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THE SITUATION IN CHICAGO

The situation in Chicago is assuming every week a darker outlook. Ignorant alike of economic causes and effects, but acting upon the capitalistic principle of economy at any cost, the directors of the World's Fair have broken their pledges to the organized labor of that city and are attempting to carry out their gigantic enterprise with the cheapest labor which they may be able to obtain. The result of this heartless and narrow-minded policy is already seen in the fact that the great exhibition, which was expected by all the people of Chicago to be such a boom in many ways, is a curse to them even before its foundations have been laid. Thousands of unemployed are pouring into the city from all points of the compass. Unable to find work at the World's Fair, where a full contingent of scabs have already been engaged, they apply everywhere but in vain, until, finally, they must tramp away, or starve, or steal. The freight trains on all the railroads centering in Chicago are loaded with such people, and we are credibly informed that in some instances tramps actually took possession of passenger trains, refusing to pay fare or to get out. The streets of the city have become insecure to an unusual degree, crime is rampant, and the police, who boasts of its ability to put down free speech and to terrorize honest labor, is paralyzed by burglars and murderers.

For this concentration of unemployed labor at Chicago and its fearful consequences the directors of the World's Fair are justly held responsible. Had they kept faith with the organized trades of the city and proclaimed through the press that they would under no circumstances employ men who were not good standing members of those trades, no such influx of scabs and tramps would have taken place. They could have obtained from the unions all the labor, skilled and unskilled, that they needed, and at the most reasonable rates; for the labor organizations of Chicago viewed the coming exhibition with favor and pride, and were not inclined to make other than moderate demands in return for honest treatment. But instead of looking upon the Fair as an achievement that the labor of all countries in general and of Chicago in particular might be proud of, the mean speculators who control its management considered merely that it afforded an excellent opportunity of further degrading that labor. The occasion was therefore improved from the very first stroke of the pickaxe and, as it turned out, with unprecedented rashness. Aliens were imported in contravention of the law of the State of Illinois, and probably also in defiance of the United States law, against foreign contract labor, and in the middle of a hard winter, while thousands of resident workmen were hungering and freezing in enforced idleness, these poor scabs, victims themselves of capitalistic greed and cunning, were set to work at the lowest rates of wages.

That there is a conspiracy between the directors and the capitalists of Chicago can

not be doubted. Their scheme is as transparent if not as pure as crystal. It is expected that millions of dollars will be invested in new buildings, and the object of the speculators is to attract to Chicago from all parts of the world an enormous supply of unemployed labor, through which they may be able to defeat the eight hour movement and reduce wages to a minimum. In making themselves the instruments of this scheme the World's Fair directors have covered themselves with infamy.

We trust, however, that they will not succeed. It is the duty and it is in the power of organized labor throughout the country to keep a sharp lookout upon them and upon all the firms from which they may be expected to draw their supplies of building materials. All such firms should be warned, by a timely and public proclamation, against making any contracts with the World's Fair directors, under penalty of an embargo, not only upon such materials as they might attempt to produce and deliver for the World's Fair, but upon their whole production, regardless of destination.

But while it is a matter of simple duty for the organized labor of other cities to sustain in every possible way the organized labor of Chicago, the latter has it in its power to do for itself and the cause of labor in general what no one else can do, or do so well under present conditions. A solid vote of the workmen of Chicago for the ticket that the Socialist Labor party will soon place in the field would be of more practical value to them in every sense than any advantage which they might gain otherwise over their unscrupulous enemy; while on the other hand, their failure to support this ticket would strengthen the hands of capitalism to an enormous extent by plainly showing that no amount of ill-treatment and bamboozling can rouse them to an intelligent use of their most formidable weapon—the ballot.—Workmen's Advocate.

Fatal Pit Explosion.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., March 6.—An explosion of gas occurred at the Buckridge colliery at four o'clock this afternoon, which resulted in the serious injury of D. S. Lewellyn and son and Wm. Smith, a son-in-law. They were working together in a breast and were about to quit for the day when a door boy turned the course of the fan. One of the men carried a naked lamp, which caused the gas to ignite and the explosion followed. The men were frightfully burned, and the death of young Lewellyn and Wm. Smith is hourly expected.

Imperial Federation.

LONDON, March 6.—The United Empire League for the commercial union of Great Britain and the colonies is rapidly growing in membership and influence. It now includes 70 members of the House of Commons, prominent merchants and colonial statesmen. The Liberals, who are as earnest for free trade as ever, assert that the movement is the last resort of the so-called fair traders or protectionists. It is apparently a lively institution.

OLD MAIDS' PARADISE.

Dakota the Place for Women who are Anxious to Marry.

He looked like a farmer as, with his pantaloons tucked in his unblackened boots and his large white slouch pushed back on his head, revealing the entirety of his honest countenance, he walked into the Tremont House this morning and placing an old-fashioned, home-made carpet bag on the floor, asked Clerk Cobb if he could have a room. And when, after registering his name and address—John Austin, Bismarck, N.D.—he got into conversation with a boarder, he said that he was a member of the Farmers' Alliance.

"There is one thing," said he, "I know the Alliance should have put into the platform, for Dakota needs such a plan, and that is an invitation or something of the sort to get women to come into the State. We need water and money out there bad; but we need women more. As things are now, there ain't half enough women to go round. And until this is changed Dakota will never amount to much.

"You see it takes homes to make a good State. Men can go out there and break enough land to farm without a wife. But he gets lonesome after a time, and when a bad season strikes him he gets discouraged and quits. Now, if he had a wife and little ones to cheer him they would encourage him and most likely in the end he'd come out all right. There's lots of women in the east, I hear, more than there are men, and they want husbands, I suppose. Now they ought to go to Dakota. They'd find husbands there. They might not be duds or bankers, with full dress duds and carriages, but they'd be hard working, honest fellows, and they are the ones who make the best husbands. Yes, Dakota needs women the worst way. I know, for I have tried to hoe my row alone out there for five years, and I have had a hard grind. But I am all right now—leastwise I will be soon, for I'm going back to Ohio where I was raised to get married. There's lots of complaint about Dakota, I know, but if there were more likely women out there there wouldn't be half so much."

ANNA DICKINSON.

In the later days of the anti-slavery struggle, just preceding the war, there appeared on the stage a young girl of good presence and excellent voice, who denounced the wrongs of slavery with a passionate eloquence that captivated her auditors. When the war broke out this same woman spoke from the rostrum in all parts of the country, filling audiences with enthusiasm for the continuance of the great struggle for the overthrow of slavery. Afterwards the enthusiasm that had characterized her work took the direction of extreme partisanship, and Anna Dickinson became a recognized stump orator in many States of the Union. She was a vigorous talker, regarded by her opponents as vituperative, but she always held her audiences by the power and passion of her speech.

When the demand for such oratory ceased Miss Dickinson took to literature, writing a novel which shocked the susceptibilities of her Abolition friends by its open advocacy of the intermarriage of the races. Subsequently she became interested in the drama as a writer, and afterwards attempted the part of Hamlet on the stage, where she met with ignominious failure. The qualities that had befitted her for the earlier mission, in which she won fame, seemed unavailable in peaceful times, and her later life has been one of much privation and suffering, embittered by a sense of the ingratitude of politicians who cheated her. The sad end to all this has come with her commitment to the Danville, Pa., Insane Asylum by order of one of the trustees of the poor of her own neighborhood. Brooding on her troubles and her poverty finally unhinged her mind, and she has for some time been violently and dangerously insane. It is a sad ending to a career which at one time made Miss Dickinson one of the most conspicuous personages in the country.

IS ALL PROPERTY A TRUST?

In a sermon on "Socialism," delivered by Rev. Lyman Abbott to a wealthy Boston congregation on Sunday, February 15, the pastor of Plymouth Church said:

"Another great truth is that property is a trust. Henry George himself is not radical enough to suit me. He says there should be no private property in land. I say there should be no private property at all. And yet I am not a Socialist. My doctrine is easy to understand."

Dr. Abbott is right in saying that Henry

George is not radical enough to accept such doctrine, though we think he misuses the word radical in this connection. A radical, properly speaking, is one who goes to the roots of things, and Henry George does go to the root of the existing inequality in the distribution of the products of labor when he declares that the source of the evil is the power given by law to a few to exact from the many payment for the privilege of access to the opportunities through which alone wealth can be created.

The equal right of all men to the use of land being once recognized, Mr. George claims that the producer has a right to the thing that he has produced out of natural materials, to which he has rightful access. Mr. George, however, is a political economist, while Dr. Abbott, in declaring that there should be no private property at all, speaks as a preacher who claims that God not merely gives to the people the earth they inhabit, but the powers that enable them to labor, and that they hold their natural powers, natural opportunities and the products of both as a trust from their Creator. This is a doctrine that appeals to the individual conscience, and it cannot, in the nature of things, be enforced by law. There is therefore no necessity for any controversy between Single Tax men, who are seeking to rewrite the laws of the land concerning property, and Dr. Abbott, who is inculcating what he believes to be the lesson of duty to men who have obtained their property honestly.

A BRASS CENTRE.

A Great Industry to be Established in Buffalo.

The Calumet and Hecla Copper concern, is one of the most gigantic in the world, and the disposition of its output has always been a matter of moment. This company has purchased an immense area of land at Black Rock, and will erect smelting works for its ore there, as it presents the most advantageous position on the lakes for the reception of ore and securing coal with which to reduce it to ingots of copper. Following the Calumet and Hecla's ruder class of work we must look for the establishment of industries based on copper, and one of the most important of these is the manufacture of brass. Under existing conditions the country has been mainly dependent upon Connecticut for its brass, but with plenty of copper and wool, and with facilities as good as any for obtaining zinc, there is no good reason for not expecting great things from Buffalo as a brass centre. In fact, it is understood that there is a large amount of capital ready to be embarked in the making of brass at Black Rock, and a year or two will probably see a large and prosperous industry established there.—Sunday Truth.

RAILWAY STRIKE THREATENED.

CLEVELAND, March 6.—A Springfield, Ohio, special states that the employees of the Sandusky and Whitewater branches of the Big Four Railroad system will not be granted an increase of wages. Representative workmen met the officials of the company yesterday and laid their grievances before President Ingalls, who said that on account of the few trains run on the Sandusky and Whitewater branches the employees thereof ought to be satisfied with 25 per cent less than standard Big Four wages. It is probable that a strike will follow.

THE GROWTH OF TAILORING.

The first trace of any advance in the art of tailoring is afforded by the word "breeks," which, as proved by the old Irish brace, must at the period when the Celts still inhabited central Europe have been borrowed from the Celts by the Tentons and Slaves. No distinction seems to have been made in early times between the dress of the women and the men, and in the latest moment of the neoelectric epoch we find a distinct return, in the divided skirt of the Americans and Britons, to the epicene brace of the Celts of three or four thousand years earlier; the first tailor made suits worn by the ladies of our race.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

Reduction in Wages.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., March 6.—The Adelaide Silk Mill to-day reduced the wages of heavy grade ribbon weavers 10 per cent.

[This is another evidence of the benefits accruing from a high tariff.]

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE CAVERN.

When Walter left the camp with his two companions the sun was high in the heavens and poured down its rays upon a magnificent landscape of wood and mountain, but one which was without a trace of cultivation; not a road was visible in any direction, nor did they come across any pathway, save such as the sure-footed brigands used. Lofty as was their position, their route still lay upwards, and the summit of the mountain was still hid from their view to the east and north, in which latter quarter, as Walter supposed, lay the sea. He cast his eyes about in hopes of a landmark, and presently rose Etna, its crown of snow shining in the morning light. Colletta, who was walking behind him, marked the quick direction of his glance and called out to his companion, who instantly produced from his pocket a long shawl. He had a dozen pockets, at least, in various parts of his clothing; some for his jewellery, some for his food, some for his ammunition. Santoro's manner was so stern upon exhibiting this unlooked-for commodity that Walter imagined he was about to be strangled with a shawl instead of a bowstring and he drew back a pace.

'It is useless to make resistance,' said Santoro. 'We have our orders and must obey them; it is necessary that the signor should be blindfolded.'

'Blindfolded!' echoed Walter, the thought of being shot with his eyes bandaged, suggested by what he had read of military executions, at once occurring to his mind. 'No; you may shoot as I am.' 'We mean you no harm, signor,' explained Santoro; 'but the captain does not choose that you should know the way to our cavern; and he pointed eastward with his finger.'

'But it isn't in Mount Etna, is it?' inquired Walter, 'or I shall have to walk a long way with my eyes shut.'

'That hill yonder is not Etna, signor,' returned the brigand; and then, with his companion's assistance, he proceeded to bind the shawl twice and thrice over the upper part of their prisoner's face. Walter knew that the brigand had lied to him concerning Etna, and made up his mind to detect the direction in which they were about to proceed. But this was rendered impossible by a simple precaution. They turned him round and round three times; then each taking an arm, they led him away, at first down hill, probably retracing their steps to confuse him, and then again up hill, till the fatigue and heat incident upon his constrained motion and bandaged head became almost insupportable. At last they came to what appeared to be high level ground with trees, to judge by the coolness and the breeze upon it, and here they halted. Then the brigand call was given and returned from close at hand; a few minutes of waiting, and then he was bidden to stoop his head and follow Santoro, who guided him by his hand. Half-a-dozen paces of cautious walking, during which his disengaged fingers were bruised against what seemed a rocky passage, and then a wave of cool salt air broke gratefully upon his mouth and cheek. Santoro had let go his hand, so that he dared not move, since, for aught he knew, he was at the summit of some dizzy precipice; but if his sense of hearing could be trusted, there was a woman's cry of welcome; then a smothered laugh broke tinkling out, and Santoro said: 'I had quite forgotten that you were still stooping; you can now hold up your head.'

'But can I take off the bandage?' 'In one moment, signor; but there was a whispered word or two before the shawl was loosened and he was permitted to look about him.

The scene that saluted Walter's eyes was very surprising. He found himself in a vast cavern, the arch of which, so far from endangering his head, was fifty feet above it; huge stalactites, on which the sunbeams shone and gave to them the brightness of lit chandeliers, depended from the roof. The floor, a sparkling sand, was soft and noiseless to the feet. Of windows this noble chamber could not boast; but through a vast natural opening the blue sea could be seen far as eye could reach. The sight of it was almost like liberty itself to Walter, and for an instant his gaze rested on it with thankful joy; then it lit on a young girl, who stood near the opposite wall, with her eyes fixed on the sand, and apparently unconscious of a stranger's presence.

'Why, where is Santoro gone?' inquired Walter.

'Santoro will return in a moment, signor,' murmured the girl.

'Oh, I see!' said Walter; 'you are Lavocca.'

'Yes, signor.' It was evident that the mention of her name had revealed to her that he was acquainted with Santoro's love for her, and that the knowledge overwhelmed her with confusion. For a Sicilian, she was almost a blonde and a very pretty one.

'But what has become of Santoro?' repeated Walter. 'His fingers untied this shawl but one minute ago, and now he has disappeared!'

'He is here,' said Lavocca, interrupting, 'and the young signora with him.'

'The signora!' exclaimed Walter, turning eagerly round, and expecting to behold no other than Lillian herself.

'That is the name by which my people honor me,' said a sweet voice; 'but I am plain Joanna, sister of Rocco Corrali.'

Walter reflected that Lillian was in this woman's power, and that it behoved him to conciliate her by all the arts he knew.

'I am come, signora, from your brother with a message to the young lady under your protection, as Santoro here (for the brigand had returned) has doubtless informed you.'

'Is she a relative of yours?' inquired Joanna with a certain quickness of manner that did not escape Walter's notice.

'No, signora.'

'Then may I ask how it happens that you have been sent hither instead of her father?'

'Well, for one thing, Mr. Brown could only speak English; and it seems that it is contrary to your custom to allow a prisoner who is about to leave you—'

'How do you know she is about to leave us? I mean, how did my brother know?' interrupted Joanna. 'The lady is in my hands, not his.'

'I know nothing of that, signora,' answered Walter, 'being, alas! but a captive myself. I am only your brother's mouth-piece. A very large sum has been agreed upon as our ransom, and that cannot be procured unless the young lady applies to the banker in person. I understood too that she was far from well, and to an invalid these open-air lodgings must needs be hurtful.'

'The young lady is well lodged enough, as you shall presently see for yourself,' answered Joanna; 'the air that is here admitted so freely is shut out from our inner room. Come with me, sir, and she led the way across the cavern with quick determined tread. Close behind where Santoro and Lavocca were now standing in low-toned talk, and where Walter himself had stood, till, at a sign from Joanna, he had changed his place, was a sort of recess in the wall of the cave; it was apparently of small extent, but at the touch of the signora, what seemed to be rock, but was in fact a door, rudely painted in imitation of it, opened without noise and revealed a second apartment, smaller than the first, but furnished like an ordinary room. There were chairs and a table in it; a thick carpet covered the floor; it was lighted by an orifice that looked seaward but to west instead of north, and which could be closed by a wooden shutter. Close beside it, and yet sheltered from the draft, was a rude couch, upon which lay the form of a woman.'

'The young lady is asleep,' said Joanna.

Walter bent down to gaze upon the unhappy Lillian. Her eyes were closed, but there were traces of tears upon her pale cheek, in the centre of which there burned a hectic spot of fever; he could hardly recognize for the invalid he had seen carried up and down the Marina. 'Great Heaven, how ill she looks!' was his ejaculation.

'She has suffered from alarm and fatigue,' observed Joanna; 'she has been distressed too about the safety of her friends. It will doubtless do her good to see you.'

'Would you be kind enough to break it to her that I am here?' said Walter, stepping back a pace. 'She is not aware that I have been taken captive, nor even of my presence in Sicily. The sudden shock might do her harm.'

'One is not killed by unexpected happiness,' returned Joanna, 'or at least so I have been told by those who have experienced it; but nevertheless I will do your bidding. Who shall I say has come? You are not a relative, it seems. Shall I say that it is her betrothed?'

'I am not her betrothed,' answered Walter.

'But you hope to be so,' returned the other. 'I read it in your face.'

'I have no hope of the sort, signora,' was Walter's reply. He did not think it necessary to explain to her why he had none. Not only was the difference of their fortunes as insurmountable as heretofore (for

he was well convinced that Mr. Brown could pay his ransom and yet remain a wealthy man), but there was that in Lillian's look which told him that she would live to be the bride of no man. 'I am her friend and her father's friend, and that is all. My name is Walter Litton.'

Joanna approached the couch and placed her hand softly upon Lillian's own. She awoke at once.

'Is papa here?' cried she.

'Your father is not here, but a friend has come to see you.'

'A friend? Alas! I have no friend except my father.'

'He calls himself so; he has brought some news for you, but you must not talk of it in English else you cannot see him.'

'In English! Is he then an Englishman?'

'Yes; his name is Walter Litton.'

'Walter!' A low cry of surprise and tenderness escaped her lips.

'I am here, Lillian,' said Walter, coming forward and holding out his hand. 'Do not excite yourself; I bring you good tidings.'

'But how came you here?' She closed her eyes after one glance of grateful recognition.

'It is a long story, which there is no time to tell you now. Let it suffice that I have been taken captive with your father.'

'Ah, you risked then your life for my father and me!' These words, like the rest, were spoken in her native tongue.

'You must not speak English,' said Joanna.

'Pardon her, signora; it will not occur again,' said Walter. 'She fears that her father's life is menaced. No, Lillian; he will regain his liberty, if only the ransom which he has agreed to give can be procured. The authorization for its payment, which you will present at Gordon's bank, is here. When once the money has been received he will be free.'

'And you?' Walter felt that she was aware of all that he had believed and endeavored from the moment of their last parting.

'I shall be free also in a day or two at furthest, when we shall be sent back in safety to Palermo. Our only anxiety is upon your account. Do not fret yourself as respects us. Do you feel that you have strength enough to return to the city, where your sister's loving tendance awaits you?—Signora, you said something a while ago of this poor lady being your prisoner; but I am well convinced that you will not refuse your brother's wish that she should be set free at once. You see how weak and ill she is. To keep her here would be to kill her.'

'And what then?' whispered Joanna.

'Why then I should say that what some folks have said of you was only too true: that you were a woman without a heart.'

'You would be wrong,' answered she. 'Even if I acted as you suggest I should have a justification. Still, for your sake, all shall be as you wish; she shall be carried to Palermo this very day.'

'Lillian,' cried Walter joyfully, 'the signora has promised to set you free; before to-night you will be clasped in your sister's arms! Let that thought give you strength and courage.'

'I will do my best, Walter,' answered Lillian.

'Signora,' said Walter, 'do not let a minute be lost in sending her where aid can be given to her.'

Joanna bowed her head and left the room.

'I shall never see you more, Walter,' said Lillian.

'Yes, you will,' answered he; 'we shall meet again and you will once more be well and happy.'

At that moment Joanna entered, accompanied by Santoro and Lavocca. These two took up the couch and carried Lillian forth into the outer room. Walter would have followed, but Joanna made a sign to him to remain.

'You must stay here, signor,' said she, 'or you would learn the secret of finding your way out of prison.'

To this Walter answered nothing, for to him it had seemed as though Lillian's motionless and almost inanimate form had been carried out but to be placed in a still narrower prison house. He drew a chair to the table and sat down.

'You would be left alone with your grief, Signor Litton?' said Joanna interrogatively and laying her hand upon the door.

'Thank you, yes,' answered he.

'Those are his first thanks,' observed she bitterly as she left the room; 'thanks for my absence.' But if Walter heard her words he did not heed them; he was picturing to himself the English burial ground at Palermo, as he had seen it a few days ago, and wondering in what part of it they would lay Lillian.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOANNA.

'Come, signor, you must eat and drink,' were the first words spoken that roused Walter from the sorrow into which Lillian's departure under such sad conditions had cast him. Joanna was standing by him with a loaf of bread in one hand and a

bottle of wine in the other; she placed these upon the table, and then produced from a cupboard some meat and a pot of cream. This solicitude for his comfort did not fail to move the young fellow. He was not so imprudent as not to perceive the immense importance of making friends with the sister of the brigand chief. Walter was exceedingly hungry, so he fell to the viands with vigor.

'Have they starved you up in the mountains yonder?' inquired she watching him with surprise.

'They have not treated me so well as you do, signora. Allow me to congratulate you upon the contents of your store. Why, this is more like a liqueur than a wine!'

'It is lacryme Christie. The mayor of the village herabouts is good enough to send us some at Eastertide.'

'To send us some,' thought Walter.

'Do not imagine it is stolen,' laughed Joanna; 'we are not the outlaws that you are inclined to imagine us. We have friends in higher places than you imagine; and as for the poor—when did you ever hear us spoken ill of by a poor man?'

Walter thought of his host on the Marina, confined to a few square miles of ground for life, because of Captain Corrali and Company, but he remained silent.

'I see you are determined to think ill of us,' said Joanna.

'I think ill of the occupation, signora. See what it has done in my case.'

'Your friend, the young lady, was sailing before she fell into our hands,' put in Joanna quickly.

'I was not referring to her, signora, but to myself. Here am I taken prisoner, and put in danger of my life!'

'I hope not; indeed I could not smile if I thought it probable,' interrupted Joanna.

'You will pay some money, the loss of which you will not feel, and will then be sent back again to your friends. Your few days of captivity will be an experience with which to entertain them.'

'Indeed, Joanna (he had dropped the 'signora'), it is no flattery to you to say that the only pleasant thing that has happened to me during my captivity has been my reception here; your abode and surroundings are a romance in themselves; your unlooked-for kindness and hospitality I shall never forget; the only thing which distresses me about it is that you should be what you are.'

'I don't understand you, signor,' said Joanna.

'Nay, I meant no offence; but to me it appears deplorable that one so fitted to adorn a home, sound-hearted, generous—'

'That is because I let the signora go,' observed Joanna.

'No, indeed; that only showed you to be womanly. To have retained her would have been cruel. I say that in leading the life you do you waste your time away, and in a little while you will bitterly repent your choice of it.'

'I had no choice,' said Joanna.

'You have it now, signora. When this unhappy business is over you have only to come into Palermo, and I will answer for it that you have made a friend there who will provide for you a better future.'

'And who is that friend?' inquired Joanna.

'The young lady whom you have just set free; she has a grateful heart and her father is a man of wealth.'

'I do not wish to be indebted to that young lady,' answered Joanna. 'Let us cease to talk of my affairs, signor; they may appear to interest you now, but they will not do so a week hence. The memory of all your sex is very short; but that of a rich man like you for a poor girl like me—ah! he only thinks of her while he sees her.'

'You are making several mistakes at once, Joanna,' said Walter. 'In the first place, I am as poor as you are, probably poorer. I should be totally unable to pay even the small sum your brother fixed upon as the price of my freedom but that he has permitted Mr. Brown's ransom to cover mine.'

'You are, however, the betrothed of this rich man's daughter.'

'I again declare that such is not the fact; my poverty would forbid such an alliance. This sketch book is my cheque book, and nature the only bank from which I draw my income.'

'Is this really true, sir?' asked Joanna.

'Do I look so false that it is impossible to believe my words?' returned Walter, smiling.

'O, no! you look true enough,' answered Joanna; 'but still I cannot believe you. An Englishman and poor! That is incredible.'

'And yet there are a good many of them in that condition,' said Walter smiling.

Suddenly the shrill moist note with which Walter's ear had become familiar was heard without.

'Hush!' said Joanna. 'It is Rocco. Away, into the other room!'

Hardly had he time to gain the inner apartment, when Corrali sprang into the room Walter had just quitted.

'Where are the Englishman and the girl?' were his first impatient words.

'The Englishman is in yonder. The girl has been sent to Palermo at your request, as Santoro informed me.'

'Let her be followed and brought back at once.'

'There is no one to do it; all the men are away. She is ill and dying.'

'No matter; she shall die with us, not with her friends. The troops have fired upon us, as if that were the way to treat with me and mine. I will have her back alive. How long is it since she left you?'

'More than an hour,' answered Joanna.

'Il diavolo!' muttered the brigand. 'It will be the worse for those that are left Where is this fellow? Then he went into the inner room and confronted Walter.'

'Look you,' cried he passionately, 'you think all is well with you because this old man's daughter has escaped. But you will find unless she sends the money before the week is out that all is not so well. These soldiers of yours have done us a mischief; and somebody shall pay for it. Do you understand me?'

'Captain Corrali, it is easy to understand that something has put you out of temper,' answered Walter. 'But if the soldiers have attacked you, it is plain that neither Mr. Brown nor I could have sent them.'

'They came on your account; and what has happened goes down to your account.—Joanna.'

'What is it you are about to do, Rocco?' inquired the girl.

'To take him away with me at once lest another bird should slip out of the cage.'

'But he is surely safer here than anywhere,' urged Joanna.

'Do as I bid you,' exclaimed the brigand. 'Now fasten his arms behind him with me.'

'An impediment to your movements, brother.'

'He will go fast enough, I'll warrant.'

'What! are you going alone with him? Hark! there is the signal. Santoro and the rest will have returned.'

'So much the better for this gentleman here,' said the brigand, 'since he will have his arms loose. Otherwise I should have waited for one of them. I am not in a mood to be trifled with, Mr. Englishman.'

'Don't answer him,' whispered Joanna to Walter. 'He is dangerous.'

No sooner had those who had formed Lillian's escort entered the cavern than they were ordered on the march, though two of them at least had done a good day's work in that way already. No other voice was heard save that of the angry chief; but as Walter with blinded eyes was quitting the cavern he felt a parcel placed in the pocket of his coat and the pressure of a hand that seemed to bid him be of good courage.

(To be Continued.)

MORE DESIRABLE THAN A FINE FACE.

Contentment, good humor and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible. These God-given qualities always follow the use of Paine's Celery Compound. We know of instances in our experience where the ill-tempered, irritable and ugly in disposition, made so from ailments such as overworked and tired brain, nervous debility, a feeling of goneness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and indigestion, have been completely changed in character and disposition by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Good humor and complacency of temper afterwards reigned supreme in their lives and actions.

It is these qualities, dear reader, and not the charms and attractions of a fine face, which will make you loveable and popular with your friends during life. The glow of health in the ordinary looking face, which Paine's Celery Compound gives, will outlive the handsome face and features of the subject who never uses this great tonic. If you are ailing in any way, or feel out-of-sorts, keep this valuable Compound near you; and by its use you will soon find health, joyousness, appetite and strength your portion in life.

Newspapers of the World.

The printing industry is not only important in itself, but also because of its immense general influence. The department in which this influence is greatest is that of newspapers. London Industries says that the "number of newspapers published in all countries is estimated at 41,000. Of these 24,000 appear in Europe. Germany heads the list with 5,500, then comes France with 4,100, Britain with 4,000, Austria-Hungary with 3,500, Italy with 1,400, Spain with 850, Russia with 800, Switzerland with 450, Belgium and Holland with 300 each, and the remainder in the smaller countries. The United States have 12,500 newspapers, Canada has 700 and Australia also 700. Out of the 300 journals published in Asia, Japan alone has 200. If this is any measure of progress, the latter country has progressed immensely, for twenty years ago it had no newspapers."

HIS GREAT WILL POWER.

Mr. Bowser's Pluck and Courage When Sick.

The indifference displayed by the average husband to the pains and aches of the average wife is only equalled by the manner in which he suddenly goes all to pieces at the slightest sickness. We have a regular programme at our house in certain lines. I am subject to nervous headaches. About once a fortnight Mr. Bowser comes home at noon and finds me on the sofa with my head tied up and my temples throbbing as if they would burst. It's just the next thing to being pounded on the head by a war club, and if the house was on fire I should take my time about getting out, and that without trying to save anything except the camphor bottle. The programme then runs as follows:

Enter Mr. Bowser.
Hangs up his hat and overcoat.
Marches into back parlor, evidently suspecting some calamity.

Stands and gazes at me as if I were some curiosity. I try to smile, but it is a dead failure.

Humph! Cholera, I suppose!
O-o. (Very faintly.)
Yellow fever, then. I always knew you'd have it!

N-o. Only—only—
Only smallpox, eh! Nice thing to bring into the house, isn't it?

Mr. Bowser, I—I've got one of my headaches.

O-o-o-h! Is that all? Good lands, but you gave me a scare! Headache? Humph! If I was a woman of your size and age I'd show a little spunk.

But it's dreadful!
Bosh! There's nine parts of imagination to one part headache.

And he goes slamming around the house and whistling away, as if every sound did not fall on my skull like a blow of a hammer.

Coming to dinner?
Mercy, but I can't eat.

Can't, eh? Well, if you will let your imagination run away with you in this manner I can't help it. Be more left for me to eat, you know.

He looks in as he is ready to leave the house, and says:

If you are down town this afternoon, come in. Bye-bye, booby.

We have another programme—one which is followed when Mr. Bowser comes home with a bilious headache. If I happen to be looking when he gets off the car a block away I can tell what is the matter. He comes dragging his legs, head down and eyes half closed, and I meet him at the door and inquire:

Mr. Bowser, have you been run over on the street?

W-worse'n that! he gasps, as he sits down on a stair step and holds his head in his hands.

Have you been shot at or stabbed by a ruffian?

Would that I had.

Mr. Bowser, what awful, awful thing has happened? Answer me at once.

I've—I've got one of these infernal headaches!

O-o-o-h! Is that all? Why, I didn't know but some awful thing had happened. Well, dinner is ready and I have pork and beans, as you requested.

P-pork and b-beans! My soul, woman, but how can you talk p pork and b-beans to a dying man?

Only a headache! Why, what should a great big man like you care about a headache?

Come to dinner.

But he staggers into the sitting-room and falls sideways on the lounge and utters a groan which arches the cat's back up to an angle.

Mr. Bowser, these headaches are all imaginary, I observe as I take him by the legs and swing him about so that he rests on his back.

O-o-o-h!

If I was a man of your size and age I'd show a little spunk.

O-o-o-h! How can I stand it?

Well, there'll be the more left for me to eat. Better lie as quiet as you can.

But I don't go out to dinner. He wants a pillow for his head and he wants his shoes taken off and his feet covered up, and then I have to remove his collar and necktie and tie a wet towel around his forehead, and all his pluck has departed. It isn't near as bad a headache as mine. The slightest headache a nervous woman ever has will double discount any headache assigned to a man to carry about, but she must grin and bear it.

I get the hartshorn for Mr. Bowser.

I change that for the camphor.

I chafe his hands.

I make mustard plasters for his feet.

I warn the cook to be quiet in the kitchen and I send our boy over to a neighbor's.

Then I turn the pillow over.

Then I hold the camphor under his nose.

Then I take off the towel and tie it tighter around his aching head. He seems at last

to fall into a doze, but suddenly opens his eyes and faintly calls:

Mrs. B-Bowser!
Yes, dear.

Do you think I'm going to d-die?
Die? Why, you've only got a headache.

But I feel a g-goneness—a sort of sinking away. Do you think it can be collapse of the system?

Of course not. You've got a fever—a little one about as big as a pinhead. All you've got to do is to go to sleep.

But you'd better call up the doctor.

Nonsense!
If you don't get the doctor I'll be dead in half an hour!

And so I go to the telephone and ring up the central and hold an imaginary conversation with the doctor as follows:

Mr. Bowser thinks he's dangerously ill and he wants you to come up right away. Can't you? That's too bad. Well, come in two hours at the latest. He's on the lounge now. Yes, it started with a headache. Yes, I'll keep him smelling of the camphor bottle. Good-bye.

The entire afternoon is taken up with nursing Mr. Bowser and assuring him that he has not been struck with death. Then, at tea-time I must make him toast and poach him an egg, and at bed-time the cook and I have to help him up stairs. He gets into bed with a series of moans, turns over with the declaration that he will never see another sun rise and is sound asleep in ten minutes. Next morning, when he arises fresh and clear headed and I enquire if his headache is all gone, he looks at me in a disdainful way and replies:

Mrs. Bowser, my headache, as you call it, was a violent and malignant attack of spinal meningitis, and nothing but my great will power, aided by my pluck and courage, enabled me to throw it off! Had it been you, you would have given up and died.—Detroit Free Press.

BEER DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

Beer drinking among students in Germany and other continental countries is proverbial, and we may say that the average Englishman is a beer drinker if not a teetotaler. In Ireland and Scotland alcohol in the form of spirits is the chief beverage. In the prosperous times of 1873 and 1874 in this country the working collier is said to have forsaken his beer and taken to drinking champagne, but the ensuing depression soon put an end to this. Now, however, with a return of prosperity in the coal trade we find his beer drinking propensities developing. An extraordinary state of matters was proved to have taken place at Ince, near Wigan, during an inquiry by Mr. Brighouse, the county coroner, into the death of a man who had been drowned in the Leeds and Liverpool canal. A comrade of the deceased stated that he had seen him the previous afternoon, and up to that time he might have had a dozen pints of beer (six quarts). At night they had two glasses, and afterwards four small glasses of whiskey. It was further shown that in the course of the afternoon and evening deceased and another man had a wager as to who could drink three pints of beer in the shortest time, and that he drank these three pints in under five minutes' time—in fact, in half the time it took the other man. No wonder this man, when he started to go home, lost his way in the darkness and fog, and that when he fell into the canal he was unable to help himself. The beer drunk by the Germans and Bavarians is a much lighter beverage, and there ore probably contains less alcohol. Could not the British brewer concoct a beverage which would be less intoxicating? It is a popular notion that no harm can result from the use of beer—that delirium a potu never follows its employment. But this is a delusion; gastric and hepatic derangements are common from its use, and in the case of continuous beer drinkers, such as beer sellers and draymen, delirium tremens is not unknown.—Lancet.

When a man goes up stairs late at night and skips every other stair in an endeavor to keep quiet he always seems to skip the steps that don't creak.

The financial affairs of Typographical Union No. 6 of New York are in excellent shape, and new members are being added monthly, the highest numbered card now being in the neighborhood of 6,000.

When a farmer happens to have a spare dollar that he has earned by hard knocks, and invests in the Louisiana lottery, the government calls him a gambler, and if its officers catch him with the lottery ticket in his possession, it prosecutes him as a criminal and sends him to jail. When a Wall street gambler who has tens of thousands to speculate with in watered railroad stock and other fictitious paper, gets caught and is likely to go to the wall, our government steps in and eases the money market, by taking the millions which it has taxed out to the farmers and pours it into the gambling dens of Wall street to help the fine haired gambler out. This the difference between a poor hayseed one dollar gambler and a sleek, stalled gambler with his millions.—Indiana American.

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All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

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MONTREAL, March 7, 1897.

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

Subscribers, who have not already done so, will oblige by remitting at their earliest convenience.

THE ELECTIONS.

The general elections have resulted in the return of Sir John A. Macdonald to power, but with a considerably reduced majority, the Conservatives claiming 32, while the Liberals place it much lower, and an independent estimate places it at 28. The large manufacturing centres generally have spoken with no uncertain sound in favor of the Conservative policy of protection, but the cause to be assigned for this is not far to seek. The majority of manufacturers favor this policy, and every care was taken that their employees could know this. No doubt a large number of workmen believed in the shutting down threats of the manufacturers if the Liberals were victorious, and the dread of being thrown out of work or lack of "steady employment" (at whatever wages manufacturers choose to pay) had its effect upon these. But in the rural districts, especially in this province, the Liberals were generally successful. Among the headless ones of the Conservative party are two Cabinet ministers, and to the Government this is an unmistakable defeat. The retirement of Messrs. Colby and Carling is an event which will be claimed by the Liberals, and justly so, as a general condemnation of the policy of the Government; but after all the loyalty cry has not been without its effect.

In the different divisions of the city the results have been as anticipated. In the Centre division it was hardly expected that a young man like Mr. Guerin, although possessing abilities of no ordinary kind, should have been successful against an old campaigner like Mr. Curran, backed as he was by the Government and the immense influence wielded by the Manufacturers' Association, but the vote received by him is a most encouraging one. In the West, as we predicted, the candidature of Mr. Cochrane turned out to be nothing else than a farce, and the electors showed their appreciation of Sir Donald Smith's personal worth by giving him the largest majority ever recorded for a member of parliament. The return of Mr. Lepine in the East proves beyond a doubt that, notwithstanding the opposition of a considerable section of the working classes, he still retains the confidence of a majority of his conferees. Perhaps the lesson of opposition by this section of workmen will not be lost on Mr. Lepine, who

perhaps will devote a little more of his time to questions affecting the majority of his constituents.

THE DEFEAT OF HON. PETER MITCHELL.

At least one satisfactory feature of the elections to organized labor is the enforced retirement of Hon. Peter Mitchell to private citizenship, and in helping towards this desirable result Montreal Typographical Union is congratulating itself. The arbitrary and unlooked-for lock out of the composing staff of the Herald in May last has not been forgotten, neither has Mr. Mitchell's stubborn and senseless resistance to all conciliatory advances made on behalf of the Union. The numerous arrests that followed the lock-out, combined with the importation of unfair foreign labor into the city, greatly embittered the Union printers against the Herald, which has not been lessened by the snivelling affection of sympathy for workmen daily appearing in its columns. Is it any wonder, then, that the Union, finding all their efforts at conciliation thrust aside with contempt and defiance, should have at last taken up the gauntlet so insultingly thrown down, and carried the war into the enemy's country? Believing that the workmen of Northumberland would sympathize with them in declaring against the importation of unfair foreign labor, the Union prepared a statement of facts concerning the Herald lock-out and subsequent proceedings, which they laid before the electors of Northumberland, and the result has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of the Union printers, and proves also that there is a brotherhood existing between wage-earners however widely separated. That the Union printers acted wisely in placing their case before their fellow-workmen in Northumberland is proven by the magnificent majority rolled up for his opponent, Mr. Adams. Taken with the fact that a previous majority in favor of Mr. Mitchell of over 700 had to be wiped out, Mr. Adams' present majority of 500 is something to be astonished at.

IRON AND STEEL WORKERS AND THEIR WAGES.

It is an oft-repeated boast of American manufacturers and politicians that labor in the iron and steel industry of the United States receives a much higher remuneration than in Great Britain, but from a report just presented to Congress on the relative cost of iron and steel production in the two countries, we find the comparison not so favorable to America. The cost of producing a ton of pig iron in Great Britain varies from \$10.29 to \$10.89, while in the Southern States the variation runs as low as from \$9.62 to \$10.28. In Northern establishments the cost is much higher, the average being put at \$12.82 to \$23.16, while on the European continent the average is given as low as \$7.75 to as high as \$15.07. The cost of labor in the production of steel rails varies from \$1.38 to \$1.54 per ton in American establishments, whereas it varies from \$1.36 to \$1.58 in Great Britain. Although the labor cost of steel rails is substantially the same in Great Britain and America, the earnings of American workmen are reported higher, and the cause of the difference is attributed by the compiler of the report, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, to "efficiency." A more appropriate way of putting it perhaps, would be to say that a greater amount of labor is exacted from the American workman during a given time than is looked for from his fellow-worker in Great Britain. For instance, in two of the largest steel rail establishments in the United States the product per man for ten hours' work is equal to between 1.20 and 1.80 tons, whereas in several large European establishments

the product per man does not reach six-tenths of a ton for the same number of hours' work, which clearly shows that the American mechanic works twice as hard as the European. It appears from the statistics furnished by Mr. Wright that nowhere in the world is pig iron produced so cheaply as in the Southern States, and that the cheaper labor of that section, combined with its natural advantages, threatens, or has already produced, a general degradation of the labor employed in northern mills. The production of steel rails in the United States, up to the end of 1890, increased 142 per cent, and that such an astonishing increase should have taken place without any corresponding improvement in the condition of the workers or in arresting the downward tendency of their wages, is cause for serious reflection. It proves, we think, beyond question that capitalists have an enormous number of unemployed, or an unorganized mass of cheap labor upon which they can draw at will.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Herald should take down its rooster as the object for displaying it in yesterday's paper is hardly apparent. In one part of the paper Mr. Mitchell is reported safe and sure in his constituency, while editorially it admits that he is defeated by 500 majority. Something must have been wrong with its special service or the general utility man and mechanical editor got things mixed.

Dr. Johann Jakoby, the eminent physician and Socialist of Koenigsberg, in an address delivered by him some time ago, lays down as one object of the labor movement the abolition of the wage system and the substitution of it of co-operative labor, the only difficulty being the way in which the transition should be made. How can a more equal distribution of wealth, in the interest of all, be attained? As slavery and serfdom, once a "necessary" social institution, gave way to the wage system, so will the present order of things disappear in favor of a higher and nobler order, and what has the workman, what has the employer, and what has the State to do to further and develop the co-operative method of production is a question that should be pondered over by every thinking mind.

Of the total national expenditure of the United States, 105 millions are for their civil establishment; 67 millions (or over two-thirds of what it costs Germany to maintain her enormous army), are for their military and naval establishments; 133 millions are for interest on the public debt.

At the last session of the New York State Legislature the factory inspection law was amended in several very important particulars. The appointment of eight female factory inspectors, in addition to the force already employed, was authorized, while the commission was granted larger powers. Investigations made by the inspectors have already brought to light numerous instances of violation of the law forbidding the employment of children under fourteen years, and abuses by which operatives are victimized and exposed constantly to danger to life and health. The exposures made last week of the New York sweating shops where ready-made clothing is manufactured, has again attracted the attention of the public to the employment of young children in factories. Both press and public are becoming more widely awake to the absolute necessity of some drastic measures being adopted to put an end to the system of sweating. Through the efforts of philanthropic societies many individual instances of distressing hardship has been brought to light, and the good they have done and the help they have

given the movement, by these repeated exposures is not to be despised, but it was not until the institution of an organized system of workshop inspection that the public was made fully aware of the wretched conditions under which thousands of our fellow-beings work and exist. Rigidly and impartially enforced the laws are now fairly sufficient to root out the evil, and public opinion once thoroughly aroused will see that they are strictly carried out.

Denmark and Sweden are legislating in the direction of tariff reform. A bill placing sugar on the free list, and for the removal of the tariff from several other necessities, has already reached its third reading in the Lower House, and there is a proposition to the same end in the Swedish Lower House. The Liberal party in Norway is agitating on the same lines.

There is a bill before the State Legislature of Illinois to allow the formation of rent insurance companies in the State, which has for its object a combination that will prosecute those who may be in arrears for rent. It would seem to the average man that landlords are pretty well protected as they stand. All the landlord and tenant laws favor the former; if it were not so the probabilities are that rents would not be so high as at present.

A committee of the North Dakota House of Representatives recently reported to that body a bill prohibiting prize-fighting, boxing matches, etc. A minority report was submitted opposing the measure, on the ground that "the Legislature was attempting to deprive the people of all kinds of luxuries and amusements." This appeal appears to have been successful, and the minority report against the bill was accepted by the House. The Province of Quebec Legislature would not take such a course as this, but it would be hard to keep a quorum in the House if a notable pair of bruisers were announced to engage in a prize fight in the immediate neighborhood of the Ancient Capital.

Says an English exchange: The blunt outspokenness of the replies of Colonial Ministers to questions in parliament contrasts curiously with the studiously reserved and diplomatic phraseology in which answers are couched at Westminster. Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, was recently asked to interfere and put a stop to the exhibition of a fasting man at the Sydney Aquarium. The G. O. M. of the Antipodes off-handedly replied: "If the man is fool enough to starve himself to death he has a perfect right to do so."

An extraordinary purchase was made at Christie's well known picture salesroom a few months ago. An "old master" begrimed with dirt was knocked down for £7. It was promptly resold for £80, and again for £700, and it has now been acquired for £2,000 by a Continental gallery, and turns out to be a magnificent Terburg. The artist spent some time in England, and left behind him some of his finest productions.

The "Women's National Council" has been holding its annual meeting at Washington, and listening to papers on "The Relation of the Women's Suffrage Movement to other Modern Reforms," "Improved Dress," "What do the Signs of the Times Signify," and so on. The sessions were decorous, and many irreverent people might say, dull, until there suddenly broke loose a storm which snowed that the signs of the times signify that when women come into politics they will probably come with their war paint on, and without so much as a "by your leave" to the recognized

leaders in the Women's Suffragist movement. Amongst the delegates to the council was Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, who had taken an active part in the political revolution that removed Mr. Ingalls, of that State, from the United States Senate. When Mrs. Lease arrived in Washington, she sent her card to the Senator. He declared, however, that he had no time to talk with her, and sent her a message to the effect, "that Indians and women are the only people who scalp the dead." This insult doubtless added to the wrath with which Mrs. Lease subsequently proceeded to scalp the Senator. In the course of her speech she said: I have been asked, "Why do you women glory in the defeat of John J. Ingalls? He is a brainy, smart man." Yes, he is a smart man; he must be a smart man to be the consummate rascal he has made of himself.

The three-year's contract for the maintenance of the British Houses of Parliament is on the eve of termination. In renewing it the First Commissioner of Works will so frame the contract that the firm undertaking it shall be bound to pay their workmen what is accepted in the trade as air wages. This was one of the stipulations in Mr. Sydney Buxton's resolution, practically accepted by the Government, and is a tacit acknowledgment of the right of unions to determine the scale of wages paid in different trades.

THE ECHO has removed from its old stand at 329 St. James street, to those more commodious premises, 769 Craig street.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

SPRING OPENS HER GREEN LATTICE.

So fifty years ago, wrote John Galt, the Scottish novelist, and great Canadian pioneer, founder of Guelph and Galt, in describing the vernal season of the new country. "Spring opens her green lattice" to-day, as then, but in advance of the life-awakening of Nature, what a thrill of activity runs through the various arteries of commerce. We, ourselves, have alone put 75 cases to stock of

NEW GOODS

already received for this season's trade. Our business last year showed a decided increase over all previous years. We beat the record. We have determined at the end of the next twelve months to have reached a yet higher rung on the commercial ladder.

WHY SHOULD WE NOT.

We have every facility for that purpose. We possess capital, energy, training and ability. We spare no pains to attain our end. And our end is to do the largest retail dry goods trade in Montreal. BY BUYING AND SELLING FOR CASH.

THIS IS THE BUSINESS OF THE FUTURE.

It is founded upon the rock bottom of moral principle and is bound to succeed. Cash in hand, we buy from the manufacturers. Our purchases are confined to no one particular country. We are cosmopolitan in the sense of patronizing the best markets in the world. As tradesmen, we recognize it as a bounden duty to do our best by our friends and the general public. Our interests are identical. This is the grand reciprocity. We wish at present to call special attention to our

CHEAP LINE OF BOYS' CLOTHING.

We have over 1,500 Boys' Suits in stock. Please note the prices.

Boys' Fancy Sailor Suit, from 75 cents.
Boys' Fancy Tweed Suit, from \$1.35.

The above is simply a sample of what is being done in every department.

For quality and value in Dry Goods of every description come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter

Terms Cash and Only One Price.



THE ELECTIONS.

Defeat of Peter Mitchell

THE HEAD OF THE THIRD PARTY IS RETIRED TO PRIVATE LIFE

And Montreal Typo. Union 176 Rejoiceth.

When next he goes to Northumberland He'll tell the voters that He was treated very shabbily By printers, who'd not "rat." But when he 'rives in Northumberland The voters will tell him pat They want no politician Who steals a printer's "phat!" And as he travels home again, A sadder man will be; He'll wish he ne'er had tampered with The printer's hard-earned fee! —Old Song.

["BY OUR SPECIAL SERVICE."]

NEWCASTLE, N. B., March 6.

There was a good deal of satisfaction felt here at the result of the election for Northumberland County. Mr. Adams was congratulated on all sides, while very little sympathy was expressed for his opponent, whose prestige here has been on the wane for some time. The pamphlet so extensively circulated by Typographical Union No. 176 was well received here, and it must have exercised a good influence with the people, who have no sympathy with those who attempt to grind down the workingman. It opened their eyes to the hollowness of Peter's pretensions to be the friend of the workingman. Mr. Adams' friends here are thankful to the Union for their assistance.

RATS.

Notwithstanding there was a considerable amount of excitement the elections in this city passed off without any disturbance being reported. Telegraphing, it is claimed by both parties, was freely indulged in, and many fraudulent votes were thus recorded. The following was the result in the different divisions:

MONTREAL WEST.	
Sir D. A. Smith.....	4586
James Cochrane.....	880
Maj. for Smith.....	3706
MONTREAL CENTRE.	
Guerin, Curran.....	258
East Ward.....	284
Centre Ward.....	267
West Ward.....	285
St. Ann's Ward.....	1410
	2220
Maj. for Curran.....	1230
MONTREAL EAST.	
David, Lepine.....	1906
St. James Ward.....	2007
St. Louis Ward.....	1472
St. Mary's Ward.....	2286
	5021
Maj. for Lepine.....	5840
	5021
HOCHELAGA COUNTY.	
Desjardins.....	5276
Lanfot.....	3785
Maj. for Desjardins.....	1491

The following is a summary by provinces of members elected:

	Con.	Lib.
Quebec.....	29	34
Ontario.....	45	44
Nova Scotia.....	16	5
P. E. Island.....	2	4
New Brunswick.....	13	2
British Columbia.....	5	0
Manitoba.....	4	1
N. W. Territories.....	4	0
	118	92

Ontario has returned one Independent.

THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.

Mr. Edmund Guerin, the defeated candidate in Montreal Centre, was down to his office early yesterday morning, and did not appear to be the least disconcerted over his defeat. In conversation with a reporter he said he was greatly disappointed with the vote polled for him in St. Ann's Ward, as it was nowhere near as large as that which had been promised him. In the West Ward, which he had canvassed himself, and which was strong against him, he had succeeded in reducing Mr. Curran's previous majority by over 100 votes. Where the workingmen's votes that had been promised him went, he was at a loss to say. He denounced the amount of telegraphing that had been carried on and said that it was shameful the way in which men, fearless as to the consequences, swore that they were persons they were not. In conclusion he added in a very happy mood: "You can say, if you like, that I am just as 'cocky' as ever, and that I am now going to look after my practice again."

Mr. L. O. David, although a little surprised at the result in Montreal East, had no hesitation in declaring to a reporter this morning that his defeat was due to two causes. In the first instance, he blamed the manufacturers who coerced their employees into voting for Lepine, by frightening them with such stories as that if the Liberals got into power the factories would have to close down, and that therefore it was in the interest of the workingmen, who desired to make sure of their bread and butter to support the National Policy. The second cause of his defeat he declared to be the extensive telegraphy carried on by his opponents. Questioned as to whether there would be any contestation he said that there might be, as a number of his friends were already urging him to do so on account of bribery practised by supporters of Mr. Lepine. As to retiring from political life he remarked, with some hesitation, that he had no intention of doing so at present. Before concluding the interview he volunteered the statement that Canada would have Unrestricted Reciprocity within a year or two.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, March 6.—Sir John Macdonald is greatly exhausted to-day after his tremendous exertions during the campaign. He sat up well nigh all night receiving the returns. At eleven o'clock this morning, when a correspondent called, the Premier was asleep. Later on he rose, and after breakfast proceeded to answer the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams pouring in from every direction. Sir John looks as though he will not be himself again for several weeks. His voice has utterly failed him, and he can scarcely speak above a whisper. Necessarily his remarks to-day were brief, but he promised to express himself shortly regarding yesterday's contests. Said the Premier: "My Government has again been sustained by the people. I deeply regret the loss of several of my colleagues. You may say that I will meet Parliament at the end of April with a majority of between thirty-three and thirty-five."

In political circles here the belief prevails that there will be a Cabinet reconstruction immediately. Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, will not likely re-enter politics. In all probability he will succeed Sir Alexander Campbe l as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Latest advices give Hon. Geo. Foster a slight majority in Kings. The defeats sustained by Hon. Messrs. Carling and Colby created a great surprise here.

Dr. Powell is in attendance on the Premier. He has forbidden his patient to go out of doors for several days yet.

The congratulatory despatches received by Sir John included many cablegrams from prominent men in England.

BLAINE HAS NO OPINION.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—Secretary of State Blaine states this morning that he had nothing to say with regard to the Canadian elections except that there appeared to be an impression in some quarters to the effect that President Harrison's administration was interested in the election. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the administration is utterly indifferent as to the result. None of the members of the cabinet took any interest in the matter and cared less about it than Canadians usually do about our elections."

MURDERED!

ASHLAND, Wis., March 6.—G. M. Seele, a prominent druggist, was shot through the heart by his brother-in-law, W. G. French, here yesterday. French gave himself up. He claimed that Seele came between him and his family.

SPORTING NEWS.

A California cricket eleven will visit the East this season.

Betting on the Oxford-Cambridge eight-oared race, to be rowed on the Thames March 21st, is 2 to 1 on Oxford.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, formerly of Toronto, has been elected president of the Metropolitan District Cricket League of New York.

Henry Anson, father of the famous baseball captain, was elected Mayor of Marshalltown, Ia., Monday, by a vote of 1,002 out of a total of 1,431. Mr. Anson is a democrat.

The famous Colt Gregory, by Macaroon, dam Abundante, the property of C. Sattler, was paralysed in his hind-quarters and has been destroyed. The colt was valued at \$15,000 when a two year old.

In the British House of Commons lately, Mr. Pickersgill gave notice that he intended to move that day four weeks the following resolution:—"That this House regards with grave apprehension the growing prevalence of betting and gambling, and calls upon the Executive to put into operation the existing law on the subject impartially against all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and further declares that it is desirable to consolidate and amend the law."

HUTCHENS A WORLD BEATER.

Hutchens' victory in the Sheffield handicap on Tuesday last pulls one up with a round turn; his return to form is something miraculous. Here is a man of 36 or 37 years of age who, to win as he won, must be capable of running 122 yards in less than 11½ seconds. He did not do that on the day, because the wind was dead against the runners; but it is no secret that he had to do better than the equivalent of 11½ seconds, as Massey, who was favorite for the final, had been tried several times fully equal to that for his 115½ yards. I suppose Hutchens must have done five yards better than evens. This hasn't been done by the half dozen very best sprinters that ever lived when they were in the very best of their running; and so it shows not only what a wonder Hutchens is now, but what no extra treble-milled wonder he must have been ten or a dozen years ago, when he was between 3 and 4 yds faster than he showed himself last Tuesday. I have seen the day when Hutchens could have given an even timer 7½ yards inside 130 with the absolute certainty of finishing in front of him—unless H. broke down on the way or had an accident. He is the only man who has won four real regulation "big" handicaps, but only three of them were of the highest calibre. Besides, Hutchens has won two from back mark; and he won these in a style that no one else has ever equalled. A singular feature of Hutchens' four handicaps is that they are all of the Shrovetide order—that is, were all run on the Monday and Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday. I notice that Hutchens was this last time supported by W. Unwin, the man who was his gaffer in 1879, when he was so heavily backed for the Doncaster handicap, but with whom he subsequently quarrelled. Unwin has more than once been a real friend to Hutchens. With all his successes Hutchens has known more than once what it is to be with less than a thousand-pound note in his pocket as small change; and it is much to be hoped (now that he has once again managed to get a slice of good fortune) that we shall be spared the sight of so marvellous a man becoming once again a standing proof of the accuracy of the old pedestrian adage, that speed and sense never did go together.—London Referee.

Explosion in a Powder Mill.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., March 6.—At noon to-day there was a terrible explosion at H. A. Weldey's powder mill, near Tamaqua, which caused a conflagration and great excitement in that city, as a more terrific explosion was apprehended owing to the powder houses being only a short distance from the engine room, where the explosion occurred. The explosion was caused by the bursting of the fly wheel, and the building was burned to the ground. The powder buildings were saved after a hard struggle. Jno. Kepler and Jeremiah Long employees, were injured so bad by flying debris that they cannot recover.

PUBLIC MEETING

OF THE English-speaking Painters

ON Friday Eve'g, 13th inst. In their Hall,

NOTRE DAME STREET, to take into consideration the advisability of forming a Branch in connection with No. 74 of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers.

THOS. KENT, Secretary pro tem. All English-speaking Painters are cordially invited.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

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

SOLE AGENTS P. O., WILLIS & CO. 1824 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill Street, Montreal.)

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

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. (LIMITED) MONTREAL.

Redpath



We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

A NEW HAT!

Next week a new hat, jauntily worn, will, as a rule, signify that the wearer has made a successful forecast of the result of the elections.

Pure, Spotless Linen

signifies that the wearer sends his washing to the

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,

140 ST. PETER ST., corner of CRAIG. Telephones, Bell, 666; Federal, 542.

FELT & CLOTH BOOTS

Shoes & Slippers,

Moose Moccasins, German Felt Shoes.

WOOL-LINED Rubbers and Overshoes

RONAYNE'S, 17 Chaboillez Square

NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

CORRECTION.

The word toys in departments advertised on Saturday was an error. We do not sell toys of any kind. S. CARSLY.

CONSIGNMENT.

A consignment of LINEN DAMASKS and TOWELLINGS to be offered much below regular value to-day. S. CARSLY.

NEW GOODS! PRINT DEPARTMENT.

NEW PRINTS. NEW SATEENS.

This week we show the finest selection of New Prints and Sateens ever shown in Montreal.

The Latest Designs! The Newest Colorings!

S. CARSLY.

Mail Orders promptly filled.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

New Scotch Ginghams. New Check Ginghams. New Striped Ginghams.

If you wish to see a choice selection of

SCOTCH GINGHAMS

Visit S. Carsley's Print Department and you will be well repaid for your trouble.

S. CARSLY.

Mail Orders carefully attended to.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Printed Wrapper Flannels. Printed Wrapper Flannels. Printed Lawn Tennis Flannels. Printed Lawn Tennis Flannels.

This week we have marked and put in stock two cases of the choicest designs in

Printed Wrapper Flannels. Striped and spotted. Lawn Tennis Flannels.

S. CARSLY.

Mail Orders executed without delay.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Two more cases of special designs in Dress Lengths received to-day.

NO TWO ALIKE. New Costume Tweeds. New Costume Tweeds.

New Tweed Checks. New Tweed Stripes.

The Latest Novelties

At S. CARSLY'S.

Mail Orders.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

NEW PONGEE SILKS! NEW SURAH SILKS!

All the latest colorings in plain and printed Pongee Silk now in stock.

Printed Pongee Silks, 45c yard. Printed Pongee Silks, 60c yard.

At S. CARSLY'S.

COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES. NEW HABIT CLOTHS.

A choice variety of Costume Lengths of New Habit Cloths are now on view in the Costume Department. These Cloths are specially manufactured for tailor-made costumes.

Dress Lengths of Habit Cloths. Dress Lengths of Costume Tweeds. Suitable Lengths of Dress Goods.

S. CARSLY.

In order to avoid the rush at our Dress Goods Counter, ladies requiring Spring Costumes will find Dress Lengths of the most fashionable goods in our Costume Department, where they may obtain information as to styles, prices of making up, etc.

S. CARSLY.

NEW JERSEYS.

A new lot of Spring Jerseys just arrived. Braided or Plain. Braided or Plain.

Spring Jerseys with Velvet Sleeves. Spring Jerseys with Velvet Sleeves. Spring Jerseys with Velvet Sleeves. Spring Jerseys with Velvet Sleeves.

In Garnet, Navy, Brown and Black.

SILK BLOUSES! SILK BLOUSES!

In all the latest desirable shades.

S. CARSLY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

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

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

Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

There are 1,000 men out of work in Dallas, Tex.

Tilo-layers in Pittsburg won their strike for \$3.50 and \$4 per day.

The American Federation of Labor has boycotted the Clark thread.

Labor Day has now been established a legal holiday in fourteen States.

The Granite Cutters' National Union has a membership of more than 20,000.

The shoemakers in Philadelphia are organizing under the International Union.

Most of the members of the Syracuse Stonecutters Union are out of work.

The carpenters of Allegheny county will demand the eight hour system on May 1st.

The Painters Union of Binghamton has fitted up a neat theatre capable of seating 200 people.

An eight hour bill will be introduced in the present session of the Pennsylvania State Legislature.

After a five-months strike, the Corniceworkers of Chicago have been successful in gaining the eight hour day.

Nearly 450 of the men that were employed at the Lorillard brick works at Keyport, N. J., are out of work and destitute. Money is owed them by the company, but they cannot get it.

A Philadelphia report states that the Lehigh Valley will spend \$750,000 in terminals in Buffalo. The work the company is now doing at East Buffalo and on the Tift Farm will use up that amount.

Thomas Riordan and James Connor, the New York United Brewers' walking delegate recently convicted of malicious mischief, were last Wednesday sentenced respectively to four and three months' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Last Monday the Pottstown Iron Company posted notices that beginning March 9, the wages of puddlers will be reduced from \$3.75 to \$3.50 per ton of 2,540 pounds. This will reduce the wages of the helpers to 37 cents a heat, and other employees in proportion.

The labor organizations of Portugal have just held in Lisbon their first national congress. Over 300 delegates were present. The congress unanimously resolved to celebrate the 1st of May by a general suspension of work and to organize meetings and manifestations in favor of an eight hour work day.

All the electrotypers of Boston struck last week for a uniform minimum rate of pay. Nearly 300 are out. The strike will seriously interfere with the work of 2,000 others in the printing trade. The strikers have a strong union and are backed up by the compositors, pressmen, paper rulers, bookbinders and stereotypers.

An investigation by the municipality of Brussels, Belgium, has revealed a terrible state of affairs among the tenement house population of that city. Among others, 1,300 were found living in but two rooms, and 1,725 families had only one room, while 405 lived in garrets and 43 in cellars. An investigation into the condition of the tenement house system of all our cities would not show a very favorable comparison.

Pennsylvania is losing her grip as a petroleum-producing State. Her supply of the odoriferous fluid is failing, and West Virginia seems to be stepping forward to take her place as first in the amount of her oil production. An immense amount of petroleum has been pumped out of the interior of the Keystone State during the last thirty years, but the sources of supply are at last becoming exhausted and she must take a rest for a few centuries and let her tanks fill up again.

Two hundred and fifty car finishers employed in the shops at Pullman have struck. The men have two grievances, one that they were recently promised better pay, when business started up, and another that their working hours have been cut down, thus curtailing their earnings. Their employers claim that they had to either curtail the working hours of all the men or discharge a portion of them, and that business instead of picking up has declined.

The Pittsburg Dispatch says editorially that there is danger of a serious strike on the Pennsylvania Company's lines can scarcely be denied. While it is true that the Locomotive Brotherhood will be very cautious about entering upon a strike after their late experience in the West, yet the employees seem to be firm in their insistence upon the demands they have made. Such a strike would be a great calamity, and all citizens cannot but hope it will be averted by wise counsels and a spirit of compromise.

That mine explosion in Nova Scotia, once more calls attention to the fact that science has been lagging in providing safety appliances in these underground pits. In this particular case the inspector reported that everything was in perfect order only a few hours before the disaster took place. Why

should not a device be invented that would give ample notice of the presence of foul air? Let some of the bright students of natural phenomena take this matter in hand with a determination to evolve something of a practical nature.—New York Recorder.

New York's new daily, the Recorder, is a strict Union paper. The Union Printer says it is the fattest paper in New York and gives employment to a large number of people. It is certainly very handsome in appearance, and has a look of millions at the back of it.

The Fair Chance Furnace Company at Scottsdale, Pa., Feb. 21, proposed to the striking cokers to resume work at their plant at the old rates of pay and under any form of agreement the strikers may offer. The proposition was declined, and it was announced that settlement will not be made with any one firm. All the other operators are holding out. The strikers threaten to call out the employees of competing regions if any attempt is made to fill Connellsville contracts there. If this is done the number of strikers will be increased to thirty thousand.

At the Albert docks, London, on Saturday a number of striking firemen and coal porters armed with iron bars and sticks attempted to board the Shipping Federation steamer Scotland, but were resisted by the Scotland's officers and crew and by the non-unionists employed on board of her by the Federation. A serious conflict followed, during which the non-unionists fired revolvers at their opponents, injuring a number of them. Several of the attacking party were thrown from the Scotland's deck to the water of the dock and were with difficulty rescued from drowning. The police arrested eight of the ringleaders of the attacking force.

The Carpenters and Joiners' Association of Scottsdale, Pa., at an open meeting held recently, decided to demand of the contractors for the coming year a renewal of the nine hour day; the discharge of non-union workmen, and the semi-monthly payment system. An amicable settlement is expected. The men want 25 cents per hour, and the stone masons here ask for \$3.25 per day.

The Granite Cutters' Union has notified the proprietors of the various quarries in Milford, Mass., that after April 1 they may expect the pay of all cutters and blacksmiths to be increased from \$2.75 to \$3 per day, 53 hours to constitute a week's work, nine hours the first five days and eight on Saturday, and that no cutter or blacksmith shall be discharged until the Shed Committee is consulted.

The colored plasterers gained their demand for eight hours and 40 cents per hour. That is \$3.20 per day, and the boys are pleased. "Say boss," said one to the editor of The Signal, "do you know dat \$3.20 for eight hours in de 'Merican Federation beats hoen' cawn from mawning till night for bacon and cawn bread in slavery times; you bet!" If somebody who doubts the benefits of organization will express his doubt to that trisky old union coon, we bet he'll either go to the hospital or make a good sprinting record.—Indianapolis Labor Signal.

New spirit is animating the carpenters of Boston and vicinity. Great success has attended them in the past in securing reductions in the working time and increase in wages. It is not five years ago that throughout Massachusetts the carpenters were working at least ten hours a day and sometimes longer. Their wages were from \$1.75 to \$2.25 per day, and varied very much upon the same job between men of the same ability. A great change has been made. Carpenters all over the State work but nine hours, and in many cases only eight. Now the feeling is strong for a push ahead on the eight hour day this spring. The leaders propose to make this move an effective one.

The Syracuse Sunday Herald says: The case of the Binghamton cigarmakers is creating considerable interest in this city, and a decision of the courts is being anxiously looked for. Several months ago nearly all the Binghamton cigarmakers struck for an increase in wages. This strike lasted for more than four months and resulted in a victory for the employees. A little history of the case will be interesting, for the reason that it has gone into the courts. Actions were begun against 150 strikers by Reynolds, Rogers & Co., Barlow, Rogers & Simpson, Hull, Grammond & Co., and George A. Kent & Co. These actions were brought in the Supreme Court of the State of New York and trial asked for in Broome county. The complaint charges that the defendants, and the other cigarmakers who were then on a strike in this city, conspired together to ruin the business of the manufacturers and to prevent them from carrying on their business, and that the defendants were attempting to carry out this purpose by force, violence, threats and intimidation, by inducing the employees to leave them and not to work, and by various other means. The court has adjourned until March 26th for the express purpose of trying these cases. The same manufacturers afterward began action against the strikers to recover damages. Orders of ar-

rests were obtained in each of these cases, and judgment asked for in the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Charles Becker, George Hitchcock, Leona Decker, George Fox and William Wardrobe were convicted by Recorder Downs on the 15th day of August, 1890, for riotous conduct, and sentenced to 100 days in the Albany penitentiary. This action was reversed by Judge Arms of the Court of Sessions, a few days ago, and the defendants discharged.

Trade Combination Held Illegal.

A decision involving the legality of a combination of harrow manufacturers was rendered last week by Judge Smith, of the New York Supreme Court, in the case of the Clipper Chilled Plow Company of Elmira vs. the National Harrow Company. The plaintiff, which was one of the parties to the formation of the defendant combination, brought suit for a dissolution. Judge Smith granted the application. After reciting the facts and circumstances under which the combination was formed and the facts of the contract entered into, he said in substance that under the stipulation of the contract the defendant had assumed to fix the prices for the sale of harrows made by these manufacturers. These prices were not based upon the cost of manufacture, but were uniform with all manufacturers upon a certain style of harrows. As practically construed by the defendant it gave the defendant absolute power to regulate the prices at which these harrows should be sold, to raise or lower them at pleasure. It was hard to conceive how a monopoly could be more firmly entrenched, or how competition could be more effectively strangled. The decision then cited the case of the People vs. the North River Sugar Refining Company and a number of similar cases, and declared the combine a conspiracy indictable at common law.

Human Teeth and Hair.

With us there is, to say the least, a strong and decided prejudice in favor of luxuriant tresses and pearly teeth, says a writer in the North American Review. But it is only a prejudice, and by no means universal. We see no lack of beauty in the infant's naked, rosy scalp, or in its sweet, toothless mouth. We even see a kind of majestic beauty in the ivory dome that covers the sage's busy brain. A white shining billiard ball is by no means unpleasing to the eye, and no one can fancy its beauty improved by covering half of it with a coat of hair, however soft and silky, lustrous, brown or golden. Birds had teeth once. How should we welcome a prospect of the return, a retrogression, to their former semi-reptile condition? Would you think your canary or your brilliant hued cockatoo improved in its appearance if the smooth even edges of its bill were garnished with saws of pearly teeth, like a feathered and winged alligator? The possession of a full complement of teeth has always been regarded as an indispensable condition of perfect health. To our prehistoric ancestors, who had no other grain mills than their molars, it must have been so; and the modern soldier in active service would find his hardtack and leathery salt beef rather unsatisfactory fare without the dental integrity which the examining surgeon so properly insists upon. But the constantly improving science of cookery supplies the remedy for the civilian, and, as to the soldier, he is, like his teeth, a relic of undeveloped civilization. The "dog of war" must go, teeth and all. Experience has demonstrated that the luxurious diet of civilization, which gives so little for the teeth to do, is, on the whole, more conducive to vitality and longevity than the hard fare of savagery. Long before tooth ess gums shall have become the rule all occasion for teeth will have passed, either for beauty or youth.

Tricks of the Memory.

"Celebrated authors sometimes forget their own works," said an eminent physician the other day. "This is usually one of the effects of disease or old age. As Walter Scott grew old he became a victim to this kind of forgetfulness. Frequently when one of his own poems was read to him he would ask who was the author. 'Ivanhoe' was dictated during a painful illness and published before the author had quit his bed. When Scott had become convalescent he had no recollection of the story. Toward the close of his life Linne found great pleasure in reading his own works. Forgetful that he was himself the author, he would frequently exclaim as he read: 'Beautiful! Magnificent!' 'I wish I had written that!'"

"Macaulay, the historian, had a friend whose memory had once been exceedingly strong. Old age made it exceedingly weak. If anything brilliant was said or read to him in the evening he would imagine next morning that the brilliant ideas heard the night before were his own. It was his custom to write them out and show them to his friends as original matter."—New York Telegram.

THE MINING TAX.

The State Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed a law taxing operators of coal mines a certain sum on every ton mined. The proceeds, under this law, are designed to go to the formation of a sort of insurance fund for the benefit of miners injured in accidents; the act was suggested by the recent Mammoth disaster.

This is all very well and it is all very unwell at the same time. The writer is not yet one of those people who jump at once to the conclusion that the State may do a thing with justice that is unjust and criminal in the individual. When the State takes such a step as the one spoken of, it assumes the duty and right to look after the welfare of miners and provide for them. 'It is like an armed band compelling the operators by force to surrender a portion of the earnings for the benefit of the miner. The action differs in no respect from the work of a lawless mob; the result is the same, although the method may be different. A mob comes by force, makes its demand, which, if not complied with, is forced at the point of a gun. What does the State do? It, a mob, the people, elect certain gentlemen to engineer the schemes, call them honorable legislators and pay them a salary for their work. These honorable gentlemen are struck with a happy thought, in effect, to demand a portion of a mine owner's receipts, and if these are not forthcoming a mob with bayonets and superior officers enforces the demand. Wherein does the State and mob differ? I can't see.

That it takes from the rich and gives to the poor does not mitigate its injustice, and no matter how we reason we cannot prove the State's right to pass laws such as the recent mine tax measures is characteristic of. Of course I imagine the workingmen will say that necessity makes such a system and course imperative, and they will go on piling up law after law, then restriction upon restriction, first a law to restrict this, then a law to restrict the restriction, then a law restricting the restriction to the restriction, and so on until a "pretty mess" is made of it all round. Seldom does it occur to the poor that a few repeals would do more good than a thousand additional enactments. If the law-given rights which coal companies and large corporations hold were abolished there would be no need for mine tax laws. The miner has a hard row to hoe in life, but he had better realize that his salvation will never come through law. So far as the protective benefits of the mine tax law goes a reformer thinks it is all buncombe. But even though it were effective I can't sanction it because two wrongs never make a right, there is no use trying to cure one injustice by the establishment of another, there is no use in thus beginning at the top of the ladder, we must begin at the bottom.

This matter of putting a tax on the production of coal is perhaps based on the theory that the majority rules in this country; that whatever is done by a majority is right. The majority does rule and rob at the same time. There is an old superstition that all that is necessary to make a criminal action justifiable is to band together, call the band the nation of so and so, elect representatives and go into the criminal business on the wholesale. Perhaps there never was a greater absurdity than to say that a majority has a moral right to rule; like all other rulers it is a ruler by force, brute force, too. It certainly has a right to rule itself, but it can never have a right to rule a minority, neither can a minority ever expect to rule a majority. But the majority is ever meddling in other people's business; always passing a law to make this or that follow do this or that thing. And then another portion of the population is taxed to pay for these meddling affairs, when the meddlers could be more profitably employed minding their own business. What the writer objects to is not to bettering the condition of miners or other workmen, but he objects to the law taking it in hand. The only favors which the workmen should ask of law makers are that the law makers should repeal present restrictions and then shut up shop and go home. Under present arrangements when miners or others go on strike the employer gets an injunction from the court restraining the strikers from exercising their natural right and the leaders are in imminent danger of being arrested for conspiracy. The blue-coated minions of the law are on hand with their tantalizing presence. Miners have had a sufficient taste of law. The people pay mine inspectors who never inspect, and so the law machinery wags and lags ad infinitum. Give all workmen an unfettered right to organize and they can remedy these matters themselves. Let them appoint their own inspectors and if employers do not give them full privileges to inspect a mine just as are given to State officials, strike till the privilege is accorded. But you can never do this till present laws are abolished wherein combinations of workmen are conspiracies.

Temperance lecturers should avoid bowling alleys. It doesn't sound well to hear them shouting, Set 'em up again.

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PHUNNY ECHOES.

A sugar trust—kisses on credit.
The sunlight comes for rich and poor alike; the blizzard is mostly for poor folk.
There are three things that beat a drum for noise—one is a small boy and the other two are drumsticks.

Tom—Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually.
Jack—I wish I could get a wife as easy as you can.

Maud—George told me last night that he was madly in love with me. Ethel—Poor fellow, perhaps he is. I've heard that insanity runs in his family.

On what grounds did Henshaw get his pension? I never heard that he did any fighting during the war. He didn't; but he claims his sympathies were enlisted.

What became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last summer? You mean the girl that Potterby thought he was flirting with. She married him.

A girl may do her level best,
Use powder by the batch,
And yet she'll fail to go off right
Unless she finds a match.

Something happened to me yesterday that will never happen to me again, if I live to be a thousand years old, remarked Gilhooly to Gus de Smith. What's that? I was forty years old.

Strange thing how Winks ever got the reputation of being a wit, said Jaggleby. Why, the only decent thing he has gotten off this evening is his \$60 overcoat, and he owes his tailor for that.

A wealthy man was asked not long ago to subscribe to a worthy charity. I should like to contribute, said he, but I have \$300,000 in the bank not earning a cent and I really can't afford it.

Mrs. Brown—I don't half like that friend of yours—that fellow Smith. Mr. Brown—Do you think you are a very good judge of men, my dear? Mrs. Brown (with expression)—I do not think I was.

Now, tell us the naked truth, said Mr. Fosdick to his young son who was under examination for a boyish escapade. Yes, added Mrs. Fosdick who was a graduate of Vassar, we want only the unclothed veracity.

Mr. Kinkhead—It seems evident to me that they must have had pugilists in Biblical days. Mr. Friendly—From what do you draw your inference? Mr. K—Why, from that well known sentence, Go to the ant, thou slugger.

A stationer's traveler, having had a run of bad luck in prosecuting business, received from the boss the following telegram: "If you can't make expenses come home at once." The reply was: "All right. Can make plenty of expenses, but no sales."

How Business is Done Nowadays.

Mrs. Bargain—What are you worrying about this morning?

Mr. Bargain—I need some new clothes and a new watch, and I can't make up my mind whether to get the clothes at the shop where they give away watches or to buy the watch at a shop where they give away clothes.

Two Professions.

HE.
"You ne'er can object to my arm round your waist,
And the reason you'll readily guess;
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the 'Liberty of the Press.'"

SHE.
"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were making the waist places glad."

Definition of an Anthem.

Two old British sailors were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music and was descending particularly upon an anthem which gave him pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said: I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?

What? replied Bill, do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?

Not me.
Well, then, I'll tell yer. Is I was to tell yer, 'Ere Bill, give me that 'andspike, that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, me that, Bill, give me that 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, ahem! why, that would be a hanthem.—Old Scrapbook.

THEY SOURED ON HIM.

And all Because he Owned a Telephone and Paid for it.

Funny about this telephone business, isn't it? remarked a bald headed citizen of the Cass farm as he heard somebody hollering at the back of the drug store.

In what respect?
Well, in respect to your neighbors. At one time last year I had no less than eight different families using my 'phone to do all their business. They'd come in night or

day, use it as long as they wanted to and for every purpose, and not one ever laid down the fee charged at a station, although they knew I had to pay \$50 per year.

Well?
One day I hung up a card, stating that my 'phone was put in for the use of the neighbors alone, and that's where the funny part comes in. They dropped off like leaves in the autumn. Someone killed my dog, my cat was poisoned, and our hired girls were frightened off by the stories of the neighbors, my wife lost callers, my church pew was hired away from me at a higher price, and the boys chalked signs on the barn doors sthng that I was the meanest man in Michigan. I have got my 'phone yet, but alas! I have no neighbor who would lend me enough mustard for a midnight plaster.

THE SHOT TOWER INVENTED IN SLEEP.
Before Watt's dream, the making of shot was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pour them out in sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots he desired to make. He then had to cut those sheets into little cubes, place the cubes in a revolving barrel and roll the barrel around until by the constant friction the edges wore off from the little cubes and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at the ale house, he went home and went to bed. He soon fell into a profound slumber, but the stimulants he had imbibed apparently disagreed with him, for his sleep was disturbed by unwelcome dreams. He imagined that he was out again with the "boys," and that as they were stumbling homeward in the dark it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent, and compelled him and his bibulous companions to drag their heavy limbs to a place of shelter.

In the morning when Watts awoke, he remembered his dream. He turned it over in his mind all day, and wondered what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air. These thoughts tormented him so persistently that at last, to set his mind at rest, he carried a ladleful of molten lead to the top of the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe and dropped it into a moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watt's fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which ever since, has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.—Industrial World.

Venerable Vanity.

The vanity that survives the decay of every personal charm is, of all foibles the most ridiculous. One can hardly blame a beautiful woman for rejoicing in the admiration to which her mirror tells her she has a right, or for setting off to the best advantage the physical perfections with which heaven has endowed her; but the withered grandam who was once a Hebe is not excused by her antecedents for attempting the role of Hebe in spite of faded cheeks, lack of lustre eyes and hair that has depreciated from gold to pewter and is lacquered over to conceal the change.

Looking glasses tell the truth to three-score and sixteen. They reflect saffron as faithfully as rose, and when the saffron is overlaid with manufactured bloom they tell enameled elder to her face that it is unnatural. And what the mirror says silently society repeats with a sneer. It is impossible to mistake rouge for the tint of nature. The imposture is as apparent to every observer as if "Beware of paint" were written on the forehead of the pink sauced lady.

Pale young women as well as sallow old ones are much given to coloring their cheeks at this age of personal artifice. Hundreds of girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty paint their faces at least as often as they clean their teeth.

Never were there more counterfeits of nature in circulation than in this our day. It seems to be the fashion to be spurious.—New York Ledger.

Business.

Slick (to Blossom)—Is this Mr. Bloomer's office?

Blossom—No. His office is across the hall.

Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out)—Thank you, sir.

Blossom—Hey! Come back and close that door. Haven't you any doors in your house?

Slick—Yes, sir, but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you, sir, my patent, double-back-action door spring. It closes the door without a bang, and is warranted to last a lifetime.—Life.

HOW PROTECTION HELPS WAGES.

Here are a few choice selections:
Brook Iron Company, Birdsborough, Penn., closed February 2, and 450 men thrown out of work because they refused to accept a reduction of about 7 per cent.
Ellis & Lessig Steel and Iron Company, Pottstown, Pa., closed February 2; 700 men out of work because a reduction of 12½ per cent was rejected.

Hopedale Fabric Mill, Hopedale, Mass.; wages of weavers reduced 2½ cents a yard last week.

Silk mill at Warehouse Point, Conn.; wages of winders and doublers reduced from \$1.37 to \$1 per day.

Sturtevant Blower Works, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; reduction of from 10 to 30 per cent.

Pottstown Iron Company, Pottstown, Pa.; reduction of about 7 per cent.

Bethlehem Iron Company, Bethlehem, Pa.; reduction of ten per cent February 2.

Pennsylvania Steel Company, Steelton, Pa.; reduction of from 8 to 10 per cent February 1.

Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, Scranton, Pa.; an average reduction of 20 cents a day on January 1.

Homestead Steel Works, Carnegie, Carnegie, Phipps & Co., 10 percent by agreement.

Pullman Palace Car Company's works; new scale making a reduction of about 10 per cent brought forward January 1.

Otis Iron and Steel Company, Cleveland, Ohio, reduction of 30 percent.

Coal Mines, Duquoin, Ill., reduction from 60 cents to 60 cents per ton.

Ribbon weavers in Paterson, N. J.; reduction of 11 per cent.

Coeheco Manufacturing Company; wages of weavers reduced 4 per cent.

Manufacturers of Pottery, Trenton, N. J.; wages of sanitary ware pressers reduced 22 per cent.

Merrimac Mills, Lowell, Mass.; wages spinners reduced 3 cents per hundred.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper Works, Akron, Ohio; reduction of from 30 to 60 per cent reported on February 3.

Saxony Knitting Mill, Little Falls, N. Y.; reduction of about 20 per cent.

The Folly of Exclusiveness.

How selfish and shortsighted it is for men who have educated themselves up to the needs of organization to stand aloof from federation, writes Stephen S. Brown in the Firemen's Magazine. There is strength and safety in united action; but you might as well expect the wheel, under the strain of a heavy load, to be kept together without a tire, as to suppose that separate labor organizations can hold their own against organized and federated capital. Organization is the birth of a new hope to labor; but the hope will never be realized unless crowned with the capstone of federation. The status of the laborer is immaterial to the needs of federation. As men feel the need of banding themselves together along the lines of their different occupations, contributions and benefits may be graded accordingly; but the most powerful trade organization invites disaster when, from a spirit of selfishness, it elects to stand alone.

These capitalistic fellows have a great pull on us workers. Necessity does not compel them to accept unjust conditions; they have more time to apply their mental powers to hatch out projects to oppress and tool the workers, with free access to the enormous power of the press in shaping public opinion.

We don't need taffy, but we want justice, and a fair divide on the profits of our industry. Capital is trying to keep our several organizations apart that it may the more easily dominate us.

A PATHWAY, NOT AN AVENUE.

"There are now so many avenues open to women." This statement is of frequent use and accepted belief, it speaks both truth and falsehood. The ways at present are numerous and constantly increasing by which a woman may labor and receive a money reward for such toil—but those ways are not "avenues." That word is misleading and is characteristic of the exaggerated verbiage of our times. "Avenue" suggests a broad, graded, smoothly paved approach, shaded by green trees, or lined on either side by stately buildings and the bright lighted windows of inviting homes. "Avenues" are surveys, they are straight, or of easy, graceful curves, open, ready, not difficult to find and with the dust well laid. The woman who would support herself must tread a crowded, vulgar roadway, rough, uneven; she must accept braises, abrupt turns, uncertain direction, and breathe in and bear upon her outward self the toil of the journey. Anyone is privileged to weigh her with criticism or wound her by lack of courtesy, and the gentle woman who successfully and joyously walks the roadway either sacrifices to it the blush of her womanliness and has a sensibility more or less dulled, or else each setting sun records for her in addition to salary a higher reward and an imperishable one.

A Story With a Moral.

A story that comes from Chicago has a moral in it as long as the average man's arm. A bank went down in 1872 or '73—couldn't meet its obligations. A receiver took charge of its affairs. Among the assets was a deed to a lot of land, at that time considered worthless. Seventeen or eighteen years pass, during which bank stockholders and others had credited what the bank owed them to profit and loss. Suddenly, in the year of Our Lord 1891, month of February, the receiver is astonished to receive an offer of \$1,000,000 for this one time "worthless" land. He accepts the offer too quick, goes over the old accounts and declares a dividend of one hundred and seventy-one per cent to the creditors of the

busted bank. There is much joy over this happy event. There is a moral in this which the initiated can easily see.

A BIG WORKINGMEN'S CONGRESS

BRUSSELS, March 5.—The Belgian Labor Council has invited all foreign labor associations to an International Socialist Workmen's Congress, to be held in Brussels beginning August 13. Delegates will be present from all parts of Europe. Reports will be made in the English, French and German languages on the condition of the working classes and the progress of socialism. The conference will discuss the question of legislative protection of workmen, the right of association, strikes, boycotting and co-operation and the position and duties of the working classes in connection with militarism.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"I don't know how the elections will go," said Brown, "but there's one thing certain, and that is that if the Liberals are defeated it will not be through the fault of any one of our boarders. Why, even old Sinnett, who has voted the Conservative ticket since the year one, was actually out working for Guern."

"If we had only had a few weeks longer," said Phil, "to thoroughly discuss the question, the Conservative party would have been wiped clean out of existence. In spite of all the mean and disreputable tactics of our opponents; in spite of tremendous pressure on the part of manufacturers to dragoon their men into line; in spite of a sycophantic press, you will find, when all the returns are in, that either the Liberals have captured the country or else came very near doing so. It was clearly a fight of the classes against the masses; the interests of capital on the one hand, and the prosperity and wellbeing of the laborer on the other. The farmers realized the importance of this election, and you will find that the agricultural districts stood solid by Laurier. In our large manufacturing centres, however, I am afraid that the workingman has been led astray, either by the threats of his employer or else by the many side issues dragged into the fight by our opponents."

"It is a most significant fact," said Sharkey, "that each and everywhere Liberals of all classes were eager to discuss in private, and on the public platform the questions of reciprocity and protection, and it is equally true that our opponents dare not deal with this question on its merits; they confined themselves, as they always do, to appealing to the sympathies and prejudices of the people rather than to their common sense. No disinterested and honest man can deny that the N. P. is a cunningly devised scheme to enrich a favored few at the expense of the many, and for this reason manufacturers and capitalists generally did their utmost to perpetuate it. The schoolmaster, however, is abroad, and if our efforts should in this instance not prove successful, this election will still be the lever which will secure a free trade victory in the future, just as the Cleveland campaign was necessary to the success of the free traders last fall. I am satisfied that it will be productive of good; it has set people thinking, and if free traders are wise they will keep this discussion alive. I believe, with Phil, that if time were given to place this question of unrestricted reciprocity fairly and squarely before the people it would be carried by an overwhelming majority."

"The sudden and outrageous manner in which the elections were sprung on the people," said Brown, "shows that the Government did not want to have the question fairly discussed; as a matter of fact discussion was actually choked off, by raising issues altogether foreign to the question on which the Government came to the country, and one-half of the supporters of the Conservative party actually don't know what the row is all about; they are told by their bosses how to vote and that settles it."

"Now that the excitement of the elections is over," said Brown, "the boiler explosion at Quebec, which caused the loss of many valuable lives, will probably receive the attention which the gravity of the case demands. The Factory Act does not provide for the regular inspection of boilers by competent men; it is a matter which is seemingly left to the discretion of the Factory Inspectors. What is wanted is either a separate act or else a clause added to the Factory Act, providing for the proper inspection of boilers at regular intervals by practical

and competent men who would either make their reports to the Factory Inspector of their district or else to the Government direct. A law should also be enacted that no man be allowed to have charge of any kind of stationary or portable engine who does not hold a certificate of competency. I do really believe that had the Conservative Government adopted the act introduced by Mr. Cook session before last at Ottawa, and which provided for the examination of every man in charge of a stationary engine, the accident would not have occurred. For the deplorable loss of life by this accident Sir John and his party, who refused to enact this law, are personally and collectively responsible.

BILL BLADEN.

UNHOLY ARROGANT MINORITY AGAINST SUBMISSIVE MAJORITY.

(Written for the Echo by Cyrille Horslet.)

A wood cutter's axe started out to procure food for his family, but had not proceeded far when he met a Gatling gun in his path, who asked where he was going. To earn food in this forest, the axe replied. My dear fellow, said the Gatling gun, there are certain conditions you must bind yourself to first. You must work hard and be content with the chips. But my family are in need of food, retorted the axe. I will not be bullied; now, don't be unreasonable, said the Gatling gun, we ought to be good friends, and will be, if you will only be satisfied with what can be spared you. We don't grudge you the chips, Profit has placed me here to look after his rights, and if you will not agree to take what he can spare you, you can go and lie idle. In that case, said the axe, I must evidently cut something else.

During the strikes of working people against the slavish exactions of their employers, the contest goes on peaceably enough so long as the employers are getting the best of their workingmen; but just as soon as the strikers begin to gain their demands and are about to defeat their employers, the struggle assumes a warlike phase. The employers never tire of warning the strikers against using violence, but themselves never hesitate to employ violence in order to subdue the strikers when necessary or unnecessary. According to "law" there is no violence employed when the employers starve the workman into subjection, but it is "unlawful and disorderly" for the worker to resist this starvation process known as the lock-out, the discharge, etc. To resist these compulsory methods is what the law terms "violence," and the authorities are called upon by employers to suppress it. The police, the guardians of law and order, are set upon the unarmed people to quell the disturbance, the militia here and the Pinkerton thugs over the lines, being held as a reserve to reinforce them with bullets and bayonets when the cracking of heads with clubs is not effective enough. Workingmen are thus driven to the choice of submission, that is, starvation for their families, or cracked heads, broken bones and slaughter for themselves with the result of the horrid phantom of anarchism hanging over our head as a constant menace to humanity. Who are the real abettors of that fearful calamity? The worshipper of Mammon and their oligarchical tools that some blind people, in their stubbornness, persist to send to Parliament in order that they might forge some shackles for the wage-earners here and elsewhere.

An unusual interest at the present time attaches itself to some unpublished letters from the late General Sherman which appear in the March number of the North American Review. One written to General Garfield in August, 1870, as to the loyalty of General Thomas, is eminently characteristic of Sherman. Another letter describes the meeting of Grant and Sherman with President Lincoln on board the Ocean Queen at City Point near the end of the war. These letters will doubtless attract a large number of readers.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The following from Buffalo Truth is not very complimentary to the advocate of annexation:—

It may be profanity to say it, but it seems to us that in the reports of the Canadian election campaign we are getting a little too much of Prof. Goldwin Smith. This personage is a universal misfit. England was too small for him so he came to the United States, with the view of taking charge of things generally. Cornell University gave him a chair, and he held forth magisterially and pendantically until he found that the democratic air of the country did not suit him. He grew tired of us, but, goodness knows, not until we were tired to death of him. Then he went to Canada and began lecturing and printing at a great rate. He set himself up as the infallible censor of politics and literature. At first the Canadians, who are a people easily impressed by any fellow adopting "the grand bow-wow style," accepted Smith as a prophet, but when they grew to know him better they discovered that he was trading upon a very small and windy capital, much of it based on the fact of Disraeli having embalmed him in "Lothair" as "a social parasite." He was as proud of that distinction as a fellow-countryman of his who gave himself airs because he had once been kicked by George IV.

Mr. Smith has managed to get the ears of certain of the special correspondents of leading American papers and they have been exploiting him as though he were the actual head of the opposition to the Macdonald cabinet. The fact is he is a nobody, so far as the politics of our neighbors is concerned. It is much to be doubted if he sways a vote outside of his own; it is a question if he votes at all. He is too good and too wise in his own estimation to belong to any party; political perfection culminates in his self-sufficient conscience; the duty of going to the polls is one too mechanical and needless, it may be, to command his attention, seeing that the issue does not involve his being made the chief director of everything.

There is nothing on this earth good enough for Goldwin Smith. He is like that French king who used to say that had the Almighty consulted him regarding the creation of the universe, many absurdities would have been avoided. There will be no comfort for him in heaven, should he get there, for the moment St. Peter punches his ticket he will begin finding fault with the hang of the pearly gates and the style of golden paving and the manner in which the angels and archangels discharge their functions. Inside of a week the denizens of the regions of the blessed will be circulating a petition to have Smith translated to some star where, alone by himself, he may spend an eternity in the contemplation of his own limitless perfection.

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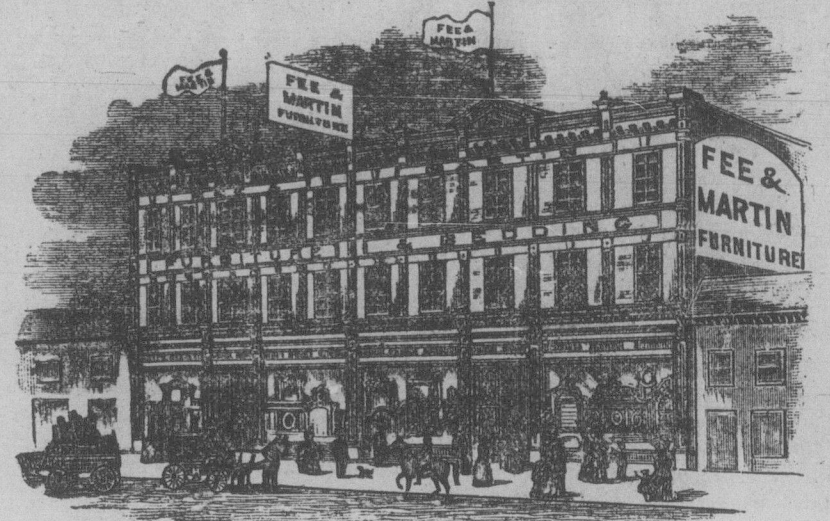
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