

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

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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 Jos. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

**RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,**  
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Meets every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 222 St. Antoine street.

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Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

**BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.**  
Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.  
Address all communications to WM. JARVIS, Secretary, 111 St. Dominique street.

**BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY**  
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Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square, at 2 o'clock.  
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## A SHADOW ON THE CURTAIN.

How a Newspaper Traveler Was Impressed with What One Girl Had to Do.

It was at Port Arthur that I accidentally imbibed a deeper respect for what is called "woman's work" than I had previously been able to acknowledge, though I trust I never lacked a proper appreciation of the labor that goes to the maintenance of the homes of the civilized world. But to the case in point: It was raining torrents, and there was nothing so attractive as to go to my bedroom and relieve myself of my coat and hat in order to more fully enjoy a quiet pipe. The window still offered an elevated footrest, and so it came about that I faced the window and the inky black night without. One spot illuminated the general gloom—a brightly lighted window opposite mine. One other object forced itself upon my lazy view—a woman moving to and fro.

I saw her without seeing her, as she passed and repassed the window. At last her rapid and frequent trips awakened my interest, and then put an edge upon it. I could not see her sufficiently plain to make out her age or figure, or anything more than that she was a woman—or a girl. Scores of times she carried small burdens in her hands, but I could not see what they were.

Most of her voyages around and across the room led her to a place beside the window, where she always paused awhile. Other trips took her to what I thought was a closet immediately across the room and beyond the window. Now and then she shot past the window in the opposite direction, opened a door, the edge of which I could see when it was open, and disappeared within an adjoining room. Now and then a man came and spoke to her and retired. What the shadow pantomime was all about I could not make out.

It must have been the rapidity of the woman's movements that suggested to my mind a life and death state of affairs, for I at first conceived the idea that she was a nurse, that her husband had cut an artery in his leg with an axe in the woods, or that he had burned himself and that the man who came now and then to speak to her was a doctor, insisting upon a still greater speed with the bandages, poultices, lotions and herb teas. But as time passed on that proved nonsense. If twenty men had cut themselves she would not have had so much to do.

I stopped trying to explain the situation and fell to counting the woman's trips to and fro. When I had counted eighty-two crossings of the room I remembered that I knew of a militia company formed of eighty-two men. I said to myself: "What a dreadful thing it would seem to any woman to imagine eighty-two men marching across her carpet! She would fancy the carpet ruined and her home desecrated; yet this woman has caused as much wear and tear as if the militiamen had all called on her at once."

Ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six times she passed behind the window. The room was at least 12 feet long by 10 feet wide. I pulled down the shade and began to undress for the night. Ninety-six times 12 feet is 1,152 feet traversed at the next thing to a running gait, but she had crossed the room at least 100 times before I began to count—at least 100 times. Twelve hundred feet and 1,152 feet—2,352 feet or nearly half a mile. I went to bed.

I got a novel out of my grip. I read for half an hour. I arose and pulled the shade—she was still wagging to and fro, but very slowly now, as if she was tired and relieved of the need to hurry.

I slept until 9 o'clock in the morning, then arose and shaved myself. By hooking my strop to the window catch I made it possible to use it—and I saw the window and the woman. She was again crossing and recrossing the room: The mystery was explained. It was the kitchen of a little tavern. I saw the stove and the work table. She was the daughter of the proprietor, then washing the dishes used in the breakfast she had prepared and served.

In most such taverns in this country she would have considered herself a lady, perhaps, and entitled to be waited upon. In Canada she was quite naturally working for her father, and dreaming now and then of a future husband for whom she would expect to work in the same way. But what work! A break-neck half mile run for supper, with a quarter mile walk at the end. The same for breakfast. Nearly as much labor at luncheon time.

And with a brain still busier than her legs,

occupied with proportions of ingredients in each dish, with watchfulness of every pot and pan, with the needs of the boarders in the other room—those boarders who had done their work when she began to serve their supper. Such is the work of servant girls in the cities and the wives and daughters the country over.—Julian Ralph.

## THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Labor Advocate, published in Toronto, has found it necessary to suspend publication, the reason given being that it did not receive support sufficient to warrant its continuance. We very much regret that our contemporary has found it necessary to adopt this course, as its suspension will prove a serious loss to the labor literature of the day. The Advocate was one of the best papers of its kind on this continent, ably conducted, fearless in its denunciation of wrong-doing, and steadfast in its advocacy of the claims of labor, and we are astonished that the workmen of Toronto has failed to appreciate it to the extent it so well deserved. We quote the following from its valdictory, both because of its truthfulness and of its application to the state of affairs in this city:—

It is much to be regretted that the wage-earners are so stupidly blind to their own interests that they cannot see the advantage of having a live out-spoken journal to plead their cause. During the past few years, the rights of labor have been accorded a degree of consideration previously unknown. Owing mainly to the influence of labor journalism, important legislative and municipal reforms bearing directly on the condition of the wage-earners have been carried. In civic matters especially they have secured actual tangible advantages out of all proportion to the very slight measure of support which they have accorded to those who have championed their rights. No one has any right to expect gratitude from them any more than from any other class; for man is an ungrateful animal. But it is discouraging to see the rank-and-file so utterly devoid of an intelligent conception of their own interest as not to realize that permitting a labor paper to die for want of support, will entail infinitely more loss upon themselves in the near future than the small amount necessary to have placed it on a permanent basis. Such an evidence of lack of spirit and cohesion, will not be lost upon the politicians and the capitalists, nor yet upon the daily press. Workingmen cannot expect that other people will show themselves solicitous to serve their interests when they are so careless about them themselves. All that has been gained during the past few years in the recognition of labor's right to fair wages, and reasonable hours by governing bodies—which has added many thousands of dollars to the wages of Toronto laborers—is in danger of being lost. And the wage-earners have no one to blame but themselves.

One cause of this shameful indifference on the part of workingmen to the efforts made on their behalf is no doubt to be found in the fact that the labor question just now is in a transition stage. The old out-worn and discredited trade union policy of strikes and petty restrictions is a palpable failure. Its chances of success have been killed by machinery, the influx of men from the country, and the organization of capital. There will be no more successful strikes on a large scale. Large numbers of the workmen know and feel this in a vague way, and while they continue to belong to their unions from pressure or force of habit expect but little from them. The old unionism, the method of which was to fight the employer, is on its last legs. The more intelligent and progressive workmen realize this, and see that every change for the better must come from organization for radical political reforms and public action against monopoly. But the masses are yet blind to this truth. Stupid, prejudiced and selfish, they cling to their fetiches of partyism, sectarianism and loyalty, and resent any attempt to present broader views. They can see no further than the ends of their noses, and their ideas of labor reforms are limited to some petty advance of pay in their own particular trade. They do not know, and do not wish to know, anything of the underlying causes which depress labor.

## DEATH OF PARNELL.

The Great Irish Leader Goes Over to the Majority.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—Great Britain and Ireland were startled this morning by the utterly unlooked for announcement that Chas. Stewart Parnell, the noted Irish leader, had died suddenly yesterday evening at his home in Brighton. It has been well known that Mr. Parnell has not enjoyed the best of health for years past, and it has been noticed and widely commented upon that since the O'Shea divorce developments became a matter of public notoriety, and since political troubles came upon him that the great Irish member of Parliament had grown thinner and that he had perceptibly aged in appearance. But nobody expected to hear of his death and no inkling as to his illness had reached the newspapers. Only at this hour (1 p.m.) has it been possible to obtain details in regard to the death of Mr. Parnell. He died at his home, Walsingham Terrace, Brighton, at 11.30 last night. His death was due to a chill. A physician was called in, with the result that the patient was ordered to take to his bed. This was on Friday last and from that time Mr. Parnell lost strength and finally succumbed. The exact nature of the disease which caused the death of the Irish leader is not made known at present. From the day he took to his bed, however, the state of Mr. Parnell's health has been such as to necessitate the constant attendance of two physicians, but in spite of their incessant and untiring efforts to prolong or save life, Mr. Parnell gradually sank lower and lower, until he expired in the arms of Mrs. Parnell, who is utterly prostrated by the shock experienced through her husband's death.

The last time Mr. Parnell appeared in public was at Cregees, in Ireland, on September 27th, when he delivered a long speech upon the attitude and alleged inconsistencies of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. Upon that occasion Mr. Parnell stated that he was speaking in defiance of the orders of the doctors who were attending him and who had expressly ordered him to keep to his room.

DUBLIN, October 7.—Justin McCarthy was much affected by the death of Mr. Parnell. The news, he said, was a complete surprise to him, for he was not aware that Mr. Parnell had been ill. Mr. McCarthy continued:—"I last saw Mr. Parnell on September 11. He came here to talk over the claims arising from election registrations before the split in the party. He looked tired and jaded and was probably overworked addressing so many meetings, but he was thoroughly buoyant and happy. I believe I am speaking, not only for the Irish Parliamentary party, but for every Irishman, when I say his death will be universally regretted."

"Since Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Parnell has been the most prominent figure in Irish politics. In history he will be worthy to hold a rank only second to the great liberator. While we regret Parnell personally, we also regret the loss to a certain extent through recent circumstances of a career which might have been more magnificent than the one just closed. He is now dead. I hope those who supported him will return to the party and all dissension will cease."

"Before the divorce proceedings," said Mr. McCarthy, "I was a close friend of Mr. Parnell, whom I admired intensely. Mr. Parnell consulted me in regard to the lamentable manifesto and I used all efforts and endeavors to prevent him from issuing it to the public. My idea in trying to prevent him from so doing was that the issuance of the manifesto would make his further leadership of the Irish party an utter impossibility."

Continuing Mr. McCarthy said that those who followed Mr. Parnell's leadership until the last moment had done so purely out of a spirit of personal devotion to the Irish leader, adding: "With the removal of his personality our separation as a party ceases. Home rule does not depend any longer upon any one man. Mr. Parnell himself carried it to that point. His work, so far as it depended upon himself alone, was done. The cause stands now beyond the reach of danger of any kind."

Michael Davitt, who is in New York on his way to Ireland, expressed himself on Mr. Parnell's death as follows: "My feeling about Mr. Parnell now is one of un-mixed sorrow at his sudden death. The occasion demands the expression of deep re-

gret that he should have been cut off at a comparatively early age. We should remember only the good work which he performed for Ireland in a career of usefulness and distinction for his country. His recent, unhappy conduct will, I am sure, be forgotten by a grateful people. It was a sad episode in his political life which will not linger in the memory of Ireland side by side with his great services. His death will put an end to the unhappy dissensions by which the Irish movement has been torn during the last twelve months."

LONDON, October 8.—A despatch from Brighton, sent at 3 p.m., says the doctor's certificate, which has just been filed, states that Mr. Parnell's death was caused by rheumatic fever, resulting in excessive temperature and failure of the heart.

It was eventually decided at the family council held this afternoon that Mr. Parnell's remains shall be accorded a public funeral, and that the body shall be interred at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, where the dead leader was born.

The funeral ceremonies will be held at the cemetery at Glasnevin on Sunday next. The body will arrive in Dublin Sunday morning and will be placed in state in the City hall and from there the funeral will proceed.

The delegation from the members of Parliament who followed the lead of Mr. Parnell to the last arrived at Brighton this afternoon. After receiving the doctors' certificate, giving definitely the cause of Mr. Parnell's death, they adopted a resolution expressing the deepest sorrow at the sudden and unexpected death of their chief, and heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Parnell.

## How Fine Thread for Lace is Spun.

The flax from which the exquisitely fine thread is spun which is used in the manufacture of lace is largely grown in Brabant, St. Nicholas, Tournay and Cambrai. It is almost all steeped at Courtrai, on account of the superior clearness of the waters of the Lys; and the thread of the finest quality is spun underground in partially darkened rooms, or rather cellars, because the dry air above is apt to cause it to snap. It is so extremely fine that it is felt rather than seen, and the spinner as she works in the semi-gloom closely examines the thread from time to time, and stops her wheel if she perceives the slightest inequality in it.

Dreary, more unwholesome work is hard to imagine. The damp, dark cellars are so arranged that only a single powerful ray of light shall fall upon the wheels. Health and eyesight speedily fail; the hands, perpetually numbed with cold, are soon crippled with rheumatism; and premature old age attacks the worker before youth itself is passed. But the wages are high, and the ranks of these Flemish thread spinners are always full.—Chambers' Journal.

## The Race of Life.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships to every mind which is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his earlier friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his progress.

Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a sting of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## A Man Who Did Not Live by Bread Alone.

In 1832 it is recorded that a man named Claudius, a native of Lorraine, a very short, thin individual, used frequently to swallow with impunity pieces of glass, stones, pieces of wood, hay, straws, hares' feet, pieces of linen, cloth and small living animals, including, on one occasion, a couple of mice. Every one is familiar with the magic lantern slide of a man swallowing live mice, but there are few that are aware that such a thing has actually been done. Another man is mentioned who, finding himself hungry, ate a sack of charcoal, including the sack.—London Tit-Bits.

## LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

## PROLOGUE.

## PART I.

It was the evening of a day in early June. The time was last year and the place was Cambridge. The sun had been visible in the heavens, a gracious presence, actually a whole week—in itself a thing remarkable; the hearts of the most soured, even of landlords and farmers, were coming to believe again in the possibility of fine weather; the clergy were beginning to think that they might this year hold a real Harvest Thanksgiving instead of a sham; the trees at the Backs were in full foliage; the avenues of Trinity and Clare were splendid; beside them the trim lawns sloped to the margin of the Cam, here most glorious and proudest of English rivers, seeing that he laves the meadows of the most ancient and venerable foundations, King's, Trinity, and St. John's, to say nothing of Queen's and Clare and Magdalen; men were lazily floating in canoes, or leaning over the bridges, or strolling about the walks, or lying on the grass; and among them—but not—oh! not with them—walked or rested many of the damsels of learned Newnham, chiefly in pairs, holding sweet converse.

On mind and art,  
And labor and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land;

not neglecting the foundations of the Christian faith and other fashionable topics, which ladies nowadays handle with so much learning, originality, dexterity, and power.

We have, however, to do with only one pair, who were sitting together on the banks opposite Trinity. These two were talking about a subject far more interesting than any concerning mind, or art, or philosophy, or the chances of the Senate House, or the future of Newnham; for they were talking about themselves and their own lives, and they were to do each with that one life which happened, by the mere accident of birth, to belong to herself. It must be a curious subject for reflection in extreme old age, when everything has happened that is going to happen, including rheumatism, that, but for this accident, one's life might have been so very different.

'Because, Angela,' said the one who wore spectacles and looked older than she was, by reason of much pondering over books and perhaps too little exercise, 'because, my dear, we have but this one life before us, and if we make mistakes with it, or throw it away, or waste it, or lose our chances, it is such a dreadful pity. Oh, to think of the girls who drift and let every chance go by, and get nothing out of their lives at all—except babies' (she spoke of babies with great contempt). 'Oh! it seems as if every moment were precious: oh! it is a sin to waste an hour of it.'

She gasped and clasped her hands together with a sigh. She was not acting, not at all; this girl was that hitherto rare thing, a girl of study and of books; she was wholly possessed, like the great scholars of old, with the passion for learning.

'Oh! greedy person!' replied the other with a laugh, 'if you read all the books in the University library, and lose the enjoyment of sunshine, what shall it profit you, in the long run?'

This one was a young woman of much finer physique than her friend. She was not short-sighted; but possessed, in fact, a pair of orbs of very remarkable clearness, steadiness, brightness. They were not soft eyes, nor languishing eyes, nor sleepy eyes, nor downcast, shrinking eyes; they were wide-awake, brown, honest eyes, which looked fearlessly upon all things, fair or foul. A girl does not live at Newnham two years for nothing, mind you; when she leaves the seat of learning, she has changed her mind about the model, the perfect, the ideal woman. More than that, she will change the minds of her sisters and her cousins; and there are going to be a great many Newnhams; and the spread of this revolution will be rapid; and the shrinking, obedient, docile, man-reverencing, curate-worshipping maiden of our youth will shortly vanish and be no more seen. And what will the curate do then, poor thing? Wherefore let the bishop look to cert in necessary changes in the Marriage Service; and let the young men see that their own ideas change with the times, else there will be no sweethearts for them. More could I prophesy, but refrain.

This young lady owned, besides those mentioned above, many other points which will always be considered desirable at her age, whatever be the growth of feminine education (wherefore, courage, brothers!). In all these points she contrasted favorably with her companion. For her face was sunny, and fair to look upon; one of the younger clerical dons—now a scanty band, almost a Remnant—was reported to have said, after glancing upon that face, that he

now understood, which he had never understood before, what Solomon meant when he compared his love's temple to a piece of pomegranate within her locks. No one asked him what he meant, but he was a mathematical man, and so he must have meant something, if it was only trigonometry. As to her figure, it was what a healthy, naturally dressed, and strong young woman's figure ought to be, and not more slender in the waist than was the figure of Venus or Mother Eve, and her limbs were elastic, so that she seemed when she walked as if she would like to run, jump, and dance, which, indeed, she would have greatly preferred, only at Newnham they 'take it out' at lawn tennis. And whatever might be the course of life marked out by herself, it was quite certain to the intelligent observer that before long Love the invincible—Love that laughs at plots, plans, conspiracies, and designs—would upset them all, and trace out quite another line of life for her, and most probably the most commonplace line of all.

'Your life, Constance,' she went on, 'seems to me the most happy and the most fortunate. How nobly you have vindicated the intellect of women by your degree!' 'No, my dear,' Constance shook her head sadly. 'No; only partly vindicated our intellect; remember I was but fifth Wrangler, and there were four men—men, Angela—above me. I wanted to be Senior.' 'Everybody knows that the fifth is always as good as the first,' Constance, however, shook her head at this daring attempt at consolation. 'At all events, Constance, you will go on to prove it by your original papers when you publish your researches. You will lecture like Hypatia; you will have the undergraduates leaving the men and crowding your theatre. You will become the greatest mathematician in Cambridge; you will be famous forever. You will do better than man himself, even in man's most exalted level of intellectual strength.'

The pale cheek of the student flushed. 'I do not expect to do better than men,' she replied, humbly. 'It will be enough if I do as well. Yes, my dear, all my life, short or long, shall be given to science. I will have no love in it, or marriage, or—anything of that kind at all.'

'Nor will I,' said the other, stoutly, yet with apparent effort. 'Marriage spoils a woman's career; we must live our life to its utmost, Constance.'

'We must, Angela. It is the only thing in this world of doubt that is a clear duty. I owe mine to science. You, my dear, to—'

She would have said to 'Political Economy,' but a thought checked her. For a singular thing had happened only the day before. This friend of hers, this Angela Messenger, who had recently illustrated the strength of woman's intellect by passing a really brilliant examination in that particular science, astonished her friends at a little informal meeting in the library by an oration. In this speech she went out of her way to pour contempt upon Political Economy. It was a so-called science, she said, not a science at all: a collection of theories impossible of proof. It treated of men and women as skittles, it ignored the principal motives of action, it had been put together for the most part by doctrinaires who lived apart, and knew nothing about men and less about women, and it was a favorite study, she orally declared, of her own sex, because it was the most easily crammed and made the most show. As for herself, she declared that for all the good it had done her, she might just as well have gone through a course of aesthetics or studied the symbols of advanced Ritualism.

Therefore, remembering the oration, Constance Woodcote hesitated. To what Cause (with a capital C) should Angela Messenger devote her life?

'I will tell you presently,' said Angela, 'how I shall begin my life. Where the beginning will lead me, I can not tell.'

Then there was silence for awhile. The sun sunk lower and the setting rays fell upon the foliage, and every leaf showed like a leaf of gold, and the river lay in shadow and became ghostly, and the windows of Trinity library opposite to them glowed, and the New Court of St. John's at their left hand became like unto the palace of Kubla Khan.

'Oh!' sighed the young mathematician. 'I shall never be satisfied till Newnham crosses the river. We must have one of these colleges for ourselves. We must have King's. Yes, King's will be the best. And oh! how differently we shall live from the so-called students who are now smoking tobacco in each other's rooms, or playing billiards, or even cards—the superior sex!'

'As for us, we shall presently go back to our rooms, have a cup of tea and a talk, my dear. Then we shall go to bed. As regards the men, those of your mental level, Con-

stance, do not, I suppose, play billiards; nor do they smoke tobacco. Undergraduates are not all students, remember. Most of them are nothing but mere Pass-men who will become curates.'

Two points in this speech seem to call for remark. First, the singular ignorance of mankind, common to all women, which led the girl to believe that a great man of science is superior to the pleasures of weaker brethren; for they can not understand the delights of fooling. The second point is—but it may be left to those who read as they run.

Then they rose and walked slowly under the grand old trees of Trinity Avenue, facing the setting sun, so that when they came to the end and turned to the left, it seemed as if they plunged into night. And presently they came to the gates of Newnham, the newer Newnham, with its trim garden and Queen Anne mansion. It grates upon one that the beginning of a noble and lasting reform should be housed in a palace built in the conceited fashion of the day. What will they say of it in fifty years, when the fashion has changed and new styles reign?

'Come,' said Angela, 'come into my room. Let my last evening in the dear place be spent with you, Constance.'

Angela's own room was daintily furnished and adorned with as many pictures, pretty things, books, and bric-a-brac as the narrow dimensions of a Newnham cell will allow. In a more advanced Newnham there will be two rooms for each student, and these will be larger.

The girls sat by the open window; the air was soft and sweet. A bunch of cowslips from the Coton meadows perfumed the room; there was the jug-jug of a nightingale in some tree not far off; opposite them were the lights of the other Newnham.

'The last night!' said Angela. 'I can hardly believe that I go down to-morrow.'

Then she was silent again. 'My life,' she went on, speaking softly in the twilight, 'begins to-morrow. What am I to do with it? Your own solution seems so easy because you are clever and you have no money, while I, who am—well, dear, not devoured by thirst for learning—have got so much. To begin with, there is the Brewery. You can not escape from a big Brewery if it belongs to you. You can not hide it away. Messenger, Marsden & Company's Stout, their XXX, their Old and Mild, their Bitter, their Family Ales (that particularly at eight-and-six the nine-gallon cask, if paid for on delivery), their drays, their huge horses, their strong men, whose very appearance advertises the beer, and makes the weak-kneed and the narrow-chested rush to Whitechapel—my dear, these things stare one in the face wherever you go. I am that Brewery, as you know. I am Messenger, Marsden & Company, myself, the sole partner in what my lawyer sweetly calls the Concern. Nobody else is concerned in it. It is—alas!—my own Great Concern, a dreadful responsibility.'

'Why? Your people manage it for you.' 'Yes—oh! yes—they do. And whether they manage it badly or well I do not know; whether they make wholesome beer or bad, whether they treat their clerks and workmen generously or meanly, whether the name of the Company is beloved or hated, I do not know. Perhaps the very making of beer at all is a wickedness.'

'But—Angela,' the other interrupted; 'it is no business of yours. Naturally, wages are regulated by supply and—'

'No, my dear. That is political economy. I prefer the good old English plan. If I employ a man, and he works faithfully, I should like that man to feel that he grows every day worth to me more than his marketable value.'

Constance was silenced. 'Then, besides the Brewery,' Angela went on, 'there is an unconscionable sum of money in the Funds.'

'There, at least,' said her friend, 'you need feel no scruple of conscience.'

'But indeed I do; for how do I know that it is right to keep all this money idle? A hundred pounds saved and put into the Funds means three pounds a year. It is like a perennial stream flowing from a hidden reservoir in the hill-side. But this stream, in my case, does no good at all. It neither fertilizes the soil nor is drunk by man or beast, nor does it turn mills, nor is it a beautiful thing to look upon, nor does its silver current flow by banks of flowers or fall in cascades. It all runs away, and makes another reservoir in another hill-side. My dear, it is a stream of compound interest, which is constantly getting deeper and broader and stronger, and yet is never of the least use, and turns no wheels. Now, what am I to do with this money?'

'Endow Newnham; there, at least, is something practical.'

'I will found some scholarships, if you please, later on, when you have made your own work felt. Again, there are my houses in the East End.'

'Sell them.'

'That is only to shift the responsibility. My dear, I have streets of houses. They all lie about Whitechapel way. My grandfather, John Messenger, bought houses, I

believe, just as other people buy apples, by the peck, or some larger measure, a reduction being made on taking a quantity. There they are, and mostly inhabited.'

'You have agents, I suppose?' said Constance, unsympathizingly. 'It is their duty to see that the houses are well kept.'

'Yes, I have agents. But that can not absolve me from responsibility.'

'Then,' asked Constance, 'what do you mean to do?'

'I am a native of Whitechapel. My grandfather, who succeeded to the Brewery, was born there—his father was also a Brewer: his grandfather is, I believe, prehistoric; he lived there long after his son, my father, was born. When he moved to Bloomsbury Square he thought he was getting into quite a fashionable quarter; and he only went to Portman Square because he desired me to go into society. I am so rich that I shall be quite welcomed into society. But, my dear, Whitechapel and its neighborhood are my proper sphere. Why, my very name! I reek of beer; I am all beer; my blood is beer. Angela Marsden Messenger! What could more plainly declare my connection with Messenger, Marsden & Company? I only wonder that he did not call me Marsden-and-Company Messenger.'

'But—Angela—'

'He would, Constance, if he had thought of it. For, you see, I was the heiress from the beginning, because my father died before my birth. And my grandfather intended me to become the perfect Brewer, if a woman can attain to so high an ideal. Therefore I was educated in the necessary and befitting lines. They taught me the industries of England, the arts and manufactures, mathematics, accounts, the great outlets of trade, book-keeping, mechanics—all those things that are practical. How it happened that I was allowed to learn music I do not know. Then, when I grew up, I was sent here by him, because the very air of Cambridge, he thought, makes people exact; and women are so prone to be inexact. I was to read while I was here all the books about Political and Social Economy. I have also learned for business purposes two or three languages. I am now finished. I know all the theories about people, and I don't believe any of them will work. Therefore, my dear, I shall get to know the people before I apply them.'

'Was your grandfather a student of Political Economy?'

'Not at all. But he had a respect for justice, and he wanted me to be just. It is so difficult, he used to say, for a woman to be just. For either she flies into a rage and punishes with excess, or else she takes pity and forgives. As for himself, he was as hard as nails, and the people knew it.'

'And your project?'

'It is very simple. I efface myself. I vanish. I disappear.'

'What!'

'If anybody asks where I am, no one will know, except you, my dear; and you will not tell.'

'You will be in—'

'In Whitechapel, or thereabouts. Your Angela will be a dress-maker, and she will live by herself and become—what her great-grandmother was—one of the people.'

'You will not like it at all.'

'Perhaps not; but I am weary of theories, facts, statistics. I want flesh and blood. I want to feel myself a part of this striving, eager, anxious humanity, on whose labors I live in comfort, by whom I have been educated, to whom I owe all, and for whom I have done nothing—no, nothing at all, selfish wretch that I am!'

She clasped her hands with a fine gesture of remorse.

'Oh! woman of silence,' she cried; 'you sit upon the heights, and you can disregard—because it is your right—the sorrows and the joys of the world. But I can not. I belong to the People—with a great big P, my dear—I can not bear to go on living by their toil and giving nothing in return. What a dreadful thing is a She-Dives!'

'I confess,' said Constance, coldly, 'that I have always regarded wealth as a means for leading the higher life—the life of study and research—unencumbered by the sordid aims and mean joys of the vulgar herd.'

'It is possible and right for you to live apart, my dear. It is impossible, because it would be wrong, for me.'

'But—alone? You will venture into the dreadful region alone?'

'Quite alone, Constance.'

'And—and—your reputation, Angela?'

Angela laughed merrily.

'As for my reputation, my dear, it may take care of itself. Those of my friends who think I am not to be trusted may transfer their affection to more worthy objects. The first thing in the emancipation of the sex, Constance, is equal education. The next is—'

'What?' for Angela paused.

She drew forth from her pocket a small bright instrument of steel, which glittered in the twilight. Not a revolver, dear readers.

'The next,' she said, brandishing the weapon before Constance's eyes, 'is—the LATCH-KEY.'

## PART II.

The time was eleven in the forenoon; the season was the month of roses; the place was a room on the first floor at the Park end of Piccadilly—a noisy room, because the windows were open, and there was a great thunder and rattle of cabs, omnibuses, and all kinds of vehicles. When this noise became, as it sometimes did, intolerable, the occupant of the room shut his double windows, and immediately there was a great calm, with a melodious roll of distant wheels like the buzzing of bees about the marigolds on a summer afternoon. With the double window a man may calmly sit down amid even the roar of Cheapside, or the never-ending cascade of noise at Charing Cross.

The room was furnished with taste; the books on the shelves were well bound, as if the owner took a proper pride in them, as indeed was the case. There were two or three good pictures; there was a girl's head in marble; there were cards and invitations lying on the mantle-shelf and in a rack beside the clock. Everybody could tell at the first look of the room that it was a bachelor's den. Also because nothing was new, and because there were none of the peacockeries, whims and fancies, absurdities, fads and fashions, gimcrackeries—the presence of which does always and infallibly proclaim the chamber of a young man—this room manifestly belonged to a bachelor who was old in the profession. In fact, the owner of the chambers, of which this was the breakfast, morning, and dinner-rooms, whenever he dined at home, was seated in an armchair beside a breakfast-table, looking straight before him, with a face filled with anxiety. An honest, ugly, pleasing, rugged, attractive face, whose features were carved one day when Dame Nature was benevolently disposed, but had a blunt chisel.

'I always told him,' he muttered, 'that he should learn the whole of his family history as soon as he was three-and-twenty years of age. One must keep such promises. Yet it would have been better that he should never know. But then it might have been found out, and that would have been far worse. Yet, how could it have been found out? No; that is ridiculous.'

He mused in silence. In his fingers he held a cigar which he had lighted, but allowed to go out again. The morning paper was lying on the table, unopened.

'How will the boy take it?' he asked; 'will he take it crying? Or will he take it laughing?'

He smiled, picturing to himself the 'boy's' astonishment.

Looking at the man more closely, one became aware that he was really a very pleasant-looking person. He was about five-and-forty years of age, and he wore a full beard and moustache, after the manner of his contemporaries, with whom a beard is still considered a manly ornament to the face. The beard was brown, but it began to show, as wine merchants say of port, the 'appearance of age.' In some light, there was more gray than brown. His dark-brown hair, however, retained its original thickness of that, and was as yet untouched by any streak of gray. Seeing that he belonged to one of the oldest and best of English families, one might have expected something of that delicacy of feature which some of us associate with birth. But, as has already been said, his face was rudely chisled, his complexion was ruddy, and he looked as robust as a plow-boy; yet he had the air of an English gentleman, and that ought to satisfy anybody. And he was the younger son of a duke, being by courtesy Lord Jocelyn Le Breton.

While he was thus meditating, there was a quick step on the stair, and the subject of his thoughts entered the room.

This interesting young man was a much more aristocratic person to look upon than his senior. He paraded so to speak, at every point, the thorough-bred air. His thin and delicate nose, his clear eye, his high though narrow forehead, his well-cut lip, his firm chin, his pale cheek, his oval face, the slim figure, the thin, long fingers, the spring of his walk, the poise of his head—what more could one expect even from the descendant of All the Howards? But this morning the pallor of his cheek was flushed as if with some disquieting news.

'Good-morning, Harry,' said Lord Jocelyn, quietly.

Harry returned the greeting. Then he threw upon the table a small packet of papers.

'There, sir, I have read them; thank you for letting me see them.'

'Sit down, boy, and let us talk; will you have a cigar? No? A cigarette, then? No? You are probably a little upset by this—new—unexpected revelation?'

'A little upset!' repeated the young man, with a short laugh.

'To be sure—to be sure—one could expect nothing else; now sit down, and let us talk over the matter calmly.'

(To be Continued.)

The Quebec revenue authorities have unearthed a whiskey still in a St. Roch's tavern.

**LABOR AND WAGES.**

**EUROPEAN.**

The impulse given to the labor movement in France by the eight hour demonstrations on May 1 has been marvellous. Omnibus drivers, steam railway employees, firemen, sailors and canal boatmen, clerks and bookkeepers, watchmakers and jewellers, as well as the undertakers' employees and the clerks of the Municipal and State Departments, have powerful organizations and affiliated with the Social Democratic Labor party, while trades unions, comprising over 12,000 members, were formed since the International Congress took place at Brussels by men employed on the public works of Paris. Central bodies were formed at Rouen, Nancy, Besancon, Lille, Poitiers and Nice. The workingmen's unions of Germany are now publishing an official organ entitled Die Arbeiterin, and about one hundred female agitators are at work in all parts of the country to enlarge organization.

Under the auspices of the Leeds Trades and Labor Council, a demonstration took place last week on Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, prior to which a procession, numbering about 16,000 representatives of different trades, paraded the principal streets of the town. Assembled on the Moor to meet the procession were several thousand persons. Addresses were delivered from two platforms, the chief speakers being Mr. Ben Tillet and Mr. Tom Mann. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the abolition of systematic overtime as a prelude to an eight hour day, and in favor of the direct representation of the artisan and labor classes by men of their own order in all local governing bodies. The third resolution was in favor of assisting the Trades and Labor Council to return its three candidates at the coming municipal elections.

The railroad employees of Portugal recently sent communications to the different companies of that country demanding a reduction of the hours. For four weeks they waited for an answer, then committees were sent to directors threatening a general strike. The promise was made the demand would be considered.

The following agreement has been come to between the Pastoralist Federal Council and the Amalgamated Shearers' Union at a conference held in Sydney: "That the employer shall be free to employ and the shearer be free to accept employment, whether belonging to shearers' or other unions, or not, without favor, molestation, or intimidation on either side." The agreement only applies to New South Wales, but it is expected to hold good all through the other colonies. The shearers must now make every man a union man or make him a social outcast.

The strike of glassblowers at Lyons is now over, after a tough fight of many months' duration. Concessions have been made on both sides, and on the new terms and the promise that no "spotting" shall take place, the men have been persuaded to go back to their work.

The Parisian Socialists are making a new move and are founding a Maison du Peuple. The inaugural lottery tickets have been taken up, a second lot issued, a library of 5,000 books promised, architects have decided to provide plans free of cost, painters promised to decorate the building, and masons, joiners and locksmiths are going to do their share of work free. The shares upon the building are 50 francs, payable by instalments of 25 to 50 centimes. Interest on founders, shares to be used for the purpose of spreading unionism and socialism, and establishing other Maisons du Peuple.

The bakers of the United States have been requested to send delegates to an International Congress of Bakers to be held next year in Hamburg, Germany.

There is great excitement about Wapping over further trouble among the dock laborers. The carmen's, sailors', firemen's and ballast heavers' unions have commenced to block Carron and Hermitage wharves owing to the employment of men at weekly wages when, under the unions' rules, the work must be done by piece work. Work on the Carron and Hermitage wharves is almost suspended. Messrs. Tillet and Mann addressed meetings of men, telling them not to attack the "blacklegs." Several bodies of non-unionists, accompanied by policemen, entered the wharves, which were strongly picketed by union men. Some gangs of freemen (non-union) who were proceeding to the docks were attacked by the unionists, who hurled bricks and stones at the newcomers. The police eventually appeared in force and rescued the freemen. Many eating houses and public houses in the neighborhood have posted notices that they will not serve "blacklegs" with food or liquor. Leaders on both sides are preparing for a long struggle. The carmen and others have struck in sympathy.

**AMERICAN.**

The Brotherhood of Railway Station Men which was organized last July, has commenced the publication of an official journal called the Monthly Balance.

The Retail Clerks' Union, of Denver, Col., has decided to place agitation matter on linen dusters, and have its membership take turns in wearing them on the streets; also to maintain the banners which are tacked on the union express waggons.

The window glass trade at Pittsburg has settled upon the old wages, the workmen withdrawing their demand for an advance and the bosses promising not to reduce the wages.

The employees in the Elgin watch factory are being organized. There are 3,000 employees, two-thirds of whom are women.

The Trades Assembly of Western Pennsylvania, recently organized in Pittsburgh, comprises about 150 labor organizations at present.

The National Secretary of the Potters' organization reports that scabs in potteries are very scarce. The important potteries in this country are all under the jurisdiction of the Knights of Labor.

The Secessionist Carpenters' Association of Philadelphia has now over three hundred members.

An Italian Labor Fraternity has been organized in Newcastle, Pa. The members are quarrymen and railroad laborers. Its leaders say that they expect the 2,000 Italians in the neighborhood of Newcastle to join them.

The Buffalo Central Labor Union has adopted resolutions against the proposed change of the text books in the public schools of that city, denouncing the change as a robbery intended to benefit a book concern in which School Superintendent Crooker is interested.

**The Deadly Pilgrimage to Mecca.**

An Indian journal says that of all the pilgrims leaving Bombay for Mecca and Medina more than a third never return. Out of 64,638 pilgrims who left in the six years ending 1890, 22,449 were missing. In 1888, of 13,970 who started, 7,465 did not return. The vast proportion of those missing owe their deaths to epidemics, starvation, and, it is said, murder, between Jeddah and Mecca. It is said, we know not with what truth, that gangs of budmashes travel regularly by the pilgrim steamers so as to select as their victims such pilgrims as betray the possession of means while on the voyage.

On the return voyage the deaths range from 200 to nearly 400 per 1,000 per annum. This is due to privation before leaving Jeddah, to overcrowding and sickness on board, to insanitary ships and want of supervision, and to the age and infirmity of many of the pilgrims. The voyage to Jeddah is long, and the allowance of space between decks is 9 superficial feet per adult, or 6 by 1 1/2 feet so that if each pilgrim lay down and the deck were free from baggage there would be just room and no more for the passengers.

The health officer of Bombay, in his report for 1890, describes the voyage of the pilgrim ship Decan, on which cholera appeared on the eighth day out from Bombay. Disease and starvation decimated the passengers—113 perished in 85 days, and of 1,246 passengers who set out on the voyage only 1,113 returned.

The appearance of the survivors when the vessel arrived at Bombay was heartrending. The physically strong had become feeble, and the passengers were, with comparatively few exceptions, emaciated, fever stricken, scorbutic and dropsical; and the sufferings they had undergone at Camaran were clearly and unmistakably depicted on their bodies.

**Attaching a Hole.**

A laughable instance of legal sharp practice is recorded in the Rev. Frederic Denison's history of the town of Westerly, R. I. It occurred almost a hundred years ago when, it seems, lawyers were quite as adroit at quibbling as their successors are at the present day. A farmer of broken fortunes hired for cultivation a piece of land, agreeing to pay for its use with a certain proportion of the crop.

He planted potatoes and had an unusual degree of success. Being without a store-room, he obtained the consent of a neighboring landholder and deposited his share of the potatoes in what farmers call a potato hole; that is, an excavation in the earth into which the potatoes were placed and covered with earth and straw in the form of a pyramid.

Shortly afterward he had occasion to go to Connecticut and one of his creditors seized the opportunity to attach the "potato hole."

Upon this another creditor bestirred himself and consulted a lawyer, a Mr. Cross, as to what could be done to secure his claim. Mr. Cross was equal to the occasion. He secured the issuing of another writ, by which an attachment was levied upon the potatoes in the potato hole, the document specifically setting forth that the potato hole should be left upon the land where it was found.

The warrant was promptly served, and when the first creditor appeared on the scene he found the potato hole but not the potatoes.

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MONTREAL, October 10, 1891.

### FRICIONS WITH WAGE-EARNERS.

Under the above heading the Witness has some criticisms upon the communication of a correspondent who writes upon the subject of "How to avoid strikes," which are not unworthy of notice, not because of their originality or application to the subject matter of the letter under review, but because in these more enlightened days the now somewhat antiquated argument is advanced that the employee has no title to share in the profits arising out of what he produces, at least that is the conclusion one would naturally arrive at on reading the introductory portion of the criticism. In the first place the Witness sagely remarks that "those who invest in manufacturing enterprises always hope for profits, but they do not always come." Just so; this is quite a reasonable outlook; but how often do we find that the prospective profits are eaten up, not by the cost of production, but through the unproportionate salaries paid to non-producers or from the excessive drawings of the capitalist whose ambition is to live high? We often find the man who invests twenty thousand, say in a manufacturing business, drawing at the rate of five to ten thousand yearly from the returns. This is done at the expense of the business itself, or at the cost of the producers who must necessarily toil for lower wages in order to fill the gap caused by this drain, if the concern is to be kept going. The real difficulty lies in restraining the capitalist taking more from the business than a reasonable return for the amount he has advanced. When the Witness says that "concerns have been running for years without showing any dividends at all,—the employees receiving all the benefits, the investors nothing"—it is simply mistating the case. Suppose, now, the case of a private individual who has invested his all in a business, naturally he must live by that business; can it be said that he gets nothing when he maintains a high rate of living out of it for himself and family, although he may not be increasing his private bank account? Or take the case of a public company. We often find, indeed, that the small investor gets nothing in return for the money he has advanced, but what about the men who invest their thousands, the directors, those who are in the swim, who run the concern at salaries out of all proportion to the services rendered? Is this to be counted as receiving nothing? If workmen were admitted to share in the profits of a business they are not so selfish as to suppose they are not to take their chances of "hard times" along with the capitalist. The Witness holds that "the average profit of manufacturing is not greater than a fair interest on the money with a small margin to tempt it away from safer risks," and yet somewhere in the same

paper (round about election times) we have read that the people of this country were being systematically robbed and that the manufacturers were reaping fortunes out of their enormous profits! Such is consistency!

If the Witness correspondent had been a careful student of its columns and the course it has pursued in regard to labor, he never would have had the temerity to advance the idea of boards of arbitration or conciliation in connection with disagreements between employers and employed. The fundamental belief of the Witness, as laid down in its answer to him is, in effect, "the necessity of the workman is the employers' opportunity; reduce the cost of production to the lowest level; get the cheapest workmen you can, the main point is to get it 'chape,' even if his family should suffer; no one has the right to come between him and you; hurrah for freedom of contract." On this latter point the Witness has all along in all discussions on the labor question been very solicitous for the workingman, because why?—the "freedom" is on one side only. To speak of freedom in any relation of life, or any aspect of society as at present constituted is to theorise about a thing which does not exist. It is literally true that "no man liveth to himself," and any discussion on the subject would be about as practical as the old ecclesiastical dispute about how many angels could dance together on the point of a needle without jostling one another. We contend that the thing called freedom of contract is freedom of contract without the freedom. If a man is free to refuse, then there is freedom of contract on his part; but if his necessities compel him to take whatever price offers, then there is no freedom in the contract. With a Union at his back, he can and does exercise some degree of freedom, inasmuch as he can refuse, and will be supported in that refusal, to work below the minimum scale. On the other hand, the boasted freedom of the "free laborer" means compulsion and bondage, and the man who acts the unsocial and selfish policy of damaging his fellow-workers ultimately damages himself also; and if he takes advantage of and appropriates any of the benefits secured by Unionism without rendering an equivalent therefor to his fellow-workmen, the "free laborer" is all that the Unionists have called him for meanness. In nine cases out of ten the settlement that can be obtained by the individual with his employer is this: "I'm really very—very—sorry that I can't see my way clear just now to—perhaps, after a while, though, when things get brisker, I may be able to do something better for you. In the meantime, as I said before, I'm really very—very—sorry that I have to refuse your request." After waiting for a considerable time he again renews his application for a fuller recognition of his merits and is met this time with: "Look here, I can get lots of men to work for what you are getting, and if you don't like it you know what to do." And the man goes his way knowing his employer has told the truth and—submits, because he can't help it. This is freedom of contract, and the old order or things which the Witness would like to see re-established.

### MR. PARNELL.

The intelligence flashed across the cable that the erstwhile leader of the Irish parliamentary party, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, was no more came with a shock to his countrymen in this city, the majority of whom, notwithstanding recent events, were to be counted among his sincerest admirers. Their surprise and regret was shared in by the citizens generally, who felt that a man of the highest patriotic motives had been removed on the eve, it is believed, of the accomplishment of what he had struggled so stubbornly to secure—Home Rule for Ireland. At no time had Mr. Parnell's health been very

vigorous, and the recent worry and excitement through which he had passed, accompanied by the falling off of friends on whom he counted to the last, must have had a serious effect upon his sensitive nature and over-strained constitution. Although at times subjected to serious relapses of illness, Mr. Parnell's wonderful recuperative powers have always brought him safely through these, and since his marriage with Mrs. O'Shea it had been remarked that he never looked better. Therefore his present illness, which indeed was not generally known, was never looked upon with apprehension until the very last moment. Mr. Parnell's unexpected and early death has silenced the vituperative clamor of his foes and none will more sincerely mourn the loss to his country than those who separated themselves from his leadership and waged so fierce a fight against his retention of the position to which he so tenaciously and somewhat foolishly—in the light of recent events—clung. It needs not to be said that had Mr. Parnell's death occurred before the revelations of the O'Shea divorce trial he would have been lauded as the purest and most uncorrupt patriot of modern times. Even now his shortcomings will be viewed with charity, and the memory of what he sought to do for the welfare of his country will live in the hearts of its people.

Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., was born in 1846, at Avondale, Co. Wicklow. He is descended from an old English family that passed over from Congleton, Cheshire, to Ireland, and many of his ancestors have played prominent parts in history. Mr. Parnell was educated at various private schools in England, and afterwards went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. He made his first attempt to enter public life in 1874, contesting the County of Dublin. He was defeated by an overwhelming majority, but in the following year (1875) he was returned for the County of Meath, in succession to the late Mr. John Martin. For some time he took no prominent part in the proceedings of Parliament, but during the session of 1876 he attracted some attention by engaging in one or two prolonged and stubborn conflicts with the Government. In February, 1877, he made his first appearance as a legislator, introducing "The Irish Church Act Amendment Bill," the object of which was to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by the tenantry of the disestablished Irish Church; the bill was thrown out by 150 to 110 votes. The introduction of the Prisons Bill by Sir Richard (then Mr.) Cross gave rise to the first real development of the principle of what was known as the "active" policy to the Irish, and the policy of "obstruction" to the English people. Mr. Parnell came into serious collision in the course of this session both with Sir Stafford Northcote, the then leader of the House of Commons, and Mr. Butt, then leader of the Irish party. Sir Stafford Northcote moved a resolution on one occasion for Mr. Parnell's suspension, which, after varying fortunes, had finally to be abandoned, in order to give way for some new rules against "obstruction" generally. In the beginning of 1878 Mr. Parnell was elected President, instead of Mr. Butt, of the Irish organization in England known as the Home Rule Confederation, and from this time forward Mr. Butt practically ceased to be the leader of the Irish party. At the close of the session of 1879 Mr. Parnell entered upon a new and important epoch in his career. There had been a succession of three bad harvests in Ireland; the country was threatened with deep and widespread distress and the time was ripe for starting a new movement for reform of the relations between landlord and tenant. A meeting had been held in Irishtown, County Mayo, in the previous April, but it was not till June that Mr. Parnell formally joined the new land movement. It was on this occasion that he uttered as the

keynote of the coming struggle the words, "Keep a firm grip of your homesteads." On the October following, the "Irish National League" was founded, and Mr. Parnell was elected the first president. The objects of the new organization were declared to be, first, "to bring about a reduction of rack-rents," secondly, "to facilitate the obtaining of the ownership of the soil by the occupiers." Mr. Parnell took an active part in the general election of that year, and was himself elected for three constituencies—Meath, Mayo and Cork city; he selected the last named constituency. At the meeting of the new Irish party, after the election, he was chosen leader of the Irish party instead of Mr. Shaw, who had succeeded Mr. Butt. Immediately after the meeting of the new Parliament, Mr. Parnell called for the introduction of a measure to deal with the Irish land question. In the autumn of 1880 he took an active part in organizing the Land League, which rapidly grew to be the most powerful of modern Irish movements. In the opening of the session of 1881 the Government brought in a Coercion Bill, and to this measure, as well as to an Arms Bill, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues offered a fierce and obstinate opposition prolonged over seven weeks. There were many exciting and tumultuous scenes, and on February 8, he and thirty-four of his followers were removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms for causing obstruction in the House of Commons. The Land Act having been passed into law, Mr. Parnell presided at a Land League Convention, at which it was resolved that the "Act should be tested" by means of certain selected cases; he was present afterwards at several large Land League demonstrations; and on the 13th October he was arrested and conveyed to Kilmainham gaol. The Government immediately afterwards proclaimed the Land League as an illegal association, and Mr. Parnell and his colleagues issued the "No Rent" manifesto. Mr. Parnell remained in Kilmainham gaol till April 10, 1882, when he was released on parole in order to attend the funeral of a relative. On May 2 following he was formally released, as well as his colleagues, Mr. John Dillon, M. P., and Mr. O'Kelly, M. P. In the session of 1882 he took an active part in procuring the passing of the Arrears Act, and of the Tramways and Laborers Acts in the session of 1883. A national subscription to Mr. Parnell was started in the spring of 1883, and a sum of £35,000 is said to have been raised among the Irish at home and in America, and presented to him. He still, however, retained his popularity and his power. The Land League was revived under the name of the National League, and Mr. Parnell took his place at its head. He inspired all the policy of the Irish parliamentary party during the sessions of 1884 and 1885; and on the dissolution, when the Irish people first voted on a general household suffrage, he nominated every Nationalist candidate, and came back to Westminster with 85 followers. The triumph of Mr. Parnell over the Piggott conspiracy, by which he secured a verdict against the Times of £5,000, and his subsequent loss of popularity through the O'Shea exposures are events of too recent a date to need recapitulation.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

### REMEMBER

## The Children!

Some one who had the courage to say good things once remarked that God Himself appeared to have a special care for the children in this age from the way in which men of genius arose, whose ministering mission seemed entirely to the little ones. It is certainly a beautiful and hopeful trait of the century! In every line of industry, and in many and varied directions, this benign influence of making the young lives of the race more comfortable and happy is visibly at work. As a Clothing House, ladies, we have always tried, and done our best, to keep abreast of the higher endeavors in this respect. At present, we commend to your attention our immense stock of Children's Dresses and Boys' Suits, all of first-class workmanship and material, and at cheap cash prices, as an evidence of the fact.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

### CHILDREN'S DRESSES

In endless variety. Prices from 85c.

### BOYS' SUITS

Sailor Suits from 75c.  
Tweed Suits from \$1.20.

### REEFER JACKETS

Prices from \$1.80.

### BOYS' OVERCOATS

Prices from \$1.25.

### MISSES' JERSEYS

All sizes. Your choice for \$1.25.

### LADIES' JERSEYS

In all the newest Styles, Shapes and Colors. All marked at regular wholesale prices.

### LADIES' SKIRTS

For Fall and Winter. A splendid assortment to select from.

### FLANNEL WRAPPERS

Full assortment. Prices from \$3.65.

### FLANNEL DRESSING JACKETS

The largest stock in the city. Prices from \$1.50.

### SPECIAL!

A line of Ladies' Jerseys worth \$3.25 for \$1.75 in Black only. Sizes 32, 34, 36 bust measure.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

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

### DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!

## MILLAR'S

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

## GLADSTONE!

The Best of all Temperance Drinks.

To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

## Printers' Rollers

DO YOU WANT

A GOOD ROLLER?

OF COURSE YOU DO!

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

COMPOSITION IN BULK.

GET PRICES.

769 Craig St., Montreal.

## TEA! T TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

## BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

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

Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,  
2188 NOTREDAME ST. NEAR MOUNT

NOTES.

The situation of affairs on the Chaudiere have materially changed for the better in favor of the men. Several of the mill-owners have either acceded to the men's terms or compromised, and their mills are now running; indeed the only employees yet holding out are Messrs. J. R. Booth, Bronson & Weston and Perley & Pattey, but as these concerns employ by far the largest number of hands the total number of men yet out number about 2,000. The greater number of these, of course, need assistance, and they rely on working-men in other parts of Canada to give tangible evidence of their sympathy with the stand they have taken. Just think of it! Eleven hours and three-quarters for six dollars and a half per week, and this in a country where nine hours per day is the prevailing standard. We do not believe there is in the whole Dominion a parallel case of such exacting servitude. The strike was not inaugurated with that coolness and mature deliberation which characterizes the action of organized bodies, still the causes calling for such a drastic step have seldom been equalled. Mr. Page, vice-president of the Ottawa Trades and Labor Council, is in the city taking up subscriptions on behalf of the men, and any financial assistance will be gratefully acknowledged by him. Other cities are responding liberally and surely Montreal will not be backward in such a good cause. About \$400 per day is needed to provide food and other necessities for the strikers so that the case is urgent. So far, we are glad to be able to say, Mr. Page has met with a very favorable reception.

A contradiction to a communication which appeared last week signed "One who Knows" is unavoidably held over.

The triangular contest in St. Ann's Ward should prove an interesting as it will be an exciting one. Neither of the candidates are of the stamp likely to let the grass grow under their feet, and between now and polling day the electors will be given facts, and something more perhaps, sufficient to enable them to make up their minds for whom to vote.

**Workingmen**

SAY they find no store to compare with ours for

**EXCELLENCE OF GOODS**

**LOWNESS OF PRICES.**

**RONAYNE BROS.**

17 Chaboillez Square.

**INCREASE YOUR WAGES.**

Mechanics in Montreal and vicinity can largely increase their wages by canvassing for a first-class Accident Insurance Company.

For terms and particulars apply to P. O. Box 835, Montreal.

Also wanted a first-class Permanent Agent.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Fittings at Lachine Public Building," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 21st October, 1891, for the several works required in the construction and placing in position of Post Office Fittings at Lachine Public Building.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of A. Raza, Esq., Architect, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, 7th October, 1891, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the net amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
E. F. E. ROY,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, Oct. 6th, 1891.

**AND RIGHT THEY ARE, TOO!**

Workingmen say that **OURS** is the Best Assortment of **FLANNEL SHIRTS** and **UNDERWEAR** and that our **PRICES** are the **LOWEST.**

**ALBERT DEMERS,**

338 St. James Street.

OPPOSITE WITNESS OFFICE.

**ST. ANN'S WARD.**

**WORKINGMEN  
VOTE FOR**

**M. F. NOLAN**

**THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE,**

Who has no "Axe to Grind," and who, being of yourselves and among you, knows your wants, and will steadily seek to advance your interests.

**ST. ANN'S WARD.**

**WORKINGMEN  
VOTE FOR**

**H. J. CLORAN**

**THE POPULAR CANDIDATE**

And Advocate of the Labor Cause.

**WORKINGMEN**

— OF —

**ST. ANN'S WARD**

**VOTE FOR**

**F. B. McNAMEE**

**FOR ALDERMAN.**

**THE WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND,**

**WILLIAMS  
PIANOS**

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

5000 Sold in Montreal.

21 Styles to Choose from.

SOLE AGENTS  
FOR CENTRAL CANADA:

**WILLIS & CO.**

1824 Notre Dame St.

(NEAR MCGILL STREET.)

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

**FOR THE SCHOOL BOYS**

Now on hand a CHEAP LINE of BOOTS AND SHOES guaranteed to stand extra tear and wear. Just the thing for boys going back to school.

Misses, Girls and Children's Boots in great variety of Style and Price.

The above goods have only to be seen to be appreciated and they cannot be matched elsewhere for quality and cheapness.

Try a sample pair and we are sure of a continuance of your custom.

**J. CHURCH,**  
30 Chaboillez Square.

**PRESSWORK**

TO THE TRADE.

Publishers and Patent Medicine Dealers.

You don't require to put your money out on a big press, send it to HENRY OWEN, who will do it for you BETTER and CHEAPER than if you had a big press of your own.

SEE!

Facilities for Printing Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., to the extent of 120 reams per day.

FOLDING AND BINDING

DONE ON THE PREMISES.

769 CRAIG STREET.

**McRae & Poulin,**

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes,  
Ladies' Mantles  
A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut  
in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

**R. SEALE & SON,**

Funeral Directors,

41 1/2 & 43

St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Bell Telephone 1022.  
Fed. Telephone 1691.

**CARSLEY'S COLUMBIA**

**Ladies' Glove**

SPECIAL LINES IN LADIES' KID GLOVES!

Ladies' Tan Kid Gloves, 35c, Heavy Points.  
Ladies' Tan Kid Gloves, 58c.  
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, 58c.  
Ladies' Tan Kid Gloves, 75c.  
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, 75c.

Cheapest line in the city.  
Mousquetaire Suede.

For 45c.—8 Button Length—For 4

No wonder that this department is such a success, when it offers the very best value in the city and inferior goods are being sold elsewhere for 75c.

New Lines In Ladies' Kid Gloves.

**GLOVE DEPARTMENT**

Beaded Cuffs Beaded Mitts  
Fine Cashmere Mitts  
Fine Cashmere Cuffs  
Beaded with Steel Beaded with Gold  
Beaded with Jet

**CHILDREN'S "TARTAN" GLOVES**

For all the Clans  
Hand Knit Gloves  
Ringwood Gloves  
Fancy Wool Gloves

For Ladies For Children  
Black Cashmere Gloves  
Colored Cashmere Gloves  
In all Sizes At all Prices

S. CARSLY.

**HOSIERY DEPARTMENT**

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

A few lines of Underclothing in Scotch Wool, Merino and other Textures, which have been reduced to extremely low prices to clear.

Boys' Underwear  
Girls' Underwear  
Ladies' Underwear

These goods will be laid on the counter ready for to-morrow's business. Do not delay, but come direct and lay in a supply of clothing for the winter.  
Special bargains in Underwear for Boys for Girls, for Ladies.

S. CARSLY.

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Large consignment being put into stock

Latest Novelties Best Goods  
Ladies' Boots Misses' Boots  
Men's Boots Boys' Boots

The Electric Boots and Shoes are a great success. Expressions of approval daily received.

S. CARSLY.

**SCHOOL BOYS' BOOTS**

Parents wishing to provide their Children with a pair of Boots that will even put the school boy to wear out should come once to headquarters, where you will find large assortment of Boys' Boots and Shoes.

**SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL WEAR**

Also a large stock to select from of Ladies' Men's, Boys', Children's and Misses' Boots and Shoes.

S. CARSLY.

**Men's Furnishing Dept**

WHITE DRESS SHIRTS

BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

For 75c. For \$1.00, For \$1.25

With Bands, With Cuffs, Ready for Use.

S. CARSLY.

**Tailor-Made Clothing**

DEPARTMENT.

**REEFER COATS**

In Blue Serge. In Nap Cloth.

In Pilot Cloth.

Boys' Reefer Coats for \$2.05.

Youths' Reefer Coats for \$3.85.

Fall Overcoats for Boys, \$1.55.

Fall Overcoats for Youths, \$3.10.

In Whip Cord. In Worsted. In Diagon.

Boys' Fall Overcoats from \$1.55.

Winter Coats for Boys and Youths, With Capes. With Capuchon.

Full Range of Patterns.

Boys' Rubber Coats from \$1.55.

Youths' Rubber Coats from \$2.15.

Tweed Waterproof Coats.

S. CARSLY.

**CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON**

Always use Clapperton's Thread.

Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

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

Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

**S. CARSLY,**

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

**CARSLEY'S COLUMBIA**

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK

## European.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will pass the winter in Florence, Italy.

News has been received at Brussels of the death of Vandeleve, the Belgian explorer. Vandeleve died on board a steamer returning from the Congo Free State.

By order of the Czar no court balls will be given during the coming season of winter festivities. The money usually devoted to such entertainments will be devoted to the relief of the famine sufferers.

The precautions taken to prevent any but officials approaching the Czar on his visit to Berlin were so strict that even authorized representatives of the press were put at a distance.

A committee has been formed in Dublin to raise a fund which will be devoted to purchasing a home in Ireland for Jas. Stephen, the ex-Fenian leader, who was recently authorized to return to Ireland.

The Austrian Government has offered 10,000 florins as a reward for the discovery of the person or persons who attempted to destroy the train carrying the Emperor by placing the dynamite at the Rosenthal bridge. There is no trace of the authors of the outrage.

The fact that the Pope has sustained a serious physical break-down is confirmed. He is striving manfully to keep up, and is undertaking more than ordinary labor in receiving huge concourses of pilgrims. No fewer than ten cardinals' hats are now vacant, and it is unlikely that he will bestow any more during his lifetime.

Hon. W. H. Smith, leader of the Conservative party in the British House of Commons, died on Tuesday last. M. Smith amassed a large fortune by his business as railway news agent. His death will likely pave the way for Balfour's leadership of the Conservative party.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, the noted anti-Parnellite, died on Wednesday last.

As the hearing of Colonel Hozier's petition for divorce from the Lady Blanche approaches there is intense curiosity to know who the co-respondent is. There is little doubt, however, that Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M. P., is again placed in that awkward position.

A vessel which was on Tuesday standing off Newburg, a seaport village ten miles from Aberdeen, Scotland, was seen to be on fire. The flames spread rapidly to all parts of the ship, and after a time an explosion was heard and the vessel was blown to fragments. Charred pieces of the wreckage are strewn along the shore, and among the parts of the unfortunate vessel which floated ashore is a name-board containing the word "Wave." The fate of the crew is unknown, but it is feared that all hands have been lost.

Herr Bebel, a prominent member of the German Socialist party, delivered a violent speech on Tuesday, in which he declared that Russia should be trampled to the ground at all costs.

It is reported in Vienna that the heir to the crown of Roumania has renounced the throne and insists upon marrying Mademoiselle Vacaresco.

Chancellor von Caprivi has given orders that prosecutions be begun against Socialist workmen for attacking him at a public meeting.

## American.

Assistant Secretary Spaulding has directed a rigid investigation of complaints that Chinese are being smuggled across the Canadian border at Niagara Falls through the connivance of the Federal officials.

A new comet was discovered by Professor Barnard at Lick observatory, California, on Monday morning, at 4 hours and 55 minutes, right ascension 7 hours 7 hours and 51 minutes, south declination 28 degrees. The comet is not very bright and has no tail nor nucleus. It is moving rapidly toward the southwest.

A Washington despatch to the Boston Globe says it is reported that ex-Speaker T. E. Reed will tender his resignation and retire from the House before Congress meets in order to accept a responsible place with an important corporation in New York city.

Eighteen steamboats loaded with freight and carrying passengers are aground between Cincinnati and Point Pleasant, W. Va., where there is but 1 foot 8 inches of water. Teams are crossing the Ohio at dozens of places. It is estimated the low water is causing a daily loss of \$10,000. Farmers having grain to sell are put to serious loss by inability to ship it.

The Greenleaf and Foster oil well in McDonaldfield, in Washington county, Pa., is flowing at the rate of 15,000 barrels a day, far in excess of the greatest well previously known. This well had been doing 9,000 barrels a day, but when an attempt was made on Monday morning to lift out the tools used in drilling the flow increased to the above figure. No further attempt was made to get the tools and the oil is running all over the ground, at least one-sixth of the production being lost. There is great excitement in the field.

The national convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen opened at Galesburg, Ill., Monday with an attendance of nearly 400 delegates. Every part of this country and Canada was represented. The grand master, S. E. Wilkinson, occupied the chair. A. B. Garretson, vice senior grand conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors, says the feeling between the trainmen, firemen, conductors and operators is very friendly, and that ultimately a federation will probably result. The head of the Station Agents' Association is at Galesburg and is interested in the same direction.

The annual report of United States Surgeon-General Sutherland contains an interesting paragraph in regard to the canteen system. He says: The cases of treatment of alcoholism numbered 40,738 per 1,000 for the army, as against 41.43 in 1889 and 56.68, the average during the previous decade. From Fort Niagara, N. Y., the report says a remarkable change has taken place in the habits of the men as to sobriety since the establishment of the canteen. Signs of intoxication are rarely seen and the guard house is without occupants. Nearly all of the other reports are to the same effect.

A fire in the attic of east Divinity hall, Yale University, on Tuesday night, damaged the building to the extent of \$10,000. The fire was caused by a defective flue.

N. O. Murphy, acting-governor of Arizona Territory, in his annual report expresses the opinion that the population of the territory will reach 70,000 people before the end of the present fiscal year.

William Canfield, of New Lisbon, Ohio, has confessed having turned the switch which wrecked the limited train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at New Palestine a few weeks ago in which three men were killed.

One Petit, of Bridgewater, Mass., was on Tuesday fined \$300 and costs for bringing French Canadians under contract into the United States.

## Canadian.

W. H. Polley & Son, boot and shoe manufacturers, Quebec, closed down on Saturday owing to financial difficulties. A large number of the factory hands are thrown out of employment.

Eight little children from three to ten years of age, were poisoned in Hull on Monday by eating wild parsley, which they found growing in the street. Three of them were in great danger, but now all are reported doing well.

Typhoid fever is very prevalent about Ottawa, especially in New Edinburgh, where there are over twenty cases and where there were four deaths yesterday. There are about a dozen cases in the Ottawa Protestant hospital, but some of these are from outside the city.

Rev. Wm. Scott, a Methodist minister, who is widely known on account of his connection with the Oka Indians, died at Ottawa on Monday night of heart failure. He was 79 years old Tuesday. Mr. Scott was unusually vigorous for his age, but a few weeks ago he was knocked down by a boy riding a bicycle on the sidewalk and broke his thigh, and his system never recovered from the shock.

News has reached Vancouver of another daring robbery at Nelson, B. C., last week. H. M. Foster was the victim. He stepped out of the back door of the Tecumseh hotel at night, and when a few paces from the door was seized, gagged and dragged into an outhouse, where two men rifled his pockets of \$207 and left him to extricate his hands, which had been tied behind him. He lay there nearly half an hour before he released his hands and made himself heard.

The steamer Harlow has arrived at Halifax from the Straits of Belle Isle via Sydney. On the 23rd of last month during a strong northeast gale, snow fell to the depth of six inches. The herring fishery on the northern coast of Newfoundland and Labrador is reported to be almost a complete failure. The schooner General Grant, from Bonne Bay for Harbor Grace, with a cargo of dry fish, was totally wrecked on the Flower ledges. The crew with several passengers were saved with great difficulty. Strong gales have greatly interfered with the lobster fisheries.

H. Bedlington, of Toronto, representing the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada, met representatives of the Northwest Association at Winnipeg on Monday night, and submitted a scheme for the affiliation of the two associations, one advantage of which to the Northwest men would be that they would get three times more insurance than as a separate body. After the Toronto delegate withdrew, a private meeting was held, and after a full discussion the representatives decided to recommend the acceptance of the offer at a general meeting to be held shortly.

A serious fire took place on By Ward Market Square, Ottawa, on Tuesday, and burned for about an hour and a half, doing a damage of between \$30,000 and \$35,000. Where the fire occurred is a regular fire trap, consisting of a nest of wooden houses, sheds, etc., and it was only by hard work that the brigade prevented a big fire.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

## FOOTBALL.

The Canadian Americans on Saturday faced at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, a much more powerful football combination than represented Scotland in the International match against England last season. It was the strongest team that could be got together here. Scotland can beat the world at association football. Saturday's match was played in rainy weather, but it was a pleasant game in the good feeling between the opposing sides. The Canadians did wonderfully well in the first half time and when the referee's whistle blew for the usual rest the score was Scotland one goal, Canadians nothing. In the second half the visitors put in a goal, but Scotland added four, and the representatives of the thistle thus won by five goals to one. The next match will be against South Wales on Wednesday.

The football season here may be said to have opened on Saturday with the match between teams representing McGill College and Bishops' College, Lennoxville. The former were much the heavier lot and had matters all their own way. The score at the finish was McGill, 38 points; Bishops', 8.

The second teams of Montreal and Britannia played a match on Saturday on the Shamrock grounds, the former having the best of it by 26 points to 10.

## LACROSSE.

The Cornwall-Shamrock match this afternoon for thirteen gold medals is likely to prove a drawing card if the weather should prove favorable. Both teams have been putting in hard practice and the result should be a fine game.

The final match of the Montreal-Toronto series ended, as was expected, in a victory for Montreal by three goals to two. At no time in the game had Toronto any showing, and it was entirely through the carelessness of the boys in grey that they scored at all. The third game was spun out to great length by the tactics of the Toronto defence who bunched in the goals and all the efforts of the home team could not draw them out.

The intermediate championship stays in Montreal, the Crescents defeating the Sherbrookes handsily by a score of 3 to 1.

The Capitals surprised themselves and their opponents also, the Shamrocks, by defeating them 4 to 1. It is needless to say that a different result was anticipated. The Shamrocks were outplayed from the beginning and got badly rattled.

The following gives the standing of the clubs:

## MONTREAL-TORONTO.

June 13, in Montreal—Montreal, 4; Toronto, 3.  
July 1, in Toronto—Montreal, 4; Toronto, 3.  
August 15, in Montreal—Montreal, 6; Toronto, 0.  
August 27, in Toronto—Montreal, 2; Toronto, 3.  
September 19, in Toronto—Montreal, 4; Toronto, 3.  
October 3, in Montreal—Montreal, 3; Toronto, 2.  
Montreal, 5 victories; Toronto, 1.

## THE LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.
Cornwall.....	9	0
Shamrocks.....	3	6
Ottawa.....	3	5
Capitals.....	2	6

One Ottawa Capital match not finished.

## QUOITING.

The annual club matches of the Montreal Quoiting Club was held on Saturday last with the following result:

Winners in first series—1, A. McIntyre; 2, H. Trepanier; 3, Samuel Tinning; 4, A. Lindsay; 5, J. F. Mundle; 6, W. J. Smyth; 7, J. J. Adams; 8, William Renshaw; 9, George Fleet; 10, W. J. Simpson.  
Winners in second series—1, A. Loiseau; 2, James Cunningham; 3, Ed. Carragher; 4, George Tate; 5, William Raymond.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Howell and Robb, the English professionals, are out with a challenge to race any men in the world, Ralph Temple, Willie Windle, or Arthur Zimmerman preferred.

Mr. G. P. Mills had a remarkable experience in his record breaking bicycle ride from Land's End to John O'Groats. He fell fast asleep when only four miles from his journey's end, and, in spite of all efforts, he could not be awakened for seven hours. It was originally stated that he had beaten his own record by 21 hours. This, however, is not correct, as the right time has now been shown to be 14½ hours.

The Manhattan Bicycle Club, at a meeting of the committee held last night, decided to hold a monster amateur bicycle tournament at Madison Square Garden Saturday evening, Oct. 17. The floor will be put in such shape as to make fast time a possibility, the corners being well banked. This is the first indoors bicycling tournament ever held by a cycling club in New York.

Jack McAuliffe writes from Philadelphia to The Illustrated News that Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn is open to fight Fitzsimmons,

Hall or young Mitchell, and that he (McAuliffe) is anxious to see a match made with either man named.

Reed has challenged Barker for a return checker match, to be played in February or March, for the world's championship and \$250 or more aside. The match is to be one of 30 restricted games, with conditions as to openings and a change in the time rule.

E. M. Becher, the champion light-weight, has sent a challenge to The Police Gazette in New York to fight Tommy Warren in the Olympic Club, at New Orleans, for the largest purse the club will offer. Should Warren not accept, the same offer is open to Cal McCarthy, of New Jersey.

The international cricket match between Lord Hawke's eleven and an eleven of New York ended in a draw, through excessive rain, much in favor of the visitors, who made 383 in their first innings as against 123 for New York. When the match was stopped New York had 166 runs for the loss of five wickets.

Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers will play in Toronto on October 21 and 22 against a team chosen in Western Ontario.

## WOES OF MEXICAN BRIDE-GROOMS.

Resulting from One of the Peculiar Customs That Preval There.

The peculiar customs of an engaged young man buying his future wife's wedding outfit is not likely to be transplanted to the United States. It would certainly be unpopular there, and would tend to make marriages exceedingly infrequent. It prevails here, however, to the distress of many worthy but impecunious young men.

Young men come up to the City of Mexico from interior towns and lay in a stock of finery for their prospective wives.

It is a touching sight to see a young man armed with all the measurements of his inamorata, going about from shop to shop, sometimes assisted by obliging lady friends, purchasing the wedding toggery. A man a shopping is always a pitiful sight, but a young fellow with no experience in shopping trying to do his prettiest for a momentous occasion is enough to make the gods on Olympus weep.

Sometimes the parents will not allow the young man to buy more than a few articles, such as the wedding dress and slippers. But then such is the swain's ardor and super-heated generosity that he almost ruins himself in an endeavor to display even in these restricted gifts his taste and liberality.

A case I have heard of occurred here some time ago. A young man from the United States had fallen desperately in love with a most charming and estimable young lady resident in a large interior city. He learned of the custom of purchasing the bride's outfit from a sympathizing friend. Yankee-like, he determined to have everything go off in the finest possible shape. So he purchased a couple of thousand dollars' worth of dresses, etc., all according to the fascinating dimensions of his beloved.

He secured the promise of a very swell wedding in the fashionable church, engaging the most expensive musicians, ordering rare flowers in profusion, etc. The wedding went off like a charm, and captivated the fancy of the elite portion of the female population of the city. Nothing so really splendid had ever been seen before, and the Yankee caballero was voted a perfect gentleman, and a man of taste and wealth.

The enthusiastic young bridegroom, in order to put the finishing touch on his display, bought a barouche and four fine horses, engaged coachmen and outriders, and, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of his acquaintances, started off with his wife for a city 180 miles away, where they were to live. The pretty bride was enchanted. A young prince had descended from some unknown height to be her lover and husband, and she departed in a blaze of glory.

On the wedding journey a sad misadventure befell the loving pair; the barouche broke down at a point where it could not be repaired, for the road led through a desolate country, and so, improvising saddles, the young couple rode on the backs of their horses some fifty miles to their future home. I am glad to say that this mishap was no evil augury, and that the wedded pair lived happy ever after.—Mexico Cor. Boston Herald.

A Pennsylvania coal mining expert is in Manitoba to locate coal mines as the Souris coal fields. The place decided on will also be the terminus of the Canada Pacific Souris branch for the present.

A farmer of Bathgate North Dakota, attempted to cross the line to settle in Canada Tuesday and had his effects seized by the American authorities for smuggling.

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LIMITATIONS.

"If youth could know!  
How many needless fears were stilled!"  
We tell our hearts with trembling lips,  
"Twere then less sad that May time slips  
Away, and leaves dreams unfulfilled,  
If youth could know!"

"Could age forget!"  
Again we cry, with tear dimmed eyes,  
"Our lips would wear less sad a smile  
For hopes that we have held erstwhile;  
Earth still would seem like Paradise,  
Could age forget!"

If youth could know!  
'Tis pitiful to grope through light!  
And yet—and yet if youth had known,  
Mayhap the heart had turned to stone.  
'Twere hard to read life's book aright,  
If youth could know.

Could age forget!  
'Tis pitiful too late to learn!  
And yet—and yet if age forgot,  
There were sweet thoughts remembered  
not.

To hardness sympathy might turn,  
Could age forget.

"If youth could know!  
Could age forget!"

We cry; but would we have it so?  
Were fewer eyes with lashes wet?  
We hug our limitations yet,  
While crying, as life's moments go,  
"Could age forget!  
If youth could know!"

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A woman never hits a hen when she throws a missile; but, alas! a man is not a hen.

Don't you like far off music, Mr. Winkle? Yes, Miss Mary, when it is far enough off.

An Oregon man wants to trade a mule for a wife. Some men never know when they are well off.

He (nervously)—I—I wish to express my feelings: may I? She (coldly)—This is not an express office.

Cashier—Do you know when double entry was first used? Bookkeeper—Yes; when the animals entered the ark two by two.

A western medium has just had a long interview with the spirit of Adam. He reports that Adam still blames the whole business on Eve.

Do you believe monkeys talk? No. They chatter. But they seem to understand each other. Oh, well! What of it? So do the dudes.

Miss Antique is aging very rapidly. You must be wrong. She is only a year older now than she was five years ago. She says so herself.

Intruder—Hello, Tom! You and Jack having a game, eh? Poker? Tom—Thought so when we started in, but now it begins to look like I'll owe Jack.

Employer—I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man. Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour, sir, and I'll easily fix that.

You had better accept Mr. Hipple, said Mrs. Elder to her daughter; it is your last chance. Then you think this is the court of last resort, do you, mamma? asked the girl.

I want you to paint us a big motto in gilt letters, she said to the sign artist. Yes'm. What is the text? It is more blessed to give than to receive. Oh, I see; the ladies are getting ready for another church fair.

First Little Boy—My ma got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress? Second Little Boy—She says she'll forgive him, but he mustn't stay out late again.

Mr. Curtly—Mrs. Rural, this milk is sour. Mrs. Rural—Don't see how that can be. It's only last night's milk and it's been standing all night in the buttery. Mr. C—Well, wouldn't it make you sour to stand all night in the buttery?

Little Jakey Mandelbloom—Fader, our neighbor, Mr. Brown, says there is no such word as fail. Big Jake Mandelbloom—Did he say so? Well, he is a Yankee and de Yankees never fails. Ven his business gets bad he advertises for a partner.

An old farmer said to his sons: Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go and sit on a stone in the middle of a meadow with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked.

The Editor's Weak Point.  
Future Greeley—Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?  
Busy Editor—No, sir; no, sir. Good da—  
Future Greeley—I'm sorry you haven't for it's my only chance to get a position in this town.  
Editor (suspiciously)—Eh! Have you been working on the Daily Blower across

the way? Did you come to me after being discharged from that miserable sheet?  
Oh, no, sir; I never worked on that paper.  
Oh, you didn't? Then I suppose you applied for a position on the editorial staff and—  
Editorial staff?  
Yes.  
Editorial staff! Bless you, no! I didn't suppose from the looks of the sheet that it had any.  
Young man, your hand! Sit down! Have a cigar! I'll see what I can do for you.

Satisfied it was the Right Man.  
After the lights had been turned down and the spirits had rapped several times the medium announced in a sepulchral voice:  
We have a new spirit in our midst to-night. It says it has a strange affinity for some member of the party.  
What's its name? asked several in awe-struck tones.  
There was some more rapping and then the medium solemnly announced:  
It says it was known as Joseph Jacobson when on earth.  
I know it! I know it! cried a little man in the back of the room, jumping to his feet excitedly.  
Hush! said the medium.  
Then there was more rapping and at its conclusion the medium said:  
It says it doesn't know you.  
That's the man! cried the little fellow. Put me down as a convert. I never did believe in Spiritualism before, but that's the one sure. He never knew me when he owed me money and he borrowed a V just before he died.

How he Illustrated his Position.  
He settled back in his easy chair, put his feet on a foot rest, lit a cigar, and for five minutes let the smoke curl up around his head. He was a picture of comfort.  
Then his wife interrupted his meditations.  
George, your getting lazy, she said.  
He shook his head.  
But when we were engaged, she persisted, you were as active as any man I ever saw. Why, you were always getting up excursions, and you were the life of every party.  
He puffed out a little whiff of smoke and nodded his acquiescence.  
What's the matter? she asked.  
He took another puff at his cigar, and then said:  
Ever see a man catch a train?  
Why, yes, she replied in surprise.  
Ever see one rush on to the station platform just as the train seemed almost gone?  
Certainly I have.  
Got a pretty lively move on him, didn't he?  
Why, yes; he ran the entire length of the platform as fast as he could. But, George, caught the train, did he? asked George.  
Yes; he just barely caught it. He—  
But he caught it?  
Of course he did. But George, you're straying—  
Did he keep right on running? interrupted George.  
Certainly not. He settled down in a seat and made himself as comfortable as possible; got a palm leaf fan, and five minutes later seemed perfectly contented and happy.  
Well?  
Well, what of it?  
Do you expect me to keep on running?

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

He is a Democratic Official Despite His Title—His Court.

The Lord Mayor of London is a very great man. There are those in London who believe that he sits on a small throne. There are those in the country who believe that he feasts on nightingale's tongues, and lives a life of sybaratic ease. So much has been said about the gorgeousness of the Lord Mayor's parade that some Americans fancy him to be unapproachable to the common people. He is, on the contrary, one of the most accessible of men, and when I called upon him at the Mansion House, Lord Mayor Savory received me with democratic simplicity. He admires the American people and professed great pleasure in meeting Americans.

After chatting for a few moments the Lord Mayor invited me to accompany him into court. It was overcrowded with spectators and lawyers, and was but dimly lighted. When the Lord Mayor appeared he wore a judge's gown over his shoulders and there was deep silence until he took his seat and opened court. One rough looking character was brought to the bar charged with having stolen a pair of boots valued at four shillings. He was remanded without any waste of time. Wm. Gard, a sheepish looking omnibus driver, pleaded not guilty to having been drunk. The Lord Mayor fined him ten shillings. A youth named Fisher was then arraigned for throwing stones from Blackfriars' bridge and he was fined two shillings and sixpence.

Citizens of any big American city would smile at the sight of their mayor sitting in

police court. Englishmen see their Lord Mayor, a man of wealth and high position, doing such work, and think it right and proper. And even the stranger who sees this high official going conscientiously about this petty routine may, indeed, doubt the utility of putting a public officer, so prominent and busy, at this unimportant work that a subordinate might do just as well, but he will scarcely be inclined to laugh. When he thinks it over there is something very democratic that brings the Lord Mayor into a common court so many hours every day for the purpose of meeting out mercy and justice to the lowest and meanest of the inhabitants of the great city of which he is chief magistrate.

The Lord Mayor is connected with all the civic boards that have to deal with the finances of the city and he has to dispense the hospitality of the city to those persons whom it may care to honor. He is a member of the School Board for London, an Almoner of Christ's Hospital, a Governor of the Royal Holloway College, chairman of the Princess Helena College and a governor of the United Westminster schools. Then again he is a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty and of the Royal Hospitals. Besides these he is a church warden of the historic church of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, a prominent member of the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Goldsmiths, a Conservative, and a member of the Primrose League.

The Lord Mayor is paid \$5,000 a year, while to keep up anything like the dignity of the office he must spend at least \$25,000. He can serve but one term of one year in duration. Most Lord Mayors, indeed, spend a great deal more than this, for they do not elect poor men to be Lord Mayors in London.

Lord Mayor Savory will go out of office November 9. It is his intention to visit the World's Fair in Chicago. Americans are pretty sure to like him, as he certainly does like them. He is a sensible, democratic sort of a man, much interested in social reforms, in educational matters and new methods of governing cities.

A Remarkable Instance of Telepathy.

An instance of sympathy or telepathy, which has been related to me in some of its features uncommon, so far as I know, even among strange visions. Two young men, brothers, one being an officer in the British army and the other a well-known and highly imaginative popular writer, were sleeping in the same room. The officer, my informant, was roused by moaning cries from his companion, as of extreme terror and distress.

Shouting loudly to awake him, he asked, "What was the matter?" To this question his brother, when fully awakened, would give no answer; he declared that he could not tell the cause of his distress. While wondering at this, my informant himself began to fancy that there was something in the room. Gradually in the gloom, half way between the foot of his brother's bed and the opposite wall, there developed itself a dusky figure of forbidding aspect.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, but his brother said he saw nothing. "After awhile, to solve the mystery, he rose from his bed and approached the figure, which disappeared as he did so. The next morning the dreamer explained that he had seen standing at the foot of his bed a figure which filled him with intense horror. "It was the devil."

It is very remarkable that in this instance it was not until after the dreamer had ceased to believe in the specter as a reality, and not until after the image had so far faded away that when awake he saw nothing, that the telepathic impression made upon the mind of his companion gradually gathered strength enough to develop itself as a fearful shape.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Human Ear.

The human ear is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and of late they have found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear, as to its internal arrangements, is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at one when the vital spark leaves the body.—Exchange.

Reciprocity.

A little girl in my school recently came to me in tears, regretting the fact that her father's illness made it necessary for her to "leave and go to work."

I bade her goodbye, and with a school-marm's hankering to keep a creditable pupil

added. "When your father is well come back to me."

Then, obeying a sudden impulse to take advantage of what I knew to be, in all probability, my last chance to influence the precious waif for good. I said: "But if I never see you again I hope you will try to do your duty wherever you may be. Whatever work you may have to do, try to do it well. I hope you will be an honest, honorable woman."

"Thank you, ma'm," she replied, putting up her mouth to be kissed. "I wish you the same."

The dear child! I know now what St. Paul meant by the "foolishness of preaching."—Cor. Youth's Companion.

Consulting the "Wise Woman."

The "wise woman" knows the secrets of the cards, and if you cross her palm with silver she will look at your hand, be it hard with work or soft with luxury, and read in its telltale lines the secrets that only you and the heavens know. But her wisdom has been gained by a shrewd knowledge of human nature and a weary struggle with adversity, and whatever she may say to you, it is not so much by the cards at her feet as by the flushing of your cheek and the lowering of your eyelids that she judges what fortune will please you best.

Sometimes carriages will wait at the door, and veiled ladies seek her, as of old queens sought the oracles and breathlessly listened to their words or doom. Again, a farm lass steals over the fields in the dusk and blushing begs to have the curtain lifted from the days to come. Always, unseen, there is the lover in the background; and it is of love that the "wise woman" must speak if she would earn her fee.—Harper's Bazar.

You say your husband has tried to stop smoking but can't. Yes. Why doesn't he try an ocean voyage? What good would that do him? It might cure him. I have a friend who went on an ocean voyage and the first day at sea he gave up everything.

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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Powderly said at the Armory the other night that in the States the political party which was prepared to give labor all its rights, always happened to be the one out of power," said Phil, "and when they in turn got in, it was the other party. This has been the experience of labor reformers everywhere. The song sung by the Democrats and Republicans during election times to labor audiences is the same as that sung by Grit and Tory in Canada or by Liberals and Conservatives in England or Australia; it is an old song and until lately was very popular with the masses in all constitutionally governed countries. Of late years, however, it seems to have lost its hold upon the people, more particularly in Germany, Australia and the United States. Old Abe Lincoln once stated 'that it was possible to fool all the people for a little while and some of them all the time, but, said he, you can't fool ALL the people all the time.' This is precisely what the old political parties have been trying to do, and the consequence is that in the three countries mentioned those of the people who 'can't be fooled all the time' have established independent labor parties. In England and Canada, however, there still seems to be a large portion of the people who, as Barnum said, like to be humbugged, and they will of course be fooled to the end of the chapter."

"I don't believe that you are quite correct in that statement," said Brown. "There is a large and constantly increasing percentage of the people of Canada who object to being humbugged as much as any people on earth, and the only reason why they are still found voting for the candidates of the old political parties is because there is no other party in the field. These men feel their position keenly, for they have practically no other choice than either to abstain from voting altogether and thus prove recreant to their duties as citizens, or else to cast their vote and appear as men who are too ignorant to understand that they are being humbugged, and yet no intelligent workman at this time believes in the promises of either of the old political parties. It is felt by every man who takes an active interest in labor reform that the time is ripe for the creation of a third party; it is felt that this has become necessary to the very existence of labor organizations in Canada. The Toronto Trades and Labor Council at its last meeting referred this question, which was introduced by the Legislative Committee, back, in order that the delegates might consult their constituents before final action is taken. It has in the past inaugurated many reforms and proved a bulwark to labor throughout the Dominion, but all it ever accomplished will be as nothing compared with the benefits accruing to labor should the Council decide upon forming an independent labor party. It would unite labor in this Dominion as it never was united before by giving it a well defined policy, in the success of which every organization would be equally interested. At present the various cities, and often organizations, work independently of each other or else neglect to take political action altogether, forgetting that it is only by and through such action that labor can ever hope to secure its rights. The practice of supporting hide-bound party politicians who have pledged themselves to labor reform in order to catch the labor vote has in every case proved a complete failure. We have two such representatives at present in Ottawa, and I have yet to learn of any measure or act calculated to advance the interests of labor which has been introduced by either Ingram or Lepine. They are no worse and no better than dozens of others who have secured constituencies by similar tactics, but it just shows that

the practice of electing old party men is bad. Two men elected by an independent labor party and free from any obligations to either of the existing old political machines could at this juncture in our country's history secure more for labor than a whole shipload of Ingrams and Lepines, because these latter can at all times be relied upon to support the Government, no matter where it may lead them to. In New South Wales the labor party, with 36 representatives in the Legislature, holds the balance of power and is virtually in a position to compel the Government to concede to its demands. Could this have been possible had the workmen of Australia contented themselves with voting for Liberals or Conservatives pledged to labor reform? Certainly not. It was an independent labor party which compelled Bismarck to create a system of national insurance against want in old age or sickness, which is the admiration of the world; it was an independent labor party which last year swept the South like a cyclone and brought both Democratic and Republican politicians to time in such a way that they will never get over the shock they received, and an independent labor party, and nothing else, will ever bring Canadian politicians to time. Let the Toronto Trades and Labor Council lead in this as it has led in most reforms and it can rest assured that it will secure the whole and hearty support of every labor organization from Vancouver to Cape Race. Let it issue a call for a national convention at some central place, and let a party be organized which will be of the people, for the people, and by the people."

BILL BLADES.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE WATER TAX.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—The wonderful intelligence, the extraordinary business qualities, the amazing tact, the large-hearted desire to do good, the love of doing justice and serving the best interests of the public, as exemplified by our City Council during the past two years on the Water Tax Question, commends them, almost without exception, lovingly to the public, not to allow them to sacrifice themselves any longer expending their vital forces trying to satisfy the reasonable demands of 90 per cent. of the people of this city who are clamoring like a lot of Socialists or Anarchists for such a monstrous thing as the abolition or the equalization of the water taxes. What a strain upon the brain power of that Special Water Tax Committee to rush through this business within two years! How they must have labored! Is it any wonder some of them wanted to lay it on the table for probably another year to enable them to recuperate before tackling it again (or because they are afraid they will have to pay a little more themselves)?

Oh, noble Committee! Oh, brave City Council! What should we do without you, personally composed as you are? Your noble actions and brave deeds will certainly be handed down to posterity in the records of Longue Pointe, Verdun, or the Jail.

About two years ago, at the request of that outlandish institution, the Central Trades and Labor Council, (composed as it is of nothing but everyday workmen who produce, as a rule, about three times as much as they are allowed to consume, these same men representing thousands of others like themselves), you condescended to appoint a committee to enquire into the Water Tax question, and after spending more than a year racking your fertile brains to find a way out of this terrible nightmare, you reported—I mean the committee—back to the City Council that a new committee had better be appointed, because—because—they did not know exactly why. But I will tell you. Either they did not want to offend the landlords, the majority of whom object to any change being made, or else there was not enough executive ability about these wisecracks to bring in a report without making a laughing stock of themselves before everybody. However, a new committee was appointed who, to all appearances at first, was going to go through the whole business in quick style; but alas for appearances. The committee met time after time, called witnesses, was supplied with statistics by Mr. Hellbronner, (which Mr. Robb nor anybody else ever proved were wrong.) Finally the matter was referred to a sub-committee, said sub-committee being in reality G. W. Stephens, although others were appointed with him. In a short time Mr. Stephens

brought back to committee a prepared report, advocating nearly all we ask, embodied in it, but it was too strong for the stomach of the whole committee. So they pruned it down, and at last decided to present it to Council, and although it is not one-quarter what it should be, is certainly a step in the right direction.

Now, I want to know is any action going to be taken on that report? The tenants of Montreal have been fooled and robbed long enough by this august body, who has the presumption to say that 90 per cent. of the people of Montreal have no right to representation with them. Bricks and mortar is king. We are a superior body to the Legislature of Quebec or the House of Commons at Ottawa. The common people who have no property must not associate with us, says our civic legislators. Yet they have, by their report on this Water Tax Question, admitted an injustice being done to the poor, and I would strongly advise them to adopt remedial measures at once or the people may take the matter into their own hands. The injustice being acknowledged by the committee, the public are fully aware of the fact, and will certainly not submit to be quietly robbed any longer by representative landlords.

The people are prevented, under the present system, of being represented at all in the Council. This being the case, the opportunity for bringing about peaceable reforms through the ballot box is taken away, leaving only two ways open. One is relying upon what little common sense and principle there may be left in the Council to concede to the public—justice; the other way is to take forcible possession of the City Council and run the business ourselves in the public interests. Which shall it be?

W. D.

## UNFAIR DIVISION OF WEALTH.

Examine the statistics of distribution. Society is composed of two classes, the "rich" and "poor." The first, consisting of about two million families, receives as its share of the annual production of wealth the sum of, roughly speaking, £800,000,000. This immense tribute exacted from the workers is made up of rent of land, interest on capital (usury), and the remuneration of exceptional ability in business management—the exorbitant cost of a University education, giving the rich a practical monopoly of that ability. The average income of this class, then, comes to £400 per family, but included in it are two hundred thousand families receiving incomes of £1,700. These are only averages, however, and it should not be forgotten that some of our great land-owners and pastoralists are in receipt of from £20,000 to £450,000 per annum. No wonder that the members of this class can live on an average for 55 years, as against the average life of 30 years of the workers! The remainder of the yearly wealth production—about £450,000,000—falls to the "poor" class, whose labor produced the rich class portion in addition to its own, and has to be divided among five million families, giving each family an average income of £70. But of these five million families, about three millions are in receipt of incomes far below £70, the remaining two millions consisting chiefly of the aristocracy of labor, absorbing the overplus. These figures take no account of the unemployed or partially unemployed workers, who during dull times are one-eighth of the laboring class. When we consider that the workers are the creators of wealth, when we see how inadequately their toil is recompensed, when we see how the rich class is legally enabled to filch so much from them, then we are naturally inclined to seriously question the justness and usefulness of a social organization which results in so illogical an inequality of reward. These statistics demonstrate that idleness is at a premium supported by legalized robbery; while honest labor has to earn two shillings for its "betters" for the privilege of being allowed to earn one for itself. We dare not continue preaching that virtue will be rewarded, when practical experience convicts us being liars. The results of toil are almost all appropriated by an idle class, therefore it is a patent hypocrisy to maintain that society is founded upon the principles of Christianity. Whoever says so is in ignorance of the facts of the case. Is there no means whereby our practice may become reconciled with our better conscience? Yes, I believe, by the ultimate municipalisation of land and industrial capital. But that is in the future; what can be done immediately to alleviate the injustice of the present social inequalities? The placing of all taxation upon the land, which would greatly lessen the pressure of competition and overcrowding in large towns, and the establishment of municipal workshops for the absorption of the unemployed, and for the benefit of the "sweater's" victims.—CHARLES MILLAR, in The Democrat. (Australian).

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