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MEETINGS.

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TORONTO NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TORONTO, March 10th, 1892.

No less than on three different occasions has organized labor in Toronto essayed to elect representatives of labor to seats in Parliament. On each occasion defeat at the polls was the result. Did disorganization and demoralization follow? Not a bit of it. Those who led in these efforts well knew and were fully alive to the variety and might of the forces pitted against organized labor in such a contest, and while striving manfully to carry their banner to victory they were nevertheless reasonably prepared for defeat. They met it philosophically, and continued on the even tenor of their way, strong in the resolve to make the attempt again and again as circumstances would warrant. The masses are slow of education in sound political principles, but still they do learn; and every such contest on their part serves to emphasize a lesson not previously given sufficient attention. The abolition of negro slavery in the United States required five years of civil war, the expenditure of millions of dollars and the sacrifice of over a million of human lives. The army of Freedom suffered many a severe defeat during these five years, but the abolition government never thought of giving up the task imposed upon it until the surrender of Lee at Fredericksburg and final victory had crowned the Union banners. When organized labor in Canada will reach its Fredericksburg no prophet has yet indicated, but no one with an eye to the past history of the labor movement either in Continental Europe, in Great Britain, in the United States or in Canada, will dare say that it will not be reached ultimately. But the object I have in view forces me back to Toronto. The candidates of the Labor Party in the contests already referred to—those of them who were bona fide workmen, for some of them were not—did not become disgruntled with their organizations because of failure of election. On the contrary to-day, for instance, Alfred F. Jury and Charles March are as active, as honest, and as determined workers in the ranks—aye, even more so than before they had been chosen as candidates by a labor convention and had suffered defeat in such capacity. They realized, and correctly, that they suffered defeat only to the extent that their supporters and friends had been defeated. No doubt if duty required it these very same men would step into the breach again tomorrow. And so it should be everywhere.

In my last I promised some items of interest respecting the hospitals receiving Government aid in Ontario. According to the annual report of the Government Inspector, the number of hospitals receiving Government aid in 1891 was 27, as compared with 27 in the previous year. The number treated in these hospitals during the last ten years has increased from 6,032 to 10,528—the increase in 1891 alone being 1836. The sum voted by the Legislature in 1891 towards the maintenance of the 21 hospitals was \$75,480.53 for that year, and the sum being asked for by the government at the present session for a like purpose in respect of 21 hospitals is \$89,002.50—an increase of \$13,521.97. The cost per inmate in 1891 was 75.14 cents per day. Besides the \$75,480.53 contributed by the government in 1891, the people gave to these 21 hospitals towards maintenance no less than \$212,152.85—a total of \$287,633.38. The orphanages and houses of refuge will receive some attention in a future letter.

The fortnightly meeting of the Trades and Labor Council was well attended on last Friday evening, with President Banton in the Chair. As at the previous meeting, the Legislative Committee had no report to make. Delegate Davey presented the report of the Municipal Committee. It was well prepared and valuable. It approved the action of the Markets and License Committee of the City Council in recommending that vegetable and fruit pedlers' license fees be reduced from \$30 to \$20, and as strongly condemned the Council in refusing the reduction. The Executive Committee of the City Council was scathingly handled for withdrawing from the city's bill the clause making it optional for the municipality to exempt all buildings and other improvements from taxation. On this subject the report said: "Had the Ratepayers' Association been unsuccessful in its effort (so secure the striking out of the clause) it would have been

amply rewarded for its trouble by the humiliating spectacle of Ald. Crawford abjectly eating crow and publicly acknowledging his ignorance of the import of a measure for which he had voted. Go ahead, gentlemen of the City Council, you are doing more than you suppose to promote the measure advocated by this body, viz: paid efficiency instead of the acknowledged incompetency that rules at the City Hall under the present system." The "snobbishness" of the Council in refusing to listen to the deputation in support of the exemption of improvements was very strongly condemned. Referring to the proposed conversion of the street railway system to an electrical one, the Committee were of the opinion that "The trolley system, which is anything but an ideal one, is the best available and the most practicable for rapid transit." On a motion to adopt the report, a warm and interesting debate took place on the trolley electrical system for street cars. Delegate Francis moved to strike the clause out on the ground that the members of the committee were not experts, and there was a good deal of difference of opinion as to the relative merits of the trolley and storage systems. In reply, Mr. Davey showed extensive knowledge of electrical affairs, giving figures to prove that the trolley is the best system now in operation.

Mr. R. Glockling, while of opinion that the trolley would be improved upon, held that it would be unfair to the company to delay the change. The horse cars, he believed, did not pay the company at present and the citizens should not stand in the way of a change, provided conditions were made that would allow improvements at a future time. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue supported a change vigorously, pointing out that rapid transit was greatly needed. Mr. Baldwin of the Brassworkers, from a wide experience travelling on trolley roads, endorsed the trolley. Mr. Robert Emmett considered that a system far better than the trolley might be adopted. He spoke of the cable, but it was pointed out that this was out of the question as the agreement with the company was for an electric system. Mr. W. J. Watson said he opposed the report on the ground that the council should not endorse anything that would help the company out of a difficulty. Delegate O'Donoghue—There is nothing to prevent us from doing them justice. Mr. S. Jones advocated the cable, giving some facts regarding successful cable routes. Ultimately the amendment was negatived and the report concurred in by a vote of 26 to 23.

The report of the Education Committee was an exhaustive one and was received with applause. Among other interesting paragraphs were the following: "We are glad to note a bill brought forward at the present session of the Legislature by Hon. Attorney-General Mowat to prohibit cigarette smoking in public by, as well as the sale of tobacco to persons under 18 years of age, and that hotels are to be included under this head, as in the past the law in this respect was only applicable to cigar stores. It is to be hoped that the same will soon become law as it has been advanced that it injures the youth of our country to indulge in the practice of cigarette smoking." Also that "notice of motion has been introduced in the Public School Board by trustee Brown, that retailers in school books be notified that it is likely that the Free School books will be introduced after the mid-summer vacation. We would say they cannot come to soon to some of our overburdened and poorly paid mechanics and laboring people." Since the last meeting of your body we have much pleasure in announcing the formal opening of the Electrical Branch of the School of Practical Science on the 24th ult. It is our proud boast that we have a school of science that is second to none in America. The occasion will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of attending, and we were pleased to observe among the invited visitors many representatives of this Council. The address of Professor Galbraith was on Mechanical Education and was ably delivered. He said that the departments of instruction are civil, mining, sanitary, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture analytical and applied chemistry, and mineralogy and geology." (As I anticipate being able to secure a full copy of the text of Prof. Galbraith's able and instructive address on this occasion, I will send it to the Echo for publication as soon as I receive it. The report was adopted as read.

Delegate O'Donoghue from the Technical School Board had pleasure in reporting that over 280 pupils had been enrolled at the school, which, at first, was expected to have at most 150 pupils. The school would require to be greatly extended by next year. Every room in the old Wyoliffe College was already fully occupied and permanent quarters would be required.

Fault being found with the Legislative Committee for neglect of its duties, on motion the Municipal Committee was instructed to represent the Council in looking after measures coming before the Private Bills and other committees of the Provincial Legislature now in session and the Council adjourned.

Some seven hundred night school pupils attended a meeting a few nights ago to witness the presentation of prizes to the successful scholars in the various classes. Trustee W. D. McPherson presided. He made a pleasing address, during which he reviewed the past session. They had fifteen schools, 37 classes and 1,480 pupils. The work done had been very gratifying. These schools had been first started in 1885, discontinued in 1861 and re-commenced in 1879. On behalf of the City Council Ald. Hallam said that that body would never grumble in supporting such a worthy institution. He said he was an ex-pupil of the night school and wanted to see them do well. The prizes, which numbered 211 and had cost \$97, were distributed among the happy scholars by Inspector Hughes. Some of the recipients were young men and women ranging in years from 25 to 30 and not a few of them had families.

The report of the Principal submitted at the regular monthly meeting of the Technical School Board on last Monday evening indicated that the average attendance at the various classes up to March 1st was as follows: Drawing and descriptive geometry, 75; chemistry, 55; physics, 65; algebra, 54; Euclid, 36; trigonometry, 36; arithmetic and mensuration, 88; statics, 26; dynamics and kinematics, 23. It was decided to return the guarantee deposit of \$2 to each pupil on the first of May who has attended 50 per cent of the regular class nights. For those who have attended 25 per cent \$1 will be returned. The request of the principal to make an age limit was not granted. After some discussion it was deemed inadvisable at the present time to award prizes and diplomas, but it was decided to have an examination at the close of the present session. The board will wait on the Minister of Education and endeavor to secure the permanent use of a portion of the old Upper Canada College buildings for the school or receive a grant. Messrs. Burke, Curry, Armstrong, Willis and O'Donoghue were appointed a committee to draw up rules of procedure for board meetings.

Yesterday morning Messrs. D. A. Carey, M.W., and A. F. Jury and D. J. O'Donoghue, representing D. A. 125 K. of L., John Armstrong, H. T. Benson and G. W. Dower, representing the T. & L. Council, and S. T. Wood, on behalf of the Single Tax Association, were in attendance at the meeting of the Private Bills Committee of the Local Legislature, in expectation that the bill respecting the City of Toronto would be "on the carpet" for consideration. They dispersed themselves on finding that its consideration had been postponed until Wednesday of next week, when they will be "on deck" again. It will not be the fault of these gentlemen mentioned if the desires of their constituents are not covered by provisions of said bill before it reaches the House from the hands of the Private Bills Committee.

Organized labor, in Canada especially, owes a debt of lasting gratitude to W. J. Ashley, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto, for his many able and unbiased lectures and public utterances on subjects pertaining to the "Evangelical Churchman," of Feb. 25, ultimo, contains an article from his pen on "The Improvement of the Condition of the People." Over the communication of Prof. Ashley, the "Evangelical Churchman" feels called upon to say (although not necessary, as may readily be understood), "The contributed article contains the views of the writer alone, and the editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions herein set forth." I send you the "Churchman" containing the "contributed article" referred to, trusting that the said contributed article may be published in full in THE ECHO as space permits. In that

event, I am sure it will be clearly felt by yours readers that Prof. Ashley echoed the views of thousands of others as well.

URIM.

QUEBEC NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, March 9th, 1892.

The elections are over and now we may expect the next session of the Provincial Legislature to be given over absolutely to Constitutional quibbles. We will no doubt have as matter for discussion the Constitution as it was, the Constitution as it is, and the Constitution as it ought to be. This will about cover the whole ground. Now a word as to the result, the Conservatives in this part of the Province seem to be as much surprised at the result of the appeal to the electorate as their opponents.

In the city of Quebec we have four representatives two of whom, Parent and Shihyn, are Liberals and the two other, Carbray and Chateauvert, are Conservatives. The first, Parent, is a man who has never yet distinguished himself and is not likely to in the future; he secured his re-election by a deal with the Conservative party. The second, Shihyn, the ex-Provincial Treasurer, represents the celebrated Liberal constituency of St. Rochs, which constituency returned him this time with a majority of some 300 votes. This constituency is by the way Laurier's stronghold. The next one is Carbray, the Conservative organs tell us that he will stick to the party through thick and thin. He is a very good man and one of the prominent shining lights in one of our churches. Such being the case, he will stand watching. The last, Chateauvert, the President of the Quebec Board of Trade. Well of him I can only say that if he ever gives expression to his opinions in the House he will surprise his friends, his party and himself.

In Levis the candidate elect is Angus D. Baker, he was the representative of L. A. 10128 at the session of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress held in Ottawa in 1890.

The general public are no doubt awaiting the arrest, conviction and punishment of the ex-members of the government, and as the province has declared itself so well disposed towards honesty, the expectations are that the men who have been making use of their talents and opportunity to rob the people will meet with their just deserts, viz: a cell in the provincial penitentiary. The poor, half-starved laborer who would steal a loaf to keep his wife and children from starvation, or who would steal a stick of wood to keep them from freezing, would soon find that having violated the right of property, he would be deprived of that of liberty. Now, I don't want your readers to imagine for an instant that I would throw water upon a drowned rat, but what I want to make clear is this: The Conservative party having attained power by posing before the electorate as the upholders of honesty and morality, the duty devolves upon them of convicting those whom they have accused; if they do not do this, then they will appear as slanderers, calumniators and detractors. They are virtually forced into this position, and having an immense majority in the House, are of course in a position to see that the guilty be punished, providing always that the offences of which they have been accused are punishable in our courts of law. Justice and equity demand that examples be made, so that in future fear of the majesty of the law will prove a safeguard for the public moneys. There is but little hope that these prosecutions will take place, and still less that justice be done. The lawyers made the laws, and convictions under these laws may reasonably be looked for some time during the course of the next century.

The labor element in Quebec heartily sympathizes with L. Z. Boudreau in his defeat by a party candidate, as well as with Jos. Beland. Still if it be any consolation to them they should know that they have not been the first, nor will they be the last, to suffer defeat in the labor cause.

One more item. The St. Lawrence is bridged at Quebec. Not with the Royal Albert Bridge, built on the cantilever principle. Mother Nature stepped into the breach and in a couple of days succeeded in doing the work, the materials being snow and ice and the power, north-east wind; and in our noble harbor, where a whole fleet could ride at anchor safely, you could not find a padding room just now for a bark canoe.

ATLAS.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

That a gentleman should suppose possible at eight o'clock in the evening, was a thing so utterly inconceivable that Campion could for the moment suggest nothing. She only stared. Presently she ventured to suggest that his lordship might get up again.

'Get up, Timothy, get up this minute!' Her ladyship shook and pushed him till he opened his eyes and lifted his head. 'Don't stop to ask questions, but get up right away.' Then she ran back to the door. 'Miss Campion!'

'Yes, my lady.'

'I don't mind much about myself, but it might not look well for his lordship not to seem to know things just exactly how they're done in England. So please don't tell the servants, Miss Campion.'

She laid her hand on the maid's arm, and looked so earnest, that the girl felt sorry for her.

'No, my lady,' she replied. And she kept her word, so that though the servants all knew how the noble lord and his lady had been brought from Stepney Green, and how his lordship floundered among the plates at lunch, and eat up half a loaf with afternoon tea, they did not know that he went to bed instead of dressing for dinner.

'And, Miss Campion,' she was now outside the door, holding it ajar, and the movements of a heavy body hastily putting on clothes could be distinctly heard, 'you will please tell me, presently, what time they do have things.'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Family prayers now? His lordship will lead, of course, a thing he is quite used to, and can better do than most, having always—' here she stopped, remembering that there was no absolute necessity to explain the duties of a village school-master.

'There are no family prayers, my lady, and your ladyship can have dinner or any other meal at any time you please.'

'His lordship's time for meals will be those of his brother peers.'

'Yes, my lady. Breakfast at ten?'

'Ten will do perfectly.' It was two hours later than their usual time, and her husband's sufferings would be great. Still, everything must give way to the responsibilities of rank.

'Will your ladyship take luncheon at half past one, and tea at half past five, and dinner at eight?'

'Yes; now that we know them, these hours will suit me perfectly. We do not in our country take tea before dinner, but after it. That is nothing, however. And supper?'

'Your ladyship can have supper whenever you want it,' replied the maid. She hesitated for a moment and then went on. 'It is not usual for supper to be served at all.'

'Oh! then we must go without.'

By this time her husband was dressed, and, obedient to instruction, he had put on his new dress-coat, without, however, making any alteration in the rest of his morning garments. The effect, therefore, when they descended to the drawing-room, would have been very startling, but for the fact that there was nobody to see it.

If luncheon was a great meal, dinner was far more magnificent and stately; only there were two footmen instead of one, and his lordship felt that he could not do that justice to the dinner which the dinner deserved, because those two great hulking fellows in livery watched him all the time. After dinner they sat in the great drawing-room, feeling very magnificent, and yet uncomfortable.

'The second dinner,' said his lordship in a half whisper, 'made me feel, Clara Martha, that we did right to leave Canaan City. I never before knew what they meant by enjoying a title, and I don't think I ever thoroughly enjoyed it before. The red mullet was beautiful, and the little larks in paper baskets made me feel a lord all over.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAME SIGNS.

'This he has done for love!'

When Angela returned to her dress-making, it was with these words ringing in her ears, like some refrain which continually returns and will not be silenced.

'This he has done—for love!'

It was a great deal to do—a great deal to give up; she fully realized, after her talk with Lord Jocelyn, how much it was she had given up—at her request. What had she herself done, that she asked, in comparison? She had given money—anybody could give money. She had lived in disguise, under false pretences, for a few months; but she never intended to go on living in the East End, after she had set her Association on a firm basis. To be sure, she had been drawn on to consider schemes and could not retire until these including the Palace of Delight,

were well started. But this young man had given up all, cheerfully, for her sake. Because she was a dress-maker, and lived at Stepney, he would be a workman and live there as well. For her sake he had given up forever the life of ease and culture, which might have been, among the gentlefolk to whom he belonged; for her sake he left the man who stood to him in loco parentis; for her sake he gave up all things that are dear to young men, and became a servant. And without a murmur. She watched him going to his work in the morning, cheerful, with the sunshine ever in his face—in fact, sunshine lived there—his head erect, his eyes fearless, not repenting at all of his choice, perhaps hopeful that in the long run those impediments spoken of might be removed. In that hope he lived. Should that hope be disappointed—what then? Only to have loved, to have sacrificed so much for the sake of love, Angela said to herself, thinking of something she had read, was enough. Then she laughed, because this was so silly, and the young man deserved to have some reward.

Then, as a first result of this newly acquired knowledge, the point of view seemed changed. Quite naturally, after the first surprise at finding so much cultivation in a workman, she regarded him, like all the rest, from her own elevated platform. In the same way he, from his own elevation, had been, in a sense, looking down upon herself, though she did not suspect the fact. One might pause here, in order to discuss how many kinds of people did consider themselves on a higher level than their neighbors. My own opinion is that every man thinks himself on so very high a platform as to entitle him to consider the greater part of mankind quite below him; the fact that no one else thinks so has nothing to do with it. Any one, however, can understand how Angela would at first regard Harry, and Harry the fair dress-maker. Further, that, whatever acquaintance or intimacy grew up between them, the first impression would always remain, with the mental attitude of a slight superiority in both minds, so long as the first impression, the first belief as to the real facts, was not removed. Now that it was removed, Angela, for her part, could no longer look down; there was no superiority left, except in so far as the daughter of a Whitechapel brewer might consider herself of finer clay than the son of a sergeant in the Army, also of Whitechapel origin.

All for love of her!

The words filled her heart; they made her cheeks burn and her eyes glow. It seemed so great and noble a thing to do; so grand a sacrifice to make.

She remembered her words of contempt when, in a shame-faced, hesitating way as if it was something wrong, he had confessed that he might go back to a life of idleness. Why, she might have known—she ought to have known—that it was not to an ignoble life among ignoble people that he would go. Yet she was so stupid.

What a sacrifice to make! And all for love of her!

Then the flower of love sprung up and immediately blossomed, and was a beauteous rose, ready for her lover to gather and place upon his heart. But as yet she hardly knew it.

Yet she had know all along that Harry loved her. He never tried to conceal his passion. 'Why,' she said to herself, trying to understand the meaning of the sudden change in herself, 'why, it only seemed to amuse me; the thing was absurd; and I felt pity for him, and a little anger because he was so presumptuous; and I was a little embarrassed for fear I had compromised myself with him. But it wasn't absurd at all; and he loves me, though I have no fortune. Oh! Heaven! I am a she-Dives, and he doesn't know it, and he loves me all the same.'

She was to tell him the 'impediments' were removed. Why, they were removed already. But should she tell him? How could she dare to tell him? No girl likes to do her own wooing; she must be courted; she must be won. Besides—perhaps—but here she smiled—he was not so very much in love, after all. Perhaps he would change; perhaps he would grow tired and go home and desert her; perhaps he would fall in love with some one else. And perhaps Angela, the strong-minded student of Newnham, who would have no love or marriage, or anything of the kind in her life, was no stronger than any of her sisters at the approach of Love the Unconquered.

She came back in the evening after that dinner. Her cheek had a new color upon it; there was a new smile upon her lips; there was a new softness in her eyes.

'You look so beautiful this evening,' said Nelly. 'Have you been happy while you were away?'

'I have heard something that has made me happier,' said Angela. 'But you, dear Nelly, have not. Why are your cheeks so pale, and what is the meaning of the dark lines under your eyes?'

'It is nothing,' the girl replied, quickly. 'I am quite well.' But she was not. She was nervous and preoccupied. There was something in her mind.

Then Harry came, and they began to pass the evening in the usual way, practicing their songs, with music, and the little dance, without which the girls could not have gone away happy. And Angela, for the first time, observed a thing which struck a chill to her heart, and robbed her of half her joy.

Why had she never before observed this thing? Ah! ignorant maiden, despite the wisdom of the schools. Hypatia herself was not more ignorant than Angela, who knew not that the chief quality of the rose of love in her heart was to make her read the hearts of others. Armed with this magic power, she saw what she might have seen long before.

In the hasty glance, the quick flush, the nervous trembling of her hands, poor Nelly betrayed her secret. And by those signs the other girl, who loved the same man, read that secret.

'Oh! selfish woman!' said Angela's heart. 'Is your happiness to be bought at such a cost?'

A girl of lower nature might have been jealous. Angela was not. It seemed to her no sin in Nelly that she thought too much of such a man. But she pitied her. Nor did she, as some women might have done, suspect that Harry might have trifled with her feelings. She knew that he had not. She had seen them together day after day; she knew what his bearing had always been toward her, frank, courteous, and brotherly. He called her by her Christian name; he liked her; her presence was pleasant; she was pretty, sweet, and winning. No; she did not suspect him. And yet, what could she say to the poor girl? How comfort her? How reconcile her to the inevitable sorrow?

'Nelly,' she whispered at parting, 'if you are unhappy, my child, you must tell me what it is.'

'I can not,' Nelly replied. 'But oh! do not think about me, Miss Kennedy; I am not worth it.'

Perhaps she, too, had read them some signs and knew what they meant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HARRY FINDS LIBERTY.

Mention has been made of the Stepney Advanced Club, where Dick Coppin thundered, and burning questions were discussed, and debates held on high political points, and where more ideas were submitted and more projects set forth in a single year than in all the rest of London in two years. The members of the Advanced Club were mostly young men, but there was a sprinkling among them of grizzled beards who remembered '48 and the dreams of Chartism. They had got by this time pretty well all they clamored for in their by-gone days, and when they thought of this, and remembered how everything was to go well as soon as the five points of the Charter were carried, and how everything still remained in the same upside-down, topsyturvy, one-sided, middle-headed perverseness, just as if those points had not been carried, they became sad. Nevertheless, the habit of demanding remained, because the reformer is like the daughter of the horse-leech, and still cries for more. Yet they had less confidence than of old in the reformer's great nostrum of destruction. The younger men, of course, were quite sure, absolutely sure, that with a little more upsetting and down-pulling, the balance would be set right, and a beautiful straight level of universal happiness would be reached.

Angela heard, from time to time, of the meetings of this Club. Harry told her how his cousin Dick had surpassed himself, how they were going to abolish Crown, Church, and House of Lords, with landlordism, lawyers, established armies, pauperism, Divesdom, taxes, and all kinds of things which the hateful Tory or that pitiful creature the moderate Liberal considers necessary for the welfare of the State. And she knew that Harry went there and spoke occasionally, and that he had made in a quiet way some sort of mark among the members. One evening, about this time, she met Dick Coppin returning from his work, in which, unlike his cousin, he did not disdain the apron nor the box of tools.

'There's going to be a debate on Sunday,' he said, half shyly and half boastfully, 'at the Club. It's on the abolition of the House of Lords. I am going to speak, and if you like to come, you and one or two of the girls, I'll pass you in, and you will hear a thing or two that will open your eyes.'

'That is very good of you, Mr. Coppin. I always like to have my eyes opened. Will there be many speakers?'

'There will be me,' he replied, with simple grandeur. 'I don't think, when I've said my say, that there will remain much more to be said by anybody. Cousin Harry may

get up, perhaps—his face assumed a little uneasiness—but no, I don't think he will find any holes in me. I've got the facts; I've gone to the right quarter to get 'em. No; he can't deny my facts.'

'Very well, Mr. Coppin. Perhaps we will go to hear you. But be very sure about your facts.'

Angela said nothing about the proposed debate or her intention of being present, but she learned from Harry that there really was going to be a field night, and that Dick Coppin was expected to come out in more than his usual strength. The informant said nothing about his own intentions. Indeed, he had none, but he was falling into the habit of spending an hour or two at the Club on Sunday evening before finishing off with the girls; sometimes he spoke, but oftener he listened and came away silent, and reflected. The Advanced Club offered ample material for one who knows how to reflect. Humanity is a grand subject, and, in fact, is the only subject left for an epic poem. But perhaps the action would drag. Here, Harry saw, was a body of men, old and young, all firmly persuaded that things were wrong, that things might be made better, yet casting about blindly for a remedy, and crying aloud for a leader. And those who desired to lead them had nothing to offer but a stone instead of bread. The fact that this young man did listen and reflect shows how greatly he was changed from him whom we first met in the prologue. Regular hours, simple living, reasonably hard work, strengthened his nerves for anything; he was harder; the men with whom he talked were rougher, and the old carelessness was gone. He kept his gaiety of heart, yet it was sobered; he felt responsible. He knew so much more than the men around him that he felt a consuming desire to set them right, but could not, for he was tongue-tied; he had not yet found liberty, as the old preachers used to say; when he felt most strongly that the speakers were on a false track he spoke most feebly; he wanted to be a prophet, and there were only confused ideas, blurred perceptions to work upon. Now the first steps toward being a prophet—which is a most laudable ambition—is to see quite clearly one's self and to understand what one means. He could set a man right as to facts, he could shut up a speaker and make the Club laugh, but he could not move them. As yet Harry was only in the position occupied during a long life by the late prophet of Chelsea, inasmuch as he distinctly perceived the folly of his neighbors but could teach no way of wisdom. This is a form of prophetic utterance which has never possessed much weight with the people; they want direct teaching and a leader who knows what he means and whither he would conduct them, if it be only in the direction of one of those poor old worn-out panaceas once warranted to guarantee universal happiness, like the ballot-box. Not that Harry grew miserable over his failure to prophesy, not at all; he only wished for words of wisdom and power, and sat meanwhile with his hands in his pockets and his hat pulled over his eyes like a minister in the House of Commons, while the members of the Club poured forth their frothy declamation, each louder than his predecessor, trying to catch the applause of an assembly which generally shouted for the loudest. The times might be out of joint, but Harry felt no inspiration as to the way of setting them right; if a thing came to him he would say it, if not, he would wait. The great secret about waiting is that while a man waits he thinks, and if he thinks in solitude and waits long enough, letting words lie in his brain and listening to ideas which come upon him, sometimes singly and slowly, sometimes in crowds like the fancies of a wakeful night, there presents itself an idea at last which seizes upon him and holds him captive, and works itself out in his brain while he mechanically goes on with the work, the rest, the toil, and the pleasure of his daily life. Solitary work is favorable to meditation; therefore, while Harry was shaping things at his lathe undisturbed by no one his brain was at work. And a thought came to him which lay there dimly perceived at first, but growing larger daily till it filled his head and drew unto itself all his other thoughts, so that everything he saw, or read, or heard, or meditated upon, became like a rill or rivulet which grows to swell a great river. And it was this thought, growing into shape at last, which he proclaimed to the members of the Advanced Club on the night of their great debate.

It was not a large Hall, but it was perfectly filled with people; chiefly they were men and young men, but among them were a good many women and girls. Does it ever occur to the 'better class' that the work of woman's emancipation is advancing in certain circles with rapid strides? That is so, nevertheless; and large, if not pleasant, results may be expected in a few years therefrom. It must be remembered that for the most part they start perfectly free from and trammels of religion. It has been stated that the basis of all their philosophy is, and always will be, the axiom that every one

must get as much as possible for herself out of the rather limited ration of Pleasure supplied to Humanity. Whether that is true I know not. Angela watched these women with curiosity; they were mostly young, and some of them were pretty, and there was absolutely nothing to show that they thought different from any other women. Some of them had brought their work; some were talking; they were not excited by the prospect of the coming debate; they expected, in fact, nothing more than they had already heard over and over again. There was too much gas, the atmosphere was already heavy and the walls already shiny, before the meeting began. On the platform was a chair for the chairman, with a table and a hammer, and a decanter of water and a glass. Angela sat far back against the door, with captain Sorensen and Nelly. She was silent, wondering at these people and why they should trouble themselves about the House of Lords, and whether they never felt any desire at all for the religion which brings joy and happiness to so many suffering lives. Presently she saw Harry walk slowly up the middle aisle and take a place, for there was no chair, on the steps which led to the platform. She was so far back that he could not see her, for which afterward she was glad.

The chairman, a man stricken in years, with grey hair and a grizzled beard, and one of those ex Chartists of whom we have spoken, took the chair, hammered the table, and opened the debate. He was a man of great reputation, having been all his life an Irreconcilable, and he was suspected of being a Socialist, and was certainly a Red Republican. He began in the usual way by stating as an axiom that the people can do no wrong; that to trust the destinies of a Nation to the People is to insure its greatness; that Manhood is the only rank;—and so forth, all in capital letters with notes of admiration. The words were strong, but they produced no effect, because the speech had been made before a great many times, and the people knew it by heart. Therefore, though it was the right thing to say, and the thing expected of a chairman, nobody paid any attention.

The discussion, which was all one-sided, then began. Two or three young men rose one after the other; they were listened to with the indulgence which is always accorded to beginners. None of them made a point, or said a good thing, or went outside the theories of untaught, if generous, youth, and their ignorance was such as to make Angela almost weep.

Then Dick Coppin mounted the platform, and advanced, amid the plaudits of the expectant audience. He ran his fingers through his coarse, black hair, straightened himself up to his full height of five feet six, drank a little water, and then, standing beside the chairman's table, with his right hand resting upon it when he was not waiting it about, he began, slowly at first, but afterward with fluent speech and strong words, and a ringing voice, the harangue which he had so carefully prepared. Of course, he condemned the House of Lords tooth and nail; it must be destroyed root and branch; it was a standing insult to the common sense of the nation; it was an effete and worn-out institution, against which the enlightenment of age cried out aloud; it was an obstruction to Progress; it was a menace to the people; it was a thing of the Past; it was an enemy of the workingman; it was a tyrant who had the will but not the power to tyrannize any longer; but it was a toothless old wolf who could bark but could not bite. Those free and enlightened men sitting before him, members of the Advanced Club, had pronounced its doom—therefore, it must go. The time had come when the nation would endure no longer to have a privileged class, and would be mocked no more by the ridiculous spectacle of hereditary legislators.

He pursued this topic with great freedom of language and a great eloquence of a rough and uncultivated kind; his hearers, getting gradually warmed, interrupted him by those plaudits which go straight to the heart of the born orator, and stir him to his strongest and his best.

Then he changed his line and attempted to show that the families which compose the Upper House are themselves, as well as their Institution, worn out, used up, and lost to the vigor which first pushed them to the front. Where were now their fighting men? he asked. Where were their orators? Which among them all was of any real importance to his Party? Which of them had in modern times done anything, proposed anything, or thought of anything for the advancement of knowledge or the good of the people? Not one able man, he said, among them; luxury had ruined and corrupted all; their blood was poisoned; they could drink and eat; they could practice their luxurious habits, which he enumerated with fidelity, lest there should be any mistake about the matter; and then they could go to the House reeling into it drunk with wine, and oppose the Will of the People.

(To be Continued.)

HIS BROTHER MASON'S WIFE.

(From The Bulletin, Australia.)

It was unquestionably wrong of Griffiths to covet his neighbour's wife—but what else was a weak, well-fed mortal, with a christian name other than Joseph, to do under the circumstances? Pretty Mrs. Poynter had such wicked little ways with her, ways of which her devoted husband, G. Potts Poynter, Esq., saw nothing and suspected less. At convenient times she would be curious to know what book Griffiths was reading, or what photograph he was admiring, and her plump figure, as she looked demurely over that gentleman's shoulder, would give him many gentle palpitating reminders that she was there. She had a habit, too, of brushing against Griffiths accidentally in passages, and no stairs could have been wide enough to enable him to avoid contact with Mrs. Poynter when they happened to meet by the way. If he courteously kept close to the wall, his hostess didn't trouble to hug the bannisters, and their elbows, at least, were sure to clash. Once Mrs. Poynter declared, with a side-glance and blush, that he had knocked her funnybone, but Griffiths merely smiled and passed upstairs. To say that the lady made overtures to her guest in these early days of our story might be uncharitable, but to say that she sorely tempted him to offer what Smollett and Fielding called "gallantries," were an assertion warranted by the facts of the case. Yet the poor fellow tried to remain good, although he couldn't keep from coveting in secret.

They were brother Masons, Charles Griffiths and Potts Poynter. They belonged to the same lodge, had sworn the same strange oaths in the same hall, and been mystically grilled on the same gridiron—which, as every Mason's wife understands, is the solemnest of all rites incidental to admission into the fraternity. Now, as a man and a brother, Griffiths was not only disqualified from assailing the virtue of Mrs. Poynter, but bound to protect her against the wiles of a wicked world at large, and, if necessary, save her from herself. Therefore, every time that voluptuous creature nudged him casually in the gloaming, or sighed like a furnace at him in the pianissimo part of a tête-à-tête, Griffiths would bite his lip and curse inwardly. A handsomely-framed certificate hung over Poynter's sideboard, and its large, all-seeing eye (like a horse's) seemed to be always on Griffiths.

The Potts Poynters, four years married, were not troubled with a family. There were no fairy footfalls tinkling on their tufted floor, or chubby baby fingers grabbing at dada's tufted chin. When Potts laid his weary head upon the pillow at night he knew, alas! that no sweet little cherub would start crowing into his ear about 3 a.m., and sometimes he indulged in vain conjectures respecting his possible feelings as a father in the event of the missing link being "about to teeth." The P.P.s, however, bore up very well against having no children, and, in point of fact, rather revelled in the calamity. Mrs. Poynter preferred single young people and musical evenings to dull married acquaintances and private baby-shows, and shuddered at the thought of a household treasure chipping in its soprano robusto from an adjacent bedroom when she was singing duets with her favorite tenor.

Griffiths was that privileged vocalist. The oldest of the young people (say a year or two over 30) he was the most in venerate attendant at these evenings. About three times a week, too, on an average, he dined with the Poynters en famille. Potts was very much attached to old chum Charlie, and had a fatal weakness for bringing the silvery tenor home with him from the city, to try over something new with his wife. Potts himself being nothing better than a cracked baritone with a chronic cough, was apt to leave the tuneful pair trilling their lays whilst he pattered round in the garden or went and yarned with the dog.

Love, beautiful love, was the inevitable theme of duets between Griffiths and his friend's wife. If they sang solos, accompanying one another upon the piano, it was with paeans of amorous joy, or musical sobs of such secret passion and subdued longing, that they shook the chandelier. This was as much owing to force of circumstances as to their own design. All the new ballads seemed to deal with brand new "engagements," or aching hearts and livers depressed by grief.

Weeks and months ran smoothly along on the lines laid down by the fatuous Potts. Friend Griff, was continually being thrilled by the touch of Mrs. Poynter's white hand as they both turned over a leaf of music at the same time, and his soul chafed more and more against the statute of limitations fixed by an unfeeling craft. The temptation to slip his arm round the lady's waist and press her tight against his bachelor bosom grew stronger with each new duet. He began to loathe the very name of Masonry, except at lodge dinners.

The sight of a Past-Grandmaster, or any sort of high chief cockalorum, was to him as a red rag to a raging bull. He often felt inclined to fall bodily on a bloated autocrat of the order in the middle of George-street, and ask him whether he didn't consider one particular law

of Masonry an outrage on human nature. As for the beautiful example of Joseph, he had long since decided that it was sickening.

One warm summer evening the pair were languishing together at the piano, as usual. Rain had just been falling after a six weeks' drought so the confiding but inhuman Potts, armed with a bag of salt, was making the most of such an opportunity to go snail-hunting in the garden. By the pale light of a lantern he was dropping grains of destruction upon the slimy shell-backs and slugs, and emitting fiendish chuckles as they ptered out of this life in yellow-green bubbles. Occasionally he varied the monotony of the slaughter by stamping on a large, fat snail in order that he might hear its dying crackle and gloat over the "horrid swish" of its splattered entrails. The master of the house was happy enough. Griffiths, playing his own accompaniment on this occasion, had just concluded a really melting appeal to "Her whom I love with a love like fire, with the passionate throb of a mad desire," or something of that sort—we have constructed the poetry for this occasion. The thermometer stood at 91 in the gas, and the bright color in Mrs. Poynter's cheek came and went like a revolving light. She was so impressionable; she had no mother; Mrs. Grundy forgot her, and she fell to kissing Griffiths fast and furiously. Bending over that fascinating tenor as he sat, charged with magnetism, upon the music-stool, she took his face between her hands, pressed it backward a little to the left, and attacked his mouth ravenously.

For several seconds Griffiths was carried away by these unhallowed endearments, and returned kiss for kiss. Then he shook himself free, stood up, and, facing his assailant, gasped: "Mrs. Poynter—Maud—you mustn't." The words came from his white, trembling lips like a despairing groan. "O, what have I done!" said the lady. Her hands were before her face, and perhaps she took one little peep at Griffiths through her fingers. Mrs. Poynter knew quite well what she had done, and was all too ready to repeat the dose; yet her enquiry was perfectly feminine and natural. It is the privilege of women to be able to delude themselves into astonishment at their own behavior, when astonishment seems called for.

"Darling, you have shown me your heart, told me at last with your own lips (this was Griff's circumspect manner of putting the case) what I have dared to suspect all along. You have made me—at least, you would have made me the happiest fellow on earth but for—O! Maud, you mustn't. I'm a Mason." She clutched the arm of her unlucky idol, and hung her head a little. "I didn't know—at least I don't quite understand—are you angry with me?"

He wasn't so angry but that he could arrange her hot head against his shoulder. Then in a serious, Masonic-brotherly voice he told her of the awful barrier between them, of the everlasting oath of allegiance which had placed every other Mason's wife beyond the pale of his hopes, and called upon her, with a gentle squeeze the while, to observe that they could never, never be more than dear friends.

"Oh, Charlie, how could you come to join such a wretched thing, I always hated it!" His explanation hadn't impressed the lady as much as he expected. She looked almost sulky as he shook her limp hand and rushed out to bid good-bye to Potts, who was still busy amongst the snails. That amiable husband, after escorting Griffiths to the gate, returned to the drawing-room and found his wife sitting at the piano, apparently deep in reflection. "Naughty man, we began to think you were lost," she exclaimed.

The visits of Griffiths to his old friends grew less frequent for a long time after the episode recorded above, whilst his absence from their periodic gatherings was regretfully noted by the brethren. And although the pressing invitations of Poynter at length overcame his scruples as regards the musical evenings, and tempted him back to the house of danger as often as of yore, nothing could revive his interest in the Craft. Friend Charlie excused himself from accompanying Potts to Masonic dinners on the score of indigestion. He didn't dare to say aloud that Freemasonry was "rot," but he thought it all the same. His disgust for the institution was almost as great as that of Mrs. Poynter, who plainly told her husband that no man who loved his wife would belong to a secret society, and besought him to give it up at once. It flattered him to see how the little woman's jaw dropped when he said that withdrawal from the sacred bonds of Masonry was impossible. "Begad! she does like to have me always at home," thought Potts.

All men are vain. Autumn was far advanced in the sere, the yellow leaf, and Mr. Poynter was down with the influenza, when Griffiths one morning received a letter.

Dear Charlie,—Be sure to come round this evening, I want you to get something for me. Mind you come. Yours ever, Maud.

Dear Charlie knitted his brows a good deal over this harmless-looking note. It was the first he had ever received from his friend's wife—her handwriting even was strange to him. There had been no need for such special

invitations to one who was seldom away from the house for two consecutive nights. With something of uneasy curiosity, he went round to pay his respects to Mrs. Poynter and see how the sneezing Potts was getting on.

Mrs. Poynter, looking exceptionally seductive in a loose wrapper and studiously untidy hair, greeted him with effusion. There was no active display of tenderness on either side—there hadn't been, of course, since that memorable night at the piano—but the lady's eyes seemed full of strange light.

"He is asleep, and I—I think he is getting better."

"Oh, of course; sort of thing soon passes off, you know," Mr. Griffiths looked wistfully at his companion before adding, "but what was it you wanted me to get for you?"

Mrs. Poynter fiddled with the top button of her robe, and stretched her warm neck uncomfortably, as though her collar was rather tight. "I wish you would get me a little poison from your place," she said.

Griffiths, who earned his daily bread as acting-manager of a wholesale drug business, was not used to supplying his lady friends with that class of goods.

"Poison!" His thoughts naturally turned to Rugh on Rats.

"Yes, the dog howls at night and disturbs Potty (her pet name for Potts). Besides, he's getting very old, and I'm sure he would be better killed"—referring, of course, to the dog. Her husband was in the prime of life.

"Don't you think you had better give the brute away?"

"Who'd take him? And then it would save trouble to have him killed. I thought a few grains of strychnine on a piece of meat—but you know best. Perhaps there is something not so—so violent as strychnine; the same sort of thing, only a little milder." Mrs. Poynter shifted her position several times whilst making the suggestion.

Griffiths offered feeble objections to this mode of dealing with the dog. He referred, in harsh, jocular tones, to the danger of having deadly poisons about a house, and suggested that the butcher would give any domestic animal his happy dispatch for a shilling. The lady remained obdurate, however.

"How foolish you are; as if there was danger." She rose from her chair and put her hand upon his shoulder. He took a rough hold of her wrist, and they looked straight into one another's eyes, enquiringly.

"Get is for me, Charlie."

"If you must have it," he answered. His brother Mason's wife drew a little nearer to Charlie, as though expecting a more affectionate reply, but he shook his head significantly, and Maud knew he mustn't. But a moment afterwards when he was leaving the house she put her hand again on his shoulder and whispered a few words so softly that he had to bend his head to catch their meaning. The influenza, which affects so many different people in so many different ways, soon began to have a terrible depressing influence on Mr. Potts Poynter, and at about six o'clock on a cold, grey morning that respected merchant stiffened himself out for ever.

They gave Potts Poynter a fine Masonic funeral, and a great concourse of gentlemen in silk aprons and other uncanny trappings, gathered round his grave. Not one of his old friends was missing from the ceremony save Charlie Griffiths, who had started North on a month's holiday before poor Poynter's bad symptoms set in. When the chief mourners returned to the house for a little light refreshment and a parting sigh, they remarked that the dog in the yard was howling most pathetically. So it would seem that Mrs. Poynter hadn't poisoned the faithful animal after all. She couldn't find the heart to do it, perhaps.

Mrs. Poynter took a trip to Maoriland almost immediately after the funeral, and remained away from Sydney a full six months. Griffiths waited patiently for an intimation of her return, which arrived at last. They met where they had parted, in the same room which had witnessed his last triumphant struggle against temptation. She looked so nice in her weeds.

"There is no barrier between us now!" asked Mrs. Poynter.

"None, none, my darling," said the emancipated Mason.

And that night, ere turning into his bachelor couch to dream of an impending wedding, he humbly thanked Heaven for having given him strength to keep the solemn law of the craft.

Footman—A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir. Great Man—Did you not tell him I was hoarse—could scarcely speak? Footman—Certainly, sir. But he assured me he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head. Great Man—Then tell him I have a stiff neck.

As a young man passed along the street a resident remarked to a visitor: That is one of our ablest financiers. Why, I am astonished, was the reply. He doesn't look to be over twenty-five. He isn't so old as that, even. How does he happen to be so successful? Blamed if I know. He came here a stranger three years ago, with nothing except his good looks, and to-day he is the husband of the richest woman in town.

DISCOURAGING INDUSTRY.

Full many a building reaching near the sky, The dark unfathomed clouds will penetrate, While men who own the vacant ground near by Hold to their deeds that they may speculate.

Improvements all around one vacant lot Oft raise its value to a monstrous price, And thus in one short year the unused spot Is multiplied in value twice or thrice.

Full many a money-king, with stony heart, Has reached the goal of wealth, his chief ambition— Whose great "success" in unearned increment did start, And crowned his hopes of wealth with full fruition.

But he who made improvements is the man Who adds his quota to the general good; His industry and enterprise outran Each one whose name for speculation stood.

For making good improvements men are fined, Although the law politely calls it paying A needful tax of some wise, modern kind, Which Wisdom's hand on Industry is laying.

But Justice, with unerring rule, requires That taxes should on idle land be laid, And he who to improve the world desires, Should not be fined for what he's done or made.

—Ralph E. Hoyt, in the Standard.

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THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

Although the Province is to be congratulated in a general way upon the result of the elections it is needless to say we are greatly disappointed at the outcome in Montreal Centre and in St. Mary's. It is hard to understand why, in the former constituency especially, such a small vote should have been cast for the labor candidate, and we are unable to account for it unless on the supposition that a very large number of workingmen who promised their votes refrained from going near the polls, and that a very large number also deliberately went back upon their pledged word and secretly "knifed" the man whom they outwardly sympathized with and supported. However it was, the result is a standing disgrace to the workingmen of both divisions, and anything but encouraging to men who have devoted the best years of their life to the interests of labor. The result also shows too plainly that the average workingman is swayed by other considerations than that of principle. It was clearly shown by the vote in one part of the division that the false race cry raised by His Worship the Mayor, and taken up by the friends of the other candidate and used for all it was worth, was not without effect. The raising of this ghost of a dead issue was contemptible, to say the least. It was a paltry exhibition of intolerance, bred of ignorance, and there is only room for surprise that men who are supposed to be intelligent could be led away from the consideration of their true interests by such a flimsy subterfuge. In point of capability, intelligence and honesty of purpose the odds were greatly in favor of Mr. Boudreau, yet the workingmen of Montreal Centre deliberately overlooked his qualifications and returned a man whose highest ambition is to do as he is directed by his superiors in consideration of favors to himself and family. We have no doubt the general body of electors will, when repentance is too late, begin to see the rashness and folly they have been guilty of. Even now, when the fight is just over and people are not blinded by the smoke of political fireworks, the more sober-minded are beginning to contrast their member elect with the other two English-speaking representatives of the city, Messrs. Hall and Morris, and the sharp contrast makes a cold shiver run down the back. McShane, with all his faults, made a much better representative than Kennedy can ever hope to be, and the electors will not be long in finding out that in

discarding the "People's Jimmy" for the "People's Pat" they have made a huge mistake. While organized labor ought to have been equally opposed to both, we recognize that it was not so, or there would have been a different tale to tell. No inconsiderable number of labor's most earnest friends are, mistakenly we think, opposed to any political action, and would rather unite forces in the endeavor to kill an unpopular candidate than run one of their own, and the question to be considered in the future is, which is the wisest course to pursue? In the contest just over both candidates to all appearance were decidedly unpopular,—the one because of his many times broken promises to the representatives of labor and the other because of his utter incapacity to understand or intelligibly interpret the wishes and aspirations of workingmen: yet when the opportunity was given the electorate they failed to take advantage of it. None are to blame but the workingmen themselves, and they must stand by the consequences.

Another cause of Mr. Boudreau's poor showing at the polls (and it is humiliating to have to acknowledge that it was considered so much of a necessity) was the lack of funds to carry on the campaign effectively. After the deposit had been paid, committee rooms rented, etc., there was absolutely nothing left for other legitimate expenses, and although his friends were numerous and faithful it was found that a proper organization could not be kept up without money, more especially in the face of the fact that the other two candidates were spending money freely, the successful one being backed up by large subscriptions from manufacturers and capitalists, who, at the same time, were not slow to bring a certain kind of persuasion into force. In the face of many difficulties and much opposition it is not surprising that Mr. Boudreau was defeated, but it is surprising, and not at all creditable to the workingmen of the division, that the count was so small.

In St. Mary's Division the circumstances were somewhat different. Mr. Beland, whose services in the Assembly on behalf of the working classes ought to have secured him his re-election, was not (while we believe as much opposed to boodling as any one could be) sufficiently clear in his denunciation of Mercierism. His opponent, although in every respect the inferior of Mr. Beland as a representative of the working classes, carried with him the support of a great many whose inherent honesty revolted against the exposures which have brought such disgrace upon the province, and this, combined with an excellent organization and unlimited control of money lost the seat to a good, honest and faithful representative. Had Mr. Beland made his position in regard to Mercier clearer, he would undoubtedly have been returned; as it was, he preferred to risk defeat rather than kick a prostrate man.

In the other divisions of the city matters came out as was generally anticipated. In St. Antoine Division Hon. Mr. Hall was returned by a majority of which any man might be proud, and which shows not only the personal regard in which he is held but also the appreciation of the Government of which he is so distinguished a member. There is no room for question as to Mr. Hill's ability and fitness for the position which he holds, and we venture to predict that the finances of the province will be carefully looked after while he retains the portfolio. The election of Mr. Morris as member for St. Lawrence Division is also very popular. We are quite content to see men of Mr. Morris' stamp in the House, whatever politics they profess; men with such a high sense of personal honor cannot become mere party hacks, and we have no doubt, should occasion arise, that Mr. Morris will vindicate his

character for independence and integrity at the expense of party, and we believe he will also give a hearty co-operation and support to any measure introduced for the benefit of workingmen.

The electors of Huntingdon are to be congratulated on the able representative they have secured in the person of Mr. G. W. Stephens, whose independent character and watchful care of the interests of his constituents is so well known as to need no comment. We are certain the constituency of Huntingdon will never regret the confidence they have reposed in Mr. Stephens, and his presence in the Legislature is a guarantee that every action of the Government will be carefully watched and criticised.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A St. John, N. B., despatch to the Gazette says: The manufacturers here are banding together to resist the attempt of the federated St. John workmen to enforce the nine hour day in all working lines here. At a meeting of the manufacturers' committee of the Board of trade, held in the board room on Thursday night, every speaker, save one, took the ground that were the nine hour system adopted St. John manufacturers could not possibly compete against Quebec cheap labor and the ten hour working day that obtains in the manufacturing cities and towns of the upper provinces. The only dissenting voice was that of J. S. Sims, broom manufacturer, who has adopted the profit-sharing system with his employees and who regards that system as the practical solution of the struggle between capital and labor. It was resolved to procure exact information as to what constitutes a day's work in Ontario and Quebec and a committee was appointed to meet the labor organizations and endeavor to come to some amicable and mutually beneficial solution of the present difficulty.

The sentence of nine months' imprisonment imposed on Mrs. Osborne, the London society woman who stole jewellery from a friend and then tried to blacken her character by raising an action for slander and swearing falsely against her, is one of those cases where the punishment does not fit the crime. Had Mrs. Osborne been a woman of the people she would have been promptly sent to the penitentiary for from five to seven years; but this is one of the social contrasts we meet with every day and is only another evidence of the fact that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Of course there is much sympathy expressed for her among the class with whom she associated, which has been given expression to in various ways, and the probabilities are that after a short retirement in the jail hospital she will be again restored to "society," of which, previous to her being detected in thieving, she was a "brilliant ornament."

There is considerable interest among the mining population of England and Scotland, consequent on threatened reductions of wages. Last week there was the possibility of a general strike, involving many thousands of men, but this appears to have been temporarily, at least, averted. The coal barons' percentage of profit must be kept up whatever comes, and the first point of attack, in order to do this, is the workers' wages. It has ever been the case, and ever will be until the wage system is abolished entirely and some system of equality in the profits of production established. Until such a revolution in industrial conditions take place there will be strikes and lockouts on the part of workers and capitalists, as in spite of all that has been said the wage-earner has no other weapon whereby he can meet injustice. Strikes may not be so effective, through the introduction of improved machinery and other

causes, as they once were, but still they are a sufficiently powerful argument when wielded by a strongly organized body to make capitalists pause before inviting their application. In the case of miners, where all are generally organized, a strike is still a very powerful weapon as the conditions under which they labor have not been so greatly altered by the introduction of machinery as other occupations. In the Durham collieries the miners have decided to quit work to-day for two weeks or longer. In taking this course the miners are playing into the hands of the coal-owners, who pleaded they were forced to reduce wages on account of the heavy stock on hand, or else lower the price to get rid of the over-production. Rather than strike or submit to a reduction they have voluntarily decided to quit work for a time. Through this action several iron and steel works will have to close down, and it is said that some 10,000 men will be affected.

Goldwin Smith has again been caught giving the Americans free advice how to annex Canada. This time it is a rigid enforcement of the policy of excluding Canadian goods from free transit in bond across the territory of the United States, and the time given to accomplish the desired object is three weeks. There was a time probably when the learned professor was listened to, but that time has gone, and the people of Canada now only laugh at the treasurable mouthings of this victim of hypochondria. Although only a short time out of its swaddling clothes this country is quite able to take care of itself, and has a much higher destiny before it than being swallowed up by the neighboring republic.

A terrible disaster occurred in a Belgian mine yesterday through an explosion. Nearly three hundred miners were entombed, and when the relief party made their way to them the sights they witnessed were horrible in the extreme. The latest official returns give the number of dead at two hundred. The calamity will no doubt be set down to "accident," but it is likely, if the matter is fully probed, that it might through the exercise of modern precautions have been prevented.

Notice has been given by the Hon. Mr. Mills of a resolution setting forth Canada's right to negotiate its own commercial treaties. It will likely come up next week and give rise to an interesting discussion. The resolution is as follows: "That in the opinion of this House, it is expedient to obtain all necessary powers to enable Her Majesty through Her representative the Governor-General of Canada, to appoint agents to negotiate commercial treaties with other British possessions or with foreign states, trading to the advantage of Canada, subject to prior consent or subsequent approval of the Parliament of Canada."

Ladies' Morning Wrappers and Tea Gowns in a great variety of new styles at S. Carsley's. All the Latest European Novelties in Dress, Jacket and Mantle Trimmings at S. Carsley's, Notre Dame street.

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CHAS. A. BRIGGS,
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PRACTICAL
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A large assortment of the LATEST ENGLISH and AMERICAN Styles on hand at the

Lowest Possible Prices!

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NEW JACKETS

ONE THOUSAND

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Under \$12.00.

TO SELECT FROM

THIS WEEK

At S. CARSLEY'S.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt attention.

NEW MANTLES.

Receiving daily large consignments of Outdoor Garments for spring wear.

Thousands of Mantles—Thousands of Jackets In all leading styles to select from.

Spring Ulsters

In Plain and Fancy Tweeds.

Misses' Jackets

Still further supplies of these garments arriving daily.

Jackets in all Colors.

All fashionable lengths in Jackets.

New Empress Pelerines.

The most stylish garment for the season.

S. CARSLEY.

Mail Orders carefully Filled.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

A consignment of new German Plain Fabrics, Spring Weights, in every stylish design and Colorings.

Costume Tweeds in all shades and in the following new patterns—

Snowflake Tweeds. Figured Tweeds.

Silk and Wool Tweed Effects.

Alma Striped Tweeds.

Clayton Stripes in Tweeds.

Herringbone Striped Tweeds.

Fancy Mixtures.

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Mail Orders Promptly Forwarded.

NEW GINGHAMS.

Splendid selection of high class Scotch Gingham now in stock to choose from.

Stylish Striped Gingham,

Stylish Plaid Gingham,

In all the latest and most fashionable colorings.

ZEPHYR LUSTRES,

In a variety of New Designs.

NOW IS THE TIME

to secure a really Stylish Dress for Summer wear.

S. CARSLEY.

Mail Orders Receive Careful Attention.

NEW BUTTONS.

On all Stylish Dresses for the coming season will be worn quantities of Pearl Buttons; we have, therefore, laid in a good supply.

ENDLESS VARIETY

of Pearl Buttons, in all sizes, to select from.

Plain Pearl Buttons. Carved Pearl Buttons.

Pearl Buttons riveted with Steel.

White Pearl Buttons. Natural Pearl Buttons.

Smoked Pearl Buttons.

S. CARSLEY.

Mail Orders Carefully Forwarded.

KNITTED GOODS.

Children's Knitted Headwear, comprising Caps, Hoods and Tam o' Shanter, AT NOMINAL PRICES.

Reductions made for last January's Sale still in force.

Knitted Shawls Knitted Clouds

At Reduced Prices.

Fascinators and other Wool Goods

At Reduced Prices.

MILLINERY.

The remaining stock of Trimmed Millinery now selling at less than Half Price.

S. CARSLEY.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Spring Weights in Men's Half Hose

Fancy Merino Half Hose

Dark Colored Cashmere Half Hose

Natural Cashmere Half Hose

Fine Lamb's Wool Half Hose

SPECIAL LINES of Woerby and Four-in-Hand Ties, in Fancy Silks and Satins of all shades, to be sold at the following prices: 2 for 25c, 3 for 70c, and 3 for \$1.00.

NEW GLOVES—New lines of Unlined Gloves for Spring. Russian Calf Gloves, Dog-skin Gloves, Antelope Gloves, Reindeer Gloves

S. CARSLEY.

RIGBY. RIGBY. RIGBY

The Rigby Waterproof Overcoat is the correct thing for the coming spring.

PERFECTLY POROUS.

The Rigby Clothing just introduced is porous as the best Scotch or Canadian Tweeds and resists rain as effectually as rubber or oil cloth. Rigby Clothing for both Ladies and Gentlemen is a success from the start, and must become popular throughout Canada as it becomes known.

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Well," said Brown, "we've done all the fighting and we've got all the licking. Some people don't know when they are licked, but that ain't the case with us; we got a thorough good thrashing and we can take our medicine like little men, and not cry over it either. We are accustomed to 'set backs,' and while an occasional point gained don't 'enthuse' us a great deal, a knock down on the other hand don't discourage us very much either. We know that we are right, and we also know that eventually we will get there; it is only a question of time, and right here let me say that I would a thousand times sooner get licked on questions of principle than win a fight like this through ignorance aided by prejudice. Boudreau had a good platform; every plank of it was calculated to advance the well-being of the class whom he sought to represent. It was a platform with which you could have charmed intelligent workmen, and if the voters of Montreal Centre, who are as a matter of fact mostly workmen, didn't understand or appreciate it that wasn't Boudreau's fault."

"Let there be no mistake about it," said Phil, "our candidate was defeated by the votes of workmen and not by any scheme concocted by capitalists. Unlike other elections, this one, as far as the Centre Division is concerned, was almost free from any attempt on the part of employers to intimidate or dragoon their employees into voting for their candidate; the laborer was absolutely free to cast his vote for the man of his own choice. That he has gone back upon himself and his own interests shows the need of proper education, and clearly indicates in what direction organized labor should work in the future. We must educate and agitate and preach the gospel of discontent with greater vigor and determination than we have done in the past, so that the voter in future won't get mixed between politics and political economy; it was because he was unable to separate one from the other that our candidate was defeated. There were, of course, a large number of really so-called intelligent men who know all about political economy and who profess to possess a great deal of friendship for the working classes who voted for Kennedy because he was the nominee of their political party, and they are perfectly welcome to all the honor they can get out of it, only in future they must not pose as the friends of labor nor yet parade themselves as men of progressive ideas, because they are unfortunately neither one or the other. I can forgive an ignorant man doing a foolish thing, because he knows no better, but I cannot forgive an intelligent man doing a wrong thing, because, being intelligent, he does it deliberately."

"Our Trades and Labor Council is now some eight or nine years in existence," said Brown, "yet during that comparatively short period it has done more to advance the interests of the working class than was done by both political parties since confederation. The first great reform which it accomplished was the abolition of the Statute Labor Tax. It was a costly thing for the Labor Council, but it virtually enfranchised eighteen thousand voters in Montreal. The next great reform was the enforcement of the Quebec Factories' Act, passed by the Ross-Tailon Administration, and which remained a dead letter on the statute books until Mr. Taillon lost his seat in Montreal East, for neglecting to enforce it. Then the Council devoted its energies to have the law so amended as to protect a workingman's wages from seizure, and here again its efforts were crowned with success, for though the Dyer Act is somewhat defective, still it is a great improvement on the

old law of seizure. The next great reform was made in the jury system, and if jurymen to-day receive better attendance and accommodation and double the pay they did formerly, they may thank no one else but the Montreal Trades and Labor Council for it. The same may be said of our night schools, which certainly would never have been heard of but for the untiring efforts of organized labor and the pressure it brought to bear upon the Government. The recent lawsuits between the Council and the City over the collection of the water tax are fresh in the minds of all, and clearly show that the Trades Council is the only champion the poor man has in this Province, but if further evidence is wanted it may be found in the action of organized labor in the Widow Flynn case. And that, in the face of such a brilliant and honorable record both Beland and Boudreau should be defeated,—is a disgrace to every man who works for wages in both of these divisions. The Trades Council of this city served the people faithfully, but in future workmen must carry their grievances where they gave their votes—to Martineau and Kennedy—we want none of them."

BILL BLADES.

AN ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

The County Council election in London last Saturday was a revolution. It turned upon the question of taxing land values, and the supporters of the single tax were returned to the Council in such overwhelming numbers as to insure an official demand upon Parliament for power to tax land values for the expense of public improvements in London. This power can not be much longer denied. The very election that insures the demand, prophesies the triumph of the Liberal party at the approaching Parliamentary elections; and the Liberal party is so pledged to the taxation of land values that it will be impossible for it to refuse the demand of the new County Council of London. That power, when vested in the London Council, will also be vested in every County Council in England. The London Council, already committed to the single tax, will institute the reform as soon as it receives the power; and the sentiment which has made it possible there, exists in other counties and will soon be felt in all. It may safely be predicted that the beginning of the end has set in in England. The adoption in the world's metropolis of so large a single tax measure, in full recognition of the truth of single tax principles, will mean its early adoption in a greater and increasing degree, not only in London, but wherever the influence of English thought extends.

A Sugar Artist.

Among the many new trades that have sprung up within the last few years is that of making show pieces, more or less edible, for banquet tables. At many corporation dinners it has become the custom to have a large table ornament which will, from its construction, suggest the business in which the diners are interested. Many of these ornaments are constructed of sugar paste, and others of nougat, a candy paste besprinkled with nuts.

A young Frenchman in New York is one of the cleverest builders of this sugar architecture, and he is kept busy nearly all the year round. Like most people who have achieved success in any line, this young artist has served a long apprenticeship, beginning at the age of fourteen, when he started as assistant to a well known German whose sugar creations were considered marvels.

After several years the old German retired on his laurels, and young Dennieville, who, in the meantime, had been studying hard in drawing and modelling classes, was able to take his instructor's place.

According to M. Dennieville there is nothing in the way of figures or flowers that cannot be perfectly reproduced in sugar by a clever worker.

The best material for flowers is what the artist calls "pulled" sugar. This is made by melting down the finest brand of loaf sugar, and mixing the mass, when it begins

to harden, with a little clear syrup, after which he works it until it is partly cooled. He then shapes his leaves and petals, and sticks them together in a natural form as he works. Where the flowers have a body color, vegetable colors are mixed in the boiling sugar; when the flower is one that needs only a tinge of color, this is put on with a brush.

A material called composition paste, which is made of gum tragacanth, marble dust and corn starch, is used for figure pieces. A finish so like that of highly polished porcelain can be given to this paste, that the average observer is completely deceived.

The House Committee on Labor of the Massachusetts State Legislature has reported adversely on the bill appropriating \$3,000,000 to be used in building homes for poor workmen, and to be paid for in rent. The committee has favorably reported a bill providing that no person or corporation, or officer or agent thereof, shall employ any woman or minor for manufacturing between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. The House Committee on Education has reported adversely on the free text book bill.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

MADAM CANADA,

following the bent of her own judgment and present inclination, has refurbished the eastern wing of her great mansion called the Dominion. The hubbub and excitement incident to the occasion has fluttered the breast of the good dame not a little. Let us hope she will now be allowed to su'side into her usual quiet and domestic frame of mind. Her maternal anxiety and Spring thoughts will naturally then turn in the direction of

HER DAUGHTERS.

They reflect credit upon her. They are the best dressed ladies in the world, and the beginning of another season demands the exercise of skill, taste and experience to maintain their reputation. We have assisted her in the past in her difficult task of selection, and our services in the present are again at her disposal on the old and honorable terms. We beg to leave our card, and to direct her special attention to our celebrated Mantle and Dress Goods Departments.

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SILK AND WOOL CHALLIES

Ladies will find our Silk and Wool Challies the most beautiful goods ever shown in the city. **ALL WOOL FRENCH CHALLIES** 200 patterns of the very latest novelties in All Wool Challies to select from. Our challies, this year, will be found superior to any former season.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

THE NEW CREPONS.

Now in stock a full assortment of Crepon[®] Black and Colored. This is one of the Newest Goods for this season.

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NEW BEDFORD CORDS.

We have a full assortment of All Wool Bedford Cords now in stock, Black and all Colors, all 45 inches wide. Prices All Wool Bedford Cords, from 75c per yard.

NEW COSTUME TWEEDS

We are showing the largest variety of Costume Tweeds to be seen in the city. New Cheviot Dress Tweeds New Fancy Dress Tweeds New Scotch Dress Tweeds New English Dress Tweeds New Dress Tweeds, from 25c yard.

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NEW FAST DYE NAVY SERGES

We have imported a large lot of Navy Serges that are "Warranted Fast Dye," the best goods to be seen in the trade. Ladies, call and see them. Fast Dye Navy Blue Ser ges from 40c per yard.

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NEW PARIS DRESS PATTERNS

We are offering all the Latest Paris Novelties in Dress Patterns. No two alike. Ladies will find we have a very choice selection.

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Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.
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All the best Grocers sell it. McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

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



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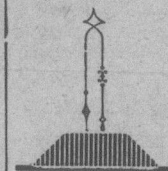
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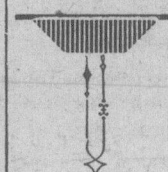
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'TEA! T TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

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

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2188 NOTREDAME ST. N. MOUNTAIN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

Two of the leaders of the recent Mongolian revolt have been executed.

The Spanish Senate has approved the commercial convention between Spain and the United States.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, who on Saturday last was stricken with paralysis, shows marked improvement.

The University of Edinburgh will confer the degree of LL.D. on Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner.

There has been further frontier fighting in the Lushan and Lushan country against the British. Four Sepoys have been killed and six wounded.

The French Chamber of Deputies has approved a resolution making September 22 a national holiday, that being the 100th anniversary of the founding of the first republic.

A deputation from the Mercantile union of Madrid have waited upon Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo and submitted a request that the coinage of silver should cease and gold only be coined.

A despatch from Athens says the Constantinople ministry has been unable to obtain a working majority of the Legislative chamber, and that the dissolution of the House is therefore inevitable.

The municipal authorities of Leipsic, where there has been much distress and discontent among the poor owing to lack of employment, announce that they will provide work for unemployed persons.

The election to fill the seat for East Belfast, made vacant by the recent expulsion from the House of Commons of Edward S. W. De Cobain on the charge of gross immorality, has resulted in a victory for Mr. Wolff, the dissident candidate. Mr. Wolff received 4,748 votes, against 2,801 for his opponent, Mr. Charley, the Tory candidate. At the last election in East Belfast Mr. De Cobain, Conservative, received 5,068 votes, against 1,239 cast for Robert McCalmont, Nationalist.

The French Foreign office announces that the commercial treaty with the United States has been concluded. The hitch in the negotiations regarding the value of the articles to be mutually admitted free of duty was overcome by the friendly attitude of both parties to the treaty. The value of the free articles is fixed at nine million francs annually.

The Standard's correspondent at Zanzibar telegraphs as follows: Unverified reports have been received here to the effect that the British East Africa company's troops have sustained a severe defeat in Witu at the hands of a large force of natives, losing many men and a Maxim gun. The company's troops were commanded by Captain Rogers.

Emperor William is confined to his bed. His physicians say he is suffering from a slight cold. Some alarm, however, is felt concerning his condition for it is known that he has not received the reports on state business which it is customary for the heads of departments to make to him.

Heavy wind and snowstorms have swept England and Scotland the past three days, and numerous wrecks are reported all along their coasts. The past winter will be a memorable one in the annals of English weather from the frequency of such storms.

Emperor Francis Joseph has commuted the sentence of Rosalie Schneider to penal servitude for life. Her husband, Frank Schneider, will, in all probability, be executed. The Schneiders were found guilty of robbing and murdering a number of servant girls whom they enticed to their home on the pretence of giving them employment.

The Czar's birthday, besides being observed with festivities, was marked by the launching at Sebastopol of the ironclad George the Victorious, of 3,000 tons. Another warship of 12,000 tons, the largest in the Russian navy, will soon be launched at Nicolaiev.

Count Von Sedlitz Turtzsocher, Prussian minister of education, has requested the senates and faculties of the various universities to express to him their opinions as to the advisability of admitting women as students at the universities.

Several of the ministers believe that the letters of Count Tolstoi, published in foreign papers giving accounts of the distress prevailing in Russia, should be stopped, and as a means to this end they urged the Czar to place the Count under arrest. His Majesty refused.

American.

A terrific blizzard swept the Western States of America on Thursday resulting in considerable destruction to property and loss of life, several people being reported as frozen to death.

It was stated at the Department of State, Washington, that there was no truth what-

ever in the report that the United States has offered to purchase the Congo Free state.

Prince John Kobieski, a grandson of the King of Poland, was arrested at Mount Kisco, N. Y., on Thursday, charged with stealing a horse and waggon from Theodore Myers.

Canadian.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia has voted down by a majority of four the bill to extend the provincial electoral franchise to widows and spinsters now qualified to vote under the municipal franchise. The measure was advocated by T. B. Smith, member for Hants, and eloquently opposed by Attorney-General Longley. The Attorney-General did not think women would be able to fulfill their divine mission of rearing families if given the electoral franchise.

THE SPORTING WORLD

THE RING.

George Wright, the 110-pound champion of Canada, and Pat Daly, the Brooklyn 120-pounder, have been matched to fight with two-ounce gloves or less, within four weeks, for a purse of \$250 offered by Jeff Carpenter, and \$200 a side. Daly is a good and game man, his friends say, and ought to defeat any 110-pound chap. He went to England a year ago and knocked out a couple of 130-pound boxers. Since he came home he has matches with men who had much superiority in weight, but has always shown up well. Wright is known as a stiff puncher. He has a severe right hand that generally finds its way to its destination, and produces red-hot results. Those who are well known in the sporting world say that Wright will have his hands full with Daly in a catch-weight match, as this is. Wright will scale at 115 pounds, while Daly will not be more than five or seven pounds heavier. Wright is a hard puncher, but Daly is clever and game, so the "go" ought to be of the interesting kind.

ATHLETICS.

Malcolm W. Ford writes as follows in *Outing*: A few statistics in regard to some who have made great records at the running high jump may be interesting. Leaving out Page, Nickerson and Hallock, the next important is Fearing, who is 6ft 1in tall, and weighs 170lbs, his record being 6ft 2 1/2 in on boards. P. Davin, of Ireland, who has a record of 6ft 2 1/2 in, weighed 165lbs and is 6ft 3 in tall. M. J. Brooks, of England, who holds the Oxford-Cambridge record of 6ft 2 1/2 in, weighed at the time 157lbs, and is 5ft 11in tall. Then we find a heavyweight in Ireland, P. J. Kelly, who in 1887 tied Page for the championship of that country at 6ft 1 1/2 in. He is 6ft 2in tall, and weighed at the time 160lbs. Then comes a comparatively short man who has made a great record in England, J. W. Parsons, his record being 6ft 1in. He is 5ft 9in tall, and weighed 160lbs. In America there is Francis Sigel, jun., who is 5ft 5in tall and holds a record of 5ft 8in. He is a solid, compactly built athlete. When I made my first record (5ft 11in) my weight was 164lbs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New York paper offered a \$20 gold piece to the nearest guesser on the winner and time of the Fitz-Maher battle. Over 20,000 guesses were received and three-fourths favored Maher.

A five mile skating race for \$25 a side took place at Henderson's rink, St. Thomas, between J. S. Hammill, of Hamilton, and P. Devine, of St. Thomas. Devine won without much effort, beating his opponent three laps and could easily have doubled his lead if he desired.

Billy Frazier, the preacher pug, left the ministry because he had a radical change in his Second Adventist views, and also of the inconsistency of his brethren and the hostile attitude of the older preachers toward the younger men.

English trainers have some pretty large strings to look after. Joe Cannon has 79 horses under his charge. Ninety-four is young Tom Cannon's lot, and next comes Swatton with 64, Ryan with 61, Waugh 58, A. Taylor, and Wadlow 51 each and Jarvis only just misses the half century by one. Sherwood's team is now divided between him and his son, but the two together number 84.

From a London paper the following was taken: "I believe there are mightier wielders of the pencil in Australia than Joe Thompson, notably Oxenham, of whom the story is told that he offered to lay an even \$25,000 that one of two pigeons flew off first from a roof on which they were perched in Melbourne." Unlike some bookmakers I could name, Mr. H. Oxenham, after laying a mammoth bet, does not split it up amongst half a dozen of his friends.

Willie Windle, the champion amateur bicycle rider, has been connected with no athletic organization since the disbandment of the Berkeley Athletic Club. While a number of the crack clubs of the country have been desirous of securing this speedy wheelman, he has decided to represent the

Manhattan Athletic Club on the path this season. The Manhattans will have a very speedy team this year. They will comprise Willie Windle, Peter J. Berlo, Harry Arnold, and George Banker. There has been some talk about the Manhattans sending Windle to England, but it is authoritatively stated that none of their riders will go abroad this year. It is understood that Windle will shortly go into training, and compete in all the big meets this year.

Sportsmen who visit Newfoundland are required to take out a license costing \$100 before they may shoot a caribou. Each one is limited to five stags; but the native fishermen may, and do, shoot all they wish during the deep snows of winter without let or hindrance. Fly fishing especially for salmon, is poor compared with Canadian streams, owing to over netting milldams and other drawbacks.

The winners of the late bicycle tournament are now in this city in a stranded condition. Morgan and Eck, managers of the tournament, left town without paying the participants.—San Francisco Exchange. These men compose the same band of fakirs who recently gave a hippodrome contest in this city, but the newspaper gives a different version of the race than that of Eck, who recently went east in a parlor car. If the whole gang could be dumped into the Pacific ocean it would be a good thing for cycling interests.—Chicago Mail.

Fitzsimmons' victory over Maher seems to be all the more to his credit considering the fact that he broke his right thumb in the first round of the fight. The dislocation has been reduced by a physician.

Rumor has it that "Parson" Davies will take Jim Hall to England in the hope of matching him with Pritchard. Jimmy Carroll, who trained Fitzsimmons, says that if Hall is a middleweight he will match Aleck Gregains against him at 158 pounds, or if he is a light-heavy-weight Choyneki will accommodate him.

There are probably more lady cyclists in Washington than there are in any city of its size in the United States, and they boast not only of their good riding, but also of their graceful position on the wheel. There are many lady riders there who think nothing of riding 40 or 50 miles during the day.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans has forwarded the preliminary articles of agreement to Sullivan and Mitchell for the \$25,000 fight to take place this fall. But, to make assurance doubly sure, the club will send on Capt. Williams, the club's matchmaker, this week to see the two men and, if possible, complete negotiations. It is probable, therefore, that all the terms will be arranged within a week.

Fitzsimmons, who is at New Orleans, is very anxious to meet Ted Pritchard, but thinks it would be well to postpone the affair until next Mardi Gras. The Sullivan-Mitchell fight coming in the fall, it would be unwise, he says, to have another fight so close upon his heels. The objection to a fight in ten weeks is that it would fall during the hot season and when so many persons are out of town.

LABOR AND WAGES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Typesetting is a popular industry among the women of England, of whom 4,500 earn a living thereby.

The boilermakers of Boston are preparing to enforce their demand for a nine hour working day after May 1.

In consequence of the printer's strike in Germany about 3,500 union members have been blacklisted, among them over 500 women.

The receipts of the railroads owned by the Belgian Government increased from \$9,000,000 annually to \$24,000,000 within the last thirteen years.

The hours of labor of waiters in the hotels of New York City are from 10 to 16 per day, the average being 13. The men are agitating for a reduction.

In making lard pails a machine is now in use by which one man with one boy as tender can produce as much as was formerly produced by ten skilled men.

The employees of the machine and blacksmith shops of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company at Renovo, Pa., on Wednesday began to work ten hours per day instead of eight.

The Shearers' Union of Australia contracted a debt of \$25,000 during its recent strike, and now the members have assessed themselves \$5 each to repay that debt; as the notes are about to fall due.

The street car strike in Indianapolis continues without any indication of a settlement. Attempts to run cars continue to be thwarted by the strikers, and the police refuse to disperse the crowds of men around the stable.

At the Columbus, Ohio, convention of the United Mineworkers of America two additional members of the National Exec-

utive Board were elected by acclamation. These were J. A. Crawford of Illinois and W. Scott of Iowa.

Michael Fleurscheim, the well known single tax reformer, late of the United States and now proprietor of an iron foundry at Gaggenau, Germany, has been indicted by the courts of Carlsruhe for refusing to pay his taxes.

The Union Pacific Railway officials at Omaha have granted the demand of the conductors and brakemen that overtime be computed by the rules that govern in the case of engineers and firemen, which was the main point at issue.

The Grand Division of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers will convene in annual convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., on May 16. Most of the local divisions are now electing their delegates. Suggestions are to be sent to Secretary S. O. Fox, Vinton, Iowa.

At the Produce Exchange of St. Petersburg a tin box was placed upon a pillar some weeks ago to collect contributions for the starving peasants of Russia. After two weeks \$1.40 were found in the box. The men assembling at produce exchanges are not workingmen.

A secret meeting of employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was held in Harrisburg last Sunday to discuss certain grievances relative to the hours of work. A committee was appointed to formulate and present the grievances at a meeting to be held next Sunday.

A despatch from Bessemer, Mich., says that 800 timbermen from the Ashland, Aurora, Norris, East Norris and Pabst mines at Ironwood are on strike. They demand an additional 25 cents per day. The companies will not yield. It is liable to result in a general strike, covering the Gogebic and Penoque ranges.

Mayor Washburn, of Chicago, has been asked by the labor organizations of the city to make an announcement through every country in the world that Chicago has all the laborers necessary to meet every extra demand of the World's Fair. There are over 30,000 unemployed men in the city, and nearly every train brings more.

At a recent rousing mass meeting of the citizens of San Francisco the following was adopted: Resolved,—That we denounce the culpable and criminal interference of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in politics as the first cause of the vile corruption that exists everywhere, and we warn them to desist and let us govern ourselves.

The strike of the longshoremen at New Orleans, La., is on and 2,000 men are out of work. The demand is an hour's pay for fractional parts of an hour. The ship agents have decided to stand by the employing stevedores, giving them the time needed to secure new hands for the unloading of vessels. A number of new laborers have been obtained, and it is proposed to put them at work. Trouble with the longshoremen is anticipated, and the mayor has been asked for protection.

At a special meeting of the Spinners' Association, held in Fall River, resolutions were adopted favoring a reduction of the hours of labor for women and minors employed in mechanical and textile industries in Massachusetts, from 60 hours to 56 hours a week, and a committee of five was appointed to act in conjunction with a like committee from the Weavers' Association in drawing up a petition, and having the same presented to the Legislature. They also appointed a delegation to appear before the Labor Committee of the House when a day is assigned for hearing.

Senator Wolcott has introduced in the U. S. Senate a bill applying the civil service requirements to all employees of the national government. The bill is the same as that introduced in the House several weeks ago by representative Andrew of Massachusetts. The House passed a resolution authorizing the Committee on Labor to investigate the operations of the eight hour law, whether it has been evaded, and what amendments are required to secure its practical enforcement; and empowering the committee to investigate whether the Government has employed convict labor on public works.—The Voice.

The Legislatures of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have ordered investigations into the alleged combination of the Philadelphia and Reading, the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the New Jersey Central Railroads, to control the price of anthracite coal. The special committee of the New York Senate began their inquiries at the Hotel Metropole, in New York, last Monday. The committee appointed by the New Jersey Assembly met in Jersey city on Friday of last week, but the persons summoned failing to appear they adjourned until Friday of this week. The special committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature began their inquiries in Harrisburg last week. Up to last Monday no facts of importance had been brought out by either of the committees.

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JAP MILLER.

Jap Miller down at Martinsville's the blamest feller yit! When he starts in a-talkin' other folks is apt to quit—'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wusn't made for nuthin' else But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pelts. He'll talk you down on tariff; er he'll talk you down on tax, And prove the pore man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts! Religen, law er politics, prize-fightin' er baseball—Jes' tetch Jap up a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicalst feller ever tilted back a cheer And tuck a shew tobaccor kinder like he didn't keer. There's where the feller's stren'th lays—he's so common-like and plain; There haint no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary a grain! They 'lected him to Council and it never turned his head, And didn't make no difference what anybody said; He didn't dress no finer, ner rag out in fancy clothes; But his voice in Council-meetin' is a turrer to his fess.

He's fer the pore man ever' time! and in the last campaign He stumped old Morgan County through the sunshine and the rain, And helt the banner upwards from a-trail-in' in the dust, And out loose on monopolies and cuss' and cuss'd and cuss'd! He'd tell some funny story ever' now and then, you know, Tel, blame it! it was better'n a jack-o'-lan-tern show! And I' go furder yit, to-day, to hear old Jap norate Than any high toned orator 'at ever stumped the State!

W'y, that air blame Jap Miller, with his keen sarcastic fun, Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run. Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you, They allus coincide with your'n, the same as two and two. You can't take issue with him—er at least they haint no sense In startin' in to down him, so you better not commence— The best way's jes' to listen, like your humble servant does, And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wus.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Where do you get all the nice slippers and embroidered suspenders, Jack? Sh! I have a brother who is a clergyman.

Tom—Why do you think your chances for becoming President of the United States are good? Jack—I was born in a log cabin.

The Shopper (in china shop to salesman)—You don't break these sets, I presume? The Salesman—No'm; but our errand boy does, sometimes.

Love does not laugh at locksmiths when on a honeymoon trip the key refuses to lock the portmanteau two minutes before starting for the station.

Friend of Playwright—Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work? Playwright—Getting my plays accepted after they are written.

Lady—You appear to be very fond of your little playmate. It is pleasant to see such love among children. The Bigger One—Yes'm; he's got er penny to spend.

So you proposed to her. Accepted, of course? Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog. Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and, by Jove, how I envied that dog.

Debrown (calling on friend)—Why, hello, Jonjones, I expected to find you dead. I thought you intended to commit suicide today. Jonjones—So I did, but I'm not feeling very well just now, so I've put it off for a few days.

A San Francisco merchant takes a white cur, and with a stencil plate and black ink fixes his business upon each side of the dog, and sends him forth a locomotive advertisement—a doggerotype of the fast people of a fast country.

Physician (to his patient, a hurried business man on the verge of bankruptcy)—And, above all, preserve entire equanimity of mind; have no cares, no trouble. Patient—Thanks, doctor, for your prescription. By the way, where can I have it made up?

Injured Party—You thundering idiot. What do you want to run against me for? Other Party—Do you mean that as a joke or in earnest? Injured Party—Why, in earnest, of course. Other Party (coolly)—It's as well, because I would not take that as a joke from anyone.

Have you change for sixpence? asked a tramp. Yes, replied the gentleman. Where is the sixpence? I haven't one, but I thort if you had change for sixpence you might have a copper or two for a poor man wot's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help said they hadn't any change.

He Wanted to Open an Account.

A man said that he wanted to see the manager of the bank, and was told that he was busy. But I must see him, the visitor insisted. It is to his interest as well as mine, and, if you don't show me in you will be the cause of the bank losing money, that's all.

His air was so commanding, and his voice was so persuasive, that he was shown into the manager's room.

Good morning, sir. Good morning, the manager responded, giving the visitor a look of inquiry.

I wish to open an account with you. Ah! sit down, sir.

The visitor seated himself, and then said, Yes, I want to deposit with you.

Glad to hear it, sir. About what amount do you wish to deposit?

Well, I don't exactly know yet, the visitor answered. In fact, it somewhat depends. I have just started a paper, a weekly publication of great merit, I assure you, and I should very much like an advertisement from your bank; and as you are a thorough business man, I don't know but I might make this sort of an arrangement with you. Give me an advertisement, and I will let the sum that it amounts to go in as a deposit. Here—and he whipped out a "dummy" of his sheet—look at this magnificent space. Now, you take this space for three months at \$500, and just credit me on your books for that amount. Don't you see how easy and how business like it is.

It was some time before the manager could speak, and he did not use violent language; but it was noticed that when the visitor came out his countenance looked as though it had been subjected to hard usage.

All From One Pig.

She was a pretty little thing, and it was plainly to be seen that she had not been married long. She tripped into a provision dealer's, and said to the proprietor:

My husband (there was a great emphasis on the word husband) bought a couple of hams here some time ago.

Yes, ma'am, said the shopman, emphasizing the ma'am.

They were very nice, very nice, indeed. Yes, ma'am, assented the shopman.

Have you any more like them?

Yes, ma'am, said the man of cheese and bacon, pointing to a row of ten or a dozen hanging suspended from the ceiling.

Are you sure they are from the same pig?

Yes, ma'am; said the shopkeeper without a quiver.

Then you may send me two more of them, and she tripped out of the shop as she had tripped in, and the dealer laughed a wicked laugh.

He Could Not Give a Plain Answer.

A capital story is just now going the rounds regarding a well known professor who has the failing of never being able to give a plain answer to a plain question. Recently he was crossing to America on a lecturing tour, and the passengers on the steamer were talking of this peculiarity, and one of them observed:

I'll wager champagne for the company that one of us shall go down and ask Prof. — the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes. And I'll give you leave to tell him why the question is asked, and that there is a bet depending on his reply.

This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go and try the experiment. He found the professor, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him:

Professor G—, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism, and have just laid a wager that you wouldn't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, professor, let me ask you, where does the sun rise?

The eminent professor's brow contracted, he hesitated a moment, and then replied:

The terms east and west, Mr. —, are conventional; but I—

That'll do, interrupted the interrogator, we've lost the bet!

A bookseller was very much annoyed with a customer continuing to ask the price of articles, evidently with very little intention of becoming a purchaser. Customer (taking up a box of paper and envelopes)—What does this run about? Exasperated Bookseller—That does not run about—that is stationery.

Teacher—If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut? Class—Eight. Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one eighth of the whole. Remember that. Class—Yes'm. Teacher—Suppose each piece were cut again what would result? Smart Boy—Sixteenths. Teacher—Correct. And if cut again? Boy—Thirty seconds. Teacher—Correct. Now, suppose we should cut each of the thirty two pieces again, what would result? Little Girl—Hash.

The Greatest Wave on Record.

"The sea was running mountains high" is a favorite expression of nautical stories and Atlantic travellers, but unfortunately, the correctness of the expression does not come up to its grandeur. The highest natural ocean waves are to be found off the Cape of Good Hope, where they sweep along in majestic masses, ranging from thirty to forty feet in height—which is quite high enough for the delectation of seamen and passengers without altogether justifying the title of "mountains."

Occasionally, however, these monsters are dwarfed by waves resulting from other causes than gales or hurricanes. Great "bores" or tidal waves wreck shipping and devastate shores. But the greatest wave of historic times was caused by neither wind nor tide, but by that most terrifying of man's foes—an earthquake. It was on the evening of August 13, 1868, that the little Peruvian town of Arequipa was shaken to its foundations by several throes of earthquake, which seemed to have for their center the great volcano Misti, which rears its gaunt sides directly above the village.

A terrible noise was heard beneath the ground, and the terror stricken inhabitants were thrown off their feet as they attempted to fly to the hills. In a few moments the whole town was in ruins, and thousands lay dead or dying amidst the debris. Then followed an awful scene, similar to the great Lisbon disaster.

The agent of the P. & O. Navigation Co. gave the account as follows: While passing towards the hills, with the earth shaking, a great cry went up to heaven. The sea had retired! On clearing the town I looked back, and saw that the vessels were being carried irresistibly seawards. In a few minutes the sea stopped, and then arose a mighty wave, fifty feet high, and came in with a fearful rush, carrying everything before it in terrible majesty. The whole of the shipping came back, speeding towards inevitable doom. In a few minutes all was over—every vessel was either on shore or bottom upwards.

At Africa, on the same coast, the wave appeared a few minutes later, and submerged the town. Two vessels—a brig and a corvette—were carried by it across the railway, and were stranded high and dry a mile to the north of the town. All down the Chilean coast it swept—at Chala, Iquique, and Callao it was equally destructive. But, huge as this southern branch of the wave was, its northern arm was vaster still. When first it started on its voyage across the Pacific its length was estimated at five million feet, or, roughly speaking, a thousand miles, with a varying height of sixty or seventy feet. This incalculable mass sped along at a rate of about six hundred miles an hour. As it widened out this height diminished as its length grew greater. In mid-Pacific it formed a semi-circular wall of water measuring from end to end about eight thousand miles. Let us follow the monster's course as far as intelligent reports will permit us.

Soon after midnight the shore of California—fully 5,000 miles from the seat of the disturbance—was shaken by a wave nearly 70 feet in height, which burst with a crash upon it. The billow had traversed this expanse of water in less than eight hours.

The Sandwich Islands were next visited. This group is situated 6,400 miles from Arequipa, and the natives might fairly have considered themselves safe from any danger. Yet shortly after midnight a terrible cry went out into the night that the islands were "inking." The wave did not break, and, by a natural optical illusion, the on-lookers could not resist the impression that they were sinking rapidly into the sea. Islet after islet was submerged, and panic was universal, until the advancing tide paused and retired. But far beyond the Sandwich Islands the wave coursed on.

The next day (according to Chilean time), August 14th, Yokohama, in Japan, was visited by a billow 35 feet in height. In something less than four and twenty hours this wave had travelled over two fifths of the earth's surface—a distance of 10,500 miles. From the Samos and Marquesas groups came detailed accounts of the same phenomenon, but yet on and on it rushed.

New Zealand received the wave—greatly diminished and broken, but still alarming. At Port Lyttleton the sea receded in a most unusual manner, and then returned in a solid mass of water twelve feet high, which did considerable damage to small shipping. Still not exhausted, the giant wave was seen and heard on the Australian coast—12,000 miles from its starting point. Passing thence, its power was broken and lost in the vast area of the Indian Ocean, but even at the Cape of Good Hope it was observed that the tide ebbed and flowed for some hours in a very irregular manner.

It may be asked what became of the vessels which encountered this monster? As a matter of fact, not one of the hundreds of craft which passed over it noticed anything out of the common. The famous captain who boasted that he had crossed the Atlan-

tic so many times that he knew every wave by sight, would not have spotted this one as a stranger had he met it, for in waves there is no transference of water, and his vessel would have risen and sunk on it as on an ordinary lunar tide.

A Tree-Climbing Pig.

A curiosity has lately been shot by Mr. L. Mortemore, who has a selection on Tinana Creek, Queensland. He says it is a sort of tree-climbing pig. For a number of years the wild pigs have been numerous in this locality, and his theory is that the original or common pig must have amalgamated to a certain extent with some aboriginal animal, or that the necessities of climate, etc., have caused the variety. The captured animal weighs about 1 cwt., and is pretty fat, with bristly brown fur, small black spots, snout and ears like a pig, but the jaw is furnished with front teeth like a rodent; it has large canines, and powerful back grinders. The fore feet are furnished with hook like claws; the hind ones have two hook claws on each hoof. The tail is thick, about a foot long, and highly prehensile, and in a state of rest is usually carried in what is known as the Flemish coil. The animal is also furnished with a pouch, which it only appears to use for carrying a supply of food in while it is travelling to fresh pastures. The skin is saved, and will be sent to the Maryborough Exhibition. Mr. Le Mortemore says the flesh is excellent, and that it tastes just like veal and ham pie. He is sure there are plenty more about by the marks on the trees. In drought the animal climbs trees and hangs by its tail while it gathers its food by the hook claws. He intends capturing some live specimens and breeding from them. The discovery is most interesting, and will add another valuable food animal to our already rich resources. It is quite possible that this variety is due to the breeding of the common pig with the Queensland tree-climbing kangaroo. Mr. Le Mortemore is at this moment busy constructing traps to ensnare some of these climbing pigs.—Greymouth, N. Z., Argus.

His Ill-Behaved Leg.

A cork leg is no end of a bore, said the man who limped. Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent, and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for dinner, she said, sotto voce: I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot! Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course, without knowing it. It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling.

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THE ANGEL ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

One night, when I was about seven years old, I sat with my nurse beside the big, open fireplace, in the family sitting room. My parents, and the others of the household, had gone to my father's study, which was in a smaller house removed a hundred yards from the "big house." I had been sleepy, but my nurse had roused me with a terrifying tale of a mother who had killed and boiled her little daughter during the husband's absence at work, and had served him the dish for his supper when he came home that night. He asked for his little girl, and his wife said she had gone to bed; but just then an angel began to sing on the house-top. It was the spirit of the little girl. The woman went out to see, as the angel promised to drop a bag of gold to the ground; but as soon as she emerged into the garden, the angel dropped a bag of stones upon her head and killed her. The man, hearing the sound, then went out, and a bag of gold fell at his feet.

This story had been told me by the nurse with great elaboration, and I was desperately frightened, and begged her to sit up with me till my parents should return. While we were thus sitting, there came a rap at the hall door. The nurse went to open it (I following closely), and found a stranger standing there. He wanted to see my father, and the nurse asked him to wait till she could summon him. She went away, and the man walked into the sitting-room, and he and I sat down before the big fireplace. He was pale, and his eyes were those of a fearful, hunted man. He looked at me in a manner that frightened me, but I dared not move. His shoes were dusty and his clothing torn, and I saw a dark-red stain on his hand. He saw it, too, and shuddered and closed his eyes.

He had sat thus a short time, when I heard a strange voice singing, as though high in the air. It was a sweet, musical voice, and I felt, I knew, it was the voice of an angel. (I am writing now of what I felt then. I have other views of angels now.) These words—or words meaning the same thing—the angel chanted:

"He will not save you—save you—from the gallows; so run away, now—run away, now—for he is coming—coming—run away, now, and save your life." But I felt that the angel meant to slay him by dropping something from the roof.

I made a mental picture of a white-winged angel standing on the scaffolding, where some workmen had that day been making repairs on the part of the roof overhanging the front entrance, and I wondered if it shivered in the cold wind which swept over the house and howled and shrieked around the corners. In a condition of helpless terror I watched the stranger, knowing that the warning was for him. He did not seem to have heard the voice, but suddenly he rose, and saying, "I will be back in a minute," started hastily for the door. He seemed to be anxious to get away before my father could come. He hastily threw open the door and was running down the stairs when a piece of the scaffolding (which my father afterward explained had been wrenched loose by the wind), fell upon his head and killed him instantly. The next day it was learned that he had committed a murder some miles away, and it is supposed that he had come to my father, who before had befriended him, to get his assistance in escaping.—W. C. Morrow, in San Francisco Argonaut.

GERMAN BREAD RIOTS.

During the week, Berlin has been the scene of a riot without recent parallel. Its magnitude and significance can be only inferred, for the German press censor garbles every despatch

that leaves the city, an effort to minimize the importance of the event that has naturally the opposite effect. As well as can be judged, the uprising was not organized by agitators, but was the spontaneous revolt of starving men. Prisoners now in jail for participating have been detected in giving part, and in some cases the whole, of their prison rations to their wives when they visited them, an evidence of want too conclusive to be ignored. There is no doubt that it was a bread riot.

Berlin has enjoyed a boom, in which extensive building operations were carried on with the inevitable effect of a great rise in land values and a great influx of labor. When the boom collapsed an army of workmen thrown out of employment were actually starving. Applications for relief were met with threats of treating them as tramps, which, while it would have given them a meagre living, would have separated them from their families. At last in desperation they moved toward the palace, apparently with no violent intentions, but to exhibit themselves in mass to the divine ruler whose deficient education in civil affairs and his comfortable condition blind him to the suffering of his divinely appointed and famishing children. Here they were assailed by the police, and the riot began.

Such events are the rumblings of great upheavals like that in France a century ago. They come as warnings, which if heeded may avert a catastrophe. But when they come, it is not the strong arm but the clear head that is needed. To him who understands, they point to wrongs against which they are but preliminary and blind protests. They are symptoms of a disease that calls less for the skill of the surgeon than for the wisdom of the sanitarian.—The Standard.

TAX LAND VALUES AND ENCOURAGEMENT IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. Henry George has pointed out, in an exceedingly lucid manner, that a large part of the value given to real estate in and near great centres of population is due wholly to the growth in population, and practically in no degree to the action of the owner of the real estate. He lies dormant, while his property grows in value in consequence of what may be termed public action. While it may not be expedient to adopt radical means of collecting this unearned increment for public purposes, it does not seem necessary that the town and city governments should grant special favors to these speculative landowners.

A man owns, let us say, fifty acres of land in a growing community, which he holds in an entirely unproductive manner in the anticipation of a future large increase in worth. The land is valued by the assessors for purposes of taxation at, say, \$500 an acre. Thinking it desirable to secure settlers, he sells from his large estate a plot of 10,000 feet of land. The chances are that if this is built upon, the assessors will value this small holding—the land, not the building—at, say, ten cents a foot, or at the rate of more than \$4,000 an acre, or eight times more than the other unimproved and unoccupied land is valued at.

We instance this as an illustration of a method which has found numerous applications, but which is, none the less, in our opinion, indefensible. There is clearly no reason why the occupier of land who enters it for the purpose of improvement should be called upon to pay a greatly disproportionate share of public taxation. If there are to be favors granted for the purpose of encouraging wage earners and persons of humble means to build homes for themselves, the builder and improver, and not the land speculator, is the one who should be looked upon with consideration. As it is now, the establishment of homes is to quite a degree restricted by the absorption of land by

speculative holders, and it is certainly no discouragement to them to have their land valued and assessed at but a small fraction of its worth. It is true that it may not be a revenue producing investment, but that is merely because the holders prefer to have it remain unoccupied.—Boston Herald.

NEW PARROT STORY.

A well known New Yorker has had an adventure which discounts by 10,999 the average conventional parrot story. He was fond of knocking about in out-of-the-way quarters of the world, and left ship on the Central American coast with a party of comrades to explore the wilderness. During a cruise of several months the entire ship's company—a merry crew—had devoted their odd hours in singing to a parrot. The sailors had lost no opportunities and taught the bird all the seafaring lingo, and a few more or less elegant expletives besides. When the exploring party had bidden the bird and the sailors good-bye they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest. After 28 miles of mortal effort they reached their camping place for the night. Just as the sun was going down they were all startled to hear in the primeval silence a familiar voice calling down from the top of a tall palm: "Avast there! Yo, heave ho!" It was the ship's parrot. But before they could recover their startled senses the faithful bird, having flown ahead to prepare this unexpected treat for its chums of the voyage, fluttered down to the top of a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill call, summoned thousands of the little green parquets of the country. It is said that eleven thousand of them were counted, as they circled around the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places on the ground row after row. The explorers looked on in dumb amusement. When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot burst into the words of a familiar song, and to the inextinguishable laughter of the travellers, the consternation of the rest of the tropical world, and the delight of the festive precursor, the whole of the eleven thousand parquets, with one mighty burst of song, broke into "Nancy Lee."—Ballou's Magazine.

LA MARSEILLAISE IN BERLIN.

Think of the "Marseillaise," the war hymn of the first French Republic, the national hymn of the France of Sedan, the France which hates Germany and is in turn held in Germany as its hereditary foe—think of this passionate martial outcry which has become the very voice of the "Proletariat" sung by a German crowd, numbering thousands of workmen, on its angry march to the German Emperor's castle! At last, we are told, after earlier failures, the police succeeded in putting the unarmed columns of workmen to flight, wounding many and capturing many. But the incident is one of the most significant and portentous in the history of the day; and the world may well stand in doubt "wondering whereto this thing will grow." The Berlin workmen's march through Unter den Linden, headed for the imperial residence, means the visible uprising of social forces which may easily, at an hitherto unsuspected early day, revolutionize Germany and place her among the Republics of the world. And that, if it should come to pass, would mean the blotting out of the long feud between Germany and France, which had its origin and sustenance in the ambitions of rival monarchs. Two republics on either side of the Rhine, would soon find themselves swayed by a growing force of popular feeling, which would bring them into more and more amicable relations and diminish the size of the ever-portentous war-cloud, never out of sight in Europe. They would help, to a point beyond present calculation, the coming of the poet laureate's

foreseen "parliament of peace, the federation of the world."—Scranton Truth.

ALCOHOL SAPS THE STRENGTH.

Without doubt, men who drink no spirits hold out better and do their work better than those who drink. Armies made of men of the former class march better, hold up longer under fatigue, enjoy better health, can bear exposure better, and consequently are free from drunkenness, suffer little from disease and crime. It lessens the power of resistance in exposure to great cold, and it becomes dangerous to use it. It may excite for a time, but is always followed by great depression. This has been demonstrated in arctic explorations. In exposure to great heat, the evidence is equally as conclusive against its use. The array of testimony is indisputable.

PROTECTING A HUMBUG.

Henry George hit the nail square on the head in demonstrating the fallacy of high protection laws, when he said: "Imagine a village of, say a hundred voters. Imagine two of these villagers to make such a proposition as this: 'We are desirous, fellow-citizens, of seeing you more prosperous and to that end propose this plan: Give us the privilege of collecting a tax of five cents a day from every one in the village. No one will feel the tax much, for even to a man, wife and eight children it will only come to the paltry sum of fifty cents a day. Yet this slight tax will give our village two rich citizens who can afford to spend money and will at once begin to live in commensurate style. We will enlarge our houses and improve our grounds, set up carriages, hire servants, give parties, and buy much more freely at the stores. This will make trade brisk and cause a greater demand for labor. This, in turn, will create a greater demand for agricultural productions, which will enable the neighboring farmers to make a greater demand for store goods and the labor of mechanics. Thus shall we all become prosperous.'

"There is in no country under the sun a village in which the people would listen to such a proposition. Yet it is every whit as plausible as the doctrine that encouraging some industries encourages all industries. And that is precisely what is being done, not in some obscure village in some heathen land, but right here in the midst of sixty millions of intelligent American citizens."—Detroit Evening Sun.

TO TELL HOW FAST A STEAMER GOES.

Among the various systems of signals required on board the ocean greyhounds one of the most important is a convenient means of determining quickly and accurately the number of revolutions of the engine shaft or shafts without waiting to count each turn. An ingenious electric device to accomplish this has recently been invented by an Englishman.

A circular contact maker is fitted to the shaft and over it work two contact brushes, so at each revolution of the shaft the circuit is made and broken four times. In the circuit is placed an electrical clock-work, and when the button is pushed at one of the stations, the counting circuit is thrown in. The apparatus begins to count the instant the button is pushed, the oper-

ation lasting fifteen seconds. At the end of that time figures appear at the openings of the indicator, and show the exact number of revolutions per minute.

When the button is pressed again the last indication is automatically cleared away and the wheels set at zero. A number of indicators may be placed on the same circuit, but while a record is being taken on one the others are locked automatically to prevent the upsetting of the record being made. The tests made with the device on English warships have been very successful, and engineers say that it fully meets every requirement.

Thomas Healy (McCarthyite) has been elected without opposition to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the resignation in October last of John Redmond, who gave up his seat to contest the city in the interest of the Parnellites.

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