

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

### CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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J. B. DUBOIS, - VICE-PRESIDENT  
P. J. RYAN, - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY  
D. ROCHON, - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY  
E. PELLETIER, - FINANCIAL SECRETARY  
JOS. RENAUD, - COR. SECRETARY  
JOS. CORBELL, - TREASURER  
JOS. PAQUETTE, - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to Jos. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

### RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 703.  
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Next meeting Sunday, June 28, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

### DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.  
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 222 St. Antoine street.

### PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

No. 3852, K. of L.  
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

### BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

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

### BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.  
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square, at 7 o'clock. Address all communications to J. CARROLL, Rec. Sec., 135 Iberville street.

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## AN OLD STORY.

### MARY STEWART'S ACCOUNT OF RIZZIO'S MURDER.

One of the most curious documents in the eighth volume of the State papers and manuscripts relating to English affairs in the Venetian archives, which has just been published, is a letter of Mary Queen of Scots to the King of France, giving an account of the murder of Rizzio. "On the 9th of the month, we being at supper in private about the seventh hour in our cabinet, accompanied by our sister, the Countess of Argyll; our brother, commander of Sta. Croce, and others of our domestic servants, because on account of our indisposition, and as the seventh month of our pregnancy was almost accomplished, we had been advised to eat meat, the King, our husband, came to visit us, and seated himself by our side.

Meanwhile the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their followers, to the number of 160 persons, occupied and took possession of all the entrances and exits of our palace, so that they believed it was impossible for any one to escape them alive. During this interval of time Lord Ruthven, fully armed, with others of his followers, dared to enter by force into our apartments and cabinet, and perceiving our secretary, David Rizzio, there, with other servants of ours, said that he desired to speak with him immediately. At the same moment we inquired of the King, our husband, if he knew anything concerning this proceeding, and when he answered us in the negative we ordered Lord Ruthven to quit our presence under penalty of being deemed a traitor, and said we would deal with David Rizzio, and cause him to be punished if he had been guilty of any offense.

"Nevertheless, Lord Ruthven, by force, in our presence, seized David, who for his safety and defense had retired behind our person, and a portion of Ruthven's followers, surrounding us with arquebuses in hand and muzzles leveled, dragged David with great cruelty forth from our cabinet, and at the entrance of our chamber dealt him fifty six dagger wounds, at which act we remained not only wonder-stricken and astonished, but had great cause to fear for our life. \* \* \* The Provost of Edinburgh, hearing the tumult raised in our palace, caused the bells to be sounded with hammers, and came to our palace to our succor, accompanied by a large band of armed men, and asked to speak with us and to know how we fared.

"To this inquiry we were not permitted to give any reply, because we were violently threatened by the conspirators, who said to our very face that if we endeavored to speak they would throw us over the wall in pieces, in order to make steaks of us. The King, our husband, then ordered these people to retire. All night long we were kept prisoners in our chamber, with scarcely even the opportunity of speaking with our maid servants."

### WHAT EMPLOYERS LIKE TO SEE. More Competition for American Workingmen Caused by Immigration.

Immigration statistics for the month of March, which cover about 99 per cent of all the arrivals by sea, show an immense increase over the corresponding period of 1890. The gain is 16,422, or nearly 46 per cent. This is a far higher rate than was reached in January or February, and it threatens an almost unprecedented immigration for the year. In the first two months of '91 the increase of immigration came almost wholly from Italy, Poland, Hungary and Bohemia. But in March there was a great gain all around, except as to a few countries, of which Austria proper and Russia, outside of Poland, are the most important. The number of immigrants from Bohemia increased 822, or five fold. Hungary sent about 1,800 more steerage passengers than in March, 1890, a gain of about 85 per cent. Poland sent 3,204 immigrants, against nearly 522 last year, and the number of settlers coming from Sweden and Norway increased 2,100, which is over 75 per cent. Italy's share of the increase was nearly 1,500, and the Italian immigration was 7,963, coming close behind that from the Austro-Hungarian empire and Germany, and actually exceeding the arrivals from the British Isles, usually the greatest single source of immigration received at our ports.

In February the increase in immigration over the corresponding month of 1890 was

about 2,100, or 12.5 per cent, and yet the number of immigrants who arrived from Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Holland and the German provinces of Austria was decidedly less than in February of last year. An increase of 1,200 in the Italian immigration from Poland, 300 from Russia, and 400 from Hungary and Bohemia, chiefly accounted for the large net increase. It will be seen that, as usual, the growth of immigration has been almost wholly from the very countries whose inhabitants are least desired.

At the rate maintained in March, over 600,000 Europeans would settle in the United States in a year, and a very large proportion of this number would be able-bodied laborers coming at once into the most direct competition with American workmen. It is in the power of the great army of wage-earners to bring about such legislation as will materially reduce or entirely stop this flood of foreign labor, and until American workmen act accordingly they must suffer the consequences of undue competition with men whose necessities force them to accept almost any wages offered.—Exchange.

### Electrical Power.

Electricity is about to be used as a motive power in a mining district of Colorado which has been handicapped heretofore by the great cost of fuel and the difficulty of getting it. There is abundant water power in the neighborhood, but not at the places where power is wanted. It will be an easy matter, however, to use the waterpower for the generation of electricity, transmit the latter by wire to any desired place within a reasonable distance, and there convert it into power. Thus, by the agency of the dynamo and with the aid of water power, mines may be developed that could not be worked if the generation of power depended upon the transportation of coal or other fuel from distant States. This is a happy illustration of the application of inventions to particular uses. Nothing new is to be used, but the projectors have simply found a place where the combination of known machines and processes will yield them the power they require at less cost than local steam-engines.

### The Presbyterian Theology.

Those who are so settled in their religious beliefs on the one hand, and those who have no belief at all on the other, can have little idea of the fierce conflicts that tear the breasts of many noble and devout Presbyterians at this time. Only those can understand who have in spite of themselves been dragged step by step through terrible mental contests in changing their religious views. There is no mental conflict so fierce and terrible as this. There is no dissension so heated and bitter, none that engenders such fury of rage and hate as those that grow out of creed differences. Witness the Spanish inquisition, the thirty years' war in Europe, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the war on the Jews in Russia at the present day.

It is not strange, therefore, that anguish, strife and heart burning such as have never been known before in the peaceful Presbyterian fold have grown out of the expulsion of Dr. Briggs from his chair as Biblical professor in Union Theological Seminary. For the first time the General Assembly has exercised its veto power.

Already this terrible strife has resulted in the death of two of the ablest men in the church. Dr. Vandyke died soon after his appointment to a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary from which Dr. Briggs had been dismissed. Speaking in the General Assembly of his death, Rev. Dr. Dickey said with all solemnity: "I believe Dr. Vandyke has gone out of the excitement of this hour. God only knows who more may go that carry it upon their hearts as he carried it."

The utterance was a fatal prophecy. The same day, a few hours later, Judge Breckenridge dropped dead in the Assembly itself, just after finishing his speech against Dr. Briggs. He was able to close his speech with the words: "I have discharged my duty faithfully. I ask you to excuse me from further—." He staggered, sank to the floor, and in a few moments this able jurist and conscientious Presbyterian was dead. He, too, had "gone out of the excitement of this hour." And there seems to be no abatement of the excitement. Others, too, may go before it is settled.

Emperor William has arrived at Kiel, previous to starting on his trip to Holland.

## SPUNKY LITTLE FIGHTERS

### The King Snake Kills Poisonous Reptiles Irrespective of Size.

The king snake is the wonder of all ophidians, writes a Philadelphia Times correspondent from Fort Davis, Texas. A diminutive specimen, scarcely more than three feet in length, yet the little fellow is so active, so wary and is endowed with such rare pluck that, as his name implies, he is truly and unquestionably the king of the family.

I was out after peccaries, or musk hogs, and sat down under a bunch of chaparral near a stream of water to rest and eat a bit of lunch. While thus employed I was somewhat startled to see a moccasin come rushing through the grass within a couple of yards of me, and go dashing head over heels, so to speak, splash into the water. After him, like a shot, was an elongated streak of bright green. In he went too, and then I knew there was fun in store. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and unless by going across sand and rocks or by coming back on shore again, neither combatant could escape.

Sure enough, after racing and tearing around in the pool like mad, both pursuer and pursued emerged from the opposite side, and proved to be, as I thought, a cottonmouth moccasin and a rather small king snake. The latter was after the other, however, and before the big fellow gave up the race or could throw himself into an attitude of defence the king snake was upon him. The sole and entire power of the latter reptile lies in his wonderful constricting abilities. He has no fangs, no poison, nothing to attack or defend himself with save his coils, but these are so marvelously powerful and so terrible in compressing that nothing in the animal or reptile world, according to size, can begin to compare with him for the especial quality.

No sooner had the moccasin stopped and turned to defend himself than, like lightning, his enemy jumped upon him and proceeded to squeeze the life out of his ugly carcass. Tighter and tighter grew the coils, always arranged so that the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view, so slender had it grown from the constriction and so deep was he in the fat flesh of the moccasin. It looked like a green cord wound tightly around the latter's body.

At last the moccasin ceased resistance and allowed his body to hang loose and inert. For ten minutes longer did the king snake hold his grip, then gradually loosened it, but always ready to resume his squeezing should his enemy exhibit any signs of life. Finally, he uncoiled himself entirely, saw that the moccasin was no more, turned his back on the scene and went gliding through the brush.

In some parts of Texas king snakes are quite numerous. In the low lands, and especially in meadows and river bottoms, they are found in great numbers. Nobody harm them, neither whites nor negroes, and even Mexicans seem to understand their good qualities, for they seldom if ever harm one. When soldiers are in camp and find a great many king snakes in the vicinity they know it is a good sign, for poisonous snakes will steer clear of that locality and never visit it while there is one of the royal breed about.

### MUTINY ABOARD.

#### Scab Firemen Suit Themselves on a Sea Voyage.

The North German Lloyd has just gone through a bitter but well deserved experience. The steamship Werra which arrived at New York on Saturday from Bremen experienced something very near to a mutiny from a crew of scab firemen she had on board. A strike is on in Bremen by the firemen against the steamship companies for the improvement of the hard conditions under which the former have to earn their living. The companies refuse to yield, and, finding a quantity of scabs ready to enlist, they did not stop to consider the safety of their passengers by carefully choosing the employees in this important department. Pennies were to be saved, at any rate, and the scabs were taken.

It seldom happens that scabs vindicate their fellow-proletarians, whom they supplant. But this batch did. They led the officers a wild dance from start to finish. Demand after demand was made by the former, and concession after concession was made by the latter,

whose life became a burden on the passage. Hitches were numerous. The officers perceiving their plight, endeavored in each instance to overlook offenses and keep the men in good humor. But matters grew from bad to worse, until one of the fireman point-blank refused to be disturbed in his comfort when he chose to sleep, duty hours or no duty hours, and his six companions stood by him. The officers had no choice but to submit.

Soon as the Werra arrived in port, Chief Engineer Carl Wilhem notified the police. The men, whose names are John Bock, John Toner, Emil Eckmann, Richard Lamsch, John Tietjen, Fred Heuss, and Henry Shaffeldt, quietly submitted to being handcuffed and were taken away.

This can be but a trifling consolation to the company. It is to be expected it may have learned a lesson.

### SET UP BY GHOSTLY FINGERS.

#### A Typesetter's Story of News Getting That Beat the Telegraph.

"In the summer of 1881," said a compositor, "I was running a paper in a little backwoods town in Pennsylvania. The paper was not so metropolitan in its makeup but that I was able to do all the work myself with the exception of the printing. Publication days I called in the services of a half witted fellow, who, under my instruction, had developed into an expert roller. I was the only man within a radius of twenty miles who knew how to set type, and if I had fallen sick the paper would not have come out until I was well again. Naturally I am not a superstitious man, but an incident occurred while I had charge of that paper which I cannot explain, and until it is explained I shall believe that anything is possible in the way of ghosts, spooks, wraiths, etc.

"It was the morning of June 10. I had locked up my forms the night before so that I could begin printing early in the morning. I was pulling the old lever promptly at 7, and at 9 the local list was in the postoffice. Soon after the delivery had begun one of the merchants of the hamlet—a very intimate friend—came into the office.

"How did you come to hear of the death of your brother so soon?" said he. (There was no telegraph station within fifteen miles.)

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "You ought to know what is in your own paper. Have you forgotten that you heard this morning that your brother is dead? Have you forgotten that you set up a notice of it an hour or two ago?"

"Are you crazy?" said I. "I swear that I do not know what you are driving at."

"At this juncture he opened the damp sheet that I had so recently printed and folded, and pointed me to the following item at the bottom of the third column of the local page:

"John Jones, brother of William Jones, was killed at Peoria, Ills., at 5 o'clock this morning."

"My breath was fairly taken away from me. The merchant was right. There was the notice of my brother's death in my own paper, and I had not set it up nor heard of it.

"You are right," said I, "but this is the first that I have known of it. If there ever was a mystery this is it."

"I went over to the 'form.' There was the three line item. The moment I saw the type I was more amazed than ever. It was the type setting of my brother, who, like me, had been bred to the printer's trade. I could tell his work from that of a thousand. He was a marvelously even spacer, and he carried his taste so far that he always put less space after a comma.

"But how were the lines put into the locked form? No item had been taken out. I examined the form closely. Yes, there was some more of my brother's work. To gain the space, leads had been taken from here and there just as he used to take them. He was a great stickler for good looks in a page, and was very fastidious as to where he pulled his leads. It struck me right away that the notice of the death would not have been so short would have gone into details more, but for the fact that my brother did not wish to remove any of my matter nor any lead which could be spared as well as not.

"Though utterly skeptical about supernatural visitations, from that moment I believe that my brother's disembodied soul had made its way hundreds of miles, had entered my office in the early dawn, had set up the notice of his death and put it in the 'form.'"

"Late that afternoon a despatch came to effect that John Jones was killed at Peoria, Ills., at 5 o'clock that morning."—Cleveland World.



# A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

## CHAPTER II.

### A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

That night, after a comfortable dinner—and the Hungry Man's dinners were something to be remembered—Mr. Fanks sat in front of the fire staring into a chaos of burning coals and thinking deeply. It was in the commercial room, of course, but there were no commercial travelers present. Mr. Fanks, with a world of thought in his shrewd face, was the only occupant of the room, and sat within the cheery circle of light proceeding from the red glare of the fire and the yellow flame of the lamp, while at his back the place was in semi-darkness. Cold too—a nipping, chilly, frosty feeling, as if winter was giving the world a foretaste of his Christmas quality, and outside on the four tall windows beat the steady rain, while occasionally a gust of wind made their frames rattle.

Here, however, in this oasis of light in a desert of gloom, everything was pleasant and agreeable, except perchance Mr. Fanks, who sat with his cup of coffee standing on the table at his elbow untasted, while he frowned thoughtfully at the chaotic fire, as though he had a personal spite against it.

A clever face, a very clever face, clean shaven, with sharply cut features, dark hair, touched with gray at the temples and cut short in the military fashion, keen eyes of a bluish tint, with a shrewd twinkle in their depths, and a thin-lipped, resolute mouth—perhaps a trifle too resolute for so young a man (he was not more than thirty); but then Mr. Fanks, although young in years, was old in experience, and every line on his features was a record of something learned at the cost of something lost, and on that account never forgotten. A smart, alert figure too had Mr. Fanks, well-clothed in a rough gray tweed suit, slender, sinewy hands, with a ring—signet ring—on the little finger of the left one, and well-formed feet, neatly shod in boots of tanned leather.

A gentleman! Yes, decidedly, the London detective was a gentleman—that could be seen by his whole appearance; and as to his dress—well, he wore his clothes like a man who went to a good tailor and valued him accordingly.

Quoth Mr. Fanks after some minutes of deep thought, during which he removed his keen eyes from gazing forward and looked doubtfully at the pill box which he held in his left hand:

"This is the only clue I can possibly obtain. The chemist who made up these pills has kindly put his name and address in print on the box. If, then, I go to this chemist I will be able to find out the name of the dead man; after that the circumstances of his life, and then—well, after all, I may be wrong and these country bumpkins right. It may be a case of suicide—I suppose, under the circumstances, they could hardly bring in any other verdict, and yet it is so strange. Why should he have poisoned himself with morphia when he could have done so with an overdose of these pills? Easier death I dare say. Morphia is a narcotic and arsenic an irritant. Humph! it's a strange case altogether—very strange. I don't know exactly what to make of it."

He relapsed into silence, slipped the pill box into his pocket, and taking the cup from the table, began to sip his coffee. Coffee—black coffee, hot and strong, as Mr. Fanks was now taking it—clears the brain and renders it intensely sharp and wakeful; so after a few minutes the detective put down the cup, and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, began to think aloud once more, as was his fashion when alone.

"It's a fine profession that of a detective, but one gets tired of commonplace murders; this, however, isn't a commonplace murder. Query: Is it a murder at all? Jury say "No." I say "Yes"—eh! I wonder who is right! Egotism on my part probably, but I believe in my own idea. Why should a man come down to this out-of-the-way place to die? Why should he take the trouble to explain that he intends to stop here for a week if he intended to commit suicide? No! I can't and won't believe it's suicide. As to that theory of Carr's, that he brought just enough morphia to poison himself. Rubbish! Suicides don't take so much trouble as a rule. My belief," continued Mr. Fanks reflectively, "my belief is that he took something innocently and it killed him. Now, what would he take innocently? These pills, of course. Yet, if they killed him, it would be arsenic, not morphia. Hang it, what the deuce does it all mean?"

There being no answer to this question, he caught his chin between his finger and thumb, staring hard at the fire meanwhile, as if thereby to solve his doubts. A hard case this Jarchester mystery; a difficult case; and yet it fascinated Mr. Fanks by its very difficulty. He was fond of difficul-

ties this young man. In his childish days Chinese puzzles—most perplexing of mysteries—had been his delight. As a school boy he adored algebraical problems and newspaper cryptograms; so now in his early manhood he found his true vocation in solving those inexplicable enigmas which the criminal classes and very often the non-criminal classes—principally the latter—present to the world for solution.

Mr. Fanks was suddenly aroused from his problematical musings by the sudden opening of the door, and on turning his head with a start, saw it was being closed by a tall young man, who immediately afterward advanced slowly toward the fire.

"As this is the warmest room in the house," said the new comer carelessly, "I've ventured to intrude my company upon you for an hour or so."

"Very pleased, indeed," murmured Mr. Fanks, pushing his chair to one side so as to allow the stranger to have a fair share of the fire. "It's dull work sitting alone."

This movement on the part of Mr. Fanks and the sitting down of the stranger brought both their faces within the mellow radiance of the lamp, whereupon a sudden look of recognition flashed into the eyes of each.

"Roger Axton!" cried the detective, springing to his feet.

"Fanks!" said the other, also rising and cordially clasping the hand held out to him. "My dear old school fellow!"

"And your dear old school fellow's nickname also," remarked Fanks as they shook hands heartily. "What a curious coincidence, to be sure! It is only the mountains that never meet."

"Ten years ago," said Axton resuming his seat with a sigh. "Ten years ago, Octavius!" "And it seems like yesterday," observed Octavius smiling. "Strange that I should meet little Axton at Jarchester of all places in the world. What brought you here, old boy?"

"My own legs," said Roger complacently. "I'm in the poet trade, and have been trying to draw inspiration from nature during a walking tour."

"A poet, eh! Yes, I remember your rhapsodies about Shelley and Keats at school. So you've followed in their footsteps, Roger. "The child's the father of the man." That's Bible, isn't it?"

"I've got a hazy idea that Wordsworth said something like it," responded Axton. "Yes, I'm a poet. And you?"

"I'm the prose to your poetry. You study nature; I study man."

"Taken Pope's advice, no doubt. A novelist?"

"No; not a paying line nowadays. Overcrowded."

"A school master?"

"Worse still. We can't all be Arnolds."

"Let us say a phrenologist?"

"Pooh! do I look like a charlatan?"

"No, indeed, Fanks! Eh, Fanks," repeated Axton, struck with a sudden idea and pushing his chair away from that of his companion. "Why, you're a detective down here about that suicide."

"What wonderful penetration!" said Octavius laughing. "How did you hit upon that idea, my friend?"

Roger Axton's hand went up to his fair mustache, which hardly concealed the quivering of his lips, and he laughed in an uneasy manner.

"Circumstantial evidence," he said at last hurriedly. "The bar maid told me that a London detective called Fanks was down here on account of the suicide, and allowing for her misuse of the name and your unexpected presence here, it struck me."

"That I must be the man," finished Fanks, shooting a keen glance at the somewhat careworn face of his school friend.

"Well, you are perfectly right. I am Octavius Fanks, of Scotland Yard, detective, formerly Octavius Rixton, of nowhere in particular, idler. You don't seem to relish the idea of my being a bloodhound of the law."

"Well, I certainly don't see why a detective shouldn't be as respectable as any other man."

"There's a kind of Doctor Fell dislike toward him," responded Octavius composedly. "Yes, that's true enough, though intensely ridiculous. People always seem to be afraid of a detective. I don't know why, unless maybe it's their guilty conscience."

"Their conscience?" faltered Axton with an obvious effort.

"I said "their guilty conscience," corrected Fanks with emphasis. "I'll tell you all about it, Roger. But first take your face out of the shadow and let me have a look at you. I want to see how the boy of seventeen looks as the man of seven-and-twenty."

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, Roger Axton did as he was requested, and when the yellow light shone full on his face, the detective stared steadily at him with the keen

look of one accustomed to read every line, every wrinkle, every light, every shadow on the features of his fellow-men and skilled to understand the meanings thereof.

It was a handsome young face of the fresh-colored Saxon type, but just now looked strangely haggard and careworn. Dark circles under the bright blue eyes, the complexion faded from healthy hues to a dull unnatural white, and the yellow hair tossed in careless disorder from off the high forehead, whereon deep lines between the arched eyebrows betrayed vexation or secret trouble—perhaps both. A face that should have worn a merry smile, but did not; lips that should have shown the white teeth in a happy laugh, but did not; eyes that should have looked young bore the impress of a disturbed mind, of a spirit ill at ease, and the keen-eyed detective, withdrawing his gaze with a sigh from the face, let it rest on the figure of Roger Axton.

No effeminacy there, in spite of the girlish delicacy of the face and the gentle look in the blue eyes. On the contrary, a stalwart, muscular frame, well developed and heavily knit. Plenty of bone and flesh and muscle, over six feet in height, an undefinable look of latent strength, of easy consciousness of power. Yes, Roger Axton was not an antagonist to be despised, and looked more like a fighting man-at-arms than a peaceful poet.

He bore the scrutiny of Mr. Fanks, however, with obvious discomposure, and the hand holding the well-worn briar root, which he was filling from his tobacco pouch, trembled slightly in spite of all his efforts to steady the muscles.

"Well," he said at length, striking a match, "I see you bring the detective habits into private life, which must be pleasant for your friends. May I ask if you are satisfied?"

"The face," observed Octavius, leisurely waving his hand to disperse the smoke clouds rolling from the briar root of his companion, "the face is not that of a happy man."

"It would be very curious if it was," replied Axton sulkily, "seeing that the owner is not happy."

"Youth, good looks, genius, health," said Fanks reflectively. "With all these you ought to be happy, Roger."

"No doubt. But what I ought to be and what I am are two very different things."

"Judging by your face, they certainly are," retorted the detective; "but what is the matter with you, grumbler? Are you hard up?"

"No. I have a sufficiency of this world's goods."

"The critics have been abusing your last poems perhaps?"

"Pooh! I'm used to that."

"Ah! then there's only one reason left. You are in love?"

"True, oh! king," said Roger, drawing hard at his pipe, "I am in love."

"Tell me all about it," said Fanks, curling himself up in his chair. "I adore love confidences. When you were a small nuisance at school you told me all your troubles and I consoled you. Do so now."

"No! no!" cried Axton suddenly, "you can't console me now. No one can do that."

"That remains to be seen," said Fanks smiling. "Come now, Roger, tell me your trouble. Though we have been parted for ten years, I have often thought of my school friend. Unburden your heart to me; it will relieve your mind if it does nothing else."

Thus adjured Roger brightened up, and settling himself comfortably in his chair, blew a thick cloud of smoke and began to tell his story.

"I'm afraid my story hasn't the merit of novelty," he said candidly. "After you left school I remained, as you know. Then my parents died—within a few months of each other—and I found myself a well-provided orphan. When I say well provided I mean that I had an income of three hundred a year, and one can always live comfortably on six pounds a week, if not extravagant. Being thus independent of the world, the flesh and the devil, meaning thereby the employer, the publisher and the critic, I went in for writing poetry. It didn't pay, of course, this being the age of sensational literature; but verse manufacture amused me, and I wandered all over England and the Continent in a desultory sort of way. A kind of grand tour in the poet line, midway between the poverty of Goldsmith and the luxury of Byron. I published a book of poems and the critics abused it—found plenty of faults and no virtues. Well, I was wrathful at this new massacre of the literary innocents and fled to the land of Egypt—in plain English, I went down to Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. There I met Her."

"With a large "H," of course," murmured Mr. Fanks sympathetically.

"For the second time."

"Ah! May I ask where you met her for the first time?"

"Oh! in some other place," said Roger evasively; "but that's got nothing to do

with the subject. The first time we met—well, it was the first time."

"I didn't think it was the second, fond lover. But I understand the second time was the critical one."

"Exactly. It was last August," said Axton, speaking rapidly so as to give Fanks no further opportunity of interrupting. "I was, as I have stated, at Ventnor with the idea of writing a drama—Shakespearean, of course—Elizabethan style, you understand, with a dash of modern cynicism and flippancy in it. Wandering about Ventnor I came across Judith Varlins."

"For the second time of asking—I mean meeting," interpolated Fanks lightly. "So her name was Judith. Heroic name, suggestive of queenly woman, dark-browed Cleopatra and all that sort of thing. I picture to myself a grand Semiramis."

Roger shook his head.

"No; she was not a handsome woman. Tall, graceful, dark-browed, if you like, but not pretty."

"Pshaw! who ever called regal Semiramis pretty? Such a weak adjective. But I guess your meaning. Her mind was more beautiful than her face."

"If her face had been as beautiful as her mind, sir," replied Axton in the Johnsonian style, "she would have been the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Like Dulcinea, eh, Don Quixote Roger? Well; and you met often—juxtaposition is fatal—and love sprung up like Jonah's gourd in an night."

"No; she was not a woman to be lightly won. Judith had with her a cousin—a pretty, golden-haired damsel, whom she worshipped."

"Oh! had you met Golden haired before?"

"Yes; but I didn't take much notice of her."

"Of course. Preferred brunette to blonde."

"Decidedly. Well, Florry Marson—"

"The blue-eyed darling?"

"Yes. Florry Marson was a foolish, frivolous little thing, who had been confided to Judith's care by her dead mother."

"Whose dead mother, Florry's or Judith's?" asked Fanks lightly.

"Florry's, of course," replied Roger impatiently; "and Judith looked after her like the apple of her eye, though I'm afraid she had rather a hard task, for Miss Marson was one of those irritating girls who did all manner of things without thinking. She was engaged to marry a man called Spolger."

"Anything to do with "Spolger's Soother, a Good Night's Rest?"

"Yes; he's the owner."

"Oh! and frivolous Florry didn't like him."

"How do you know?" asked Roger in a startled tone.

"Because I've seen Spolger's Soother and he's not pretty enough for such an empty-headed minx as you describe Miss Marson."

"You are right. She was engaged to him by her father's desire, but she loved a scamp—good looking, of course, with no money, and had been exiled to Ventnor to escape him."

"Eh! It's quite a romance," said Fanks gaily. "What was the scamp's name?"

Roger flinched in his chair before replying, which action did not escape the lynx eyes of Mr. Fanks, who said nothing, but waited.

"I don't know," said Roger, turning away his head.

"That's a lie," thought Octavius as he saw the manner in which Mr. Axton replied to a seemingly simple question. "Queer. Why should he tell me such a useless lie?"

"I don't know anything about the scamp," went on Axton hurriedly; "but he is the cause of all my unhappiness."

"How so?"

"Because Judith—Miss Varlins—refused to marry me on his account."

"What! she loved him also. Fascinating scamp!"

"I don't know if she loved him exactly," said Axton in a musing tone. "The reason she gave me for her rejection of my proposal was that she could not leave her cousin Florence; but she seemed strangely moved when she spoke of—Florry's lover."

"Don't you remember his name?" asked Fanks, noticing the momentary hesitation.

"No, I don't," replied Roger angrily.

"Why do you keep asking me that question?"

"Oh! nothing," said Octavius quietly; "only I thought that as these two girls had told you so much about themselves they might have told you more."

"Judith Varlins is a very reserved woman."

"And Miss Marson?"

"I didn't see much of her," answered Roger moodily, "nor did I wish to—a frivolous little minx, who came between me and my happiness. Well, there's nothing more to tell. After my rejection I left Ventnor for London, and ultimately came down here on a walking tour."

"You've not seen Miss Varlins since, I suppose?"

Again Roger turned away his head, and again the action is noted by Mr. Fanks.

"No," replied Axton in a low voice. "I have not seen her since."

"Lie number two," thought Octavius wonderingly. "What does it all mean? Do you correspond with her?" he asked aloud.

"No! Confound it, Fanks, don't put me in the witness box!" cried Roger, rising to his feet.

"I beg your pardon, old fellow," said Octavius meekly; "it's a habit I've got. A very bad one, I'm afraid. Well, I hope things will go well with you and the marriage with Miss Varlins will take place."

Roger, who was walking rapidly up and down the long room, now vanishing into the chill shadow, anon emerging into the warm lamp light, stopped at the sound of the name and flung up his arms with a low cry of anguish.

"Never! never!" he cried bitterly, "I shall never marry her."

"Poor old chap, you do seem to be hard hit," said Octavius sympathetically, "but hope for the best. Florry will marry her patent medicine man and forget the scamp. Judith will marry you and forget Florry, so things will come out all straight in the long run."

"I hopeso," said Axton, resuming his seat, rather-ashamed of his emotion; "but they don't look very promising at present. Ah! well, it's no use fighting destiny. Do you remember the grim view old Sophocles takes of that deity? A classic Juggernaut, crushing all who oppose her. I trust I won't be one of her victims, but I'm doubtful. However, now I've told you my story, what about your own?"

"Mine," said Mr. Fanks lightly; "bless you, Roger, I'm like Canning's knife-grinder. I've got none to tell. As you know, I'm the eighth son of an impoverished country gentleman, hence my name Octavius. All my brothers were put into the army, the navy, the church and all that sort of thing, so when my turn came to make a debut in life there was nothing left for me to do. My father, at his wife's end, suggested the colonies, that refuge for destitute younger sons, but I didn't care about turning digger of sheep farmer, and positively refused to be exiled. I came up to London to look round and made my choice. Being fond of puzzles and cryptograms, I thought I would turn my ingenuity in unraveling enigmas to practical account and became a detective. The family cast me off; however, I didn't mind that. I left off the name of Rixton and took that of Fanks—my old school name, you remember—so I didn't disgrace the Rixtons of Derbyshire. Being a gentleman doesn't mean bread and butter in these democratic days; and though my pedigree's as long as the tail of a kite, it was quite as useless in a commercial sense. Besides, the detective business is just as honorable as any other, and also very exciting, so I don't regret having gone in for it. I get well paid also, and the life suits me."

"Is your father reconciled to you yet?"

"Oh! yes, in a sort of way; but the Vidocq business sticks in his throat and he can't swallow it. However, I visit the paternal acres sometimes, and no one thinks Octavius Rixton, gentleman, has anything to do with Octavius Fanks, detective."

"And you like your profession?"

"I adore it. Mystery has a wonderful charm for human nature, and there's a marvelous fascination in joining together a criminal puzzle. I've had all kinds of queer cases through my hands dealing with the seamy side of humanity, and have been uniformly successful with the lot. This affair, however, puzzles me dreadfully."

"It's a horrible thing," said Roger, relighting his pipe, which had gone out. "I went for a long walk to-day, so as to avoid the inquest."

"Ah! you poets have not got strong nerves."

"I'm afraid not. I heard the verdict was suicide."

"Yes, and I don't agree with the verdict." Roger turned round quickly and looked straight at his companion, who was staring absently at the fire.

"Indeed," he said at length. "Why not?"

"Eh! Oh! I don't know; I've got my reasons," replied Fanks coolly, evidently not wishing to continue the subject. "By the way, how long are you going to stop here?"

"Just for to-night; I'm off to-morrow."

"So am I. London?"

"No, I'm going to continue my walking tour."

"Ah! I understand," cried Fanks gaily. "You are going to look up Miss Varlins again."

Roger bit his nether lip hard and replied coldly in a somewhat sober fashion, neither affirming nor denying the insinuation.

"I won't find her down here at all events."

"Oh! Then she's still at Ventnor?"

"No. She and Miss Marson have gone home."

"Really! And where is home?"

"My dear Fanks, your cross-examination is most trying."

"I beg your pardon," said Octavius ceremoniously; "I was not aware I had asked an impertinent question."

"Nor have you, my dear fellow," cried Axton cordially. "Don't mind my bad temper; I can't help it. My nerves are all unstrung with this horrible business of the inquest. There's no reason why I should tell you where Miss Varlins lives."

"Oh! never mind," said Fanks a trifle coldly; "I don't want to know."



'Don't get offended at nothing, Octavius,' replied Roger in an injured tone; 'I will tell you if it's only to make amends for my rudeness. Miss Varlins lives at Ironfields.'

The detective jumped to his feet with a sudden ejaculation, at which Axton also arose, looking pale and alarmed.

'What's the matter, Fanks?' he asked hurriedly.

For answer Octavius Fanks drew the pill box from his pocket, and placing it silently on the table, pointed to the inscription on the lid:

Wosk & Co.,  
Chemists, Ironfields.  
(To be Continued.)

**LABOR AND WAGES.**

**Gleanings From the Industrial Field of the World**

Springfield, O., printers, who struck some time ago because too many apprentices were hired, won their point.

The West End, London, Eng., tailors are on strike to secure healthier workshops and the introduction of a uniform workday.

At Philadelphia from 600 to 700 Jewish tailors have quit work to secure the abolition of the sub-contractor system.

At Hamilton, O., there is a general lock-out of all trade unions in the building line, and the cigarmakers are also on strike.

The Queen of Holland made formal application for admission to membership in the Amsterdam Bricklayers' Union.

Local Assembly 6,111 K. of L., Green Glass Blowers, has instructed its delegates to the coming convention to vote in favor of withdrawing from the order.

A number of workmen were dismissed from the artillery shops at Koeln Detuz because they had joined the Social Democratic parade on May 3.

The metal workers, male and female, of Dresden and vicinity held a convention last month and discussed both economic and political questions.

S. Josephs & Co., of 305 East Seventy-fifth street, have been forced to dismiss all their scab workers; but the strike against them continues because of the scabs they still employ in their tenement houses.

United Machine Woodworkers and Turners No. 7 are on strike in the shop of Marcotte for a rise of wages.

The convention of the Order of Railway Telegraph Operators at St. Louis, after a long debate, dropped the anti-strike clause from the constitution of the organization.

The coal barons in North Bohemia, Austria, are goading the operatives into a strike. These have just formed an organization and it is to be broken before it gathers strength.

The journeymen brewers of Buffalo, N. Y., have won the fight for recognition of their union. They thereby gained about 300 new members. The whole Boss Association signed the agreement.

The International Brotherhood of boiler makers and iron ship builders have adopted at St. Paul, Minn., resolutions to establish the nine hour day at a date to be agreed upon at a later meeting.

A strike has broken out at the Mill Creek Mine, near Wilkesbarre, Penn. The mill is situated in the midst of thick woods. The strikers, Russians and Poles, are said to have taken forcible possession of the works.

The bushworkers' strike in Australia continues with undiminished vigor. The black-legs, as the scabs are there called, are timid about taking up jobs where bullets are apt to fly about from nervous militiamen's guns.

Walter Thomas Mills, secretary of the Chicago Committee of Arrangements for an international labor congress at the Columbia Exhibition, has written to the President of the A. F. of L. asking for his co-operation.

Forty-one laborers on the new Third Avenue Cable road, in course of construction, struck for \$1.75 per day. They were getting \$1.50. New men were hired at once and put in the strikers' places.

Despite the confiscation of their funds, the printers' strike at Vienna has gathered new strength and continues with vigor. The strikers number 2,700. Austrian soldiers are being brought into the printing offices to do the work of the strikers.

The statistics of stone cutters in Germany for the year 1890 show it to be one of the most deadly. The average life of a stone cutter is below 33 years. Those reaching a higher average entered the trade after they were 17 years of age. The "trade disease" of stone cutters is consumption.

The tenement house cigarmakers who have been in good standing in the organization, but whom President Strasser's decision would place outside of the union, have decided to form a temporary organization until the dispute between them and President Strasser is settled.

The miners in seven out of the eight of the mines located near Du Quoin, Ill., and numbering over 300, some with large families, are locked out by reason of their refusal to submit to a reduction of wages and to return to monthly payments. The move of the bosses is made with a knowledge and

because of the exhausted condition of the treasury of the unions owing to the recent strike in the coke regions of Pennsylvania.

The formation of labor unions in Finland had reached the point of resolving to hold a general meeting in Helsingfors this summer, but a ukase from the Czar stopped it entirely.

J. Richardson, shoe manufacturer, of Reading, Mass., has discharged all his lasters, owing to a demand made by the Lasters' Protective Union for an increase of 35 cents per case.

The local authorities of Bordeaux, France, have suspended the horse car service pending a settlement of the disputes between the employees and the companies. Several petards were thrown in the streets causing considerable alarm. The military are picketed throughout the city and are patrolling the streets. There have been a number of conflicts between gendarmes and rioters during which many of the former were injured.

In Cincinnati thousands of pairs of trousers are made for five cents a pair, and overalls for 3 and 4 cents. Under the sweating system hundreds of women are earning from \$1.25 to \$3 per week. Children are working for 6 cents per day, and are subject to fines that often equal their wages.

A joint committee of the trades unions of Chicago have decided to send a letter to President Harrison asking that in all work done by the Federal Government in connection with the World's Fair, the eight hour day be recognized, all disputes settled by arbitration and not less than the recognized minimum scales of wages for the various trades, recognized in the city, be paid.

The girls employed in Clark's O. N. T-thread mills at Newark, N. J., have been notified that their wages are to be reduced. The twisters will receive three cents for 42 pounds of yarn instead of four cents for 32 pounds. Changes are said to be contemplated also among the girls employed at the bobbins. They will have to work double time without any extra pay.

The woolen mill owners of Ypsilanti, Mich., have effected a combination before which their employees seem to be helpless. These are now fined for the most trifling offences, 25 cents, for instance, being deducted from the wages of the girls every time they speak to one another; holidays, legal and otherwise, are not observed, and a fine or discharge follows swiftly if this rule is disobeyed.

One hundred coopers and helpers at the Standard Oil Company's barrel factory at Bayonne, have struck for better wages. The coopers work ten hours per day for \$2.25. They demand \$2.50. Those of the strikers who are ordinary laborers received \$1.50 per day. These men demand \$1.50 per day. New machinery for the manufacture of barrels has been put in the factory at Bayonne recently. It is expected to prove a great labor saving invention. Formerly 1,300 men were employed in the Bayonne factory when it was running at its full capacity. With the new machinery 700 men can do nearly the same work.

**Cure for Pimples on the Face.**

Cosmetics are generally directed to the surface of the skin, without any reference to the internal system; though it is daily evident that however powerful their effects are for a time, they can only be temporary; their application, too, must be renewed almost as often as washing, at the risk of sometimes doing great injury to the constitution. Since the nature of diseases of the skin has been properly understood, all judicious practitioners have agreed that as they depend upon the state of the digestive and other internal organs, the only effectual remedies are those which strike at the root of the disorder itself. For this purpose the following has been tried with much success on the Continent and we feel assurance in recommending it to our fair readers, particularly those who have been in the habit of using cosmetic creams and lotions.

Mix one drachm of tincture of cardamoms, fifteen drops of ipecacuanha wine and as much flour of sulphur as will lie on a shilling with a glass of any weak wine—as ginger or elder wine.

Take this on going to rest; repeat it every second or third night and pay attention to the state of the bowels—London Family Doctor.

The New York Manhattan Athletic Club team and British team of athletes met and the former acquitted themselves nobly in spite of the fact as generally regarded that they were over handicapped. They showed good form throughout. Cary, scratch, won the 220 yard race. Shaw, of New Zealand, defeated Starr in the quarter mile race over ten three foot hurdles. Time 59 3-5 seconds, beating the world's record. In the initial heats of the 120 yards handicap, Remington and Halleck were defeated. Cary won his heat, but was defeated in the final. Young was second in the mile handicap, Dodman easily won in the quarter mile handicap. Time 51 1-5 seconds. The games were witnessed by fully 18,000 spectators.

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Advertisers entitled to change of matter should send in their copy not later than Wednesday morning to ensure insertion same week.

MONTREAL, June 27, 1891.

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.

## PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

On a want of confidence motion sprung upon the House by Mr. Laurier on Monday evening the new ministry has been sustained by a majority of twenty votes. This division sets at rest for a time at least the stories of dissension in the Conservative ranks so industriously circulated for some time back by Liberal journals, and now that the budget speech has been delivered and favorably received, there is every reason to believe that the present Ministry will be able to pull through all right. The outcome of the Tarte-McGreevy scandal, which certainly looks black enough in the meantime might change the complexion of things however, and whatever may arise will not occasion much surprise among the public. The principal ground on which Mr. Laurier challenged the Premiership of Mr. Abbott was his intimate connection with Canadian Pacific Railway interests, and his objection was not without force. The extent to which this corporation has controlled legislation in the past is well known, and therefore grave fears are entertained by a large portion of the community that the selection of Mr. Abbott means a still stronger grasp upon the public purse and a more powerful lever in securing legislation favorable to this particular railway. We are hardly of this way of thinking, however, as it does not follow because Mr. Abbott was at one time solicitor for the company and an extensive shareholder in the concern that he is prepared to make the Dominion subservient to the interests of the Canadian Pacific, or that he is prepared to sacrifice his honor (for that is what it virtually means) to secure the powerful influence of the company to retain him in office. Apart from this there is no reason why Mr. Abbott should not steer the political canoe wisely and judiciously. Although he does not possess the suavity of the late Sir John Macdonald, or the faculty in any remarkable degree of being all things to all men, he has a well balanced mind, a brilliant intellect and is thoroughly conscientious and upright in all his actions.

The principal features introduced by Mr. Foster into his budget this year are placing raw sugars on the free list and increasing the duties on spirits, beer and tobacco. The duty on the refined article of sugar is not touched, so that it remains a remote question whether the consumer will benefit to any extent by the change. This will

all depend upon the Sugar Trust, who will keep to the present price or lower it just as they please. The raising of beer and spirit duties is entirely in the interest of Canadian distilleries and breweries. In placing raw sugars on the free list Mr. Foster has taken a leaf out of the McKinley bill, and if the Canadian consumer reaps the same benefit as his American cousin, who has his sugar retailed to him at a much lower rate than the Canadian article, all will be well, but as we have said it rests entirely with the combine.

The Government on Wednesday shirked a direct vote on the question of prohibition on a motion by Mr. Foster to refer the whole matter to a royal commission, which was carried by a majority of nineteen. In the course of the debate Mr. Foster was terribly badgered for his lack of consistency, and his previous speeches and actions in regard to this question were quoted and mercilessly thrown at his head. Mr. Foster, who appeared to be considerably nettled by these allusions to his past conduct, vigorously defended himself against the attacks of his opponents, but admitted that when in 1884 he voted for a direct motion for prohibition he did so "in a moment of weakness." Mr. Foster now stated it as his belief that before a prohibitory law ought to be enacted and before it can be maintained so as to do good in the country there must necessarily be the basis of strong and preponderating public sentiment in its favor, in order not only to lead to its enactment, but to tend to its maintenance and enforcement as well, and he maintained what has been quoted as a reproach, that man is no friend of the temperance cause and prohibition movement who will enact a law to-day and who does not firmly believe in his heart that that law finds its relief in the overpowering conviction of a preponderating and active majority in the country in favor, not only of its enactment, but of its maintenance as well. The question of finance was another matter, and the loss of \$7,500,000 of revenue required serious consideration. Referring to this phase of the question Mr. Foster said: I do not count your handful of dollars against the happiness or well-being of one single man, if it is attacked and in danger, and I am here to-night to state I do not look at the \$7,500,000 as worth one moment's argument if it is put in balance against the strong demand of the people to-day to do away with what I consider to be an evil, and to bring about a state of things which I consider would be better for the home, the happiness and the material prosperity of the country. Mr. Foster also added this forcible declaration: "If this country and this Parliament agrees to it, I am here to state that no better thing could be done in this country than to do that; than to exchange \$7,500,000 of revenue to the country, for a country blessed with the sobriety and peace and consequent plenty that I believe would come from a well ordered and well enforced prohibitory law.

Mr. Lepine voted against the Government on Mr. Foster's motion to refer the question of prohibition to a Royal Commission.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The colored man Reynolds, tried before the Court of Queen's Bench on a charge of murder, was found guilty of manslaughter, and has been sentenced to fourteen years' penitentiary. From the circumstances surrounding the case and the fact that, after a vain search by our detectives, the prisoner had given himself up there was a good deal of sympathy manifested by the public towards Reynolds. From the nature of the evidence led for the defence it was firmly believed by the majority of people that the prisoner would have been acquitted. But though this belief was

widespread it was not warranted, and the jury are to be congratulated in having done their duty in this particular case, and it cannot be said that for recklessly, or perhaps in a moment of ungovernable passion depriving a man of his life, a sentence of fourteen years is any too severe.

A funny society has just been started by the students of Washington and Jefferson Colleges. It is called the "Anti-Girl Society," and its objects are stated to be the encouragement of study, the time for which has been seriously curtailed through the devotion of the students to the young ladies of these seminaries. On joining the newly-formed society each member has to swear that he will not go to see his best girl more than one night in a week under certain penalties. This swearing off is all very well in theory, but how will it work in practice? There are two parties to the agreement, and we are rather inclined to the belief that the girl will resent a limit being put upon her opportunities for "spooning" and will throw the young man overboard altogether.

Paris has evidently been visited by the strike fever. Late telegrams from that city announce that at an immense meeting of bakers held there a resolution was unanimously adopted to strike, their special grievance being the existence of registry offices. After the meeting a procession was formed which marched threateningly upon the Labor Exchange, but the police having gathered in force the procession was, after a light skirmish, broken up and several of the leaders arrested. The butchers and grocers also have been seized with the prevailing epidemic and the Parisians are beginning to fear for the regularity of their food supply.

The Parliament of Canada is setting a very bad example to the people by consenting to sit on the anniversary of the natal day of the Dominion. Love of country is in a great measure born of sentiment, and it should be the aim of our legislators to promote the growth of sentiment in connection with Canada. There is no better way of encouraging this than by the observance of Dominion Day as a national holiday, but when we find the Parliament of the country ignoring it what can we expect of her people?

The neighborhood of Tacoma, Washington Territory, is at present agitated over the actions of the white miners who were recently discharged to make room for colored men imported from the South. They are said to be armed to the teeth and drilling daily. All those thrown out of work from the different mines have united, and it is said that any attempt to carry on the work by the negroes will be met with armed resistance.

## LABOR DAY NOTES.

The Labor day committee are making satisfactory progress towards making the next celebration the largest ever held in this city.

The Exhibition grounds have been secured, and the company have decided to erect a new grand stand (on the west side), swings, merry-go-rounds and other amusements.

A handsome prize will probably be given to the assembly or union making the most creditable turnout on Labor day.

The City Band has been engaged for the parade, and Blazi's orchestra for dancing at the picnic.

Messrs. R. Keys and J. A. Renand are collecting prizes, and are meeting with gratifying success.

A committee will wait on the employers of labor and request them to close down their factories and workshops on Labor day, in order to give their employes an opportunity of taking part in the picnic.

The parade will take place in the west end this year.

Labor organizations are urgently requested to reply to the committee's invitations as soon as possible, so that the order of parade may be arranged by the 1st of August.

Negotiations are in progress to have a balloon ascension on the grounds during the day.

## K. OF L.

## Regular Meeting of Maple Leaf Assembly.

The regular meeting of Maple Leaf Assembly was held in their hall, McGill street, on Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance of members and quite a number of visiting members from other assemblies.

A communication from the Advertising committee of the Cigarmakers' Union of this city was read, asking the assembly to endorse the blue label of the union, and requesting them to pass resolutions to that effect.

Resolutions were accordingly drawn up and unanimously adopted.

The assembly are to take immediate steps for Labor day celebration.

The report of delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Council was received and adopted.

Bro. Jos. Goodfellow was elected a delegate to the Central Trades and Labor Council to replace the late D. Erwin.

The question of holding a picnic for the purpose of increasing the sick benefit fund was laid over for further consideration.

Much satisfaction was expressed at the generosity of the Trades and Labor Council in donating the sum of \$50 to the family of their deceased brother Erwin.

During the evening one of the visiting members favored the meeting with a recitation in a manner which evinced considerable talent, and which was received with loud applause.

Short addresses were then delivered by the visiting brethren on the benefits to be derived from organized labor, after which the meeting adjourned.

## RUTLAND NOTES.

Efforts are being made to form a Trades and Labor Council in this town. D. M. W. Drury is active over the matter.

Rutland Typo. Union is having put in type a new constitution and by-laws. Jack Brosnan is "bossing" the job, so, you know, etc.

The salubrity of the Vermont (Green Mountain) air is being taken advantage of by the following sojourning typographical tourists—Jim O'Connor, Ottawa; Geo. Sanborn, Philadelphia; Dave Unanget, do.; Hugh McConnell, Albany (just gone); Alden (cosmopolitan) do.; Billy Sinclair, Montreal; W. J. Cummings, Albany; J. Fineron, do.; Andy Boland, Cambridge, Mass., and others too numerous to mention.

This is a "prohib" state, but there is as much whiskey put away here in a week as in the same time in Montreal with all its difference of population. So much for prohibition.

We have just heard here of the determination of No. 176 to keep a certain newspaper office closed, and are glad to see that Montreal has at last found a policy and is persisting in it. The opening of such an office must eventually tend to a state of things in your city ruinous to the interests of unionism, and will put in power a number of individuals who are far-sighted enough to see their own interests without any regard to consequences to the majority.

## CONSISTENCY.

## Strike at Rouse's Point.

There was a strike among the compositors at Rouse's Point on Saturday last over the employment by the firm of a man who had rendered himself obnoxious to Union men. It appears the party in question makes it his business to go wherever trouble is anticipated, and this characteristic being known to the men they very naturally objected to working along with him. This was pointed out to the boss, who declined to discharge the individual, and the consequence was that over 40 compositors left their cases, nine or ten of these being girls. So far as we have heard the trouble has not yet been settled, but the organizer of the district was expected there yesterday to inquire into all the circumstances.

## MONTREAL NEWS.

Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of the brethren of Maple Leaf Assembly for the manner in which they are working to reorganize.

Several of the men engaged on the Windsor street improvement under Mr. Cochrane, the contractor, quit work on Thursday because they were refused a rise in pay. Mr. Cochrane has the usual excuse. He says he can get lots of men to do the work at the figures he is paying.

A deputation representing the City Council, Harbor Commission and the shipping interests waited on Premier Abbott in Ottawa yesterday afternoon with regard to the Montreal harbor improvements. Addresses were made by Mayor McShane, Aldermen Rolland, Hurteau and Stevenson. Mr. Abbott in reply said the Government would do everything in its power to improve the Montreal harbor. He promised to introduce a measure this year to give the Harbor board increased borrowing powers. In the meantime the work will be pushed forward, the Harbor commission possessing at present the authority to obtain a quarter of a million of dollars, the estimate of the amount required for this season's work.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S  
ADVERTISEMENT.WAS IT BROWN, JONES OR  
ROBINSON

who remarked to a friend en passant that Mrs. So-and-So looked quite charming in her new dress yesterday! It hardly matters which member of the celebrated triumvirate made the striking comment, the important point is the fact that the material was FRENCH SATEEN, and that we still possess the largest and choicest stock of these fabrics in the city.

## French Sateens. French Sateens.

Latest shades and newest colors. You need not fear the critical scrutiny of your most exacting neighbor in one of these wrappers.

Prices from 13c to 45c.

## NEW SCOTCH GINGHAMS.

These are not goods that have been held over from last year. They are new. The products of improved processes and fresh ideas, and although we have had a heavy run upon them, we can still guarantee, as inspection will show, Variety, Quality and Quantity.

## NEW PRINTS NEW PRINTS.

We believe we are justified in saying we carry the most extensive stock of these goods in the trade. What lovely colors! What exquisite shades! For instance, the bluish of the rose itself is scarcely more delicate than this here.

Prices 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c,  
up to 18c and 20c.

## Mourning Prints. Mourning Prints.

We are offering a fine line of Mourning Prints at prices ranging from 13c to 25c.

## HEM-STITCHED LINENS.

We are giving exceptional bargains in this class of goods, and big plums can be had in all the undernoted lines: Tablecloths, Carver Cloths, Napkins, Sideboard Covers, Tray Cloths, Doilies, Pillow Cases, Sheets, Towels, Toweling.

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A SPECIALTY.Our Garments are Artistically Cut  
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## BOOTS AND SHOES

## RONAYNE BROS.

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## J. CHURCH,

30 Chaboillez Square.

If WORKINGMEN desire to obtain for themselves, their wives or their little ones HONEST GOODS at fair prices call at the above address and examine the stock of BOOTS AND SHOES to be found there.

The styles are up to date, and the workmanship is guaranteed to be of the best, while the prices are away down to rock bottom.

Quality considered, I have several remarkably cheap lines of strong, durable and well-made Boots for Men and Boys, Women and Girls, which you would do well to see.

Note the Address:

30 Chaboillez Square.



**THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.**

(Abridged from The Standard.)

The Encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII on the "Condition of Labor," though primarily a letter of advice from the Roman Pontiff to those who acknowledge his authority, is of interest to all people who concern themselves with the great problem discussed therein. Before attempting to consider it we wish to disclaim all sympathy with those who question the right of the head of the Roman Church to advise Roman Catholics as to how they shall think or act in secular matters. Whether Catholics will be bound by his advice, or whether they will accept his conclusions as final and infallible, is for them to decide; but the relation they voluntarily maintain toward the Papacy surely gives the right to the head of their church to advise them as he sees fit. On the other hand, no sensible Catholic, whatever his own view as to infallibility, will expect any non-Catholic to regard this letter from Leo XIII as other than an important contribution to the discussion of a grave problem, which contribution must be subjected to that reason which the Encyclical itself says is "the chief thing in us," and that "which makes a human being human, and distinguishes him essentially and completely from the brute."

Looking at the matter from this standpoint, it is essential that we shall take into account the position and environment of the writer before considering the letter itself. Leo XIII is now in his eighty-second year, and during the fourteen years of his pontificate he has, for political reasons, preferred to regard himself as a prisoner in the Vatican, as a protest against what he regards as an invasion of his temporal rights as an earthly sovereign. He is surrounded by men who regard him not merely as the supreme head of the Church, but as their king. He cannot, in the nature of things, have come into close contact with the people, and it is even more impossible that he should really comprehend, much less sympathize with, the democratic spirit that dominates the modern world. Hence, though we find him explicitly declaring that the poor for whom he pleads "are by far the majority," he nowhere counsels that majority to exercise its undisputed power to set matters right by its own votes. The result is that we find in the Encyclical such declarations as these: "The gift of authority is from God," those "whose advice and authority govern the nation in times of peace, and defend it in war," "clearly occupy the foremost place in the State and should be held in the foremost estimation," "rulers should anxiously safeguard the community and all its parts," Justice "demands that the interests of the poorer population be carefully watched over; most of all it is essential in these times of covetous greed to keep the multitude within the line of duty," and so on. These are the utterances of a monarch who believes in monarchy, and of a Pope who is called father by millions of men and women; and this must be borne in mind in noting the apparent conflict between many of his paternal recommendations and his sharp attack on Socialism.

On the other hand, bearing these facts in mind, it is remarkable that the Pope has so clear a conception of the modern and largely democratic questions that he discusses, for he does comprehend the problem; and, when passages scattered through the letter are massed together, it will be seen that he states it with great force and with a clear conception of its gravity. He says in the beginning: "The discussion is not easy, nor is it free from danger." Again come such sentences as these: "At this moment the condition of the working population is the question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes than that it should be rightly decided."

"The effect of civil change and revolu-

tion has been to divide society into two widely differing castes. On the one side there is the party which holds the power because it holds the wealth; which has in its grasp all labor and all trade; which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply; and which is powerfully represented in the councils of the State itself. On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude, sore and suffering, and always ready for disturbance," who "cannot but perceive that their grasping employers too often treat them with the greatest inhumanity and hardly care for them beyond the profit that their labor brings," and this in the face of the facts, elsewhere proclaimed, that "it is only by the labor of the workingman that States grow rich," that "the blessing of nature and the gift of grace belong in common to the whole human race," and that "that which is required for the preservation of life and for life's well-being is produced in great abundance by the earth, through man's skill and labor." Though we are now bringing sentences from various parts of the letter together, we are not wresting them from their meaning in a single instance. Surely the Pope comprehends the problem, even if he does not see the remedy, and his statement of it does not differ in much else than clearness and literary style from that of Henry George.

Thus brought face to face with this tremendous problem, the Pope condemns two antagonistic proposals of a remedy, though he fails so completely to understand one of them that he regards the two opposing theories as one. Some happy instinct—possibly the traditions of the early Church and its efforts to maintain the rights of its members against the arbitrary power of tyrants—inclines him to an assertion of the rights of individuals that brings him into sharp antagonism with the Socialists. "Man," he declares, "is older than the State," and he held "the right of providing for the life of his body prior to the formation of any State." He has, in short, rights as an individual, which he did not derive from the State and with which the State ought not to interfere. Among these is "the right to possess property as his own." These individual rights, he says, become more apparent when we consider them in relation to man's social and domestic obligations. The right of property "which belongs naturally to the individual persons, must also belong to man in his capacity as head of a family," "for it is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessities for those whom he has begotten," and he ought to make such further provision as is needful to enable them to escape want and misery. This he can only accomplish through the ownership of profitable property. He further maintains that a family is a true society, having at least equal rights with the State, "since the domestic household is anterior both in idea and in fact to the gathering of men into a commonwealth." Holding these views, the Pope naturally denounces the proposal of the Socialists that private property should be destroyed and that "individual possessions should become the common property of all, to be administered by the State or by municipal bodies." He says that this remedy is "clearly futile," and "manifestly against justice," because it "would rob the lawful possessor, bring the State into a sphere that is not its own, and cause complete confusion in the community." Furthermore, he clearly describes the methods of the Socialists when he accuses them of "working on the poor man's envy of the rich." His argument against Socialism is on the whole strong and sound, but it is greatly marred and weakened by his own frequent proposals of paternal interference by Government for the curing of evils for which he can himself see no remedy.

It is in his defence of the right of

property against Socialism that the Pope demonstrates that he has no conception of the opposing theory which seeks its practical application through the Single Tax. He has evidently never considered the difference between the title to ownership in the products of labor and the title to ownership in land; never even heard of the difference between land values proper, and improvement values, nor conceived of the possibility of permanent possession of land in use as distinguished from that ownership by which the idle and the useless are empowered to withhold from others land that they cannot use themselves. Had the Pope clearly understood these things his argument would have led him to approve the Single Tax, instead of condemning it, as he clearly does.

\* \* \* \* \*

In fact the general reasoning of His Holiness runs so nearly parallel with that of the Single Taxers that we cannot but believe that it was deliberate misrepresentation of our aims and principles that misled him. We do not have to look far for a probable motive for this misrepresentation. The Archbishop of New York probably has more clearly defined ideas on political economy than a sockless infant wholly absorbed in the contemplation of its own wriggling toes. He had a quarrel of long standing with a brilliant but pugnacious priest in his diocese, and that priest, in defiance of his orders, publicly espoused the doctrines of Henry George at a time when a political movement headed by Mr. George threatened the supremacy of Tammany Hall. The expectation of further favors, the memory of former contempt for his authority, and the feeling that his opportunity had come, caused Archbishop Corrigan to take violent measures against Dr. McGlynn, and from that time on he has been intriguing for a Papal confirmation of his own blundering utterances.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Encyclical will do good instead of harm. The refuge of those who disliked the discussion of the labor problem was a denial that there is any such problem. But Catholics can no longer make that pretense, and the world-wide publication of the Encyclical will tend to open the eyes of men generally to a question that the well-to-do cannot afford to ignore. The more the question is agitated the nearer we shall be to the remedy, and Leo XIII has made good use of the closing years of his long and active life in thus forcing the consideration of the gravest problem of the ages on the minds and consciences of Catholics throughout the world.

**"SCRAPS" FOR CIGARMAKERS**

The presentation to Mr. G. S. Warren by the members of the Cigarmakers' Union of this city took place on Sunday, June 21, in their hall on St. Lawrence street. There was a large attendance of members and the hall was neatly decorated. The President, on behalf of the members, stated that this was but a small recognition for Mr. Warren's valuable services, rendered during his connection with the union since its inception, and though it was but a small memento for so long a service as that of his, he was sure that he had the best wishes, for success and prosperity, of his confreres. The address was read by Mr. Adolph Friedlander. Mr. G. S. Warren made his usual happy reply, during the course of which he stated that it was more than gratifying to know that he was held in such high esteem by his confreres, more especially now that he had ceased to be an active member of the union, of which he, from its infancy, had always taken such interest in, and which he was proud to say, stood second to none in this city. (Applause.) He thanked the members of the Union for their kindness, and urged them to continue in the good work for which they were organized for, and he hoped their efforts would be crowned with success, and assured them that should his services be required to further their interests they would find him, as in the past, always ready to lend a helping hand for the cause of humanity. Several other members addressed the meeting, after which they adjourned. The presentation consisted of an illuminated address, set in fancy carved oak frame.

The artist referred to in last week's issue

claims he was not at the meeting of the committee when the printing was given to that rat establishment. That is a poor excuse, his duty was to have made provision for such cases by having the club or the committee adopt a resolution only to patronize a union office.

The party who says he is the only competent person to represent Union No. — at the next convention of the Cigarmakers' International Union will shortly have a surprise. This is what he will say after the election: "I am the would-be delegate who is going to remain in Montreal during the convention."

What is the matter with the delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Council. Out of six delegates two answered the roll call at last meeting. A more strict attendance ought to be insisted on by their respective unions.

The movement of a few disqualified members of Union No. 226 to not send a delegate to the Cigarmakers' convention, giving for their reason that no good would result from having their union represented in convention, ought not to be entertained. By all means send a delegate to represent your union, and assist his co-delegates from Canada in securing better legislation for the cigarmakers throughout the Dominion.

I wonder if the law of the International Union was amended so that members who appropriated union money to their own use could be eligible as delegate to the convention, would certain parties, who are now the loudest in their protestations against sending a delegate, change their mind?

The long-looked for financial report is at hand. I am pleased to see Union No. 58 in such a flourishing financial condition. It no doubt surprised a few members who were under the impression that they were in arrears.

During the last twelve years the total amount of benefits paid to members of the International Union, which includes sick, strike, death, travelling and out-of-work benefits, amounts to one million two hundred and ninety-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-five dollars and fifty-nine cents.



**Pianos.**

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Another delivery of Challies has just arrived, containing a choice assortment of new and original designs in charming colors, at wonderful value.

- New Challies, 9c per yard, for Dresses.
- New Challies, 9c per yard, for Wrappers.
- New Challies, 9c per yard.
- Challies, extra value, 15c per yard, Double Width.
- Challies, excellent value, 15c per yard, Double Width.
- Challies, with pretty designs, 15c yard.

S. CARSLEY.

- Nun's Veiling, 29c per yard, Full Width.
- Nun's Veiling, 29c yard, All Shades.
- Nun's Veiling, 29c per yard.

**ANOTHER ARRIVAL!**

- Crepe de Chene Cloth for Dresses. In Every Possible Shade.
- Crepe de Chene Cloth.
- French de Beiges, All Wool, 10c—Half-price—10c.
- French de Beiges, All Colors, 12c—Half-price—12c.
- French de Beiges, all reduced.

S. CARSLEY.

**OTHER PRICES FOR DE BEIGES.**

15c., 19c., 25c., 30c.

All reduced to half price.

**GRENADINES.**

44 inches wide, 41c per yard. All Pure Wool.

**GRENADINES.**

44 inches wide, 58c per yard, in various devices.

**COSTUME TWEEDS.**

- For Travelling and Walking Dresses. Summer Weight Goods.
- Colored Dress Goods, 9c
- Colored Dress Goods, 11c
- Colored Dress Goods, 17c

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**BLACK DRESS GOODS.**

- All-Wool Black Foulle Serges.
- All-Wool Black Foulards.
- All-Wool Black Nun's Vellings.
- All-Wool Black Habit Cloths.
- BLACK LLAMA CLOTH
- All-Wool, For Present Season.
- CREPE DE CHENE CLOTH, A Novelty specially produced for Mourning.
- CRAPES.
- Courtauld's Goods—All qualities. And other famous makes.

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**LINEN DEPARTMENT.**

S. CARSLEY'S FOR LINENS.

The largest and best assortment of Linens in the Dominion.

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**S. CARSLEY'S FOR LINEN DAMASKS.**

Best assortment of Linens ever placed before the public.

- Children's Paletots for rough wear
- Children's Cloaks for country wear.
- Children's Mantles.

- LONG COATS,
- SHORT COATS,
- SILK VISITES,
- SILK MANTLES,
- LACE MANTLES,

- SUMMER COATS Of New Materials.
- SUMMER COATS In New Patterns.
- SUMMER COATS S. CARSLEY.

Brocaded Silk Mantles Trimmed with Lace. Plain Silk Mantles Trimmed with lace. New Lace Mantles.

- Beaded Capes
- Beaded Bodices
- Beaded Capes
- Beaded Visites
- Beaded Mantles.

- Travelling Mantles for Ladies
- Travelling Cloaks for Ladies
- Travelling Wraps for Ladies
- Travelling Coats for Ladies
- Travelling Capes for Ladies

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- Shawls in all sizes,
- Shawls of all weights,
- Shawls in all materials.

- Vienna Shawls,
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- Velvet Cloth Shawls,
- Pure Silk Shawls,
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- Cloths for Coats.
- Cloths for Jackets.
- Cloths for Capes.

Best stock in the city to choose from.

**CARSLEY'S COLUMN.**



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK

## European.

Mr. Parnell was married on Thursday to Mrs. O'Shea before the Registrar of the little village of Steyning, near Brighton.

Another Manipur prince, Sens, has been sentenced to death for waring against the Queen and abetting the massacre of officers. The Republicans are more active than ever in Portugal, and one of their newspapers has been suppressed for the tone of its attacks on the Government.

Sir Prescott Gardner Hewett, Bart., R.S., the distinguished surgeon, is dead. Sir Prescott was one of Her Majesty's surgeons and was also surgeon-in-ordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Experts studying leprosy in Simla have found the bacillus. They succeeded in giving a rabbit leprosy, the first time the disease has ever been known outside of the human body.

A band of armed Kurds are holding an English girl named Katie Greenfield, aged 14, who was abducted at the Turkish consulate in Sojobalak, Persia, in defiance of the English consul.

The French ambassador to the Holy See has presented to the Pope a letter from M. Carnot, in which the French President expresses his high appreciation of the Pope's encyclical on social questions.

The French Senate has rejected the bill recently passed by the Chamber of Deputies remitting the sum of 6,000,000 francs in taxation on land sown in wheat during the present spring season.

A nugget of gold weighing 35 pounds has been found in the gold district discovered in British Guinea, and has been sent to England as a specimen of the auriferous deposit of the colony.

The British Education bill passed a second reading on Wednesday without a division, the Bartleys amendment, withholding its benefit from parents able to pay, being rejected.

There were no priests present at the Parnellite convention at Carlow. This was in accordance with the bishop's orders to refrain from active participation in the campaign.

The Dutch elections for the lower chamber have resulted in a complete victory for the Liberals, who have 53 seats. The Catholic party has 24 seats and the Protestants 19.

The German Kaiser, presiding at a meeting of his council, devised a plan to raise by lottery 8,000,000 marks to be used in combating African slavery.

Mr. Gladstone's health has become feeble since his attack of influenza. His physician Sir Andrew Clarke urges him to make a sea trip and to have a rest.

On Tuesday evening a servant girl visited the Zoological gardens, Frankfurt, and unseen by any one, took off her clothing and jumped into the bears' pit. Her mangled body was found in the pit on Wednesday morning.

Both sides are actively preparing for the campaign in Carlow for the election to fill the seat in the House of Commons made vacant by the death of the O'Gorman Mahon. The opening meeting of the contest will be held this week, and lively times are anticipated.

The Dublin Express declares that Sir John Gorst, political secretary of the India office, has tendered his resignation. The opinion is expressed at Dublin that should this turn out to be correct the Manipur investigation and subsequent developments may be found to have been the cause of Sir John's action.

The Emperor of Japan has decreed that every man who provokes a duel or accepts a challenge shall pay a heavy fine and serve from six months to two years in the galleys. The taunting of a man for his refusal to fight when challenged will be regarded as slander, and will be so treated by the courts.

The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies appointed to enquire in Panama canal matters has decided to consider the numerous requests made with a view of soliciting the French Government to intervene in the company's affairs and to enable it to finish the work commenced at Panama.

An empty train collided with a train carrying a body of militia on a single track railway two miles from Londonderry on Saturday. The driver of the militia train was killed, the fireman was fatally hurt, and scores of the militia and others were injured. The first three carriages of the militia train, which were laden with luggage, were smashed to splinters.

In the British House of Commons on Monday, John McNeill, Nationalist member for South Donegal, moved to adjourn the pending question in order to discuss the destitution, which, he said, exists among the poorer class of Donegal, Ireland. Mr. McNeill urged that the distress existing there was most severe, that there were a great number of cases of starvation and that the Government had not given the people any relief. Mr. Balfour denied Mr. McNeill's statements, and produced proof that aid had been furnished to the people of

Donegal who stood in need of assistance. Mr. McNeill's motion was rejected by 191 to 116.

It has been learned that a revolt has taken place among President Balmaceda's troops at Covimbo, and that the insurgents killed four of their officers. Eight hundred men are said to be marching to Caldera to join the Congressional army. The insurgent warship Esmeralda destroyed the wharf and railroad at Lob Islands, thereby preventing shipments of guano to Balmaceda. The Esmeralda is expected to arrive at Iquique on Monday.

## American.

The U. S. Department of State is actively pursuing its policy of opening the markets of Europe to American cattle.

News has reached Little Rock, Ark., of a destructive storm in the eastern portion of Crittenden county, some miles from Marion. A large area of country was devastated.

Myriads of hop lice have appeared in the Puyallup valley, Wash., hop fields within the past two days, and threaten to destroy the hop crop of the entire valley.

Capt. Lawlor and Andrews, who started from Boston on Sunday in a dory race across the ocean, returned to Crescent Beach on Monday morning on account of heavy weather.

A number of severe storms occurred in several sections in Kentucky on Sunday. At Bozoe several houses were blown away. At Bevoir seven houses were blown away and four persons injured, one Mrs. Miller, perhaps fatally.

The Mississippi river at St. Joseph is higher than for several years and is still rising, and the Government fleet has been moored in a place of safety. Surging waters are cutting from the Kansas banks half acre lots of turf and tumbling them into the river.

The last United States Agricultural Appropriation act contained an appropriation of \$7,000 to be used in experiments in the production of rainfall. The department is now to embark upon these experiments, having prepared to test practically the theory that heavy explosions cause rainfall.

The San Francisco Chronicle says it is learned on reliable authority that the Anaconda mine at Butte, Montana, has been sold. The deal was consummated last Friday. The sellers are Lloyd Tevis and J. B. Haggia and the new owners are a number of English capitalists. The price paid was \$25,000,000.

Most of the vessels in the Cape Shore mackerel fishing have arrived at Gloucester and their catch is very small and to date less than that of last year, which was the smallest in the history of the fishing. These vessels report a large body of mackerel off Nova Scotia coast, but they keep in shore, and the provincial fishermen have made excellent catches. One vessel from Flemish Cape and two from Grand Banks report cod fishing in those localities a failure. A large fleet of vessels was spoken with no fish.

## Canadian.

Mrs. Joseph Lambert, of La Bioquerie, Manitoba, has been arrested for firing buildings on her farm, which had recently been sold.

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie became very weak in Parliament on Wednesday afternoon and had to be almost carried to his carriage.

A young son of Sir Adolphe Caron had a narrow escape from death at Ottawa on Wednesday morning, when a horse he was riding ran away.

The Liberals having obtained power in Prince Edward Island for the first time for thirteen years, they are making a clean sweep of Tory office holders.

A movement is on foot to have a demonstration in connection with the closing of the public schools in Winnipeg that will more thoroughly cultivate a thorough Canadian sentiment. Canadian flags will be presented to the pupils and patriotic addresses be delivered by leading citizens.

A Halifax despatch says that three stores and seven dwellings have been destroyed by forest fires along the line of the Halls Bay Railway in Newfoundland. Provisions for one thousand navvies were only saved by being buried in holes dug in the earth and covered by sods from the bog.

The North American and West Indian squadron leaves Halifax on a visit to Quebec and Montreal next month. The Thrusat, commanded by Prince George, will not return to Halifax, but will proceed direct to England, possibly visiting Newport and some American ports before sailing.

Advices of the Indian Department from the Northwest state that the crop prospects there and in Manitoba are of the brightest and excel all previous years. The rain has been bounteous and the weather well tempered. Statistics collected for the Government show that there are 1,300,000 acres under cultivation.

The report received by the Marine Department regarding the outbreak of grip on the coast of Labrador and the Island of Anticosti state that there has been a suspension of fishing operations, so great have been the ravages of the disease. Almost all the inhabitants are down with it and there have

been a number of deaths. The wave of influenza seems to have passed right across the Gulf.

Lady Macdonald has learned Earncliffe for the space of two months to Hon. J. J. C. Abbott. The new Premier will simply occupy Earncliffe till he can find suitable premises for himself and family in Ottawa. Lady Macdonald and Miss Macdonald will spend the summer at the seaside, afterwards taking up their residence in the old home.

The question of a bridge over the St. Lawrence at Quebec and the cancellation of the North Shore railway bonds was discussed at a meeting of the council of the Quebec Board of Trade on Wednesday afternoon, and it was decided to make renewed representations to the Government on the subject, but not to send a deputation in the meantime.

Wednesday being St. Jean Baptiste day, every arrangement had been made for a monster procession in Quebec, the streets being decorated with flags and green boughs, but this had to be postponed owing to the heavy rain, and beyond Mass in St. Roch's Church, at which Lieut. Governor Angers and the local ministers attended, there was no celebration of any kind.

On Saturday morning while four young men named Polus Parmelee, Eugene Wallace, Edward McKenna and John Holden were bathing in Waterloo lake, young Parmelee, who was swimming about 100 feet distant from the others, either got beyond his depth or was taken with a cramp and drowned before assistance could reach him. He was shortly afterwards taken from the water, but life was found to be extinct. The young man was a brother to C. H. Parmelee, editor of the Waterloo Advertiser.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

## LACROSSE.

The game on Saturday between the Cornwall and Shamrocks was a fine exhibition of how the national game should be played, free from any unnecessary roughness except in the last game, when a slight show of feeling manifested itself. This was hardly to be wondered at, seeing the position in which the game stood. The Shamrocks undoubtedly played the better lacrosse all through, and it was only the ill luck which has hung to them for two or three seasons past that prevented them from scoring repeatedly. The result of the match was five to four in favor of Cornwall.

The Montreal Juniors and Orions played a very pretty match on the M. A. A. grounds, ending in favor of the latter by 3 to 2.

The Shamrocks got ahead of the Cornwall in the exhibition game before the Montgomery Guards on Tuesday, the score standing 2 to 1. The visitors were greatly delighted with the exhibition.

The Shamrocks play the Capitals to-day in Ottawa, and their friends expect, from the good showing they made on Saturday, that it will be a win for them.

The whole of the six clubs in the junior league have matches on hand to-day. The Shamrock Juniors and St. Gabriels play on the Driving Park; the Montreal Juniors and Crescents on the grounds of the latter; and the Orions and Cote St. Paul on the grounds of the former.

The Montreal lacrosse team that will play Toronto on Dominion day in the Queen City will be the strongest combination they can put in the field. The two Hodgsons will be in the home field, and Baird will again play defence, with D. Patterson in centre field. The full team will be chosen early next week. From Toronto they will go to Cleveland in company with the Torontos, and will play a match there on July 4. It will be one of the features of the celebration. They will go to Cleveland by way of Detroit and from there by steamer.

## BASEBALL.

The game between the Clipper-Hawthorne baseball teams on the Crescent grounds Saturday resulted in a win for the former by 12 to 9. Both clubs played a very good game until the sixth innings, but afterwards errors were numerous.

Chicago has succeeded in signing Catcher Bowman, late of the Rochester, whose release was purchased for \$1,500. He caught his first game Monday, accepting eight chances without an error and making a two base hit.

Manager Syd. Smith, of the Hawthornes, has been to St. Albans and arranged a match for Dominion Day, and the boys are quite enthusiastic. This afternoon they play their second scheduled match with the Crescents, who are leading the league. The match will be played on the Shamrock grounds. On the 18th July the Hawthornes and Clippers play at Alexandria, Ont., for a \$40 cup, so that altogether the boys are in for a good time.

## CRICKET.

Richmond had a match with Bishops' College Saturday, and were defeated by 45 runs. Poor cricket all through.

Two teams of the Wire Cloth Co., Lachine, played two teams of the Beaver Cutlery Works Cricket Club on Saturday on the

latter's grounds at St. Henry. The match between the first elevens, where some excellent cricket was shown, resulted in a win for Lachine, 113 to 59. The second elevens tied.

There is considerable dissatisfaction expressed in cricketer circles over the selection of the Canadian team to meet the Americans. The Ottawa club especially are "wrathy" over the matter, and claim that their players have been entirely overlooked, several of whom rank among the foremost experts of the game in the Dominion.

Two cricket matches will be played here on Saturday. The Montreal first eleven will play the Ottawa team on the M.A.A.A. grounds. On the McGill grounds the second Varsity eleven will play the second team of the M. A. A. A.

## FOOTBALL.

A very powerful team has been got together by the English Rugby Football Union to undertake the journey to the Cape of Good Hope. Twenty-one players are taken out, including representatives of Scotland, the universities, Lancashire, Yorkshire, the western counties and metropolitan district. The team left England early in the week.

## THE OAR.

Edward Hanlan and Wm. O'Connor, who are training on Toronto bay for a double scull race with John McKay, of Nova Scotia, and Jake Gaudaur, for \$5,000 and the double scull championship, rowed a remarkable trial over a three mile course the other day. The admirers of the two champions are confident that they will win unless Gaudaur and McKay row fast enough to beat the record. It is expected O'Connor and Gaudaur will be matched to row for \$2,500 a side and the single scull championship of America.

## THE RING.

A San Francisco despatch of the 22nd says—

Sullivan was intoxicated and disorderly on the train from San Jose yesterday. During the day he imbibed freely and was hardly in condition to talk.

"I never challenged a man in my life," he said, "but I am open to fight any man but a nigger. I have always said I would never fight one and I never will. I did not challenge Slavin. The meeting was brought about in this way: I met Slavin in St. Louis, when some arrangements were made. Then Wednesday I got a telegram from Jimmy Wakely and Charley Johnston, my backers in the Kilrain fight, in which they said that if I would fight Slavin they would back me for \$10,000. I replied that I would fight in September, after I had returned from Australia, before any club in America that would put up the most money.

"I said I would fight for \$10,000 a side and a bet of \$10,000 of my own. The fight must be conducted under Queensberry rules and for anything from 10 to 40 rounds.

"I leave for Australia Thursday. Slavin is a friend of mine, but I can whip him." Sullivan returned to the city intoxicated to-day and made a round of the saloons, followed by a gang of loafers and admirers.

Nearly every sporting man in London thinks Austin Gibbons a clumsy boxer whom many a good man could whip. They declare his defeat of Jem Verrall was a fluke. Verrall claims that he was only down eight seconds instead of ten. This has induced Verrall to ask for another fight for \$2,500 a side.

Gibbons is most anxious to fight Carney or Burge. He goes to Newcastle to-night to arrange matters. If not successful he will return to America next week.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A swimming race between Dalton, the American champion, and a man named Fisher took place on Wednesday in London and resulted in the defeat of Dalton. The course was between Dover and Ramsgate. After being two hours in the water Dalton was obliged to desist, as the cold water had chilled him so that he could hardly move his limbs. Fisher was declared the winner.

John D. McPherson, the all-round athlete, writing from Edinburgh, says: "I am now hard in training for the games through Scotland. We are going to issue a challenge in a few days to put the shot against any man in Scotland. The sea voyage did me good, and I am gaining weight every day and putting better than ever. I am confident I can win all the games here. I will stay in Scotland until the games are all over, and I think I will go back to Canada with a good record."

Jack Barnett, the noted Irish athlete, arrived at New York on the Guion steamer Nevada last Friday night. Barnett is a native of Galway, Ireland, 25 years old, six feet high, and weighs 217 pounds. He is a good looking young man, with muscles hard as steel. He has a double development of digital muscles of the right hand. On the Lillibridge Grounds at London he made the championship record for throwing the 16 pound shot. He says he came to this country to compete with the American athletes in his line, and will soon issue a challenge for throwing a 56 pound weight from the shoulder, no follow. He will also compete with the 16 pound weight.

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Not adulterated with Corn Syrup. In 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

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## ADVERTISERS.

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



**Not Long Shall These Things Be.**

The cattle low in the sunset's glowing,  
And the land is fair to see;  
But the men who sow reap not their sowing,  
And this ought not to be.  
For the earth was made for man  
By God's own great command,  
And woe to those who dare oppose  
And take it from his hand.  
Men toil and spin, great riches winning,  
On land, in air, on sea,  
Then starve—die—sin, through others sinning  
And this ought not to be.  
For the muscle and brain of man  
Form his God given capital here,  
And right, not might, will pass in His sight  
When each takes his final share.  
And hark, the sight of those who dying,  
Crouch low on bended knees,  
And for bread cry—to meet denying!  
Good God! Ought this to be?  
In the midst of power and wealth  
Which they have helped to gain?  
For men who frown, while they go down  
By grinding wages slain?  
But see, the dawn, how bright the morning!  
Arise, refresh, be free;  
No more we mourn, sound loud the warning,  
Not long shall these things be.  
For shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
The Banner of Justice raised high,  
And Truth and Right, in all men's sight,  
Shall be our Workers' Cry.  
—George Fiske, in London Workers' Cry.

**PHUNNY ECHOES.**

The toper has a natural horror of a watery grave.  
The man who is born poor ought to make a good balloonist. He is naturally an heir o' naught.  
Mike-rosopic—Mike—F'what's a microbe, Pat? Pat—Sure 'tis the most invisible thing ye iver saw.  
Auntie (sympathizingly)—What's the matter, Bobby, dear? Bobby (sobbing)—Mamma whipped me. I jus' wish I'd been born a orphan!  
Ethel—You don't think I am growing old, do you, Edith? Edith—Not at all. You have been 25 for the last eight years, to my certain knowledge.  
Miss Spinster—Such a nice man—Rector Brown! Why, this morning he said there were marriages in heaven. Miss Sharpe—So consoling for you dear, too.  
An enraged Mormon is said to have threatened to marry all the female newspaper correspondents in Salt Lake City if they do not stop writing. He must be awful mad.  
I'm so happy, she said. Ever since my engagement to Charlie the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic Eastbourne, but in— Lapland, suggested the small brother.  
**MEN, READ SOMETHING WE WANT YOU TO KNOW.**—First.—We want your trade. We are open for business, and have been doing business at the below address for this last three and a half years. The rapid growth of our business is a pleasant proof that our efforts to please our customers have been successful. No stone has been left unturned, no movement that would further, mutually, the interests of our business and its patrons has been overlooked. Everything that enterprise, energy, perseverance, determination, experience and astuteness, combined with capital and promptitude in disbursements, could do has been done; spot cash transactions and all other levers of commercial success have been brought into action to secure the reputation we now hold in the trade. Our business for the summer of 1891 has been of such magnitude that were we merely to give the figures it would greatly astonish many of our practical business men of to-day. To-day we mean business; every day during the summer we shall unmistakably mean business. To-day our stock of Felt Hats and Caps is one of the most complete in Montreal, and you only require to see the goods and compare the prices to see that we sell for small profits. Our stock of Men's Summer Underwear and Hosiery is well assorted in Balbriggan, Merino and Natural Wool. Our trade this season in Summer Boating Shirts, Tennis Coats, Sashes, Belts, Caps and Summer Coats and Vests has been very extensive, having had a very fine assortment to commence the season with, our reputation for those goods has brought us many new customers, all of whom were satisfied that our prices were the most reasonable. Men's Neckwear! This is the department in which we take no second place. We lead the way in the Neckwear business. Buying in extraordinary large quantities for cash only, we are able to offer special value in all lines. Men's White Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, White Gloves and everything in the Men's Furnishing line, also a complete stock of Boots and Shoes, Men's Low Oxford Shoes, Tennis Shoes, Lacrosse Shoes, Canvas Shoes and Tan Boots and Shoes. Ladies' Boots and Shoes for Summer Wear from best makers. Travelling Trunks and Valises at John Allan's, Grand Central Emporium, 659, 661, 663 and 665 Craig street.

**THE ACTS OF THE ADVERTISERS.**

**CHAPTER I.**

A certain man that was an idiot and void of understanding said in his heart, Lo! these many years have I rendered unto the printers much gold and bank notes and silver that my business might be advertised;  
2. And I believe in mine heart that it payeth not so to do.  
3. For verily, when a man hath need of goods doth he not come unto my store and buy of me, even of me, Gowa Hed, son of Live Lea;  
4. Wherefore, then, do I give good things unto him that rendereth me naught in return, and pay unto the printer many shekels when he doeth me no good?  
5. Behold, I will arise and go unto the newspaper office, I will call upon the printer, and I will say unto him, Printer, bring my bill, sit down quickly and mark it paid, and I will pay unto thee all that which I owe.  
6. Moreover, I will command him to take mine advertisement from out his paper;  
7. And also I will no more have any job printing done; for what doth it profit a man if he have a business card or circular and no man readeth them?  
8. For verily it hath come to pass that when men see my advertisement they say each one in his heart, Wherefore doth this man advertise?  
9. Knoweth not all men that he doeth business in the market place? Have we not all bought merchandise of him? And his name is it not Gowa Hed?  
10. Wherefore then doth he weary us with his advertisement in the paper, and strew his handbills in the highways and public places?  
11. And he arose and went unto the printer.  
12. And behold when he was yet a great way off the printer saw him;  
13. And he said unto the devil, Lo! her cometh one which is a crank, even a man that is but half baked.  
14. And when Gowa Hed had come unto the office, he did even as he had said, and everything he had thought in his heart, that he did.

**CHAPTER II.**

1. And from that time even unto the end no man saw his advertisement in the land; and his name was no more in all men's mouths.  
2. And many of those that were wont to have dealings with him dealt with him no more;  
3. For when they saw not his advertisement and that his name was not spoken among men, they thought that he had been dead.  
4. And there arose a generation which knew not him; neither heard they of the many things he was wont to sell;  
5. So they went and had their dealings with another which spoke to them through his advertisement of things both new and old.  
6. And behold upon a time there came unto Gowa Hed one called Sher, surnamed If.  
7. Which said unto him, Doth this store and these things which I see belong unto thee? And he answered him, Yea.  
8. And Shir If lifted up his voice and said unto Gowa Hed, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, thou speakest not truly;  
9. For now are thy creditors come upon thee, and have seized upon all that thou hast; yea, they have sworn to take thy goods and sell them, that they may be recompensed for that which thou owest unto them, even unto the uttermost farthing.  
10. So his goods were sold for as much as much as they would bring, and he was exceeding sorrowful.

**CHAPTER III.**

1. And he went out upon the streets; and when he met those who were wont to be his friends, they turned aside and took another way.  
2. When he had wandered many days he began to be in want; and no man gave aught unto him.  
3. And Gowa Hed became sore and hungered, and was fain to eat of the garbage of the street, and to beg.  
4. And behold one came unto him dressed as became an officer, who lifted up his voice and said:  
5. Arise and come with me. Why stop ye the passers-by and cumber the way? And he led him before the judge,  
6. Who sent him unto that place which is for them that are poor and have naught, neither bread nor wherewith to clothe them.  
7. And Gowa Hed cursed the day that he was born, and said unto himself,  
8. Woe unto me that I left the path of wisdom, and the way of them that do advertise,  
9. For they have enough and to spare; they wax fat and increase, and are become as kings in the land; they want not for any good thing, and are filled with riches and rejoicing.  
10. Therefore my name shall be called no more Gowa Hed, but Gum Hed.  
11. And when he had made an end of weeping and lamentation, he fell upon the

ground and rent his clothes and put ashes upon his head; and not many days after he died, and was not even gathered unto his fathers; yea, in the field of a certain man named Potter they buried him.—Eiznekoam in The Artist Printer.

**Then He Stopped.**

Husband—The parts of the body most in use are not always the largest.  
Wife—Don't you think so?  
Husband—No. Take your mouth, for example.  
Wife—What about it?  
Husband—Nothing; only it isn't very large.

**Not Cigarettes This Time.**

Willie (on the fence)—Say, Downy, I heard my sister standing up for you last night.  
Upson Downes—Ah! what did she say?  
Willie—She said she didn't believe it was cigarettes made you so pale.  
Upson Downes—Did she? That was good of her. What did she say was the cause?  
Willie—She said she guessed you had an ingrowing moustache.

**A Practical View of the Situation.**

It was the tender, witching twilight hour, just the time when the sordid side of man is held in abeyance and the tender impulses make themselves felt. In a poor, stunted city a shade tree was bravely struggling for an existence amid the most discouraging surroundings, a mocking bird had alighted and was pouring forth his soul in song. Every one paused to listen and as the rippling welled forth into the soft summer air faces which but a moment before had been hard and careworn became tender and thoughtful as memories of a long forgotten childhood, of green fields and dewy lanes were recalled to mind.  
There is something inexpressibly touching in that melody, said a portly merchant to his companion as he himself wiped a suspicious moisture from his eyes. I do not wonder you are moved to tears.  
Dey vas not tears of orief, mine friend, was the answer. I vas yooost weepin' tears of choy to tink vat a putifull musics I vas gettin' mitout having to put up a cent.

**Could Not Stand the Baseball Talk.**

The trouble all arose over one breakfast. It may be that they knew he hated baseball, or it may be that their talk resulted from the fact that every man, woman and child in the boarding house with the exception of the lank pessimist, had been to the game the day before.

At any rate when the landlady took the coffee pot in one hand and the cream pitcher in the other and began pouring from both at the same time he was moved to ask, without a suspicion of danger, what she was doing.

Making a double play unassisted, was her prompt response.

He looked pained, but said nothing.

A moment later, when a codfish ball was gallantly declined by the dude, who insisted on passing it to his fair neighbor, the dry goods clerk on the other side of the table called out:

Passed ball.  
The pessimist fingered his knife nervously as he glared at the clerk, and had hardly recovered his composure when the waitress kicked the cat through the doorway and the pretty typewriter lisped:

Put out.  
He hardly had time to shift his reproachful glance from the pretty typewriter to the young lawyer when the old maid began telling what a brute the man next door was, and the real estate agent sang out:

Score one.

For sympathy he turned to the landlady's pretty daughter, who sat next to him, and who had so far said nothing. But as he declined the last muffin on the plate and she took it she looked him straight in the eye, and with her most captivating smile, said:

A sacrifice!

Then he got up and stalked out, and there is a room to rent in that boarding house.

Why do men always speak to their wives as their better halves? Simply because they half to.

She—Do you ever see Mr. and Mrs. Chapley since their marriage? He—Oh, yes; it is a case of two souls with but a single thought. She—How lovely! He—Yes, she married a dude.

It is pretty safe to bet that a woman who has not practiced and does not know how to pack a Saratoga trunk so as to be ready to start off to the seaside at an hour's notice died when she was very young.

So you want employment? said the man in the gas office. Yis, sor. Do you know how to read the meter? Well, Oi niver had any practical experience, but Oi kin guess as big as the next man.

A Nineteenth Ward housewife whose bell had been rung by a sand peddler said to him in a tone of stimulated astonishment: Sand I why, of course not. There was a strawberry man here just a moment ago. How much sand do you think a small family wants?

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Increased facilities for purifying and dressing Bed Feathers and Mattresses of every description at the **SHORTEST NOTICE. A PURE BED IS NECESSARY TO HEALTH.** Where can you get it!

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25c a Bottle.

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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"I believe," said Brown, "that every man is directly responsible for all debts made by him, and that no man has a moral right to contract a debt to be paid by a future generation. If I borrow a thousand dollars to improve my property it would be unjust to expect my grandson to pay the money back again; that thousand dollars ought to be paid back by me and not by him. If I have no prospects of paying it back during my lifetime, I ought not to borrow it. I have no right to saddle my grandson with a debt which he did not incur. It is true that the money went to improve the property which he will eventually hold, but it is also true that he had no voice or vote in the spending of it. For all I know to the contrary, the property would perhaps be worth as much or more to him if this thousand dollars had not been expended upon it at all. In any case the money was not borrowed or spent with his consent and he should not be called upon to pay it. If he should repudiate a debt under such circumstances I don't believe any body would find fault with him."

"I don't know what you're driving at," said Gaskill, "but I'll tell you this, that if anybody came along and presented a note to me signed by my grandfather and made payable by me that he'd stand a good chance of being kicked out of the house. I don't believe that any sane man would pay a debt of this kind. I don't believe that he should pay it, neither could any man collect a debt of this kind in any court of law either here or elsewhere; the whole thing is so ridiculous that it ain't worth talking about."

"Is it?" said Brown. "Perhaps before we get done with it you will find it serious enough, not only to talk about, but also to think. Now, you're pretty certain about what you'd do if anybody came to collect a debt from you which had been contracted by your grandfather. I can also imagine what pet names you'd call the old gentleman for giving somebody or other what you would call a 'mortgage on your life,' and the endearing terms you'd use to the man who came to collect it. There are no two ways about you, oh no, but all the same you not only pay debts contracted by your forefathers but you actually mortgage the labor, the energy, the life of your children for generations to come. You don't do so individually, but men do this in their collective capacity as a nation. What else is the public debt? Was it contracted by us? Was all of it contracted by us and will it all be paid by us? Are we not continually borrowing more which future generations will have to pay? This action on our part is unjust, is criminal to our descendants whoever they may be, just as the action of our forefathers who first created this debt was a crime perpetrated on us. No living man or set of men have a right to contract a debt which is to be paid by future generations, and any nation would be more than justified in repudiating any or all of such debts."

"That time is fast approaching," said Phil. "Throughout the States this question is being discussed by all sorts and conditions of men. You must understand that money is a measure of value, and people begin to realize that in equity and justice to all it should be a fixed and not an elastic measure. A foot rule was twelve inches yesterday, is twelve to-day, and will be the same to-morrow. The same with a pound weight or a gallon measure; their capacity is fixed. Not so, however, with the dollar. To-day it means twenty pounds of flour, to-morrow only eighteen or less; yesterday it meant a bag and a half of potatoes, to-morrow only a bag, and so on. Then these people argue that when the national debt of the United States was contracted the purchasing power of the dollar was

many times less than what it is to-day, and they contend that the bondholders should not receive more than what the value of their dollar was when the debt was originally contracted. Then there are others who hold that the men of 1861 had no right to contract a debt which should be paid by the men of 1891 or those of the year 2000, and they are for repudiating this unjust obligation which was incurred without their sanction. They rightly hold that the people of the United States and its government are security for the payment of the face value of United States bank notes, which the men of 1861 could have had without the payment of interest, and because the government issued bonds which cannot and do not have any better security than this, and which not only are interest-bearing but which also stipulate that the interest on them is payable in gold, they say that the country was deliberately handed over to the money power, in the hands of which it has been ever since. When you remember that the first issue of greenbacks was a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and whose value never depreciated, and then note the subsequent action of a corrupt Congress which made future issues a full legal tender for all debts except customs duties and interest on bonds, this contention seems to be well grounded. It was this clause, which did not recognize greenbacks as a legal tender in payment of customs duties or interest on bonds, which enabled the shysters of that time to force the price of gold up to 280, and thus to effectually rob the American people. They had to have gold to pay the duty on imports and the interest on their bonds, and the robbers who had 'cornered' the gold were in a position to get their own price for it. This same system of robbery is enacted in a greater or lesser degree in every country, and until recent years was considered the correct thing by all classes. The rich were enabled to grow richer by it, and the poor were too ignorant to realize that it was a cleverly designed piece of scoundrelism, and hence all were content. However, the conviction is growing that national debts are not only an injustice to coming generations but that our whole currency system is designed to enable capitalism to sap the life blood of the nation. The men who demand 'that interest-bearing bonds, bills of credit, or notes shall never be issued by any government, but that, when need arises, the emergency shall be met by issue of legal tender, non-interest-bearing money,' are becoming more numerous day by day. The currency question is a part of the labor problem, and the settlement of the one must necessarily bring about a settlement of the other.

BILL BLADES.

## SLAUGHTER OF GIRL BABIES.

Two Hundred Thousand of the Innocents Killed Every Year in China.

In China tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and at Shanghai I saw a tower formerly used to facilitate this infanticide, says Dr. Joseph Simms, who has recently returned from an extended trip of the Flowery Empire. It is practiced in every part of China, but especially in the interior and in the Loes-district. As soon as we get many miles from the coast it is quite usual to see near a joss house or place of worship a small stone tower from ten to thirty feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side, reaching into a pit in the center.

The children that parents wish to be rid of are thrown into this hole, and quicklime soon consumes the little forms. It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year nearly 200,000 female babies are brutally slaughtered in the empire. One Chinaman being interrogated about the destruction of his recently born girl said, "The wife cry and cry, but kill allee same."

In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphans, supported and conducted by foreigners, who save yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants. At Han-Kow, which is 600 miles inland, I visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have thus been cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the lady superior of

this institution, informed me that she had received seven that day, and one day thirty were brought in.

Of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower. Sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river. Sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by some one else and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the mother superior in looking after for the little victims. Upward of a thousand are received every year. Many of them, of course, die soon after from the exposure and neglect they have suffered though being abandoned, and many are boarded out by the institution in the town.

Those who accept the charges have to bring the children once a week for inspection, and then, all being right, they receive the pay for maintaining them. This is an Italian charity, and one of the most estimable in China. During the twenty-three years of its existence it has saved the lives of, say, 25,000 to 40,000 children, of whom a fair proportion have grown to womanhood. It received considerable support from the European residents at Han-Kow, of whom there are about 120.

Those children who remain within the premises of the institution are fed and clothed, and when old enough, taught to sew, make lace, knit stockings, and do other useful work. They never know where they came from or who their parents were. When they are four years of age their feet are bandaged, according to the general custom of all classes in China, to keep them small, as that increases their chances of marriage.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Some Artists Who Make Money.

Miss Woolley, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who is a pupil of the School of Industrial Art, earned \$500 in ten weeks from her carpet designs. Other students have also met with success in the same school. Miss Esther Kline, of the same city, designed a pattern for matting, sold it to an agent for a Japanese firm, and had the satisfaction of seeing it reproduced and brought back to this country to sell.

Clara M. Heath, a resident of this city, had a linen design accepted by a firm in Dundee, Scotland. Wall paper patterns designed by Emma Humphrey, of Waterloo, Ia., and Hattie C. Bickford, of Oshkosh, Wis., have been reproduced by the local trade and greatly admired.

Helen M. Greenleaf, of Evanston, Ill., found a market for her delicate floral pattern in Carlsbad, and hopes to be able to own a tea set one of those fine days of that china, with her own wild roses growing round the edge. These free hand drawings give the student an average of thirty dollars each.

To be sure, it is up hill work for most of the scholars. For instance, during the holidays Miss Humphrey sold a design for silk and received fifty dollars, although forced to accept ten dollars a few months before for a drawing she considered very fine.—New York World.

## A Socialistic Commonwealth.

Sir Charles Dilke, in the June Forum.—The Australians are state socialists, and although their new constitution proposes to recognize the independence of the States in a far higher degree than that in which it has been allowed to exist in Canada, yet it vests the virtual control of the whole railway system of Australia in the federal power, which will be a shock to your American minds, whether north or south of the Canadian border line. \* \* \* The great majority of Australians have confidence in the power of the State to do much for the people, and in the wisdom of its exercising its power. You in the United States, the Canadians across their border, the continental government, are far behind even old England in this respect, and it would be of advantage to the world that Australia, which is much before us all, should have the opportunity of putting its doctrines into practice upon the largest scale.

## RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

How Small Pox is Propagated Among the Poor and Ignorant People.

Last October small pox broke out in the Poodozhskiy and Povienetskiy districts of the Government of Olonetz, on the coast of Lake Ladoga. Since then the plague has spread throughout the region and is still unabated. In the villages and towns where the scourge has appeared 10 per cent. of all the children up to the age of 12 years have died, mostly such as had not been vaccinated. A large percentage of adults have also died. The medical and the administrative authorities are doing all in their power to resist the evil, but the prejudices of the common people are against them. These prejudices are very curious. The people of Olonetz regard small pox (Ospa) as a divinity to be propitiated and not angered. They call it "Ospa Ivanovna," or "Ma. tooshka (little mother) Ospa"—appellations which imply profound respect. Since vaccination is a means to oppose it, they believe that it would be a sin to be vaccinated, and

try to avoid the operation by all possible means. As soon as a person gets stricken with the disease all the children of the village are dressed as nicely as their parents can afford and taken to his house to pay their respects to Ospa Ivanovna. They take cakes and fruit to the house of the invalid, which they deposit on a table placed by his bedside for the purpose. Then they kiss the sick person on the mouth, and sit around him for some time talking and partaking of the food they had brought with them, or of the other victuals which the host provides. Sometimes children are brought from a distance of twenty versts (seven versts are five miles) to salute Little Mother Ospa in this wise. As long as there is small pox in the house the rooms must not be cleaned, and the inmates may not wash themselves or change their garments. No rough expression or curse may be pronounced in a house where there is a small pox patient. If such an expression escapes involuntarily from the lips, the offender must forthwith kiss the invalid by way of propitiating Ospa Ivanovna. No medicine is given to the patient, but he must be bathed in hot water twelve times during his illness. The presents which the children bring must be left on the table by his bed-

side for visitors to partake of. These superstitions are deeply rooted among the peasants of the entire region, and serve to propagate the disease despite all efforts made by the more cultivated.

He—Then you reject me? She—I'm sorry, very sorry, but I must. He (desperately)—Then there is only one thing left for me to do—that's all. She (anxiously)—Oh, what do you intend to do? He—Propose to somebody else.

A quick witted workingman was resting in his cabin when a stranger entered without knocking, upon which this brief dialogue took place: What do you want? Nothing at all. You'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was.

Dinny was inspecting a pack of cards in a back room known to but a few of the inmates. After a rigid examination he said to the proprietor: Moriarty, what is them marks on the back of the cards? Oh, them is fly specks, was the reply. Well, begor, you have some high toned flies here, said Dinny, for they don't fresco anything but kings and queens.

It is rumored in England, says La Presse, that Lord Mount-Stephen will be the next Governor-General of Canada.

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