was desecrated yesterday.

She waved her umbrella and caught his eye, said Hawkins. Did it put the eye out? asked Smithers, who had seen women waving umbrellas before.

Age comes to every man, but fate It's kind to women fair, For when she reaches twenty-eight She stops right then and there.

See, Mary, are not these flowers beautiful? 'Deed and they are, miss. Many a time have I seen jist like 'em in bunnits! Ain't it wonderful how nat'ral the Lord can make things?

Gadley—I want to send this dispatch to Harlem. Operator—The wires are out of order, but I can send it by a special messenger. Gadley—Never mind. I am going up there next Sunday.

Bjenks—I want you to come up to my house, doctor, right away. Dr. Bolus—Who's sick? Bjenks—Oh, Mrs. Bjenks and the baby are both ailing. I thought you might as well kill two birds with one stone.

He's a great catch, I assure you, said one young woman to another. He must have inherited his money; he's hardly old enough to have made it. Money! Oh, I referred to his attainments in the way of baseball.

Printer—Old Closefit is dying and they're taking up a subscription to defray his funeral expenses. Are you in it? Editor—Yes. Take him ten pounds of ice and a palmetto fan, with my compliments. He'll need 'em.

A drill sergeant in the British army was recently ordered to ascertain the religious views of some recruits and this is how he did it: Fall in! Church of England men to the right, Roman Catholics on the left, all fancy religions to the rear.

I wonder, said Sapsion to the barber, what makes it hurt so to shave my upper lip? It seems very tender. I dunno, replied the old colored man, as he smiled at himself in the looking glass, but I specs you got one of dese hyur ingrowin' moustaches.

Dot boy of mine ish going to make a goot business man, said Mr. Beckstein. Yesterday I told him I was going to leave all my brobery to him ven I died, and vat you s'prse he say to dot? I don't know, Mr. Beckstein. Vell, he say he vill throw off five per cent. for spot cash.

A Father's Wish.

Dear, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the milk.

I wish the baby were like the stove.

How do you mean?

A self-feeder.

Innocent Childhood.

Physician (crossly)—You have a very bad temper, my child.

Small Boy—I wonder at that. Pa told me only yesterday that if I kept on taking your medicine I'd be an angel in a short time. Angels are good tempered, ain't they?

At the Art Exhibit.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maid are in a tender attitude.

She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him.

He—Ah! how appropriate the title.

She—I don't see it.

He—Why, that card at the bottom says Sold.

Appreciated Its Value.

A sweet little girl was bidding her boy playmate good bye and on this occasion her mother told her to kiss him. She offered him a roguish cheek, and when the salute was gravely given began to rub it vigorously with her handkerchief.

Why, Laura, said her mother, you're not rubbing it off?

No, mamma, answered the little maiden demurely, I'm rubbing it in.

He Answered Him.

Old Götting (who has been finding fault with the waiter until he is on the verge of a nervous fit)—See here, you shuffling jackanapes! How can I get things served hot? Red hot?

The Waiter (exasperated beyond endurance)—Oh, go to h—!

Why He Wished to Know.

Little Boy—Is pa a bull or bear in Wall street, mamma?

Mamma (peevishly)—Don't bother me with such foolish questions. What do you want to know for?

Little Boy—So I can tell whether I'm a calf or a cub.

An Irishman's Dilemma.

It was Michael Donan who walked into the sick room of Patrick Kelly. Patrick lay there very pale with his eyes closed and heard Michael exclaim:

Howly Moses, Pat, it's murtherin' ill ye're lookin'! Fwat in the name av th' kraken's the mather?

Michael Donan! an' is it yourself?

Yis.

Well, yez knows that blatherin' spalpeen av Widdy Costigan's second husband?

That I do.

He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwallay an igg widout brakin' th' shell av it.

Naw.

Yis.

Did ye do it?

I did.

Thin fwat's ailin' ye?

It's doon there, laying his hand on his stomach. If I joomp about I'll brak it an' cut me stummick wid th' shell. If I kape quiet the dom thing'll hatch out an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster a-clawin' me insides.

The Main Issue.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments and judge from that whom he would choose.

A certain farmer, began the lawyer, was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon he took his shotgun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire.

Did the barn burn? said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: And seeing the barn on fire the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out. Did he put it out? asked another.

As he passed inside the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—

Did they all burn up? said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer.

Then the old lady came out and all was noise and confusion and everybody was trying to put out the fire.

Did any one burn up? said another.

The lawyer said: There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story. But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: Now, my little man, what have you to say?

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:

I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know.

You'll do, said the lawyer, you are my man; you have not been switched off by the confusion and the barn burning and hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel.

"IT'S A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS."

Incidents that led up to the Saying that made two Governors Famous.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made.

Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the Governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive prisoner.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native State and they interceded with the Governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the Governor that he had not been treated with proper courtesy by the Governor of North Carolina.

The result was that the South Carolina Governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to

Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the Governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The Governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the Governor of South Carolina several miles from town and escorted them to the Governor's mansion with all the ceremony due distinguished visitors.

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North State is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the Governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The Governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the Attorney Generals of the two States took an active part.

Finally the Governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet, said:

Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and of my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and returning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The Governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, What do you say?

I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks.

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought again, and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was out short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

Responsibility of Railroad Officials.

The acquittal of the directors of the New Haven railroad on the indictment found some time ago, for allowing the cars to be heated by stoves, was doubtless what everyone expected. To fix personal responsibility on them, in such a way as to convince a jury that they were morally, as well as legally, guilty of a misdemeanor, was a hopeless enterprise from the beginning. The result is, of course, a defeat for the district attorney which has some mortification in it. But before censuring him for the attempt, it would be as well to ask what would have been said if he had not tried to put the law in motion. There is hardly a doubt that three-fourths of the press would have insinuated or alleged that there was no law for millionaires, and that this was a fair illustration of the way in which the public prosecutor crouched before capital. The trial has, however, brought out some defects in the law which should be remedied next winter. The statute should designate some officer or officers of a railroad as personally responsible for a failure of the corporation to obey the law. This would make him or them keep a pretty sharp eye on the statute book, but it must be admitted that there might be plenty of abuse in it. There is or was a statute of North Carolina which provided for the imprisonment without bail of the president of a railroad whenever a cow was killed on the track.—Mercantile Journal.

More Millions for Edison.

Edison, the Wizard of Melno Park, who owns the Brush Electric Co.'s plants and patents, has added another enormous fortune to the wealth he already possesses. It is accomplished by means of Judge Cox's United States Circuit Court decision in favor of the validity of the Brush patents for the exclusive manufacture and use of electric storage batteries in the United States, as against the claims of the Julien Electric Co. and the Electrical Accumulator Co.

These patents, of which Edison's Consolidated Electric Storage Co. are the licensees, have yet twelve years to run, and give this corporation a monopoly of the storage battery business. This will be worth millions to the company and its license, the Consolidated Electric Storage Co., of New York and Philadelphia.

The decision removes obstacles hitherto standing in the way of the introduction by street railways in every part of the United States of storage battery traction in opposition to the various cable and trolley systems.

Nine opium furnaces run by chinese were broken up and \$9,000 worth of opium seized in Shaasta, Cal., Monday by secret service officers.

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Reflections on Current Events by
the Boarders.

"The Socialists may as well learn a once that no government will succeed that abrogates individual rights," is what a friend of mine told me the other day, said Sinnett, "and I agree with him. No government could exist for any length of time which would interfere with the right to the functions of a man's body and mind; the privilege of working where and when he pleases; and the absolute right to the entire and full product of his labor." "That is true," said Phil, "but your supposition that socialism or nationalism would so interfere proves to me that both you and your friend are in ignorance of what nationalism really is. Moreover, you seem to be wandering through this world with your eyes shut, otherwise you would see that these rights which you fear will be abrogated by nationalism are not only being violated every day, but that at present they practically cannot exist. The idea that under present conditions you enjoy the right to work where and when you please is simply ridiculous. The real facts of the case are that you will have to accept whatever kind of work is offered or not work at all. There are everywhere men, and lots of them, working at occupations and callings which they detest and abhor, and which, if they were free agents, they would never think of following. The want of opportunity to apply themselves to work for which they are fitted, and the necessity to work in order to have the wherewith to live, has forced these men into occupations totally unsuited to them. The government certainly does not force them to do so by statute, but the system which it upholds and maintains creates a condition of things which forces them to it all the same. And to talk about receiving the full product of your labor under the competitive system is, if possible, more ridiculous still. What you do receive for your labor is either what your employer can afford to give or else what he chooses to give, but in no case do you receive the full product of your labor. Cannot you understand that the great advances made in labor-saving machinery have placed labor bound hand and foot in the power of those who own or control the machines. To-day, no matter how well you have learned your trade, unless at the same time you possess capital enough to buy the most modern tools necessary to carry it on, you are compelled to accept as wages whatever the possessor of your tools chooses to give you. At the same time the man who owns the tools may not understand the first thing about the trade, yet he invariably gets the lion's share of the product of your labor. The only freedom you have in the matter is either to accept the pittance offered you and continue to vegetate, or else to refuse—or starve. The competitive system places the two great factors of production, labor and capital into opposite camps. It compels the capitalistic manufacturer, no matter how conscientious he may be, to reduce wages in order that he may successfully compete with his rivals; and it forces the workman, no matter how peacefully inclined, to resist what he calls the aggressiveness of capital; hence you have a continual warfare between the two. Both bend their energies to fight each other instead of uniting to abolish a system which compels men, and good men, to act in such an unnatural manner. We nationalists realize that the possession of the tools of production means slavery to those who unfortunately do not possess any, yet are compelled to use them to make a living; we realize that this gives the owners of the tools a power of life and death over his fellowmen and that competition compels them to exercise this power to its fullest extent; we hold that this

abrogates, as I have shown, the very rights which you claim, and which we recognize inherent in every man: the right to live; the right to labor, and the right to all your labor produces. We know that factory acts, mechanics' lien acts, employers' liability acts, masters' and servants' acts and arbitration will never cure the evil, though it may alleviate the pain, and therefore we demand, as a radical and effective cure, that not only natural opportunities but also all tools of production be nationalized and worked for the benefit of the whole people. Then and not till then would all the people benefit by the use of labor saving machinery, either by having their hours of labor shortened or by the acquisition of a larger share of the products of these machines. Then and not till then would you enjoy the right to work where and when you please, and the absolute right to the full product of your labor. As for government interference with individual rights can anything be more outrageous than the actions of existing governments which can and do actually take and use your body to stop another man's bullet. No socialistic government would dare to exercise a power as great as this. It would regulate industry, it would have to do so, just as it now regulates the carrying and distribution of the mails, but I have yet to learn that this action of the government in regard to the mails is considered as interfering with individual rights, or is detrimental to the best interests of the people. Men, as a rule, do not object to work for the government now; the people would not object to all the work of the nation being conducted by the government, the only ones that would kick are the so-called 'captains of industry,' who now live on the labor of other people without doing any work themselves."

BILL BLADES.

SCRAPS FOR CIGARMAKERS

The question asked, Why does not "Scraps" show up the manner in which cigarmakers are treated by the employers in many cases instead of attacking members of the union who contribute to the support and maintenance of such a body.

In replying to the above question I may state that in writing up "Scraps" I have always endeavored to show up in an impartial light the actions of both employers and members who act in an unfair manner, not for the sake of showing my ability, as has been stated by certain parties, but in the interest of unionism. An unjust act committed by an employer toward his employee is as unjust when committed by a member of the union towards his confrere, and deserves to be punished in the same manner. To-day, if we are being treated without regard to feeling, it is due to the fact that cigarmakers in many cases are responsible, and more especially the way in which the union is being conducted, without regard for principle or constitution. I would like to ask these members if it is not an outrage on the members in general to have a half a dozen of committees appointed to do a certain work assigned to each, and to find, after a lapse of two, three or more months, that nothing has been done to carry out the work that they so willingly accepted. Is it, then, to be wondered at if we are not holding our own, much less making any progress? And still we find members willing to defend those who, by their acts in accepting such offices and failing to perform their duty, are playing right into the hands of unscrupulous employers, who are ever willing to take advantage of the weak, and all through the fact that the members are not carrying out their obligation. Why, then, make an exception of them because they are members of the union? Has not the result of their acts to be borne by the members in general, and if through failure to carry out their obligations some obnoxious laws are introduced and men forced to comply with them through necessity, should they not be held responsible for their actions and treated in the same manner as an employer who imposes on his help? The fact that we are not the only union that is doing the same gives us no right to continue in violating the principles for which we are organized to protect ourselves. It is high time to cry "halt!"—if not through the union through the press.

The fact that there has been no reply to the article on Amalgamation, which appeared in The Echo, is proof that the arguments in favor of the present system are not of any consequence, and an admission that the two union plan is a detriment to the trade in general.

The failure of the corresponding secretaries to perform their duty ought to be brought before their respective executive committees on Saturday for investigation, when their duties as such should be explained to them, with instructions to carry out the desires of their respective unions.

"SCRAPS."

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Games
— AT —
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— OF —
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