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MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7628.
Rooms, K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Next meeting Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to
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73 Prince Street.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to
P. A. DUFFEY R.S.,
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PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

No. 8852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.

Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street, at 7 o'clock.

Address all communications to

WM. ROBINSON,
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TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, September 1, 1892.

As I am, for the time-being, smitten with the enthusiasm of those who think of nothing else just now but the approaching annual meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress in this city, the proper entertainment of the visiting delegates, and the street demonstration, I crave latitude in my rambling items this week.

Toronto Trades and Labor Council has rarely if ever missed its fortnightly regular meeting since its organization in 1881. Messrs. March, Todd, Harris, Dower, Parr and a few others were at its foundation and they are of its membership to-day. They have learned many things in labors interest in all these years of active service, and he or those who would catch that Council napping must be in attendance when such men as I have mentioned are not at the meeting. Hence a little tale, with a moral that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The Don river runs from the north, into Toronto Bay, on the east side of our city, as if from your Exhibition grounds to the St. Lawrence. The Bay is to the south of the city as is St. Helen's Island from Montreal. Toronto's city frontage on the bay—across which is Hanlan's Island about a mile distant—as if from Hochelaga to the Canal Basin. The Canadian octopus, the C.P.R. had set its voracious and grasping eye upon a monopoly of the city's water frontage and consequent ferrying privileges between Hanlan's Island and the city. So sure of success was this company that it had quietly constructed and equipped two large and commodious ferry steamers to ply between the Island and the city, in the belief that their plans were so well laid, having secured the city water front, they would have monopoly shutting out the people from free access to the water front, they could charge what ferry rates they pleased in going and coming from the city to the Island. In fact so sure was the company's officials of this that several blocks on that front were filled in by the company. But the best laid plans of man "aft gang aglie" and so it was in this case. The T. & L. Council saw through the cunning tactics of the C. P. R. and began agitation in opposition. This was years ago. Here is the sequel. The News of this city in its issue of Monday last says:—

There came to that pleasant chamber this morning Edmund Wragge, local manager of the Grand Trunk railway, and R. M. Wells, solicitor for the Canadian Pacific railway, and each bore in his hands a copy of the tripartite agreement between the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific and the city for the settlement of the troublesome Esplanade question.

These copies were handed by the Mayor to Mr. Caswell, the Assistant City Solicitor, who, having compared them with the two copies which he had retained, submitted them to Mr. Patterson, the deputy city treasurer. That gentleman affixed the city seal and his signature to all four copies and they were brought upstairs again to the Mayor. After an examination of the written approval of the Solicitor, his Worship signed, and the agreement came into effect.

The documents bear the seals of each of the three corporations. For the Grand Trunk L. J. Seargeant, general manager, signs; for the Canadian Pacific W. C. Van Horne, president, and Charles Drinkwater, and for the city Mayor Fleming and Mr. Patterson. The companies take a copy each, the city keeps a copy and the fourth goes to the Registry Office.

A review of the leading provisions of the agreement will not be found uninteresting. It provides for the closing of Berkeley street; its deviation to provide a new access to the Esplanade and the re-arrangement of the tracks in the Midland railway yard at the foot of Berkeley street.

York street is to be deviated, and the city agrees to extinguish all the present rights of the public to cross the railway tracks on the Esplanade, between Yonge street and the point where York street as deviated connects with Esplanade street, except at Bay street, and each of the companies agrees to give up any right of crossing the said railway tracks between Bay and York streets, except at Bay street.

An overhead traffic bridge, with ramps and approaches for vehicles and foot passengers, is to be constructed by the Canadian Pacific along the east side of York

street according to plans to be approved by the City Engineer, and by the engineers of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific.

The Grand Trunk agrees to construct and maintain for all time a suitable steel and iron overhead bridge, founded on masonry or steel and iron piers, for vehicles and foot passengers from the south side of Front street along the line of John street to a point south of the Esplanade to be determined by the City Engineer.

Within two years after the completion of the exchange of sites and the closing and conveyance of streets, the companies shall erect, or reconstruct, so as to have the same open for traffic, a union passenger station of suitable design and capacity, on and adjoining the site of the present Union station.

The Canadian Pacific having expropriated the "original site," bounded by the Esplanade, Yonge street, the new Windmill line and York street, the city agrees to obtain and convey to the Canadian Pacific a title to the alternative site bounded roughly by the Esplanade, York street, the Windmill line and the prolongation of John streets, with suitable areas on the original site for the "fanning out" of the tracks from the east.

That is the substance of the agreement which has been so long in completion.

The city takes the Canadian Pacific Company's position in the matter of the leases on the water front, and will proceed at once to arrange for the assumption of leases and expropriation of lands.

As soon as possible the company will commence work upon its yards. Passenger trains may commence running into the city from the east by way of the Don any time. The work on the new Union station is not likely to commence until next spring.

Yet the general public do not realize that were it not for the vigilance of the T. & L. Council in this, as in many another matter of vital importance to the city, the vital interests and rights of the people would be sacrificed to the insatiable greed and cupidity of the G. T. R. and C. P. R. Yet the satisfaction of doing right in the public interest will, of itself, repay the T. and L. Council for its efforts in this instance.

The Demonstration and Reception Committee of the T. and L. Council held a meeting on last Monday evening, and to some extent the result of its work is outlined in the following observations in the News of Tuesday last:

"For weeks past attention has been drawn by large posters to the fact that a monster trades procession was to be held during Exhibition week. When the Trades and Labor Council undertakes a thing it is reasonably sure of being a success, and as the details of the coming procession become perfected it is more apparent that the display on Saturday, September 10 will outshine anything of its kind ever held in Canada.

The mere marching of men in regular lines, while significant in itself, is hardly of sufficient interest to hold the attention of a crowd which yearns for novelties. The labor men have recognized this, and all through the procession will be floats either representing the different trades or carrying men actively at work.

The various trade unions and local assemblies of the Knights of Labor will form on Jarvis street at 10.30 and will move off to the Exhibition Grounds by the following route: Jarvis, to Queen, to Sherbourne, to King, to Simcoe, to Queen, to Strachan, to King, to Dufferin and thence by the western gate. Arrived at the grounds, the procession will disband and the men will enjoy themselves as individuals.

At a meeting last night the program was partially arranged. A feature is to be the parade of the sons of wage-earners and apprentices.

The procession will move off in the following order: Band of the Toronto Orchestral Association, Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, Trades Council, representatives of Montreal and other trades councils, Sons of Wage-earners with banners, Carpenters, Cigarmakers, Plasterers with band, Plasterers' Laborers, Cabinet and Panomakers, Switchmen, Builders' Laborers with Grenadiers Band, Boot and Shoe makers with Band, Brassworkers, Stonecutters, Whitesheaf, K. of L., with band, Brickmakers, Stonemasons, Ironworkers K. of L. 2622 with band, Longshoremen, Blacksmiths, Laborers, Typographical Union with Buglers of the Queen's Own and Banners, Bookbinders, Plumbers and Steamfitters, Tailors with band; Energy K. of L. 5742, Painters, Moulders, Woodcarvers, Slaters and Coopers,

Among the many floats in the procession will be a cottage on which the plasterers will be working. The switchmen will have a box car, and the bakers will have an oven in which they will bake cakes and throw them among the spectators. The longshoremen intend rigging a ship on wheels, and the blacksmiths' laborers, all of whom will wear aprons and hammers, will march behind a forge in working order. Other floats are being arranged.

To those who, like those well-meaning people who collect money to provide for and convert the heathen in foreign lands, forgetful of the spiritual and temporal wants of those at home, take a first interest in the immigration and care of the "heathen Chinese" I quote the following extract from the North China (Shanghai) Daily News of July 15th ult., kindly sent me by a friend in Vancouver, B. C., and which indicates very clearly how the Chinese look upon the "outside barbarian." This placard professes to be an official proclamation issued by the Hankow Taotai, printed in large characters and affixed in such a position at Chang-teh Fu that it could not fail to attract attention, and yet be out of the reach of defacement by passers-by. Other placards of like character were posted in other provinces of the Chinese Empire. The one to which I refer reads as follows:—

Let the entire town assemble, but do not let in strangers and bad people, to deliberate and council upon the following:— There is a foreign devil religion, which upholds the "Heavenly Hog" as being sacred. They profess to persuade people to love each other and do what is good, but secretly they conceal within themselves a heart bent on injuring and ruining the people. They make it their business to buy young children from the people whom they place in the church to pursue religious studies. But in reality they get hold of these children so as to pick out their eyes and hearts, where-with to concoct chemicals for making silver and gold. It is a pity that the poor people cannot at once be made to understand this. We have heard of these revolting acts and by secret investigation we have obtained positive information concerning them. If there be any kidnapping of children committed we shall now secretly punish the offenders without mercy. Whoever is found to believe the "devil religion" shall not be allowed to remain here, and any who should seek secretly to conceal them, or is unwilling to report the presence of such persons, is certainly a ———.

We the people of this city and of the surrounding country do hereby with one heart and voice resolve that we will seek out the members of the "Heavenly Hog religion" and the "Jesus religion." If any be found to say that the foreign religions are good let us bind him up, beat him and push him into the deep water. Let us tear down and destroy the churches and exterminate those who "eat the religion." In doing this we must pull the weed up by the roots so that we may escape incurring the calamities from above and suffering here below. Will it then be peace for us? Let all be of one mind and strive with united efforts, even staking our lives to attain this, and be not in the least afraid. For were he a tiger we will eat his flesh and skin his hide.

We the people of this locality should tear down, demolish and set fire to the Catholic premises in Tao-puen Hsien and take that traitorous devil official up to this place, that detestable foreign religious devil. Let us unite together and forbid the establishment of the "Jesus Religion Church" and prohibit the "foreign devil" from entering our territory. The church members devote themselves especially to kidnapping young female children who are sold to foreigners, and the latter pluck out their eyes for the purpose of making chemical preparations with which they produce gold and silver. We have discovered at Wanshanu that the kidnappers really send the children to the churches. Now let us apprehend all strangers among us who do not worship our gods, for they are kidnappers. And when so apprehended let us punish them ourselves, and not send them to the authorities,

Commenting on the foregoing placard, the Shanghai Daily News says:—

It is perfectly clear from what was done at Changsha that the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung can stop the publication of such placards when he chooses, and that the provincial authorities would not dare to defy the Peking Government unless they were aware that their conduct would be condoned by the superiors. The Foreign Ministers must now see that no reliance whatever can

be placed on the assertions of the Tsung-li Yamen, and for the honor of their respective countries should make a determined stand against the humbug, lying, chicanery and false promises of the Chinese Government, whose mendacity is a disgrace to the diplomatic world.

Appropos of this vital question I find that Captain Wm. L. Merry, President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, in an article in the Forum some time ago, on the "Commercial Future of the Pacific States," says that "in the construction of a waterway through the American isthmus (of Panama) lies the solution of the prosperity of the Pacific States." Besides the construction of a canal connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic oceans, two other conditions of rapid and successful developments of the Pacific are named: first, a rigid exclusion of Mongolian immigration, and second the encouragement of a desirable Caucasian immigration.

To the minds of your committee the clear inference arising from the plain words of the President of a Chamber of Commerce in a city of such wide experience as San Francisco in relation to the Chinese curse is worthy of more weight and attention than would be column after column of mawkish sentimentalism on the part of mere theorists.

POLICE GAMES.

The annual Police games will take place on the Shamrock grounds on Wednesday afternoon next. We give below the programme, which is an inviting one in many respects and ought to draw a large crowd. The police are a body of men deserving the support and encouragement of the public and we have no doubt their efforts to provide a first-class entertainment will be duly appreciated. The tug-of-war between representatives of the Toronto and Montreal force should be as exciting and attractive as a lacrosse match between rival teams from the same cities. Following is the programme:

- 100 yards. Chief and Sub-Chief's—1, Whip; 2, Dressing Case; 3, Cigars.
- 100 yards. Montreal City Detectives—1, prize value \$10; 2, Boots to order; 3, Album; 4, Cigars.
- 100 yards. Reserve men City Police—1, prize value \$10; 2, Barrel of Flour; 3, Tank of Coal Oil; 4, Barrel of Apple.
- 100 yards. City Police Fat Men's race—1, prize value \$10; 2, Case of Liquor; 3, Fancy Rug; 4, a prize.
- 100 yards. Officers and men 20 years and over—1, prize value \$10; 2, Merschaum Pipe; 3, Pants to order; 4, Writing Desk.
- 200 yards. Sergeants City Police—1, prize value \$10; 2, Prize; 3, Pants to order; 4, Suit of Underwear.
- 200 yards. City Police 15 and under 20 years service—1, prize value \$10; 2, Case of Liquor; 3, Piece of Cloth; 4, Box of Gold Plug Tobacco.
- 200 yards. Acting Sergeants City Police—1, prize value \$10; 2, Fancy Clock; 3, Box of Soap; 4, Travelling Bag.
- Tug-of-war between Toronto and Montreal Police for Police Championship and a prize valued at \$75.
- Tug-of-war. Open to amateur teams for two valuable prizes.
- Quarter-mile. Open to Montreal City Police—1, Gold medal; 2, Silver medal; 3, Fancy Clock; 4, Prize.
- Quarter-mile. Open to Montreal Fire Brigade—1, Gold medal; 2, Silver medal; 3, Caddie of Tea; 4, Box of Cigars.
- 200 yards. Ten and under 15 years service—1, prize value \$10; 2, Prize; 3, Fancy Rug; 4, Umbrella.
- One-fifth mile. City Police, 5 and under 10 years service—1, prize value \$10; 2, Ton of Coal; 3, Prize; 4, Prize.
- Quarter-mile. City Police under 5 years service—1, Sewing Machine; 2, Fire extinguisher; 3, Prize; 4, Prize; 5, Prize.
- Half mile. Open to amateurs—1, Nut Bowl; 2, Berry Dish; 3, Travelling Bag; 4, One Dozen Photos.
- Quarter mile. Open to City Police six feet high and over—1, Cup; 2, Boots to order; 3, Revolver; 4, Box of Self Raising Flour.
- One-fifth mile. For Championship of No. 5 Station and four prizes.

He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit, if you will take that cigar out of your mouth.

OUT OF THE RUNNING.

(Concluded.)

"It's my friend, Mr. Elias Mason," said she.

"Your friend! He had lost his diffidence in his anger. 'I know all about that. What does he want here every second evening?'"

"Perhaps he wonders what you want. 'Does he? I wish he would come and ask me. I'd let him see what I wanted. Quick too.'"

"He can see it now. He has taken off his hat to me," said Dolly, laughing.

Her laughter was the finishing touch. He had meant to be impressive, and it seemed that he had only been ridiculous. He swung round upon his heel.

"Very well, Miss Foster," said he, in a choking voice, "that's all right. We know where we are now. I didn't come here to be made a fool of; so good-day to you." He plucked at his hat, and walked furiously off in the direction from which they had come. She looked after him, half frightened, in the hope of seeing some sign that he had relented; but he strode onwards with a rigid neck and vanished at a turn of the lane.

When she turned again, her other visitor was close upon her—a thin, wiry, sharp-featured man, with a sallow face and a quick, nervous manner.

"Good evening, Miss Foster. I thought that I would walk over from Petersfield as the weather was so beautiful; but I did not expect to have the good fortune to meet you in the fields."

"I am sure that father will be very glad to see you, Mr. Mason. You must come in and have a glass of milk."

"No, thank you, Miss Foster; I should very much prefer to stay out here with you. But I am afraid I have interrupted you in a chat. Was not that Mr. Adam Wilson who left you this moment?" His manner was subdued, but his questioning eyes and compressed lips told of a deeper and more furious jealousy than that of his rival.

"Yes, it was Mr. Adam Wilson." There was something about Mason—a certain concentration of manner—which made it impossible for the girl to treat him lightly, as she had done the other.

"I have noticed him here several times lately."

"Yes. He is head foreman, you know, at the big quarry."

"Oh, indeed. He is fond of your society, Miss Foster. I can't blame him for that, can I, since I am equally so myself. But I should like to come to some understanding with you. You cannot have misunderstood what my feelings are to you. I am in a position to offer you a comfortable home. Will you be my wife, Miss Foster?"

Dolly would have liked to make some jesting reply, but it was hard to be funny with those two eager, fiery eyes fixed so intently upon her own. She began to walk slowly towards the house, while he paced along beside her, still waiting for his answer.

"You must give me a little time, Mr. Mason," she said at last. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

"But you shall never have cause to repent."

"I don't know. One hears such things."

"You shall be the happiest woman in England."

"That sounds very nice. You are a poet, Mr. Mason, are you not?"

"I am a lover of poetry."

"And poets are fond of flowers?"

"I am very fond of flowers."

"Then perhaps you know something of these?" She took out the humble little sprig and held it out to him with an arch, questioning glance. He took it and pressed it to his lips.

"I know that it has been near you; where I should wish to be," said he.

"Good evening, Mr. Mason!" It was Mrs. Foster who had come out to meet them. "Where's Mister—Oh—ah! Yes, of course, the teapot's on the table, and you'd best come in afore it's over-drawn."

When Elias Mason left the farmhouse that evening, he drew Dolly aside at the door.

"I won't be able to come before Saturday," said he.

"We shall be glad to see you, Mr. Mason."

"I shall want my answer then."

"Oh, I cannot give any promise, you know."

"But I shall live in hope."

"Well no one can prevent you from doing that." As she came to realize her power over him, she had lost something of her fear, and could answer him now nearly as freely as if he were simple Adam Wilson.

She stood at the door, leaning against the wooden porch, with the long trailers of honeysuckle framing her tall, slight figure. The great red sun was low in the west, its upper rim peeping over the low hills, shooting long, dark shadows from the beech trees in the field, from the little group of tawny cows, and from the man who walked away from her. She smiled to see how immense

the legs were, and how tiny the body in the great flat giant which kept pace beside him. In front of her in the little garden the bees droned, a belated butterfly or an early moth fluttered slowly over the flower beds, a thousand little creatures buzzed and hummed, all busy working out their tiny destinies, as she, too, was working out hers, and each doubtless looking upon their own as the central point of the universe. A few months for the gnat, a few years for the girl, but each was happy now in the heavy summer air. A beetle scuttled out upon the gravel path and bored onwards, its six legs all working hard, butting up against the stones, upsetting itself in ridges, but still gathering itself up and rushing onwards to some all-important appointment somewhere in the grass plot. A bat fluttered up from behind the beech tree. A breath of night air sighed softly over the hill-side, with a tinge of the chill sea spray in its coolness. Dolly Foster shivered, and had turned to go in when her mother came out from the passage.

"Whatever is that Bill doing there?" she cried.

Dolly looked, and saw for the first time that the nameless farm laborer was crouching under the beech, his browns and yellows blending with the bark behind him.

"You get out o' that, Bill," screamed the farmer's wife.

"What be I to do?" he asked humbly, slouching forward.

"Go, out chaff in the barn. He nodded and strolled away, a comical figure in his mud crusted boots, his strap-tied oorduroys, and his almond-colored skin.

"Well then you've taken Elias," said the mother, passing her arm around the daughter's waist. "I seed him a-kissing your flower. Well, I'm sorry for Adam, for he is a well-grown young man, blue ribbon, with money in the Post office. Still some one must suffer, else how could we be purified? If the milk's left alone it won't ever turn into butter. It wants troubling and stirring and churning. That's what we want, too, before we can turn angels. It's just the same as butter."

Dolly laughed. "I have not taken Elias yet," said she.

"No? What about Adam then?"

"Nor him either."

"Oh, Dolly, girl, can you not take advice from them that is older? I tell you again that you'll lose them both."

"No, no, mother. Don't you fret yourself. It's all right. But you can see how hard it is. I like Elias, for he can speak so well, and is so sure and masterful. And I like Adam because—well, because I know very well that Adam loves me."

"Well, bless my heart you can't marry them both. You'd like all the pears in the basket."

"No, mother, but I know how to choose. You see this bit of flower, dear."

"It's a common dog rose."

"Well, where'd you think I found it?"

"In the hedge likely."

"No, but on my window ledge."

"Oh, but when?"

"This morning. It was six when I got up, and there it lay fresh and sweet, and new plucked. 'Twas the same yesterday and the day before. Every morning there it lies. It's a common flower, as you say, mother, but it is not so common to find a man who'll break short his sleep day after day just to show a girl that the thought of her is in his heart."

"And which was it?"

"Ah, if I knew. I think it's Elias. He's a poet, you know, and poets do nice things like that."

"And how will you be sure?"

"I'll know before morning. He will come, whichever it is. And whichever it is he's the man for me. Did father ever do that for you before you married?"

"I can't say he did, dear. But father was alwas a powerful heavy sleeper."

"Well, then, mother, you needn't fret any more about me, for as sure as I stand here, I'll tell you to-morrow which of them it is to be."

That evening the farmer's daughter set herself to clearing off all those odd jobs which accumulate in a large household. She polished the dark, old-fashioned furniture in the sitting room. She cleared out the cellar, rearranged the bins, counted up the cider, made a great cauldron full of raspberry jam, potted, papered, and labelled it. Long after the whole household were in bed she pushed on with her self-imposed tasks until the night was far gone, and she very spent and weary. Then she stirred up the smouldering kitchen fire, made herself a cup of tea, and, carrying it up to her own room, she sat sipping it and glancing over an old bound volume of the 'Leisure Hour.' Her seat was behind the little dainty window curtains, where she could see without being seen.

The morning had broken, and a brisk wind had sprung up with the dawn. The sky was of the lightest, palest blue, with a sound of flying white clouds shredded over the face of it, dividing, coalescing, overtaking one another; but sweeping ever from

the pink of the east to the still shadowy west. The high, eager voice of the wind whistled and sang outside, rising from mean to shriek, and then sinking again to a dull mutter and grumble. Dolly rose up to wrap her shawl around her, and as she sat down again in an instant her doubts were resolved, and she had seen that for which she had waited.

He window faced the inner yard, and was some eight feet from the ground. A man standing beneath it could not be seen from above. But she saw enough to tell her all she wished to know. Silently, suddenly, a hand appeared from below, had laid a sprig of flower upon her ledge, and had disappeared. It did not take two seconds; she saw no face, she heard no sound, but she had seen the hand, and she wanted nothing more. With a smile she threw herself on the bed, drew a rug over her, and dropped into a heavy slumber.

She was awoke by her mother plucking at her shoulder.

"It's breakfast time, Dolly, but I thought you would be weary, so I brought you up some bread and coffee. Sit up, like a dearie, and take it."

"All right, mother. Thank you. I'm all dressed, so I'll be ready to come down soon."

"Bless the gal, she's never had her things off! And, dearie me, here's the flower outside the window, sure enough. Well, and did you see who put it there?"

"Yes, I did."

"Who was it then?"

"It was Adam."

"Was it now? Well, I shouldn't have thought that he had it in him. Then Adam it's to be. Well, he's steady, and that's better than being clever, yea, seven-and-seventy fold. Did he come across the yard?"

"No, along by the wall."

"How did you see him then?"

"I didn't see him."

"Then how can you tell?"

"I saw his hand."

"But d'you tell me you know Adam's hand?"

"It would be a blind man that couldn't tell it from Elias' hand. Why the one is as brown as that coffee, and the other as white as the cup, with great blue veins all over it."

"Well, now, I shouldn't have thought of it, but so it is. Well, it'll be a busy day, Dolly."

"Just hark to the wind!"

It had, indeed, increased during the few hours since dawn to a very violent tempest. The panes of the window rattled and shook. Glancing out Dolly saw cabbage leaves and straw whirling up past the casement.

"The great hayrick is giving. They're all trying to prop it up. My, but it do blow!"

It did, indeed? When Dolly came down stairs it was all that she could do to push her way through the porch. All along the horizon the sky was brassy-yellow, but above, the wind screamed and stormed, and the torn, hurrying clouds now huddled together, and now frayed off into countless tattered streamers. In the field near the house her father and three or four laborers were working with poles and ropes, hatless, their hair and beards flying, staying up a great bulging hayrick. Dolly watched them for a moment, and then, stooping her head and rounding her shoulders, with one hand up to her little straw hat, she staggered off across the fields.

Adam Wilson was at work alwas on a particular part of the hillside, and thither it was that she bent her steps. He saw the trim, dapper figure, with its flying skirts and ribbons, and he came forward to meet her with a great white crowbar in his hand. He walked slowly, however, and his eyes were downcast, with the air of a man who still treasures a grievance.

"Good mornin', Miss Foster."

"Good mornin', Mr. Wilson. Oh, if you are going to be cross with me, I'd best go home again."

"I'm not cross, Miss Foster. I take it very kind that you should come out this way on such a day."

"I wanted to say to you—I want to say that I was sorry if I had made you angry yesterday. I didn't mean to make fun. I didn't, indeed. It is only my way of talking. It was so good of you, so noble of you, to let it make no difference."

"None at all, Dolly." He was quite radiant again. "If I didn't love you so, I wouldn't mind what that chap from Petersfield said or did. And if I could only think that you cared more for me than for him—"

"I do, Adam."

"God bless you for saying so! You've lightened my heart, Dolly. I have to go to Portsmouth for the firm to-day. To-morrow night I'll call and see you."

"Very well, Adam, I—Oh, my God, what's that!"

A rending, breaking noise in the distance, a dull rumble, and a burst of shouts and cries.

"The rick's down! There's been an accident!" They both started running down the hill.

"Father!" panted the girl. "Father!"

"He's all right!" shouted her companion; "I can see him. But there's some one down. They're lifting him now. And here's one running like mad for the doctor."

A farm laborer came rushing up the lane. "Don't you go, Missey, he cried. 'A man's hurt.'"

"Who?"

"It's Bill. The rick came down, and the ridge-pole caught him across the back. He's dead, I think. Leastwise there's not much life in him. I'm off for Dr. Strong!"

He beat his shoulder to the wind and lumbered off down the road.

"Poor Bill! I'm glad it wasn't father!" They were at the edge of the field now in which the accident had taken place. The rick lay, a shapeless mound upon the earth, with a long thick pole protruding from it, which had formerly supported the tarpaulin drawn across it in case of rain. Four men were walking slowly away, one shoulder humped, one hanging, and betwixt them they bore a formless clay colored bundle.

He might have been a clod of the earth he tilled, so passive, so silent, still brown—for death itself could not have taken the burn off his skin—but with patient bovine eyes looking heavily from under half-closed lids. He breathed jerkily, but he neither cried out nor groaned. There was something almost brutal and inhuman in his absolute stolidity. He asked no sympathy for his life had been without it. It was a broken tool rather than an injured man.

"Can I do anything, father?"

"No lass, no. This is no place for you. I've sent for the doctor. He'll be here soon."

"But where are they taking him?"

"To the loft where he sleeps."

"I'm sure he's welcome to my room, father."

"No, no, lass. Better leave it alone."

But the little group were passing as they spoke, and the injured lad had heard the girl's words.

"Thank ye kindly, Missey," he murmured, with a little flicker of life, and then sank back again into his stolidity and his silence.

Well, a farm hand is a useful thing, but what is a man to do with one who has an injured spine and half his ribs smashed? Farmer Foster shook his head and scratched his chin as he listened to the doctor's report.

"He can't get better?"

"No."

"Then we had best move him."

"Where to?"

"To the work'us hospital. He came from there just this time eleven years. It'll be like going home to him."

"I fear that he is going home," said the doctor, gravely, "but it's out of the question to move him now. He must lie where he is for better or for worse."

And it certainly looked for worse rather than for better. In a little loft above the stable he was stretched upon a tiny blue pallet which lay upon the planks. Above were the gaunt rafters, hung with saddles, harness, old scythe blades—the hundred odd things which droop, like bats, from inside such buildings. Beneath them upon two pegs hung his own pitiable wardrobe, the blue shirt and the grey, the stained trousers, and the muddy coat. A gaunt chaff-cutting machine stood at his head, and a great bin of chaff behind it. He lay very quiet, still dumb, still uncomplaining, his eyes fixed upon the small square window looking out at the drifting sky, and at this strange world which God has made so queerly—so very queerly.

An old woman, the wife of a laborer, had been set to nurse him, for the doctor had said that he was not to be left. She moved about the room, arranging and ordering, grumbling to herself from time to time at this lonely task which had been assigned to her. There were some flowers in broken jars upon a cross-beam, and these with a touch of tenderness she carried and arranged upon a deal packing case beside the patient's head. He lay motionless, and as he breathed there came a gritty, rubbing sound from somewhere in his side, but he followed his companion about with his eyes, and even smiled once as she grouped the flowers round him.

He smiled again when he heard that Mrs. Foster and her daughter had been to ask after him that evening. They had been down to the post office together, where Dolly had sent off a letter which she had very carefully drawn up, addressed to Elias Mason, Esq., and explaining to that gentleman that she had formed her plans for life, and that he need spare himself the pain of coming for his answer upon the Saturday. As they came back they stopped in the stable, and inquired through the loft door as to the sufferer. From where they stood they could hear that horrible grating sound in his breathing. Dolly hurried away with her face quite pale under her freckles. She was too young to face the horrid details of suffering, and yet she was a year older than this wail, who lay in silence, facing death itself.

All night he lay very quiet—so quiet that were it not for the one sinister sound his nurse might have doubted whether life was

still in him. She had watched him and tended him as well as she might, but she was herself feeble and old, and just as the morning light began to steal palely through the small loft window, she sank back in her chair in a dreamless sleep. Two hours passed, and the first voices of the men as they gathered for their work aroused her. She sprang to her feet. Great heaven! the pallet was empty. She rushed down into the stables, distracted, wringing her hands. There was no sign of him. But the stable door was open. He must have walked—but how could he walk?—he must have crawled—have writhed that way. Out she rushed, and as they heard her tale, the newly-risen laborers ran with her, until the farmer with his wife and daughter were called from their breakfast by the bustle, and joined also in this strange chase. A whoop, a cry, and they were drawn round to the corner of the yard on which Miss Dolly's window opened. There he lay within a few yards of the window, his face upon the stones, his feet thrusting out from his tattered night gown, and his track marked by the blood from his wounded knees. One hand was thrown out before him, and in it he held a little sprig of the pink dog rose. They carried him back, cold and stiff, to the pallet in the loft, and the old nurse drew the sheet over him and left him, for there was no need to watch him now. The girl had gone to her room, and her mother followed her thither, all unnerved by this glimpse of death.

"And to think," said she, "that it was only him, after all."

But Dolly sat at the side of her bed, and sobbed bitterly in her apron.

The Press and the Scab.

The press of this country that are fighting for the continuance of the limitless privileges that monopoly now enjoys, are manifesting an unusual degree of interest for the rights of the so-called non-union man. These free rights champions are moved by patriotic impulses alone in demanding that these citizens whose independence of spirit impels them to resist the tyranny of labor unions shall be protected and shielded from the threats and blows of united labor. They talk of our free institutions, of the threatened danger to our republic, at the attempt to muzzle individual liberty and the right to labor is pathetically dwelt upon by these oracles of liberty.

Who are or from whence comes this class of men that are termed non-union men? Can they be found in the ranks of intelligent labor? Does the worker come in contact with him in peaceful times to any extent? Did you ever find a man who was not identified with some labor union have any well defined reasons therefor? Is this non-union element a respectable class of citizens who differ honestly from the organized worker? There are two causes that make the scab:

1st. The viciously selfish who thrive on the misery of others, who are incapable of giving a thought to any cause, however just, who are actuated by the same spirit that causes strong men to trample women and children to death to save themselves, yet without any of the extenuating circumstances that self preservation impels.

2nd. The ignorant labor of the Old World, this labor that can subsist on 75 cents and one dollar per day, whose mode of living is not to be compared for cleanliness to savages. This is the class that the money barons, aided by their purchased organs, would have labor on a level with. The interest that causes this outcry for individual liberty is the same interest that the master has for the slave. The combination of monopoly that now controls the output of most of the necessities of life, which practically has put the power in the hands of a few men of fixing the prices of fuel and food for the whole nation, receive flattering words of encouragement and admiration from these same men who are so watchful of the liberties of scabs. By them the Palmers and Calls of the United States Senate, are termed anarchists, the labor union a menace to liberty, but the Fricks and Lovejoys shrewd typical Americans who are to be loved for the noble stand they have taken to down the hydra-headed labor union. Such are the lines that are now well defined. Who that will look at the issues calmly, will say where the real danger to our country lies? "The Gods make mad whom they would first destroy." And it seems that wealth and power ever hastens to its own destruction.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

—Paving Cutters' Journal.

She—Do you love me for myself alone?
He—Yes, and when we're married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

Citizen (with two revolvers and Winchester)—Did you view the body o' th' nigger we lynched last night? Coroner (trembling)—Y—e—s. Citizen (threateningly)—Wot's y'r verdict? Coroner (hastily)—Committed suicide at the hands of persons unknown.

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

Bricklayers won a strike at Passaic, N. J. Bootblacks have organized in Muskegon. The Seamen's unions of America are federating.

Pressfeeders' Union of St. Paul has 78 members.

Six new unions of iron moulders were chartered last month.

Chinese control almost the entire shoe business in California.

Electrical Workers' Union of St. Paul is in a flourishing condition.

Indiana Federation of Labor calls upon all union men to keep out of the militia.

Hackmen of Chicago have the word union painted on each side of the driver's seat.

One of the guards sent to Homestead has sued the Pinkertons for \$20,000 damages.

Saddle and Harnessmakers' Union of St. Paul are on the boom and intend to keep on booming.

The Sheet Iron and Cornice Workers' International Association shows a total membership of 24,851.

The Central Labor Union and Building Trades Council of San Francisco are about to consolidate.

The Trades Council of Muskegon, Mich., is now composed of delegates from 16 unions and all are flourishing.

The broom makers and bookbinders of St. Louis, Mo., have organized unions and attached themselves to the Trades and Labor Union of that city.

A. C. Kerr & Co., one of the typothetæ concerns of Pittsburg that refused to grant the printers' nine hour demand, have gone out of business.

At St. Paul, Minn., a State organization of all unions connected with the printing industry has been formed. Printers, pressmen, stereotypers, bookbinders and pressfeeders were represented.

San Francisco's Labor Day parade will have an allegorical car, on which each union will be represented by a little girl in costume including the nature of the employment of such union and carrying a shield bearing its name.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners at the recent annual convention in St. Louis declared that members of the union should not handle Carnegie nails or work upon buildings where any Carnegie product is used.

The North Eastern switchmen's strike, which has been on since the 14th instant, took a serious turn on Tuesday night shortly before midnight, and terminated in four employees and one striker being shot. The trouble started from the dismissal of a night yardmaster.

The strike in the iron industries at Catawauqua, Pa., is ended. It has lasted over a year. The Amalgamated Association and the manufacturers have made a settlement. It will be remembered that ex-Superintendent Roberts, of the Phoenix Horse Shoe Works, had just put in operation a plant there when the strike took place, which ruined him and the company.

The iron strike has broken out in a new quarter. After a week of activity the entire steel and iron plant of Shoenberger, Speer & Co., of Pittsburg, is again silent. Five departments are affected, the bar mills, the puddling furnaces, and two departments of the horseshoe factory. The trouble arose out of the fixing of a scale of wages in the Bessemer steel department. The men claim that they do not receive as much as is paid at the other mills, while the firm claims that the wages are correspondingly as large as those paid elsewhere. Four hundred men are affected by the strike.

The Philadelphia, Reading & New England railroad company officials do not seem to be much concerned over the question of protection to American labor. It seems that the old section hands along the road, at least in this state, are being replaced by Italians. In order that the boycotting business can't be practiced on them to effect, the company builds storehouses for its tools and themselves at stations along the route. These houses are provided with bunks on which the poor animals stretch their weary limbs at night. They generally cook in the open air. The company is merely adapting itself to the generally accepted law of individualism and competition, and none who favor this law by word, deed or omission have room to find a fault.

EUROPEAN.

The wharf porters employed at Genoa went on strike on Tuesday. They demand an increase in wages and abolition of hydraulic discharging cranes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Premier of New Zealand holds that if workmen worked only seven hours a day, the general wage fund would be just as great. The shipowners have reduced the wages of the wharf laborers in Melbourne to the

rate of 25 cents per hour, similar to the rate existing in Sidney and Brisbane; they have also cut the overtime rate. They are taking advantage of the disorganized state of the labor unions and the plethora of idle men.

The Brewers' Association of Victoria has donated \$2,500 towards relieving the distress existing among the unemployed in Melbourne.

At a type setting contest recently held in Melbourne one compositor set 2,710 types in one hour. For this work he received \$26.25 and a silver stick.

Word comes from Sidney that frantic efforts are being made by a number of the labor members of the Legislative Assembly to raise a little money to relieve some of the distress among the many thousands who are slowly and surely being starved to death. This condition of affairs will continue as long as the monopolists are tolerated in our midst.

GREAT STRIKES.

Contests Between Capital and Labor.

A complete history of labor troubles would be a very big book, and to most people an extremely dull one. Yet there is no other subject better fitted for dramatic effects, and the only reason we do not see the strike often on the stage is that it is such a ticklish subject for the playwright to handle.

The strike is quite a modern affair. In the olden time the workmen were actually or virtually slaves. A strike was an insurrection, and insurrection meant death certainly and torture probably. Nevertheless, though they had no strikes, they got up some very respectable imitations, as for instance that of Spartacus.

With a motley army of gladiators and slaves he held the Romans at bay for two years, defeated four consular armies and only failed of final success because of the intractable nature of his troops. The French revolution first took active form in a strike. When the workmen in paper manufactories in Paris, struck, early in 1789, a wealthy capitalist told them they could live as well as they deserved on fifteen cents a day. Thereupon they mobbed his works and burned them, and the example was contagious.

Labor movements in England are usually dated from Wat Tyler's rebellion. The movements of Jack Straw, John Ball and Jack Cade are also counted "labor troubles." During all the ages of despotism it was the custom to send such agitators and conspirators as were not executed to labor in the mines, and fugitives often went there for concealment. They continued their planning and plotting underground, and the result was that the miners were first and most thoroughly organized of all laborers.

Thus did Gustavus Vasa organize the miners of Sweden who helped restore him to power. In England the miners of Cornwall were so early and so thoroughly organized that a Cornish mob was long a nation's terror. It is believed that some of these organizations centuries old continued with only a change of name till they became the Mollie Maguires of Pennsylvania. In 1350 the British parliament passed the famous "Statute of laborers"—the first of a long series of acts to prevent a rise in wages.

After the great plague, all old contracts being at an end and lands calling for cultivators, the wages of men rose 50 per cent, and those of women 100 per cent. in a few years. Then a long and in the end terrible struggle began. The first rage of laborers seems to have been directed against machinery, and the first sawmill set up in England was torn down by the whip sawyers. The movement against machines went to such lengths after the Napoleonic wars that it amounted to a rebellion, and 80,000 "Luddites" were in ranks at one time.

A half witted lad named Ludd, who had been teased by some boys, pursued them into a shop, where they took refuge behind a lace mill. In his rage he broke the machine to pieces, so the proprietor, in order to fill his contracts, had to reemploy the women who had been displaced by the new invention. Thereupon the other women of the lace district gathered in mobs and smashed the rest of the lace mills, the men followed it up on all machinery which had displaced their labor, and the once famous "Luddite war" was begun. One fact must be acknowledged—all the advance laborers have secured has been the result of their combining and resisting. It is humiliating, but it is a fact.

In 1834 the great strike of the London tailors occurred, but they were beaten. The next strike, in the Staffordshire potteries, was won by the men after a desperate struggle. The great Preston strike of 1853 attracted the attention of the world. Forty-nine cotton and other mills were closed, and before the strike ended 14,972 paupers were added to the list. The men were defeated.

During all these years parliament was investigating an legislating, and the beneficent "factory acts" and colliery laws were passed. Women and boys under fourteen were no longer

allowed to be put in the mines. Child labor was abolished in many trades and greatly limited in others. Wages rose slowly but steadily for twenty years, and the percentage of pauperism declined one-half.

Thomas Cooper, known as the "Last of the Chartists," died July last. In early life he was a prisoner in Stafford jail two years for advocating "The Charter," yet for the last twenty years of his life he had enjoyed far more privileges than he asked for at the start. At the time of the queen's jubilee it was estimated by the most conservative British statisticians that the common people were 30 per cent. better fed, 40 per cent. better clothed, 50 per cent. better housed, and 250 per cent. better educated than when Victoria was crowned.

Still there were strikes—of 40,000 colliers in 1867, of 60,000 Welsh laborers in 1873, of 50,000 Welsh miners in 1875, of 80,000 Lancashire spinners in 1876, of all the shipbuilders workmen on the Clyde in 1877, and of 120,000 cotton spinners in 1878. In the spring of 1879 the famous strike of the Durham coal miners began, which was settled by arbitration. Without going into details of the hundreds of minor strikes it is sufficient to state the two important facts—the ratio of strikes in which the laborers succeeded has greatly increased while the hours of labor in the organized industries have been slightly diminished. Against this, as some workmen think, should be set the fact that by improved machinery the power of women to supplant men in manufacturing has enormously increased.

While the great Lancashire strike still lingered the attention of the world was suddenly called to the United States, where for about one month there raged the most extended and destructive labor war of this age. As the panic of 1873 caused all other panics to be forgotten or ignored, so the railroad riots of 1877 left all previous labor troubles in insignificance. For this cause doubtless the statement has crept into works meant to be historic that there were no strikes or labor troubles of consequence "before the war."

There were some even before the Revolution. After the Indians were finally subdued wages rose so rapidly that there was a loud call for legal interference. In New York they were 2½ times as high as in England, and in Massachusetts higher still. The shipbuilders of that colony formed the first trades union in America, and the colonial legislature promptly came down upon them with a statute regulating wages. It was forbidden in Newburyport to pay higher daily wages than to—carpenters, 5s. 4d. (\$1.28); calkers, 6s. (\$1.44); day laborers, 4s. (96 cents); masons, 6s. (\$1.44).

The laborers invented many ways to evade the law. Of course the trades unions were also political clubs, and there is a Boston tradition that the proposition to throw that famous tea overboard was first adopted at a meeting of ship carpenters.

In 1803 the first recorded strike in the United States occurred—that of the sailors in New York city. The organizer was promptly sent to jail, and the men begged pardon and returned to their ships. In 1829 a laborers' party elected one Ebenezer Ford to the New York legislature. A motion to expel him as an "agrarian" was brought forward, but defeated. In 1836 there was a strike of tailors, whereupon twenty-one of them were arrested and fined \$100 each. Then the long agitation for the ten hour day began, and on the 10th of April, 1840, it was established in the navy yards by proclamation of President Van Buren.

In 1847 strikes first began to be recognized as fixed facts. There were many that year and the strikers were not often prosecuted. The ten hour day had become quite general by 1860. After the war the great labor agitation began on a systematic plan, and the panic of 1873 soon showed how thoroughly labor was organized. In a few weeks after Jay Cooke's failure every rolling mill from Pittsburg to Cairo was idle, and in the Mahoning valley the situation was much like that of civil war. In 1874 strikes were the rule and continuous labor the exception in large sections of the country.

There was a slow improvement in the labor situation till in 1877 the Baltimore and Ohio railroad ordered a 10 per cent. reduction of wages to take effect on July 16. That was the signal for an explosion. As one man the railroad men revolted, and like a prairie fire the line of conflict ran over the country. In one week every cit between the Hudson and Mississippi was in commotion. In another many of them were sprinkled with blood and a few seared by fire. There was hard fighting at Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago.

For ten days many cities and towns were completely isolated so far as trade was concerned. The workmen virtually took possession of the railroads in many places. An investigating committee reported the total losses at about 400 lives and \$100,000,000. All previous strikes were ignored, nor has there since been any year to at all compare with 1877. The strikes of this year are but small affairs in comparison. Workingmen have learned how to secure their rights peacefully. And

let us hope that capitalists have also learned their lesson of humanity and moderation.

The Evolution of Brass.

Brass has a respectable claim on antiquity. It was used in the temple of Solomon, was known in old Rome and in the middle ages, was associated with palace gates and monumental tablets, as it is to-day with buttons and pins. It has figured in architecture and statuary and varied its uses from representing the person of a monarch to the dignity of a door knob. It is found in spoons and kettles, has honored the humble thimble and embellished the deadly cannon. In popular use and general service it has had a royal and ancient lineage, while its hard and unchanging complexion has furnished a metallic comparison for such human countenances as are more significant of brass than of modesty. As an American industry it owes its inception to an accidental shortage of supplies. When King George made his historic blunder and sent his fleet to blockade American ports, there was a consequent dearth of imported brass and official buttons. The latter was for a time substituted by bone, but the metallic article in spite of patriotism drove the other out of fashion. Israel Coe, of Waterbury, Conn., made a canvass of the local housewives and solicited worn out copper kettles and saucepans. These were cut up by slow and laborious efforts, melted with other alloys in an iron furnace and casted into rude molds. These uneven slabs of brass were passed through rolls until reduced to the desired thinness, the annealing being done in an open fire of chestnut wood in the mill yard. Success attended these crude and original efforts and led to the establishment of a rolling mill at Waterbury, where the surprising output was made of 80,000 tons of brass in one year. To-day they make annual totals of millions. The manufacture of brass kettles was a logical sequence, and the brass industry started in the Nantucket Valley perpetuates as it preceded American enterprise in this direction. It has deployed on every available line of service and kept in touch with the demand and the fastidiousness of taste. It represents an industry with many ramifications, and has kept up a level step with progress in improvement and manipulations. Its inception and development is, however, an added example of the persistent and energetic qualities so largely characteristic of American metallurgical progress.—Age of Steel.

Got All He Had.

A good story is told of Rufus Choate, the eminent American lawyer. By the way, a good many good stories are told about him, but this is a new one.

One morning when he entered his office, his clerk rose and said:

Mr. Choate, a gentleman has just left here who wants you to undertake a case for him.

Ah! and did you collect the regular retaining fee?

I only collected twenty-five guineas, sir. The regular fee was fifty guineas, and Mr. Choate said:

But that was unprofessional; yes, very unprofessional.

But, sir, said the clerk, apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, I got all he had.

Ah! said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, that was professional; yes, quite professional.

She—I should think that man would have a fearful load on his conscience. He—He would if it weren't for one thing. She—What's that? He—He hasn't the conscience.

I am sure George is fond of me. He said he loved the ground I walked on. No doubt he meant it, returned her experienced confidante. You know, dear, you own that ground.

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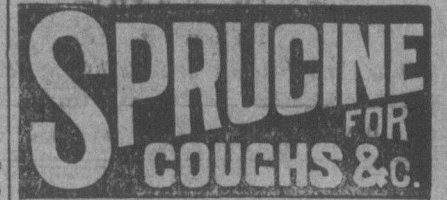
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=The Echo=

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LABOR DAY.

It is a strong characteristic of the working men of the present day throughout the civilized world to cooperate together for the protection of their liberties against the inroads of capital and for the amelioration of their condition. In this respect the city of Montreal is not one whit behind the rest of the world, and accordingly we find that distinction of race and religion, and the memories of former strife, appear no longer able to keep those asunder when mutual interests demand that they should be united. For several years past this feeling of amity among the working population of this city has found expression in the celebration of the first Monday in September as a day set apart in honor of Labor, and as such observed throughout the whole American Continent, and it is very gratifying to find, as years go swiftly by, that the day is being more and more honored in Montreal. The improvement in the condition of the Canadian wage-earner which has taken place of late years is entirely due to organization, and it ought, therefore, to be the duty of every unionist to endeavor to improve upon the standard now attained by a closer attention to the duties devolving upon him as an organized workman. There still remains a vast amount of work to be done before the workman can be said to be altogether free from the thralldom which, to a certain extent, yet environs him, and this can only be accomplished through the force of union. The power lays with themselves, and it only needs intelligent guidance and united effort to compel submission to their demands, which resolve into this—a full share of the wealth they produce and a voice in the government of the country equal to their numbers and importance.

THE ADVANCE OF CHOLERA.

With cholera in England, and more particularly in Liverpool, a port with which we are in almost daily communication, it were criminal on the part of the Federal authorities to allow any ship to enter the St. Lawrence without compelling it to undergo quarantine, so as to make it impossible for the scourge to gain a foothold here. It may be that such a course would mean a serious loss to the steamship companies, and might possibly offend some staunch supporters of the government; but neither personal feeling or political exigency should make the government swerve from its plain path of duty. It

is possible, even yet, to adopt measures which will practically make it impossible for the cholera to invade this continent by way of the St. Lawrence, and the people look to Sir John Abbott and his Cabinet, to whom at the present time is entrusted the health, not only of the people of Montreal and Canada, but the whole American continent, to do their duty, their whole duty, and to do it thoroughly. Neither expense or trouble should be spared in putting the quarantine station at Grosse Isle in a condition to meet the requirements of the case, and medical men who have studied the pest should be placed in charge, even if they are not of the present fashionable political stripe. There must be no "shinnegan" about this business. We may tolerate, and even feel amused at the boodling practices of our politicians, and the impression may have got abroad that the people of Canada will stand anything. Let there be no error about it; should the cholera secure a footing here through neglect of precautionary measures or for want of necessary quarantine appliances, the people will hold the members of the government individually and collectively responsible for every death that will occur. We desire to be well understood on this question. We believe that our geographical situation is such that the cholera can be stopped in its westward march right here, and we call upon the Federal authorities to use the power and resources at their command without fear or favor.

In this connection we note that quite a little sum is being spent and a great deal of time is being wasted by our aldermen in wining and dining the visiting sailors. It seems that while the civic cash box is empty when it concerns the removal of privy pits or the cleaning of markets, there is no lack of money for swilling champagne at a City Hall "bust." Might we humbly suggest that the money thus thrown away might have been more profitably spent in cleaning our city and placing it in a sanitary condition. It also seems very curious to the casual observer that, while our aldermen are far too busy to attend committee meetings, they were all on deck when it came to the distribution of tickets of invitation to this "free blow out." Our humble opinion is that, had these visiting sailors known how dirty our lanes and markets are and how low our funds, they would have disdained to accept of the good time offered and advised our aldermen, in sailor parlance, to spend the money in "holy stones and swabs," and to wash her down and get things ship-shape. Meantime we protest against this foolish expenditure of the public funds at a time when the money is more urgently needed upon necessary works which would ensure the health of the citizens.

In the course of a speech on the labor problem, at Prohibition Park, N. Y., last Sunday, Erastus Wiman referred to the recent strike of railroad switchmen at Buffalo, N. Y., and said: "The Government should protect all citizens when necessary, but there is a big difference between local force and State force. I maintain that at Buffalo there was no violence which could not have been dealt with by the local force. The trouble is that capital can command State aid too easily. It cannot be denied that there is a growing tendency to suppress strikes by military force. The most marked of the economic changes which is taking place in this wonderful country is the daily formation of combinations of capital. They, and not the combinations of workmen, form the real danger to a community. What more dangerous thing has there been lately than the consolidation of the coal interests? I undertake to say that about nine-tenths of the coal lands east of the Alleghany mountains are controlled by about half a dozen men. That half-dozen men could starve New York next winter if

they choose. The military should have been called out against this coal interest, and not against a few workmen who struck for an hour's pay for an hour's work. The coal combination has struck a blow at every industry that makes wealth. By controlling the fuel necessary to make steam, they control everything requiring steam. Who will say that these are not the strikers most to be feared?"

* * *

There should be no distinction between steerage and saloon passengers under quarantine laws in a crisis like the present. Yet such, we are led to understand, is the case. The saloon passenger can land at Rimouski and proceed to his destination without undergoing the vexatious delays and disinfection at the quarantine station at Grosse Isle, to all of which the poor steerage voyager has to submit. If the cellar is infected by disease there is danger in the upper portions of the house as well. To avoid all possible risk the saloon passenger should have to undergo the same precautionary process as his less fortunate brother of the steerage.

* * *

Through the efforts of the United Brotherhood of the Carpenters and Joiners of America, 46 cities of that country have been induced to adopt the eight-hour day—an increase of ten cities to the list in two years. Now there are 393 cities working nine hours a day, while in 1890 there were only 234. This reduction in hours has resulted in opening the field for employment to 11,150 more carpenters than would find work under the ten-hour system. Wages have correspondingly increased from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day to \$2.25 to \$3.50, adding \$5,500,000 annually to the column of money distributed among journeymen carpenters in 531 cities of the United States where unions have been established and maintained.

* * *

The government ownership of railways would reduced freight rates one-fourth to one-half, people could travel at one cent per mile, employees would get better pay and there would be no strikes or lock outs.

HAVE YOU TRIED
HERO

—AND—

**CRUSADER
CIGARS.**

MANUFACTURED BY

**J. RATTRAY & CO.,
MONTREAL.**

A PERFECT ARTICLE!

**COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.**

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

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

All the best Grocers sell it.

McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

**IMPERIAL
INSURANCE COY (Limited.)
FIRE.**

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

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

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

Canadian Branch Office:

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

**Old Chum
(CUT PLUG)**

**OLD CHUM
(PLUG)**

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

D. Ritchie & Co.
Montreal.

Oldest Cut Tobacco
Manufacturers
in Canada.

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

**Sudden
Disappearance**

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

REWARD

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

This soap is, without doubt, worth its weight

IN GOLD!!**Montreal Exposition Company.**

**GRAND PROVINCIAL
EXHIBITION,
MONTREAL.**

**15th to 23rd Sept., 1892.
SECOND ANNUAL FAIR!**

**Great Show of Live Stock.
Magnificent Horticultural Display.**

FINE COLLECTION

Of Historical Relics by the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS,
BALLOON ASCENSION. Parachute descents
by STANLEY SPENNER, the renowned English
Aeronaut.

Ladies' Military Band and Concert.
Magnificent Fireworks. Splendid Music.
Brilliant Electrical Illuminations.

ELECTRIC STREET CAR SERVICES

Direct to the Grounds.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

All applications for space should be made at once
For prize lists and all information, address
S. C. STEVENSON,
Manager and Secretary,
76 St. Gabriel street, Montreal.

PROCLAMATION

In order that every precaution may be taken against the cholera epidemic, it is absolutely necessary that the city shall be thoroughly cleaned, and to that end all citizens, whether tenants or proprietors in the city, are hereby ordered that their yards and cellars be thoroughly cleaned immediately, the rubbish carted away and the fences and interior of cellars properly whitewashed. Special inspectors are being appointed to see that this work is properly done.

A staff of cleaners and whitewashers will follow the inspectors to see that the work is thoroughly done, and in all cases of neglect on the part of the citizens, the cleaners will do the work and the city will charge the proprietor with the cost of the same.

The Mayor hopes that every citizen will see the necessity of complying at once with the above orders.

JAMES McSHANE,
Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
City Hall,
Montreal, 1st Sept., 1892.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.**AMERICAN MONEY.**

American money, both bills and silver taken at full value at

S. CARSLEY'S.

No necessity for losing on American money. Bring it all to S. CARSLEY'S, where the best value on this continent is given to the public.

REPLIES.

Some weeks ago we asked in our advertisement for letters giving the reasons why ladies object to purchase articles of dress such as Mantles, Dress Goods, Millinery, &c., in stores located in streets near where they reside. The following replies are samples of numbers of letters received.

The letter from Sherbrooke is good, but we refer to Montreal or any other large city, not to outside or smaller places.

S. CARSLEY.

MONTREAL, July 11th. 1892.

S. CARSLEY, Esq.,

Notre Dame street, Montreal:

Dear Sir,—In answer to advertisement in Star of 7th July—Reasons why ladies prefer to purchase goods, such as Millinery, Mantles, Dress Goods, &c., at a distance from their residence is:—1st. They can have goods not in common with help of the house, and less known to the household of their value.

Yours respectfully, M. K.

SHERBROOKE, July 16, 1892.

S. CARSLEY:

Dear Sir,—Seeing your advertisement in the Sherbrooke Examiner asking why people do not as a rule purchase goods at stores near their place of residence, I am afraid too many do even now for their own good. For three years—Spring and Fall—we have gone into town and purchased Winter Garments and Summer Tweeds, Challies and Silks. Our reasons are three-fold:—1st. We can save more than our fare on the price of say a good dress or a good winter cloak. 2nd. We get a far greater and better selection. 3rd. Getting goods here your help is just as apt to appear in a similar dress, which might be taken for yours. I am not writing for the gloves, but because I consider that if more people would go to Montreal to purchase they would be better suited, and certainly in every way it would be for their own good.

Yours respectfully,

SHERBROOKE, Que.

MONTREAL, July 12th, 1892.

S. CARSLEY, Esq.:

Notre Dame street, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—In answer to adv. in Star of July 7th:—Reasons why ladies prefer to purchase goods, such as Mantles, Dress Goods, Millinery, etc., at a distance from where they reside, is:—1st. Principally because the goods in stores near where one resides are too well known by the residents of the neighborhood. For instance, if a lady buys a Mantle or Dress in a store near where she lives, the chances are that all the domestics in the house and most of the neighbors will not only know where it was bought, but the price paid also.

Yours respectfully,

M. McL.

MONTREAL, N. Y. L. Building.

Messrs. S. CARSLEY & CO., City:
Gentlemen,—As an explanation of the business peculiarity alluded to in your column in last night's Star, I would suggest the following reasons:—The best established stores are as a rule generally situated in a business centre of the city where ladies having much money to spend rarely reside. Such a store would naturally be reliable, and ladies purchasing there would feel surer of being fairly dealt with. Another reason is that ladies like to see the various goods exhibited by the different storekeepers before making a choice; and lastly, a reason which throws a glamour over all, in the words of the poet: "This distance lends enchantment to the view."

Yours truly,

C. Q.

HALF-PRICE CLEARANCE!

SATURDAY MORNING AND MONDAY.

To-day (Saturday) and Monday, we offer UNTRIMMED HATS and BONNETS At HALF-PRICE.

ALL MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE.

GRAND PARASOL SALE!

Take your choice of all Parasols at from 30 percent discount to Half-price.

S. CARSLEY.

Children's Washing Dresses.

Take your choice of Children's Cotton Washing Made-up Dresses from 20 percent discount to Half-price.

CHILDREN'S WHITE WASHING HATS AND WHITE WASHING BONNETS.

Your choice of all these Pretty Washing Hats and Bonnets at from 20 percent discount to Half-price.

S. CARSLEY.

FIRST BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT THEN GO AHEAD.

If you take cold and lose your health, you cannot properly attend to your business. If you do not attend to your business you will not succeed in it.

If you wear Rigby Waterproof Garments, you reduce your chances of taking cold, with its attendant disastrous results, to a minimum. Ponder this over and form your conclusions, then act.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"We are going to run our business to suit ourselves and we will not, on any account, allow any interference in our private affairs," is what ninety-nine out of every hundred employers shout as soon as they have any trouble with their help," said Phil. "Now, if a manufacturing establishment in reality is a private affair, then the stand which the employer takes in this case would have, at least, something to serve as an apology for his actions, whatever they might be, but I contend that this is not the case, and will prove to you that no manufacturing establishment, in this country at least, can rightly be called a 'private affair.' To begin with, there are many employers of labor who receive from the municipalities where their business is located, a bonus. Sometimes this bonus is in the shape of land grants; at other times it is exemption from taxation or else a grant or subsidy of so and so much ready cash, but in most cases it consists of the three combined and often represents more capital than in reality is invested in the buildings and machinery of the whole industry. If the manufacturer is exempt from taxation it follows that the rest of the community must pay his share, and to this extent the people acquire an interest in his business. The same may be said of land or money grants; the community must tax itself to help him carry on his business which, by this very act, ceases to be a 'private affair.' For a manufacturer so circumstanced to talk about running his business to suit himself, or to protest against that kind of interference which would compel him to treat his help in a humane manner, is all rot. The community has become his partner in business in the same proportion as the bonus granted is to the actual capital invested in the enterprise. This being the case, the people have a perfect right to fix a minimum rate of wages as a protection to those of their number who are employed in that establishment, and they should exercise it."

"I agree with you as far as manufacturers are concerned who receive a bonus," said Sinnett, "but, for the life of me, I can't understand by what right you could interfere with those who receive no bonus, and you'll admit that, after all, these form the large majority among manufacturers."

"I admit nothing of the kind," said Phil, "and more than that, I maintain that there is not in the whole Dominion a single manufacturer who does not receive a bonus, and a mighty big one at that. What else do you call our tariff? Isn't it a bonus which the people of Canada pay to those among them who are manufacturers? You and I, and every mother son of us who work for wages, must actually pay from thirty to thirty-five per cent. more for the goods we use than what they can be bought for in the cheapest market; and the money thus taken from us goes towards building up our 'infant' industries which their owners consider 'private affairs.' Private property indeed! You might with as much right call your post offices, court houses and other public buildings and your whole canal system private property, for just as surely as the people of Canada pay for the one just so surely are they being made to pay for the other."

"Even so," said Sinnett, "isn't it a fact that the people of Canada find work in these factories and workshops which have sprung up since the introduction of the national policy, and isn't that something of a benefit?"

"Great Scott!" roared Phil, "we don't want work! It's grub, and boots, and clothes, and comfortable homes that we want; and we want a

little pleasure and recreation now and again. And that is just exactly what we can't get, for while we are building up these 'private concerns' for our employers, they are importing a host of laborers from the older countries of Europe to compete with us and thus reduce our wages. You talk as though our class was specially created to work their soul-case all to pieces for the benefit of our 'infant industries'—I don't. I am satisfied to work for a living, but I object to living to work. Work is right enough and, no doubt, is good; but a fellow may even get a surfeit of a good thing. At any rate, there is a disposition among our employers towards a reduction of wages; it doesn't matter a button whether this is caused by keen competition or whether it's the result of insatiable greed, sufficient for us to know that such is the case. I have, I think, shown that manufacturing concerns are not 'private affairs,' and that the whole people have a direct interest as partners in them. Let us insist upon our right to fix a minimum wage by law, which shall at least be sufficient to keep him who works well nourished and comfortable. Either that or else abandon a policy which taxes all of us for a favored few."

BILL BLADES.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

BY LEWIS FREELAND, IN THE STANDARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

But the people were constantly begging to be allowed to work, and the more they begged the less attention was paid to them. And when they did get a chance to work they were not allowed to receive, no matter where they worked or how much they made, any more than the people who had charters to work in the very poorest places in the kingdom. And that was little enough, as everybody knew.

Withal the people increased and multiplied, and to help them out for their trouble they invented great machines, which did marvelous work; but neither the people nor the machines could work without permission of a charter owner, and the more the people worked and the more marvelous their machines the more the charter owners charged them for the right to work, until even the machines fell into the hands of the few, and the people could not make new ones, because charters to work had become so very valuable except in the very poorest places only the few were able to buy the right to work, and the poor were trying to hire themselves out. And so it appeared that, happen what might to make work easier and more fruitful, the charter owners got all the benefit.

In these days a prophet arose who told the people that the charter owners had no right to forbid them to work or any right to make them pay that working. But the charter owners railed at the prophet as a devil (the devil having put it into their heads to do so), saying: "Have we not bought and paid for these charters?"

And then arose a priest who, seeing how the people were oppressed and robbed by the charters, denounced the charters and demanded that they be abolished; but the devil ordered the priest to be put down, and he was put down.

And yet every one marveled that there were so many poor and that the poor increased. But the priests taught that it was not marvelous, for God would it, whereat the devil again rubbed his hands together and gently switched his tail, now this way, now that, saying to himself: "It won't be long now until the devil is to pay!" And he was right.

Pretty soon everything was in readiness, and from advising king, and lord and charter owner, the devil turned to advising the poor.

"See how the rich revel in the wealth you have created!" he said to them. "Why do you not burn and murder and pillage? Is there no manhood in you? Are you slaves!"

But at first the people protested that that they were opposed to murder and pillage, and asked why they should not abolish the charters, as the prophet and priest advised, which would need neither murder nor pillage.

"Away with your prophet and your priest!" shouted the devil. "They are in league with the rich. Make no half-way measures! Let there be no compromise! Lay waste! Lay waste! See, I will set you an example," and with that the devil touched the tip of his tail to the palace of a charter owner and instantly it was ablaze; and then the devil's scheme, so patiently planned, culminated. Like rats from their holes rushed a million debased and desperate men. Half famished and all in rags, aiming at nothing and caring for nothing, spurred on by revenge, hitting right and left, burning, killing, plundering, they laid waste the land.

The devil was indeed to pay!

LABOR DAY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Now that the question of supremacy is to be settled, as far as the Labor Day championship is concerned at the Central Trades and Labor Council's picnic, there is a hum of eager expectancy throughout lacrosse circles. The ball will be put into play promptly at 3.30 p. m., when captains of both teams promise to put up a game of lacrosse which for science and speed has not been equalled in this class or surpassed by any of the senior teams. Thirteen solid gold medals, emblematic of our national game, will be awarded to the victorious team. The officials of the match are: Referee, H. Brophy. Umpires, Dr. Elder and J. Williamson.

In connection with Labor Day sports on the Exhibition grounds there will be a tug-of-war on a gigantic scale between members of two prominent organizations in the building trades. A handsome prize is to be given the winners, and there is considerable speculation as to which of the rival unions will carry off the prize.

A MONTREALER TO THE FRONT

The Montreal Garrison Artillery has the honor of the premier position in the big shooting match at the Dominion Rifle Association meeting at Ottawa. The all absorbing attraction was the competition for the Governor-General's prize by the 100 top scorers in the Grand Aggregate. The match began at 9 o'clock yesterday and the greatest excitement prevailed among the competitors and spectators owing to the unprecedented number of ties. The conditions are 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven rounds at each, with Martini-Henri rifle. Staff-Sgt. Drysdale, of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, is declared the winner of the blue ribbon of the meeting, the badge and \$250, with a total of 92.

The Juvenile Band.

The Committee of the K. of L. Juvenile Band are requested to meet in the hall this evening at eight o'clock. A full attendance is requested as there are some matters relative to the turn-out on Labor Day to be discussed.

Election of Officers.

At a meeting held on the 18th of August, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Building Trades Council: President, Jos. Corbell; vice-president, Geo. Brooks; French recording secretary, L. Thivierge; English recording secretary, Thos. Kent; financial secretary, E. mile Pelletier; treasurer, M. Lavigneur; warden E. Charbonneau.



LABOR DAY! PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS MONDAY, the 5th day of September instant, has been selected by the Central Trades and Labor Council for holding their grand Labor Parade and Picnic, the undersigned Mayor of the City of Montreal respectfully invites the citizens generally to observe that day as a Public Holiday, and to close their places of business on that occasion in order to afford the citizens at large an opportunity to take part in the celebration.

JAMES McSHANE, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, Sept. 1, 1892.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

KEEN COMPETITION

In Fall Dress Goods makes it absolutely necessary for us in every instance to place the cheapest possible cash price on our new importations. It is needless for us to state to the ladies of Montreal that the material is always the finest and best of its particular kind, however low the figure. Recent shipments are specially worthy of attention. These latest deliveries from the looms of Europe were selected by a gentleman who is admitted to be the most efficient and skilled buyer in Canada, on terms the most favorable for 'spot' cash and in large quantities, and are now offered to our customers at rates unequalled in the market.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Visit our Great Mantle Show! 5,000 New Mantles.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

Beautiful Shot Dress Goods, Silk and Wool, the very latest novelty, 46 inches wide, all colors.

New Silk and Wool Brocade Dress Goods, very handsome designs, all new colorings

New Camel's Hair Dress Goods, in all the newest combination. The finest goods in the city.

New A1 Wool Bedford Cords, Black and all colors.

Handsome Paris Dress Patterns, a very choice selection, no two alike. Prices from \$7 per pattern.

New Plain Costume Cloths, Black and all colors, 48 inches wide, only 35c per yard.

New Fast Dye Navy Cheviot Serges, all wool and double width, from 50c per yard.

New Fast Dye Diagonal Serges, black and colors, all wool, double width, from 45c per yard.

New Dress Tweeds, all double widths. Prices from 20c per yard.

New Costume Tweeds, the largest and finest collection ever shown in the city. Prices from \$4.50 per Dress Pattern.

New Plaid Dress Goods, in new and bright colors, double width. Prices from 40c per colors.

For all the very latest novelties in Dress Goods, come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

Postal orders have our prompt attention Samples of Our New Dress Goods sent on application.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
1781, 1783

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

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

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

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

J. E. Townshend,

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

Bell Telephone 1906.

Every Workingman

SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY,

ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

Job * Printing!

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SOCIETIES,

LODGES

ASSEMBLIES

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

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

PHENIX INSURANCE CO'Y, OF HARTFORD.

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

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

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

CYRILLE LAURIN, Montreal Agents. Sub-Agents - G. M. DUPUIS, GABIA and PERRAS.

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

John Fisher, tinsmith, of Regina, fell into a well and was drowned.

Paquet's fur factory at Hare Point, Quebec, is being rapidly pushed ahead. Several boilers are being placed in position to run machinery, which will be put into position immediately, and the factory will be in working order in a very few days.

Dr. Worthington's race horse Purse, which met with an accident on the Plains course, at Quebec, on Friday last by breaking a tendon of one of the fore feet has been sold to a cabman of this city. The price paid was small. Purse was valued at \$400.

Dan Sheehan, who received such ugly wounds with an axe a few days ago in Richmond street, Quebec, has left the Hotel Dieu hospital cured.

The chilly weather of the past few days has caused a number of those who were rusticated at Malbaie to return to town. A number of families left on Saturday.

A servant girl in one of the houses on Beauport road, Quebec, attempted suicide the other evening by taking a very large dose of poison. Doctors were called in to attend the unhappy girl, and from the latest reports she was in a precarious condition.

It is understood that at the next session of the Ontario Legislature a bill will be submitted, forbidding parachute jumping in that province.

The schooner Speedwell, of St. John, N. B., was found abandoned in Boston bay yesterday. She was loaded with shingles. The fate of the crew is unknown.

The apron of Edith Murphy, aged 8 years, of Algoma Mills, Ont., took fire yesterday in front of the kitchen stove and she was so frightfully burned that death ensued.

The British ship Fingal arrived at Vancouver, B. C., yesterday morning, thirty-three days from Yokohama, with a cargo of nearly 5,000 tons of tea, consigned to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mrs. Edward McManaman, of Salt Springs, Cumberland, N.S., has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. This is the third time in succession that this lady has thus distinguished herself.

An insane woman was brought to the asylum for idiots, at Orillia, Ont., because of the over-crowded state of the Hamilton Asylum, jumped from a third story window and only lived twelve hours afterwards.

The City Council of Hamilton, Ont., decided last night, by a majority of 21 to 7, that when flags are displayed in any procession on the public streets the Union Jack must be carried in an advance position and before all other flags.

The net shortage of Brady, the assistant Toronto police court clerk, is \$172, which the London Guarantee Company will have to make good. For this small sum Brady, who has a family to support, has thrown away a salary of \$1,000 a year and his character.

The secessionists from the Salvation Army held a meeting last night at Toronto to decide on their future course of action. Some proposed following the lines of the Salvationists as regards street parades, etc., but others objected. The final decision was left over for a future meeting.

William Bellon, of the township of Campbell, near Gore Bay, Ont., was leading a bull to water when the animal broke the ring by which he was led and attacked Bellon. The horn of the bull entered his side just below the ribs and with an upward toss laid the side open almost to his arm. He only lived five minutes.

The other day, while Victor Lavergne, of Yamachiche, Champlain County, was working in the field a thunder storm came on and he sought shelter under some neighboring trees. Not making his appearance when the storm had abated, friends repaired to the spot and found Lavergne dead on the ground, having been killed by lightning.

Capt. Warren Baker, of Halifax, has made a clean breast of it, and confesses that he cast away the schooner Seven Brothers for the purpose of swindling insurance companies. One of the chief witnesses upon which the prosecution relied has gone crazy. One of the witnesses against Baker was a fellow prisoner, who is under sentence for obtaining road moneys by false pretences.

The crews of three Victoria sealers and one American seized by the Russian Government are now in the Royal roads, on board the American barque Majestic. The schooners were sailing in Behring Sea on the Russian side, about thirty-five miles from the shore, when a gun boat came along and seized them. The men were put ashore and made to declare that they were in Russian waters under pain of being sent to Siberia.

Mr. John Whelan, a wealthy hotel man, has left Winnipeg, with a team of horses and a stout buckboard and proposes to drive every foot of the distance between here and Jacksonville, Florida, where he will spend the winter. Early in the sum-

mer, he will drive from Florida to Chicago and after taking in the World's fair will drive from Chicago to his old home in Centerville, Lennox county, Ontario.

American.

Mr. H. B. McClelland, who has been teaching school in Encl county, Texas, at \$40 per month, has been informed by English attorneys that he is the only heir of his uncle, the late Lord William Moore, of England, and is therefore the possessor of that title, as well as an estate of \$2,000,000.

The Superintendent of Prisons has succeeded in procuring the required number of civil guards and convicts will be returned to the coal mines near Nashville, Tenn., this week.

European.

The Czar and his family have started for Finland.

Madame Maro, a Paris bear tamer, while performing in a cage, fell and was torn in pieces by bears.

The schooner Mary Jane was wrecked on Tuesday in the Firth of Forth. Three of her crew were drowned.

A newspaper in Lisbon announces that a portion of Portugal's colonies are to be sold to meet the interest on the exterior debt.

The London Standard's Buda Pesth dispatch says that the town of Solvenihazoe has been almost totally destroyed by fire. The town contains about 4,000 inhabitants.

Advices from Afghanistan received at Bombay contain the statement that the Ameer is quite prepared to forcibly resist a Russian advance to Shigan and Roshan without waiting for England's action.

An explosion occurred Tuesday at Mancini magazine at San Svero, a town 17 miles northwest of Foggia, Italy. Two men were killed and two seriously injured. The noise of the explosion was terrific. This is the third time that the magazine has blown up.

The Mayor of Plymouth to-day gave a pulpit luncheon in honor of Rev. Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is on a visit to the place. Many of the leading citizens of Plymouth and a number of clergymen were present.

The trial in Paris of the Marquis de Mores, charged with killing Captain Mayer, was continued. One of the witnesses, Leo Taxil, a Semitic publicist, alleged that the Anti-Semites in Paris advocated the hanging of M. Rathschild. M. Guerin, one of de Mores' seconds, who is charged with complicity in the killing of Captain Mayer, interrupted the witness, declaring the statement was an infamous lie. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Marquis de Mores, and also acquitted Count Lamasse and M. Guerin, the Marquis' seconds, and Captain Panjade and M. Deforme, who acted as seconds for Captain Mayer. All four of the seconds were indicted for complicity in the killing of Captain Mayer.

A dispatch from Bridgend, Wales, states that the water is gaining and flooding some of the galleries of the Park slip colliery, the scene of the disastrous explosion on Friday last. This will probably prevent the recovery of the bodies still in the mine. Fifty-eight bodies have been recovered from the Park slip pit. Their features were so terribly burned that they were unrecognizable. In every case, however, the fire had not destroyed their clothing, and they were identified by this and by articles found in their pockets. Their bodies were in galleries far from the mouth of the pit. In spite of the many obstacles and dangers which confront the searching parties the work of rescue is being steadily kept up.

The Only Sure Foundation.

What of right belongs to capital, and what of right belongs to labor? Putting religion aside, this question is the greatest problem of human interest in the world today. The solution of it has engaged the deepest study of the foremost thinkers of the century. It is considered in the councils of kings, in the cabinets of statesmen, in the consistory of the Vatican. It is discussed in the counting rooms of capitalists, in the open conventions of workmen, in the hidden dens of anarchy. It thunders in the pulpits of all denominations. It reverberates in the newspaper press of all parties under every form of government. The Parliament of England, the Reichstag of Germany and the Congress of the Republic debate it in earnest discussion. Wherever civilization is this question is. It is the product of civilization, and civilization alone can solve it. Capital and labor antagonistic; labor and capital in battle array; capital endeavoring to crowd labor to the wall, and labor striving to crush capital—it is the most unnatural warfare the world has ever seen. Labor is the father of capital. If there had been no labor there would be no capital. Mr. Lorillard well expressed this idea a few years ago when he wrote in a magazine article that capital is only solidified labor. He did not make that economic discovery but he was one of the very first of the great capitalists to admit it. But how shall two live together and together prosper? The

Recorder does not pretend to have found that golden mean, but it believes:

First—That force on either side will never settle it; and it believes,

Second—That the base on which the corner stone must be laid is to be found, and alone to be found, in the greatest precept ever given to man: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Does the Recorder believe that labor has the right to organize for its betterment, for its material advancement? Yes. The capitalists in this country to-day are very few who did not at one time belong to organized labor in some form or another. But, without considering that purely personal question, capital under our laws has no rights, no privileges, to which labor is not equally entitled. The law knows no discrimination between the one side and the other, and, if it is improperly administered, the law holds in its sovereign hands the supreme remedy. That remedy is the ballot. It is the most powerful weapon ever placed in the hands of the people, by the people, for the people.

Conflicts between capital and labor, like the one which has just occurred at Homestead, are to be mourned over with tears. They are stains on our civilization. They are crimes against humanity. They are barbarous—barbarous without the excuse of barbarism—dense, leaden ignorance. The United States in the councils of its Legislatures and its Congresses has solved the highest problems of human government. It has cast off the trammels of tradition. It has tossed into the waste paper basket the maxims of mediævalism. It has created the most wondrous civilization the world ever saw. It has emancipated humanity; it has given new hope, new light, new aspiration, to mankind. The last and greatest of all human problems is before it. It will solve it in its own way and in its own time. Let us unite to speed the glorious work. Let us unite, not with rifles and Gatling guns in our hands—for they will never settle this greatest of human problems—but let us unite as Americans, with the firm purpose and the high resolve, come what may, to give to every man what to him of right belongs. Let us be fair; let us be honest; let us be just. This is the only sure foundation on which the Republic can rest and last.—New York Recorder.

Cost of Operating an Ocean Greyhound.

In view of the fact that in a few months the Cunard company will have two vessels which are expected to reduce the passage between Queenstown and New York to five and a half or five and a quarter days, some statistics given by Arthur J. Maginnis on the ships, men and working of the Atlantic ferry are of great interest. In a ship like the Teutonia, to begin with, a sum of about \$3,000,000 is invested, and the working expenses are proportionately heavy. In the sailing, engine and passenger departments, the large number of 322 hands are required, 47 in the first, 161 in the second and 114 in the third. The wages paid for these hands amount to, say, \$1,500 for the sailing department, \$4,800 for the engine and \$2,300 for the passenger, making a total of \$8,650 a month. When these figures are considered, together with the other expenses of maintenance, office expenses, insurance, agency commission, shore staff works, port charges, interest on capital and depreciation, it may be fairly taken that at least the sum of \$80,000 must be realized in a trip before any profits can be counted on; so that some idea of the enormous sums at stake in the working and management of an express transatlantic line can be formed. Mr. Maginnis holds strongly to the belief that when these vast figures are considered, together with other equally extensive requirements, the chimerical nature of some of the schemes proposed from time to time for forming new lines which promise three and four days' passage across the Atlantic can easily be discerned. He regards them as overwhelming proof that insurmountable difficulties are in the way of any company or firm without shipping experience who would create all at once a service more luxurious and having higher speed than that now afforded by the existing lines which would at the same time prove a financial success.

Flower-Selling in the London Streets.

"The trade in cut flowers in London alone is of the amount of £5,000 a day." This statement, startling as it seems (says the 'Hospital'), is taken from the report of the Flower Girl's Mission. Allowing for the large proportion of this sum with which the florists' shops may be accredited, there remains a very considerable sum to represent the investment and earnings of the flower-girls who besiege our steps at every corner.

Flower-girls we call them, though for many girlhood is a thing of the past—hard-working mothers of families, whose children's food depends on a few cheap leaves and blossoms.

It is only when flowers are cheap that the street flower-seller dare buy.

Early in the morning, between four and six

a. m., she is at Convent Garden, waiting till the buyers from the shops have made their selection, to price and cheapen what remains. In winter, when flowers are expensive, all that she dare venture on are fallen blossoms and broken scraps of ferns, which she will nevertheless twist with skillful fingers, aided by wire, into buttonholes that are dainty enough to look at. She has never, at the best, much capital to invest, and her wages are liable to destruction alike from winter's frost and summer's glare.

The outside world that only buys the roses and violets little knows how hard a struggle these girls have to keep hunger, the wolf, and temptation, the serpent, at bay; and the best that the outside world can do is to be thankful—practically thankful, like the Quaker who was "thankful five dollars"—that there exists a Flower Girl's Mission, with the Earl of Aberdeen for president, which has its headquarters in a room in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms in Convent Garden. "There the girls are warmed and fed, while they receive such help and counsel as may enable them to wear "the white flower of a blameless life" throughout the laborious days.

She Wasn't an Incubator.

Missus Rawlins—An' faith, Missus Doogan, how many childhrein hev yez now?

Missus Doogan—Oi only hev nine, Missus Rawlins.

Mrs. Rawlins—Noine! Why, yez had that many foive years ago.

Missus Doogan—An' sure, Missus Rawlins, do yez toike meor an incubator?

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THE EVER PRESENT CRISIS.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some good cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the looting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old parties steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam our camps; we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate sea,
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

How treacherous the ocean is. Yes, it is full of craft.

Billiards resemble matrimony, inasmuch as kisses and scratches are common to both.

Ballet Girl—Summer work is terrible. Her Rival—Padding makes you feel the heat so much, I presume.

I think that young man's conduct is simply shocking. That's all right; it's professional with him. He's an electrician.

He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit, if you will take that cigar out of your mouth.

As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.

Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist? she cried indignantly. I know few things better, he answered.

He—Carrie, will you make me the happiest of men? She—I should like to, Harry, but I think I prefer to remain the happiest of women.

Mike—Hello, Pat, how much did you pay for your new hat? Pat—Faith and I don't know; it was no one in the store when I bought it.

Miss Banknote, do you think that your father will object to my suit? Miss Banknote—I guess not, for he wears one just about as loud himself.

Guest—What new features have you this season? Boniface—The features of four pretty new chambermaids, sir. Guest—Give me the best room in the house.

There are two ways to be miserable on a hot day. One is to stay at home and mourn because you did not go on a big excursion; the other is to go on the excursion.

Atkins—Why, hello Schaff! What's got onto yer whiskers; where's dey all gone on one side? Schaff—Ah, bad luck. Dey wuz a goat in de stable where I slep' las' night.

Do you suppose, asked the Sunday school teacher, that the prodigal son greeted his father loudly and joyfully? I reckon not said the bright boy. His voice must a be'n kinkier husky.

Did you go on that trout fishing excursion? I did. Did you fish with flies? Fish with flies? Yes, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, slept with them—why, man, they almost ate us alive.

Mrs. Schley—Doesn't that lot across the way belong to you? Then why do you allow those billposters to stick up those horrid pictures of ballet dancers on it? I should like to know what you gain by it, anyhow? Deacon (meekly)—I get two tickets.

Had to Call Her Down on an Old-Fashioned Expression.

They were lingering in the deepening twilight of the front hall. It was hard for him to leave. Standing together there, with a soft glance directed into eyes that spoke back love divine, they presented a pretty picture.

And will you always love me?
Until death do us part! she cooed.

She rested her brown curls trustfully upon his shoulder.

No, Emeline. No.

She started as if an iron had been thrust into her heart. Pale with astonishment, trembling in every limb, she contemplated her lover.

Billy.

Her tone expressed a world of anguish. Do you doubt me, Billy?
No, my darling, but—

As he spoke the clouds parted and through the rift the moon sent its rays to bathe his brow in silver light.

You forget—
He gazed upon her with ineffable tenderness.

—that we live in a progressive age.

Slowly the color returned to her beautiful face, but there remained a look of perplexity and doubt.

Why, Billy.

He raised his hand deprecatingly.

Emeline, don't you know that it is not until death do us part, but—
Her lips moved as if to utter a reproach.

But, according to modern usage, until we are divorced.

With a glad cry she threw herself into his embrace.

Oh, Billy, how—
A kiss temporarily interrupted her discourse.

—how could I be so old-fashioned as to say until death do us part?
The moon was lost to sight and in the darkness he effected his departure.

Only Good Reading Wanted.

Managing Editor Sunday Daily—What have you got in the make up?
Assistant—Fourteen columns about prize fighters, eighteen about actors, nine about politicians, one page of Twice-told Scandals, four columns of Celebrated Murders Recalled, and half a column of Religious Reading.

M. E.—Leave out the Religious Reading and put in that special article on skirt dancing. We can't have Religious Reading crowding good stuff out of the paper.

It Was Not.

May I ask if that was your maiden effort? inquired the reporter at the woman's rights convention, edging his way around to the fair orator, who had just sat down amid loud applause.

It was not, sir, she replied emphatically; I'm a widow.

Willing to Ventilate.

I was detailed the other day, said the reporter, to look up a case in which a small boy had been struck by a cable railroad man. When I reached the widowed mother's house I was afraid that the case would prove fatal. The little sufferer was unconscious, the house was very quiet and the place was filled with an atmosphere of solemnity. I explained to the mother that the affair was outrageous and one which should certainly be ventilated.

Indeed, sir, replied the fond parent with a touch of humility, it's very kind of you to be so thoughtful, but this house was always close and stuffy. I will open the window, sir, and let more air in if you want me to.

GOMPERS PLAIN TALK.

Mr. Samuel Gompers in the Morning News of the 24th inst. does some very plain talking. He says:

I say with a full knowledge of the responsibility attaching to my words, that the struggles at Buffalo and Homestead are only at their beginning. Carnegie may think he has won a victory and Chauncey M. Depew, who was supposed to have gone to Europe for the purpose of bringing about peace between the workers who built up Homestead and the man who spends his time in luxury in Scotland, may think he has gained a victory, but the victory of the worker is yet to come. I have not said much for publication before with regard to Carnegie. I will now say he is at the head of a coldblooded corporation. Yes, he is the author of "Triumphant Democracy," but his acts and exhibitions are like malignant hypocrisy. The Federation of Labor will do its duty by the switchmen and the Homestead men.

With regard to the first there has been no call for aid up to this time. We have had communications from the leaders there, but the details of those I cannot now reveal. As to the second the Cigarmakers' International Union, one organization of the Federation of Labor, is now considering a proposition to donate \$5,000 out of its treasury to the Homestead strike amalgamation.

"There is one point about the two strikes mentioned to which I should like to refer. For the first time in the latter day history

of the fight between capital and labor there seems to be a tacit understanding between the state and the capitalist that the latter shall have the support of military organizations. It is nothing more nor less than an attempt to overawe the workers; and I assert that it is an evil hour for democracy when the patriotism of the soldier is to find expression in crushing toiler at the bidding of the greedy monopolist. I have seen those military hodies, and I call their members brutal dudes. That is the only name for them. They are mere boys, who, vested with a little authority, regard themselves as heroes of the day.

"Every man, of course, condemns acts of violence, but I believe the so-called acts of violence at Buffalo were not committed by the strikers. It is not a very new thing in the struggles of the people to have crimes committed which would have the semblance of being perpetrated by those on whose side the sympathy of the public is enlisted by reason of love of justice which is implanted in every individual's breast. Such, I fancy, has been the case in this instance. Some companies do things of that kind in order to divert public sympathy from the strikers to themselves.

"We are now," Mr. Gompers concluded, "passing through a phase of the development of the labor movement which all industrial countries have to experience. We are now approaching a period of solidarity among the wage-workers, a period when they will co-operate in maintaining their own and one another's rights, to whatever branch of toil they may belong.

"I trust this struggle may lead to an amalgamation of all the railroad organizations, and I am of the opinion it will. President Arthur, who is held in the highest esteem, has made a mistake in not having the amalgamation take place before."

If men like Carnegie, Frick, Cal Brice, Platt and Dewey will hold this warning from a man who is qualified to speak it may prevent a solution of the labor problem by "blood and iron."

A GREAT FROZEN LAKE.

Wonderful Sheet of Crystal in the Chinese Empire.

On the road from Irkutsk to Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Chinese empire, the journey is broken by Crossing Lake Baikal, a wonderful lake frozen for nine months in the year, which has 60 times the area of the Lake of Genoa, and has an average depth of no less than 5,404 feet, or more than a mile. The cold is so terrible that when a hurricane stirs the waters the waves often freeze as waves, remaining in hummocks above the surface; but when J. M. Price, author of "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," crossed, the cold had caught the lake asleep and the ice was perfectly smooth. He had 30 miles to drive on the solidified water. "For about a mile from the shore, the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, but we gradually left this dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice, when I saw around me the most wonderful and bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the marvelous transparency of the water, the ice presented the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness, was so colorless that it was like passing over space. It gave me, at first, an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath; this feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depths, with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travelers on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time, experience the same weird and fascinating influence. About half-way across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter as I found on getting out of the sledge, for the ice was so slippery that, in spite of my having felt snow-boots on, I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds resembling the discharge of big guns at some little distance away. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake there were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight. We reached Mousshkaya, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of over 30 miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up in the post-yard as when they started in the morning."

Well, said Mrs. Bruggins, after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, if that ain't the cutest thing I ever saw! What? inquired her niece. Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it and I admire his spunk.

CO-OPERATION.

For some time past the idea has been discussed in Carpenters' Union No. 483, of establishing a co-operative grocery in San Francisco, and through the efforts of C. F. Schadt and James Bell, two prominent wide-awake and progressive members, the idea has grown and now assumed definite shape. The San Francisco Equitable Co-operative Society was incorporated July 26th, with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 40,000 shares at \$2.50 each. The directors are: T. A. Eagan, president; C. F. Schadt, secretary; Jesse Hazell, treasurer; James Bell, John Nugent, J. H. Roxburgh and G. T. Ireland. Its objects are to manufacture, purchase and sell groceries and general merchandise in the State of California and all States and Territories west of the Rocky mountains, with principal place of business in San Francisco. The society proposes to deal directly with the factories and farmers, thus providing a higher profit for the producer and a lower price for the consumer. Such stores are now in operation in England and other countries, and it is a practicable scheme. The plan is indorsed by trades-unionists and has met great encouragement from the farmers. The stock is to be distributed among the unions and others believing in the idea, and a limit placed on the amount held by a stockholder, so that it can never be controlled by those hostile to it. The stock of the society is selling rapidly, and the trustees are hopeful of making an early start. It is to be hoped it will get the assistance it deserves at the hands of all working people.

We Never Forget.

Better advice than that given by Wendell Phillips has seldom been heard: "If you want power in this country, if you want to make yourself felt, if you do not want your children to wait long years before they have the bread on the table they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have, if you do not want to wait yourselves write on your banner, so that every political trimmer, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it: 'We never forget!' If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget; if there is a division in Congress and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees, and say, 'I am sorry I did the act,' and we will say it will avail you in heaven but on this side of the grave never." So that a man in taking up the labor question will know he is dealing with a hair trigger pistol, and will say: "I am to be true to justice and to man, otherwise I am a dead duck."—The Tailor.

Lawyers, Doctors and Ministers.

The three strongest trade unions in the world are the lawyers, doctors and ministers. A man cannot practice law unless he has successfully passed the examination prescribed by the lawyers' union, known as the Bar association; he cannot practice medicine unless he has received a diploma from a medical college under the jurisdiction of the physicians' union; he could not teach a religion that differed from the dogmas and doctrines of the ministers' union without being denounced as a seab. So we see that while the three professions named above would be surprised to be classed as trade unions, they are such nevertheless, although the public does not view them in that light. Whatever faults labor unions may have, they never call upon the arm of the civil power to build up and protect their organizations.—The Tailor.

Sweet-Tempered Wife—Don't you know,

Jim, it looks very bad for you to come home so late every night? Jim—Looks bad? How? S. T. W.—The neighbors will think you are dissipated. Jim—Why, that's the very reason I come home so late. So they won't see me.

Bobby (to young Mr. Fatboy)—I heard

my sister Clara say something lovely to me about you, Mr. Fatboy. Young Mr. Fatboy (anxiously)—No, did you, Bobby? What was it? Bobby—She said you would be lovely to sit on the family Bible and press autumn leaves.

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SHOULD READ

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FOR—
SOCIETIES,
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REASONABLE PRICES.



Labor Day

"To Those and all who Honor"

The Day We Celebrate!

WITH FAVORABLE WEATHER

MONTREAL WILL WITNESS

ONE OF THE BIGGEST EVENTS

In Labor's History

EVERYTHING IN READINESS

For the Parade and Games

Organizations Must be Punctual
on Monday Morning.

Route of the Procession—The Programme of Games, Etc., Etc.

The celebration of Labor Day on Monday first promises to be one of the most successful events ever held in this city. The committee have been working hard to make the demonstration a success and we have no doubt their efforts will be rewarded by an enormous turn-out of organized workingmen in the parade and a large gathering at the picnic on the Exhibition grounds. A very attractive programme of sports has been issued, and from the number of competitors already entered in several of the events, we are satisfied there will be keen competition. Some very useful and valuable prizes are open for competition to organized workingmen, and as several prominent athletes belong to the ranks, those who have neglected their education in athletics will have to hustle. The lacrosse match between the Glengarrians and Crescents should be sufficient of itself to draw a large crowd.

Order of the Procession.

The following is the official Order and Route of the Procession and the position of each society at the starting point. All societies must be at their respective place at 8 a.m., to start at 8:30 a.m. sharp:—

Platoon of Police.

- K of L Juvenile Band.
- Sons of Organized Labor.
- Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, Lodge No. 2.
- Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, Lodge No. 3.
- American Flint Glass Workers, No. 24.
- Green Glass Workers, No. 18.
- United Watch Case Workers Assembly.
- (On Craig, between St. Lawrence and St. Dominique.)

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- Black Diamond Assembly, No. 1711.
- River Front Assembly, No. 7628.
- Unity Assembly.
- Progress Assembly.
- Carters Assembly.

BAND AND BANNER.
Railway Porters Union.
Phoenix Assembly, Brass Workers.
Maple Leaf Assembly.
Tailors Assembly.

BAND AND BANNER.
Marble Workers Assembly.
Dominion Assembly.
District Assembly 18, K of L.
(On St. Dominique, corner Craig.)

BAND AND BANNER.
Grand Hermine Assembly.
Hochelaga Assembly.
Hope Assembly.
Montcalm Assembly.
Mount Royal Assembly.
Co-operative Assembly.

BAND AND BANNER.
Maisonveuve Assembly.
DeSalaberry Assembly.
Ville Marie Assembly.
District Assembly 19.
(On Craig, corner Perrault lane.)

BAND AND BANNER.
District Council of Carpenters and Joiners.
United Carpenters and Joiners of America,
Nos. 636, 134, and 311.
Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

Carriage Makers Union.
Tinsmith and Roofers Union.
(On St. Constant, corner Craig.)

BAND AND BANNER.
Painters and Decorators of America, Nos.
74 and 222.

Plumbers and Steamfitters Union.
Iron Moulders Union, No. 21.
Machinery Moulders Union, No. 51.

BANNER.
International Machinists Association.
Mount Royal Lodge 224.
Victoria Lodge 111.

(On Craig, between St. Constant and German.)

BAND AND BANNER.
Plasterers Union.
Single Tax Club.
Coopers Union.

Printing Pressmen's Union, No. 52.
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers,
Point St. Charles Division No. 89.
Hochelaga Division.
Lalumiere Division 383.

Deputation Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers,
St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15.
(On German, corner Craig.)

Typographical Unions No. 145 and 176.

BAND AND BANNER.
Cigar Makers International Unions Nos.
226 and 58.

(On Craig, corner St. Elizabeth.)

BAND AND BANNER.
Central Trades and Labor Council.
Invited Guests.

President Central Trades and Labor Council
(On Craig, Corner Sanguinet.)

Route of the Procession.

Form on Craig opposite the Champ de Mars, and proceed along Craig to Papineau road, by St. Catherine, Plessis, Ontario, St. Denis, Sherbrooke, Cadieux, Rachel, St. Lawrence, Mount Royal Avenue to Exhibition Grounds.

V. DUBREUIL,
E. J. FARELL,
Marshals-in-Chief.

Programme of Games.

1. THROWING 56 LB.—1, Pair Pants to order; 2, Silver Pickle Jar; 3, Box Blue Label Cigars (50); 4, Smoker's Set.
2. PUTTING THE 16 LB. SHOT.—1, Half Ton of Coal; 2, Merschaum Pipe; 3, Fancy Nickel Clock; 4, Fancy Rocking Chair.
3. HOP STEP AND JUMP.—1, Case of Self Raising Flour; 2, Load of Kindling Wood; 3, Merschaum Cigar Holder; 4, Box of Soap.
4. BOYS RACE (12 years and under) 75 yds.—1, Felt Hat; 2, Pair Shoes; 3, 5lb Box of Cream Mixture's; 4, Pair of Slippers; 5, Rolled Gold Chain.
5. VAULTING WITH POLE.—1, Black Walnut Parlor Clock; 2, Felt Hat; 3, Gents Silk Umbrella; 4, Gents White Shirt.
6. 100 YARDS OPEN.—1, Silver Medal; 2, Pair Pants to order; 3, Merschaum Pipe; 4, Pair Cuff Buttons.
7. QUARTER MILE Open to Members of Labor Organizations—1, Ton of Coal; 2, Load of Wood; 3, Pair of Pants; 4, 10 lb. Coffee; 5, Pair Shoes.
8. GIRLS RACE 75 yds. 12 years and under—1, Pair Kid Shoes; 2, Silver Bracelet; 3, 1 Doz Photo Cabinets; 4, Fancy Photo Frame; 5, Fancy Brooch; 6, Pearl Cross.
9. 100 YARDS Presidents of Labor Organizations—1, Silk Hat; 2, Half Ton of Coal; 3, Fancy Picture Nubian Boy; 4, Pair Gents Fancy Slippers.

10. QUARTER MILE OPEN—1, Pair Pants to order; 2, Gents' Shoes; 3, Felt Hat; 4, Box Soap.

11. 75 YARDS, Open to Members of Juvenile Band—1, Silver Cup; 2, Silver Medal; 3, Fancy Flannel Shirt; 4, Lemonade pitcher.

12. 100 YARDS Three Legged Race—1, 2 Boxes Blue Label Cigars; 2, 2 Pair Slippers; 3, 2 Gold Rings.

13. HALF MILE OPEN—1, Silver Cup; 2, Felt Hat; 3, Pair Boots; 4, Fancy Album.

14. 120 YARDS HURDLE—1, Silver Pickle Jar; 2, Pair Shoes; 3, Pair Pants; 4, Fancy Folding Chair.

15. 50 YARDS Open to Wives of Members of Labor Organizations—1, Sewing Machine (Williams); 2, Case Baking Powder; 3, 10 lbs. Tea; 4, Fancy Cheese Dish; 5, Ladies Lace Umbrella; 6, Preserving Pot; 7, Granite Teapot.

16. HALF MILE, Open to Members of Labor Organizations—1, Silver Watch and Chain; 2, Load of Coal; 3, Silk Hat to order; 4, Pair Pants to order; 5, Pair Seamless Ox Boots; 6, Pair Boots.

17. YOUNG LADIES RACE, 100 yds—1, Piano Stool; 2, Ladies Silk Umbrella; 3, Pair Kid Button Shoes; 4, 1 Dozen Photo Cabinets; 5, Handpainted Fan; 6, Fancy Jockey Cap Perfume Box.

18. HACKMEN'S RACE (Organized Carters)—1, Set Saddle Bells; 2, Set Shaft do; 3, Set Back do; 4, Set Back do; 5, Whip;

19. EGG RACE, Young Ladies, 75 yds—1, Fancy Album; 2, 1 Dozen Photo Cabinets; 3, Plush Napkin Set; 4, Pair Fancy Slippers; 5, Fancy Bottle Perfume; 6, Framed Picture of Queen Victoria.

20. 1 MILE, Open to Members of Labor Organizations—1, Gold Medal; 2, Load Coal; 3, Silk Hat; 4, 10 lb. Cady of Tea; 5, Gents White Shirt Collar and Cuffs; 6, Set of Underclothing.

21. 100 YARDS, Committee Race—1, Half Dozen Soup Spoons; 2, Tea Set; 3, Sad Irons; 4, Cruet Stand; 5, Statuary; 6, Stove.

BEAN GUESS. TWO SEWING MACHINE'S.

Notice to Competitors.

Games to commence at 12 Noon, sharp. C. A. A. Association rules to govern all games.

All events open to amateurs only. Entries must exceed the number of prizes in each event.

The Committee reserves the right of making any alteration in the programme that may be deemed necessary.

Decision of Judges to be final.

None but members of the Organization Committee, Judges, representatives of the Press, and actual competitors will be allowed on the field.

Entrance fee to Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13 and 14, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nos. 7, 9, 11, 15, 16, 18, 20, will require a Certificate of Membership from their organization.

Nos. 4, 8, 17, 19 FREE.
Bean Guess—FIVE CENTS.
The Prizes will be presented to the winners at the Ville Marie Hall on TUESDAY, September 6, at 8 o'clock.

Workingmen Attention.

We have orders on our books for 100 men for the city, 100 men for St. Faustine, 100 men for Cornwall, 100 men for Ottawa, 100 men for Brantford. "No office fees charged in advance." Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

100 POSITIONS in the city open. It costs nothing to call at our office and see what we have to offer. Orders are reported daily at 41 Chabouillez square, 21 Bonsecours street, 2100 St. Catherine street, or Headquarters, 5 Place d'Armes square.

200 GIRLS WANTED. The best paying private families in this city. We never charge working girls any office or any other fee. We furnish places free. We have well known Montreal ladies in charge of our Girls' Department. Call and see what we can offer you at 5 Place d'Armes square.

WANTED, a reliable young business man (married) to manage a branch house of a well established cash business. Capital required \$300; six months trial. Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

\$12 PER WEEK and 5 per cent commission on gross receipts of a well established cash business. Partner and manager wanted. Particulars 5 Place d'Armes square.

SITUATION wanted by a young lady as Nursery Governess. Able to instruct in German, French and music. Good references. Particulars Ladies' Exchange, 5 Place d'Armes square.

SITUATION wanted by 2 pastry cooks, 3 nurse girls, 2 good reliable general servants, 3 table girls. References at 5 Place d'Armes square; telephone 9275.

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Boys' Short Suits and Children's Clothing a Specialty.

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