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"NO CARDS."

(AUJOURD'HUI)

He came up behind me—my frame's near
the door—
Looked over my shoulder; spat on the
floor
In a manner that to my experienced eye
Betokened the fact that the stranger was
"fly."
Yet ne'er a wing did he seem to possess,
But 'twas easy to see he belonged to the
press.
You 'e'en could tell it 'thout any guessing.
At least, I assure you, such was my im-
pression.
"I've just struck the town—came in from
the "Plug,"
Said the stranger, as I had about scanned
his "mug"
"Footed the road till I came to that bridge,
"Sat out there all night—beyond on a
ridge;
"Jumped a 'flight' as the light's struggled
out in the east;
"Say, could you help a pilgrim like me to
a fast;
"Or, if you're half strapped yourself, just
give some wad.
"I'll keep off a bit, chappie, I might mix
the bread.
"Something tells me I've met you, back in
the past.
"I'd see rather clearer if I but had some
repast.
"What? Should not have struck this
town? Nor out of trouble?
"Wal, if that is so, pilgrim, I'll do the
road double
"They said beyond there they thought it
was over—
"If I'd known it I'd sooner have added to
Dover.
"When 'no cards' is the racket I'll leave
for ever;
"But could I know how to get 'cross
that river?
"There's a mighty slim chance of walking
around it,
"If I try Byron's Hell-sport act I'd get
drawn ed.
"But you know, 'Lives of great men also
remin us'
"All sich shaky places we must leave be-
hind us,
"So I'll bid you tal ta! and here's for the
border,
"Let the boys understand that I skipped
in good order;
"For although not burdened with this
world's goods,
"Nor bedecked in raiment like unto the
dudes.
"I'd sooner, by jingo, have my name stand
as 'square'
"Than to see alongside it the term 'unfair.'"

A TRUE PICTURE.

Prof. DeLeon, of Columbia College, in a recent address before a stenographers' association, spoke as follows:
"At the time of the establishment of the Republic of America, it would have been a perfectly rational prophecy to have said that the Republic could not last. Madison said that a republic could not be a permanency when any large number of the people were simply cattle. But the Republic has not gone down. Neither did those of Greece and Rome go down at once. To-day one man can produce as much as took 100 to produce 100 years ago. The same quantity of wealth can be produced in one fifth of the time. This is through machinery. By steam power the necessary hours of labor have been reduced to one hour as compared with ten. Transportation, giving the means of exchange of commodities, has combined with these to increase the productivity of labor one thousand fold. In view of this, wealth ought to be the most plentiful thing in the world. But if statistics are approximately true the average laborer does not earn nearly \$1 a day. Wealth may have increased in the hands of some, but has not in proportion among the others. There is not enough actual wealth in the United States to supply all its inhabitants for one month. Under the present system the non-productive army is enormous. The middle men come in also in equal numbers to the producers. All the stores dealing in the same commodity in the same neighborhood are unnecessary and prejudicial to the general good. From this follows the misery of the many and the immorality of the few. This necessitates all the police and soldiers. The people of our Four Hundred, those of Fifth avenue and Madison avenue do not trust one another. They smuggle detectives into their ball rooms to prevent their diamonds being stolen—by whom? By their own guests!"
Bellamyism was the Professor's subject, and he spoke for the Nationalist party. Every wrong that Mr. DeLeon complains of could be exterminated in eight years through the ballot, if all honest men could be marshaled under the banner of common sense reform—a reform free from vagary and crankism. Trusts could be abolished; water, upon which the people pay enormous dividends, could be squeezed out of stocks and bonds; the hours constituting a day's work could be fixed beyond repeal or appeal. Good and honest men could be elected to execute them. Why not, then, use means at hand to usher in a new era of reform? If workmen would set themselves to work and organize and federate themselves, land, trust, monopoly and corporation piracy would soon cease.—New Era.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.
The Scheme Which Will Be Carried Out in West Philadelphia.
The wave of co-operative enterprise is sweeping over west Philadelphia now, and soon housekeeping may be conducted on the mutual plan. A circular was prepared by Dr. John Taylor which is being handed around among the residents of that neighborhood for signatures, and as soon as a sufficiently large number of names are attached the central cooking house will be established, and servants in private dwelling will be dismissed. The following is a copy of the circular which is being distributed:
"We, the undersigned, having formed a favorable opinion of co-operative housekeeping, hereby express our willingness to help form an association for that purpose when as many as ten families or thirty persons will agree to join it. We also agree to attend all the meetings necessary to effect an organization of the society."
A number of names have already been subscribed, and the promoters of the undertaking are very sanguine of securing the signatures of a large proportion of the neighboring population. Meetings are held weekly at the residence of Dr. Taylor, and a permanent organization has been effected.
The association is in communication with similar concerns in western cities, but the Philadelphia system will differ somewhat from all others now existing. The idea is not so much to secure cheaper living as to do away with individual household work. At first the cook in charge of the

central culinary establishment will purchase all provisions necessary, hire the needful help and collect from each family its proportion of the expenses. The families will be charged according to the number of persons each contains, special prices being made for babies and very small children. After the lapse of a few weeks the association will settle upon a regular weekly rate.

Purchasing fuel and provisions in wholesale quantities, the association will buy at a much lower rate than that charged individuals. Families can either take their meals at private tables curtained in booths in the main dining room of the central supply house or have them served in their own dwellings. The former place is the one usually selected, and can be carried on somewhat cheaper than the other.

Speaking of the association and its future Dr. Taylor said recently: "If the plan works, as we have no doubt it will, besides having a central cooking house, there will be established a laundry, electric light plant and house heating apparatus. A good system is to have one central supply house for each square. The dwellings are built as usual, with the exception of the dining rooms. They are built away from the main structure and along a covered aisle leading from the central house to the middle of the four sides of the square. The dining rooms are one story structures, and they are connected with the main dwelling by little archways. Thus each family eats in its own dining room, but is served from the common supply house.—Philadelphia Record.

LESS WORK AND MORE REST.

Still better than the eight hours a legal day's work would be a voluntary agreement between employees and employers to that effect. There seems to be a fear that the different trades will demand ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, but such fear is groundless, observes the Mechanics' Journal. There has not been, so far, anything in the agitation of an eight hour working day that could lead any one to suppose that a demand, which would practically amount to an increase of wages of thirty per cent., is the principal object aimed at. The necessity for less work and more rest, the desirability of giving work to the thousands now without it, the need of more time to devote to mental and physical culture, these are the main purposes to be accomplished. What has been possible in Australia would certainly be possible here. We have already adopted another great reform originated on the distant continent and found it to work admirably—the secret ballot box—and were we to give a trial to the eight hour working day there is every reason to believe that it would prove equally feasible and beneficial to the people of this great industrial country.

WORK FOR A HERO.

Our task is here where our hands and feet are, in the mud and filth of the earth, where thistles and brambles grow. Let us make the mud and filth grow lilies and roses, or at least cabbages and turnips. Let us root up the brambles and thistles and replace them with those strayed children of paradise, the flowers. In place of fixing our spiritual vision on the end of our big toe, and musing on the mystical virtues and potencies contained in the sacred word "Om," let us rather every morning, when our eyes first open to the blessed light, realize that another day, as fresh and original every whit as the first day of creation, has dawned, and that another chance has been given us to play the part of a hero. And what is it to play the part of a hero? To struggle successfully to attain wealth or fame? To be the temporary idol of the foolish or knavish multitude of those whose prototypes once cried out: "Crucify him! crucify him!" Far from it. Rather it is to master yourself—that sweet gentleman who thinks the world was made for him; that he ought to be fed on sweet-meats, let his brother be fed on husks or wind, or what not. Kill yourself. Thus only can the phoenix rise from the dead ashes and soar into the blue empyrean. Live with the determination constantly before you to justify God's act in having created you, by making the world the better, not the worse, for your having been born into it. The little children, ragged and hungry, physically, morally and mentally stunted and deformed,

are crying out to us from underground mines and babel factories, where all the iron wheels are grinding life down for its mark; are crying out to us from foul slums of all the cities of Christendom to come and deliver them from the grasp of the devouring ogre, who rules the present competitive industrial system. Gaunt, hollow-eyed women, 'distressed needle-women,' making shirts at fifty a dozen, are turning their tearless eyes toward us from all quarters of the globe. Their husbands and brothers—the producers of all the wealth which the people drone and thieves of society own—enjoy—go their weary, monotonous round like imprisoned horses in treadmills; they are calling to us to come and free them. Do you think there is no work for a hero to do at this hour of the world's history? Oh, fools and blind! And in emancipating these, your brothers, you at the same time emancipate their masters, also your brothers, just as the mancipation of negroes effected the greater emancipation of their owners.—Judge Frank T. Reid Northern Light.

PREVENTION OF STRIKES.

A writer in a London periodical thought out a plan of doing away with the dangerous and expensive contests between capital and labor known as strikes and lockouts. It is simply a method of compulsory arbitration, or, more strictly speaking, judicial determination. The writer proceeds upon the assumption that all strikes should be settled by law in case where negotiations fail and either party refuses to submit the questions involved to arbitration. A strike is defined to be an attempt by a person or persons to modify the terms of employment otherwise than by offering or demanding a higher or lower rate of payment—by paying, coercing, or any way persuading any one, whether engaged in the employment or not, to engage or not engage in the employment at modified rates, whether the persons so coerced, or persuaded be employers or employees. Recognizing the injurious results of strikes—injurious to the trade of the country as well as to those directly engaged in it—and realizing that strikes are not terminated upon their merits, but on the sources of the disputants, it is proposed to make them unlawful and to hold those engaged in them liable in the same manner if engaged in a conspiracy to utter a verbal libel against the person or business concerning whom such action is taken, is then provided that all disputes as to employment shall be decided by the court of the county, each party submitting a statement. The verdict shall be binding for three months, unless the decision shall be appealed by the court on appeal of the party. The court is to be allowed to call in assessors, subject to challenge by either side, if, owing to challenges, he is unable to assessors, he must decide himself, would be a simple and satisfactory method of preventing strikes, in one sense at least. The side that had a weak or questionable case would necessarily fear to go before court, and therefore would settle by agreement. If compulsory arbitration would be accepted at all, there is no more satisfactory tribunal for calling it into effect than the courts. It probably be found very difficult in the present state of public opinion to secure passage of a law making it a misdemeanor to declare or engage in a strike or to a lockout.

POLITICAL ACTION.

The condition of the workingmen farmers of this country will never be improved if they do not unite in political action for self preservation. The idiotically intrust the exclusive management of their most important interests, selfish, designing and dishonorable persons who have little or no sympathy in common with them, may be reminded that they will not protect a dove, and selfish dishonesty are not accustomed to kindness for benefits received. Nothing in the history of man has surprised than the phenomenon of the universal subjugation of strength to weakness, solely from the neglect of the number having no effective organization. The physical strength resides even in the governed, and, whenever the first any symptoms of decided opinion are treated with respect and aged with delicacy, because it is well understood that, when once excited, they overturn the most deeply-rooted political

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW BRIDGE.

It was a habit of Walter's—no doubt induced by the practice of his profession—to note the countenances of his fellow-creatures narrowly, but it struck him that that of Lillian, as she greeted him upon the lawn of Willowbank, wore a look that he had not seen upon it before.

"I feel that I ought to apologise," said Walter, "for such an early visitation; but it seems to me there has been a little mistake. Mr. Brown was so good as to tell me to come early—to spend the afternoon, as I understood him."

"Then, how very rude you must have thought us, Mr. Litton!" exclaimed Lillian. "Neither Lotty nor I were ever told a word of that. It is so unlike papa to be so forgetful."

"I am afraid it is I that am the sinner," observed Sir Reginald penitently. "Your father did tell me this morning, Lillian, that Litton would probably drop in soon after luncheon; but I knew that at Lotty had some serious shopping to do, in which she would require your assistance (bonnets, my dear fellow, which with my wife are paramount), and so I kept at home myself—a very bad substitute, I allow—to do the honors in your stead. My conscience nags me, I promise you, when I saw him in his white tie and polished boots (like a fellow who has been up all night at a ball)—there is something so exqu岸itely ridiculous in a man in evening clothes in the daytime—and reflected that he had got himself up so early all for nothing, or at least only for me; but I really did it for the sake of you ladies."

"I beg you will leave me out of the question, Reginald," said Lillian coldly: "if my father himself had so behaved it would have been an act of inhospitality, but in your case it was a rudeness, not only to Mr. Litton, but to me."

"I really cannot admit that, Lillian." "Then we must agree to differ upon that point—at all events, I hope you have done your best, in your self-assumed character of master of the house, to show Mr. Litton the lion's share."

"He has heard them," said Sir Reginald, laughing. His temper, which, as Walter was well aware, was none of the best, seemed imperturbable, and only by a red spot on each cheek, could you perceive that his sister-in-law's reproof had stung him. "He came at three o'clock, you know, as though he had been asked to dine with them."

"Reggie is incorrigible, Lillian," said Lady Selwyn, forcing a little laugh, "and it's no use being angry with him. After all, my dear, remember Mr. Litton and my husband are old friends, and I daresay have got on very well without us."

"Have you seen our new bridge, Mr. Litton?" enquired Lillian, without taking any notice of this attempt at mediation. "No," said Walter. "What bridge?" "Why, the one papa has thrown over the little brook by the rose garden. But you have been shown nothing, of course!" "There's ingratitude!" exclaimed Sir Reginald. "Why, I left you to exhibit it to him despatchedly. I knew he would have to see it."

But Lillian was already leading the way to this new wonder, with Walter by her side, leaving Sir Reginald and his wife to follow them, or not, as they, or rather he, might feel inclined.

"It is positively disgraceful," muttered the baronet, "to see how your sister is throwing herself at that fellow's head."

"Let us hope not that, dear," answered Lotty mildly.

"What's the good of hoping when she's doing it, stupid!" returned he angrily. It had begun to strike him that the somewhat high-handed course he had taken to prevent the young people spending the afternoon in each other's company, had not had quite the result he had intended, but, indeed, rather the contrary on—their heads were very close together, and by their eager talk they seemed to be making up for lost time.

"Had we not better go to the bridge too?" said Lotty timidly.

"No—yes; that is, you had better go," was the curt reply. "As for me, I can't trust myself to see the girl making such a fool of herself; though this is the last day, thank goodness, that she will have the opportunity of doing it. Follow them up at once, and mind you keep your eyes open and your ears too;" and Sir Reginald turned upon his heel, and, lighting a cigar, strolled away towards the entrance gate.

In the meantime, Lillian's tongue was not idle. "That is only a specimen, Mr. Litton," said she indignantly, and scarce waiting till

they were out of earshot of their late companions, "of Sir Reginald's officiousness, and of how much he takes upon himself of what ought to be my father's province. I am surprised papa has no idea that you have been treated thus."

"I beg, Miss Lillian, that you will not distress yourself on my account. That you should do so, does indeed give me pain, whereas, nothing that your brother-in-law can say, or do, can affect me in any way."

"He has been doing his best, then, to annoy you?" said Lillian quickly. "I guessed that by the look of his face."

"He does not trouble himself to be very agreeable to me, certainly," answered Walter, smiling. "And yet, I have done nothing—voluntarily at least—to offend him."

"I think he is jealous of you, Mr. Litton—I mean as respects your position in this house, and my father's liking for you."

"But I am nobody here; scarcely even a guest, since I have been employed by Mr. Brown professionally, while Sir Reginald is his own son-in-law."

"Yes; but his egotism is such that he wishes to be all in all here. As it is, I am sorry to say that he exerts a great influence over my father; this notion of our going abroad, for instance, is certainly his own idea."

"You do not wish to go abroad, then, Miss Lillian?"

"Well—no; not for so long, at all events, or rather, not for an indefinite time, such as is proposed. One does not wish to be separated from all one's friends, without some notion of when one will see them again—does one?"

"No, indeed. But is it really decided that you are to winter in Italy?"

"Yes; we are to go to Sicily first—in October—in a yacht, which Sir Reginald has secured. The sea voyage has been recommended to me, it seems; though I am sure I don't want a sea voyage."

"Perhaps it will do you good; you are not looking in such good health as when I had first the pleasure of seeing you."

"Is that wonderful to you who knows what ails me? It is this spectacle constantly before me of my sister's unhappiness that wears and worries me so; and her husband, you may depend upon it, will be no kinder at sea than on land. Indeed, when I reflect upon his growing ascendancy over my father, and on the isolation of all our friends that awaits us, it seems almost as though I myself were about to be subjected to his tyranny."

"I have too good an opinion of your sense and spirit to apprehend such a suggestion, Miss Lillian; and, in fact, I think you have declared your independence pretty plainly this very day."

"Well, I was angry at his behavior to you, Mr. Litton, and so spoke up; but I sometimes fear that I affect a courage in contending with him that I do not possess. If I was to be ill—I mean, really ill—for example, I often shudder to think what puppets Lotty and myself would be in his hands, now that he has once gained my father's ear."

"He seems to have gained it very quickly," said Walter musingly.

"Yes; it is very strange, but so it is. I am ashamed to say that I think his possessing a title has given him a sort of stand-point; for my part, however, he not only seems no better as Sir Reginald than he was as plain Capt. Selwyn, but twenty times worse! O indeed, indeed, it is no laughing matter—for Walter could not forbear a smile at her womanly vehemence—and when we are far from home and—and—friends, I shall feel so lonely and so helpless to resist his will!"

"If your apprehensions carry you so far as that, Miss Lillian," said Walter gravely, "I would positively decline to leave England. There is Torquay or the Isle of Wight."

She shook her head. "I have tried all that; but, for the first time in my life, my father has over-ruled my wishes. I sometimes think that there is a plot between them; for my own benefit, of course, as respects papa; but in Reginald's case, as certainly for his own advantage."

"I wish to Heaven I could help you, Miss Lillian! There is nothing I would do for you."

"I know it, Mr. Litton," said she earnestly. "You are a true friend to all of us; so different from that smooth-tongued man yonder, who can also be so rough and tyrannous. But hush! here comes poor Lotty; and I had so much to say to you, which I must not speak of now."

"Well, Mr. Litton, what do you think of the new bridge?" asked Lady Selwyn, with that artificial sprightliness which a woman must be crushed indeed not to be able to assume upon occasion. "Papa was his own architect, and is immensely proud of it, so I hope you have been going into raptures."

Walter had been standing by the new bridge for the last five minutes, and not even noticed its existence, but now he hastened to express his approval.

"It is Venetian," she went on, "in its style, as papa avers; but Reginald, who, as you know, is so absurd, will call it the Willow Pattern Plate. No question has been left by consent for us to decide, when we shall have seen Venice with our own eyes."

"You are looking forward with great delight, I suppose, to your first visit to Italy?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am; but what we all look forward to most is that the change will do Lillian good. We think her looking so pale and out of sorts."

"Oh, I am well enough," said Lillian wearily.

"Nay, you can scarcely say that, darling, when papa feels so curious about you; and even Reginald!"

"Have you told Mr. Litton who is coming to dine to-night?" interrupted Lillian suddenly.

"O no, dear; I thought it was to be a secret. Indeed Reginald particularly told me not to mention it, so that it might be a pleasurable surprise to Mr. Litton."

"Well, Reginald has not told me, nor, if he had, should I be bound to obey him.—Mrs. Sheldon is coming to dinner."

"Mrs. Sheldon! Well, that does astonish

me," exclaimed Walter. "I am glad to hear it, however, for it shows that your father has now forgiven everybody who had a hand in making his daughter Lady Selwyn."

"O yes, he has quite forgiven her, and, indeed, likes her very much."

"Then this is not the first time he has seen her?"

"Oh, dear no," answered Lotty gaily; while Lillian leant over the Venetian bridge, and shredded a plucked flower into the water with impatient fingers. "She came to call—let me see—the very day after you were here last, and she stayed to dinner, and has been here since very often."

"I don't like Mrs. Sheldon," observed Lillian quietly.

"Well, my dear, we have seen so little of her, that is, comparatively," replied Lotty nervously. "Reginald, who has known her all his life, has a very high opinion of her, you know."

"Yes, I know that," said Lillian.

"And papa is certainly pleased with her."

"I know that too," repeated Lillian, and this time with even more marked significance.

"O Lillian, for shame!" exclaimed Lotty. "What must Mr. Litton think!"

"Mr. Litton is old friend enough, or, at all events, has shown himself friendly enough to both of us, Lotty, to be told. If we had any friend of our own sex"—and here Lillian's voice was lost in a great sob—"with whom to take counsel, it would be different, but, as you know, we have none. We see no one, now, but Sir Reginald's friends."

"O Lillian, Lillian!" cried Lotty, looking round about her apprehensively; "for my sake, for my sake, say no more; I am sure you will be sorry for it. It is not fair, either to me or my husband, or to papa himself."

"Very well; then I will say nothing."

"I hope you have not already said too much," sighed Lotty.

"Nay, indeed, Lady Selwyn," observed Walter, "I have gathered nothing of this forbidden fruit. I have no idea at present as to what it is that Miss Lillian wishes you to withhold from me; and I shall make it a point of honor not to guess at it."

"You are very good, I am sure," said Lotty nervously, and speak like one who repeats a lesson learned by rote. "I think I heard the front gate click, and it is just the time for papa to be home. Had we not better go and meet him?"

"By all means," cried Walter, manifesting an extraordinary interest in Mr. Brown's return from the city, but, in reality, desirous to relieve the young ladies from the embarrassment of his presence; and he moved away accordingly. Lady Selwyn, however, hastened to accompany him; while her sister remained behind, perhaps to remove the traces of her tears. The former made no attempt at conversation with him, and Walter found it no easy matter to keep his thoughts from speculating upon the cause of the strange scene he had just witnessed. That something had occurred with respect to Mrs. Sheldon, which had roused Lillian's extreme indignation against her, was evident; and also that she suspected Sir Reginald of designs of which Walter himself, who had such good reason to distrust him, could hardly believe him capable. It really seemed that the reconquering of the little household at Willowbank had brought with it, at least, as much of evil as of good.

As they left the shrubbery for the lawn, he saw his host walking rapidly towards them, having apparently just left his son-in-law, who was standing on the carriage-sweep; his brow was knit, and his face wore an angry flush; but as he drew nearer, these symptoms of wrath seemed to evaporate, and Walter shrewdly set down to the circumstance that Lady Selwyn was his companion, instead of Lillian, for whom the old gentleman had probably taken her.

"Good-day, Mr. Litton, good-day," said he; "I am afraid I must plead guilty to having forgotten that I had asked you to look in upon us early, until it was too late to alter the ladies' plans; but I hope Sir Reginald made himself agreeable.—Lotty, my dear, if you will go and dress for dinner, and then come down and do the honors to Mr. Litton, I will do my best to amuse him in the meantime.—By Jove! what a lucky fellow you are to be dressed, man. It's not often they get me to do it; but we have got another guest to dinner to-day, and, unfortunately, it's a lady."

"I am sure the lady would feel herself greatly complimented, if she heard you say so, papa."

"Push, tush! I was only speaking generally. It is deuced hard on a man to my time of life to have to change his clothes because a woman is asked to dine. With you young fellows, it is doubtless different; though, when I was your age, Mr. Litton, I had never had a pair of polished leather shoes on my feet, nor so much as a tail-coat on my back. The only evening-parties I ever attended were those at the Mechanics' Institute."

"Indeed," said Walter, not knowing what else to say, though he was well aware that a more rapacious appreciation of the difference between Mr. Brown's Now and Then was expected of him. "Such a mode of life must have been very unconventional and independent."

"Gad, I don't know about the independence, sir; I had but a pound a week, except a few shillings that I made by working after hours, and which I had by to marry upon. People said it was rash in me to think of a wife; but it is my opinion, that when a young fellow gets to be three-and-twenty it is high time for him to think of such things—that is," added Mr. Brown, with sudden gravity, "if he chooses, as I did; one who is accustomed, like himself, to scolding and simple fare; for to drag a girl down from competence and opulence to what seems to her like beggary by contrast to it, is a very shameful action.—Hello! Lillian, my dear, where did you spring from?"

"I have only been as far as the new bridge and back, papa."

"Well, you'd better go in and dress for dinner, my dear. Your sister has been gone these five minutes."

"But my toilet does not take quite so long as her ladyship's," returned Lillian, smiling.

"Well, well; rank has its duties, no doubt, as well as its privileges," observed Mr. Brown complacently. "Perhaps you will marry a baronet, or maybe a lord, yourself, Lillian, some day, and then, I daresay, you will take as long to dress as Lotty."

"Why should I only marry a lord, papa?" said Lillian complainingly. "Can't you look a little higher for me? Why should I not be a duchess, for instance?"

"Go along with you and dress for dinner," laughed her father, pinching her cheek; but when she left to do his bidding his countenance grew grave.

"Lillian is far from well," said he; "I don't think the English climate agrees with her."

"She looked very well when I first had the pleasure of seeing her," observed Walter. "I would fain hope that her indisposition is but temporary; the heat has been exceptionally great this summer."

"No, no; it's not that; but something more serious, though we don't know exactly what. Dr. Agnew has prescribed change of climate. You are doubtless aware that we are going abroad next month?"

"I have heard so, sir," said Walter quietly. "Of course I regret it, for my own sake, but still more for the cause that takes you away."

Common politeness would almost have dictated as much as this, yet Mr. Brown was obviously displeased with the remark, and in his reply to it, ignored the sentence that referred to his daughter altogether.

"Well, yes, of course it will separate you from us completely; but a young man like yourself is always making new friends; for my part, I shall be most pleased to forward your interests, if it should ever lie in my power to do so. But I hope, when we come home, we shall hear of you as having made your own way in the world. After all, that is the only satisfactory method of doing it. Look at me: I had no patrons; I did not lay myself out to conciliate society."

"That is very true," mused Walter: his thoughts were far away, dwelling upon the time when the house before him, now so full of light and life, should, with its shuttered windows and tenantless rooms, strike desolation to his soul. Whether Mr. Brown fancied that his guest's attention was wandering, or, on the other hand, deemed his reply too apologetic, he was manifestly unenjoyed. "Come," said he; "though you are

dressed fine enough, you will like to wash your hands before dinner, I daresay; let's step inside." And they went in accordingly.

(To be Continued.)

Real Moose Moccasins, reduced to \$1.50 per pair, worth \$2.50. Albert Demers, 338 St. James street.

How to Buy Young Geese.

A genleman who paid the best prices for his provisions, and who liked to live as well as did his neighbors, was once deceived by his poultier in the age of some poultry he bought. Meeting him a few days afterwards, he walked up to his wagon and slammed out (for he was affected, like poor Charles Lamb) in his speech—

G-gu-gu got any geese, to-day? Oh, yes, said the poultier. A fine lot. How ma-ma ny have you got? A dozen—nice ones. The customer turned them over, and then added—

N-now, you see, I've got a pe-pe-sky set o' fellows at my house, an' they eat a great deal of poultry. Hain't you gu-gu got any tu-tu tough ones?

Wal—yaas, said the poultier, picking them over. There's one—two—here! four, five o' 'em.

Is them all the tough ones you've got? Yes—yes; that's all, said the seller, separating them.

We-we-well, then, I reck reck'n, on the whole, concluded the buyer, with a leer, I'll ta-ta-take the other lot! The feelings of the poultier, at this unexpected reply, may be more easily imagined than described.

KELLY'S MONTREAL SONGSTER! A HIT EVERYWHERE.

No. 1--3 Cents.

Spare that Old Mud Cabin Only a Picture of Her Boy Slavery's Pass'd Away The Motions that are Framed Upon the Wall as I Sat Upon My Dear Old Mother's Knee If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow Paddy and His Sweet Potteen As We Wander in the Orange Grove My Mother is Waiting for Me the Song I'll Never Forget D.W. Where We Roamed Together A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy Don't Run Down the Irish Paddy shay Mr. McAnilly and His Old High Hat Jack Won't Forget You as I Sat Upon My Dear Old Mother's Knee Mother's Last Letter to Me I Love You Best of all

No. 2--3 Cents.

The Same Old Walk Ask a Policeman I'll Come Back, My Darling, to Thee. Topical Peep Out of the Window My Mother's Dear Old Face I Believe It For My Mother Told Me So How I Got Even With O'Grady I Shall Have 'Em Rafferty's Tin Wedding Is that Mr. Reilly? Mr. Joskey's Grand Soiree Hello, Reilly! We've Both Been There Before Many a Time

No. 3--3 Cents.

Down Went M.Ginty, N., Thank You, P.M. Magee's Back Yard My Little Irish Boy Wonder if she's true to Me, O'Connell McGinty The King of the Swells Three Leaves of Shamrock. Michael Slith's Speech. I Loved My Sunday Coat to Maloney. My Sailor Jack Dreaming at the Window. God Bless Our Home. Save My Mother's Picture From the Sale. The Freed m try of Erin. A Link From the Past. Dreaming A-S-S-S-S-S. Only to See the Dear Old Place Again.

No. 4--3 Cents.

The Griffintown Election.—Topical. Globe Trotting Nellie Bly. I Went With Him There Goes McManus. When Mother Puts the Little Ones to Bed. McGinty's Wake Casey's Wife Recal! That Sad Good-bye. Horoo for Casey.

No. 5--3 Cents.

Excuse Me, Excuse Me! M.Ginty, the Swell of the Day. Explain It If You Can. I'll Paralyze the Man That Says McGinty. The World Will Be Coming to an End. Down on the Farm. Leave That O' Cradle to Me. My Father's Song to Me. Ballyho Jay. O' Jidnood's Happy Days. If Our Daughters Could Speak as They Go. Parody on: If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow.

No. 6--3 Cents.

Killaloe. The Irish Spree. Stepping Stones of Time. Dan O'Brien's Raffle. Enniscorthy. He Never Deserted a Friend. The Scotch Brigade. Up Went M.Ginty—New. My Dear Old Irish Home.

No. 7--3 Cents.

The Whistling Lion. He's On the Police Force Now. The Old White Canbreen. Don't Trifle With McGinnis. Old Oaken Bucket. You Will Never Know a Mother's Love Again. Where the Pretty Shamrock Grows. Little Annie Rooney. The Three-Leaved Shamrock. Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck.

No. 8--3 Cents.

Now I Come to Think of It. I've a Little Yeller Watch. These Words No Shakespeare Wrote. Topical. Fair Columbia. Where the Sparrow and Chippies Parade. When the Robins Nest Again. New Parody. I Say, Mike! What Will They Spring On Us Next?

No. 9--3 Cents.

These Words No Shakespeare Wrote. Remember Your Father and Mother. Days Gone By. Murphy Touched Me For Ten. Major Casey, of Tammany Hall. The Irish Sporting Man. Chump; or, They Done Me Up. Fishing I Was Home To-night. Call Me Back Again. Parody.

No. 10--3 Cents.

The Montreal Baseball Club. They say They Do not Like it, but They Do. If I Catch the Man that Taught Her to Dance. Don't Let It Happen Again. H. Garty's Auction. Some Day I'll Wander Back Again. Her Tears Drifted Out With the Tide. Snuff on the Floor. McGuinness' Birthday Party. Since Kelly Took an Oath He'd Have My Life.

No. 11--3 Cents.

The Burning Asylum. No. 4, Second Floor. That's the Reason Why. I'll Tell You How It Was. There Were Four of Us. M. Garty's Bungy Bit. That's the Reason Why. The Latch of an Irishman's Door. Don't Leave Me, Laddie!

No. 12--5 Cents.

James Reilly's Sister Song. All Paddy Wants is Ireland. You Spoke Unkindly to Your Mother Jack. The Bard Played Annie Lannier, or To Hear Thee Tell It. My Sunday Breeches. The Rattle of the Latch Key in the Door. The Girls of To-day. Say, Have You Seen O'Houlihan. "Jack." A Rolling Sea Song. Little Fanny M. Intyre. Annie Rooney's Sister. Give Me Back My Lo Led One. Only Her Blessing, No More. Henry's Back. Nona. Safe in Her Gentle Arms.

No. 13--5 Cents.

How Sweet the Name of Mother. McGinty's Remains. The Springtime and Robins Have Come. The Heart That's True. We Meet No More As Strangers. Things I Would Like to Find Out. She Framed That Loving Picture of Her Boy. The Ship that Carries Me Home. I Love You. The Irishman of To-day. Hello! John Maloney. Just a Little. I'm a Co-sin to Parnell. Say, Won't You Come Out and Play. At It Every Minute in the Day. Lit It Annie Kelly. Now You're Talking. I Loved You Kate in Ireland. McNally's First Day on the Force. Sweet Summer Roses.

No. 14--3 Cents.

Measure Your Wants by Your Means. That ought to Fetch 'Em. Since My Daughter Plays on the Typewriter. Playmates. My Mother's Mottoes. Throw Him Down McClosky. I Whistle and Wait for Katie. Twelve Months Ago T. -night. It Used to Be Proper, but It Don't Go Now. I Never Liked O'Brien.

No. 15--3 Cents.

One of the Finest. We Wee o' Shionates, Jack and I. Get On to That Bouquet. They've All Got 'Em. Oh, What Has Charg'd You. Learning McFadden to Waltz. The Convict and the Bird. Little Ann is Rooney Parody. The Song that Beats My Heart. The Song My Sister Tried to Sing to Me.

No. 16--5 Cents.

The Irish Jubilee. (Lawlor and Thornton's great song.) Upp'r Ten and Lower Five. He Was a Pal of Mine. They're After Me. The Old Red Urddle. The Old Sunday Dinner. He Ain't In It. The Night Maloney Landed in New York.

No. 17--5 Cents.

"Faces." Sailing Parody. Autumn Leaves. Little Annie Rooney. Parody. Always Sh-w Respect, Joe! Oh! Mamma; Buy Me That! Our Girls. Parody on Night Maloney Landed in New York. Brown kept One and Gave Me the Other. They Ought to Have a Medal. He Got It Again.

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P. KELLY, Publisher 154 St. Antoine Street, Montreal

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World:

Stillwater (Minn.) molders struck against the employment of convicts in the foundry.

Edwin Atkinson thinks there are two things needed these days—first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work.

Switzerland has adopted a system of protecting and disciplining all railroad employees throughout the country, prescribing the amount of their wages and limiting the hours of labor.

The difficulties existing in the hat trade in Danbury, Conn., were settled last week. The old agreement between the manufacturers and trimmers was renewed and harmony prevails in all departments.

Twenty-nine Armenian weavers at the privilege mill of the Harris Woolen Company, Woonsocket, have quit work. They claim that on account of bad warps they have been unable to make good work and have been fined.

From an official document just published Italy is the greatest consumer in Europe of English coal. The following is the proportion of coals provided yearly for the principal powers: Italy, 1,465,690 tons; France, 957,829 tons; Germany, 902,597 tons; Russia, 613,937 tons; Spain, 724,972 tons.

At a meeting of the large coal operators in Alabama, on Thursday, a resolution was adopted positively declining to advance the wages of the miners, and refusing to confer with the Executive Committee of the United Mine-workers of America. The miners are determined to continue the strike.

Everett Glavin, ex-President and ex-Secretary of Typographical Union No. 6, died at his residence, 1254 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, N.Y., at 8.30 Monday morning, after an illness of eleven weeks. He was a prominent Henry George man, and was once a candidate for Senator on the Labor ticket.

An interesting experiment is about to be tried in St. Petersburg, in the founding of a factory for the weaving of silk. In the Caucasus, and more particularly in Central Asia, the keeping of silk worms is becoming more and more an industry of the people, and it is proposed to manufacture the raw materials so obtained.

There are still in the United States vacant lands enough to constitute a great empire, if they were all available for settlement and cultivation. Exclusive of Alaska there are nearly six hundred million acres, about half of which are surveyed, and with the northwestern territory the total is nine hundred and fifty-five million acres.

The striking miners at the Monongahela mines notified the miners still at work to quit work or there would be trouble. The men refused, and, as they came out, they were attacked, and Alvin Hall, one of the strikers, was shot through the heart. John Jenkins, who is said to have done the shooting, has escaped. The company refuses to make any concession to the strikers.

The final meeting of the board of arbitration in the matter of the great shoe-lock out was held on Saturday. A communication was received from the shoe workers, demanding as a condition of settlement that present employees of the Cox factory be replaced by operators who went on six months ago. The bone of contention is the retention of Cox's present operatives. As the matter now stands there is little prospect of settlement, and the great shoe industry threatens to remain stagnant.

There are indications that the trouble in Clark's great thread mills at Newark, N.J., will be settled sooner than anybody had had reason to anticipate, the chief officers of the company having consented, for the first time in the history of the enterprise, to discuss their troubles with an outsider. Mr. Anthony Moore, Secretary of the National Association of Male Spinners, Fall River, sought and obtained an interview with the bosses, who received him very courteously and left the impression on Mr. Moore's mind that they wished the trouble satisfactorily settled. A few of the mill girls have secured temporary employment as holiday help in some of the Newark stores, but already there is a falling off in the trade of the small dealers in Kearney and Harrison. They are mainly dependent upon the trade of the mill operatives, and the latter seem to have stopped buying.

The resolution of the striking and locked out Lynn Morocco workers that, should the manufacturers refuse to abandon the stance they have taken before January 1, 1891, to retaliate politically, by exerting any influence they may possess, through the trades unions, Knights of Labor, Farmers' Alliance and kindred organizations, and through their committees at Washington to secure the repeal of the tariff of 35 percent on French kid imported into the country, is not regarded by the manufacturers as anything serious, and they state that, before anything can be done, the men will all be back at work, and the need of such a movement over. A prominent manufacturer states that, should such a thing be accomplished, it would but revert to the disadvantage of the men, as the product of the factories would of necessity be materially lessened in consequence.

An experiment in the solution of the tramp question was begun in Germany by a benevolent clergyman in 1882. It was to give relief to those vagrants in exchange for work. He established stations styled labor colonies, and last year twenty-one of them admitted 6,231 persons. If a tramp refuses the work provided for him at a colony, he is turned over to the civil authorities and disposed of according to law. The system has already reduced vagrancy and mendicancy in the empire, it is reported, and has diminished indiscriminate almsgiving. The work supplied at the colonies is farm labor, reclamation of wastes, forestry or trades. The stations are supported solely by private subscriptions. After fourteen days the tramp is paid moderate wages, and from them is deducted the cost of clothing and other ar-

icles he may use. Besides the colonies, there are a thousand "stations" where wanderers have temporary relief, always in return for work.

There is a bricklayer in Brooklyn who, after "scabbing" and being expelled from his union, had the nerve to bring suit for reinstatement and \$400 damages. The court dismissed the case, and if ever the gentlemen is forgiven and reclaimed to unionism he will not be so ready to betray his fellow-craftsmen.

The letter carriers of New York are building up a powerful organization in this city, and are appealing to their brethren in other cities to follow suit. They are a class of workers whose industry, fidelity and general integrity have long been unappreciated, but this move to organize and unitedly seek their rights will sooner or later place them much higher than they have been in the industrial scale.

Said A. W. Wright, of the Knights of Labor, in a recent address: "The labor agitators, as they are called, are trying to organize the working people for their own interests, and yet you will hear the manufacturers say labor organizations are all right if it were not for the agitators. That is what the slave owners said about Phillips and Garrison. But we labor agitators propose to keep on with our work of making the working people dissatisfied with their condition when their condition is not what it should be."

The workmen of this city have no time to lose in fighting each other. We may all have differences of opinion as to methods of organization; we have our likes and dislikes, our friends and our enemies; but the interest that is suffering is a matter of general concern, and not such as to be hindered by personal dislikes. We cannot afford to sacrifice our interests on the altar of personal animosities. Be men; rise above petty bickerings and past mistakes, and join hands for the common weal. Let us do it—Syracuse Trades Unionist. This is very good advice, which might well be taken by lots of men in this city calling themselves Trades Unionists.

Novelties in Neckwear for the Holidays at ALBERT DEMERS',

338 St. James st.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A boy of seventeen and a girl of thirteen were married at Columbia, Mo., the other day. The wedding presents included a doll and a wooden gun.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly 200 are planted with trees.

Up to date the Prince of Wales has drawn \$16,500,000 from the public treasury on his own account, and his private debts are said to amount to about half this sum.

The bed of the Feather River in California, which is being laid bare, will yield from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 of gold if the ground proves rich as that which has been worked.

An increase of about one million people in thirteen years in Spain is attributed in a great measure to the success that has attended the changes in the hygienic condition of the cities and large towns.

In Switzerland, it is said, they will pay higher wages to a milkmaid who can sing to the cows than to one who cannot. This is done on the principle that bad treatment of a cow injuriously affects its milk.

The saltiest piece of water upon earth is the Lake of Urumia, in Persia, situated more than 4,000 feet above the sea level. It is much saltier than the Dead Sea, the water being found on analysis to contain nearly 22 per cent of salt.

Women clerks are invading even the heart of the city of London. In a large financial house in Gracechurch street a staff of female clerks has been engaged, and the managers are delighted with the success of the experiment.

The death rate among the Indians who aim to live like white people is three times that of those who continue to live a semi-wild life. The Pawnee tribe has lost more men by lung troubles in the last ten years than they lost in battle during the previous thirty.

Tucson is one of the oldest as well as largest and best known towns in Arizona. In fact, it is so old that there is no record showing when it was first settled. When the first Spanish explorers visited this country, about 1530, they found an old Mexican village there, and it was then said to have been inhabited for centuries.

The present Russian Chancellor is a Swede; the late Persian ambassador in London was a Scotchman; an Irishman was three times Prime Minister of Spain, and a Celt, MacMahon, was President of France. The Russ an ambassador at Paris is a German, the French ambassador in London is an Englishman, and the Italian ambassador in Berlin is a Frenchman. The chief consulting admiral of the Turkish fleet is an Englishman, as was also the late admiral of the fleet.

The marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity and seated side by side. A betel nut is then cut in two by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom. They begin to chew the nut; and then the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together and they are declared man and wife.

When the Irish Home Rule leader, Justin McCarthy, stayed in New York, it was hard work for him to earn a living as a writer for magazines and papers. A New Yorker who knew him in those days says that he was a close student, a patient thinker and a painstaking writer. He could handle a great variety of subjects in a satisfactory way, but he was not paid for his manuscripts at a rate that promised his enrichment. It was at a later period that Mr. Gill, the Irish envoy now in this country, strove for success as a newspaper writer in New York.

It Turned Out All Right.

Go good-night, said Mr. Sylvester, with an effort as he reached his own house. Hope you won't find your wife sitting up for you. Mine u-sed to, but I got her out of that notion pretty quick. She's sound asleep now, I'll warrant, and no make believe either. I might fire off a Gatling gun alongside of her best ear and she'd never know it.

Mr. Sylvester parted from his neighbor and entered his own house, opening and shutting the door with some trouble and a good deal of noise. Then he extinguished the hall light, fell up stairs one step at a time and went into the front room, which was dimly lighted. And there he saw his wife sitting in a rocking chair by the dressing table. Her back was toward him and she did not look up or speak—both bad signs.

Lizbeth, said Mr. Sylvester with much dignity, sitting down on the side of the bed unsteadily, what are you doing there? No response.

Lizbeth, haven't I told you never to set 'em up, I mean set—sit up f'me? It isn't proper. I'm old enough to come home w-when I please Lizbeth. I c command you not to do it again. Why don't you say something, Lizbeth?

Mrs. Sylvester preserved a discreet silence. Mr Sylvester resumed:

Lizbeth, I command you to speak. It isn't treating me with proper respect to sit there s'mum. What have I done to be treated like this? Why y-uspeak, Lizbeth? There was only silence more profound.

Very well, Lizbeth, you'll be sorry for this in the morning. I shall now retire to my—bless my soul, Lizbeth who is this?

Mr. Sylvester stood up very straight and stared at the bed, on the edge of which he had been sitting. There lay his excellent wife sound asleep, her bangs done up in tissue paper and a smile of placid contentment on her lips.

Who's that other woman? stammered Mr. Sylvester in a sotto voce tone. Then he took up courage to approach and pluck her by the sleeve. Pshaw. She came to pieces in his hands. It was only Mrs. Sylvester's clothes which she had arranged haphazardly in case of fire.

And Sylvester murmured: Saved again, 'b'gosh! as he tucked himself in his little bed, while his wife continued to sleep the sleep of the just.

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Cornwall Blankets, at the mill price. Tapestry Carpets, at 25c a yard. Oil Cloth at 25c a yard.

Knitted Goods, consisting of Ladies' Vests and Jackets, at 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c. Knitted Shawls at 25c upwards. You will get a Good Cardigan Jacket for 50c at the WORKINGMAN'S STORE.

Ladies' Furs, consisting of Boas, Caps and Muffs. Save your money by patronizing the

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N.B.—FURS CLEANED, DYED AND REPAIRED A SPECIALTY.

DR. NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION

Is undoubtedly the BEST of Cough Remedies. 25c A Bottle.

DR. CHEVALLIER'S Red Spruce Gum Paste.

The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations. 25c a Box.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, Chemists, 232 NOTRE DAME STREET.

WORKING MEN

When on your way home call in and examine my stock of

BOOTS, SHOES

AND RUBBERS.

I can fit you in any style and at prices to suit your pockets. Custom work a specialty.

J. CHURCH, 30 Chabouillez Sq.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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The Echo

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MONTREAL, December 20, 1890.

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

ANTIQUATED LEGISLATORS.

Mr. Beland's bill to amend the election law so as to give the right to vote to every man earning \$200 a year created quite a little breeze in the Quebec Legislature on Monday last. The introduction of measures of this nature gives the people an opportunity of judging who are, and who are not, friends of reform; it places political parties and politicians on record, and more than one politician will find it easier to explain away than to explain his opposition to Mr. Beland's bill. While Mr. Mercier and his supporters came out fairly and squarely in support of the principle of the bill, several members of the Opposition came out fairly and squarely the other way. And how they came out! Mr. Pelletier, who poses as the leader of his party, held the opinion that it did not follow that because workmen asked for a thing, they should get it, forgetting that it is because he holds opinions such as this that his followers are numerically small. Mr. Mercier did a wise and commendable thing when he threw Pelletier overboard, for, with that gentleman's antiquated ideas of reform and contracted notions regarding the rights of the people, he would have proved himself a veritable Jonah in the Liberalship of state.

Mr. Leblanc was also opposed to the bill, first because it emanated from workmen, for whom, on account of what he calls their Socialistic tendencies, he has no regard; secondly, because of the medieval spectacles he reads by, it was dangerous, and thirdly, as a matter of course, because the Prime Minister supported it. That during the discussion he should have gone out of his way to have a slap at labor organizations in general and their leaders and representatives in particular, considering the party he belongs to, is not to be wondered at. Quebec Conservatism and reform will never mix. There is no doubt that this bill of the workmen's representative, Mr. Beland, is dangerous, but dangerous only to the election of such men as Pelletier, Leblanc, Blanchet, Poupore and others of that ilk, who were born two hundred years too late to be of any use to themselves or anyone else. A few days ago Mr. Leblanc spoke in opposition to the night schools, and people with evenly balanced mind thought him mad. Is there then system in his madness? Does he wish to keep people ignorant and then justify himself in depriving them of their civil rights because they are ignorant? Or is he afraid that, with an extended franchise, no constituency would be found ignorant enough to elect such as

he to represent it? Surely no electorate, not even under universal suffrage, could do worse than what Laval has done when she chose this fossilized politician to represent her. Early in the session Mr. Mercier told him that his ideas were too much muddled for a legislator, and time will show there is something of a prophet about the Premier, unless indeed his friends can prevail upon the Federal Government to appoint him as its agent at some sunny place in "Darkest Africa," where his peculiar ideas on reform would be appreciated. In Canada he has, so far, only succeeded in making himself ridiculous. Let his friends be advised: Pack him off to some far-away country before he brings irretrievable ruin upon his party.

As for Mr. Beland, he is doing yeoman's work for the cause of labor reform in Quebec, and all classes of the community concede that the workmen of Montreal may feel justly proud of their representative. All measures affecting labor will find "Joe" on deck, ready and willing to take part in forwarding any measure having for its object the raising up of his fellow-workmen.

THE SHIPLABORERS.

In view of the legislation now being asked for against the Quebec Shiplaborers Benevolent Society by a section of the Board of Trade of that city, it is incumbent on every labor organization in Montreal to come to the support of the Shiplaborers in their fight against the iniquitous proposal to deprive them of their charter. They can greatly help their organized brethren in Quebec by getting up petitions against the bill and sending them to Mr. Beland, the labor representative, who will no doubt be happy to take charge of them. The point of order advanced by Mr. Fitzpatrick during the discussion on the second reading of the bill was well taken, and, if it succeeds in delaying the progress of the bill this session will give the labor organizations throughout the Province an opportunity of making themselves heard against the measure. The objections raised by Mercier were both pertinent and forcible, and ought to be carefully considered. Who is to indemnify members of long standing for their loss of sick benefits, allowances for injuries received and the post mortem benefits their families would be entitled to. Will the capitalists who are seeking to destroy the society make good these benefits to the sick and injured members or their distressed families? While seeking to deprive provident and far-seeing workmen of the means of providing against a "rainy day," the capitalists offer no substitute, nor do they wish to offer one, and they well know that the loss of the charter of incorporation would eventually result in disorganizing and disrupting the body, leaving its members to their tender mercies. Such an unwarranted attack upon a benevolent institution has never been heard of before, and those who are responsible for it and those who are actively assisting it in the Legislature ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The bill introduced by Mr. Brunet in the Local House to give laborers and others engaged in the construction of building a privileged claim for wages due and material supplied is a very commendable one, and one to which no fair-minded person can raise objection. It is nothing but right that the workman who enhances the value of property by the labor of his hands should be protected, and the only equitable way of doing this is to make the property so improved the security. By the bill the owner is likewise protected, as he is entitled to retain fifteen per cent of payments during the progress of the work and ten per cent of what is due after its

completion until such time as the contractor furnishes him with a complete list of his employees and every just claim of the workman is paid in full. Nobody can be hurt by this system unless, indeed, it might be an occasional contractor with an eye to swindle his employees. The bill, on the whole, is a good one, and the day it becomes law will be welcomed by many besides workmen.

After deliberating for two hours the jury on the Birse inquest returned a verdict of a very general nature. While failing to place the responsibility of the accident upon anyone in particular they blame the Grand Trunk Railway for not using proper precautions to prevent accidents to outgoing trains at the particular point where the disaster occurred; they also say that one of the contributing causes of the accident was the fact of the Company compelling the switchman to work twelve hours of night work each day. In a great many railway accidents the cause is to be looked for in over-worked employees, who are made to do double duty, and it was proper that the jury should draw attention to the long hours the man on duty at the Willows had to work. But will this finding of the jury result in any good? We shall be disappointed if it does. Railroad corporations are not possessed of tender consciences, and the only way to get at them is through their pockets.

Another fearful horror is reported, this time on the Intercolonial Railway, the Montreal express having jumped the track while rounding a curve about two miles from Levis. Three of the cars were turned completely over the embankment, other two derailed and much damaged. But by far the greatest loss is the number of human lives sacrificed. No less than six deaths resulted from the accident, and it is astonishing there were not more, the number of miraculous escapes being very great. About thirty of the passengers were more or less injured. It is supposed that the accident was caused by the spreading of the rails.

Why should the poor man's money be worth more in Brockville than in Montreal? is a question that will be asked by savings bank depositors. Yet such it appears is the case, as the Bank of Montreal is now paying four per cent for deposits in its savings department in the former town, while depositors here have to be content with three per cent. Why this discrimination is exercised in favor of the Ontario town is not very clear, unless it be through excess of banking competition, but surely if it pays to allow four per cent in Brockville it ought to pay here, as the money is pouring into the same treasury.

Yesterday morning, Remi Lamontagne, the murderer of Napoleon Michael, his brother-in-law, was hanged in the yard of the Sherbrooke jail. While the preparations were being made for his execution, and shortly before it should have taken place, Sheriff Webb dropped dead from heart failure, no doubt caused by excitement attendant on his position, thus making the tragedy a double one. The sheriff was an old man, widely known and respected.

In accordance with old time usage we have much pleasure in wishing our readers, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a full share of the enjoyments of the festive season.

From late English exchanges we notice that Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been advising the Scotch crofters to emigrate to Manitoba and the North-West Territories. During their tour in Canada they came into contact with several of the crofters who emigrated from Lewis and settled in Manitoba a

year or two ago, and from enquiries into their present circumstances the noble couple have arrived at the conclusion that Canada is the country for these hardy and industrious agriculturists.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the president of the British Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors, in his inaugural address said he had proposed that London should be turned into a garden; that along the tops of the houses gardens should be planted, with walks, and that bridges should cross from one side of the street to the other. A movement is on foot to erect garden terraces along the front of the houses in Piccadilly.

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

HAVE YOU MET THIS MAN?

There are traitors and traitors, but of all traitors the industrial traitor is the meanest. We don't refer to the out and out "scab" as to the pretended union man. The former is, if anything, the more honorable and less to be feared, since he declares himself and you know just where to find him; while the latter partakes of the nature of a spy, a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing. He manages to keep himself in good standing in his union by many and loud protestations of sincerity, reaping any and all benefits that may accrue to him as a member thereof; but here his interest in unionism ceases. He has no use for any other organization; he does not recognize the tie which binds all laboring men in a common cause. He is wrapped up in the attainment of his own selfish interests. You've seen him, haven't you? He stands on the corner and exhibits himself as the "square man," and then, on the quiet, he sneaks into a non-union barber shop to get shaved, or into a "rat" tailor shop for a suit of clothes, turning over to the enemies of organized labor the money such organizations have made it possible for him to procure. Yes, you can see him every day. One would think him more manly to hear him talk, but the cold fact is, he's not, and the only thing to do is to give him a taste of discipline. Such persons don't deserve any consideration; they're not union men.

Don't Miss the grand sight now open at S. Carsley's—the Japanese Bazaar. Entrance free, also tea and coffee free.

UNDERWEAR and Gents' Furnishings marked away down for this month only. Call and be satisfied. J. P. Coutlee & Co, 1516 Notre Dame street, second door from Claude street.

THE JAPANESE BAZAAR is crowded all day at S. Carsley's. The assortment of fancy goods cannot be equalled.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
No. 7028.
Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Dec. 21st, at 7.30.
P. J. DALTON, Recording Secretary.

Kid Gloves, Lined with Real Lambskin, Reduced to 75c, Regular Price \$1.50. Albert Demers. 338 St. James street.

J. ROSENTHAL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
196 ST. ANTOINE ST.

Fashionable Suits in West of England and Scotch Tweeds, at Bottom Prices, made up in the Latest Style and Good Fit Guaranteed.

Central China Hall.

DINNER SETS, TEA SETS,
AFTER DINNER COFFEES,
BERRY SETS,
FRUIT PLATES,
CREAM SETS,
CABARETTES,
SALAD BOWLS,
CELERY TRAYS,
PORRIDGE SETS,
TABLE LAMPS,
LIBRARY LAMPS,
PIANO LAMPS,
CUTLERY, PLATED-WARE, &c.

GEORGE EADIE,
(Successor to L. DENEAU),
2023 Notre Dame Street.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Ladies' Jerseys for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Nowhere in Canada can you find such a large assortment, all NEWEST NOVELTIES, and retailed at and below wholesale prices.

LADIES' STYLISH JERSEYS, from 95c At JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S.

Ladies' Silk Blouses for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, all at SPECIAL PRICES for the Holiday trade.

Ladies' Silk Blouses, \$2.65, worth \$3.75. JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Boys' Department for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, very pretty Sailor Suits for Boys prices 80c, 85c, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.20, according to size and quality.

BOYS' REEFER JACKETS.

One case of Boys' Reefer Jackets, just put to stock for the Holiday trade, prices from \$1.75 up.

Boys' Overcoats for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. We are offering large lines of Boy Overcoats at greatly reduced prices during the CHRISTMAS TRADE.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, from \$1.25 up. At JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S.

Read carefully the following list of Goods which we are selling at giving-away prices during the Holiday Season:

Knitted Wool Clouds and Fascinators, prices from 20c up.

Knitted Wool Shawls at exactly Half-Price prices from 25c.

Ladies' Knitted Shirts at Less Than Wholesale Prices, prices from 50c.

Ladies' Cardigan Vests, Good Qualities, on 50c.

Ladies' Cardigan Jackets, Good Qualities, on 75c.

Children's Cardigan Jackets, Good Qualities, prices from 50c.

Children's Wool Hoods and Caps, prices from 15c.

Tam O'Shanters reduced to 25c.

Children's Jersey Dresses, in Endless Variety, prices from 50c.

House-maids' Aprons, over 800 to be sold Cheap, prices from 22c.

A fine Assortment of Children's Pinafors, prices from 35c.

Ladies' Umbrellas, a large lot just put to stock for our Christmas Trade. Ladies' Umbrellas with Fancy Handles, prices from 75c up.

Our store for useful Christmas Presents.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.

Terms Cash and Only One Price.
Telephones—Federal, 580; Bell, 2198.

TELLS OF IT

BEST OF ALL!

It's in the air. Every child's face tells of it. And every store window tells of it in big capital letters.

The merry riot of the sleigh bells tells of it.

Tight people, and narrow people, and people who just hug themselves for being cunning, expand in an astonishingly generous manner—and they tell of it.

Gentlemen have an air of expectancy their eye, and that tells of it.

Ladies have an unmistakable air of suppressed excitement, and they rush out one store and into another—and that tells of it.

This ridiculous old Father Xmas!

And the

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

carts, filled to overflowing with extra Xmas work, they tell it as they call at the house of all classes of our citizens.

For the Troy Steam Laundry is a potent factor in any celebration in which the home plays a prominent part.

There it gives BEAUTY for dinginess, and brightness for gloom, and the spirit of content and HAPPINESS for the spirit of acerbity.

The beauty of the unsullied whiteness the

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

Cor. Craig and St. Peter streets.

Telephone No.—Bell, 266. Federal, 580.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent,
156 St. James

MONTREAL NEWS.

The Glassblowers' Local Union are to hold a ball on Easter Monday evening, and already the boys are preparing for the event, which they promise to make worthy of being looked forward to.

District Assembly No. 18 of the Knights of Labor propose to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Order in this Province by a grand social and ball in the Victoria Rifles' Armory on the 12th January. A representative committee, consisting of one member from each local assembly, has been appointed by the District to perfect the arrangements, and like everything else the Knights take in hand, it is sure to be successful. No expense will be spared to make it the most successful social event of the season.

Local Union, No. 74, of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, will hold a ball in La Gaitie Hall, Panet street, on the third Tuesday in January, the proceeds going towards increasing their benefit fund. The decorations of the hall will surpass anything of the kind ever seen in this city, and Blazi's orchestra will contribute the music. The following gentlemen comprise the committee having charge of the arrangements, and it is safe to say that under their superintendence the affair will prove a great success:— Messrs. T. Fisher, president; E. Pelletier, secretary; C. Redmond, L. Parent, A. Benard, J. Farrell, W. J. Ryan, J. Ouimet and Xavier Miller.

The Federal Telephone Company, through the act of one of their foremen, has been mulcted in the sum of \$189 by Judge Wurtele under the following circumstances. A workman named Laquene sued the Company for damages, alleging that through its fault he was forced to work on a day when the rain rendered it dangerous to climb trees and when the company refused to furnish the appliances necessary to work without danger. The defendants claimed that plaintiff was never ordered to go up the tree from which he fell and broke his leg, but the proof showed that he had been ordered by a foreman to do so and that three other workmen had been threatened with dismissal if they did not work on the day in question. The plaintiff was confined at his house for fifty-two days and compelled to pay \$10 for doctor's services before reaching his home. The Court therefore ordered that he be paid at the rate of \$1.50 a day, which, for the time he was sick, would bring the amount to \$78, also \$10 for doctor's fees and \$100 damages.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

A Merry Christmas to the workmen of the Point.

No more over-time will soon be the cry of the new-engine gang. They are on the last of the ten new engines which are to be finished this year.

The Argyles are preparing for a big time at their Christmas week tramp. A splendid programme has been prepared. The new committee are hustlers.

"Jimmy" don't seem to be so popular as he used to be in this section, judging from the way the voters are anxiously enquiring whether the Doctor is going to run.

The officers of the law should keep a watchful eye during the afternoons and prevent the "small boy" from sliding down the subway. It is a dangerous practice and will have serious results if not stopped.

Something should be done towards keeping the footpaths on the bridge at Seigneurs street in better order. Hogs' backs! If any of our City Fathers wish to break an arm or leg, just let them attempt to walk over it some evening. This would be something for our local alderman's son to instruct his men to do during the winter.

The Point is indeed "dead" this year as regards outdoor sports. The toboggan slide is gone, and not even a skating rink in our midst. There is nothing for the boys to do but stand (at the barber's) and watch the snow. Some kind soul should start a skating rink. It would be well patronized, for in years gone by champions were plentiful when the old Lomas rink was running.

Judging from the number of requisitions at present in circulation for alderman to represent St. Ann's Ward, the workmen of this section will have plenty of candidates to choose between. It would be well if they studied the abilities of some of them before signing their requisitions. Be careful, workmen, for we should have a genuine workman to represent this, the largest labor district in the city.

Good Heavy Leather Working Mitts reduced to 35c per pair at ALBERT DEMERS', 338 St. James St.

Absent Minded.

The Professor, at the dinner table—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy Willie, lately?

Mrs. Chopsticks—No professor, I have not seen him since ten o'clock and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him.

Professor—Well, seeing Martha pour me out the glass of water just now reminded me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my mind. It was just about ten o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well.

Everyone is looking for cash in these times and a good opportunity is offered everyone of finding it just now. The proprietors of Hepburn's Blood Purifier offer a series of prizes embracing \$1,000 to every person sending in the largest list of words composed from the letters in the name Blood Purifier. The prizes will embrace the sums of \$100.00, \$50.00, \$25.00, three prizes of \$10.00 each, twenty-one prizes of \$5.00 each, all in cash, and a handsome present to every other person sending in a list of words. Send 3c stamp for circular giving all particulars. Special offer to those who cannot get up a list of words. Address, C. E. Hepburn, Druggist, Iroquois, Ont.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was called to order by Vice-president Guyon, on Thursday evening last, at 8.30 p.m.

Credentials from W. J. Murphy, representing Typographical Union No. 176, and M. O. Dessault, of the Tailors' Union, were read and accepted.

The mayoralty question was then taken up, the committee reporting that Dr. Guerin had not yet definitely made up his mind to accept the candidature, and the matter was laid over till the next meeting of Council.

The nomination of officers for the ensuing six months then took place, as follows: For president—A. P. Pigeon and Louis Z. Boudreau.

Vice president—J. B. Dubois; elected by acclamation.

English recording secretary—P. A. Duffey and R. Keys.

French recording secretary—D. Rochon; elected by acclamation.

Corresponding secretary—Geo. S. Warren; elected by acclamation.

Financial secretary—O. Corriveau; elected by acclamation.

Treasurer—Joseph Corbeil; elected by acclamation.

Sergeant-at-arms—Jos. Paquette; elected by acclamation.

Auditors—Messrs. Fontaine, Beaudin, J. Brennan and Jarvis.

Committee on credentials—Messrs. Massie, M. H. Brennan, Maguire, Asselin and Cousineau.

Legislative committee—Messrs. Mongeau, Fontaine, J. Brennan, Coutlee and Earle.

Organization committee—Messrs. Royal, Irwin, Jarvis, Warren and Verdon.

A communication from District Assembly No. 19, asking the Trades Council to take up the question of establishing free public libraries, was taken up and referred to the Legislative Committee, with instructions to adopt the necessary means to bring about their successful establishment in this city. It was also decided to petition the Quebec Government for the use of old St. Gabriel Church for that purpose.

The Ways and Means Committee reported over \$150 collected since last report to fight the water tax cases.

A notice of motion was then handed in to amend the constitution by changing the auditing committee from a permanent to an emergent committee.

The Builders' Laborers' Union reported that the misunderstanding existing between them and the Bricklayers' Union had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Mr. M. H. Brennan then reported that it was the intention of District Assembly No. 18 to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the K. of L. in this city by a grand concert and ball in the Victoria Rifles Armory on January 12, 1891.

The meeting adjourned to meet again on the third Thursday in January for the election of officers.

S. H. Parker's Men's and Ladies' Velvet Slippers at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25 are the best value in Montreal.

Parker's Velvet Slippers at \$1 are worth buying.

THE WATER TAX.

In addition to what has already been reported, Messrs. Keys and Warren, collectors for the Central Trades and Labor Council Water Tax Fund, acknowledge the following:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,297.50
Cash.....	50
L. A. Caron.....	3.00
R. A. Becket.....	1.00
Smith & Co.....	1.00
Barber, Ellis & Co.....	1.00
Hood, Maun & Co.....	1.00
M. Feron & Son.....	1.00
Dr. G. Demers.....	1.00
D. Brunet.....	50
Cash.....	50
E. Stuart.....	1.00
Cash.....	2.00
Cash.....	1.00
N. Y. Piano Co.....	50
P. Ouelette.....	25
Chas. Petit.....	25
J. Lafleur.....	25
Ed. Miller.....	25
Cash.....	50
Cash.....	50
Brodie & Harvie.....	2.00
Geo. W. Cameron.....	1.00
W. D. Stroud & Sons.....	2.00
Theo. Godin.....	1.00
Joe Pont.....	1.00
Cash.....	2.00
Cash.....	2.00
Cash.....	50
Dr. Guerin.....	3.00
N. Pelletier.....	50
H. A. Nelson & Sons.....	2.00
Cash.....	50
Cash.....	50
Cash.....	25
D. Hart.....	2.00
G. Lang.....	50
Jos. Marcotte.....	1.00
M. J. Harney.....	50
Cash.....	1.00
X. Lasalle.....	1.00

DEDUCTIONS FROM WORKMEN'S WAGES BY EMPLOYERS.

A verdict has just been pronounced by the Court at Elberfeld, Germany, which is of considerable importance as regards the relations between employer and employed. A certain firm at Elberfeld is in the habit of drawing up written contracts with its workpeople. These contracts are called "teaching contracts." The workmen are called pupils or apprentices, and while it is

agreed that the time of pupillage or apprenticeship for the latter is to be five years, the firm reserves to itself the right to withdraw from the terms of the contract at any time. The workman binds himself to place in the hands of the firm 150 mks. annually out of his wages, which sum is deducted by equal weekly instalments. These sums are to be forfeited to the "master" in case the pupil fails to fulfil his part of the contract. Four workmen worked for the firm since the beginning of 1888. In virtue of the terms of the contract they had had the sum of \$615 mks. as forfeited to them. When the matter was taken into the court both the "Gewerbegericht" and the provincial court at Elberfeld pronounced in favor of the workmen, and declared unanimously that all such contracts, although describing themselves as "indentures of apprenticeship," were nothing but labor contracts, and it was accordingly decided that all contracts which reserved to the employer the power of deducting a portion of the employees' wages as security for the fulfilment of the contract by the latter are to be considered as null and void.

If you wish a suitable Xmas Present these hard times buy a Pair of VELVET SLIPPERS from S. H. Parker, 1351 St. Catherine street.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

The oldest barber in Virginia has just died at Petersburg. But with Senator Barbour still alive the State will probably pull through.

President Hyde, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was once a clerk in a rival concern. His success in life shows the advantage of not hiding one's light under a bushel.

The Reading Railroad Company is using a mixing of tar, dirt and hard coal for fuel. The fuel problem for railroads has been a grave one since wood became scarce and expensive.

The question of what shows the real gentleman is under discussion in the society journals. But the old, terse definition of the Kentuckian still abides, viz.: "A gentleman is the man who turns his back while his guest pours out the whiskey."

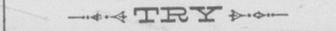
The favorite wife of the Shah of Persia is Anizah Doolet, a bright and intelligent woman who for thirty years has been the first lady of the kingdom. She has never meddled in politics and has pleased her husband so well that now at fifty she reigns supreme in the Court.

It is not generally known, says the Chicago Herald that Carl Streitmann, the tenor, has been decorated three times. One of these orders was bestowed by the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who heard him sing in "The Gypsy Baron" and was delighted with his performance. This decoration is a large golden crown attached to a golden chain. It is given for superior attainments in art and learning. The Shah of Persia decorated him with a star set with diamonds and emeralds, and the third was given him by the late King Ludwig of Bavaria.



WHEN YOU WANT A SLEIGH
of any kind the place to buy is at
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MCGILL STREET.
ALL KINDS. ALL PRICES.

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329 St. James Street,
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CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

NOTES ABOUT OUR BAZAAR.

Our Bazaar on the second floor is certainly the popular place this winter for buying Xmas presents. The two large rooms are crowded all day long. Ladies say there is nothing to equal it in the city. The immense variety and the low prices at which they are sold astonishes every one.

NEXT WEEK.

Next week this Bazaar will be simply "packed" (if the expression may be used), and ladies are kindly asked to come as early as possible in the morning as they will have better attention.

S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame street.

Great Bargains at the Bazaar.

VISIT S. CARSLY'S DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

- SPECIAL LINES
- SPECIAL LINES
- SPECIAL REDUCTIONS
- SPECIAL REDUCTIONS
- LATEST NOVELTIES
- LATEST NOVELTIES

S. CARSLY,
Notre Dame street.

Visit S. Carsley's Bazaar.

Dress Goods Department.

- All-Wool Dress Goods, from 12 1/2c.
- All-Wool Dress Goods, from 12 1/2c.
- Fancy Check Dress Goods, 15c
- Fancy Check Dress Goods, 15c
- 50 inch Costume Cloths, 48c yd.
- 50 inch Costume Cloths, 48c yd.

At S. CARSLY'S,
Notre Dame street.

Take the Elevator for the Bazaar

SILK DEPARTMENT.

- New Fancy Pongee Silks
- New Fancy Pongee Silks
- New Pongee Silks, Art Shades
- New Pongee Silks, Art Shades
- Plain Satins, all shades, from 35c
- Plain Satins, all shades, from 35c

S. CARSLY,
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You can get anything in the way of Fancy Goods at S. CARSLY'S BAZAAR.

PLUSH DEPARTMENT.

- Fancy Striped Velvets, from 50c yard.
- Fancy Striped Velvets, from 50c yard.
- Fancy Striped Plushes, from 50c yard
- Fancy Striped Plushes, from 50c yard
- Plain Silk Plushes, from 35c yard
- Plain Silk Plushes, from 35c yard

At S. CARSLY'S,
Notre Dame st.

Upstairs for the Bazaar.

Dressmaking Department. NO LADY.

No Lady requiring an Attractive and Well Finished Costume at a moderate charge, Perfect Fit and Style assured, should fail to visit S. CARSLY'S Dressmaking Department, which has lately been re-organized under a new and efficient management, New Cutters, New Fitters and New Sewers have been engaged, and with their combined experience and artistic tastes, some of the daintiest and most delightful Evening Dresses have been turned out there these last two weeks from this Department.

Several amongst the new staff engaged, have previously occupied positions with Leading Court Dressmakers of London, England, Fashionable Consumers in Paris, and with High Class Dressmakers in both New York and Chicago.

PARLOR RECEPTION SALON

COSY FITTING ROOMS, all neatly furnished and remodelled. A trial solicited. S. CARSLY.

GENTLEMEN!

Do you wish to make a suitable and sensible present

TO YOUR WIVES?

If so, see those handsome and moderate Ready Made Costumes in S. Carsley's Costume Show Rooms.

For Your Little Girls

For your little girls you will find in the same Department a complete stock of

CHILDREN'S READY-MADE DRESSES

At all prices, all sizes and newest styles.

SOMETHING NEW.

New Military Braided Jersey \$2.10
Imported to sell at \$5.00, but by way of introduction they are marked for the balance of the year at \$4.10.
Silk Blouses
Silk Blouses
For Evening Wear
For Evening Wear
S. CARSLY.

S. CARSLY,

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN



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"BELL"

Pianos and Organs

OF NECESSITY implies the use of scientific terms not familiar to the general public. The public look at results. What are the results? In what, then, do the "BELL" Pianos and Organs excel? The excel in

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It will pay you to advertise in THE ECHO. It circulates extensively in the homes of the most intelligent workmen in the City of Montreal and other Towns and throughout the Dominion.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH
A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

In the early part of the same year as that in which I became an unwilling actor in the thrilling little drama, the particulars of which I am now about to relate, a series of extensive frauds had been perpetrated on several well known houses in London. It had been my duty to try and hunt the criminals down, and I got on the track of two men whom I watched for a little while, in order to make sure that I was justified in arresting them. They were both Americans. At any rate they came from America, and as they were not known to the police on this side or the other side of the "Herring Pond," some caution and judgment had to be exercised before pouncing on them for fear of committing an error. Ostensibly they were partners in a business which they termed an "English and American Agency," their object being to bring merchants of all kinds on both sides of the Atlantic into communication, as well as to sell goods on commission. This, however, as subsequently proved, was a mere blind, and both the gentlemen were engaged in transactions of a very different kind, which, if they could only have carried on unintercepted for a few years, would have enabled them to have retired with a fortune. I was destined, however, to spoil their little game, but as soon as I got unimpeachable evidence of their crime one of the birds had flown. The other was arrested, and it soon became clear that the two men had worked out an extraordinary and systematic series of frauds, in which they must have had a considerable number of confederates. Every effort was made to secure the partner, but without avail, and the man in custody would reveal nothing. There was not a shadow of a doubt that they had possessed themselves of an exceedingly large sum of money, and it was very desirable that we should discover what they had done with it. But the man whom I had arrested absolutely declined to give the slightest information either about himself or those connected with him, and so we were baffled; and it was pretty evident the fugitive had carried off all the valuables as well as papers and books. At any rate nothing much was left behind that was likely to aid us. But I managed to prove one fraud against the prisoner, and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Of course, I was very much annoyed that the other principal had slipped through my fingers, and I confess that I did not entertain much hope of capturing him. About a fortnight after the man I had brought to book had been sentenced, I received a letter bearing the London postmark, which was worded as follows:

"From this day forth you are a marked man, and your death warrant is signed. The knife or the bullet will stop your career before you are many weeks older, and you won't have another chance of getting any more fellows sentenced."

This letter did not affect me in the least. I had often been threatened before, and I knew that threatened men live long. I even considered it a waste of time to try and find out who the stupid writer was; and so the subject passed out of my mind. On the morning of the twenty-fourth of December the daily papers announced that the previous night a man had been arrested in Liverpool on suspicion of being the partner of the convict then undergoing penal servitude for the Great Frauds, and that Mr. Dick Donovan, "the well known detective," would start at once for Liverpool in order to identify the man and bring him to London should he prove to be the person wanted. Of course, we in the "Yard" were already in possession of this information, and equally of course I had received instructions to go down to Liverpool, so that the papers were correct.

I was not very pleased at having to leave town on Christmas Eve, which I always liked to spend with my friends; and I said some harsh things about the chance that rendered my going away on this particular day necessary. However, there was no help for it, and I arranged to leave by the night train, for duty was duty, and could not be shirked.

It was a terribly bitter night. It had snowed during the day, and as the evening came on, a severe black frost set in. When I reached the station I had about ten minutes to spare before the starting of the train and so sauntered leisurely down the platform, hopeful that I might be able to get a compartment to myself, but that did not seem probable, for, being Christmas Eve, there were a great many people travelling. I had walked the length of the train, and was proceeding back, when a gentlemanly looking man, wearing kid gloves and a fur-trimmed overcoat, stopped in front of me, and, politely raising his hat, said—

"Excuse me, but I believe you are Mr. Donovan?"

"That is my name," I answered; "but you have the advantage of me."
"Oh, well, my name is Richard Jack," he said, with a smile. "I am a solicitor in the city. I know you well by sight, though I have never any business with you. You are going to Liverpool, I believe, if the papers are correct."
"Yes. They are correct enough in this instance," I returned.

"Then, we'll travel together, if you don't mind," he replied. "I've secured the corner of a first class compartment, and tipped the guard."
He seemed a very pleasant, affable gentleman, and so I expressed my willingness to become his travelling companion, and we moved towards the carriage he indicated. As we came to the door we noted that another man was seated in one corner of the compartment. He had on a big fur cap, the flaps pulled down about his ears; he wore a heavy overcoat, and had a rumpled round his knees.

and was so muffled up that it was impossible to distinguish his features. Mr. Jack was a little man with a clean shaved face, and had he worn a white band round his neck he might have passed for a curate.

"So you are going down to Liverpool to see if you can identify the man who has been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the great frauds?" he remarked.

"Yes," I answered shortly, not caring to discuss the matter with an utter stranger.

"Well—I don't think you will identify him," he said. There was something in the way in which he uttered these words that caused me to look at him, and for the first time a suspicion flashed across my mind that my companion was not what he seemed to be. What that something was would be very difficult to define. Perhaps it was the emphasis he laid upon the you, or a fancied menace in his tone of speaking. But, whatever it was, my suspicions were aroused, and the heavy rug I had been in the act of wrapping about my person, I placed on the seat again, so as to have my limbs free. Then I glanced at the third man in the corner. He seemed to be sunk in profound sleep. Both windows were up, and were quite obscured with the condensed vapor. I tried to think that my suspicious were ill founded, but they would not be shaken off, and I resolved to keep my eye on Jack, who sat opposite me, and anticipate any movement of attack that he might display. The train had already attained a high rate of speed, and I knew there was a long run before the first stopping place would be reached.

Presently my vis a vis took a flask from his coat pocket and asked me if I would have a drink.

I declined. He pressed me; I declined more emphatically. He pressed me more resolutely, and the manner in which he did this increased my suspicions. My persistent refusal annoyed him, and he said sharply—

"You don't suppose, Mr. Donovan, I want to poison you, do you?"

"Well, I can't tell," I said with a laugh. "It's as well as to be on the safe side. Why don't you take a drink yourself?" I asked, as he returned the flask to his pocket.

"Because I don't want one," he growled. "We seem to be in accord, then, on one point," I remarked, "for I don't want one either."

He made no reply, but rove his arm through the arm rest at the side of the window, and opened and shut his fingers five different times in a manner that led me at once to the conclusion he was signalling his confederate in the corner, for by this time I had made up my mind that the other man was a confederate, and that I was trapped. In about five minutes more the train plunged into a tunnel, and at that moment Jack sprang at me. My suspicions and his signals with his fingers had quite put me on my guard, and I was prepared. I, too, was on my feet before he gained any advantage, and, throwing my body forward, I struck him a tremendous blow with my fist on the forehead, for I had raised my arm and brought it down like a hammer, as I was unable to strike from the shoulder, owing to my cramped position. But that blow dropped him like an ox, and he fell in a heap on the seat.

This little scene had been enacted literally in far less time than it has taken me to describe it, for it was all a matter of brief moments. But the other man had risen and seized me by the throat, and in a hoarse deep voice, prefacing his remark with a tremendous oath, he said—

"It was through you my brother got five years, and by God I'm going to have your blood for it."

I knew now that it was a struggle for life. During the trial I learned that the fellow who was convicted had a brother but we could get no trace of him. And now this villain and his copartner in guilt had trapped me with a view to murdering me—firstly, probably, as an act of vengeance; and, secondly, to prevent my identifying the fellow who was in custody in Liverpool. But, thanks to the fact of my suspicions having been aroused so early, I was on my guard, and that had enabled me to stun one of my enemies. Naturally a powerful man, the desperateness of the situation seemed to give me additional power, and swinging myself around with all my might, and against my antagonist, I caused him to stagger and almost lose his balance, which gave me a temporary advantage, but I saw that he was armed with a revolver, and I realised that he, too, was a powerful man. By a supreme effort he recovered himself. He had seized me by the throat with his left hand, and still retained his grip, digging his finger points into my throat. Putting the revolver right against my face, he pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. With a deep curse, he pulled again, but with my elbow I managed to strike his arm, the barrel of the pistol was deflected and the bullet went through the roof of the carriage. Before he could fire a third time, I got my hand from my throat and closed with him, and we both went down on the seat, though unfortunately I was underneath, and he struck me on the head with the butt end of my revolver until the blood gushed over my face.

Putting forth all my strength, I managed to regain my feet, and tried to get my hands round his throat. He prevented my doing this, however, but he lost his hold of the pistol; it fell at my feet, and I kicked it under the seat. Then we reeled against the door of the carriage, and the glass of the window was shattered to atoms, and the blast of cold air that rushed in refreshed and strengthened me; and, getting my right arm free, I struck my antagonist full in the face. Then in our fierce struggle we went down on the seat again, but this time he was under, though he managed to seize my wrists, and he twisted his legs about me so that I was powerless. The same cold blast of air that revived me had also restored the man I had stunned, and he threw himself on me.

My body against him I knocked him down, then I sprang at the opposite door, the right hand one facing the engine; quick as thought I let the window down and tried to reach the communication cord. But my enemies were too quick for me, though luckily for me, the limited space cramped their movements, but the little man, "Jack," as he had called himself, "Bill," as his companion had styled him, flung himself on me, and getting his arm round my throat, tried to garote me, but I hurled him with tremendous force against the back of the carriage. I realised then that the other man was on his knees on the floor, and I guessed in an instant he was trying to recover the revolver from under the seat. His head was towards me, and I dealt him a tremendous blow with my foot that seemed to stun him. But Bill had recovered himself by this time, and with a snarl like that of a savage animal he once more threw himself on me, and we went down together on the top of the other man.

For some moments—they seemed minutes to me, and long minutes too—we writhed, groaned and started, twisted and wrenched, each with desperate endeavor to gain an advantage. The train was rushing along at tremendous speed, and the roar that it made, coupled with the fact that all the windows of the carriages were closed on account of the intense cold, prevented the people in the next compartment from hearing anything of the death struggle. I knew that these ruffians were bent on taking my life, and in self defence I should not hesitate to slay them. If I could but have recovered the revolver the odds would have been no longer against me, but it seemed impossible.

So far I had managed to hold my own against the diabolical ruffians who had deliberately planned my assassination, but that I had done so was due to my suspicions having been so early aroused, which had caused me to be on the alert; and also to the fact that "Bill," was a little, weak, delicate man, who, single handed, would not have had a ghost of a chance against me, for Nature had endowed me with a big frame, and great muscular power. Then, again, the confined space of the compartment had told in my favor, while to the circumstance of the falling of the revolver, I owed my life, for the big rascal who tried to blow my brains out had not an opportunity of recovering the weapon.

For some moments the big ruffian was placed hors de combat, so that the struggle was between me and Bill, whom I was overpowering, but the big fellow recovered himself, and began to rise. With a mighty effort I hurled Bill prostrate on to the seat. Then, springing to the door I turned the handle, opened the door and attempted to get out, but one of them caught me by the coat, and, slipping, I fell with my body half out the open doorway. The train was rushing along at a fearful pace, and I so far had my presence of mind as to grip the footboard; but I knew perfectly well that my life hung now by a rotten thread, for it seemed absolutely impossible that any human being could fall from a train flying along at that pace and not be smashed to pieces.

It seemed to me at this time as if I was dreaming all these things. I have a perfect and distinct recollection of asking myself if I was not suffering from a sort of night mare. How long this lasted I cannot tell, but my senses came back with a voice sounding in my ear, saying "Do you feel better now?"

That voice broke the spell, and from bliss I suddenly passed to a condition of pain. Without being able to determine why I was seized with an agony of strange anxiety, though in my mind there was no coherent thought save that I was falling, falling, and this had the effect of causing me to open my eyes. At first all before me was a blurred mass, but gradually out of this mass human beings were evolved, and the first one to become quite distinct to my gaze was a white capped, white aproned, woman, with, as I thought in that moment of transition from unconsciousness to consciousness, an angelic face. I am not sure but what I had a kind of vague, hazy notion that this was a veritable angel, and that I was really dead. Gradually, however, the awakening faculties were enabled to give to the surroundings their proper place and value, and then I realized that the white capped woman was an hospital nurse; that a doctor was standing beside me with his fingers on my pulse, and that my head was enveloped in surgical bandages, and that the whole of my body was, as it were, a mass of pain. The doctor, who was feeling my pulse, said again, in a pleasant, kindly voice:

"Do you feel better now?"

I turned my eyes to him, and saw a genial face fringed with silver hair.

"Yes," I answered, and I was conscious that it cost me an effort even to utter that monosyllable. But singularly enough I had no recollection then of what had happened, and I asked:

"What is the matter?"

"You shall know in a little while. You had better drink this and then go to sleep."

A cup or a glass was placed to my lips, and then ensued a blank. When I awoke it was Christmas afternoon. The brain had regained its normal functions, and all that I had passed through came back, and I remembered every detail up to the moment that I hung out of the doorway of the railway carriage. From that point I must fill in the story by the narrative of others. The driver of an up goods train had observed me lying motionless in the six footway, for it appears my body was very conspicuous owing to the snow that covered the ground. At the next station he reported the circumstance, and as the spot where I was lying was not far off a party of men were sent down the line to look for me. I was picked up in a perfectly unconscious condition; in fact, they all believed then that I was dead. I was conveyed back to the station and seen by a local doctor, who pronounced my injuries serious, and as there was no hospital there he advised that I be sent on to Rugby by a goods train that passed in half an hour. This was done, and when I came to my senses it was in one of the wards of the Rugby Hospital. An analysis of the time proved that I must have been lying in the

six foot way fully an hour and a half before I was rescued, and had it not been for the snow the strong probabilities are that I should not have been seen at all until daylight, but by that time I should have been frozen to death. At first it was thought to be a case of suicide, although at the railway station where I was first taken to they ascertained immediately who I was by my letters, cards and papers.

Of course I soon told the story of the outrage, and described my assailants as well as I could. But it appears that when the train by which I had travelled drew up at Rugby the broken window of the compartment attracted attention. The compartment was empty, but its condition told a terrible story. There was a bullet hole in the roof; the cushions and linings were torn and rent; and there seemed to be blood everywhere. All these things were suggestive of robbery and murder, and whoever had been in that compartment had probably got out when the train slackened speed as it came to Rugby. And so Nemesis got on the track of my would-be murderers. Policemen were sent out to scour the country, and the telegraph flashed the news about, and the result was that before I recovered my senses the two ruffians had been captured. They were found concealed in a hut in a brick field not far from the town. The big man was seriously injured in jumping from the train; for, as was subsequently elicited, I had broken some of his ribs, and he was weak and faint when he leapt, the consequence being that he fell heavily, breaking one arm and dislocating the other shoulder. Bill was more fortunate, but I had mangled his face, and it was purple, bruised and swollen; and two of the fingers of his left hand were broken.

Both men were brought into Rugby in charge of the police and taken to the hospital; and Bill, as his hurts had been dressed, was transferred to the lock-up; but the big fellow, who turned out to be the brother of the rascal I had sent to penal servitude, was detained in the hospital, which he was destined never to leave alive, for three or four weeks later he was attacked with pneumonia, which had a fatal termination.

It was, as my will be imagined, a sad and bitter Christmas Day for me, and I felt verily as if I had come through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Although I had no bones broken, the wound in the neck gave some trouble, added to the shock and exhaustion, and it was a fortnight before I was able to get about. The man who had been in custody in Liverpool had been set at liberty in the absence of evidence against him. But he had been carefully shadowed, and when I was ready he was once more pounced upon, and I was able to swear that he was the man we had so long wanted. Bill, one of my assistants, turned out to be a notorious character, named William Straker, who had been twice convicted for felony. And being put on trial for the outrage on myself, he was sent into penal servitude for life.

We were enabled to prove that he and his companion had resolved to kill me, and when they saw it announced that I was going down to Liverpool they considered that no better opportunity could offer. The plot was an artfully contrived one, but Fate was against them, and in my favor. Their intention was to induce me to drink some drugged brandy, and then to haul me out on to the track: so that it might be thought it was a case of suicide, or that I had fallen out while in a state of intoxication. But my refusal to drink the brandy rather nonplussed them, and through Straker showing his hand too soon I was warned in time. Nevertheless, I went through a terrible ordeal on that, to me, ever memorable Christmas Eve, and I think it will be readily admitted that I am guilty of no exaggeration in saying that I came verily face to face with death.

Having Received my Fall Stock of AMERICAN GOODS I am now prepared to sell all sizes of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S BOOTS, Shoes AND Rubbers

My prices are LOWER than any other Shoe Man in town. Do not forget the address: 2076 Notre Dame St. J. CORCORAN. One Door West of Colborne street.

McRae & Poulin, MERCHANT TAILORS. Highland Costumes, Ladies' Mantles A SPECIALTY. Our Closures are Artistically Cut In the Latest Styles. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. 2242 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST! MILLAR'S Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Cider, &c. To be had at all First class Hotels and Restaurants. 69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

THE DOMINION Custom Made PANTS! \$3 TO ORDER. Imported Goods. Inspection invited. The Dominion Pants Co., 362 & 364 St. James St., Montreal.

Women's Rubbers at S. H. Parker's; Wool lined, for 49 cents.

FIRE INSURANCE. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF WATERTOWN. ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000. CITY AGENTS: THOS. McELLIGOTT, J. D. LAWLOR, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDOUGALL. C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent. 42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

THE Province of Quebec Lottery. (AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.)

MONTHLY DRAWINGS. Second Wednesday of Every Month.

3,134 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - - \$15,000.00. TICKET, \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR - - - \$10.00.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

P. GALLERY, (LATE OF GALLERY BROS.) PLAIN AND FANCY BREAD BAKER, 252 RICHMOND STREET, MONTREAL. Having built a new and improved Bakery is now prepared to serve the public with the Best Plain and Fancy Bread at the LOWEST PRICES. Orders sent to above address will be promptly filled.

JACK, THE EVANGELIST.

(AS RELATED BY STRAW GANVER, HISTORIAN.)
 I was on the drive in eighty, working under Silver Jack,
 Which the same is gone to Joliet and ain't soon expected back;
 And we had a chap amongst us there by the name of Robert, a site.
 Kind o' cute and glib and tonguey; guess he war a graduate.
 He could gab on any subject, from the Bible down to Hoyle;
 The words just flowed from Robert kind o' smooth and slick like oil.
 He was what they call a Sceptic, and he loved to sit and weave
 Hifalutin words together, telling what he didn't believe.
 One day while we were waiting for a flood to clear the ground,
 We got a smoking nigger head and hearing Bob expound.
 "Heil," he said, "was humbug," and he show'd as clear as day
 That the Bible was a fable, an' we loved it looked that way.
 Miracles and sich like was too thin for him to stand,
 As for Him they call the Saviour, he was just a common man.
 "You're a liar," some one shouted, "and you've got to take that back;"
 Then everybody started, 'twas the voice of Silver Jack.
 An' he cracked his fists together, an' he chucked his coat and cried—
 " 'Twas in that thar religion, boys, my mother lived and died;
 And although I haven't allus used the Lord exactly white,
 When I hear a chump abusin' him, he must eat his words, or fight."
 Now this Bob he warn't no coward, and he answered bold and free:
 "Stack your duds, and cut your capers; there ain't no flies on me."
 And they fought for twenty minutes, and the lads would hoot and cheer,
 When Jack spit up a tooth or two, or Bob he lost an ear.
 Till at last Jack got Bob under, and slugged him once or twice,
 At which Bob confessed, endurin' quick, the divinity of Chris;
 And Jack kept reasoning with him, till the cuss began to yell;
 And 'lowed he'd been mistaken in his views concerning hell.
 So the fierce discussion ended, and they riz up from the ground,
 An' some one brought a bottle out and kindly passed it round;
 And we drank to Bob's conversion in a quiet sort of way,
 And the spread of Infidelity was checked in camp that day.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A.—Why do you refer to Jones as having a silvery tongue? B.—Because he never uses it unless he wants to strike you for a dollar.
 So you don't take Jones' house? No, he wanted two hundred dollars a month, and we spit on tha. I see—you were rent asunder.
 Teacher—Correct. Woman is in the feminine gender. Now the sentence speaks of a young woman in fashionable attire. What gender is attire? Bright Boy—Masculine.
 Visit or—Isn't your mother, afraid, Willie, of catching cold in those suppers? Willie—Huh, I guess you don't know them suppers! Ma uses them to warm the whole family with.
 A Debutant's View: Pauline—So they're to be married this month? Peritta—Yes. Pauline—What fools! Prutta—Why? Pauline—To spend a whole winter of fun for a few wedding presents.
 I might remark, said the young man who has met with persistent and repeated refusals, that you are one of the wisest young women I ever met. Why? Because you seem to 'no' everything.
 Ethel—How do you manage to distinguish the men who wish to marry for money from those who really love you? Maud—Those who really love me make such awful fools of themselves.
 He—I have just returned from the country. Have spent a couple of weeks there. She—Indeed? He—Yes I enjoyed myself hugely and feel much better for the trip. She—You evidently do. You seem to be as fresh as ever.
 Anxious Mother—My dear, does that young man who comes to see you belong to a good family? Daughter—Yes, ma. He comes of an old colonial stock, dating way back to the Mayflower. Mother—I am delighted to hear that. But are you sure of it? Daughter—Yes, indeed. You ought to hear him cough.
 Sunday-school teacher—And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet two she bears came out of the mountain and ate up forty of the wicked children. Now, boys, what lesson does this teach us? Jimsy Primrose—I know Teacher—Well, Jimsy? Jimsy Primrose—It teaches us how many children a she bear can hold.
 Cardigan Jackets at Half-price at Albert Demers', 338 St. James street.
 A Great Financier.
 Ticks—You remember young Grabber who went West a couple of years ago, don't you?
 Wickles—Yes, how'd he do?
 Ticks—Do? Why simply great. He cleared \$5,000 the first year.
 W.—I want to know! And how did he do the second year?
 T.—Well, the second year he cleared out.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Silver spoons and forks in daily use may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.
 ORANGE JELLY.—One-half box of gelatine; soak in one-half cupful of cold water and dissolve in a scant cup of boiling water, juice of one lemon, one pint of orange juice. Stir and strain into the shape and set on ice.
 BUTTER SCOTCH CANDY.—I have tried this and think it very nice. Two cups of sugar, two tablespoonful of water, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, boil without stirring until it hardens on a spoon. Pour out on buttered plates to cool.
 CHOCOLATE CREAM.—One quart of milk, five even table-spoonful of grated chocolate. When hot, strain; put on again, add one cupful of sugar, four table-spoonful of corn starch (previously wet with cold milk), and cook till it thickens like ordinary boiled custard. Set on ice.
 STEWED CHICK N.—Take a young fowl, cut up as for frying or boiling. Stew in just enough water to keep from drying up entirely or from burning, and season. While tender add milk enough for gravy. Thicken with flour or corn starch and serve. Add a little butter if needed.
 APPLE MARMALADE.—Take sound tart apples (greenings are best) and grate quickly, as the tin of grater turns them red, then add sugar to taste; flavor with lemon, and whip to froth. Add half a cup of sweet cream, and serve. Delicious with sponge cake for dessert, or nice sauce for tea.
 HUCKLEBERRY TEA CAKES.—One quart of flour, four table-spoonful of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, one-half tea-spoonful of salt, four even tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, milk to make a soft batter, one cupful of well floured huckleberries. Drop in large spoonful on a well buttered tin and bake twenty minutes.
 VARIETY COOKIES.—One cup soft butter, one and a half cups granulated sugar, three eggs. Beat together till light. Dissolve one half tea-spoonful of soda in a table-spoonful hot water and add to the mixture also sufficient flour to roll smooth. Before rolling out, divide into portions, as many as you wish and flavor each with different flavor, nutmeg, caraway seed, lemon or currants are good. Roll separately, cut in fancy shapes, bake slowly. When done frost with white or chocolate frosting.
 FROSTED LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups hot water, four egg, three large desert spoonful corn starch. Put the sugar and water together with the grated rind and juice of the lemon, bring to a boil on top the stove and stir in the corn starch dissolved. Add the yolks of the four eggs well beaten and a small tea-spoonful of butter. Bake with under crust only. When done have the whites beaten to a stiff froth with two table-spoonful white sugar, spread on evenly over the top and replace for a few minutes.
 LET THE MOLES STAY.—Women are always writing to ask how they shall remove moles from their faces or necks. Evidently they have no learned that in most countries moles are not only considered beautiful but are supposed to bring good luck. A very well known French woman has her gowns cut extremely low in the back that she may display to her admirers a large black mole which is a little lower than midway between her neck and waist. The Arabs, wanting to describe a be useful woman, say of her: "Her face is like the moon in the fullness of its glory, her cheek is like jasmine with moles on it, her hair is like the horses' tails."
 BAKED CAKES.—Make some soft pastry with half pound flour and six ounces of butter, and line some patty pans with it. Then put one and a half ounces of castor sugar, one quarter pound of butter, four table-spoonful of cream and the yolks of three eggs in a saucepan and stir it all till it becomes of the consistency of cream; then add a table-spoonful of almonds which have been previously blanched and finely cut up and the whisked whites of the three eggs. Put the mixture into the tins and bake for about twenty minutes. When they are cold the tops (use rather less than two table-spoonful of icing sugar and one white egg), sprinkle some chopped pistachio nuts over them and they are finished.
 REASONABLE ITEMS.—To singe a fowl, pour a few drops of alcohol on a plate and burn. Rub clear lard or lay a piece of fat pork over a fowl when put to roast. A peeled lemon laid inside a wild fowl for a few hours will absorb the fishy taste. A goose should be parboiled two hours, then stuffed and baked. A duck, one hour at least before baking. To be tender, meat should cook very gently. Hard boiling toughens it. The toughest meat can be made tender by boiling it a long time. Remove the thin outside skin of mutton before cooking. The oil of the wood penetrates through the pores of the skin, giving the strong woody taste. It does not penetrate the thin inner skin. Mutton chop is splendid cooked in lard same as doughnuts. Stuff a beef's heart and bake same as a fowl.
 STUFFING.—In preparing the turkey the stuffing is sometimes the most difficult part to prepare. Stale bread is better than crackers, says Mrs. H. W. Beecher, for stuffing. Save all bits of bread and dry in a cool oven. When well dried, roll with a rolling pin on a board kept for that special purpose, as the dry crumbs make the roller and board too rough for pastry; or the bread can be pounded in a mortar. Take of these fine crumbs enough to fill the body and breast of the turkey quite full; add a tea-spoonful of black pepper, one table-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of finely powdered sage, one of parsley, one of summer savory, two eggs well beaten, two table-spoonful of butter and cold water enough to moisten. Some cooks chop a little sausage and mix with the dressing; in that case use less seasoning. Or mince a dozen oysters and stir into the bread crumbs and use the oyster liquor to moisten the whole.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"If there is one thing more than any other of which Quebec workmen have a right to be proud, it is the Ship Laborers' Benevolent Society," said Brown. "Of all callings and occupations of laboring men in Canada none is so well organized, disciplined and powerful as the Ship Laborers of Quebec, not even excepting the Builders' Laborers Union of Toronto, and that's saying a great deal. It is because these men are so well organized that they have the power to say for whom they will work, how long they will work, for what they will work and under what conditions that work shall be performed. They are in a position which unorganized they could never hope to attain: to compel their employers to give them what they consider a fair return for their labor. They present an objection to the workmen of Canada of the power of organization. They have enemies, powerful ones at that, but to the credit of that organization, be it said, they have well deserved their enemy. Whenever and wherever labor has striven for independence and better conditions it has called down upon itself the enmity and opposition of capital, and the most conclusive proof that these men have been true to themselves and their cause is found in the fact that the whole power of capital in this province stands to-day arrayed against them."

"And because capital without distinction of interests has combined to crush these men," said Phil, "all organized labor without distinction should support them. Allow the Government to revoke the charter of this organization at the demands of capital and organized labor is doomed. Or, do you really believe that, having disbanded the Ship Laborers' Society, capital will rest satisfied? Don't make any mistake; this is a blow aimed at all branches of organized labor, and labor organizations should act promptly and effectively. No time should be lost."

"But I thought," said Gaskill, "that this question had been settled and that the Government had refused to grant the demands of the Quebec Board of Trade."

"So did I," replied Phil, "but the matter has merely been postponed, and in the meantime the Quebec Board of Trade is trying to influence public opinion in its favor. Its last move has been the issuing of a pamphlet entitled the 'Quebec Labor Question.' It contains the correspondence between the Society and the Council of the Board of Trade, such of the evidence given before the Royal Labor Commission as suits its purpose and part of the by-laws of the Society. The correspondence, in so far as the Board of Trade is concerned, is of the usual impudent and arrogant kind used by such wealthy corporations in their dealings with the 'lower orders.' Here is a sample, listen:—

OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC BOARD OF TRADE, October 13th, 1887.

Sir,—I am instructed by the Council of the Quebec Board of Trade to inform you that a special committee of members of the Board has been named to form a delegation to meet the president and officers of the Quebec Ship Laborers' Benevolent Society, for the purpose of considering the rules and regulations of that society, with a view of proposing certain changes, which, in the opinion of the Board, would be in the interest of the port of Quebec. I beg to ask you to make a day when this special conference could be held as early as convenient to you, Executive. I am requested to add that the Council expects a reply to this letter on or before the 25th inst.

I have the honor to be, etc., F. H. ANDREWS, Secretary.

This was addressed to Leahey, who at that time was president and who very properly treated it with the contempt it deserved; he didn't answer it. But for a piece of unqualified cheek it certainly takes the cake. What would the members of this Board of Trade have said to a similar demand emanating from the Ship Laborers' Society to alter its by-laws in the interest of the port of Quebec? Why they would have told the men to go to the devil; they would have told them that the Board of Trade was quite competent to look after its own interest and that of the port and that they would tolerate no interference with their right to manage their affairs, from anybody, and least of all from the Ship Laborers of Quebec."

"Evidently," said Brown, "the Society does not exceed the powers conferred upon it by its charter, otherwise it would have found itself in the courts long ago; on the other hand, it may reasonably be supposed that when the Government granted the Society its charter it did not confer upon it special privileges not enjoyed by other similar societies or conflicting with existing laws. The Society was not organized for the benefit of the Board of Trade, nor yet of the merchants of Quebec. It was organized for the protection of its members, and it fulfils its mission. This high-handed and pompous demand of the merchants on the Society to alter its by-laws to suit the Board of Trade is something more than

cheek; it is an interference with the constitutional right of citizens to do as they like within the law. As well might the Trades and Labor Council of this city interfere with the by-laws of any company or corporation carrying on business in the port of Montreal. If the Ship Laborers' Society has acted in an unlawful manner, the Courts and not the Legislature should interfere. If, on the other hand, the Society is a lawful one and continues law-abiding, not even the Government can interfere, and certainly not at the request of people whose encroachments on the rights of labor necessitate the organizing of it."

"It amounts to this," said Sharkey, "if it is illegal for workmen to combine for mutual protection, then it is also illegal for capital to do so; if the charter of the Quebec Ship Laborers' Society is revoked because its by-laws protect the interest of its members, then the letters patent of every company and corporation doing business in this province must also be revoked for the self-same reason. The people will not allow any Government to make 'fish of one and flash of the other.' In the meantime, organized labor should place itself on record as being opposed to any legislative act in any way abridging the right of labor not only to organize for mutual protection, but also to conduct the business of their several associations with the same freedom and privilege accorded to capital."

"It is asserted," said Phil, "that the action of the Society has diverted the trade of Quebec to Montreal. The deepening of the channel of course had nothing to do with that. Shipowners would be glad to discharge their Central and Western freight in Quebec instead of taking it up to Montreal. They would sooner pay the freight to the railway companies than put it in their own pocket, of course; they are large hearted, they are liberal, even with their own money, and above all they would like to build up the trade of Quebec, but those perverse Ship Laborers won't let them—what a pity—to be sure."

BILL BLADES

Men's Wool lined Rubbers at 8. H. Parker's for 60 cents.

Silk and Cashmere Mittens reduced to half-price at ALBERT DEMERS, 338 St. James st.

The Mystic Language of Love. There are men who "pop the question" without knowing it and who never find out that they have done so. There was old Major A., who lived and died a bachelor and probably never suspected that he had tampered with the sacred affections of any lone widow, and yet the case, as related by the lady herself, stood as follows: Major A., he says to me, Mrs. Dinsmore, do you like coffee? Yes, Major, I says to him, I am very fond of it.

So am I, Mrs. Dinsmore, says the Major. Sometimes, Major, I says to him, I am almost afraid I shall have to give up drinking coffee.

Oh! no, Mrs. Dinsmore, says the Major to me, don't give up drinking coffee—you musn't give it up.

Now, the good woman was wont to add triumphantly, if that wasn't a proposal, I don't know what you would call it!

1,000 Dozen Silk Ties reduced to 10c each, or 3 for 25c; regular prices 25 to 60c. Albert Demers, 338 St. James street.

KANSAS PHILOSOPHY.

The Lord is jealous, and man was made in His image.

Friends, like dollars, are easier to get than they are to keep.

The countenance lies quiet as readily and forcibly as the tongue.

A man does not love as many as a woman, but he loves them more.

When trouble is too deep to talk about, it writes itself out on the face.

A man can always please a woman if he will; a woman will always please a man if she can.

Stranger than fiction is life, and it keeps men busy day by day to translate it into acceptable truth.

Public sympathy is the name given to the feeling for the dog on top; the private sympathy is for the under dog.

We don't believe we ever saw a man who could work with children hanging around him, or a woman who could not do it.

When a wise man said, "Discretion is the better part of valor," every coward in the world found a motto for his cap.

Better pass a favorable opinion of one who is unobscuring than an unfavorable judgment upon one who deserves good will.

As long as there are more men in the world than there are flies the devil will reap an abundant harvest at election time.

It very often happens that if the money put in a monument had been put in a rest for the man under it, the building of the monument would have been delayed several years.—Atchison Globe.

Parker, the East End Shoe Man is selling VELVET SLIPPERS suitable for Xmas Presents very cheap at 1351 St. Catherine street. Call and buy a Pair at 75c or \$1, or a Pair at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

In his long life of eighty years P. T. Barnum has had a most versatile career. Before becoming a travelling showman he had been successively the proprietor of an oyster saloon, an editor, a bartender, a negro minstrel, a boarding house keeper, dramatic critic, preacher, bank president, author and partner in a clock factory. He finally found his true vocation. Let other versatile Americans make a note of this.

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These OVERCOATS must be sacrificed to make room for our Large Stock of WINTER SUITS, which we cannot half unpack until at least two-thirds of these OVERCOATS are sold.

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" " " Cut	5.25, " 11.50
" Canadian Frieze Overcoats, Pure Wool Superfine	5.25, " 10.50
" " " " All Wool Guaranteed	3.90, " 8.00

Our Children's Plush Overcoats, in Divers Colors, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 are marvels and would be good value as charged elsewhere for \$9.00 and \$10.00. Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits at correspondingly low prices. Eaton Suit \$4.90, nothing in the West to beat it. A Large Assortment of Pure Woollen Underclothing marked 2 1/2 per cent above Mills' quotations. 1,000 dozen Seamless All-wool Aberdeen Socks at 15 Cents, commonly sold at 30 Cents, for this Great Sale only. Call Early and Quickly, to get a Good Choice, as this Great Sale—if the crowds still continue to come—will soon be over at the

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